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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 171

The following day, there was still no sign of Diana. There had also been no delivery boy bringing takeaway to

the villa.

She just had a miscarriage. She couldn't have fainted from not having anything to eat or drink for long, could she?

When Julian returned from work and noted again that it was only him and Kayla sitting down for dinner, he couldn't take it anymore.

"I'll go upstairs and check on her."

Kayla looked at the untouched food before Julian and said unhappily, "You should eat, Julian. I'll go check on her."

"She won't open the door for you," Julian said as he gestured for Mr. Carter to bring the room key. "I'll go. You should eat."

It sounded like he was saying this for her sake, but in reality...

His heart and mind just weren't here anymore.

He wanted to see Diana.

Kayla clearly noticed this, and she gritted her teeth harshly as she chewed her food. She wasn't willing to take things lying down like this, so she quickly put down her cutlery and said, "I'm also very worried. I'll go with

you."

With that, the two of them made their way upstairs. When they reached the door, Julian made Kayla stay back as he slowly unlocked the door and pushed it open.

The room was dark; Julian looked around several times but couldn't find Diana. His heart clenched tightly when he couldn't see her, and he quickly stepped inside the room.

As he walked in hurriedly, he felt like he had stepped on something. However, he couldn't bring himself to care because all his attention was on finding Diana.

She hadn't left the room in two days, nor had she eaten or drank anything. Had she fainted?

Kayla frowned, watching as the usually calm and steady Julian stumble through the darkness. Her fear of losing him gradually grew.

Snap!

Kayla turned on the lights for him, and Julian only realized that he had forgotten to do so. He turned around to look at Kayla, and noted that he had stumbled just now because he had stepped on Kayla's foot in his hurry.

However, Kayla didn't seem angry. She even gave him a comforting look and said, "Let's find Diana first."

She hadn't changed. She was ultimately still the kind person he knew.

Julian felt a little relieved at that, then turned around to search for Diana once more. No one was in the bathroom, on the couch, or sitting at the dresser.

Finally, he turned to the bed and noted a lump on it.

Could Diana have passed out on the bed because she had lost all her strength from not eating?

Julian was extremely worried and hurried to lift the covers off the bed. Diana was inside, and she...

...Was not in the state he thought she would be. A healthy flush was on her face, and she was sleeping soundly.

Diana woke up when the covers were lifted, and sleepily rubbed her eyes. She even let out a small yawn and extended her arms for him to hug, like she used to do in the past.

Kayla stood to the side, feeling a little awkward as she watched the scene unfold before her.

Julian tried to call Diana sternly and wake her up, but her eyes slid close again while her arms were still outstretched.

Before this, Diana had treated Julian coldly and even refused vehemently to admit her fault. Now, she suddenly wanted him to hug her.

Was this woman really pretending to be asleep?

Julian considered this fact, then took a pillow and put it in her arms before saying sullenly, "Are you trying to soften me up with this method so I won't care about you pushing Kayla?"

What a devious plot!

The soft texture of the pillow in her arms and Julian's cold voice snapped Diana out of her sleep. Realizing what she had done out of habit, she was embarrassed for a moment but also annoyed. Her eyes snapped open, and she shot Julian an impatient look. "You're insane."

Did she need to go through all that trouble for them?

"Who are you calling insane?" Julian was angry at her words. "You wanted me to hug you, and I didn't, so now I'm insane?"

It was only a habit she had developed over the years, and she didn't realize what she had done because she had been half asleep. Rolling her eyes indifferently, she didn't understand why Julian was holding on to this matter. "I'm sleepy. Please leave."

She wasn't a monkey, so she didn't want them ogling at her like she was a zoo display.

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"Stubborn," Julian muttered. He watched as Diana was about to drift off to sleep again and was confused. 'Have you lost your mind from hunger?"

They were in this situation, yet she still didn't know how to say anything nice to him.

Diana snorted at his question. "No, I'm not hungry."

When she said that, her eyes sparkled brightly as if she was telling the complete truth. As soon as the words left her mouth, her stomach rumbled loudly.

Of course she was hungry! The baby was hungry too!

For the past two days, she had eaten all the snacks she could find in the room, which helped her maintain her body functions. But she couldn't find anything this afternoon, so she decided to sleep.

If she was still in this situation, she planned to call Madam Fulcher and ask her to come for a meal. That way, Diana could eat with the pretense that everything was normal.

