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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 351

"Watch out! On your left!" Diana screamed without much thought. "On your left!"

She repeated it twice in quick succession, her voice hoarse as if she was losing strength.

However, Julian simply smiled at her and said, "Don't worry. I saw it coming."

As he said that, he quickly pulled his shirt and twisted it to block Luke's iron pole and dagger.

It was a false alarm.

Diana felt all strength leaving her legs and was about to slump to the ground when she saw another iron bar coming down on Julian's back that was also aimed at his head.

A diversion!

Luke had planned to attack from the other side while Julian was distracted.

But currently, Julian was dealing with Luke. If Diana were to call out, someone would definitely attack from another side again.

Without much time to think about it, Diana surged upward on her tiptoes and wrapped her arm around Julian's head.

Wham!

The whole world suddenly seemed to come to a stand still.

Diana couldn't feel anything but pain throughout her body, and she felt like her arm had swelled up immediately after the blow. Then, she heard Julian scream.

"Diana!"

And then...what happened after that?

Oh, right... Julian was still screaming.

“Blood! Oh my god! There’s blood...!”

Diana had never heard or seen him so panicked. Even when the men around them started closing in on him again, he didn’t even notice and kept shouting, “B–Blood!”

What a silly man.

There was no blood on her hands.

It just hurt. A lot.

Diana reached out to touch his head and said, “I already knew you were bleeding from your head, so this time...you can’t afford to bleed anymore.

If he was hit on the head one more time, Julian would probably lose his life.

Their babies couldn’t be fatherless.

But...she couldn’t move.

The pain in her arms spread to her shoulders, her lower back, and finally....

Her abdomen.

She turned pale and slowly followed Julian’s line of sight, gradually lowering her head to find...

Blood flowing down her legs.

Strange. It was her arm that was clearly injured, so why...?

Why did her stomach hurt so much? Why was there blood flowing down her leg and pooling on the ground?

Diana couldn’t stand the sight, and fell heavily into Julian’s arms.

Julian caught her, and the two sat on the ground, paralyzed. It was as if nothing around them existed anymore, and only their reddened eyes and pale faces stood out in the rain.

Diana's stomach still hurt, as if someone had stuck their hand inside and was stirring up her organs violently.

Blood flowed down her legs non-stop.

Diana clenched both fists tightly as she tried to speak, and finally whispered weakly, "J-Julian... Save...save our...big star and little star... Save them...!"

Before she could say anything else, she passed out.

"It's Aster! Aster! Why would you get their names wrong?" Julian cried as he slapped her face, hoping to wake her up. Tears welled up in his red eyes. "Diana! I promise you I won't call them big star and little star anymore! You can't call Aster that, either! Wake up! Come on! Aster sounds so much better than big star, okay? You were right! The babies will definitely be happy!"

Luke stood at the side, not understanding what was happening. He only knew that the metallic smell of blood was growing stronger every passing second.

After a moment, he shoved his way through the men who were rooted to the spot and unsure of what to do, clearly with the intention to kill Julian.

Luke was pissed, especially since Diana had agitated him. That, and he was even more disgusted at the sight of Julian.

He was no longer satisfied with just crippling the man.

He wanted Julian dead!

But...

Why did Julian's eyes look so terrifying?

Luke subconsciously shivered when Julian's eyes landed on him.

"It's kinda cold, ain't it?" Luke muttered, trying to justify his trembling. Before he could react, Julian grabbed him violently by the neck.

With one arm cradling Diana, Julian's other hand held Luke's neck with a death grip.

"Did you know...this is where your main artery is?"

No one had seen Julian's movements, and everyone had witnessed firsthand what a werewolf could be like if they existed. Julian's hand suddenly looked like sharp claws that could easily slit Luke's throat with a single swipe.

"Tell them to get lost!" Julian hissed, the pressure radiating from him even more somber and furious than the black clouds hanging above them. "Get them all to leave!"

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Luke was terrified, fear spreading to his very bones.

He panicked and gestured to the men around them, "Disperse! Get lost!"

As soon as he said that, another set of footsteps came from a short distance away.

Luke looked up to see a group of men in black led by none other than Noel. Behind him was John, who was sweating profusely even on this rainy, cold day.

John had returned to the car from the accident scene cheerfully to reassure Diana that Julian hadn't been involved in the accident. But when he reached the car, he realized that she had disappeared.

And as Luke had surrounded Julian in a remote alley, John didn't notice them. However, he was certain something had happened to Diana. Without wasting time, he immediately drove into Scenery Street.

Fortunately, Noel was efficient in everything he did. The roads and communication line had been restored to normal by then, and John was able to contact Noel quickly.

When John explained the situation to Noel, the latter immediately knew that something had happened. Thus, he gathered his men and rushed over.

Yet, it was still too late.

