

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 361-370

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 361

Julian's face twisted into an unpleasant expression.

"I'm not that angry about you setting me up, but your schemes involved Diana, and even caused her to lose the babies she values so much."

Julian spoke softly, but his words were no less chilling.

"So you too deserve to die!"

Kayla shivered violently. Never once had she expected Julian to say such a thing to her, and at that moment, she suddenly recalled Luke's fate. She was so shocked, she couldn't utter a word.

"But..." Julian's tone changed slightly. "You saved me once."

As Kayla had said, Julian was somewhat responsible for what she had become today.

"I won't kill you."

Julian could forget about how Kayla had set him up and caused him to be beaten up, but he needed her to pay the consequences for harming Diana and their babies.

When Kayla heard that, she was about to sigh in relief. Just then, the door to her room slammed open.

Noel walked in with two burly men in black. He greeted Julian politely, "Sir."

"Hmm." Julian acknowledged Noel, then slipped his hands into his pockets. He gave Kayla an indifferent look before turning around and heading out.

Kayla immediately realized that something was wrong, and tried to hide behind the hospital bed.

"J—Julian...! What do you plan to do?!"

Didn't he say he wouldn't kill her?!

Despite her cries, Julian didn't stop and continued as if he hadn't heard them. He had already done his best for Kayla. She had made so many mistakes that he had turned a blind eye on, and perhaps his indulgence caused the situation today.

If Mr. Carter hadn't changed her medication, if Noel hadn't arrived in time... Julian dreaded to think what would have happened to Diana on that rainy day.

"She needs to be taught a lesson."

Julian uttered those words before leaving. Noel didn't hesitate and waved his hand, and the two men in black moved to grab Kayla's arms.

Her voice was hoarse as she screamed at the top of her lungs.

Julian could hear Kayla's panic. His heart wasn't made of stone, and he had known Kayla for so many years. Even though he knew it wasn't love, he still had some lingering feelings toward her.

He did think about letting her off the hook again and just giving her a light lesson, but when he closed his eyes, all he could see was Diana crying bitterly.

Kayla more or less had a hand in pushing Diana into losing her babies.

Kayla, now knee-deep in panic, began rambling about everything.

"Diana didn't finish eating my medication! She wasn't abused by Luke, either! What right do you have to treat me this way? Did she ask you to do this, Julian?! What right do any of you have to do this to me?!"

Even now, there wasn't a single hint of remorse in her words.

Julian sighed, and didn't look back.

That was the day Kayla lost her ability to get pregnant forever.

"Sir, your request has been completed," Noel reported to Julian.

Julian nodded. "Alright."

This was considered repaying Kayla with the exact same thing she had tried to do to Diana.

Julian sat in the long hallway, looking at the cigarette burning so brightly in his hand that no one could see the look on his face.

Noel knew he was in a bad mood.

“Miss Kayla has taken the remaining unused powder Mr. Carter still has. I’m afraid it’ll get harder for her in the next few days.”

“Hmm.” Julian still said nothing and simply hummed, but then he said, “Will you handle your father, or should I?”

Noel’s eyes filled with tears as he fell to his knees, the sound echoing loudly in the hallway.

“Sir...”

In his heart, Noel knew that what his father had done was completely unforgivable. But when it came to dealing with the latter, he couldn’t do it.

“Noel, he has turned his back on his master.”

Not only did he take action against Diana, but he also worked with Kayla in secret and brought Kayla’s people into the mansion.

The fact that Julian didn’t make Mr. Carter disappear as per the usual family rules, was already his best show of mercy and consideration to Noel.

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“The Fulcher family doesn’t retain traitors.”

Noel understood Julian’s words.

“I know. If my father hadn’t swapped out Miss Kayla’s medication in secret, he’d be dead now. I understand all of it.”

Julian nodded. “I’ll leave it to you.”

Julian was exhausted.

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He wanted to go back to Diana’s side.

It was fine as long as Mr. Carter never appeared in the villa again..

As for Noel, Julian knew his character very well. As the saying goes, a father's sins shouldn't fall on his son. After this incident, Julian was sure Noel would only work harder and be more loyal.

"Thank you, sir!"

When Julian returned to the hospital, Diana was already awake. The table was filled with food, but she hadn't eaten much.

When she saw Julian enter the room, her eyes brightened just a little and she asked, "How was it?"

"It's been taken care of," Julian said, exhaustion lining his face.

