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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 151

"Oh?" Grandma raised her brows. "For me? Are you trying to take this chance to emulate what my granddaughter-in-law has done by making clothes for me?"

With that, she mumbled under her breath, "Not only do you have a face that resembles Diana so much, but are you intending to copy her behavior as well?"

Kayla's face flushed with embarrassment once again.

She couldn't tolerate it any longer.

This damned old woman!

How dare she insinuate that Kayla was imitating Diana and that she was Diana's replacement?!

However, it was true that Kayla stole the gratitude Julian had toward Diana for saving him when they were children, as well as his affection for Diana from her. But Julian continuing to love and protect her even after so many years was her own doing, wasn't it?

She had the ability to steal Julian's body and heart away from Diana completely!

Yet, even until now, he still cared for Diana.

Kayla forced herself to squeeze out a smile. "I am her sister and we look alike. It's only natural we resemble each other in behavior too."

However, Kayla was adopted; that was a fact known throughout Richburgh.

Diana never did find out the secret of Kayla's birth from James, but each time Diana faced the fact that they looked so much like each other, she couldn't help herself but consider the possibility of the filthy things that might have happened in the past.

There was a flash of annoyance in her eyes as they turned cold.

Even Julian felt slightly shocked over the look in Diana's eyes. He recalled what Diana said about her design, and the clothes that Grandma usually wore....

He had to admit that he might never have truly understood Diana over the years.

In the past, he remembered all those times when she acted coquettishly and unreasonably, when she was meek yet strong in her own ways. Yet, she seemed to have more sides to her than he knew.

She seemed so mysterious to him.

Julian suddenly felt curious about her past when she was in the countryside.

"Don't do it for me." Grandma hadn't fully recovered and felt fatigued from standing for so long. She looked at Julian with eyes that could see through him. "Just design for Julian. Also, to make the competition more

objective, I suggest the design draft be made into actual outfits and displayed to the world."

Julian was stunned for a moment. Design for him? And make it into actual outfits?

Won't both women need to take his measurements?

For some reason, he immediately thought of Diana's fair white nape.

The moment he placed his hand on it, he could feel its emanating warmth. If he were to exert more force, she

would fall on his body....

Damn it!

Why in the world was he fantasizing about Diana when Kayla was right next to him?

He felt confused once again. Did he really...only feel possessive about Diana and treated her as a mere replacement for Kayla?

If so, why would he only have such intimate fantasies of Diana?

Yet, when facing Kayla, he could always remain cool and calm.

Hmm...

It seemed Kayla was still more precious to him.

She was a flower that deserved utmost care and protection.

Whereas for Diana... He had long gotten used to her body over their three years of marriage

In spite of that, it didn't take Diana much to betray him; as if she had never missed him as he did her.

At the thought of Diana's aborted child and her betrayal, his deep dark eyes became cold as ice. "Fine."

He nodded. "Let's take Grandma's suggestion. But because of limited time, you only need to draw up one design. Grandma and I will be the ones deciding who's the true plagiarizer."

The deadline was set to one week later.

Kayla reeled from all the work she had to do during the week.

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In order to not expose the truth of her design style, Kayla had to look through all of Diana's previous drafts carefully before she dared to lift the pen. But the moment she tried to draw something, she found herself

unable to design whatever was on her mind.

Design was much tougher than she thought....

Kayla became increasingly antsy, and finally decided to find a chance to find out Diana's progress from Julian.

Diana turned out to be even slower than her. She didn't seem to have any intention to start drawing at all.

Had Diana run out of design ideas too?

After all, the drafts Kayla had found were from three years ago.

It was entirely possible that Diana wasted her talent away during these three years, under Julian's indulgence.

Yet, Diana was the one who suggested this competition. Would she be so dumb as to do something she had. no confidence in?

After four days of being stuck, there were still no updates from Diana's side.

Kayla was unable to wait any longer, and had no choice but to bite the bullet and begin drawing her design.

Thankfully, she was more familiar with Julian and the preliminary draft was not too shabby. The design style was also similar to Diana's past works. She believed, given the work she put in, they would never be able to convict her as the design thief!

After the preliminary draft was done, it was time to take Julian's measurements before making the clothes in time for the deadline. After which, both of them had to display their drafts and final clothes. Kayla did not dare delay things.