"Sir," Noel said, bowing low to Julian, though he was tempted to go down on his knees to beg for forgiveness. "I'm sorry I'm late."

Julian said nothing. The overwhelming pressure that radiated from him gradually dissipated once Noel appeared, and he was now frantically calling an ambulance while holding Diana tightly to his chest.

They didn't go to the public hospital this time; instead, they went to the private hospital that Julian usually went to.

Diana received the fastest possible care and treatment from the best specialist there.

But...there was no way.

Their babies...were gone.

"Both of them...couldn't be saved?" Julian's lips trembled slightly, and this was the first time in his life that he felt his courage slip away. "Never mind. I don't want to hear it."

He already knew the answer.

But it was just...

"Mr. Fulcher," the doctor said solemnly. "Please accept my sincerest condolences."

Buzzing sounds filled Julian's head, and it felt like it could shatter his mind at any given moment. Suddenly, Julian grabbed the doctor and asked, "Was it boys or girls?"

"...Boys."

Two boys?

It wasn't like Julian had blindly only wanted girls, but...something still happened, even though they were boys?

Why were the fates of the Fulcher family's descendants so frail?

His heart pounded in pain, as if knives were stabbing it, and his lips were heavy. "Could you tell who they took after?"

When he said that, he also knew he was being foolish.

The babies had been so small...

They were so small, and now, they were gone before they even had the chance to grow.

Julian felt his throat close as he choked up slightly. He waved his hand dismissively at the several specialists who were at a loss before him.

“You guys can leave.”

Then, he turned and returned to the hospital room where Diana was.

She was already awake.

When she heard Julian opening the door, she didn't turn or make any sounds. She lay in bed like a puppet whose strings had been cut as tears slid silently down her face.

“Diana,” Julian called out but didn't receive any response.

“Would you like some water?” Julian tried again, not willing to give up. “Are you hungry?”

Diana remained silent.

As a mother, she could already tell something had happened to her body.

After a long time, when the sun had long set, Diana finally spoke, “...Were they boys or girls?”

“Boys,” Julian replied.

Diana nodded. “Okay.”

Then, she fell silent again and refused to speak to anyone.

Three days passed in the same way. Diana neither ate nor drank, and only the IV drip in her hand gave her the sufficient nutrients she needed to get by.

Julian got even more anxious as time passed. “Diana, will you eat something? We're still young. We'll still be able to have children. Please believe me, okay?”

Julian's image was completely ruined at this point. He still wore the same clothes on the day the incident happened, and he hadn't shaved. He looked like a homeless tramp.

Yet, Diana didn't process any of those things. For the past few days, she simply sat in silence and wept. Whenever she closed her eyes, she could only think about how two little boys gave her pitiful looks.

"Even if we did, it'll never be them."

After that, Diana cracked open her red, swollen eyes and asked, "Have you dealt with her?"

Julian froze. "Who?"

"Kayla," Diana said, trying to sound as clear as possible. "Didn't you hear Luke the other day? He mentioned that woman. The one who could do this to us and get Luke in it... Kayla's the only one."

Diana's voice grew louder with her following words, her agitation as clear as day. "She's the one who killed our babies!"

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"Diana..."

Julian knew that the miscarriage was devastating, but...

He hadn't actually looked into whether or not Kayla was involved.

"Luke's dead. Our babies have been avenged," Julian said, trying to give Diana some comfort and calm her down. "The Pabian family got to him before I did, perhaps fearing that Luke's actions would implicate their family. His father killed Luke personally before I could do anything, and Noel took his body and fed it to the dogs."

Even though Julian had stayed unmoving by her side, he hadn't been idle.

The entire Richburgh had been shaken up thoroughly because of this incident.

Everyone knew Julian had lost his children, and they also knew the heavy price the Pabian family had paid for their involvement in this incident. Though

the Pabian family had sacrificed Luke and managed to preserve their lives, they had once again fallen by a large margin in terms of hierarchy.

The bloodied storm that poured down had disturbed the peace of Richburgh and silently reshuffled the power balance of the major families.

And Julian, the man who stood in the middle of the chess board that was the city, had stirred everything into motion.

“The only pity was that I couldn’t kill him myself.”

Luke’s father, Clifford, had taken swift action. While Julian had been dealing with the aftermath of the incident in the hospital, the older man had collected Luke and disappeared.

When Julian had gone downstairs once to make arrangements, he found that Clifford had delivered Luke’s body there.

It was an implication that Julian could dispose of it as he pleased.

“Clifford is a really ruthless man,” Julian muttered.

It would be a lie to say that he hadn’t been the slightest bit surprised.

However, Diana didn’t feel any pity for Luke.

The man deserved to die. He reaped what he sowed, and he deserved to have his own father killing him!

Diana really hoped that before Luke died, he had felt the same desperate pain as her babies...

