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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 211

She shouldn't have come today.

She shouldn't have gotten herself involved in their affairs.

If she wanted to remain calm and unperturbed, it would've been better for her to see them less.

More importantly, she should not be passively waiting for the date of their divorce. Instead, she should be actively living with divorce as her goal.

Not just for the babies in her tummy.

But for herself.

Putting herself in an environment without their presence was the only way she could truly put the past

behind her.

Otherwise...

Those sweet memories would always pierce her heart whenever she let her guard down.

Julian Fulcher...

He used to treat her like this, so thoughtful and caring.

She acted just like Kayla as well, unable to hold herself back and kissing his cheek in public.

Tears welled up in her eyes and her eyes turned hot and blurry.

Diana put her spoon down and covered her mouth exaggeratedly. "This wagyu is steaming hot!"

So hot that tears fell down her cheeks.

Julian looked at her silently and turned around to leave the restaurant without a word.

He had wanted to head out for a smoke, but when he was outside, the image of Diana crying filled his mind.

That sight was seared in his brain.

It felt so hot that it disturbed him deeply.

He went to the washroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He pulled out a piece of tissue and slowly wiped the part on his cheek that Kayla kissed.

He finally stopped when his skin started turning red.

But...

Why was he doing this?

In the past, Diana would do the same too, and even leave her lipstick mark on his cheek. But back then, he didn't wipe his cheek like what he was doing now. He even went out drinking with Vans, showing off proudly

to the latter.

If he felt disgusted, should he be disgusted by Diana, who was supposed to be the imitation?

His relationship with Diana was only possible because of her face that resembled Kayla so much.

Could it be that he had lived with Diana for so long that he could no longer distinguish between her and Kayla?

But Kayla had returned.

Why was he still confused?

Julian turned the tap on and splashed his face with water. He rushed out of the washroom and pulled Diana to the corridor, his eyes sharp as daggers. "In the future, don't play hard to get in front of me. I said that I would divorce you, and I will! No matter what tricks you have up your sleeves, this marriage is over."

Diana never expected that he would pull her out of the restaurant and say those words.

The tears welling up in her eyes vanished in an instant. She lifted her head and tried her best to suppress the emotions roiling inside of her. “How am I playing hard to get?”

“Deliberately appearing in front of me with that man, deliberately tearing up when Kayla kissed me... Diana Winington, if that’s not playing hard to get, what is?”

She was messing with his head by playing hard to get!

He clearly...

Shouldn’t have been trying to wipe away Kayla’s kiss on his cheek...

But yet, he did it so diligently.

Diana was rendered speechless by what Julian said. “What else are you capable of aside from misunderstanding me?”

Oh, wait. He was also capable of taking her as Kayla’s replacement.

And he was capable of doing so again and again, completely disregarding her thoughts and stabbing her heart repeatedly!

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“Me? Misunderstand you?” Julian sneered, his eyes turning cold at her accusation. “How have I

misunderstood you?”

If she didn’t intend to show that she had other men hankering after her, she wouldn’t have even joined the gathering in the first place!

She had her own pride and dignity to preserve, didn’t she?

What happened to that?

If she didn’t intend to show her tears, she shouldn’t have cried in front of him in the first place!

What happened to her headstrongness?

Hasn't she been very headstrong recently?

Were they all nothing before him?

Who would believe her!

"You're right. You didn't misunderstand me." She was the one who misunderstood herself. She thought she could let things go, but she was still clinging onto the marriage, thinking that Julian would one day look at her, Kayla, and their three-way relationship through an ordinary, objective man's eyes.

But he would never be ordinary or objective in viewing these things.

As long as it involved Kayla, he would lose all sense of standard.

Everything ended up being her fault.

Was she not willing to accept this reality yet?

"I'm sorry," Diana looked right at him and said emphatically, "I should never have appeared before you guys, the golden couple that everyone's envious about. I'm sorry, I should have held out any ounce of hope that ultimately meant nothing. I'm sorry, Julian Fulcher. I should never have fallen in love with you."

If she didn't have love, she wouldn't be as burdened as she was right now.