Diana, on the other hand, came over after Kayla was just done taking Julian's measurements..

Diana had lived in the Fulcher mansion for three years.

Yet when she entered it once more, she did not find it familiar at all.

All her belongings had been thrown away.

That was when Diana understood why everything that Grandma prepared for her when she was staying at

the latter's home was new.

It turned out that Julian was unable to tolerate having her belongings around his mansion, and had them all. dumped.

Just like how he threw her away.

Without any hesitation whatsoever.

He wouldn't even bother seeking her out.

What was the point of holding out hope?

Diana rubbed her belly. Yes... The day he forced her into the operating theater was the day she lost all hope in

him.

Right now, her only goal was to bring misery upon Kayla so that it would put Julian in misery too.

After all, they had stabbed her heart so many times. It wasn't too much of her to give them a taste of their own medicine.

"Mr. Fulcher," Diana said coldly as she walked to where Julian was seated in the hall on the first floor. She pulled out her measuring tape and said, "Please stand up and cooperate with me as I take your measurements."

This bitch!

How dare she seduce Julian right in front of her!

What was more hateful was that Julian actually stood up!

Before Diana came, Julian told Kayla that he was not free and simply gave her his measurements written down on paper!

"Julian..." Kayla felt more frustrated the more she thought about it. She hated the thought of Diana and Julian having any physical contact. "I have your measurements written down here. I can just share it with Diana."

Diana was glad to hear that. "Where is it? I'll get it from you."

Julian looked up and glanced at Diana wordlessly.

Kayla seized the chance and replied to Diana, "Sure, it's in my bedroom."

She deliberately emphasized the word "my", as if she were the true mistress of this mansion. She haughtily led Diana to the bedroom she had settled in.

“Strange!” Kayla looked around the room after switching the lights on. “Seems like someone touched my desk. Did someone come up here just now?”

Diana looked down, which made it difficult to see the expression on her face. “It was me. I came here by myself. I wanted to bring some clothes back to the old mansion, but I realized that the bedroom had a new owner.”

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Kayla felt even more smug. “But of course! Julian said that this room had the best lighting in the entire mansion. He had to leave it for me.”

With feigned nonchalance, she peered at Diana and said, “As for the past rubbish that was lying around, they were just thrown away.”

Diana nodded. “You’re right. They were rubbish, both the things and the people from the past.”

She leaned closer to Kayla, “Including Julian, whom I’ve used. I’m leaving him to you, too.”

“But...” She looked around the entire room and realized something. “Seems like that second-hand man isn’t

staying in the same room as you.”

Not only does this bedroom not have any traces of Diana, but it didn’t have any traces of Julian either.

Then... Why did Kayla go to the gynecologist?

Diana couldn’t care less about whether both of them shared a room right now, but the embarrassed look on Kayla’s face lifted Diana’s mood. She deliberately covered her mouth with her hand and chuckled exaggeratedly. “Seems like it’s true. You haven’t even used that second-hand man.”

“That’s because he treasures me!” Kayla paused for a moment, trying to rein in her anger. “He wouldn’t treat me as casually as he treats you!”

That was so.

They got married the first day they got to know each other, and that was also the day Julian bedded her.

Even when Grandma had drugged him, he had prioritized Kayla in his considerations.

Diana, on the other hand, foolishly bore it all.

At that time, his body seemed to convey all his love and affections to her.

Not long later, the realization that she was a replacement was akin to a tight slap on her face.

Diana bit her lip hard, her good mood vanishing in an instant. However, she managed to calm herself down

very soon.

After all, it didn't hurt so much after being hurt so many times.

"He might not treasure me, but I'm sure there'll be someone who will," Diana shot back calmly, making Kayla's mockery as effective as punching cotton.

"He doesn't define my value as a person, but whether he is a good husband is something I can determine."

The fact that Kayla was unable to marry Julian and be his official wife was her greatest pain.

Diana, that b*tch!

Kayla was furious.

Seeing Kayla's face darken with displeasure, Diana's mood improved once again. She reached her hand out and urged, "Where are his measurements? Hand them over."