But as Julian had said, it was only a pity that Luke hadn’t died by her hands.

“His corpse...” Diana hissed as she clutched the covers tightly in her hands, feeling an endless pain pouring out from the empty hole in her heart. “You should’ve kept it for me so I can feed it to the dogs myself!”

She would’ve cut his body into pieces, then fed the dogs bit by bit over the days!

Julian was taken aback by the venom dripping from her voice.

“Diana...”

He had told her about it not to make her blinded by hatred, but to ease her mind a little. Yet, it didn't have the effect he planned for. He could see that Diana was in a much worse state than he initially thought.

“Julian...” Diana's eyes were hollow and tired. “I'm not a saint... I have never been.”

Usually, people didn't mess with her. She was happy to live her own life and not mind others.

But once others provoked her and pushed her to her limits, she wouldn't hesitate to repay it a thousandfold and fight back.

And her babies...that was her limit!

They were gone. They were taken away from her in such a tragic fate...

And now... Luke was dead! Not even his corpse remained, and she couldn't even tear it apart with her own hands!

“What right did you have?!” Diana screamed, grabbing the pillow and throwing it at Julian in her fury. “Wh right did you

Di

wave to deny me my revenge?!”

in so much pain.

It hurt so much!

She felt like so many heavy stones were sitting on her heart and blocking her throat. She wanted to her tears were stuck, and only the suffocating feeling was left as she tried in vain to get more air.

This was her first time as an expecting mother. The first time she had become pregnant, and with babies she had been anticipating for the past three years... cry,

but

Even more unexpectedly, they had been twins! She never in her wildest dream imagined that, and now...

They were gone.

Though the pillow wasn't hard, it felt like a hammer slamming into Julian's heart when it hit him.

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At that moment, everyone looked at Samantha.

Samantha quickly tried to change her expression. She tried to look as normal as possible, but her jealousy was too intense. She could not help but look furious. Her face became even more distorted.

Lawrence looked at Samantha with a smile, as if he was looking at something funny.

He sounded concerned. "Are you unwell, Sam?"

His voice was as gorgeous, elegant, mellow, and intoxicating as the best cello in the world.

However, there was not a trace of concern in his violet eyes. Instead, they were filled with excitement and mocking.

Isabella looked at Lawrence speechlessly and thought to herself, "Oh, what a playboy!"

Fortunately, he did not indeed fall for Samantha. Otherwise, Isabella would need to teach him a lesson.

Samantha took a deep breath and finally calmed herself down. However, resentment and jealousy were still glimmering in her eyes. They greatly affected her beauty.

She smiled stiffly and shook her head. "I'm fine," she said.

When she was speaking, her gaze finally moved away from Draxton and landed on Isabella.

She smiled and said, "Isabella, I didn't expect to see you here. Mom and dad miss you. Why don't you go home and visit them?"

At this point, she looked aggrieved. "Well, your status is different now. You're not an ordinary person anymore. It's understandable if you don't want to have anything to do with the people from your past."

She sighed. Her eyes looked very sad.

Isabella curled her lips. She found what Samantha said interesting. She sounded bitchy. Those who didn't know better would think that since Isabella had become rich, she didn't care about her parents anymore.

"Haha..." Isabella chuckled and was about to say something when she saw Samantha panic. Samantha quickly waved her hand and said in a panic, "No, no, no, I was wrong. I am not criticizing you. Isabella, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I just... Mom and dad really miss you."

Isabella didn't know how to react.

She was speechless. She felt embarrassed for Samantha.

She cleared her throat and said solemnly. "Ms. Lang, let me remind you that this is the Traditional Medicine Association, not a movie set. You can stop acting now. Besides, I really don't like talking to people who distort the truth."

Samantha didn't know what to say at first.

When she regained her composure, her expression changed again. She blinked, and tears rolled down her face. "Isabella, I know you resent mom and dad because they didn't accept you. You weren't as outstanding as me and were debaucherous, but they still love you. You..."

"Enough!" A cold and stern voice suddenly sounded.

Samantha shuddered and stopped talking.

Isabella looked in the direction of the voice and saw a councilwoman standing behind Admiral Sanders. The councilwoman could only be considered decent-looking, but her body was very fit. She also seemed capable and spirited.

Her expression was stern. After scolding Samantha, she turned to Lawrence and said, "Mr. Lawrence Docker, I think you should know what kind of

occasion this is. Your companion doesn't seem to know the rules." Lawrence smiled apologetically at the councilwoman, then tilted his head and said to Samantha, "Sam, if there's something between you and Isabella, can we settle it in private? This place is not suitable for acting."

Pfft!

Someone in the crowd couldn't help but laugh.

The corners of Isabella's mouth twitched. She suspected that Lawrence did it on purpose.

Samantha's face hardened.