Diana wasn't satisfied with his vague answer. "So that means Kayla really had something to do with my miscarriage?"

Diana was confident that it hadn't been that simple.

"Kind of, but not," Julian said as he briefly explained about the powder. "The biggest problem was still the shock and stress I put you through in the early period of your pregnancy, and the embryos weren't in the best state."

After all, she had been pregnant with twins. The possibility of danger was greater than if she had been pregnant with just one child.

Not to mention, Diana had gone through so much suffering. Regardless of whether it was Kayla, Mr. Carter, or Julian, all of them bore some responsibility for causing the loss of the babies; Kayla wasn't entirely to blame for this.

Only, Kayla's intentions were the only intentionally malicious ones.

"No..." Diana looked at him, as if she had suddenly realized something. A touch of despair slowly welled her eyes as she said, "It's not your fault. It's mine... It's all my fault..."

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If Diana hadn't indulged in Julian's tenderness and had not promised him a reconciliation... If she had divorced him and left with the babies in her womb...

None of this would have happened.

If she hadn't insisted on looking for Julian on that rainy day... If she hadn't ignored Mr. Carter when she noticed something was wrong with him... If she hadn't...

If she hadn't fallen in love with Julian, none of this would have ever happened.

Julian's senses were suddenly keen, and he hurriedly said, "Diana, I'm not defending Kayla. I'm just telling the truth. Besides, I've already-"

"Enough," Diana said, interrupting him.

Suddenly, she didn't want to hear anything.

Everything was pointless.

Diana had also played a part in the passing of her babies.

Sadness clung insistently on her once more, only this time, it was more overwhelming than before. Julian wanted to comfort her, but didn't know where to start.

After a few minutes of silence, Diana finally spoke.

"Let's get a divorce, Julian."

It was long overdue, and they should just get it over and done with.

Julian refused, of course,

of course, and said anxiously, "Diana, we're still young. We can have another baby, and we can let your body recuperate slowly. We-"

"Please... Stop using 'we'," Diana said, looking straight into his eyes.

The moment Julian had defended Kayla without directly pointing out her mistakes, she had been disappointed again.

“I can ignore all the times you’ve protected Kayla, but this time, I can’t lie to myself anymore. You value her more than the babies and me.”

If he really wanted to deal with her and make Kayla pay for the consequences, Kayla wouldn’t have her life anymore.

Shouldn’t Julian avenge their babies?

Yet, he still kept Kayla alive and well.

Diana couldn’t take it anymore. Julian had fallen short in dealing with Luke and Kayla.

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“Let’s just divorce, okay, Julian?”

Diana’s eyes were almost pleading. It was as if their current predicament could only be solved if they divorced. That way, she would stop blaming herself so much and would be able to make up for the loss of her babies.

Obviously, Julian refused staunchly.

But Diana added, “Please... Just set us all free.”

Diana was exhausted from navigating the triangle between him, her, and Kayla.

“I don’t want to deal with these schemes and tricks anymore,” Diana said frankly. “I just want to live the rest of my life peacefully.”

At her words, Julian seemed to be struck by something. He felt his hands and legs ache slightly as he asked, “Do you feel that being with me is tiring?”

“Yeah,” Diana replied with a nod. “Your world is too complicated, and I don’t want to be dragged down by you anymore.” 11

heto Julian never imagined that Diana would feel this way. But if she wanted an easier life, who was he to disagree?

“I’m sorry.”

Even though it

“I’m sort, Julian had to learn to let go.

“I’m sorry for not being able to protect the three of you properly.”

“It’s fine.” Diana shook her head. “Just divorce me, and there’s no need for any protection from now on. I won’t be in any danger either.”

Up until now, weren’t all the dangers aimed at her brought from his side?

Diana couldn’t endure being in the spotlight with him anymore, so it would be best if she escaped.

Anyway... Her babies didn’t need a father anymore.

They didn’t...even want her as a mother.

Couldn’t she make mistakes?

Couldn’t she get a divorce?

But...who would return her babies to her?

It felt like someone was knocking on her heart with a heavy hammer, and her heart was about to break from the pressure. The pain was both suffocating and aggravating, and she had no tears left to cry because she didn’t want to show her vulnerable state before Julian.

That also meant that Diana no longer considered him to be as close to her as before.

In that case, Julian should just go and properly care for Kayla.

As a father who couldn’t even seek justice for their babies...she didn’t want him anymore!