She put on a flirtatious look and said in a deliberately seductive manner, "Otherwise, I'll go down and personally take his measurements."

The fact that Julian had never shared a room with Kayla was a thorn in her heart.

Forget sleeping together, he had never behaved intimately with her.

Kayla even suspected that Julian might have sexual dysfunction. Yet, the way Diana spoke today made it clear to her that that wasn't true at all...

No!

He was just...not interested in her.

Was the fact that her face resembled Diana's so much and her claim of saving him in the past not enough?

Kayla regretted it so much. She should never have disappeared and gone abroad three years ago!

Otherwise, things wouldn't have turned out this way!

Julian wouldn't have married Diana and become husband and wife. In fact, he might never have the chance to come into contact with the woman who saved his life.

Kayla felt her heart beating with fright at the thought of what happened when she was younger, and a look of guilt settled over her face. She was in a daze.

Diana followed Kayla and took note of the written measurements. She took the chance to glance swiftly at Kayla's design draft and commented, "Looks very similar to my design. You're really worthy to be the woman who's using the second-hand man I've used before! Not only did you claim possession over my draft, but you even copied my design again."

Kayla blushed furiously and she snatched her design draft back. "Don't you dare spout nonsense, Diana!"

She did in truth steal Diana's design draft, but had the audacity to flip things around and accuse Diana of stealing her design instead.

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Yet this time, Kayla didn't plagiarize any of Diana's works. She couldn't even peek at Diana's work!

How would she be able to steal Diana's draft?

Not even in her imagination!

"How am I spouting nonsense?" Diana tore off a piece of paper, lifted a pen and drew some quick strokes. With that, she managed to make Kayla's original design even more exquisite and vivid.

She immediately brought flair and elegance to a design so ordinary.

This outfit...

Felt just like something custom-made for Julian.

"Look." Diana put down the pen and said with arched brows. "Doesn't it look just like your design drawing?"

Kayla finally realized what Diana was doing.

Diana was blatantly copying her design!

After being provoked so many times by Diana tonight, Kayla's mood, which was poor to begin with, turned for the worse. Diana's words were the straw that broke the camel's back. Kayla was so furious that she was no longer able to pretend to be weak and vulnerable. She grabbed her design drawing and flung it at Diana. "You're shameless, Diana! Shameless!"

Diana dodged quickly and avoided Kayla's attack. She then turned around calmly and headed down the stairs.

Julian had heard the commotion and was on his way up the stairs.

Before he gained his footing, he was hit in the head by the design that Kayla threw as she rushed out of the bedroom. "Diana! I'm going to kill you! You're shameless!"

"Kayla!" Julian grabbed Kayla's arm. For the first time in his life, he stopped her harshly.

Kayla slowly returned to her senses when she saw Diana hiding behind Julian, smiling at her smugly. That was when she realized she had fallen into Diana's trap.

Tears fell immediately down her cheeks. Her fierceness was replaced by meekness in an instant. “Julian...”

As calm as Julian felt, it was his first time seeing the speed at which Kayla’s face changed, and he couldn’t help but feel shocked.

Was Kayla really...

Becoming different from that Kayla in his memory?

“All right, that’s enough.” This time, Julian didn’t wipe Kayla’s tears away, and instead turned around to look at Diana. “She’s your younger sister. You should give in to her.”

His voice gentled as he looked carefully at Diana’s face. “Are you hurt?”

Was he possessed by a ghost?

Why did he first show concern for her when Kayla and her were fighting?

Diana’s eyes widened.

Julian belatedly realized what he had just done, and immediately pulled his hand away and put it in his

pocket. His voice turned cold in an instant. “If Grandma saw you hurt when you returned to the old mansion, she might get angry with me again.”

The old woman had just been discharged from the hospital, and should not be agitated.

Diana immediately understood where he was coming from. She knew it; for a man as cold-hearted as Julian, the concern he showed for her tonight was merely for his grandmother’s sake.

Thankfully, she did not get excited over his show of concern.

She remained expressionless throughout.

Julian was unamused. “Good that you’re not hurt. The Fulchers will be a laughing stock if word were to spread that our guest got hurt during their visit here.”

Hah.

Guest...

