

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 371-380

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 371

"That's not possible."

Julian has his reasons for that. One, Kayla's crime didn't warrant her death and she had already gotten the punishment she deserved. Two, Julian didn't want Diana to dwell too much on the loss of their children, let alone dirty her hands all because of Kayla.

So instead, he dealt with the issue on his own as soon as he discovered it.

He never expected Diana to think that he had done so because it was a matter of who was favored.

"I knew it..."

Even the man in her drunken hallucination refused to favor her just once. Worse, he wasn't willing to get justice for her and her babies.

Diana raised her hand to smack him away angrily.

But no matter how much she hit him, this illusion of hers was terribly stubborn and refused to leave her sight.

After a while, she got tired of hitting him and needed a break.

"You're drunk," Julian said, taking the chance to grab her flailing hands and pulling her into his arms again. His eyes were filled with pain as he continued, "Stop thinking about all this nonsense, okay?"

Kayla, Mr. Carter, and everything else that was in her mind... None of those things were as important as her returning to her normal life.

However, Diana was devastated.

She couldn't understand any of Julian's actions, and she could only see them as him defending Kayla and not wanting the woman to get hurt.

"Then, what about Mr. Carter?" Diana hissed through clenched teeth. "How the hell did you deal with him?"

She didn't even dare to say she wanted to deal with him.

She was certain he would refuse again.

She couldn't accept that she and the babies were worth even less than the older man.

"I don't know," Julian replied. "I asked Noel to handle it."

The two were father and son, after all. Noel still had to work for him, so Julian didn't ask about how Noel had handled the matter.

However, he was certain that Noel would handle it to his satisfaction.

That was the trust and tacit understanding Julian and Noel had cultivated over the many years of working together.

A son was not their father.

"Haha..." Diana laughed a little madly. There was even snot on her face, but Julian didn't think it was

disgusting when he looked at her. He simply used his coat to wipe it off her face.

Diana didn't hesitate to blow her nose as hard as possible on the material before rubbing her face against him, and Julian heard her murmuring, "I knew this was fake... He didn't get angry even though I dirtied his clothes..."

That meant the conversation between them was also fake.

When Diana thought about it, it was quite ridiculous. Forget about how he favored Kayla, but even Mr. Carter?

That was outrageous! She couldn't believe it!

She didn't believe that she was so low on his priority!

But then, why did it hurt so much? It was as if everything that happened was real, and she was the one who refused to believe that her position in his heart was so low...

"Asshole!" Diana suddenly shouted and shot to her feet.

Since Julian was fake and just an illusion, she would take this opportunity to keep beating him and vent her anger!

So, by the time Julian managed to carry Diana out of the cemetery, his hair had been pulled into a terrible

mess, there were scratches on his face, both large and small, and he looked severely beaten up.

Noel looked alarmed at Julian's state, and he stepped forward to take Diana from Julian's arms.

"S-Sir...?"

Julian simply looked up with a sharp gaze and said, "It's fine. I'll manage."

As he said that, he carefully bent down and placed her in the car like she was a precious treasure. He didn't let go of her hand during the entire process or cared about the injuries he had sustained.

As Noel watched, he suddenly realized that he was wrong.

Even though Julian and Diana were divorced, her position in his heart remained unchanged. She would remain the Fulcher family's mistress, and Julian wouldn't even care about how she had practically assaulted him.

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Noel was horrified at himself after the realization hit him. He was thankful he hadn't reached out to touch.

Diana, or he would have...

Would his hands still be attached to his body if he had done so?

Noel broke out in cold sweat, but he quickly got inside the car and started the engine.

"Where to, sir?"

"The hospital," Julian replied, his brows furrowing deeply.

He looked at Diana, who was shifting restlessly in his arms. He rolled down the window, watching as the bright yellow headstone got further and further away as the car moved.

“She hasn’t recovered from her miscarriage, and Grandma made some appointments for her recovery that’d be better for her to receive in the hospital and not the residence.”

“Understood.”

When they arrived at the hospital, Madam Fulcher, who Julian had long since updated, had yet to leave. When she caught sight of them, she was relieved.