Julian wanted to tell Diana about how he had made Kayla take the drugs she had bought, but after thinking about it, it seemed pointless now that things had come to this point.

Diana was tired, that was fine. He was willing to let her go.

“We can process the paperwork tomorrow.”

Hah.

Julian had agreed so readily, which implied that he really did want to leave.

Perhaps James had been right in saying that Julian had his own motives for why he wanted to be with her, and it was obviously the babies. Now that the babies were no longer here, it was only natural he would leave.

Diana's hands trembled, but she hid them under the covers, not wanting to show him.

Diana fought back the tears before looking at him firmly and saying, "Okay."

It was best not to delay any longer and quickly settle it.

Julian had said it would be done tomorrow because he hoped it would work Diana up and make her regret her decision. He hadn't expected her to agree so quickly.

A touch of hurt flashed across his eyes, and he said hesitantly, "Is your wound okay?"

"It's fine," Diana replied, showing him his arm. "It's not swollen anymore, and the stitches have been taken care of."

The aftermath of her miscarriage had also been treated well the week she spent in the hospital.

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Diana was given plenty of the best nutrient solutions that could be offered.

Even though she looked a little refreshed, Julian couldn't bring himself to feel happy because her joy and pleasure were built on top of their agreement to get a divorce.

In other words, her uplifted mood stemmed from the fact that she was about to leave and divorce him.

Was a divorce enough to make her happy?

Julian wanted to persuade her to reconsider, but the words were stuck in his throat and wouldn't come out. After holding back for a long time, his face was



a little red. In the end, he only managed to force a few words out. "Get some rest."

Julian was a man whose face rarely turned red. From what Diana knew about him, he blushed most of the time when he was happy. As it turned out, he had been anticipating the divorce so much.

If the babies were still around, would he have continued pretending like he was willing to go on living with her?

He loved her? Mistook his feelings? Wanted to live the rest of his life with her? All of it was rubbish, wasn't it?

Diana would never believe him again.

"Alright," Diana replied and turned away, leaving him with only the view of her indifferent back.

Julian wanted to approach her and talk to her, but he lost his nerve when he thought of what she said about being dragged down by him.

Let go, she had said.

If he let go, she would be happier.

Julian didn't want to be the source of her pain and unhappiness.

He left the room slowly. He didn't rush her to eat as he had done before, nor bring the dishes to her and looked at her tenderly, saying he wouldn't eat if she didn't.

Julian would never starve together with her anymore, nor would he ever coax her again.

This was the change that happened after he had seen Kayla today.

In Julian's heart, it seemed that Kayla was more important.

As the saying goes, first come, first served. Diana understood this. During this time, she was a substitute who yearned for things she shouldn't.

Diana watched Julian's retreating back, and the corner of her lips curled up into a bitter smile.

This was good. She was finally on her own again.

The following day, Diana packed her things. She planned to wait for Julian to get her marriage license and also be discharged from the hospital.

But before the formalities were completed, Diana was informed that someone had renewed her hospital fees

for another month and had arranged for a specialized caretaker for her, so she could rest and recuperate with peace of mind.

At first, she thought it had been Julian who had done it. She was about to refuse when she heard Madam Fulcher's voice ring out. "Oh, Diana! You've suffered so much."

Diana had been putting up a strong front all this while, but her facade crumbled when she heard the familiar voice. She didn't dare turn around and simply cried out through a stuffy nose. "Grandma!"

Madam Fulcher patted her back and comforted her, "Shh, Grandma's here. It's okay."

Suddenly losing two babies was a tragic event, equivalent to falling right into hell from heaven.

"I've also lost children in the past," Madam Fulcher said, thinking about how she had to bury Julian's parents. "I know how much it hurts."

Nothing was more important than caring for Diana's emotions at this moment, and there was no need for Diana to force herself to smile.

The few words that Madam Fulcher said were enough to throw Diana's emotions into chaos again. It must have been hard for the older woman too...

Diana had lost her children, and Madam Fulcher had lost her great-grandchildren, whom she had been hoping for a long time.

Also, since the older woman had high blood pressure, would she be able to handle the news about the divorce?

With that in mind, Diana hurriedly pulled out her phone to text Julian. She wanted to tell him that the formalities could be done another day, but he

seemed to be one step ahead of her as he called her just at the same time. “Is Grandma there?”

Diana’s heart skipped a beat.

So, Julian was aware that Madam Fulcher was coming to the hospital.

