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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 231

Kayla had a point, so Mr. Carter nodded in agreement. "I'll try to be as stealthy as possible so that he doesn't find out."

That would be best.

Kayla pulled out a jade piece and placed it in Mr. Carter's hand. "Thank you for your hard work."

Mr. Carter refused to take it. "I appreciate your kindness, but after working so many years for the Fulcher family, I have no need for this."

The reason he disliked Diana had nothing to do with the favors he was doing for Kayla. He simply felt that Diana wasn't good enough for Julian, and his sincere wish was for Julian to have a better life. It was why he was helping Kayla.

"I don't mean to discredit your sincerity," Kayla said humbly. "If you dislike these mundane items, I'll prepare something else for you next time."

"I'm happy as long as you and the master are happy," Mr. Carter said, waving his hand dismissively.

Even though it was true, Kayla was confused by Mr. Carter's attitude. Contempt filled her eyes as she watched Mr. Carter's retreating back. Were there any servants in this world who didn't want money?

He probably didn't accept it because he felt the jade piece wasn't good enough for him. However, Mr. Carter was a butler that had been with the Fulcher family for a long time and an essential element for her to become Mrs. Fulcher. Thus, it was necessary to maintain a good relationship with him.

With that thought in mind, Kayla called her father James and requested him to help her find better-quality jade pieces or something similar. When the time comes, she would use it to maintain her relationship with

Mr. Carter.

After agreeing, James asked Kayla about her progress with Julian. He was delighted to hear about Diana becoming a mere nanny. He immediately praised Kayla, gushing, "You're better than her, as always. It's only been a few days, and you've pushed her into a corner!"

With how things were going, it would only be a matter of time before Kayla joined the Fulcher family. It seemed his gamble of betting all his cards on Kayla was right.

James couldn't help but fantasize about the future when Diana would be driven out while Kayla and Julian would be married. He would appear at social gatherings bearing the title of father-in-law to the Fulcher family. He could already imagine all the compliments he would get! The Winningtons' reputation would rise to greater heights; nothing could sound more wonderful!

The more the father-daughter chatted, the more excited they became. In the end, Kayla simply entered her room and started a video call with James to discuss the future.

They agreed that everything would be fine as long as Diana divorced Julian completely and left right after.

As for the baby in Diana's belly... Diana couldn't be allowed to give birth!

At the same moment, Diana was downstairs, her computer in her arms.

She didn't actually feel tired from the manual labor she was forced to do that day. Cleaning the house was mindless work, but it was cumbersome and time-consuming. After finishing up, she could even feel a

comfortable sore from stretching her muscles.

Because of that, Diana grabbed her computer and went downstairs. Enjoying the autumn breeze and chrysanthemum flowers in bloom, she thought about her incomplete design back at Esteem Creation. This was the deal she had with Fanny when she first joined the company, and she hadn't produced this month's design yet.

Diana leaned back on the couch, staring into the garden in a daze.

The maid's outfit accentuated her figure even more than usual; it was different than her usual style of dress.

Julian's throat bobbed as he swallowed harshly.

Sensing someone beside her, Diana looked up and instantly straightened up when she saw him, fearing that her stomach would give away the fact that she was pregnant.

However, her action inevitably pleased Julian as his eyes darkened. It seemed he was right, and Diana didn't want to divorce him now.

It must be why she sent him the chrysanthemums to express her feelings in secret, and why she was staring so absent-mindedly at the same flowers in the garden. She seemed like she was in a daze, but she was actually thinking about him in her heart, wasn't she?

Even now, Diana was playing hard to get after seeing him. Right?

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Diana even purposely showed off her figure at Julian, though she pretended to hide it when he appeared.

Julian was silent for a long time. Him not shooting any scathing words for her the first chance he got was something rarer.

The suspense had Diana all tense, and she couldn't calm herself as the silence continued to drag on. It was a strange situation, and she knew something was deeply wrong.

When she looked up, she saw a disgustingly creepy smile on Julian's face. It looked as if he was sure everything was in his control; Diana wondered if he already knew that she was pregnant with his children.

Did Kayla inform him?