“I’ll go home for now,” Madam Fulcher said, looking at Diana before shifting her gaze to Julian’s sorry state. She couldn’t help but chuckle ruefully. “You better take good care of her. She’s worth it.”

Madam Fulcher had never been wrong about people.

Diana was much better than Kayla.

“Take care on your way back,” Julian said.

”

He didn’t dare leave Diana alone in the suite, and he added, “If you want to visit your great–grandchildren, just go to the cemetery. Diana erected a monument. It’s yellow.”

Madam Fulcher had initially not planned to go. She was already so old, and couldn’t bear the pain of sending off her great–grandchildren at this age.

But at this moment, after hearing Julian’s words about Diana erecting a yellow headstone for them, her mood suddenly brightened.

“Alright. I’ll go and see them when I have time soon and send them off.”

She would pray that they would still be able to be Diana’s children in their next life.

She was positive Diana would make a great mother.

Definitely.

After Madam Fulcher left the hospital with a lighter heart, Julian started to help Diana clean up.

They both had some vomit on them, so he decided they both needed a change of clothes. As a result, he had an easy time changing his clothes, but Diana's was a problem.

When he touched her a little, she covered herself like an octopus and hit him.

"Get lost!"

He was just an illusion! How dare he try to remove her clothes?

Was she so shameless that she wanted skin contact with a hallucination?!

The angrier Diana was, the harder she hit Julian. Before long, Julian's arms were red and throbbing.

"Oh my god," Julian groaned in exasperation and knelt at the edge of the bed. "Will you stop it?"

She would wake up in a terrible state if she went to sleep like this. He needed to help her get clean, and get some soup in her that was good for her stomach and internal organs before he dared let her sleep.

However...

Diana was trying her best to open her swollen eyes.

"No!"

This "fake" Julian was staying by her side during her suffering and even taking care of her.

It was so nice to have such an illusion...

She let herself fall on the bed and stared up at the ceiling blankly, unknown thoughts running through her mind.

Julian hurriedly reached over to help her change, seeing that she had settled down.

However, Diana smirked as though he had fallen for her trick and straightened up suddenly and threw up all over him.

There was filth everywhere.

An unpleasant smell also lingered in the air, but Julian was still not angry.

He calmly grabbed some tissues and wiped his face before looking at Diana with a pained expression, "It must be hard since this is the first time you've drunk so much, right?"

"It is..." Diana croaked as she looked up, revealing her red and swollen eyes. "It hurts so much..."

She repeated the words under her breath as she took his hand and laid it on her heart before moving it to her stomach, where her babies once rested.

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After saying that, Diana shoved Julian away roughly.

"You stink! So smelly! Stay away from me!"

Shocked by her drastic mood swing, Julian could only sigh and clean himself up before returning to her side. But this time, he was forceful in his attempts to help her change.

"You stink too."

Once he cleaned her up, he could help her soothe her stomach. Then, he would stay by her side and get some rest.

In the state she was in, she wouldn't be able to lie down peacefully.

However, Diana was extremely stubborn.

"I stink? Haha... How could a fake like you say that to me?"

As she said that, Diana raised a hand to slap Julian again. Although there wasn't much strength behind her blow, the sound of skin hitting skin echoed out loud in the room.

Diana was stunned. "How can an illusion feel so real?"

Julian suddenly came closer to her face, then placed a hand over her hand that was on his face to squeeze his face.

“Do you feel this?”

Diana nodded dumbly. “Yes...”

“I’m real. I’m not an illusion,” Julian said, concluding the fact. Then he pointed to the mess in the room and said, “Now, you’ll work with me and change out of your dirty clothes, okay?”

After hearing his words, Diana was suddenly very aware of the unpleasant smell in the room. Instantly, her face scrunched up, and she felt like throwing up again.

Julian hurriedly put his hand to her lips, afraid she would dirty herself again.

He had taken care of Diana before, but he had never dealt with such a filthy scene.

Come to think of it, many firsts in his life had been given to her.

And all of them had been given willingly.

Diana noticed his gentle and warm eyes. Then, she noticed their state and position, and a sense of uneasiness came over her, and she pushed his hand away.

“You don’t have to do this for me. We’re already divorced.”

Since they were divorced, they had nothing to do with each other anymore.

There was even less need for Julian to care for her like this.