“Yeah, she’s here.”

Could it be that he had regretted his decision and had sent Madam Fulcher to be his go-between?

Inevitably, anticipation filled Diana’s heart. It was as if the hole of loneliness was once again filled a little.

There was still a sliver of hope that he would stay.

At least it would prove that she hadn’t been so foolish, and that she hadn’t been the only one between the two of them who had been so foolishly in love.

“Can you hear me?”

Julian’s voice was still soft and gentle, as if he had deliberately lowered his voice because he was afraid of scaring her.

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Diana gripped the phone tighter. “Sorry, what did you say?”

“I already told Grandma about the babies and our divorce,” Julian repeated, not wanting to put any more pressure on Diana. “She also took her high blood pressure medication before she left the house, so you don’t have to worry about her trying to delay us from getting a divorce this time.”

As it turned out, Diana had expected too much about their divorce.

Diana blushed in shame at the previous thoughts in her head.

“Okay. When are you arriving? Can it be done today?” Diana asked.

Julian thought Diana would wait a few more days for the divorce for Mrs. Fulcher’s sake. He didn’t expect Diana to be so decisive this time, so he could only go along with her.

“Yes.”

He would treat it as fulfilling her wish.

Right now, he was willing to do anything that would lift her spirits and make her happy.

Diana bit her lip and said, “I’ll wait for you at the hospital. Don’t forget to bring all the documents needed for the procedure.”

After she hung up, Mrs. Fulcher took Diana’s hands in hers. The older woman’s eyes were no longer as bright as before, but they were still filled with concern.

“Have you really thought it through, Diana?”

Diana nodded. “Yes.”

She wanted to divorce.

She did.

She didn’t want to live in Kayla and Julian’s shadow anymore, much less think of her babies when she looked at Julian. She didn’t want...to be the one abandoned again.

Diana would rather be the one who left first. This time, she would be the one who refused him.

Just as Julian had said in the phone, Mrs. Fulcher didn’t try persuading her again and gently hugged Diana.

“You’ve worked hard.”

The tears Diana had tried so hard to hold back slid down her face.

“Grandma...”

“Shh, you’re a good girl,” Madam Fulcher said. “Even if you’re divorced, you will always be my child. And the shares I gave you...”

She lowered her voice and whispered in Diana’s ear, “It’s best if you told no one about it.”

Diana was about to mention that. "Now that the babies are gone, I really don't think I should keep them. I'll transfer it back to you again, okay?"

Before Diana could see the older woman's reaction, Madam Fulcher suddenly slapped Diana on the face.

This was the first time she had lost her temper before Diana.

"Child!" Madam Fulcher said with a touch of disappointment in her eyes. "Do you really not believe that I sincerely like you?"

Diana shook her head hurriedly. "That's not what I meant!"

"Then why won't you believe my words?" Madam Fulcher's chest was visibly heaving with anger. "I told you that those shares were for you! They're for your personal use! Why do you keep thinking they were for the babies?"

If the babies had been born safely, Madam Fulcher would have given them something else as gifts.

However, those gifts wouldn't conflict with the shares she had given Diana.

"I really do treat you as my own child," Madam Fulcher said, watching as a shameful look appeared on Diana's face. However, Madam Fulcher couldn't bear to continue her lecture when she saw how much Diana was blaming herself.

"Don't bring up the shares again in the future. Also, visit me often even though you're already divorced, okay?"

"But..."

Those shares were really worth a lot of money!

However, seeing Madam Fulcher's expression, Diana didn't dare mention it again.

"Okay. Don't worry, I'll be sure to visit you often."

When the right time came, Madam Fulcher would also ask Julian to visit her at the same time. She refused to allow such a good woman to escape their family.

Madam Fulcher was determined to be good to Diana, and she was confident that the latter knew how to repay the kindness; Diana would always be sincere to those who were sincere to her.

This was the only way Madam Fulcher could help Julian, as his grandmother.

Once the two women finished talking, Madam Fulcher showed Diana the newly booked ward that was suitable for her recovery. After Diana had settled her luggage, Julian arrived.

When he saw the state Diana was in, he knew that Diana had taken Madam Fulcher's words to heart. As long as Diana was willing to visit the Fulcher family occasionally, he didn't need to fear that she would disappear forever.

He gave Madam Fulcher a grateful look before turning to Diana and asking, "Are you ready to carry out the formalities?"