The councilwoman's expression remained unchanged. She still looked extremely stern. Her sharp gaze swept across Samantha's face. She said, "Also, Mr. Docker, before you came, didn't you remind your female companion that her attire and makeup are not suitable for this occasion?"

Samantha's eyes widened when she heard that. Her first reaction was to think that this councilwoman was picking on her and jealous of her beauty.

However, she soon realized that something was wrong.

She looked around. All women, including Isabella, were dressed in low-key, formal clothes.

For example, Isabella was wearing a long dress. The color and style also exuded a very formal feeling. It made her look elegant. It also suited the environment here.

Samantha was the only one who was flamboyant and dazzling. This was supposed to be a beautiful outfit, but Samantha suddenly felt like a clown on such an occasion.

She suddenly felt ashamed of herself.

She wanted to find a hole and hide in it.

She stood rooted to the ground. She was blushing and at a loss.

At this moment, if the man beside her cared about her, he would step forward to help her out. However, when Samantha turned to Lawrence for help, she saw a wicked look in Lawrence's eyes.

Samantha's face turned pale. Lawrence was laughing at her!

At this moment, she was dumbstruck.

She suddenly remembered that, before she came, Lawrence asked her to choose a gown.

There were all kinds of gowns in the album, but she wanted to be the center of attention, so she subconsciously chose the most expensive and shiniest one. The crown on her head matched the gown she was wearing perfectly.

She replayed Lawrence's meaningful smile at that time in her mind.

Lawrence knew that the gown Samantha chose was inappropriate, but he did not remind her. Instead, he allowed her to wear this expensive but completely inappropriate gown.

Samantha felt a chill run up her spine. She looked at Lawrence in a daze, and the blood drained from her face.

She thought this man was her fan, the kind of hardcore fan who would even give her a star if she asked for it. He was infatuated with her and would love and cherish her. However, she did not expect....

How could this happen?

Samantha was completely stunned.

"You... You tricked me..." Samantha mumbled as she looked at Lawrence.

Lawrence shrugged slightly. "Sam, how can you blame me? At that time, I thought you would choose the dress next to this one that was slightly cheaper but more simple and elegant. I didn't expect you to like wearing diamonds so much!"

Samantha's vision was blurred. Was he trying to say that she was vain?

She seemed hurt when she looked at Lawrence. Tears welled up in her eyes. She turned around and wanted to run out

She felt humiliated, especially when all this happened in front of Isabella.

She could not accept such a blow at all. She almost instinctively turned around and wanted to run away.

Lawrence grabbed her arm.

She was overjoyed and turned around, only to meet Lawrence's evil gaze.

Mockery gleamed in his violet eyes. He asked, "Sam, the people here are all true nobles. Are you willing to leave just like that?"

"Look at you. Although this gown is not suitable for this occasion, you're truly beautiful. Are you seriously leaving?"

"Look at those people. They're fascinated by you!"

Lawrence sounded like a devil who was whispering. He was using temptation to lure her into hell.

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"What do you mean?!" Diana exclaimed, glaring at Julian with hostile eyes. "How could there have been something wrong with them before then? They were fine in my stomach!"

"You kept complaining that your stomach was sore for those few days. Don't you remember? It was actually signs of it...but we didn't find out in time."

"No! That's impossible! The pain was caused by a developing embryo and my stomach expanding! That's impossible...!"

It was too cruel to hear those words, and Diana beat his chest frantically as she continued screaming, "That's not possible!"

"But that's what the doctor said." Julian tried to calm her down. "Diana, take a moment to think. Do you remember that your tastebuds returned to normal that day?"

Yes, that was right.

Diana hadn't been able to stomach meat after she got pregnant, but had suddenly gained the appetite for it the other day.

But...

“What does that have to do with the babies?!”

She couldn't accept this!

However, her voice soon lowered to a whisper, “It's normal for tastebuds to change at any time during pregnancy...”

Julian pressed down her IV to prevent her from accidentally ripping it out.

“It was my fault. I wasn't careful enough.”

Julian hung his head low. There were tears in his eyes, but he refused to let Diana see them.

“Just focus on getting better first, okay? We'll try for a baby again, and we'll definitely get to hold our children.”

This time, it seemed that the words got through to her.

She didn't refute his words anymore, and obediently ate the light meal the hospital provided.

Everything seemed to be fine, but once it was night, Diana suddenly shouted, “Julian! You'd still choose her over the children, wouldn't you?!”

Her words angered Julian. “I didn't choose Kayla, Diana! There was never such a choice to make!”

The babies were his flesh and blood. He was also hurt that it happened!

Julian wanted to cry and vent, but Diana was already in that state, so he had to remain strong.

And yet, her question was like a knife to his heart.

“It hurts me when you say such things,” he said.