"Before we divorce, as long as Grandma isn't around, I think it's better that we don't talk to each other. Maintaining our distance will be good for everyone."

With that, she wiped her tears away and entered the restaurant again.

She had to eat a few more pieces of wagyu to hit her protein intake for the day.

Since someone was footing the bill, she didn't want the food to go to waste.

What's more, there was probably more energy and time-consuming tasks waiting for her to do in the afternoon back at the office. She needed the energy and nutrients for sustenance.

But when she returned to her seat, people sitting around her had all left.

Everyone looked at her in disdain. After all, to them, Diana was like a third party between Julian and Kayla, entangled in some underground relationship with her brother-in-law.

Julian, as she had expected, did not stand up for her at all.

All of them stood on Kayla's side, without any exception.

Including Jayden, who had walked to the restaurant with her and shared with her insider information.

After the meal, as everyone was leaving the restaurant, Diana was the last to exit. She was not surprised to see the cake that she gave Jayden discarded into the leftover soup in the steamboat.

As it turned out...

Her token of appreciation was worthless in their eyes.

Perhaps getting along with colleagues at the workplace wasn't necessary after all.

Diana took a deep breath and rubbed her belly, her expression resembling that of a victorious general, as she slowly walked back to the office.

"Diana, here's a report I need your help with. Give it to me in an hour's time."

"Diana, these documents need to be tidied up. Do it as soon as you can."

"Diana, collate all the design works that have been awarded in design competitions over the last three years, organize them and send them to me."

"Diana..."

Diana had never felt as popular as she was throughout the entire afternoon.

Everyone in the team number two that Kayla was leading seemed to transform into useless burns who couldn't do anything without her, chasing her endlessly for tasks they needed done.

She was still working overtime until ten in the evening.

“This won’t do, your body can’t take it. My two angel babies can’t take it either!” Nina expressed her concern and opened the nutritious meal she prepared for Diana while forcing her to shut down her computer. “Eat it while it’s hot, quick.”

At the same time, Julian looked into the office and saw Diana having her meal. He lifted his hand and flung the food he brought into the trash can.

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He must be going mad.

That must be why he bought food and rushed here upon hearing from Kayla that Diana was still working

overtime.

See? She never needed him, no matter when it was.

Just as she said, it was more important for them to keep their distance.

By the time Diana returned to the villa, it was already past eleven at night. She was so fatigued after an entire day’s work that all she wanted to do was to head up and have a hot shower.

She didn’t expect Mr. Carter to be waiting for her downstairs.

She was still on her guard against him, the expression on her face no longer as meek and friendly as before. But to Mr. Carter, the cold look in her eyes right now was nothing but her revealing her true colors.

“Miss Winnington,” he called.

Since Julian wasn’t around, he didn’t bother addressing her as madam.

Why did she not see through Mr. Carter’s true feelings toward her in the past? Diana looked down, feeling even more distant toward this villa and everyone in it.

Despite living in it for three years, she did not gain any affection from anyone in it.

She was nothing but a passer-by, after all. “Yes, please speak.”

But she had to remain cordial on the surface.

Mr. Carter pointed at the villa which seemed rather quiet. “Miss Winnington, do you realize anything different here?”

Different?

Diana looked around and said, “The food on the table isn’t cleared, the kitchen is rather messy, and the floor

...doesn’t seem very clean.”

If this happened in the past, Julian would never tolerate this.

“Are the servants at home not on duty today?”

“Not for the time being,” Mr. Carter smiled, but the smile did not reach his eyes. It looked fake and exceedingly courteous.

A bad feeling crept up Diana’s heart. “And so?”

“Mr. Fulcher said that you are in–charge,” The smile on Mr. Carter’s face widened, as if he was gloating at

her misfortunate. Diana couldn’t fathom when she ever offended this butler.

“Did Julian say that himself?”

“Yes, he said that since you two are getting a divorce soon and you are currently employed, there’s no reason for you to stay here for nothing, especially since he’s been taking care of you for so long.”

It was impossible for Julian to have said so much.

But Mr. Carter was probably speaking the truth.

She did not expect him to be so cold–hearted.

“And so?” Diana looked down and bit her lip.