It was clear that Diana was setting boundaries, and Julian felt his heart turn cold at the look in her eyes.

“Diana...”

Surprisingly, Julian was at a loss for words at this moment, and he didn’t know what to say.

Diana was blaming him.

She blamed him for what happened to their children.

Julian also blamed himself.

However, the fact was that it had already happened, and there was nothing they could do but accept it.

But what made it harder for him to accept was that the person Diana blamed the most was herself. Otherwise, she wouldn't have tortured herself by drinking herself into this state.

The thought gave Julian a dull pain in his chest, like a thorn was consistently poking his heart. He didn't say a word as he cleaned up the filth, threw out the mess, and then quickly took out new sheets and covers to change.

His actions were easy and smooth the whole time, and it looked like he had done this a thousand times. His movements were completely devoid of the arrogant and dignified CEO that he was.

While Diana had been in a coma, Julian had gotten used to doing these things.

He hadn't let anyone else take over her care back then either.

The same was true now.

Diana was his woman. He needed to do these things personally for her.

To Diana's astonishment, after he cleaned up everything, he came over with a towel to wipe her face and rinse her mouth without any explanation.

Diana was tempted to avoid his hands many times, but the look in his eyes stopped her, and she didn't dare to struggle as he cleaned her face.

This man...the majestic and superior air around him was not a joke to be trifled with.

"So tell me," Julian said, coming over with scissors in hand. "Will you change your dirty clothes yourself, or do you want me to cut them off and change them for you?"

...I'll do it on my own," Diana replied.



She had already sobered up some, and wasn't as drunk as before.

"Hmm."

Julian turned around to give her some privacy to change.

Once she was done changing, Julian wiped her hands, feet, face, and neck with a towel again."

"This is weird," Diana said as she lay on the bed, looking up at the chandelier on the ceiling.

The wind blew outside the window, causing the chandelier to sway gently.

Diana felt that the swaying accurately represented her mood right now; floating, insecure, and not knowing where she would land once the wind died down.

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Diana repeated the statement, "We're divorced."

Once a couple divorced, they should keep a distance and not be in the strange circumstance Julian and she were in at the moment.

Julian heard her repeat the same words, and he couldn't help but clench his fist tightly. His lean, sharp jawline tensed and loosened a few times before he finally asked, "Do you still love me?"

Diana choked, and her face turned redder than before. She couldn't help but retract her hand from his hold.

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Why would a divorced couple talk about whether they loved each other?

However, Julian didn't let up and reached out to turn her face to his. Meeting her eyes, he asked again, Diana, do you still love me?"

Up close, Julian was startlingly good-looking. In particular, the demeanor of his body made it easy to get lost in it.

He was like an addiction, one that didn't belong to Diana.

She couldn't let herself get hooked.

Diana averted her eyes and said, "No. Not anymore."

Then she added in a soft voice, as if asking him but also herself, "If there's still love, why would I be so determined to get a divorce?"

Her heart had been broken far too much.

That was all.

"I also have questions for you," Diana said, not giving Julian a chance to open his mouth and asking what she had been holding in her heart for a long time.

"During the time when the babies were growing safely in my belly, the words you said to me, the confessions you made... In a score of ten out of ten, did you at least have a five in sincerity?"

"...I told you a long time ago that me making up with you had nothing to do with the babies. They were like icing on the cake, but were in no way a key factor of keeping us together."

His words were so sure and true...

Yet his choices and actions always contradicted his words and broke her heart.

Diana asked stubbornly, "How many points?"

Julian was now visibly upset. "Diana, why won't you believe me?"

"Why won't you answer me?"

Diana was already in low spirits. She had suffered so much because she had been a stand-in, and now, she had lost her babies for too many reasons.

She only wanted a straight answer from him. Why wouldn't he give her even this?!

Tears filled her eyes filled with tears, bearing countless grief and disappointment.

Julian looked heartbroken, but he deeply understood that Diana was repeatedly questioning his feelings because the root cause was that she had no trust in him.

Yet, he obviously loved her so much.

Why wouldn't she come out from the past and take a look at their present?

What exactly was she afraid of?

Julian studied her red and swollen eyes, and his heart welled up with a strange feeling.