The term of address somehow upset Diana. She glanced at Kayla, who had begun sobbing again, and mocked, "Mr. Fulcher. If I remember correctly, we're not divorced yet, right? In that case, wouldn't Kayla be more of a guest than me?"

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"Diana, come to my study," Julian said, wanting to talk with Diana.

He needed to see if he could get anything out of her. At the same time, he told Kayla to return to her room to

rest.

"If she really copied your work today, I won't let her leave the villa, nor will I let her step foot into the design industry ever again."

His words satisfied Kayla.

"I'll come with you," Kayla said. "It'll be easier for me to confront her this way."

She needed to bring Diana down a peg or two today!

"That's fine," Julian said with a nod.

After confirming that Kayla was in good health, they headed to Julian's study.

Julian's study was covered in all black. The bookshelves and walls were black, and even his table was a dark walnut color. The entire study gave off a cold and grave air.

This was the first time Kayla entered this room. She stiffened up before she even sat down.

On the contrary, Diana was familiar with the room. She had already taken off her shoes and was lying on the couch. Though it made her seem like she was

lacking in manners, her slender neck and long hair radiated a strong elegant air. It was rare to find a woman with such an air who still exuded freedom and casualness.

It had been a long time since Julian felt life in his study.

If it were before, with how she was acting, he probably would have closed the door and called her a little minx.

Apparently, Diana also thought of the same thing. Her face flushed slightly. It wasn't her fault that the couch in Julian's study was so comfortable!

It happened when Julian had been on a business trip abroad. Diana had complained that she missed him so much that it was torturous. The next day, he had someone transport this couch from abroad and place it in the study. It was pink and had many bows on it.

It was a delightful couch model that any woman would love, but it didn't fit the study's aesthetic at all.

However, she understood his intentions. When she sat on it, it was extremely comfortable. It felt like being in his arms,

and she couldn't help but sink into the warm and comforting feeling.

Julian also wanted to tell her that she held a special place in his heart by buying this pink couch.

Unique, huh?

Diana blushed in embarrassment when she thought about their past. She slowly straightened up from the couch, shedding her casual posture.

This villa was no longer her home, and the pink couch in the study was the only evidence that she had ever

lived here.

"Just a reminder, Mr. Fulcher," Diana said, holding back the ache of her heart as she looked at Julian. "You

forgot to throw out this couch."

Julian was silent for a moment, not expecting Diana to open their conversation with that.

“...I didn’t forget.”

Kayla wasn’t usually allowed in this room, so she wouldn’t see it, much less be inconvenienced by it being here. Thus, he chose not to throw it away as he did with Diana’s things in the bedroom.

After saying that, he noticed the cautious look on Kayla’s face, where tears were still visible. She was standing between him and Diana. A sudden strange feeling washed over him, making him feel out of place for a moment. He quickly amended his words and said, “It didn’t belong to you in the first place.”

The

person he had wanted to give it to was Kayla. The couch was also meant to be for Kayla.

Yet, the person who received it back then was Diana.

Diana could read between the lines and understood the implications that she was only a substitute, but it didn’t make her feel as annoyed or angry as before. She simply raised her eyebrows and smiled; no one could tell her true feelings.

It was similar to when she had been forced into the operating theater. Even Julian had trouble reading her emotions right now.

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Had the forced abortion affected her so much? Yet, Julian simply couldn’t allow his wife to carry another man’s child.

He was convinced that he had done nothing wrong. Every time he thought about Oliver and Diana getting close, he would get so angry that he wanted to have a go at Oliver.

However, Diana had not met up with Oliver since that day at the hospital.

This made Julian happy. It was good to know that Diana still knew how to restrain herself because of the consequences.

Diana and Julian kept staring at each other silently. Kayla was the only one in the room who felt awkward.

Just how much space in Julian's heart did Diana occupy? What could Kayla do to make Diana disappear from this world? Kayla had tried poisoning Diana, taking Diana's design and accusing Diana of plagiarizing her work... She had tried all sorts of methods, but none caused any substantial harm to Diana. Some of her plans even backfired, causing her to hurt herself! Even worse, Kayla's plans alerted Madam Fulcher by accident, which caused Julian and Diana's divorce to be put on indefinite hold.

If Diana really got pregnant...