“I’ll hand some of the servants’ chores to you.” Mr. Carter pointed to the dining table, kitchen and living room. “In the future, you’ll be in–charge of cleaning up these areas. I suggest you don’t come home from work so late. If you come

back as late as you did today, it might already be midnight by the time you finish up all the chores.”

Diana was stunned.

She had to do so much work?

And she couldn't work overtime just because she had to do these chores?

Wouldn't she end up just not doing anything well, and perhaps sabotaging her health along the way?

“I'm not taking this.” Diana started toward the guest room that Julian was staying in as she went on, and talk to Julian right now.”

“I'll go

“There's no need for that, he's out at the moment,” Mr. Carter said. “He's not back yet. He told me all that over the phone just now.”

Diana stopped dead in her tracks.

Instinctively, she knew that somehow, she had done something to provoke that devil.

Was he angry at her?

But how could that be?

The only time they spoke to each other was at the steamboat restaurant, but she thought she had made herself clear. Her attitude wasn't very aggressive and she did not do anything to let him and Kayla down in

any way.

Even at the office, she did not complain even though Kayla and her colleagues were making things difficult

for her.

Yet now...

Julian refused to let go of her, even though she was trying her best to accept everything that came her way, even having her own husband appearing in public with her sister as husband and wife.

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She couldn't wrap her mind around it, but he remained uncontactable while Mr. Carter kept urging her for a response, telling her not to make things difficult for him.

Diana knew that even if she were to go back to her bedroom, she wouldn't get any rest there.

She had no choice but to bear with her fatigue, roll up her sleeves, and begin cleaning up.

Meanwhile, at Amber Pour Bar.

Julian sat in a corner, but his discreet position was not enough to hide his domineering aura.

Many ladies who entered the bar couldn't help but look at him, but the moment they looked into his cold, dark eyes, they would immediately lower their heads and retreat without a word.

"You're not in a very good mood today, huh?" Vans poured a glass of whisky for him.

That went without saying. Julian downed glass after glass, but his eyes remained sharp and crystal-clear. "Tell me, what exactly is going on in that mind of hers?"

Vans sat stunned. "Who?"

He paused for a moment and ventured a guess. "Diana?"

Julian nodded. "She thinks she's grown a pair. I didn't even know about her working at Esteem Creations. She even told me this afternoon that it was better we don't speak or meet with each other. Who does she

think she is?”

Vans remained silent.

Julian had been sitting right there not talking for a long while.

But the moment he spoke, a barrage of words came gushing out from his mouth like a dam that broke.

“And you still refuse to admit that you like her?”

“I like her?” Julian scoffed. “You’re the only one who keeps trying to mislead me in that direction. But I know clearly how things began between the both of us.”

She was a replacement to begin with.

How could he fall in love with a replacement?

“You know Kayla’s the woman I love.”

“Then why are you always paying attention to what Diana does?”

“She makes me pay her attention.” Julian gave Vans a sideward glance as if he were an idiot. “She’s always playing hard to get. How can I disregard that?”

“Since when did she play hard to get?” Vans exclaimed.

“You don’t understand!” Julian put his glass down, his eyes turning dark. “Many, many times, she would always talk about the divorce and then turn around to do something that makes me pay attention to her. Isn’t that playing hard to get?”

After all that explanation, wasn’t it all because he cared about her?

Vans didn’t understand why a smart man like Julian just couldn’t figure things out when it involved Diana.

Perhaps... He really didn’t like her.

After all, they were still legally married. Julian might simply be feeling possessive about her.

Vans recalled the last time when Julian forced Diana into the operating theater, and he asked himself if he

would bear to treat Nina in the same way.

His answer was no, no way. Not ever.

But Julian did it.

The truth was probably what Diana said; he had misunderstood things, and Julian didn't love her at all.

If he loved her, he wouldn't bear to hurt her in such a cruel manner.

Thus, Vans decided that he would no longer deliberately mislead Julian into thinking in that direction. Instead, he asked Julian with genuine curiosity, "How's things between you and Kayla? If the divorce doesn't go through, are the three of you just going to stay in the villa together?"