"Feel it," Julian said into her ear as he leaned forward. "Feel how sincere I am."

With that said, the man cupped her face and pressed his lips against hers.

Diana's first thought was to escape, but she couldn't break free from his grip.

Then, she started to slap him frantically.

"Mmph...!"

She wanted him to stop!

This wasn't the answer she was looking for!

But for Julian, there was no more honest answer than bodily actions.

She was clearly holding back from responding.

Julian had clearly lost control, and dearly wished that he could devour her where she stood.

But rational thoughts had not wholly left him, and he knew that Diana's body couldn't handle those kinds of activity now, so he loosened his hold.

Diana seized the opportunity to bite his lips and yelled furiously, "Get away!"

There was a fierce look in her eyes, and she felt ashamed of her subconscious reaction. The drunkenness in her mind had dissipated, and she shot the man before her a cold glare.

“Were you trying to prove your sincerity with that kiss?”

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What was the point of that?

“Have you forgotten? When you loved me as Kayla in those three years, we shared so many kisses and even had a baby together! But that didn’t stop the fact that I wasn’t the one in your mind.”

Diana stated the truth in a ruthless and cruel manner.

“Julian, we shouldn’t lie to ourselves. Just admit that I’m simply a stand-in in your heart, and that Kayla’s more important to you than me.”

This was the fundamental reason she had insisted on the divorce.

The only way to get away from Kayla was to get away from Julian, and only by staying away from them would she be free from the conflict in her life.

That was the only way...to stay away from the pain of losing her babies.

If not, every time she saw him, she would think about how her love for him had been one-sided all this while, and trusting him was the very reason she had lost her babies.

Diana was too ashamed to face them in this state.

She still couldn’t save their lives, even if she regretted it to death.

“Let me go,” Diana said, taking a tissue and wiping off the traces of him that were on her lips. “Julian... I’m tired.”

Under the dim light, Diana looked so helpless and worn down. She looked like she had fallen into a lone boat in a whirlpool and couldn’t find shore, much less have another lifeline to grab on..

She was the only one who could save herself.

All Julian could do was give her time and support her silently.

To make it that far, Julian would have to completely accept the fact that they were divorced, but such a thing would tear his heart open.

Despite that, he knew he had to agree.

“Alright. I’ll let you go,” Julian said. “Since we’re divorced, we should do as you say and mind our own business.”

With that said, he returned the towel to the table and said, “Take care of yourself.”

Her red and swollen eyes seemed to turn damp again, and she could only look up in hopes that her tears wouldn’t fall again.

“Yes. Don’t worry about me, Mr. Fulcher.”

Until the door closed behind him, Diana still couldn’t figure out why she still harbored deep feelings for him despite suffering so much when she had been with him.

When she got the divorce certificate, she didn’t feel that the separation had sunk in. But at this moment, she finally understood there was no going back.

The divorce certificate was proof that two people had divorced, and no longer had anything to do with each other.

Diana didn’t have to hate Julian anymore for favoring Kayla over her, let alone...expect him to return her love.

After this, she and Julian would only drift further apart.

It was like someone had taken a tweezer and pulled the hairs on her body out one by one. The pain was so apparent and spread over her entire body, but she was powerless to fight it and let it slowly invade all her senses.

Then, she silently told herself...

That this would soon pass.

Whether it was the pain of losing her babies, or the pain of leaving Julian and deciding to stop loving him, or no longer anticipating suffering...

All of it would pass.

She would have her life back and be better off than when Julian was in her life.

Julian didn't leave.

After leaving the hospital room, he stood in the doorway and listened to the suppressed sobs coming from Diana's room. He leaned heavily against the door frame, feeling helpless.

He couldn't bear to leave.

He dearly wanted to hold her, tell her to cry if she wanted to, and laugh if she was happy. But with their babies gone, he didn't feel he had the right to do so.

Even his sincerity had turned into a bucket of lies.

She didn't believe that he loved her, and that in the three years they were together...

Diana was never once a substitute.

Julian had simply mistaken his feelings, and thought he had seen Diana as Kayla.

But in reality, Kayla was her own person, and so was Diana.

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In regards to Diana and Kayla, Julian behaved completely differently toward either.

