

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 421-430

### Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 421

After Julian returned home, he flew into a rage and smashed almost all the vases, antiques, and any other visible cutlery in the villa.

Every item around the villa...had traces of Diana in them.

They were filled with memories of their time together.

Noel stood at the side, listening to the crashing of glassware. He wanted to say something to stop Julian, but he didn't know where to start. He could only watch as Julian continued to smash everything in sight, at the same time anxiously calculating all the prices in his mind.

In the end, the price reached an amount that made him want to shed bitter tears.

When Julian raised the last plate in sight, Noel couldn't take it anymore and exclaimed, "Sir! That's ma'am's favorite china from her jade collection! It was the first gift you bought at an auction for her! You..."

Noel wasn't able to finish his sentence, as Julian's emotions visibly stabilized.

Her favorite... Diana's favorite...

He used to be her favorite too. Yet now, she had fallen in love with someone else and had a brand new favorite.

An overwhelming wave of sadness washed over him, and Julian suddenly felt that everything was pointless. In the end, the plate slipped from his hand and fell to the ground, shattering into thousands of pieces. Just like his heart.

"Noel," Julian began, walking out of the disaster zone behind him with an indifferent look. "I need you to do something."

"What is it?"

"Give Oliver to Diana."

Noel was bewildered. Had he misheard the man?

Did Julian just ask Noel to help his love rival?!

Despite Noel's confusion, Julian was dead serious. He even repeated and emphasized his words. "I saw everything. She likes him, but Oliver doesn't seem as in love with Diana as I thought."

When the car had brushed past them, Julian's heart had leaped to his throat. He wished so badly that he could throw the car to the sky, but when Oliver reached out, he had only pulled Diana to the sidewalk and did nothing else.

He hadn't hugged her, or even tried to hold the car owner responsible and chase them down.

At such a frightening moment, shouldn't the first thing Oliver do is to hug her tightly?

She was so timid, and she loved being held as she loved the feeling of security it provided.

Yet, Oliver knew nothing about that.

He also foolishly waited for Diana to worry and fuss about his injuries. Julian's eyes were practically blazing with anger when he watched the scene unfold before him.

"They're progressing too slowly."

Having observed them for a while, Julian was sure that Diana had fallen in love with Oliver. However, Oliver was too dense; as a result, there was no progress even after so long.

To make Diana happy, Julian decided that he should help them out.

"Go and speed things up between them," Julian ordered.

Noel was stunned by Julian's line of thought. After a while, he asked hesitantly, "Sir... Are you sure? Why not consider it a little more?"

Julian turned his sharp gaze on Noel, a dangerous gleam flashing in his eyes.

"I don't need your advice on matters of the heart," Julian snapped.

The last time he sought guidance from Noel, he was led astray; the whole thing caused him to take a long detour before he finally confirmed his true feelings for Diana.

This time, he would trust only his own judgment.

Noel was also aware that he had no experience in this area, so he asked tentatively once more, 'What do you need me to do, sir?'

"Anything goes," Julian replied.

He looked like an old father deeply worried for his child. There was clear reluctance in the father's words and actions, but he still endured the pain and carefully planned for the child's future.

"As long as it can help them express their feelings better and help Diana achieve her wish sooner, you can do whatever you think is right."

Noel nodded and accepted the order. Again, he asked cautiously, "Anything goes?" "Yes,' Julian said with a sharp nod, obviously no longer willing to talk about it anymore.

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Noel couldn't bear to see such a despondent side to Julian, so he slowly retreated out of the room after he had called for his staff to clean up the mess.

However, he was also deeply worried.

While he had done many things for Julian over the years, he had never done any matchmaking before...

But if that was what Julian had ordered him to do, he was willing to study it and be the best. In the end, he came up with a plan that, although crude, was probably the most effective and efficient way.

"Sir..."

To be on the safe side, Noel decided to give Julian a chance to back out by explaining the entire plan to him. After briefly going over it, Noel asked, "Do you think this is feasible, sir?"

Julian felt a little uneasy, but upon thinking about how Diana had panicked over Oliver's injuries, was willing to wear a red dress for him and even wore his coat, he still nodded in agreement for Noel to proceed with the plan; albeit quite reluctantly.

"Go ahead."

As long as the result would satisfy and please Diana, Julian had no reservations.

He would do anything for her!