She didn't expect Julian to come into her room tonight with Kayla. The sight of them standing together, annoyed her, especially when she recalled Julian's history of protecting Kayla. The hurt she felt brought much more harm than starving.

For the sake of her physical and mental health, Diana decided not to deal with them. However, it seemed that Julian was reluctant to leave. He looked at Kayla and said, "Do me a favor."

He beckoned for her to come over and whispered something in her ear. Kayla looked confused, but she quickly smoothed her face and left the room.

Finally, she didn't have to look at the face that was eerily similar to her own.

Diana pretended to not have heard her stomach rumble and asked Julian, "Why aren't you gone yet?"

"I won't. I'm waiting for you to apologize to Kayla."

"...You can wait as long as you want," Diana replied indifferently.

She hadn't done anything wrong, so she wouldn't apologize.

So, the odds were that Julian's hopes were going to be dashed.

But d*mn it... Now that she was awake, she could feel the acute hunger in her stomach. She could also smell something delicious in the air...

It was then Kayla returned to the room with a cart of food.

Diana's eyes widened. "What are you doing?!"

"Nothing much," Julian said when he heard the movement behind him. The smile on his face widened and he turned to help Kayla set up the meal on the coffee table from the cart.

"Close the door. It's time to eat."

But this was the bedroom!

"

Julian had OCD and would never eat in the bedroom, even if someone were to beat him to death!

That was why Diana only ate the snacks she hid in the bedroom whenever he wasn't around! But... When she ate her takeaway in the bedroom a couple of days ago, he hadn't said anything about it either...

"The chef did a good job today," Julian said, giving her a look as he opened the container lid while listing out the food on the table. "Hmm. Meatballs, lobster soup, beef strips..."

Every dish sounded average, though Diana swallowed harshly as she listened. Since they were all meaty dishes, it wasn't something she really wanted to eat right now, so she could still endure it.

Unexpectedly, Julian seemed to be able to read her mind as he continued, "There's also spicy and sour tofu and sirloin steak with peanut and vinegar sauce. Oh, the spicy and sour soup looks good. It has been a while

since made thinuta

Then he said in a dissatisfied manner, "The sourness is a little too much, though..

As he said that, he stood and walked to the window to open it. "Ah, this is better. This way, the vinegar smell will blow out."

Diana was speechless. The autumn breeze today was blowing northwards, so instead of getting rid of the smell as he said, it would instead blow the fragrant smell in her face!

What the hell?!

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Another loud rumble sounded out from her stomach.

If Diana had a mirror, she could see how red her face was as she stared at the food.

Julian saw her embarrassment and prompted her, "You can eat all of this if you apologize to Kayla."

"I won't." Diana lost most of her appetite when she heard this. There was no need for her to apologize. She hadn't done anything wrong.

Forget about how blind Julian was! She would still accept if it happened only once or twice, but she wouldn't go along with him on everything.

"Kayla has done so much wrong to me, yet I don't see her apologizing," Diana said. She rolled over, covering herself with the blanket, intending to sleep.

Julian, as usual, ignored her words. However, it didn't look like he was going to ignore her not eating. He also seemed quite obsessed with wanting Diana to apologize to Kayla.

"Kayla, go ahead and eat."

With that said, Julian carried his own portion of food to Diana's bedside.
"Hmm... It tastes good."

Then he deliberately made loud noises as he ate.

Was this really the reserved Julian she knew?

Kayla watched him as he trampled over his dignity for Diana's sake, and she felt tears of frustration build in

her eyes.

However, Julian seemed oblivious to his behavior. His mind was only filled with Diana, who was curled up

under the covers.

“This soup is really good. I put a lot of vinegar in it, so it tastes even better.”

Julian had only taken one bite of the food, and then he set the rest beside Diana’s bed. No matter how tightly she was curled under the blanket, she couldn’t stop the smell from wafting in.

The appetizing smell of vinegar was impossible to ignore, and her stomach growled even louder than before.

Diana’s hunger was back with a vengeance; she tossed and turned under the covers as she tried to ignore it. After waiting for a while, the smell still remained close by, and she couldn’t endure it anymore. She slowly peeled back the covers, revealing a little gap that allowed her to look out.

It was only a gap, but Julian took full advantage of it as he shoved his hand directly in and said, “Come out

and eat.”