However, he could no longer say these words to Diana.

Because she didn't believe him.

Because she had told him to let her go.

Because they...had already received their divorce certificates.

For a split second, Julian wanted to rush back into the room and tell her that he didn't want to break up. He wanted to tell her that he wanted to return to the time when they were still married, that he wanted her to stay in the villa and hoped she would stay by his side...

Even so, he didn't dare to.

He would only cause her stress by being near her.

Diana cried for about an hour before finally stopping. Julian pressed harder against the door to listen carefully, and heard the sound of running water coming from inside. Based on that, he guessed that Diana had gone to take a shower.

He was afraid she would slip and fall after drinking so much.

He hurriedly looked for the caregiver and nutritionist that Madam Fulcher had assigned to Diana, and got them to come over to check on Diana's condition under the guise of communicating with Diana.

"Everything's fine," the nutritionist said. "Before coming out, we gave Miss Winnington some soup for her hangover, so please rest assured."

"Alright," Julian said with a nod. He then corrected the nutritionist, "Call her Mrs. Fulcher."

Miss Winnington? No! He doesn't even want her title to be cut off..

The nutritionist was obviously stunned, but nonetheless replied, "Understood, sir."

Julian then left.

Diana had actually heard him all the while. The soundproofing of the door to the ward wasn't very good, and with the nutritionist's presence at this hour, she knew that someone keeping an eye on her had called the nutritionist.

Yet, she didn't understand.

"Why would a man who didn't love me care so much about me? Why would a man who didn't love me, and could even ignore the departure of his babies from the world, who turned on me and protected another woman and his housekeeper... Why would he act reluctant to part from our marriage?"

Nina was confused by Diana's sudden call.

"Did you have a fight with Julian, Diana?"

"No," Diana replied, shaking her head. "What's there to fight about when we're already divorced?"

They had simply drawn a line between them, but Julian kept acting strangely, constantly giving her the impression that he loved her very much.

But how was that possible?

He had clearly once again chosen Kayla over her.

Diana told Nina everything she had asked Julian at the cemetery.

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“I was dazed and confused at that time, and I didn’t feel sad. I just thought it was expected then. But now that I’m sober, I feel like someone dug my heart out and left an empty hole in place.”

“It’s no surprise that he didn’t want to give up Kayla, though.” Nina’s voice was filled with disappointment.” But why would he spare even Mr. Carter? Even though many factors caused what happened to the babies, you probably would’ve discovered the abnormality at your next checkup. If it hadn’t been for what Kayla and Mr. Carter did, it would have been so early...”

And that was the part that Diana minded the most.

“But he wouldn’t punish them, nor hand them over to me!” Diana laughed bitterly. “When I mentioned Kayla, he kept his mouth shut as if he was afraid of what I might do to her.”

Nina felt her anger climb higher as she listened.

“That scumbag! He brought up divorce back then because of Kayla! It’s good you’ve divorced him! I’ll help you find a better man one day!”

A better man...

Was there a better man than Julian in this world?

Even if he didn’t love her, even if he had been so excessive, so biased, she still...didn’t think that he was fully in the wrong.

The biggest flaw he had was that he didn’t love her, and along with that...meant that he hadn’t loved their babies very much either.

The joy of conceiving the babies had been one-sided on her end, after all.



Eventually, she would no longer have a bias toward him, and...even her love would gradually disappear.

Diana looked at the divorce certificate she had just received today, and the scissors he had left in her ward before leaving. She also recalled the domineering and eager kiss he had given her not too long ago and suddenly felt uneasy again.

“Nina, do you think I’m worthless? I’ve disappointed my babies.”

Even if she was now divorced and appeared more determined than ever on the surface, she knew deep in her heart that it was impossible for her to hate Julian to the bone immediately.

Before Nina could answer, Diana muttered, “To the babies, I am a sinner.”

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A sinner had to atone for their sins.

“Don’t worry,” Diana continued. “From now on, I’ll really draw a line with Julian.”

Whether Julian loved Kayla or Diana, none of it had anything to do with Diana anymore. ctually, when Diana recovered her strength, she would definitely collect on the debt that was owed to her babies!