Oliver's injuries weren't serious, being merely surface scratches. He had a medical kit in his car, so Diana helped him apply medicine.

"Let me know if it hurts."

Oliver laughed at her cautious movements, and the warmth in his voice felt like the rays of the sun.

"I'm not that fragile."

Diana smiled as she picked up the cotton swab and dipped it in alcohol.

"Really? I applied medicine for Julian once, and he'd say the exact same thing," Diana said as she mimicked the man's tone and repeated what Oliver had said a few moments ago. "But in the end, he..."

Julian would always stare at her with eyes filled with affection and frustration.

"Hug me."

Who would've thought that a cold-blood demon like Julian would also have times when he liked to act spoiled?

Seeing her expression, the sorrow in Oliver's eyes increased.

"About that thing, I mentioned last time..."

"Which one?"

"My confession."

Although Oliver hadn't explicitly said the words "I like you", his meaning was still the same and was exactly what Diana had guessed it to be.

However, she hadn't expected him to bring it up again.

"Ah..." Diana lowered her head, suddenly feeling uneasy. "Actually, I-"

"Don't give me an answer too quickly now," Oliver said, interrupting her. "I hope you can delay your answer and tell me a little later."

"What? Why?"

"No need for so many questions," Oliver said. It was as if he already knew her answer, but wanted to delay it in hopes that it would change eventually.

"Let's make a deal. In return for my injuries, tell me your answer when some time has passed, okay?"

"But..." Diana felt that delaying the inevitable was ultimately pointless.

"Just consider it as giving me a little more time to show you what I can offer."

Diana had lived with Julian for three years; he was a demon among men and a god among women, so it wouldn't be easy for Diana to forget him so quickly.

Oliver didn't expect her to, either.

He simply wanted a small chance and some time, and that was good enough.

Diana didn't really want to delay her answer, but Oliver's gaze was so sincere that she would feel like a criminal if she disagreed right now.

The least she could do was not refuse him today, especially when he had already gotten injured because of her.

"Alright," Diana said with a nod. Then, she continued to treat his wounds.

Oliver breathed a sigh of relief, but he noticed she seemed to be lost in thought again. Knowing she might be thinking about Julian, his heart grew uneasy and he tried to divert her thoughts.

"The little boy you saved as a child, did you ever think about finding his whereabouts?"

Diana was stunned. “No...”

Back then, Diana had helped the little boy stay warm all night and also found a way to bring down his fever. When she returned the following day, however, he was gone.

It wasn't like she hadn't been disappointed, but she also understood that the little boy had most likely survived and left the cave on his own.

“Did it ever occur to you that it was a little strange how you met a little boy who was all alone in the countryside so far from Richburgh, and that he wasn't even local to that area? Also, you even met me, the heir of the Channing family. Wasn't that odd?”

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After Oliver mentioned this, Diana also sensed that something was wrong.

“Yes/ she replied as she finished disinfecting his wound. She added seriously, “You were dressed in somewhat formal attire and sitting in a car when you gave me the sweet potatoes/

At that time, cars were rarely seen in the countryside.

Even though Diana didn't have a deep impression of Oliver when they were children, she could vividly remember the black car.

“The boy I saved was also dressed quite well/ Diana continued.

She had a keen sense when it came to fabrics since she was a child, and the delicate feel of the material still remained in her memory.

“So... Do you know who it was?” Diana couldn't help but ask, since Oliver kept bringing up this topic.

“No,” Oliver replied with a smile. “But I can guess that he should also be from Richburgh, and comes from a wealthy family like me/

“Why would you think that?”

“Back then, it wasn't by chance that we were in the countryside. Master Fulcher had been the one to propose a group activity for the heirs. Those who could participate were either from wealthy or noble families,” Oliver explained.

“I’ve always felt that the boy you saved could’ve been one of the heirs, but I’m unsure which family he came from.’

Diana nodded. “Actually, it doesn’t really matter who it was. It’s something that happened so long ago. I only thought it was quite amazing since you mentioned it.”

She hadn’t expected to have crossed paths with Oliver when they were children.

“Aren’t you curious if the boy you saved survived?”

Diana pondered for a moment before agreeing. “Well, I am a little curious...”

Still, it wasn’t something she was fixated on.