Madam Fulcher groaned inwardly. Even if this brat was anxious to fulfill Diana's wishes and make her happy, he shouldn't appear so eager to get a divorce!

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In her annoyance, Madam Fulcher was sorely tempted to knock Julian's head.

But with Diana right in front of her, she couldn't say too much. So, she sighed and said, "Slow down. There's no hurry."

Diana huffed inwardly. She wasn't pregnant with his children anymore, and there was a chance for Julian to separate from her immediately and go to Kayla. The man must be jumping for joy inwardly, so why would he slow down?

Diana looked up and gave Julian a cold look.

"Let's go."

Soon, the two were in the car as it made its way steadily to the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Because of their previous divorce application, they didn't need to complete another waiting period.

Diana walked in front of Julian, and the two slowly entered the hall. She noticed that the man's movements were a little slow, and she glanced back at him.

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Julian was dragging his feet and not hurrying to keep pace with her. It was a while before she joined her the bench she had sat at.

The staff member assisting them was the same as the last time. Seeing a handsome man and a beautiful woman together was always dazzling. Besides, the staff member's boss had mentioned that the two coming today were big shots, and to ensure that they were treated well.

The entire process went by unbelievably fast.

It was so quick that the two involved in the process didn't have time to react. Everything was settled in a flash, as if every person in the office had dropped everything to cater to their needs.

Diana was slightly confused as she held the certificate confirming her divorce.

Julian was currently surrounded by some senior management; it was obvious that he had informed them in

advance that he would be here.

Her grip on her certificate grew tighter as the minutes passed. Had he really been...

That impatient to leave her?

Diana had once thought that as long as she got a divorce and held this proof in her hand, she would be freed from her love and hatred for Julian and wouldn't care about how he had dealt with Kayla. Perhaps she would also...stop thinking about how their failure as parents had caused their babies to leave the world so painfully.

At this moment, they were really divorced.

However, Diana didn't feel any joy, nor did she forget about the grief of losing her children. She didn't even feel that she had gotten her revenge, nor was there any relief in her.

Instead, it felt like someone had turned her heart into a sponge that absorbed all water, and only by crying would the liquid be released.

Diana put away her certificate carefully and left the bureau alone, heading to buy a headstone.

Her babies had been placed in the cemetery, but no monument had been erected yet.

She decided she would fix that today.

While ordinary headstones were greenish–gray, Diana didn't want to use such a cold color for her babies. Instead, she chose a soft yellow headstone. She hoped they would always be able to feel the warmth and regret of a mother's heart.

The store owner said that since it was a unique color, Diana would need to wait for a while. As she wasn't in a hurry, she agreed and waited at the entrance.

Her mind was completely blank.

It seemed that after ensuring the divorce was complete, she could no longer think about anything else to do.

For now, it was just a matter of waiting for the headstone to be completed.

“Miss, what words would you like to be carved on the stone?”

The store owner was almost done, and only needed to carve the required words on it.

Diana considered it for a moment, then asked, “Could I carve it myself?”

The store owner nodded. “As long as you don't mind how the finished product will look, that's no problem at all.”

“That's fine.”

Her babies had been so young and hadn't even learned to read yet. She knew they wouldn't blame her even if her carvings were ugly.



Diana smiled mischievously, feeling like she had interacted with her babies for a moment before saying, " Give it to me, then."

She took the tools from the store owner, and he guided her through the process. Diana listened patiently, but when it was actually time to carve the words, she suddenly didn't know what to write.

She stood staring at the headstone in a daze for a long time, until the laser pointer in her hand became a little hot. Gradually, she returned to her senses and slowly carved two names: Aster and Star.

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Those were the names Julian had given their babies.

In the future, Diana's path would never cross with Julian's again, and they would only move further from each other. They would never have children together again.

So, she would let these two names remain on this headstone.

It wasn't only in memory of their two children, but also of the time when she loved Julian.

The store owner looked at it and gently reminded her, "Miss, you still need to carve the words 'grave'..."

Before he could finish his words, he saw the elegant but pale and fragile woman seemingly turning into a butterfly that might fly away at any moment, and he couldn't continue anymore.

Instead, he said, "My sincere condolences."

No matter who it was that had gone from the world, those who were alive must live on.

Diana understood the logic in it, but after carving the name of her babies, she thought about the divorce certificate in her bag and could no longer control her tears from pouring out.

Her heart ached terribly, but there was no one she could talk to about this pain.