Diana didn't think Kayla would do that. She had warned Kayla that Julian was the reason they hadn't divorced yet, as he was the one who didn't want to. It didn't make sense for Kayla to inform Julian about her

pregnancy.

So... Why exactly was Julian looking at her, as if he could see through all her thoughts?

Just as Diana was getting apprehensive, Julian suddenly shifted his gaze away.

However, there was still no conversation between them.

Suddenly, he moved slowly behind her. When he came to a stop, he said, "Get me a cup of coffee. Make sure it's seventy-five degrees."

What was that? He had stared at her for so long in such a creepy way because he was thinking about what to order her?

Diana was speechless at his unreasonable attitude, but resigned herself to obeying him. "Alright, sir."

Julian watched her leave. The more he looked, the more he thought she suited the job as a nanny.

The main thing was that the outfit...looked really good on her.

After thinking about it some more, Julian suddenly stepped forward and said in a low voice, "Change your clothes before you come back to work."

There was a sudden urge to not let others see Diana dressed in such a way. In the end, his guilty conscience gnawed at him, and he added, "After all, you're still my wife in name. If others see you dressed like this, you'll turn the Fulcher family into a laughing stock."

Ah, there it was, the familiar scathing remarks.

If he hadn't treated Diana as kindly as he did Kayla, Diana would probably be used to such hot and cold treatment from him in their three years of married life. Yet he was exceedingly kind; in those years, she

received ample warmth and affection.

It was also because of this that he seemed really cruel.

Diana restrained herself from voicing her dissatisfaction. Instead, she said simply, "Alright."

She returned to her room and picked out some light sportswear, one which didn't show much skin and was

less likely to have someone find fault with. Julian was satisfied with her pick. “Hmm. These ugly clothes suit you better. Don’t wear that other outfit ever again.”

But Julian was the one who insisted Diana wear that maid outfit, with the shoddy excuse that it was a standard dress for a nanny.

Diana gritted her teeth in anger. She was sorely tempted to open up his head just to check if his brain was really there!

He even said that her clothes were ugly, and that they matched her.

Nina was right. Now that his first love Kayla was back, there was no other woman in his heart.

Even if Diana and Kayla looked alike, he could easily distinguish between the two of them. What’s more, he would dish out the heaviest beat down on Diana.

The three years of happiness Diana had was like a slap in the face to Julian.

It was a time that would constantly remind him of how foolish he had been to marry Diana, making her Mrs. Fulcher, and using her as a substitute for Kayla.

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If Julian hadn’t done that, they wouldn’t be in this situation. Kayla wouldn’t go through this hardship because of their status!

Julian was torturing Diana just to make Kayla feel better.

Diana understood all this, but the only thing she could do now was to keep herself and her babies safe amidst Julian’s deliberate attempts to make things difficult for her.

As for how much pain this man had put her through... That wasn’t important anymore.

Diana bit her lip harshly, ignoring Julian’s taunting words.

If she didn't respond, she could pretend that his words didn't hurt her, and her heart would feel lighter.

When Julian saw how she looked, he couldn't help but want to mock her even more. He wanted to see how long Diana would hold out before personally telling him that she didn't want a divorce.

But with nothing else to do at the moment, Julian glanced around and saw Diana's computer on the couch. The screen was on, and the background display was of chrysanthemum flowers which looked exactly like the ones in his room.

Perhaps it was a picture she had just taken.

Julian couldn't help but get closer to the computer. With a touch, he accidentally caught sight of a particular

document.

...Divorce plan?

Narrowing his eyes, Julian tapped on the document to open it. The full title of the document appeared before his eyes instantly. Scanning it briefly, he saw that it read 'divorce plan to be finished before new year's'.

Julian's eyes hardened, a cold glint flashing in them as he opened the document and looked at the content. The document only held one word—patience.

Patience?

So Diana wasn't laying low and being obedient these days because she wanted to please him, or for the divorce... But it was so that their divorce could be finalized as soon as possible?!

Instantly, all the joy and arrogance in him vanished. Only endless anger remained in his heart.

This blasted woman... How could she be so two-faced?!