“It’s fine,” Oliver said, seemingly grateful that he had finally found something he could do for her. “I’ll find out for you/

Diana was stunned. “That’s okay. You’re already so busy every day. It’s not worth hanging onto something so small. Besides, the boy left the cave on his own, so he must’ve been alive and well enough to do so.\*

“If he was well enough to leave, that meant he was conscious, right?” Oliver asked. “Then, why didn’t he stay to thank you?”

“I don’t know...” Diana said. “Perhaps he was in a hurry to leave.’

Deep inside, she did think that the boy had been a little ungrateful.

“I’ll look into it and find out who the boy was,” Oliver said with an eager glint in his eyes. “I’ll contact you if I find anything.”

Diana finally understood. Oliver’s interest in investigating the identity of the boy she saved was a secondary goal. His main goal was to have an excuse to contact her.

But... What had she done to deserve such attention?

Diana studied Oliver’s radiant eyes. She sighed uncomfortably when his wounds caught her eyes again, and swallowed the words of refusal on her tongue.

Just as Oliver had said, she could refuse him once his wounds were healed.

But before that could happen, Diana's studio faced a crisis.

Although her studio was small, it was still located in the heart of the CBD.

As such, the renovation and venue cost a lot of money.

She stocked up on a lot of high-grade fabrics at the start of the business in order to please her customers after her studio's opening, which took up even more money.

The that Fanny gave her at the beginning wasn't enough, so she transferred more later.

By the time Diana's business officially opened, very little money was left.

Recently, however, not only did the landlord tripled the rent, but the stockpiled fabric had also become moldy due to the weather.

The rent increase was absurd. Forget the dry weather in the north, it was even more outrageous for the fabric to grow mold in such a short time!

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Unfortunately, Diana didn't have time to investigate the obvious foul play in this odd situation. Customer orders had been placed, and she had to ensure that the clothes were shipped out as scheduled to maintain the integrity of her business.

In recent days, Diana grew increasingly busy.

On one hand, she contacted the landlord to inquire if the rent could be reduced. On the other hand, she contacted her fabric supplier to find a substitute for the moldy fabric. Apart from that, she was also hard at work raising funds.

She didn't want to ask Fanny for further help or let Oliver know about her problems; she wanted to avoid the increasing amount of favors she owed them.

However, it wasn't easy to handle all three problems simultaneously.



“Miss Winnington,” the landlord said as he stood before her with raised brows. “If you can’t agree to the rent increase, I’m willing to compensate you the entire amount for the penalty of the breach of contract. You just need to move out in a week.”

“A week?!”

Diana had been working so hard to prepare for the opening, and she had even promoted her business using the same address. If she suddenly moved to another place, it would make her look like a joke to her current target customer group. More importantly, he was only giving her a week to move. It was ridiculous!

At this rate, her studio’s reputation was going to be thoroughly ruined.

“Yes,” the landlord replied with a nod, giving her a sideways glance. “If you don’t want to move, then you have to agree to the rent increase. There’s no other way.’

Diana had talked to him several times, but no matter what she said to him, she seemed to be left with only these two options.

She could sense someone pushing her into a corner from behind the scenes, purposefully making it so that she wouldn’t be able to run her studio smoothly.

Yet, Diana was determined not to give up.

In the end, she agreed to the rent increase. Alas, it was only a momentary reprieve. Once she settled the fabric and money issues, she vowed to uncover the culprit who forced her into a corner through the landlord.

Perhaps, the same person also ruined her fabrics!

The funding, on the other hand...

Without Fanny and Oliver’s help, much less the shares Madam Fulcher gave her, Diana didn’t know who else she could call to help make up the missing funds.

Also, without money, there was no way she could buy new fabric; subsequently, without that, there was no way she could meet her deadlines.

For the first time, she experienced anxiety and urgency. She feared all the effort she had put into her business would go down the drain and that she would disappoint Fanny, who trusted her so much.

Diana was in a dilemma.

By the time Julian got wind of her problems, it was already the following afternoon.

“Sir, should we step in and help?”

Julian thought for a moment as a glint of pleasure flashed in his eyes. “Has she gone to Oliver for help?”

“No,” Noel said, shaking his head. “So far, Madam has been attempting to work things out on her own.”

Julian lowered his head as if he was thinking about something, but he couldn’t hide the growing smile on his lips.

“Noel, why do you think she hasn’t gone to Oliver for help if she likes him so much?”