It was the first time Diana had gotten drunk, so she was in a daze when she woke up the next morning. She lay in bed blankly for a while before she got up. After washing up, she went

This was a new ward she was in. Even though they called it a ward, it was more of an area in the hospital that had been sectioned off.

It was made to look like a hotel, and the people living here were all wealthy. There were all sorts of food and drinks available.

It was more like a vacation rather than a hospital stay.

Madam Fulcher had booked a place for Diana here to recuperate.

Upon recalling this, Diana hurriedly called Madam Fulcher and told the latter about how she had gotten drunk, and apologized for not seeing her last night.

Madam Fulcher laughed. "It's fine, I can understand. Make sure to rest well. Once you recover, come see me with Julian, and I'll be satisfied."

See her with Julian...

However, they were divorced.

Diana wanted to remind Madam Fulcher of this, but she held back when thinking about the older woman's kind face.

There was no need to be too blunt about some things as long as she herself knew where the boundaries lay.

"Okay."

Diana would visit Madam Fulcher, but definitely not with her ex-husband.

She was about to hang up when she turned and bumped into someone.

"Oliver?" Diana exclaimed in surprise and amazement. "Why are you here?"

"My dad's hospitalized here," Oliver said in a helpless tone. "Even though we're not on good terms, he pressured the hospital's dean and insisted I come here every day."

With that out of the way, he asked Diana, "And you?"

"I'm also hospitalized here," Diana shrugged with feigned indifference, then gestured to her belly. "Vans should've told you already that the babies are no more."

Oliver's eyes widened drastically. It was obvious he hadn't heard from Vans, and was only learning of this news now.

"I once made you suffer through a beating from Julian for them," Diana said. Fearing that the atmosphere would become too heavy, she deliberately tried to lighten it up. "I was going to have them call you uncle when they were born, but I guess that won't happen..."

Even at this juncture, she was still in the mood to joke.

Oliver's eyes were filled with pain, but he glanced around before asking, "Where's Julian?"

At a woman's most vulnerable moment, how could her husband not be around to comfort her?

"We've divorced," Diana said flatly, as if she were simply recounting what she had eaten today.

But to Oliver, her words were an earth-shattering explosion that had been set off right beside his ear.

What? Diana was divorced?!

Knowing it wasn't the time to talk about feelings, Oliver still opened his mouth and said, "Fanny and I aren't a couple. We're siblings."

When he finished speaking, he leaned over and whispered in Diana's ear, "Get some rest, okay? I'll see you tomorrow."

Diana was speechless. Somehow, it felt like something had changed in that short moment.

Yet, she couldn't grasp what exactly it was.

Only after Oliver had turned and almost disappeared from her sight did she abruptly return to her senses.

"You and Fanny don't even have the same surname! How could you be...siblings?"

However, Oliver was already far away from her and could no longer hear her question.

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Diana was curious, so she took a few steps in Oliver's direction.

This was what Julian happened to see, and he was furious.

"Diana!"

Julian walked up the stairs with a dark face and stopped before her, sandwiches and milk in hand.

"What's the meaning of this?"

Julian was much too imposing, and it caused Diana to back up continuously until she hit a corner.

“What on earth are you talking about?”

“You and Oliver!”

Julian was holding a plate of sandwiches, and his hands were visibly shaking. After taking care of her last night, he had gone to buy ingredients suitable for her current diet to make her favorite sandwiches in the restaurant here early this morning.

Yet, what about them?

Julian took a deep breath, possessiveness filling his eyes as he demanded, “Why are you chasing after other men so early in the morning?”

Even though there was nothing wrong with his tone, Diana still gritted her teeth when she heard him.

“Seriously?”

Chasing men? Diana had only wanted to catch up to Oliver to ask him about his relationship with Fanny.

“Here I was, afraid that you would be upset. But you aren’t at all, are you? As soon as another man appears, you can’t wait to leave everything behind, right?”

Julian knew there was little chance of anything happening between Diana and Oliver at this moment, but he couldn’t help but say, “Did Oliver play a part in your divorce from me? If he were a factor, we’d get our marriage reinstated immediately!”

“Julian, there’s something wrong with your brain, isn’t there?!” Diana was so angry she wanted to bash his head, and she tried, but her short, slender hands only reached his shoulders, and she gave up after a while.