On the surface, it seemed as if she was eager to please him. She even sent him flowers! But in her heart, was planning on ways to stay away from him.

The fury spread through his veins, and it seemed to reach the limit...

Bang!

He slammed the computer shut.

With a dark expression, he turned to leave the living room.

she

Clapier! ZJJ

Just then, Diana returned with his coffee. She held it out to him and said, "Here, your coffee."

Julian gave

Diana froze.

her a sharp look, pretending not to hear her, and stalked off.

What was wrong with him now?

What a moody jerk!

Rolling her eyes, she placed the cup on the table and didn't bother running after him. When she returned to the couch to pick up her laptop to work on her design, she noticed it wasn't in the original spot she had left it.

Had Julian touched her laptop?

She shook her head, thinking it to be impossible. Julian wasn't such an idle person to do such a mindless thing. Regardless, she checked her screen. As nothing was missing, she quickly dismissed the issue.

Unbeknownst to her, there was already a storm brewing in Julian's heart. He couldn't figure out why Diana had made that so-called plan and only wrote one word repeatedly in the entire document.

Was she so desperate to divorce him?

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. So, he grabbed his coat and left through the door.

Forget it! Calling Vans out for a drink would be better than thinking about this.

Later, the both of them had drunk enough that everything in their vision was swimming haphazardly.

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Whenever Vans saw Julian, hesitation would arise in his heart as he would think about the babies. Regardless

of how Julian's relationship with Diana was, Vans wanted to let his good friend know the truth. At the very least, he wanted Julian to have a choice.

To Vans, Julian's insistence on forcing Diana to abort the baby was because thought it was Oliver's.

Julian was simply jealous.

Once he knew the children were his, perhaps... Perhaps he would change his mind.

But if...if, as Diana said, Julian couldn't tolerate any woman other than Kayla having his child, what would happen to the babies in Diana's belly?

Recently, such thoughts would pop into Vans's mind whenever he saw Julian. His heart would be torn in different directions.

And Julian could obviously tell something was wrong with his friend.

"The last two times we met, you look like you have something to tell me," Julian said as he refilled his glass.

Vans froze and tried to deny it, but Julian kept on pressing.

"Here, drink up first."

There were too many things on Vans's mind, and he failed to notice that Julian's eyes were clearing up as time passed. Vans only cared about venting his frustration through drinking, so he readily accepted the glass.

“Okay.”

The two continued drinking, and soon, they had finished two more bottles of whiskey. By then, Vans’s face had turned completely red.

As a doctor, Vans was always on an emergency call. He also had low high alcohol tolerance, so he usually drank very little when they went out.

However, Julian had noticed something very wrong with him in the past two times they met. Thus, he came up with the idea to drink with Vans. Vans didn’t have his guard up around Julian, and he had been fooled into drinking much more than usual. He was drunk to the point his face was plastered on the table; he couldn’t even open his eyes.

“Wake up,” Julian said, patting Vans’s face.

But Vans was as drunk as one could be, and Julian was even more certain than ever that his friend was hiding something from him—something related to him.

What was it?

Julian was never interested in wasting time trying to figure out what others were thinking. When he couldn’t guess, he preferred more direct means.

He gently patted Vans’s face so the other man could sober up, and demanded sharply, “Tell me, what exactly are you hiding from me?”

Vans felt the world around him spinning, like hundreds of horses were trampling around merrily in his brain. Suddenly, there were many Julians in front of him. He choked as he tried to focus on Julian’s features. This was his good friend, one that he grew up with; and yet, he was helping others hide the fact that Julian had children...

“I’m sorry,” Vans blurted out, gasping for breath as his heart constricted from the guilt gnawing on him. I’m so sorry, Julian.”

What had Vans done to the point that he needed to apologize?

Laughter flooded Julian’s eyes, and he said, “It’s okay. Just tell me what you did. There’s no need for apologies once you tell me.”

His voice was gentle; it sounded alluring and carried a hint of compulsion. “It doesn’t matter what it is. I’ll always forgive you.”

Tears gathered in Vans’s eyes. Just like when they were younger, Vans reached out to hug Julian and said through his tears, “J—Julian... You’re always such a good man...!”