She would collapse if she went any longer without food. Julian now regretted that he had given the order not to feed her. She had recently been forced to lose her baby, after all. It would be bad if something were to happen to her now.

When his thin, slender hands slid into the covers, Diana bit on it fiercely and growled, “I won’t eat!”

“Are you a dog?”

it Julian hissed angrily at the pain and retracted his hand quickly. He raised his hand, and for a moment, seemed like he would bring it down hard on her head. On the contrary, he gently lowered his hand. “Hurry up

and eat!”

This time, he said it in a commanding tone.

“I won’t apologize or admit that I’m wrong, and I don’t agree with you that I used a lot of force when I pushed Kayla. Is it still okay to eat?”

Julian was silent for a while before he replied, “...Just eat. If Grandma found out about this, our plan to divorce secretly would be ruined.”

So, Julian was doing so much because he wanted to divorce Diana? Well then, there was no reason for Kayla to be angry. With that thought in mind, Kayla took her time and ate.

As for Diana, she felt a bitter pang in her heart. She already knew that would be the reason, but she still held out a little hope. It seemed that she shouldn't have. Still, perhaps it was better this way. This way, there was no burden to bear; all she needed to do was get up and feed herself.

With that, she quickly got out of bed and picked up the food. As she was about to bring it to her mouth, Julian stopped her. "It's dirty."

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Julian shot Diana a disgusted look, as if he wasn't the one who had just eaten by the bedside.

"Go to the coffee table."

This was as far as he could tolerate. He didn't continue eating because he really couldn't eat in an environment like a bedroom; he had only done so to lure Diana out.

Under Kayla's gentle persuasion, he finally compromised and had a few bites of dessert after dinner. When Diana ate the dessert, she choked and rushed to the bathroom as she almost threw up.

"Is there fish in this?" Diana called out from the bathroom.

"Yes," Julian said with a nod, wondering why she had suddenly rushed to the bathroom with her mouth covered. "It's sashimi."

Not only was it fish, but it was also raw!

Diana was disgusted and terrified. What if the fetus growing in her was affected by her carelessness, and parasites made their way into her body from ingesting raw food?!

Because of this, she didn't bother holding back and threw up.

Julian didn't find it weird. To him, Diana already had an abortion; she couldn't be throwing up because of a

pregnancy.

Perhaps it was simply because she had developed a dislike for salmon? But she wasn't pregnant... Could a person's taste change so quickly?

He knew she loved eating salmon sashimi before...

Julian couldn't figure it out, but then he pushed the matter out of his mind. There was no use pondering too much over it, after all. During this time, Kayla stood and poured a glass of water for Diana. She entered the bathroom and handed it to her. "Here, rinse your mouth with this."

Diana initially thought it was Julian, but it was only after taking a few sips did she notice Kayla standing

beside her.

Ah, Kayla had seen everything...!

Sure enough, Kayla asked, "What exactly did you see the gynecologist for the other day?"

Diana inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. For Kayla to ask her directly meant that she hadn't found anything

so far.

Vans really was reliable.

Diana felt the tension drain out of her body. "Thanks for the water. As for why I went to see a gynecologist..."

She raised an eyebrow at Kayla's expectant look and continued, "Julian and I slept together for a long while. What other reason would there be for me to go there?"

Slept together...?

Kayla's eyes widened. "Are you really pregnant?!"

It seemed Julian hadn't told many people about her pregnancy, not even Kayla. Diana was surprised, but she thought it was better that fewer people knew about it.

Diana shook her head in response. "What are you thinking? Every woman who has an active bed partner will have trouble in that aspect most of the time, don't you know?"

Kayla was confused by what Diana meant.

Diana chuckled. "Well, it's not like you've slept with Julian before. You wouldn't understand."

Diana knew how to hit where it hurt.

Kayla was furious at her comment and hissed through clenched teeth, "You're so shameless!"

Diana didn't even blink at the venom in Kayla's voice. "I'm not shameless. Julian's really clingy in bed, you know? You'll understand when you sleep with him in the future..."

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"Understand what?" Julian said, choosing this moment to walk in.

When she saw him, Diana recalled the words she had just said to rile Kayla up and blushed in embarrassment. "Ahem. It's nothing..."

It was fortunate he hadn't heard her. She didn't dare imagine the consequences and how he would mock her if he had. Even though she was just a substitute and not worth anything in his eyes, she didn't want to hear those words personally from Julian..