As she hit him, flashes of her drunken episode from last night floated into her mind.

She peered closer at Julian’s face, and....

“Was it me who left those scratches on your face?”

“No.” Julian suddenly smiled when she brought that up, his attitude changing immediately. “A naughty kitten did it.”

Diana was speechless, but it seemed to have nothing to do with her.

Was there a problem with her memories?

Why did it feel like she had been the one to scratch him...?

But since Julian wouldn't admit it, Diana wouldn't make a peep about it.

Regardless, she returned to the previous topic.

“Even if I wanted to go after Oliver, it's none of your business! You're just my ex-husband now, Mr. Fulcher. It doesn't matter who I'm with or why we divorced. What matters most is that we lost two babies, and we're now divorced. You have no right to meddle in any of my affairs.”

The words “ex-husband” stung Julian hard.

The wounds on his face seemed to flare in pain following that, and it was impossible to ignore the stinging.

He frowned and suddenly said nonsensically, “Do I need a rabies shot since a cat scratched me?”

Diana was speechless, but Julian then looked at her seriously and said, “Eat your breakfast, then take me to get a shot.”

Then, Julian turned in the direction where he had last seen Oliver and said, “He won't come back to see you. His father will hold him in the hospital room all day today.”

“How do you know that?” Diana asked.

“I just know,” Julian said, waving his phone with a smug look. “I just happened to know his old man, you know?”

...Stay out of things between us.”

“What’s going on between you two?” Julian asked, still keeping her confined in the corner. He tried to stop himself from thinking about the word “ex–husband” and smiled broadly. “Are you going to fall in love soon? And then get married? Does he know that you divorced me for him?”

Diana flushed at his barrage of questions, and she took a vicious bite out of her sandwich, still in the man’s confines.

“You’re unbelievable!”

“Yeah. Since you know how I am, hurry up and eat, then take me to get my shot.”

Diana thought he had been joking, but to her surprise, he actually brought her to the animal clinic after she finished eating.

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“You can take a look around,” Julian said.

He was a head taller than Diana, and the two of them standing together made them look like the most adorable couple with big height differences. Because of this, many people kept looking their way.

Julian looked like he was enjoying himself as he deliberately pulled Diana into the crowd, pointing to several with cats inside. “If you like any of them, you can buy them today.”

Julian had read somewhere that these cute, furry animals could soothe the heart of a sad woman.

He had failed to save their babies, but he would do all he could to make her feel happy and comforted.

Like giving her the divorce and taking her to see little animals.

Even if she said she liked Oliver and wanted to chase after the latter, Julian probably could...plaster on a smile and help her until the two got together.

“I’m still hospitalized,” Diana pointed out, but her eyes were drawn to the cats.

Further down, there were also many dogs and cute, furry animals surrounding them. It made her heart warm with love.

“Where am I supposed to keep them in the hospital?”

“That’s okay,” Julian smiled. “I’ll bring it home to the villa first. You’ll see it once you recover and return.”

At these words, Diana fell silent again.

—

He feared Diana would once again remind him that they were divorced, and she shouldn’t return to the villa to stay with him any longer.

He wouldn’t give her a chance to say that, and so quickly turned away first.

“I’m going to meet the doctor administering the vaccination.”

Speaking of which, Diana hastily grabbed his sleeves, “It really wasn’t me who scratched your face?”

“No.”

But in truth, it was.

Julian just didn’t want her to feel guilty about it. He was also only going to ask about the vaccination and not really going to take it.

After he left, Diana breathed a sigh of relief before a silver–striped cat caught her eyes.

It was napping in a paper box, looking particularly content and well–behaved.

Diana cautiously reached over to pet its silky fur, but before she could, it lunged at her and was about to scratch her hand.

She tried to retract her hand, but her wrist was stuck in between the bars of the cage, and she couldn’t get free in the heat of the moment.

It looked like Diana would need to join Julian in getting a rabies vaccination.

But...

Diana had her eyes closed as she waited for the pain of getting scratched, but it didn't come. Instead, a large hand had closed on her wrist, holding it firmly out of harm's way.

Diana opened her eyes and froze, trailing up to meet the eyes of the hand's owner.