"I'm slowly clearing things up at Grandma's side," Julian explained. "I'm gradually removing the spies she's planted by my side. Even for some of the old-time servants in my villa, I've ruthlessly fired them all."

He did so to pave the way for the divorce to go through successfully.

"Okay." Vans knew what Julian was capable of.

The moment Julian set his mind on something, no matter how many spies Grandma planted by his side, he would have a way of clearing them all up without leaving any traces behind.

The only thing was that he needed time.

But...

"It's better to do things quickly." Diana's belly couldn't wait any longer.

Putting himself in Nina's shoes, Vans hoped that Diana would stay safe and healthy. He himself was rather excited to see Julian's babies.

The thought of the babies made Vans realize that he should come clean with Julian.

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However, the thought of Nina's warning made Vans hesitate.

He couldn't gauge how Julian would react to him protecting Diana and her babies. He even began doubting whether he did the right thing or not back then.

But the thought of Diana having two babies instead of one in her belly, and the fact that they were Julian's children, affirmed his decision.

Even so... When should he tell Julian the truth?

Was he really going to hide it from Julian until Diana secretly gave birth?

Vans held the glass in his hand, suddenly losing all interest in the alcohol.

Julian felt the same as he put his glass down. "I'm heading back."

He had to send Kayla to work tomorrow morning.

Vans nodded, but right before Julian left, he called out, "Julian."

"Yeah?"

"If you found out that you're a father, what would you do?"

"Impossible." Julian insisted. "Kayla and I haven't slept together."

Vans was taken aback by Julian's confession, but he immediately understood what Julian's words implied: Aside from Kayla, he would never allow another woman to have his child.

It was exactly as Diana had expressed to him.

If Vans were to tell Julian the truth about his two babies, perhaps... Diana might be in real danger and she may not be able to keep her children.

Right now, the babies had a heartbeat. They were two lives.

Even without Nina, he was unable to disregard that fact as a medical professional.

“Do you have something to say?” Julian saw the strange look in Vans’s eyes and stopped in his tracks.

Vans snapped back to attention and shook his head profusely. “No, nothing.” He stood up and draped his arm over Julian’s shoulder. “Let’s head back.”

The two of them went their separate ways.

When Julian reached the villa, Diana’s room was still dark..

But a shadow was moving around in the living room on the first floor, and the lights were still switched on.

By right, no one would be cleaning at such a late hour.

Julian walked in and saw that it was Diana who was cleaning the place.

Having just drained alcohol, his eyes were redder and his expression colder than usual. “What are you doing here?”

Was she courting death?

She had worked so late in the office, and now she was mopping the floor at home.

Since when was mopping the floor any of her business?

“Or are you mopping the floor just to wait for me?”

Diana desperately wanted to fling the mop in his face.

He was clearly the one who arranged these, so why was he being crazy and acting all innocent?

“Stop doing this!” Julian saw her ignoring him and lurched forward, putting his face right in front of her and closing the gap between them.

Diana looked right into his deep, dark eyes, her heart almost skipping a beat.

Yet, her mind was still clear as day.

She could sense the smell of alcohol lingering on his shirt. "You're drunk."

She turned around coldly, wanting to call for Mr. Carter, but before she could do it, she saw Kayla coming down the stairs in her silk sleeping gown.

As it turned out, Kayla was still awake.

"There, she's the one who's waiting for you." Diana pointed at Kayla and said to Julian, "She's the one you should be looking for."

With that, she grabbed her mop from Julian's hand. "Don't make the same mistake again, and don't dote on the wrong person."

Otherwise, the one whom he mistook for the other would only get more upset.

Julian didn't seem to fully understand her words, but he gripped the mop stubbornly and insisted, "I'll do it."

With that, he took the mop and mopped the entire house once through.

He even wet the entire place, as he was inexperienced with such chores.

Even Mr. Carter, who had come out to the living room, dared not say a word.

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Finally, Kayla stood next to him and cajoled him in a low voice. That was when Julian finally put the mop down and obediently left the living room with her.

But before he left, he took a deep look at Diana.

"You..." He stretched his hand out, his eyes turning redder and redder by the minute. "You..."