“That’s enough. This is fine,” Diana said in a trembling voice as she tried to hold back her remaining tears. They were still so little, so I don’t want their headstone to be too heavy.”

The sadness wafting from her was obvious.

The store owner seemed to understand, as he didn’t press further and simply muttered, “I’m so sorry for your loss.”

Diana didn’t say anything, but nodded gently in response.

When she arrived at the cemetery, it was already past noon. Despite the time, Diana didn’t feel hungry. So, she sat next to the grave after she had set everything up.

Her mind was clearly blank, and she wasn’t thinking of anything. When she looked at the names on the stone, a bitter feeling rose in her heart, and tears again spilled from her eyes.

Aster, Star...

This was her first pregnancy, and the first time she had twins...

She wanted to blame Luke, but the man was dead.

She wanted to blame Kayla, but it seemed that it was impossible.

Even though Julian knew about the drugging, he had protected Kayla as he had always done. He hadn’t said a word against her.

Julian had even defended Kayla, saying that her plan had failed.

Ultimately, the blame was placed on the quality and health of the embryos and the stress they had caused themselves.

How great was it to never be wrong in one’s life, just like Kayla?

Fine. Diana would blame Julian for lying to her for three years, for changing her fertility pills, for having spoken harshly about the babies she carried, and...

For never loving her.

Yet, all of it was now pointless.

Diana and Julian had already divorced.

Diana caressed the headstone she had erected, and the pain in her heart intensified to an unbearable point.

She had no one to blame but herself.

It was her fault for loving Julian, and it was her fault that...

"I'm sorry," Diana whispered as she looked at the headstone.

She could hardly contain the various feelings in her heart, and simply sat there until the sky turned dark.

Later, she saw someone selling alcohol on the roadside, so she went over and bought a few bottles to drink.

When Madam Fulcher didn't hear from Julian or Diana for a long time after they had left the hospital, she called Julian.

Julian broke out in cold sweat when he heard his grandmother's question.

"What? She didn't return to the hospital?"

"No," Madam Fulcher said, suspicion lacing her voice. "She didn't pick up my call, and I couldn't reach her."

Julian grew anxious upon hearing her words. "Don't worry. We went our own ways after leaving the bureau. I'm going to look for her now."

How was Madam Fulcher expected not to worry after hearing what her grandson had said?

She immediately tore into Julian for his carelessness. Things were already at this point, yet he still didn't know how to properly keep an eye on Diana?!

"You deserve Diana divorcing you! If anything happens to her, don't ever come to see me again!" Madam Fulcher roared.

After she hung up, she quickly dispatched her own people to look for Diana.

On his side, Julian also didn't dawdle. He quickly pulled up the surveillance around the Civil Affairs Bureau and began speculating where Diana had gone.

"Find her! Even if you have to dig Richburgh to the ground, I want her found within the hour!"

If Diana was once again in danger, Julian really couldn't take it anymore.

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In fact, from this day on, those who were observant would realize that Julian had become softer compared to the past.

No one would know that it was due to a woman.

Now that Julian had a weakness, he hoped to have fewer enemies so that Diana would be in less danger.

In that way, at least Julian wouldn't worry that something had happened to her when she suddenly went missing.

After an hour, Noel reported in and said, "Sir, we've searched all of downtown. We even went to places Miss Winnington usually frequented, but she wasn't there. We even contacted Miss Nina, but we still can't find her."

Couldn't find her?

Julian thought about her mental state, and his heart fell in a mess. He had been careless and negligent. He had assumed that Diana had hurriedly left the bureau to rush back to Madam Fulcher's side. He hadn't expected her to disappear...

Where the hell would she go?

Had she run into a bad guy like Luke, or was it that she couldn't get over her desire to be reunited with the babies...

The babies!

Julian's eyes lit up, a place immediately flashing to his mind as he ordered Noel, "To the cemetery!"

The cemetery where the babies had been buried was on the outskirts of town!

It was sparsely populated, and surrounded by mountains and rivers. It had no cellphone signal and was in the middle of nowhere. It was also the place Diana had designated for their babies to rest in peace.

The two teams rushed over at once.

It was already very late, but Diana didn't feel afraid despite being alone in a cemetery at the late hour. However, there were a lot of empty alcohol bottles around her.

She looked like she was an empty shell, and she was obviously not thinking about anything. However, her eyes started to increasingly hurt as time passed.

When Julian found her, her eyes were swollen beyond recognition.