"If it's nothing, then hurry up and come out!" Julian said, pinching his nose. There was a disgusted look on his face, and he waved for Kayla to exit the room first. "It stinks here. Get Mr. Carter to have someone clean this place up."

"Julian, Diana's having a hard time. You don't have to say such harsh words," Kayla said, but she waved her hand in front of her face, also looking obviously disturbed by the stench.

Diana couldn't stand the act Kayla put on, so she deliberately made a motion as if she was going to throw up right in Kayla's direction.

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“Throw up here,” Julian said as he quickly put his hand in front of Diana’s mouth and anxiously assisted her back to the bathroom. “Do you still feel uncomfortable?”

For an instant, Diana believed that Julian’s concern was genuine.

That was, until he whipped his head around quickly and said, “Kayla, go ahead and leave this place so your clothes won’t get dirty.”

The worry was genuine...but it wasn’t for her.

Disappointment flashed in Diana’s eyes, but it was gone before she noticed. She tried to push his hand away and said, “I’m fine.”

However, Julian didn’t let go of her hand or remove his hand from her face. “If you need to throw up, go

ahead.”

“Kayla’s gone,” Diana said, smiling bitterly. “You don’t have to worry whether I’ll throw up now or not.”

Julian was confused. What does Kayla leaving have to do with whether or not Diana would throw up again? He really couldn’t figure out what was going on in her mind. Exasperated, he said sarcastically, “Fine. Do whatever you want.”

After he said that, he removed his hand and left her side.

Diana could still feel the warmth of his hand on her face, and she couldn’t help but touch the spot where his hand had momentarily lingered. However, the only thing she felt was coldness.

She shouldn’t expect anything from him again. Hadn’t she already learned that multiple times? Diana shook her head to remind herself.

Mr. Carter came by and did the cleaning personally and said, “The maid in charge of cleaning Madam’s room

is on leave.”

Since Noel had been punished and beaten, Mr. Carter’s attitude seemed to improve. He explained why he was here to Diana when he entered the room, and then took the tools to start cleaning the bathroom with.

Once he was done, he saw a shirt hanging behind the door and couldn't help but ask, "Sir, is this yours?"

Julian shook his head, a stormy look was already gathering in his eyes. "No."

It was most likely Oliver's. Did Diana keep this here because she missed him?

As soon as the thought crossed his mind, he shot Diana a dark look and asked, "Whose is this?"

Diana took one look at his face and knew that his thoughts had run rampantly in the wrong direction.

Seriously, Julian's pride was just overinflated. He was also surprisingly a tyrant, as he only allowed himself to be the betrayer in this marriage and pointed fingers at her instead when he had done far worse.

What a jerk!

Diana replied dryly, "It's for a dog."

"A dog?"

Diana nodded firmly. "Yes. It's a shirt for a dog."

"Julian..." Kayla gently tugged on Julian's sleeve. "I think Diana's indirectly cursing you..."

The day after tomorrow was the deadline for them to design his shirt, and they would have to bring out the finished product for comparison.

"I think this is the shirt we'll be comparing. Looking at it, the back waist part is still unfinished..."

Julian, who had processed Kayla's words, was stunned and speechless.

Even though Diana had indirectly called him a dog, he was somewhat...happy. What was going on?

This shirt didn't belong to Oliver. It was a shirt Diana had designed and made especially for him. The cold look in his eye faded, and he said, "You haven't eaten in two days, but you also didn't slack off to make this."

“Of course,” Diana said, taking the shirt from Mr. Carter and deliberately raising it before Kayla. “Look, did I copy your design?”

Initially, Diana had drawn the previous design just to annoy Kayla. Even if Diana was asked to plagiarize someone else’s design, she simply couldn’t do it.

Kayla didn’t expect Diana to suddenly become so difficult to handle. Various emotions flashed across her face, and she couldn’t find the words to shoot back at Diana. Tears of anger gathered in her eyes, and she gave Julian a pitiful look. “Julian... I really wasn’t lying! Diana copied my design right in front of me, and...”

“I know. I believe you.”

Diana felt another wave of nausea rush through her when she heard how sweetly Julian spoke to Kayla.

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“Mr. Carter, please hand me the shirt. I still have some finishing touches to add,” Diana said. “Luckily, it didn’t get dirty.”

Even though it was just a small matter, she still didn’t want to lose to Kayla.