"J—Julian...?"

Hadn't he gone to ask about the vaccination?

How did he appear by her side so quickly?

"I'm already going to get the shot anyway," Julian said with a light tone as he carefully guided her to retract her hand from inside the cage. "It doesn't matter if I get scratched a few more times to make it worth it."

A man who earned hundreds of millions of dollars a day was actually talking about making a vaccination worth it by getting scratched a few more times, like getting a good supermarket deal...?

"Do you still want to pet it?" Julian asked after noticing her dumbfounded expression, and he couldn't help but grip her hand tighter. "I can hold your hand to do it if you want to."

"N—No, it's fine," Diana said, hurriedly pulling her hand out of his grip as if it burned.

She had already noticed that Julian was lying.

The scratches on his face were a little thicker than the ones on his hand. The depth of them was not the same either.

If she remembered correctly, she had scratched his face back on her drunken night in the cemetery.

However, she didn't dare ask him the reason for him being there.

It wouldn't be surprising that he went to see the babies and brought her back since he saw her there.

But...



If he missed the babies, why wouldn't he hand over Kayla to her?

It was just a matter of who had priority.

As a stand-in, Diana felt like her brain had been hard-wired into a long, complicated knot. Whenever she thought too deeply about something, her brain would hurt from how complex the knot in it was.

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Forget it.

Julian wouldn't place Diana as his first priority, anyway.

"You don't like it?" Julian asked when he noticed her frown. "Did I bring you to the wrong place? But...don't. all women like small animals?"

The only other woman Julian had by his side was Kayla. He had probably lied and brought Diana here to practice how he could make Kayla happy.

Thinking that she had once again become a substitute and even a test subject for him, Diana's face turned cold.

"Go and get your shot."

Diana was suddenly uninterested in these furry little animals.

Julian took one look at her expression, and knew at once he had said something wrong.

"I've never brought Kayla to such a place."

"Did I mention her?" Diana shot back, a rare aggressiveness in her tone. "What does it matter if you did or not?"

He'd still have other chances to bring Kayla here in the future, right?

There would be many more moments in their lives together, but Diana's time with Julian would end here.

Julian wanted to retort, but he swallowed the words when he saw how angry she looked.

Never mind.

He would get Noel to deliver flowers to her and lift her mood first. As for the explanation, they could talk about it later.

Seeing how Julian turned around without a word and headed into the consultation room to get his shot only served to convince her that she had been right, and her anger rose higher. Diana didn't understand why she would come here with her ex-husband.

She hadn't been paying attention, but now that she looked around, most of the people around her were obviously couples..

She must have lost her mind!

With a snort, Diana quickly pushed open the door of the animal clinic and fled like a refugee on the run.

By the time Julian came out and Noel had arrived with the flowers, turning the entrance of the animal clinic. into a sea of color, Diana was gone.

Julian's face turned as black as a raincloud. "Where is she?"

Noel gulped. "I haven't seen her since I arrived, sir."

Soon, the clinic pulled out their surveillance for Julian to watch. Julian clearly saw that after he went in for

the injection, the woman didn't even spare him a glance before leaving the place.

Wasn't she worried about him, even just a little?

As he wondered, his phone beeped, indicating that he had received a message.

[Ex-husband, you chase your woman, and I'll chase my man. We have nothing to do with each other, and our paths shouldn't cross. As for the babies, let's not bring them up anymore.]

Diana was still powerless to touch Kayla at this moment, but one day, she would make sure Kayla and Mr. Carter pay their dues.

Julian put away his phone and looked at the scratches on his face, his heart almost bursting with anger.

Bam!

Julian threw his phone on the ground.

“Send someone...” Julian said coldly, his sharp eyes on Noel. “To follow Oliver. Report to me if he makes contact with Diana!”

Julian wanted to see just how Diana intended to chase Oliver.

Noel asked meekly, “What about these flowers, sir?”

Julian glanced around calmly and said, “Throw them all away.

However, he was unaware that Kayla was watching. She was more or less recovered from the ordeal. From

the outside, it was hard to tell that Julian had tampered with her fertility.

She hid in the shadows, watching the cruel man, and her eyes looked as if they could spit fire.

So, he said he didn't love her, did he?