When Diana caught sight of Julian, she grinned widely and looked up.

"There you are! You're here again!" Diana chanted.

She was obviously smiling, but tears kept flowing down her face. She didn't stop pouring alcohol down her throat, and she looked like any other drunkard.

She had just gone through a miscarriage, and her body wouldn't withstand such a torment.

Julian was angry, but also distressed at her actions. He stepped forward and snatched the bottle from her hands.

"Stop drinking!"

"Huh?" Diana's eyes widened suddenly as surprise clouded her features.

"Oh... This Julian can talk!"

Julian was speechless. "...Are you drunk?"

"No!" Diana denied it with a shake of her head. "I'm not drunk. I just...don't feel really good..."

She actually...hadn't wanted to divorce him,

Yet, today, the deed was done.

Diana didn't want to be separated from Julian. She actually wanted to continue loving him, but... Thinking of how loving him would only bring her pain, that he had used her and only saw her as a substitute, and had even only reconciled with her because of their babies...

It was like a knife to her heart.

Now that the babies were gone...

"You must be elated to divorce me, right?" Diana asked Julian with swollen eyes, a clouded look in her gaze.

Julian was stunned.

What? How could he feel happy because of that?! He had only divorced her so that she wouldn't be depressed and miserable. He only did it to go along with her wishes to make her happy!

But now...

Instead of joy, he felt a heavier sadness in her.

Had he...been wrong?

When she brought up the divorce, he should have put his foot down vehemently and tried to keep her. He should have held her tightly in his arms, regardless of how shameless he would look, and begged her not to leave him!

"Dia-"

"Shh," Diana said, placing her hand on his mouth. "Don't talk."

How could an illusion speak?

Diana had seen plenty of hallucinations of him, but the only difference this time was that he was talking.

She wanted to control him!

Diana's hand slowly moved up and held Julian's head.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 369

“You have to remember to be sorry for me and also the babies. You have to...”

Diana began to cry as she spoke. “N–No. It’s not your fault! I know that. The biggest responsibility for the babies leaving is still mine!”

As she said that, she reached out and snatched the bottle of wine fiercely from Julian’s hand and took a quick swig.

She could no longer taste the pungent taste of the alcohol. She only felt the pain in her heart ebbing away when the liquid rushed down her throat, and she could also forget the torment she had experienced in the past few days.

In her hallucination, Julian would stare at her with those extremely affectionate eyes. He would be sad when she was hurt, and happy when she was joyful.

But in reality, Julian was not like that.

He was a man who defended Kayla even after their babies died, and a man...who Noel would want to continue serving.

Had Julian never thought about it? After what Mr. Carter and Kayla had done to her, how was Diana supposed to treat Noel like nothing had happened? How could he expect her not to want to rip Kayla to pieces?

But Julian had never given her a choice. He even acted as if none of those things had happened and ultimately blamed it on the poor development of the embryos, stating that there had been signs of miscarriage from the start.

It was her fault...

It was all her fault!

“I shouldn’t have loved you,” Diana slurred. “I shouldn’t have taken that blow for you, much less sought you. out on that rainy day...”

But...

If she could go back in time, she would still do it all again without hesitation.

Oh... Just what should she do?

She was so ridiculous!

Diana laughed through her tears, exhaling a gust of alcoholic breath on Julian's face as she laughed in his ear.

Julian was a clean freak, but didn't even twitch at her actions. Instead, he quietly crouched down and stared at her with his deep, mysterious eyes as he listened to her rambling.

Diana was also staring back at him.

Her hallucination this time seemed all too real...

Suddenly, she flung the bottle away to the side and threw herself at him.

"Sob, sob... I'm so hopeless, aren't I? When we first married, did you know how happy I was? If I could do it

all over, I'd still love you and take that blow for you. I'd still cross half the city to look for you on that rainy day when I couldn't reach you...!"

But what about her babies?

Her babies would still pass away on that day.

She didn't want that to happen again!

"Why couldn't we be a happy family together? Why couldn't I have been allowed to bring them into this world without any problems? Why...why do you refuse to love me..."

Julian listened to her cries, feeling like a knife was stabbing into his heart and twisting ruthlessly at every word that spilled from her lips.

"I didn't refuse to love you."

On the contrary, he loved her so very much.

He loved her so much that he even chose her over his savior, Kayla. He loved her so much that he felt suffocated at the thought of her leaving.

However, he had said he loved her so many times, yet she had never believed him.