He repeated that many times before finally shaking his head. "I'm sorry, I got the wrong person."

Then he turned around and leaned against Kayla as they left the living room. “Kayla, you can’t do such chores. My heart will ache for you. Don’t do them.”

Kayla continued cajoling him in her gentle, low voice. “Yes, I know you dote on me the most. I promise you I won’t do them, okay?”

“Okay...” His voice dragged on, as if he were acting coquettish around her.

It was very different from his usual low voice.

Julian had gotten drunk before, but he had never been so off-guard before.

He treated Diana and Kayla very differently indeed.

Diana could still feel the warmth of his hand on the mop, but she knew that his warmth didn’t belong to her.

The one his heart ached for and the one he desired to dote on had always been Kayla Winnington.

But why?

A tinge of envy flashed past her eyes as she looked at their retreating figures.

Although Julian made the floor very wet, he managed to lighten Diana’s workload. She quickly kept the cleaning equipment and returned to her room.

After an entire day’s work, she had a hot shower and fell right asleep before she could do anything else.

Julian, on the other hand, stayed awake the entire night.

He simply laid next to Kayla.

She had brought him to her room.

Right now, everyone in the villa was working for him, so he wasn’t afraid that Grandma would hear about what happened just now.

But why did he feel so uncomfortable upon seeing Diana holding a mop when he reached home?

He was clearly the one who suggested having her do the tasks of a nanny, cleaning up the house to cover the cost of her eating and living here.

But why did he act drunk and snatch the mop from her?

He...

He didn't even dare to admit that he was trying to help her.

Why didn't he just stop her from cleaning up and make her return to her room?

Why did he go to such great lengths?

He couldn't figure it out.

His head, which wasn't aching that badly to begin with, began throbbing with severe pain.

In his bleary state, he sensed that Kayla kept trying to lean toward him.

"I need to puke." He suddenly stood up, switched the lights on, downed a glass of iced water and went back to the guest room he had been staying in.

Kayla wanted to follow behind Julian, but he didn't give her a chance to.

She saw him rushing away at the speed of light as doubt flashed past her eyes. Julian Fulcher, are you really drunk?

When he returned to his room, his eyes turned bright and crystal-clear.

That bit of alcohol couldn't bother him.

What bothered him was how he had acted like a fool tonight. He couldn't even figure out why he was behaving the way he was.

The only conclusion he arrived at was that he had gone mad. Having mixed up Kayla and Diana for so long, his mind was becoming abnormal. Perhaps it was why he was doing things that he himself couldn't understand.

He was in low spirits the next day due to the lack of sleep the entire night.

Although he looked sluggish because of the alcohol he had last night, his impressive aura and appearance was sufficient to counter that, and he simply looked unusually sleepy and lazy.

Diana glanced at Julian, who was wearing home clothes, seemingly not intending to go to work.

She took off the apron she was wearing and set the breakfast she prepared on the table. "Enjoy."

She meant that for Kayla as well.

Kayla was pleased to no end.

She didn't expect Diana to truly take on the role of a nanny in the villa, and under Julian's instructions, to

boot!

Right after Julian sat down, he looked up at Diana, who was about to head out, and demanded, "Why aren't you joining us?"

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Busy people have poor memories indeed.

Wasn't he the one who forbade the kitchen from giving her breakfast?

Now that she made breakfast herself, she wasn't willing to eat at home, much less fight with him over it. She would rather head out and get breakfast herself.

"Mr. Fulcher." Diana looked at him and said solemnly, "I was serious about what I said at the steamboat restaurant. I hope we don't talk or get involved too much with each other unless absolutely necessary."

So she could avoid situations such as sharing a meal at a table as much as possible.

"As for how we can prevent Grandma from realizing that something is wrong, I'll leave that to you." Diana glanced at Kayla and said emphatically to her, "I really want the divorce."

To the point that she couldn't wait for it to happen.

She truly didn't want to clean up the house, make breakfast for them, and always see them together.

Diana left in a huff.

Julian, on the other hand, looked even angrier than she was. He picked up a sandwich and asked Mr. Carter, "Is this the breakfast she made?"