“It hurts... It hurts you, you say?!” The tears that Diana had been holding back for days gushed out like a broken dam as her voice climbed in volume. “If it hurts, then why don't you check what role Kayla played in this incident?”

The incident with Luke was one thing, but what about the sudden deformation?

Was he sure it had nothing to do with Kayla?

“The doctor said the fetus didn’t have good growth. As I didn’t take care of you in the past and even repeatedly caused you stress and fright, I’m responsible for a big part of it.”

“Enough!” Diana’s face was red with anger, and tears of frustration continued to stream down her face.” daily new chapters upload only on alaniniz(dot)com
There is absolutely no need for you to excuse Kayla’s actions to this extent! You can’t possibly be unaware of how she treated me before and how she set me up all those times! You always made a big deal out of even the most minor thing, then pretended nothing happened afterward. Fine! I went along with you and swept it all under the rug.”

“But this time, she touched my babies! I want you to look into it, Julian! Is it so hard for you to find out the truth for me? Is it?!”

Every word out of Diana’s mouth was like a sledgehammer continuously slamming and breaking his heart.

“Before that, I was...!”

There were so many issues that hadn’t been laid out in the open, and it was indeed because he had wanted to save some of Kayla’s dignity. He also wanted to give Kayla a chance because she was still his savior when he was a child. He didn’t want to be too heartless. *

However, he had known each and every thing that Kayla had done to Diana; the stakes had been high, especially after he had confirmed his feelings. Thus, he chose to break off all contact with Kayla.

Yet, this time...

Based on all the clues and facts he had found, there were no signs that Kayla had been involved.

However...

“Alright. I’ll look into it.”

Julian was willing to look into the case again, as long as he could get Diana to calm down and not be so angry. It also gave Diana some time to accept the fact that the babies were gone.

Before he could arrange for it, something else happened to Diana.

She had taken her IV needle and randomly stabbed her arm.

When the nurse reported this to Julian, he thought he had misheard.

He hurried back to the ward, and saw needle holes of different sizes on her arms.

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Julian was angry.

No, he was furious.

He wouldn't allow Diana to continue hurting herself this way, but not a word of harsh criticism passed his lips. Instead, he held her tight and said, "I understand...I do. I know you're also in pain. Just please give me some time, okay?"

Give him some time so he could get to the bottom of her miscarriage. He wanted Diana to calm down gradually, and he would give her a satisfactory answer.

However, he would never let her continue hurting herself like this.

He hoped his embrace could give her some strength. Finally...

She broke down and cried painful tears, as if she were letting out all the emotions she had suppressed in the past few days. Then, she bit his shoulder harshly. "Julian... Did what happened to our babies really...really have nothing to do with Kayla?"

Her words were hoarse whispers, and she was barely able to speak.

She was showing her vulnerable side to him.

It looked like she was gradually accepting the truth.

Julian knew that this matter could not be rushed. Diana's emotions were his priority. Not to mention, he

really did want to check this matter thoroughly.

"I don't know, either. I'll make sure to investigate everything," Julian vowed. "Just focus on resting here, okay?"

Diana's arm was still a little bruised and swollen from getting hit the other day, and it had only gotten worse after the stunt she had pulled today.

"Okay..." Diana's eyes were opened, but tears kept spilling out without stopping. "Okay... I trust you."

That meant she was willing to give him some time.

Julian felt comfort from the bottom of his heart. He wiped her tears and kissed her forehead.

"Get some rest, okay?"

Diana nodded. "If it turns out that Kayla really had something to do with this..."

"If that's true, then I won't let her off."

Diana felt assured after hearing Julian's promise. "I hope you'll keep your word if it happens."

She could accept that Julian favored Kayla more over her, but she would never accept it if he still chose Kayla

over their babies.

So this time, she would persist and wait for a fair result.

"Go on, then," Diana said, finally looking at Julian. Since the two had agreed to continue looking into this matter, this was the first time Diana was really taking in Julian's appearance.

Her eyes widened in embarrassment on his behalf as she said, "Y-You..."

Pointing at his hair and beard, which was usually so well-kept and neatly shaved, she asked, "Why are your hair and beard so long?"

She could even see hints of blood scabs behind his hair, which was probably left on him on the day of the attack.

But it also proved that in almost a week's time since the attack, Julian had yet to deal with the injuries on his body because he had stayed by her side. Diana's heart suddenly sank at the thought.

"I'm sorry... I've made you sad."

She should've already known that since Julian loved their unborn babies, he would also be sad that they were no longer around. Yet he pushed the grief to the side, endured everything before him, and even took the time out of his busy schedule to care for and soothe her.

With mixed feelings swirling in her mind, Diana carefully touched the scabs on the back of his head.

"Does it hurt?"

Julian grinned at the question and replied, "You're finally willing to look at me."

Finally, instead of drowning in the grief of losing their children, Diana was willing to look at the outside world again.