Mr. Carter was about to hand it to her when Julian suddenly pulled on her collar. “We’ll talk about the shirt later. Let’s go down and eat dinner for now.”

What? Dinner?

“I’m not hungry! Didn’t I already eat?”

“You threw up everything, and your stomach is probably empty,” Julian said in a disgruntled manner. “I’ll have the chef make some noodles with spicy and sour soup. You’ll...”

“Alright, fine! I’ll eat!”

If that was what he was going to feed her, she definitely wanted to eat!

The thought of the mentioned food floated in her mind, and she could almost taste it on her tongue. She really wanted a few bites now!

When Kayla saw this, she immediately came over and stood in between Julian and Diana to separate them.” Does she like eating sour stuff so much?”

“Yes,” Julian said as he released Diana. The three of them went downstairs. “Her tastes have changed a lot

lately.”

The miscarriage hurt her mentally and physically, so she retained all the strange pregnancy cravings even

after losing her baby.

That was what Julian assumed, at least.

The more he thought about it, the guiltier he felt. If the baby Diana had wasn't Oliver's, perhaps he could...

No, that was impossible.

It simply wouldn't be possible.

Julian glanced at Kayla, who was walking in front of him. His eyes softened and he said gently, “I've asked the chef to prepare some nutritious soup for you. You should drink it before you sleep. It'll be good for your

health.”

“Thank you, Julian,” Kayla said as she raised her head triumphantly in Diana's direction.

Hah! Her nutritious soup was much better than some noodles!

It seemed that listening to Lucy's advice on returning to this villa on her own initiative really paid off! Julian still treated her well.

As for Diana...

Kayla peeked at Diana's stomach without much thought, and prayed again for Diana not to be pregnant with Julian's baby.

The relationship between the three of them had already been awkward from the start, but they were having meals together and even living in the same place. It was completely bizarre!

They clearly realized this, so none of them spoke at the table. All of them ate their food, different thoughts racing in their mind, while Mr. Carter continued cleaning Diana's room.

There was only a little bit left to clean, and the reason Mr. Carter was slow was because his attention was on the shirt. Diana had made the shirt, and it was the same one she would use against Kayla in their competition.

What right did Diana have to design something for Julian? What right did she have to involve Madam Fulcher and Julian to be the judge? Even now, she had him personally clean up the mess she made when she was the one who threw up. It must be because she still held a grudge against him; she probably still remembered how he hadn't allowed her into the banquet.

She was such a petty woman!

She didn't have any self-awareness, and always wanted to compete with Kayla.

More importantly, it was her fault that Noel was implicated and ended up with a beating. Thinking of his son's injuries, Mr. Carter was distraught. He left the room and returned with a handful of pins, sticking them randomly on the inside of the shirt.

If Julian wore this shirt, he would doubt Diana's intentions for making it. It'd be best if he also chased her out of the villa for this. Mr. Carter felt elated at this possibility, and he happily completed his final inspection of the place before closing the door behind him.

When Diana finished her food, she returned to her room with a much satisfied stomach. As Kayla was here tonight, Julian definitely wouldn't do anything to sadden Kayla. Diana was sure he wouldn't return to their bedroom to sleep, so she grabbed a nightgown from the cabinet and went to take a shower.

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After saying that, Diana opened the door to reveal her flushed face from the shower. Julian involuntarily swallowed when he took in her appearance.

D*mn it!

“Diana!” Julian yelled, looking a little annoyed. “Seriously? Don’t you know how to repent for your mistakes? Did you even hear what I said?”

Why was Julian getting so worked up?

He was acting so strangely.

Diana was also in a bad mood because of him. Knowing that nothing could make things worse, she walked toward the cupboard in hopes of finding something else to wear.

There were no words spoken during this time.

Then Julian suddenly grabbed her and said, “Must you do your best to seduce me?”

What? Seduce him?

Diana glanced down at the bulge in his pants and instantly understood. She blushed brightly and muttered in annoyance, “...There’s something wrong with your head, isn’t there?”

She had taken this nightgown into the bathroom, so what was she to do? Did he expect her not to wear anything? He was the one who said they needed to keep the act up and refused to leave the room, so it wasn’t like she didn’t try.

The only option she had left was to come out and find other clothes to change into.

But Julian was blocking her way.

“I won’t fall for your tricks!” Julian exclaimed, seemingly furious. “Your tricks won’t work on me!”