And that was what made Julian feel the most powerless.



Diana's cries grew louder.

She refused to stop, no matter how much he tried to comfort or coax her. It was as if Diana wanted to flush out all the pain in her heart by crying it out.

Julian's heart tightened painfully.

He had always been a man of a steel heart and didn't shed tears, but recently, he had consistently been walking around with reddened eyes.

Julian's gaze gradually shifted to the headstone next to them. It looked unique as it was a soft yellow color instead of the usual dull gray, and it stood out in the darkness. The words on it were crooked, but the sincerity behind the carvings was obvious.

"Aster... Star..."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 370

Julian looked up and felt the ache in his heart deepen. He gazed at the sky, hoping that it would keep his tears from spilling out.

He placed his hand gently on Diana's back and patted her.

"Look up in the sky, Diana. They're watching us from above."

Diana refused to move. Her mind was numb.

It was as if her mind had split into several people. One was cursing Kayla, another was condemning Mr. Carter, another was cursing Julian, and the last was cursing herself.

"You're an idiot. An idiot!"

Diana answered her inner thoughts out loud, "Yes. I'm an idiot. I was the one who failed my babies. I shouldn't have been sad during my pregnancy, and I shouldn't have been so slow to notice that something was wrong with Mr. Carter..."

After saying that, she suddenly pushed Julian away and pulled out her divorce certificate.

“Look at this!” Diana said, seemingly to empty air. “I’m divorced, so I won’t be sad anymore. I won’t be stupid anymore...so will you return my babies to me? If I could turn back time and have them back, I would’ve left Richburgh the first chance I got. I’d leave to a place where no one can find us, and bring them into the world peacefully...”

Her eyes were so swollen, and she could barely see out of it. Despite that, tears filled her eyes again, and her entire face looked puffed up.

“If they can’t find us... If they can’t...that would be great. My babies and I would be safe...”

There was so much regret in her voice.

The intention to talk her down instantly vanished from Julian’s heart.

He was also blaming himself.

He blamed himself for not being able to protect the woman he loved and his children.

“So, the divorce really was a way to be free for you,” Julian muttered as he hugged her. He didn’t ask her to look

up into the sky again and said gently, “Aster and Star are watching us. They’re seeing how bad of a father and husband I am.”

And at the grave of their children, Julian finally shed a tear.

Diana was still caught up in her drunken world, so Julian didn’t get any response from her. That didn’t anger him. He simply continued patting her back, and slowly massaged her stomach. He hoped she wouldn’t feel too bad after drinking so much.

In the darkness of the night, Diana cried as Julian listened.

After an unknown amount of time, Diana’s emotions finally settled down a little.

The weather was cool, and a breeze blew past.

Julian was afraid she might catch a cold, so he forcibly picked her up and tried to walk out.

But when Diana sensed his movement and how she was being moved away, she quickly grabbed onto the headstone.

“I’m not leaving! I want to stay with my babies!”

Diana was going to stay here with them for the rest of her life!

It wasn’t like she had anything left, anyway. Her home, husband, and children were all gone. She might as well stay here and perish with them.

“Diana,” Julian said with a sigh. He tried to pry her hands off the headstone, but she wouldn’t relent.

Julian knelt on the ground and tried to persuade her, “Grandma’s still waiting for you at the hospital. Don’t you want to see her and reassure her that you’re fine?”

Grandma...

The word seemed to invoke a warm feeling inside her.

“Grandma...” Diana murmured. “But...she’s not my grandma anymore...”

Diana was already divorced.

She had shamelessly taken the company’s shares but then had lost her babies, the great-grandchildren that Grandma had been longing for...

Even though Madam Fulcher had assured Diana it was alright, Diana knew that the older woman had held back her own pain and comforted her. However, the better Madam Fulcher treated her, the more guilty Diana felt.

She didn’t deserve such a kind elderly woman...

There was still some wine left in the bottle, and Diana picked it up and drank it. Then, she looked at Julian steadily and said, “You seem so real...”

Julian smiled. “That’s because I’m real.”

Diana’s full attention was on him after she heard his words.

“That’s great! Can I make a wish?”

“What is it?”

“I actually want you to favor me for once...” Diana’s eyes were red, and she looked like a wounded rabbit. ” Can you give Kayla to me and let me deal with her?”

In the end, her miscarriage was inextricably linked to Kayla.

She simply wanted...to ask for justice from him.