It really felt like the world had been suffocating these days.

Julian continued along the same lines and asked again, “So tell me, what exactly have you hidden from me?”

“It’s nothing, really. Just...” Vans’s eyes brightened up suddenly. “You’re going to be a father!”

Julian stiffened at Vans’s unexpected words. There was a roaring in his ears, and he suddenly found it difficult to move.

“And...you’ll have...two!” Vans said, grinning widely as he thumped his chest. “And... It’s all...because of me!”

Julian couldn’t help but feel amused, despite the jarring situation. “What does me being a father have anything to do with you?”

Vans froze, and guilt flashed in his eyes. “I—I lied to you... That day, at the operating theater... Diana and I both lied to you.”

The operating theater?

Vans and Diana had worked together to lie to him?

Julian’s eyes were wide, filled with disbelief. When he next spoke, his voice was ice. “You mean, you saved the fetus on Diana’s belly?!”

Vans nodded. “Yes... It’s your flesh and blood, after all. I just...couldn’t do it...! Julian, I couldn’t... They also... became two...instead of just one!”

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Julian felt like his eyes would pop out of their sockets. Everything Vans said was too much for him to digest.

The entire night till dawn, Julian didn't react to the shock. According to what Vans had said in his drunken haze, he and Diana had teamed up and acted the way they did to save the child in Diana's belly.

To top it off, the child wasn't Oliver's; it was his!

And... It wasn't one, but two babies! Identical twins, at that.

This meant he would be the father to a pair of twins.

Julian felt like his head was going to explode every time he thought about this unexpected revelation.

He was both shocked and joyful at the news... But there was also anger; a raging fury that boiled beneath his

skin.

Why hadn't Diana told him about something so important?

As soon as the thought appeared in his mind, he deflated instantly, just like a punctured balloon.

Obviously, he knew the reason.

It was all because of what he had said back then.

Julian directly refuted the possibility that Diana might be pregnant in front of Luke. To make matters worse, he claimed he would never allow her to carry his child, much less let her give birth to them. He had said everything in the harshest way possible.

Diana must have become guarded around him from then on. There was also the fact that he had forced her into the operating theater without regard for her feelings.

His actions must have disappointed her greatly, hence her insistence on preventing Vans from telling him

the truth.

No one expected Julian to actually see through Vans.

Yet now that he knew the truth, his usual ruthless and decisive self was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, he lost all courage and lay still on the bed, like a corpse.

He couldn't figure out what he was feeling right now. Everything was messed up.

Vans's rambling words from his drunken confession last night echoed in Julian's mind.

"You have to be good to Diana, okay? She had it rough, and she even wants to raise the two babies alone! But it's not easy raising one kid, much less two! Oh, I can't bear to think about how you'll be separated from your children, but if you don't love her... Let her go, Julian. She was brave enough to put up an act with me in front of you, just to protect the children in her belly... I feel that she'll be a wonderful mother. You also...have to think about...your beloved Kayla... You know?"

After that, Vans grew more delirious as the night went on. He slurred his words to the point they were completely incomprehensible.

Julian didn't remember how he had answered his friend. He only recalled how tight his heart had become

after listening to Vans's words.

Did he really want to let Diana go?

It didn't seem so.

Especially after they had talked about divorce; suddenly, there were more obstacles to deal with. What was more, his reluctance and the strange emotions whirling inside him only became stronger.

And then, there were the two babies...

Was he willing to part with his own flesh and blood?

Vans had told him they were identical twins; they would either be two adorable little girls who would steal everyone's hearts, or two naughty little brats.

Julian even began to imagine what they would look like. But then he suddenly thought of Kayla, and he gradually calmed down.

Did Diana plan on using the babies to tie him down?

Impossible!

He would never be swayed by the fact that she was pregnant.

The clock ticked slowly as time passed. Around eight in the morning, Julian was still lying in bed; a rare sight.

Then, Vans's call came in.

"Hey," Julian answered casually.

Vans's voice was still heavily tinged with the aftereffects of his hangover, but there was also a hint of caution in it as he asked, "Julian... I didn't blab any nonsense last night, did I?"