It was a difficult answer, and Noel thought for a long time before answering, “Perhaps she’s afraid of being a burden to Dr. Channing?”

Julian’s face instantly fell; the smile on his lips vanished as he gave Noel a blank look.

It looked like a devil himself had come for Noel, and he couldn’t help but quake in fear. He thought for a little longer before trying again anxiously, “Maybe... She thinks Dr. Channing’s abilities are limited, and he won’t be able to help her at all?”

This answer was clearly more satisfactory than the previous one, as Julian’s face visibly brightened.

“If he can’t help her, then I’ll do it,” Julian said smugly.

At that, Noel inwardly breathed a sigh of relief.

“What about giving Dr. Channing to ma’am?” Noel asked.

“We’ll wait a little longer about that,” Julian replied as his slender fingers tapped against the desk. “First, help her get over this hurdle.”

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“Understood?”

Noel nodded. “I got it, sir.”

“As for the person behind the landlord...” Julian glanced up at Noel with a sharp gaze. “Look into it too. Find out why he suddenly came out to make trouble.”

The location of Diana’s studio was good, but the sudden increase of rent that was obviously way beyond market price was too sudden. There had to be someone pulling the strings behind the scene.

Noel noted Julian’s instructions and said, “By the way, sir. Recently, Miss Kayla has been asking to see you...”

Julian immediately recalled Kayla putting on makeup that made her appear similar to Diana, and snapped, “No.”

Now that he had already decided to stay away, it was better to let Kayla to give up completely, lest she try to turn the tables on Diana and attempt something ridiculous again.

The fabric prices kept going up, and the losses Diana suffered in the warehouse only kept increasing.

She had been searching for new investors to make up for the shortfall and quickly get new fabric for orders to start production. But because her investment requirements were strict and everything had to be in the best interest of Fanny, many potential investors were unwilling to invest.

One day, a call finally came in. The person on the other end asked, “Madam, is that you?”

Madam...

It hadn’t been a long time since her divorce, but suddenly hearing this title made her feel like those times were a world away.

Diana nodded, and her breathing became noticeably ragged as she replied, "Noel?"

Noel hummed in reply. When he heard her unhappy tone, he added, "Yes, it's me."

This was the first time Diana had spoken to Noel after what happened to her babies.

Diana felt her heart tighten, and she asked, "Your father... Is he doing well?"

Noel didn't think too much of it, and he was even a little touched that she remembered the old man.

"He gave you so much grief, yet you still care about him. You're very thoughtful, Madam."

Diana was speechless. For the first time, she felt that Noel and Julian were alike in terms of recognizing good and bad intentions.

She wasn't worried about Mr. Carter the slightest! She simply wanted to know how that man was doing and if he could sleep at night after doing such heinous things to her.

But Noel was obviously touched, and he sounded even more guilty as he added, "Madam, if you ever need me in the future, I'll never refuse you!"

Diana was caught off guard by his words, and didn't know where to start refuting him. In the end, she decided to retort on how he addressed her first.

"Noel, I've already divorced Julian. There's no reason for you to keep calling me Madam. As for Mr. Carter-

"I'm sorry!" Noel was suddenly nervous and he interrupted Diana. "Please don't be angry, Madam. I won't call you that anymore, but I must convey Mr. Fulcher's words to you."

She knew it! It was Julian who had gotten Noel to call her, all just to anger her!

Diana's tone immediately became worse as she demanded, "What is it this time?"

She was so swamped with work these days, and she didn't have the time or energy to care about that blasted man.

"You've recently encountered problems with your funding, and sir wants to help you out."

Diana's grip on her phone tightened. "Is he still spying on me?!"

Noel heard the displeasure in her tone, and hastily changed his words. "No, that's not it! It was a coincidence that sir heard about it!"

Coincidence?

Diana didn't believe there was so much coincidence in the world, much less one that kept happening to Julian, who was president of such a big group and wouldn't have time to bother about her small studio.

"You still don't know how to lie, Noel," Diana said. "Tell Mr. Fulcher that I don't need him to take me for a fool, and that I don't need his help!"

With that said, she hung up and blocked Noel's number.

When Noel couldn't get through to her anymore, he knew he had royally screwed up.

He felt as anxious as an ant on fire, and knew he had to report this matter to Julian.

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When Noel told Julian what happened, Julian grew furious.

"Why the hell did you bring up my name to help her? Who told you to say we needed to help her openly?!"