His smile was so sincere, shy, and genuine. Though his appearance was clearly embarrassing and didn't match a CEO's image, it made Diana's eyes redden the longer she stared. [1

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"Okay, that's enough," Julian said when he saw Diana was in a bad mood. He didn't want her to get upset. because of him and hastily added, "Don't feel bad. I'm going to look into this whole thing, okay?"

He would make sure to give Diana a thorough explanation.

Diana nodded. "What about your injuries?"

"I'll take care of it today."

He needed to leave the hospital to carry out what he wanted to do, after all, and he couldn't leave in this

shape.

“Okay,” Diana said with a small nod. “Go ahead. I’ll wait here for you and get some rest.”

After saying that, she laid back down in the hospital bed, looking like a porcelain doll under the white lights.

There was a beautiful yet heartbreaking beauty to Diana at this moment.

Her miscarriage clearly had an irreversible effect on her.

Julian didn’t dare to stare too long at her. Otherwise, the image of Diana collapsing in his arms on that rainy

day would appear in his mind over and over again.

She had begged him to save Aster and Star, but... He hadn’t been able to save even one of them.

His nose started to turn red; as a big man, he didn’t want to cry in front of his wife. So, he stood and tucked her in before saying, “No more hurting yourself, okay?”

“Hmm.”

Her eyes were now bright and clear, and she could obviously see him now.

She could feel that Julian was also grieving on the inside, just the same as her. It showed in his disheveled appearance and the fact that he hadn’t bothered to treat his wounds. She was confident Julian would look for an answer to give to her.

Thus, she was willing to listen to him.

Julian soon left. Diana didn’t know how he started his investigation, but he didn’t return to the hospital that

night.

It wasn’t until early the next morning that Nina came over with breakfast instead.

“Here, have more to eat, Diana,” Nina said as she opened a container. “I brought two flavors. Pick whichever one you want.”

The different sandwiches had two types of meat: chicken and beef. Before she fell pregnant, Diana loved chicken. After she was pregnant, she preferred beef. She also needed to add pickles, which she didn’t like before her pregnancy, and only then would the sandwich be delicious enough for her. For a time, she even had an aversion to chicken and couldn’t stand to look at it.

But now, her taste buds had returned to normal, and she didn’t want to eat the sandwich when she saw pickles poking out from it.

“Give me the chicken one.”

As soon as she said that, tears welled up in her eyes again.

What could she do?

She didn’t want to think about her babies, but life had the knack of bringing up things that would remind her of them and that things were not the same anymore.

The babies were no longer in her belly.

She ate and wept silently. Nina didn’t know how to comfort her in this situation, except to sit with her and keep handing her tissues.

“I’m fine,” Diana muttered as she wiped her tears. “I just can’t stop.”

It seemed that crying it out was better than holding it in.

“I know,” Nina said, her heart obviously aching for her dear friend. “I understand. Just cry if you feel like it. No one will laugh at you.”

Diana felt less upset as the two chatted, and she said, “Julian went to look into Kayla.”

She clenched her fist tightly, her nails digging into her palms.

“I don’t know if there’s anything to find, or if I’m overthinking it, or if Kayla really did set me up in secret.”

“Don’t worry,” Nina assured Diana. “If Kayla really did do something, Julian will find out. I heard Vans say that Julian didn’t rest the entire night. He’d been sorting out all sorts of details from your pregnancy. Don’t worry. He’ll definitely give you a clear answer. Kayla’s trapped in the hospital now, and she can’t escape before things have been cleared up.”

“Yeah,” Diana said with a nod. She chatted a little longer with Nina before gradually falling asleep.

It was dark in Kayla’s ward, and Julian hadn’t turned on the lights. She could only vaguely make out his silhouette in the dim light from the sky.

His presence was suffocating.

“J—Julian...”

Kayla had already heard about Diana’s miscarriage, and how much importance Julian had placed on the

babies.

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Julian’s ruthlessness towards the Pabian family and the fact he hadn’t left a trace of Luke’s body was a consequence that Kayla hadn’t expected.

She trembled in fear, and her teeth chattered. She used almost all of her strength to force herself to calm down.

It didn’t matter. Luke was dead, and he didn’t even have the opportunity to confess her involvement before he died.

There had also been no news from Mr. Carter’s end, so she relaxed once more when the thought crossed her mind. Now that her emotions had settled, she patted the empty spot on her bed and gave Julian a real smile.

“Did you come to see me?”

Julian had come in the middle of the night. Did he want to get Kayla pregnant to replace the baby in Diana’s belly?

Kayla perked up at the thought and started moving. She even tried to pull her hospital gown down a little.

Julian had never met a person who had made such an error of judgment in his life.

Was Kayla...really the same girl who had saved him as a child?

The more he interacted with her, the more he felt there was so much difference between her and the person he vaguely remembered in his memory.