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"Blab nonsense?" Julian got out of bed and wandered to the window to light a cigarette. "Since when did you need to be careful in front of me? What do you mean by nonsense?"

Vans was instantly relieved when he heard how normal Julian sounded. If he had said anything, Julian would probably have killed him on the spot. The latter wouldn't be talking to him on the phone so nonchalantly. Fearing his question would make Julian suspicious, however, Vans casually made an excuse. "That's not it. I've recently been studying more on anatomy, so I was afraid of saying anything that would disgust you." The more he spoke, the less it was like him. Unfortunately, Vans didn't realize how out of character he was acting; not with the guilt in his heart. He only felt thankful that he hadn't let the story about Diana and the babies slip when he was drunk last night.

The two of them chatted for a few more minutes before hanging up.

Julian's eyes were cold after the call.

What happened last night hadn't been a dream, and Vans hadn't made up some crazy story.

Everything he said was true.

Diana really was pregnant with his children.

“Sir,” Mr. Carter greeted, rushing forward as Julian finally exited his room. “You’re up late today. Would you like breakfast now?”

“Bring it out.”

As soon as he said that, Diana came out of the kitchen with a tray in hand.

There were no visible signs of her pregnancy now, but her tastes in food had certainly changed a lot lately. Now, Julian had finally found the answer as to why.

“I’ll do it myself.”

Saying that, Julian walked forward and took the tray from Diana. Diana was startled, and she looked at him with trepidation.

“What are you planning now?” Diana asked after waiting a long time for the other shoe to drop.

He was acting so kind today. Was it a new method of making her miserable?

She had barely gotten used to the workload of a nanny, and she didn’t want any more work on top of that. She was afraid it would be too much for her body to handle.

Julian shot Diana a look, but placed the tray in front of Kayla before helping Kayla set the napkin on her lap. ‘ You’re hungry, right? Go ahead and eat.’”

His voice and eyes were so gentle. Something seemed to pierce her heart when Diana watched the two together. Taking a deep breath, she averted her eyes. Her hands unconsciously touched her stomach, and she sighed inwardly in relief.

Julian loved Kayla. It wasn’t as if this was the first time she had seen their affectionate display, nor was it the

She could continue hiding her pregnancy.

To Diana, this was great news.

So... Why was she unhappy? Somehow, sand seemed to have entered her eyes and it hurt so much.

Diana managed to endure this discomfort before slowly going upstairs to rest. Before she could get away, Kayla suddenly called out to her. "Diana, aren't you having breakfast?"

Julian was being extra affectionate today, so Kayla wanted to rub it into Diana's face.

"I'm not," Diana responded. She wasn't in the mood.

But Julian suddenly turned, his sharp eyes fixed on her stomach. "Are you unwell?"

This wasn't the first time Julian had stared so intently at her stomach, and Diana felt chills from the bottom of her heart when he did so.

"No."

After saying that, Diana walked a little faster up the stairs. In her haste, she slipped on a step and felt gravity pull her down.

If she fell like this, she would slam heavily to the ground. It was hard to tell if she would survive if she dropped headfirst!

Diana reached out desperately to grab the railing on the stairs, but her body had rocked backward so quickly that she couldn't grasp it in time.

Oh no! What about her babies?!

The moment she toppled backward, Diana's arms swung and she clutched her stomach in horror, her eyes

filled with fear.

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If only Diana had put her feet down before trying to rush up the stairs, this wouldn't have happened.

If only... If only she had held onto the railing with both hands when she climbed up. Then, this stupid thing wouldn't have happened.

She had fought so hard to protect her babies, yet now, they were going to die because of her foolish

carelessness!

No, maybe not wholly because of her own carelessness. She had been distracted by Julian's show of affection toward Kayla.

Diana wanted to slap herself silly.

What the hell was she doing?!

Why did she still have lingering love for Julian even after the horrible way he had mistreated her?

Despite that, she knew that her feelings for Julian had become as natural as breathing. To ask her to ignore it completely was impossible for her...

However, the consequences of her weakness would be the reason for her babies' death.