Noel knew he had done it wrongly. "Then, you don't want Madam to know it was you...?"

"Obviously!" Julian couldn't help but roll his eyes. "You're not usually such a blockhead. Why are you so stupid when it comes to matters like this?"

Julian was seething with rage. "Now, Diana might think I'm making fun of her!"

“You’re right,” Noel admitted sincerely. “Madam did say that...”

“...Noel,\* Julian hissed through gritted teeth, a bitter feeling behind his throat. ‘You’re really something else.’”

Noel finally realized that he had completely screwed up, and went pale.

“S-So... What should we do now to help her?”

Julian was also out of ideas. He was afraid that if he did anything wrong, it would only lead to Diana becoming increasingly disgusted with him.

“Forget it,” Julian said after thinking for a while. “I’ll contact her myself.”

Unexpectedly, her phone line was always busy when he called. He logged into WhatsApp and sent her a message, only to get a scarlet exclamation that indicated the message couldn’t be sent.

Damn that woman!

She had blocked him again!

Julian’s face was as black as the bottom of a burnt pot. He pulled on his coat, and went directly to Diana’s studio in the CBD.

It was his first time there. From afar, he could see Diana was busy and frazzled through the large windows.

He didn’t know who she was talking to, but she looked angry. Soon, she answered another phone call and instantly smiled as brightly as the sun.

A few minutes later, she exited the building.

She was wearing...the red dress that Oliver had picked out for her before.

In the midst of the autumn season, her slender and long legs were particularly eye-catching. Her skin was as white as snow, and her lips were plump and redder than usual. She looked very different from the usual, as she usually dressed more conservatively.

If she used to look like a beautiful and elegant woman, today she looked like a fairy that could capture one’s soul.

Julian's eyes widened slightly in shock. For a moment, he was sorely tempted to pull her into his arms and hide her from the world.

Fortunately, his rational mind held him back.

He couldn't do that.

Diana would get angry.

Julian desperately tried to control his possessiveness and waited for Diana to leave, before driving quietly after her.

When she got out of the car, she had a black coat over her dress, and her long hair was pinned up high with a bronze hairpin, which was shining with a metallic luster. The effect made her face look more radiant.

Every step she took made it as if her hips swayed with the wind, catching Julian's eyes.

Julian felt his breath stop as he watched her. Only after Diana entered a tea house that he finally got out of his car to follow her slowly.

The tea house she entered was the most elegant one in Richburgh. It was a place mostly used for business discussions, so there were plenty of private rooms. The lobby was generally not crowded.

When Julian arrived, he couldn't see Diana anymore. He walked to the front desk to inquire about her private room number. He looked cold and aloof with both hands in his pockets, like a god who shouldn't be at this lowly mortal plane.

The receptionist looked straight at him.

The man before her wore a custom-made Armani suit and a pair of Italian handmade leather shoes. An air of nobility oozed out of him and in every gesture he made. Moreover, the blue sapphire cufflinks on his sleeves were large enough to catch anyone's eye.

Everything about him was extraordinary, and the receptionist could barely string words to make a sentence as she stammered, "H-Hello, sir..."

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The receptionist flushed and subconsciously lowered her head.

“H-How can I help you, sir?”

Julian’s face remained blank, but the indifference in his eyes increased. He retreated a little, putting more distance between the two as he said, ‘I’m looking for someone.’

“I’m sorry, sir, but I can’t help you. We’re unable to reveal the whereabouts of any guests who come in. If it’s your friend, perhaps you could call that person and ask personally instead.”

If Diana had answered his call, Julian wouldn’t have had to chase her all the way here now, would he?

Annoyance flashed in his eyes, and he snapped, “Where’s your manager? Ask him to come to see me.”

Seeing how confident and well-dressed Julian was, the receptionist didn’t dare to delay it and immediately called her manager.

Soon, Julian was invited to the hallway where Diana’s private room was located.

“You don’t have to follow me,” Julian said to the manager and the group of people behind him.

He held up a hand to step them in their tracks, then turned around and continued toward Diana’s private room.

Once he confirmed that everyone was out of sight, the usually tall and upright Julian immediately hunched over and started sneakily moving forward. If there was a mirror in front of him, he would’ve been shocked by his own appearance, which looked exactly like a thief.