With a click, the hospital room brightened. The lights bounced off the wall and emitted a harsh light for a moment, causing Kayla to squint her eyes shut for a while and subconsciously bring up her hand to shield her face. Such a situation made her exposed shoulder seem like a joke.

Julian couldn't hide the disappointment in his eyes. He tossed a recorder to her side and said, "Listen to that. It's Mr. Carter's confession."

Kayla pressed the play button on it, and her face drastically paled as she listened. Eventually, her smile vanished and only fear was left on her face.

"He's lying! That's not true! What he said was all fake!"

"Lying?" Julian sneered. "The leftover powder has already been tested, and they were chemicals for abortion! Mr. Carter mistakenly thought his small dosage had been ineffective, so he replaced it with prescribed laxatives.

That was the only reason it saved Diana's future fertility!

If Mr. Carter had followed Kayla's dosage to feed Diana, the miscarriage process would have been gruesome and painful.

"Kayla, you're such a cruel person.'

Julian's tone was harsh and no longer tolerant as it had been before.

"Diana was right. I was too accommodating and tolerant of you. If she hadn't insisted that I look into this matter, you would've really gotten away with it..."

Kayla couldn't process the words Julian said after that.

She was shaking all over.

Her mind buzzed like a machine chugging in her brain. Then, there was regret and hate, and also lament that Mr. Carter had switched her medication, which caused her not to achieve her goal of getting rid of the baby and never letting Diana get pregnant again.

And then, there was terrible fear.

Fear of Julian.

He hadn't come to meet her for the purpose she had thought. Rather, he had come to settle a score.

Still, it sounded like the fact she had colluded with Luke hadn't been discovered. Kayla was glad Luke was dead; at the very least, she still had a fighting chance because of it.

"Kayla," Julian growled, his patience clearly running thin. "Mr. Carter has admitted everything. Will you still not admit it?"

"I do! I admit it!" Kayla nodded her head rapidly, and her tears kept falling.

Her emotions swung from terrified to angry instantly.

"Julian!" Kayla screamed suddenly, breaking out of the innocent image she usually displayed before Julian. Her mangled voice was surprisingly a little harsh as she said, "Don't you understand why I did all these things? It's all your fault! It's your fault that I've become what I am today!"

Her logic was simply unreasonable.

And yet, Julian had no choice but to hear her out as she had saved him when they were younger.

"If it weren't for me back then, you would be dead now!"

"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 359

Kayla had no qualms about using Diana's saving grace on Julian. She brought it up as a way to guilt trip Julian, and she didn't feel the slightest remorse about doing so.

“You’ve been good to me since we met! But you were too good! You gave me all the wonderful fantasies of my youth, and you pampered me so much... You even married Diana because she looked like me after I disappeared! And after that, you ruined your marriage because you yearned for me!”

Kayla got more passionate as she spoke, “Do you think that as a woman faced with a man like you, she can. give you up? Who wouldn’t want to marry you?! But you? Without an explanation, you suddenly said you wanted to cut off all communication with me! You didn’t even care about me when I got injured! You only pushed me to Noel! Have you ever thought about how I feel?!”

Everything Kayla said was the truth.

Julian knew that in the process of repaying Kayla’s kindness, there were moments when he mistook his kindness for love. Forget about Kayla, even he himself was confused for a long time.

Julian at first assumed that wanting to treat someone well was love. Because of Diana, however, he could understand his feelings and heart after some struggle and comparison.

In the end, it was the decision of wanting to be responsible for himself and the two women that was the reason for his heartlessness towards Kayla.

Yet, he never thought that it would cause so much unseen hurt to Kayla.

“I’ll be honest. I didn’t change only recently,” Kayla said as she covered her face. It was hard to tell if she did so because she was ashamed, or if she was laughing. “I changed the day I returned home and found out you were married! I became completely unlike myself. I became selfish! I expected you to keep your promise about getting a divorce every day, you know? But you didn’t! You even had a child with Diana! Even when I offered to announce with great fanfare that she was the eldest daughter of the Winnington family, she still refused to divorce you. What do you two take me for? What do you treat me as?!”

When she finished, Kayla clutched her head and whimpered.

The room was silent, and Julian didn’t speak for a long time.

No one could see that beneath the tear-stained face, there was a hidden devious smile.

Kayla was gambling.

She was taking a gamble that Julian would go soft on her, and that he would value the feelings between them and the gratitude for saving his life when he was a child.

Sure enough, the oppressing feeling in the room lessened, and Kayla could gradually feel the temperature of the room returning to normal. To add more effect, Kayla sobbed loudly a few more times before slowly looking up, pretending to wipe her tears as she observed the man before her.

Much to her great surprise, the man hadn't softened at all. Instead, his eyes were fixed on her like a hawk.