He stomped over to the cupboard, pulled out the shirt she had made for him, and threw it at her. “Put it on, now! What’s the point of standing before me dressed like that?!”

Although his attitude was unpleasant, it gave Diana what she wanted. So, she shoved her anger aside and moved to put on the shirt.

Unexpectedly...

“Ouch!”

“What is it now?” Julian said, his brows furrowing deeply. When he saw her staring blankly at the shirt and refusing to put it on, he cursed inwardly in anger. “Haven’t you done enough with your scheming ways? Must you always do things with your mind in the gutter?”

“What are you talking about? Who’s the one with their mind in the gutter, huh?” Diana shot Julian a look of contempt. “Aren’t you just a disappointment to Kayla?”

Julian went on and on about how he loved Kayla, but he didn’t seem to keep himself chaste for her.

Was the man she loved such a scumbag?

“Do you get turned on by anyone as long as it’s a woman?”

“No. It can only be you!” Julian blurted out.

Diana looked like Kayla, and was the best substitute he could get before he and Kayla got married. Once he married Kayla, Julian was certain he wouldn’t feel this way toward Diana any longer.

“What a mess...” Diana’s heart was inevitably thrown for the loop when she heard him, but she quickly forced herself to disregard the man’s seemingly sweet words. It would only serve to hurt her later, after all.

“Come here and look at this shirt!” she exclaimed instead.

The two put their heads together under the light, and a touch of seriousness set over Julian’s handsome features. He had an overreaction just moments ago, but he was now reserved and calm, like nothing had happened.

Diana couldn’t help but sigh. God was unjust indeed.

It seemed some people would be blessed and never be associated with embarrassment all their lives. Julian was as noble as gods sometimes,

because he was in complete control of his body and action and had the confidence to dominate the world. It was as if he was a man who held the helm of the world.

At this moment, the helmsman looked at the large pinheads glittering under the bright light. He could hardly imagine the consequences if Diana had slipped the shirt on just now.

His cold eyes turned hard, and he demanded with a steely tone, "Who did this?"

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Only four people entered this room today; Diana, Kayla, Julian, and Mr. Carter. Only two people could have done this, but Diana was unsure if it was Kayla or Mr. Carter.

Regardless of who it was, Diana couldn't point it out because Julian wouldn't believe her. So, she didn't want to give herself trouble. The only thing she wanted to do now was clear the pins from the shirt.

However, it was a challenging job.

"It's good the pins didn't hurt you," Julian suddenly said.

Because of the two suspects' special status, it seemed Julian didn't intend to pursue this matter. Diana was glad she had followed her instinct and said nothing, which saved herself, and simply replied, "Yeah."

Diana nodded, and Julian noted the heartache in her eyes when she looked at the shirt. Though the look on her face was as calm and pleasant as she was in the past, Julian knew they would never be able to return to the way things used to be.

During this period, he gradually realized that the more he saw of Diana, the less he understood her. He even felt that he had never understood her before this, which was why she could hook up with Oliver under his nose. It also explained why he only knew now that Diana had such great design talent.

He suddenly felt a little lost, and said calmly, "You should sleep. You can continue tomorrow."

But the day after tomorrow would be the deadline, and she had some finishing touches to add. She had already planned out her workload, so if she didn't clear out the pins tonight, she wouldn't be able to produce

the ideal design in her mind.

A flawed finished product was not acceptable, and she wouldn't tolerate it.

Without looking up, Diana turned off the main lights and switched on the bedside lamp.

"You go ahead and sleep," Diana said. She was going to deal with this big headache before she could sleep.

Julian said nothing but silently opened the cupboard, took out a dress, and threw it at her. "Put this on and stop being such an eyesore."

After saying that, he closed all the open windows in the room to ensure that the night breeze wouldn't come and give them a cold. Diana had already donned the cotton pajamas when he looked at her again, but he still felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"How can I sleep with the light on?" Julian asked, shooting her a glare, discontent clear in his voice.

"Aren't you sleeping on the couch?"

Diana had turned on the bedside lamp because Julian was sleeping on the couch, and it would least likely

bother him based on the distance between them.

"Do you expect me to sleep on the couch every night?" Julian said, giving the furniture a pointed stare. "It's dirty since we ate there today. I'll get someone to change them tomorrow."

"...But I ate there yesterday too?" Diana said, confused.

Didn't he sleep there last night without a word of complaint? What was the difference today?