They were still so little!

Tears instantly flowed out of Diana's eyes. Motherly instinct screamed at her, and she cried desperately, "Help! Help me!"

Even as she screamed, she felt the floor fast approaching her head. Immediately after, her body felt weightless.

She couldn't hold it in anymore.

However, she clearly saw Julian standing still at the same place he had been. Bitter disappointment washed over her. It seemed even in a life-or-death situation, he couldn't care less about her.

What's more, he might only see it as a simple fall down the stairs.

He would never love her the same way he did in the past.

Diana closed her eyes in despair as the thoughts ran through her mind. Suddenly...

Thump!

She fell into a firm and strong embrace.

Diana's eyes snapped open to meet Kayla's wide, astonished ones. No one had seen how fast Julian had

moved to reach Diana.

As he held her tightly in his arms, Julian himself couldn't explain the sudden force that had broken out when he lunged forward almost instantly the moment he saw Diana fall.

The momentarily loss of control upset him, and his eyes hardened. Though his body was warm as he held Diana, his impression made it seem that she was in the hands of an ice sculpture.

He lowered his head and said, "I don't want anyone dying in my villa. It's bad luck."

Diana froze at his words. Any warmth in her heart for Julian catching her vanished in an instant.

She already knew he wasn't kind, but in the end, he still saved her and her babies' lives.

"Thank you," Diana rasped. Her voice was tinged with the joy of being alive after a narrow brush with death. There was a small trace of politeness in it as well as she tried to distance herself from Julian.

It made Julian recall her plans for divorce, and he snapped coldly, "If you want to die, don't die while you're in the Fulcher family. Think about how it'd look if word got out."

Diana was speechless.

Having been cursed out by him, the gratitude she had for him evaporated. She looked at him blankly and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Fulcher. I won't trouble the Fulcher family until the day I die."

She was so stubborn!

Julian had obviously saved her, but she wasn't even happy about it!

He could see how she had the guts to lie to him with Vans.

At this point, Julian was increasingly convinced that everything Vans said was true.

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Julian couldn't stop himself from thinking about the babies in Diana's belly again. His expression softened a few notches as his heart eased. However, Diana had already gotten up and gone upstairs when he returned to

his senses.

Julian was left alone to watch her retreating back.

Kayla, who had watched the scene unfold without a word, felt the arrogance in her heart vanish completely. Her mind was still replaying the image of Julian rushing forward to save Diana.

The panic and care on his face was definitely not fake.

What if... What if he really knew that the babies in Diana's belly were actually his? If so, dealing with this situation would be even more difficult.

No, this wouldn't do!

Kayla clenched her fist tightly, recalling James's expectation of her. She would only have a bright future if she clung tightly to Julian.

How was she supposed to deal with Diana's babies and make the latter miscarry?

As for the divorce, it seemed like she would need to push the issue even more.

Diana's words about how it was Julian who refused to finalize the divorce was getting on her nerves. Perhaps it was time for Kayla to emphasize her presence before Julian.

"Ouch!" Kayla suddenly exclaimed.

Julian turned immediately. "What's wrong?"

Kayla grabbed a tissue and covered her mouth. "I think there's something in the sandwich Diana made... It hurt my teeth..."

Actually, there was nothing. Kayla simply wanted Julian's attention back on her. Sure enough, Julian rushed over with an anxious look. "Let me see."

"I'm fine."

Even though she said that, Kayla had an awkward and pained expression. "I'm going to the bathroom to deal

with it."

"Alright."

Julian stood in the same spot with a sullen look as he waited for Kayla to return. After a while, Kayla exited the bathroom and confirmed that no harm had been done. Julian simply said, "I won't let this happen again."

Kayla rejoiced inwardly, but she was quick to put on a pitiful look. "Julian... Don't blame Diana, okay?"

Julian remained silent, but his face was gloomy. He personally cooked some food for Kayla before calling Mr. Carter to his study.

"What's the status of the task I gave you before?"

A touch of guilt entered Mr. Carter's eyes, but it was gone as quickly as it came as he answered, "I've already

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found the suitable people. Would you like them to start work immediately?"