Kayla shuddered, unable to imagine how Julian would react. At the very least, it looked like he hadn't realized his feelings for Diana yet.

When she recalled Julian's words, Kayla became excited once more and looked smugly at Diana. She was going to make sure this plagiarism issue remained, so that Julian would be thoroughly disgusted with Diana. It would be even better if it could stop Diana from returning to the design industry.

Getting rid of a formidable rival was a good move for Kayla.

To Kayla's surprise, Diana had no intention of defending herself. She casually ran a hand through her hair, then pulled out a ruler and approached Julian as though nothing was wrong.

"What are you doing?" Kayla shouted, moving forward to shove Diana out of the way.

Her action caused Diana to fall right onto Julian. Diana would have fallen to the ground if Julian hadn't reacted quickly enough. She had just gotten an abortion; who knows what other things could happen if she had really fallen?

Julian's face suddenly twisted unpleasantly. His gaze sharpened like a falcon's, and he fixed his eyes on Kayla. However, the anger simmering under his skin did not burst forth, and he simply said, "Kayla, you can leave first."

Kayla didn't dare make a scene with the dangerous look in Julian's eyes, but that didn't mean she was going to go peacefully. "Julian... Diana did that on purpose! She wanted me to get angry so that I would push her to you! Besides..."

Weren't they supposed to be discussing plagiarism? Why was she forced to spill her guts before Julian again?!

Kayla was confused at the strange turn in the situation. She looked at Diana, who was still on top of Julian. Kayla's eyes widened when she saw the smug look on Diana's face.

Diana had done it on purpose.

"I'm not leaving!" Kayla said stubbornly. "I want to settle this with Diana right now!"

"I didn't plagiarize her work," Diana said, deliberately not getting up from where she was in Julian's arms. She simply pointed to the paper and continued, "My design is much more complete than hers. I would've needed more time to perfect it if it had been plagiarized. As for my darling sister... It seems she's the one who copied the basics of my design in that short time, isn't that right?"

It was easy to go from rags to riches, but the same couldn't be said about riches to rags.

The same was true when it came to drawing designs. It took a long time to perfect them, regardless if they were simple or complex. However, it was easy to copy the base of an already perfected design.

Julian, however, didn't believe that Diana was that capable and would have such great talent in designing.

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Julian had never seen her draw anything in the past three years. Even after seeing all the clothes she had designed for his grandmother, he still didn't think that Diana's talents were impressive.

This time, however, he actually believed Diana a little more this time. Kayla had disappointed him several

times now.

But no matter how much trouble Kayla made, he couldn't bring himself to do anything harsh to her. He would simply endure getting entangled in these

trivial matters all day long. When he next spoke again, it was an order rather than a suggestion. “Kayla, leave.”

He would have the talk he needed with Diana tonight.

As for her...

Julian glanced at the petite woman who was still in his arms and refusing to get up. A dangerous glint flashed in his eyes. When he saw Kayla’s anxious expression, he instantly saw through Diana’s ploy.

“Stand up!”

Diana deliberately got close to him in front of Kayla.

Unexpectedly, Diana didn’t listen to him. She even started measuring him with her ruler. “Kayla gave me your measurements, but I can tell with just a glance that she didn’t even measure you personally. What’s with that?”

Diana raised her brows, her eyes sparkling. Instantly, she looked incredibly charming. “Other than staying in different rooms, you won’t even give her a chance to get closer to you?”

Flashing him a cute smile, she laughed lightly before continuing, “We’re making clothes! A designer can’t do their best if you won’t let them touch you, you know?”

In the blink of an eye, Diana had already measured his arms and wrist. Next, she placed a hand on chest to

measure his neck and his back.

Their closeness looked incredibly intimate, but Julian didn’t push Diana away. Kayla couldn’t stand it anymore and let out a cry as she dashed out of the room.

“Tsk! What an ugly cry.”

Julian didn’t chase after Kayla. Instead, he grabbed Diana’s wrist, which was roaming about his body, and snarled fiercely, “It’s disgusting how you’re so sarcastic and mean-spirited.”

It was completely unlike her.

Diana was surprised at his sudden outburst, but she continued drawing circles on his chest and asked, “Are you angry?”

It was good that he was.