Seriously, what exactly went on in the man's mind? It was completely unpredictable!

Julian was staring at Diana. Why didn't he realize before that she had a mouth that was so good at refuting others? Her lips were red and moist, and it felt like it was calling out to him to bite down on it to see if she dared continue talking back to him this way.

However, he didn't do that and said, "It's because you keep eating there. It feels dirty and I can't stand it anymore."

Diana huffed. He was speaking as though he hadn't eaten there.

"Anyway, when I get out of the shower, I don't want to see you messing with that crap."

Diana's face turned grim. "This is not crap. It's my blood and tears, from designing it to making the finished product. It took my days of rushed work to produce it. It was difficult enough for me to..."

Julian didn't hear the words after that. He was momentarily stunned, because it was rare for Diana to speak to him so seriously. He couldn't help but stare at her expression; when the light hit her face, it softened her features. The difference in her and Kayla's face in his memory was now even more prominent.

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This was the second time Julian discovered the difference in the two sisters' appearance.

In the end, they still looked alike.

If they didn't look alike, Diana wouldn't have the opportunity to be in this room right now, and he wouldn't have brought her into the Fulcher family three years ago.

So why...

Oftentimes than not, he would feel like the two were becoming less and less similar.

Feeling inexplicably frustrated, Julian unbuttoned his shirt in front of Diana. "Shut up. I'm going to take a shower."

Hopefully, when he was done, Diana would be asleep.

It was already late. She shouldn't be messing around with that shirt! Wouldn't working on the clothing this late affect her health? Must she insist on harming her body so that she could blame him for it, saying that it was the aftermath of the abortion he forced on her?

Julian shot her a condescending look, as if she had done something unforgivable. Thankfully, he said nothing else and went straight into the bathroom.

However, Diana stared at the glass door for a long time without returning to her senses.

It was true they were married and used to be intimate and sweet with each other, but with the imminent divorce, wasn't it wrong for Julian to take off his clothes in front of Diana that way?

Especially since he had a toned, muscled body that was difficult to forget or ignore, even if she closed her eyes. She was the only one who knew Julian's body best and how wonderful it felt, after all.

Annoyance flashed across her face, and Diana shook her head to get rid of such thoughts. Ensuring that her pajamas were properly on her, she lowered her head to gently caress her stomach before looking toward the couch.

She really did want to sleep, but she had to deal with all the pins and check to see if there was any damage to the fabric. It was a tedious task, and she wasn't keen on staying up to do it; unfortunately for her, there was no choice.

The good thing was that she had eaten less over the past two days and slept more. She had also replenished more energy with her hearty meal for dinner, so she didn't feel tired at this moment. In fact, she was feeling a little restless.

As such, it was convenient for her to deal with this troublesome matter.

The only problem was that there was no lamp near the couch. If she went over there to deal with the shirt, she would have to turn on the main light. She was certain Julian would kick up an even bigger fuss over that.

Well, it didn't matter. Diana thought it over and decided she would still do it on the bed. If Julian wanted to complain more, she would cross the bridge when it came to it.

A short while later, Julian exited the bathroom, smelling like she did. They had used the same body wash, one with a pine scent that smelled delightful and fresh.

It was Diana who looked up first, and she glanced at him without much thought. The hair on her forehead had fallen, and the two stubborn strands that always refused to cooperate easily covered her left cheek, adding a touch of softness to her face. Under the soft glow of the light, she looked like a small flower on the mountains swaying in the wind; a captivating scene that made one unable to avert their eyes.

There was also a hint of panic in her eyes.

She was afraid of the man's domineering nature; and if she didn't listen to his words, he would grab the shirt in her hands and throw it out. However, this shirt was a product of her tears and blood, so she couldn't allow Julian to do that.

She was in full defensive mode as Julian stepped out of the bathroom, ready to lash out if necessary as she looked at Julian with a hostile expression.

The man who had just exited the bathroom sensed her emotions, and a bewildered look flashed across his face. The unusual expression only served to make his icy-cold features even more alluring, and he suddenly seemed to see through her thoughts without needing to probe further.

"Go ahead and do your thing. I won't throw it out," Julian said, chuckling.

To put it bluntly, she had designed and made that shirt for him.

Of course he wouldn't throw it out.

After saying that, he toweled his hair and picked up a hairdryer before moving toward Diana. To her surprise, he said, "We'll sleep in the bed together tonight."

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