"Yes," Julian said, tapping his fingers on the table. "Diana isn't capable as a nanny. Hiring professionals. would make Kayla's life here much more comfortable."

Mr. Carter couldn't help but sigh in relief when he heard that. Julian really was more interested in Kayla than Diana, as his words only held concern for Kayla.

Now all that was left was Diana, the eyesore. Mr. Carter sincerely hoped they would divorce soon and put him

out of this misery.

“Go,” Julian ordered. “Make the necessary arrangements as soon as possible.”

Mr. Carter nodded and left the study. As soon as he was out of the door, he saw Kayla sitting in the dining room.

She ate elegantly, with her back straight and looking well-groomed in every way. If she sat beside Julian, it would be even more pleasing to the eye.

This was a woman worthy of being Mrs. Fulcher; not like Diana, who was always clinging to Julian.

The two of them even cuddled in front of others in the villa! How unsightly!

Mr. Carter couldn't help but blush with shame when he recalled the memory.

When Kayla saw him coming, she nodded hastily and asked, “What did Julian say to you?”

Mr. Carter smiled and repeated what Julian had said to him. “The master is a man of little words. If it weren't for you, I'm afraid he wouldn't speak so much to a mere butler like me.”

The words were filled with respect, and Kayla was instantly flattered. She pulled out a pen from an antique collection she had recently received from James. “This is for you. I'll still have to trouble you for many things in the future.”

Mr. Carter's eyes widened slightly. Over the years of working for the Fulchers, he was never short on money.

However, he was also knowledgeable about goods.

The pen Kayla held out to him had high craftsmanship and value. On top of that, it was carved from jade. Even the nib was obviously made of high-quality material; Mr. Carter could see the distinctive luster at a glance.

This time, it was really hard to refuse her gift.

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Kayla saw through Mr. Carter's thoughts. At the same time, she thought it was ridiculous how he had rejected her jade piece before.

As she had expected, no one could escape the temptation of money and treasures.

Unless, of course, the temptation needed to be something better.

Regardless, it would be good for her if Mr. Carter accepted this pen holder. It would make it much easier to

use him in the future.

"You've worked hard to care for Julian and me," Kayla said, placing the pen holder in a brocade box. She made sure to use flattering words as she baited him. "As long as you do your best, there'll be more where this came from."

"I'm only doing what's expected of me," Mr. Carter replied. He faltered several times, but ultimately, he took the box in his hand. "The people you asked me to arrange for... Should I have them come in for work?"

Kayla's smile deepened. "Sure."

She needed to have eyes in the villa. Once she became Mrs. Fulcher, she would make the villa her own. She would then see if any other woman dared to step in here!

Julian could only be hers, and only hers!

Yet...

Kayla suddenly thought of something. "If we arrange for people to come in, that means someone will take over the cleaning and kitchen duties. Did Julian say anything about Diana's status in this house?"

Mr. Carter was stunned at the sudden change in topic, but he quickly recovered and replied, "He didn't, but I think he's disgusted with her work. It's mainly because of the sandwich that hurt you. He wasn't happy about it, so he quickly arranged for someone to take over the work."

Kayla was delighted to hear that. “Yes, that sounds about right. He even cooked for me personally today.”

Mr. Carter was surprised. “Has he not cooked you breakfast before?”

Kayla shook her head. “No.”

Before she moved into the villa, they rarely spent mornings together.

“But I often eat lunch and dinner that he cooked.”

Watching such a noble man cook for her was simply an art. A trace of embarrassment appeared on Kayla’s face as she continued, “I have a sensitive stomach, and Julian is very attentive.”

Mr. Carter let out a relieved sigh when she finished speaking, feeling like things were normal after that explanation. “He used to make Diana breakfast every morning.”

Before Kayla arrived, Julian had pampered Diana to the world’s end.

“But all of that is thanks to you,” Mr. Carter added with a smile. “Without you, she wouldn’t have won his favor. She was your substitute, after all.”

Though he said that, only Kayla knew the truth..

Between her and Diana, it was no longer clear exactly who was a substitute for who.