“Then let’s get a divorce.”

Upon seeing how indifferent she was about their situation, Julian was about to explode in anger. “So you went around such a big circle just to divorce me?”

“Of course not.”

the

Diana wasn’t in the best condition right now, and she wasn’t able to stand for long. Thus, she made her way to the couch. Shifting around to find the most comfortable position, she stared at Julian and continued, “It’s true I copied Kayla’s design, but I’m sure you can tell who’s the better one between us. If you compare design with those at the press conference, you can also see just which one of us is deliberately imitating whose style.”

Diana had already laid out everything. If Julian had a conscience, he could easily tell who the thief was in this matter. But if he was still hell-bent on protecting Kayla, then there was nothing she could do.

“If she wants to get into design, she’ll never make her mark as long as I’m around.”

Her words weren’t a boast; they were simply pure facts. Even if Julian were to protect Kayla, it would be pointless.

Diana was extremely confident in her design skills.

“You’re very confident, aren’t you?” Julian said, his curiosity increasing the more she spoke. “Have you been designing even before we got married?”

Ugh, this man!

It was only a small loophole, yet he quickly caught it and held onto it.

Diana didn’t want her dark, embarrassing history of using the name D&J to be revealed. But the more one was afraid of exposing something, the more it was impossible to lie about it.

After all, lying had flaws at the end of the day.

Julain was a man who would grasp on tightly to something and refuse to let go until he solved it. Because of this, Diana purposely omitted her recent accomplishments and told him her past instead. “Yes. When I was in the countryside, the clothes I designed sold well. Even the hypermarket there collaborated with me.”

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The hypermarket Diana mentioned was an ordinary wholesale marketplace. Nothing fantastic would be found in that kind of place.

Diana had some design talent and aptitude, but she clearly overestimated herself.

Those were Julian’s thoughts. His curiosity about her past vanished instantly, and he said, “Hmm. Though you don’t have the ability to do as you said, it’s good to be confident.”

With that said, he sat at his desk with an indifferent look. Though his expression was blank, he was clearly taunting her for not knowing her own worth.

It was also telling Diana that no matter how rotten Kayla was as a person or how many awful things she did, he would still protect Kayla as he always did.

Diana lowered her head, and her lips curled into a mocking smile. “If that’s the case, why not just divorce me? Isn’t it better to do that and give Kayla an official place in your home so it’ll be easier to love and protect her? Grandma already knows about this, but you still want to leave at such a crucial moment?”

Julian subconsciously avoided her sad eyes. “Stop acting like some saint when you’re getting the short end of

the stick!”

If it wasn’t for Madam Fulcher, would Diana have gotten off so easily for cheating on him?

“You used to go on about looking out for Grandma because her health wasn’t the best. Because of that, you set the condition for our divorce in that she would never find out.”

Back then, Julian had been momentarily touched by Diana’s kindness.

“And now? When Grandma’s really sick, you don’t care anymore and simply want to divorce me? Why’s that? Are you feeling sorry for that child? Because you think of it whenever you look at me?”

Each word that spilled from Julian’s lips was more hurtful than the previous.

As Diana listened, she couldn’t believe that she and him had been in such a sweet and intimate relationship

in the past.

Yes, this was why she wanted to divorce him.

She had to!

She couldn’t stand being with the man who used to be a doting and caring husband, and she didn’t want to hear him talk about their baby in such a harsh, uncaring tone.

Her baby had survived through a fluke. The baby would surely be upset if he heard his father saying such things.

Everything would be fine if they separated!

Diana frowned. “That’s exactly it. I’ll never forget the way you forced me into that operation theater!”

Taking a deep breath, she spat harshly, “You killed the child I had with Oliver! It makes me sick to even be breathing the same air as you!”

“Oliver, Oliver, Oliver!” Julian suddenly jumped up, his furious eyes blazing as they locked with hers. “Do could you want him that much? Even after using your final trump card to have Grandma cover for you so you stay as Mrs. Fulcer, you still can’t let go of him?”

Diana had never asked Madam Fulcher to lie for her, and there wasn't anything to let go of when it came to Oliver. There had never been anything between them.

But did Julian care about any of those things?

Of course not!