It looked pretty good.

Mr. Carter nodded. "Yes, it is."

Julian immediately slammed his spoon on the table. "It looks absolutely unappetizing!"

He glanced at Kayla and began standing up to leave the table and get changed. "I'll bring you out for breakfast before sending you to work."

Kayla looked at the sandwich she just picked up, slightly taken aback by how picky Julian was. Truth be told, she thought Diana's sandwich tasted pretty good.

But since Julian suggested going out, she would do whatever he said.

Kayla immediately put down the sandwich in her hands and waited for Julian at the door.

When they left the villa, Diana was still outside.

She had been waiting for a ride.

Ever since she rejected the driver that Julian arranged for her, she realized that hailing a cab in this area was quite difficult.

Because she was in a rush to get to work, she had to call for a cab while walking, but her efforts were in vain.

Beep, beep! A black Rolls Royce drove toward her, and Diana recognized that it was Julian's car. She was shocked to see that he had finished breakfast so quickly, but upon seeing Kayla on the passenger seat, she immediately realized that he was sending her to work.

She, as his official wife, had to hail a taxi instead.

Diana looked down and smiled self–derisively.

Julian saw the smile on her face and thought that she was laughing at him and Kayla. He instructed the driver to wind the windows down and speed right past her.

The wheels hit a puddle from the drain and sent filthy mud and water spraying on Diana, leaving streaks of

black stains on her outfit.

Was she naturally pitted against Julian?

Ire rose in her throat at the sight of the stains, but she would certainly be late for work if she headed back for a change of clothes. By the time she looked back, the black Rolls Royce had disappeared into the distance.

Diana’s face flushed red as she gritted her teeth in frustration.

She desperately wanted to call Julian and give him a dreadful scolding!

Just then, a taxi drove over from the opposite side. Were things finally looking up for her?

Her mood lifted immediately. She lifted her arm and told the driver her office address when the taxi ground

to a halt.

Along the way, however, her dress became increasingly stained.

There was only that single puddle along the entire road.

Yet, Julian’s driver had to speed right past that single puddle.

It was hard to say that Julian didn’t do it on purpose.

And yet, she had done everything that he wanted her to do. What else was he dissatisfied with?

Or was it that... As long as she was present in front of Julian, even if she didn't get herself involved with him and Kayla, or compare herself with Kayla, as long as she was breathing, it was a crime in his eyes?

"We're here." Julian opened the car door and got off with Kayla.

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"No need to walk me in, Julian." Kayla was immensely pleased with Julian's thoughtfulness. She even felt like things had returned to before Diana entered their lives and messed everything up.

Back then, Julian was exactly like this; going to great lengths to dote on her.

He would even personally fetch her to her own appointments.

Kayla enjoyed such treatment and the envious stares of people around her. Julian's face alone was outstanding enough to attract attention from everywhere. Coupled with his car, power and status, Kayla naturally received favor from everyone she came across.

"Chief Winnington." Many people were already waiting for her the moment they saw her driving into the building. "Mr. Fulcher sent you to work again. How envious!"

Kayla wrapped her arms around Julian's and walked toward them. "Oh, come on! He doesn't feel reassured if I don't let him send me to work. I'll go to work myself in the future..."

"No way." Julian rejected her suggestion immediately. "I'd rather fetch you to and from work myself."

"It's different being your own boss indeed, especially the boss of Fulcher Inc.," someone lamented. "No, not boss, but president."

And Kayla was the doted-upon wife of the president. Kayla chuckled daintily upon hearing those words, almost toppling into Julian's embrace as if she was a soft doll. Julian pushed her gently. "Go on up."

He looked up at the building of Esteem Creations and said, "Tell me if anything goes wrong. I'll settle it for you."

Cheers and whistles sounded around them the moment he said those words.

Just then, Diana got off the taxi she had arrived in.

The black stain streaks had dried up, making her look even worse than before.

Some colleagues looked at her in disdain.

None of them bothered to approach her and speak with her.

It was a glaring contrast between how coldly they treated Diana and how they fawned over Kayla.

Right when Kayla started heading upstairs, he suddenly pulled her and said, "Take care on the way up."