Kayla and Julian’s relationship started only because of him getting saved from the jaws of death when he

was a child. However, his true savior was Diana, who Kayla looked like. Still, Lucy had been right to say that Diana didn’t have any luck. When Julian searched for his savior, he found Kayla instead.

So...

“You’re absolutely right. I know best what Julian feels for Diana. Once their divorce is finalized, Diana will disappear from our lives.”

Kayla never wanted to see Diana ever again!

Meanwhile, Julian wondered if Diana had eaten breakfast. He sat in his study, questions filling his mind.

After all, it was his children that she was carrying.

When he thought of this, the harsh words he had said previously seemed to become ashes and scattered into

the wind.

Julian couldn't do anything to his own children, even if he wanted to. Even before discovering the truth, he often recalled what happened in the operating theater back then.

It was true he had been overwhelmed with rage upon discovering Diana's supposed affair with Oliver, but that didn't mean he felt better after forcing Diana into the operating theater.

And now... Not only were the children fine, but they were actually his!

He wasn't sure if he should feel joy or sorrow. He was so confused, he couldn't sort and figure out his true thoughts.

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However, Diana had enough guts to rope Vans into working together to lie to him. If so, why didn't she value her body and health more?

She hadn't said a word of complaint when he told her to be a nanny.

Wasn't she afraid of any accidents that would harm the babies happening during her work?

She even continued her work at Esteem Creation. Did she have no fear that something would happen?

Did she not care because it was his children she was carrying? Was it because it was his children that she let nature dictate whether they lived or otherwise?

Julian's eyes turned cold at the thought. Immediately, he got up and exited the study. Striding down the hall, he stopped at Diana's door and knocked. He

stood rigidly before her door, like an ice sculpture, as he waited for a response.

still Diana hadn't expected Julian to come looking for her, but she still stepped out obediently. She was wearing her sportswear and had rolled up her sleeves, as if she was ready for any task he threw at her.

"What do you need me to do?"

She had been through a traumatic experience just now, but now that she had gradually calmed down, she was obviously unhappy on the inside.

Julian saw her pursed lips and slightly furrowed brows, which indicated she was angry. However, anger was not the emotion he would place with how her lips were downturned.

She was sulking.

He gave her a sideways glance, revealing his sharp jawline. Ultimately, he didn't expose her mood and only said, "Go and have breakfast."

In fact, Diana had already eaten some snacks in her room. Because of Kayla's deliberate pickiness regarding food, Diana couldn't have a proper meal. When she heard him say breakfast, she could feel the hunger in her resurfacing.

"I haven't made any," Diana answered honestly.

This stupid woman!

Julian wanted to pinch his nose. Obviously, food was already prepared if he had come here personally to call her to eat! Why was she still dwelling on the issue of having to cook?

He used to think she was smart, but it seemed like there was a limit to her intelligence that he didn't think

was there.

Would their children inherit this from her?

D*mn it!

Why did he keep thinking about the two babies? Even if they were his, Kayla wasn't the one giving birth to them.

How long could he tolerate this? He himself didn't know. But right now, he wanted to keep them both alive. He would take his time to think about how exactly he would deal with this matter later.

"Just hurry up and go," Julian growled.

His tone was fierce, and it sounded as if he was about to eat someone if his orders weren't obeyed. His impressive height of six feet was intimidating enough as it was. Diana couldn't refute his words under this pressure, even if she wanted to.

Finally, she nodded. "Okay."

It was only after arriving at the kitchen that she recalled she hadn't asked Julian what he wanted to eat. She caught sight of a covered plate, and lifted the cover to find a sandwich on the plate.

It looked like the beef and vegetable sandwich she had recently favored, which was full of protein but not fats.

Still, the sandwich was likely not for her.

Diana didn't want to touch the food for fear that Julian and Kayla would pick on her about it later. Thus, she chose to make something for herself.

However, she didn't make Julian's share.

He probably didn't like her cooking and had already eaten with Kayla. This sandwich was probably an extra that had been returned to the kitchen, waiting for someone to trash it.

Diana had enough smarts to put the sandwich elsewhere. She fired up the stove to make herself the exact same thing.