"What about you?" The bottled feelings inside finally burst like a broken dam as Diana shot back. "Why aren't you divorcing me? Don't give me a flimsy excuse and say that it's because of Grandma. I'm sure you have many ways to keep her from discovering our divorce if you wanted to. Why did you say you'd go along with her wishes and consider her health, and that we won't divorce for now?!"

The two stood close to each other. They were close enough that if Diana were to lift her head, they would

touch.

Julian's eyelashes were long and delicate, and his features were painfully familiar to her. However, the coldness in his eyes was completely foreign.

A thought suddenly occurred to her, though she knew it was impossible. What if...if Julian said he loved her, even just a little, and that he cared about her not because she looked like Kayla? That he loved Diana because she was her own person rather than Kayla's substitute, and that he couldn't help but care about her and

didn't want to divorce her....

Had he said so, would she forget all the cruel things he had done to her? Would she not burn with hate for him when she recalled how he had forced her into the operating theater?

But... Julian didn't say anything like that.

His eyes were still filled with coldness, and he spoke in the flattest tone she had ever heard as a cool and heartless smirk danced on his lips.

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Julian fixed his cold gaze on Diana. “At first, I was really concerned about Grandma’s health. Now that you’re done talking, I finally understand why I haven’t divorced you. Naturally, it’s not because of Grandma’s health. Do you know what the reason is?”

He leaned even closer to Diana as he spoke, and she could feel his breath by her ear. The closeness and his broad shoulders exuded a domineering pressure that trapped her.

“What is it?” Diana asked, gripping the couch tightly. She wouldn’t allow him to see her weakness and stubbornly held her head high.

“Because...” Julian’s smile was cold. It hurt to see it, but there was also a hint of ruthless determination in his eyes.

“The more you want to be with

ver, the more I don’t want to let you have your wish. The more you suffer at my side, the more I want to keep you! This is the best punishment for you! I’ll keep you by my side and make you suffer all your life!”

He saw that Diana wanted to escape and was in pain, but he wanted her to continue suffering regardless?

“Just because Oliver and I...” Diana paused. “Just because we had a child together, you want to find ways to make me miserable? And you would do it, ignoring Kayla’s request for you to get a divorce?”

When Diana mentioned Kayla, Julian’s anger visibly deflated several notches. However, the coldness remained in his voice.

“Yes, I don’t care about anything else if I can make you suffer.”

When those words were out of his mouth, Julian was surprised. It turned out that he cared about Diana’s relationship with Oliver much more than he thought.

Even after getting rid of the child, he still couldn’t get it out of his mind.

His anger burned even fiercer when he heard Diana mention Oliver's name.

"Don't be too greedy," Julian snarled. "As you wished, I'm not pursuing your affair with Oliver. Stay as Mrs. Fulcher and never think of leaving me!"

Only Diana knew Oliver was completely innocent in this whole thing, and she had deliberately used him as a shield. There was nothing between them, but it didn't matter that Julian didn't believe her as long as he didn't intend to hurt Oliver again. Regardless of wh

Julian said, she could ignore Oliver.

However...

Diana spoke in a softer, gentler tone that held a hint of exasperation and anger. "If you won't let me leave or divorce you, what about Kayla? Do you think she'll really wait for you forever? You love her so much, Julian, yet you want her to wait for you?"

Julian froze.

Kayla's name was like a magic spell that gradually pulled him back from insanity.

Whether he married or divorced, he and Diana could not avoid Kayla.

But now... It felt as if Kayla was an outsider in his life.

When he thought about how she had stormed out of his study crying, his heart went into a tizzy.

He was the one who had behaved poorly this time and made Kayla cry. Yet, he didn't bother going after her.

"Julian. While you're causing me pain, you're also making her suffer," Diana said, watching him frown. Knowing that he was considering her words seriously, she calmed down. "Think about it properly. Is it worth trapping me in this marriage and making both of us suffer?"

After saying that, she paused for a moment before adding, "Don't regret it if Kayla really gets angry and stops waiting for you."

Her words were to encourage him to go after Kayla and keep her instead.

Did Diana really not care about him at all? However, Julian couldn't bring himself to get angry. He suddenly realized that Kayla really might disappear completely, just as she had done three years ago.