"

It was such a short walk...

And it was indoors, to boot.

"You're so sweet to me, Julian." Kayla looked down shyly, behaving just like a new couple madly in love with each other. She bade him goodbye once more. "Goodbye, Julian."

"See you when you clock out."

Since he said he would fetch her to and from work, he would certainly do so.

Diana clenched her fists as she looked on at the scene before her, but she quickly released her grip. She then

went into the lift behind Kayla, pretending as if nothing happened.

Julian finally left when the lift doors closed.

Diana was squeezed into a corner of the lift, feeling as if she were invisible.

Not that she wanted to greet her colleagues, anyway.

When the lift reached their floor, she was the first to walk out.

Her clothes were soiled and it wasn't appropriate for her to wear that throughout the day. She had to rush to the washroom to clean herself up as best as she could.

She didn't expect to see Julian from the window of the washroom.

His car had driven out from the underground car park, and the position it stopped at was facing the window.

that Diana was at.

Was it a coincidence?

Diana's heart began thumping uncontrollably. He seemed to be looking in her direction.

She must be mistaken.

There was no need for Julian to stand there and watch her. What's more, how would he know that she would go to the washroom?

Diana shook her head and pretended that she didn't see anything. She bent her head forward and rubbed the streaks on her dress with a pen.

Very soon, the streaks were covered up and her dress no longer looked soiled and dirty.

When she left the cubicle, Diana looked out of the window again.

There was no longer anyone there, as if the sight of Julian just now was nothing but an illusion.

She shook her head once more and tried to drive that cold and heartless man out of her mind before walking

out of the washroom.

At the same time, Julian was walking into a clothes shop like he was possessed.

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His face was dark with displeasure as he held the clothes in his hands.

“Give this to Winnington.” Julian passed the clothes to Noel and turned back into the car.

To Winnington...

Noel dared not delay carrying out Julian’s instructions, but he wasn’t sure whether the clothes were for Kayla or Diana. But the look on Julian’s face prevented Noel from asking further.

He pondered about it throughout the whole journey, and finally decided to hand the clothes to Kayla.

Kayla was elated upon receiving the clothes and immediately changed into it. She was positively glowing when she came out wearing the new outfit.

Her colleagues commented enviously, “Chief Winnington, how is it possible that Mr. Fulcher dotes on you so much? Even sending new clothes to you in the middle of a work day!”

“Oh, don’t say that,” Kayla chuckled coyly. “His assistant said that it was along the way. He saw that this outfit suited me and bought it for me.”

She pulled out her credit card and handed it to Hannah, who was always following behind her. “Sorry to bother everyone during work. Buy some coffee for everyone and take it as my apology.”

“Thank you, Chief Winnington!” Hannah received the credit card gladly and deliberately raised her voice as she said, “There’s no need for you to do this, really. We fully understand. Aside from the fact that he finds this outfit suitable for you, Mr. Fulcher chose to send you clothes in the middle of the work day also because of something else...”

Her tone changed as she turned to look at Diana’s dress in disdain. “He’s also warning someone else not to have any wishful thinking. No matter how dirty her clothes are, he’ll never pay her any attention!”

“All right, that’s enough,” Kayla nudged Hannah gently. “Run along and get some coffee. Everyone’s waiting.”

Hannah had a honeyed tongue and was adept at boot-licking. “Alright! Mr. Fulcher dotes on you, and so do I! Since Mrs. Fulcher has tasked me to buy coffee, I must do so at record speed!”

Mrs. Fulcher...

Diana looked down as the corners of her lips twitched. She pretended not to hear anything and continued focusing on her work.

Kayla didn't think the same way, however.

Now that Julian doted on her so much, all the more she was sure of her identity as Mrs. Fulcher.

When Hannah came back with coffee, she deliberately offered Diana a cup and said provocatively, "Here, Diana. For you."

Who could tell if the coffee was poisoned or not? Diana was wary of Kayla's little tricks and detested even talking to the latter. "No, thanks."

How dare she reject her?

Does she still think of herself as Julian's rightful wife?

But the truth was, no one would acknowledge her as Mrs. Fulcher, would they?

