

Julian's Stand-In Wife by South Wind Dialect

Chapter 3

Her leg hurt, but her heart hurt even more.

Instantly, she broke into tears.

Julian felt the coldness from the surface of his hand, but grew confused when he looked at Diana.

Why was she still crying?!

Did...Did he really hurt her?

Just as he was about to speak, he saw a bruise on her right leg from the corner of his eye.

Before he could ask her, Diana blurted out, "Julian, it hurts... It hurts..."

Julian, I am hurt.

It was as if someone had lit a firecracker in his heart and blew up his sanity beyond recognition.

"Are you a fool?" he scolded angrily. "Why are you only saying so now after you hit your leg?!"

Having said that, he quickly picked her up and shouted loudly at Mr. Carter, who was standing next to him. "Hurry up and bring the medical kit here!"

Diana didn't have a good physique.

Perhaps it was her experience during her early childhood that led to the foundation of her malnutrition, which left a lot of scars on her body. If she had a cold, her condition could develop from a common cough to asthma.

Ordinary people might be fine if they got hit like this, but Diana would bruise quickly. If her wound wasn't handled properly, it would slowly cause blood stasis and eventually turn into an abscess.

When they first got married and Julian saw all the scars on her body, he couldn't imagine how she had lived all these years.

He could only try to do everything himself.

His meticulous care for the past three years did not fail him. Diana had a rosy complexion now, and was much more graceful. She was also much more careful not to bump into anything.

No more new scars were added to her body.

“I don’t like it when you get hurt.”

This was because when Diana got hurt, he would be reminded of the difference between Diana and Kayla. It would remind him of how much pain he felt when Kayla left and went abroad without saying goodbye.

He was holding onto everything about Kayla through Diana.

He looked down at Diana, his gaze stern and serious beyond anything.

Diana’s heart, which was almost broken, seemed to have become whole again because of his words.

She wasn’t that sad anymore.

She could feel that he truly cared.

It was always like this. He would always be very nervous and worried whenever she got injured or came down with a cold, or even when she sometimes suffered a small, tiny cut on her hand.

Diana nestled in Julian’s arms as she listened to his simple and powerful heartbeat. She gradually stopped crying.

The room was full of his aura, and the love and concern that he had shown her in the past three years were by no means illusory.

All that happiness were all things that actually happened. Diana couldn’t help but feel puzzled again. She looked at him expectantly and opened her mouth cautiously, asking, “Why did you choose to marry me back then?”

Julian had already squatted down, revealing his slender fingers as he picked up the medical kit to help treat her wound. He said briefly, “I felt connected to you by fate.”

Diana suddenly laughed. “So, you felt lust for me?”

Lust?

She wasn't wrong, but that wasn't her intention.

Julian's hand that was rubbing medication for her paused for a moment. He blurted out, "You're very beautiful."

His eyes shone brightly like stars, and it didn't look like he was lying at all.

This was the first time he had praised her so openly after they've been married for so long.

Usually, he simply enjoyed staring at her.

She felt as if a small flower had blossomed in her heart. It tickled.

But when she thought of the divorce, she immediately cursed herself for being so useless.

He was already going to divorce her, but she was still moved because of one sentence.

However, Diana simply couldn't control herself.

She was obsessed with wanting to see him a few more times.

Perhaps there would be lesser and lesser opportunities for her to see him again in the future.

Julian was a vigorous and resolute person, and he was a man of his word.

When he mentioned divorce, he definitely wasn't saying it just for the sake of saying it.

The temperature in the room seemed to be rising. Diana didn't dare to continue staring at him any longer. She turned her gaze and asked casually, "Why...Why do you want a divorce?"

She really wanted to know the reason.

Julian raised his eyes as he looked at her with a deep look that seemed to envelop her. She couldn't figure out his thoughts, but she could feel that this question made him very unhappy.

But the more he was acting abnormally, the more she wanted a clear-cut ending.

Diana managed to force a smile and her almond-shaped eyes looked clear and pleasant as she asked, "Julian, are you hiding something from me?"

Julian's hand, which was in the midst of applying the medicine, paused slightly. "For example?"

Diana suddenly grew energetic, and she counted on her fingers as she said to him, "For example, the Fulcher family is about to go bankrupt and you don't want me to suffer with you. Or maybe you know that Earth is dying, and you want to divorce me to send me to Mars..."

He thought she had really discovered something, but here she was, babbling inconsequential conjectures and speculations. His mood suddenly took a better turn and he felt at ease. He didn't even notice that he was laughing. "It seems that you really do not have the right perception of how rich I am."

If the Fulcher family went bankrupt, there would be a great impact on the entire world's economy.

What's more, the destruction of the earth was even more nonsensical.

"Well, I have another example..." Diana was a little obsessed with the good atmosphere at the moment, so she continued chattering, "For example, you suddenly got cancer, and you left me because you don't want me to worry about you..."

"That's enough!" Julian suddenly yelled, and the look in his eyes suddenly became incomparably harsh. "Diana, do you really not know anything at all?!"

If she didn't know anything, then why was every word she said on point?!

Diana was frightened by his sudden harshness, and her face became paler. "What do I know?"

Should she know something?

The unease in her heart intensified. Diana felt that there really might be many things she had never thought of behind this marriage.

But what could Julian be hiding from her?

Did it have something to do with today's banquet?

Diana suddenly thought of Mr. Carter's attitude. Depression struck her.

Could Mr. Carter have known that Julian was going to divorce her before the banquet?

But before today, Julian never acted so strangely.

For whom was this banquet hosted?

Diana felt extremely anxious, and she looked at Julian with teary eyes before she finally gave in and mumbled, "Please don't be angry."

Julian had gastric problems, so getting angry wasn't good for his health.

She held her tears back and secretly reached out her hand to touch her stomach, silently telling her baby to not be afraid of Julian, who was acting so oddly.

He was an undeniably good husband, and she couldn't hold any grudges against him even if he wanted to suddenly divorce her now.

Julian belatedly realized that he had been a little too much, but he truly was furious just now.

Firstly, Diana's words reminded him of Kayla. Secondly, he suddenly felt an unprecedented sense of panic and apprehension when he heard her say that.

He was probably worried that it would be bad for Kayla if Diana knew the truth.

That must be it.

Julian's eyes fell on Diana, but it seemed as if he was looking at someone else through her.

Diana was a little startled as he stared at her this way. Julian was acting abnormally after returning from the banquet.

She found herself linking the banquet to the divorce. If Julian refused to tell her anything, she would have to find an opportunity to look into the matter herself.