The moment she lifted her head and met his eyes, all the accusations and questions she had thrown at him. felt as weak as bubbles.

Kayla averted her gaze almost immediately.

Julian's lips quirked upwards, but the look on his face was cold. "You were also involved with the incident with Luke, weren't you?"

Kayla shuddered. "I...I don't know what you're talking about."

There wasn't any need for further evidence to guess that Kayla had been involved, as her actions spoke for

themselves.

"You leaked my day's schedule to him so he could catch me unaware." Daily New Chapters upload only on alaniniz(dot)com Despite all the accusations Kayla had thrown at him, Julian remained calm. "What was your purpose? My life?"

The fear Kayla felt was real now, and she was utterly terrified.

She didn't know how he could be so perceptive. She clearly hadn't revealed anything, and even her rant had been perfect! So, why did he suddenly bring up Luke...?

As the most powerful man in Richburgh who was unpredictable and used to playing tricks, Julian was perceptive to the point of terrifying.

Thinking of what happened to Luke, Kayla swallowed harshly. “I—I didn’t...”

“So your purpose was to cripple me,” Julian said, cutting her off as he recalled the day he had been beaten. Only... It got out of hand, and Luke wanted me dead instead.”

As for Diana...

Even if she hadn’t gotten involved that day, the babies in her belly wouldn’t have lasted much longer anyway.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 360

Even though Mr. Carter had unintentionally preserved Diana’s fertility by changing the medication, the

babies were already weak from the shock during her early pregnancy. This was followed by the musk that had caused her stomachache, and then Kayla’s drug.

To Kayla, Diana and the babies were no longer a threat.

After Julian got crippled, Kayla could hand Diana as a gift to Luke.

That was most likely the condition in the deal between Kayla and Luke.

Julian would never forget how Luke had looked at Diana, which was why he had personally fed Luke’s corpse to the dogs.

At this moment, Kayla couldn’t breathe...

Because Julian had guessed everything correctly.

“What would’ve happened after I was crippled?” Julian said, keeping his eyes firmly on her. “What did you plan to do?”

The pressure from his gaze was overwhelming, and Kayla felt like she had been thrown into the deep bottom of a well with no hope of ever seeing the sun again. If she looked up, she would surely drown in the water. If she looked down, she would suffocate from the tight grip around her neck.

Under this tremendous pressure, she broke down and cried again.

“J–Julian...! I didn’t mean to...!”

Kayla admitted it.

Julian had long sensed something was deeply wrong with the woman before him. She had said so much, all to push the blame on everyone else except herself and to hide something bigger underneath it all. It was because of her many excuses that he suddenly thought of Luke. Thus, Julian decided to try pressuring her about it.

Lo and behold, she actually confessed everything without much prompting.

“Then what?” Julian continued to ask. “What did you plan to do once I was crippled? Did you want me to owe you my life again, so you’d have every right to dispose of everything that was mine?”

“No... No...!” Kayla cried uncontrollably. “I just love you so much! I wanted to keep you with me forever! I wanted to keep you and Diana apart! I was tired of waiting!”

“Then why did you leave without saying goodbye three years ago?” Julian asked, calming down further as their conversation carried on.

He was now able to look at Kayla objectively.

Julian had met countless people, and once believed that he had played a big influence in Kayla’s life. However, he never once believed that her personality had changed overnight. In other words, the fact that she had once been his savior had blinded him completely, and he had ignored her suspicious actions one too many times.

“If you hadn’t disappeared back then, perhaps...” he said.

“You wouldn’t have married Diana?” Kayla prodded.

“It’s hard to say.”

At the mention of Diana, a hint of tenderness suddenly flashed through the man’s cold expression. “Most likely, I’d still marry her.”

He couldn’t imagine anyone else being his wife except for Diana.

Even during the time he missed Kayla like crazy, and when his first thought was to get a divorce once Kayla had returned to the country... That hadn't been love.

It had simply been compensation.

From the very start to the end, Julian's feelings for Kayla were only that of gratitude and the intense need to compensate her.

But toward Diana, it had always been love.

If Kayla hadn't gone abroad, perhaps Julian would still eventually meet Diana. But maybe they wouldn't experience so much tragedy as they did, and there wouldn't be the need to have a stupid illusion of using Diana as a substitute.

Diana was her own person, and she was irreplaceable.

Kayla got her first taste of despair when she saw the gentle smile on Julian's lips.

So, Julian really never loved her.

Julian had never been ruthless toward Kayla, but that wasn't because of lingering love toward her. Far from it! His kindness was only due to his gratitude toward her for saving his life when they were younger.

Yet, if he one day discovered that his true savior was in fact Diana....

Kayla didn't dare imagine the consequences; a cold shiver ran up her spine. She had to keep it a secret, for she was keenly aware that this was the only thing that could preserve her life right now.