Kayla couldn't stand how prideful she looked and how she couldn't be bothered to talk to anyone.

Her grip over the coffee cup tightened as she leaned forward, whispering at a volume that only both of them could hear, "Are you worried that drinking this will harm the baby in your belly?"

Kayla didn't believe for one second that Diana aborted her babies!

Diana's chest tightened as her eyes turned sharp. "What nonsense are you spouting?"

Kayla smiled half-genuinely. "I was just joking! Why are you so anxious?"

Whether she was just joking or not, her words did not fail to make Diana panic.

She tried to recall if she had exposed herself when she was in the villa, but nothing came to mind.

Perhaps... For all Diana knew, Kayla was really trying to test her.

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Diana couldn't be bothered with Kayla's nonsense. "Since Julian isn't here, you needn't bother trying to talk kindly to me. Chief Winnington, if there's nothing else, please stop coming near me and interrupting my work."

Kayla refused to let up. "Then take my coffee. After all, your dress was soiled because I asked the driver to drive faster. How could I leave if you don't accept this coffee?"

So her soiled dress was a result of Kayla's deliberate move?

Clearly, Julian had indulged Kayla to the point of no return.

Hannah might have a point. Perhaps he sent clothes over as a one-sided warning that she was different from Kayla.

However, she was aware of that even without his reminder.

"Oh. One more thing." Kayla remained standing right next to her. "There's another reason for my apology, and that's for the breakfast that you painstakingly prepared for us this morning. Julian said your cooking is so bad that he couldn't bear for me to eat something so unappetizing, so he brought me out for something better."

Since he wasn't intending to eat the breakfast she prepared and looked down on her cooking skills, why did he insist on her waking up in the wee hours of the morning to make breakfast?

Was the Fulcher household that tight on money?

Just like how she was forced to return that fifteen million dollars before, his actions were essentially to make things difficult for her.

That thought made Diana tighten her grip over the computer mouse, though her expression remained

unmoved.

Just then, Hannah leaned over and said in a screeching voice that everyone in the office could hear, “Miss Winnington made breakfast for you? Does she live with you guys?”

“Be quiet!” Panic flashed past Kayla’s eyes, but she quickly regained composure and said loudly in feigned rebuke, “How could you talk so casually about Diana working as a nanny in the Fulcher household! That’ll embarrass her!”

Hannah, being quick-witted and adept at boot-licking, playfully slapped herself. “Chief Winnington, hit me! I spoke without thinking and I shouldn’t have said out loud that Miss Winnington was working as a nanny at the Fulcher household. It’s all my fault!”

“It’s alright.” Kayla feigned a helpless look as she patted Hannah’s shoulders. “Just don’t talk about it in the future. She’s my sister, after all.”

The two of them put on quite a show that immediately triggered a series of gossip in the office.

“Goodness, Diana’s working as a nanny in the Fulcher household...”

“Yeah, she’d rather work as a nanny than leave that place. Seems like she’s still dreaming about reconciling with Mr. Fulcher. Poor Chief Winnington! She’s probably unwilling to chase Diana away on account of her

being her sister.”

“She’s so shameless!”

“Exactly! That word is tailor-made for her. After all, that day at the steamboat restaurant, she even went out alone with Mr. Fulcher right in front of Chief Winnington! She even deliberately soiled her own clothes and hung around Mr. Fulcher when he sent Chief Winnington to work. But alas, Mr. Fulcher paid her no attention

at all!”

“Precisely. Damn that nanny, wicked vixen! Shameless!”

Everyone became increasingly agitated the more they gossiped about Diana.

They even added additional details to the story. When they came back from lunch, Diana saw a coffee stain on her chair. She only realized that she had been played when she sat on her chair and found it damp.

They had gone to the extent of playing dirty tricks on her.

Typically speaking, she would persuade herself to just bear with it since she was new at work. As long as she ignored these childish pranks, they would lose interest in her in time.

But now that she was pregnant, she had to remove these hidden threats.

What was more... She did not want her babies to think that their mother was weak and useless.

Still, she had clearly underestimated what Kayla was capable of doing.