However, that didn’t matter right now. All Julian wanted to do was find out why Diana had dressed up so well and who she was meeting.

Someone in the booth had lit up a cigarette, filling the whole room with smoke. It caused Diana’s eyes to water, but she tried to maintain her smile.



“Mr. Trotter,’ Diana said as she continued to pour wine for the fat, big- eared man opposite her. “Try this. It’s a wine famous in Richburgh. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

The man didn’t hesitate to take her cup and asked, “How does it taste?”

In reality, Diana had never tried it. She had a low tolerance for alcohol and would even pass out from fruit wine, which only contained a minimal percentage of alcohol content.

After getting drunk before her babies’ grave, she swore off alcohol altogether.

However, she had done her research ahead of time and was trying to please the man before her.

“It’s a little on the spicy side.”

“Good! That’s right up my alley!” Marvin Trotter said as he put the glass to his mouth, his smile as bright as ever.

Then, he exhaled the smoke in his mouth right into Diana’s face, causing her to choke.

She coughed violently, her body shaking and making her look even more attractive.

Marvin’s expression changed instantly.

He quickly picked up a tea cup and handed it to her, and said, “Drink this. It’ll help ease the discomfort.”

As he said that, he placed a hand on Diana’s back as if he was trying to pat her back and help her. In truth, he was making a blatant move on her.

Diana realized his intention and immediately stood up, moving to his other side instead.

“Sorry, I lost myself for a moment,” Diana said, covering her mouth with a hand. She pretended to feel unwell and added, “Please go ahead and continue drinking. I’ll head outside for some air.”

With that said, Diana turned to leave. However. Marvin’s face darkened instantly.

“Miss Winnington, do you mean to leave me here to drink by myself?”

Diana heard the displeasure in his voice, and quickly waved her hands.

“That’s not what I meant,’ she said, pointing to her throat and nose. “I’m feeling a little unwell. I’ll be back after I use the restroom.”

Because she was in a hurry, her fair cheeks had turned red. Coupled with the black and red dress she wore, she looked even more seductive.

Especially her eyes...

It was truly captivating.

Marvin was certain he hadn’t misjudged Diana. He had his eyes on her since her studio first emerged.

It was why Diana’s landlord increased the rental by three times, and why the fabric in her studio became moldy. He was the one who had orchestrated the series of events so she would seek him out for help.

Marvin Trotter considered himself a prominent figure in Richburgh. After accompanying his wife to Diana’s studio to order a dress, he became obsessed with her. He couldn’t bear the thought of such beauty being out of his reach, so he devised this plan and waited for Diana to come to him.

Marvin never expected the financial pressure would make Diana surrender so quickly. While she was in a difficult situation of searching for funding, Marvin reached out to her and explained that he wanted to invest, and was fine with her conditions.

The truth was...

He simply did it so he could meet her.

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Marvin leaned his fat body against the door.

“Miss Winnington. If you go out now, it’ll be an insult to me,” he said bluntly.

His gaze felt like repulsive leeches crawling all over Diana, and it made her deeply uncomfortable. She shifted slightly and forced a smile as she said, "Mr. Trotter, I really need to use the restroom."

Marvin had taken the chance to touch her hand when he pressed the teacup into her hand just now, and it made Diana's skin itch with the urge to clean it immediately. Yet, the man refused to let her leave.

'Til be upfront with you, Diana," Marvin said with narrowed eyes. "I'm willing to invest in your studio, but I'll never invest in people who don't matter. If you want money from me, you'll have to perform well."

After saying that, Marvin pulled out a room card and placed it on the table.

The meaning behind his words couldn't be any more obvious.

But Diana clearly underestimated how nasty the man could get as he added, "As long as you go. I'll always have your back. Everyone will know that you're mine no matter where you go or when it is."

To put it bluntly, he wanted to keep her as his mistress.

Diana was incredibly disgusted by his proposition. Unfortunately, he was the only one who was willing to invest in her studio at this moment.

Although she had already decided to reject his funding, she couldn't reveal everything right now.

"Okay," Diana said as she picked up the room key and placed it in her pocket.

Marvin's face instantly lit up with joy, and a creepy smile stretched on his lips.

"You're a smart woman indeed, Miss Winnington. Let's meet at the hotel tomorrow."

Obviously, Diana had no intention of going. However, she was alone in this private room with him. Thus, she had to secure her safety to leave.

As for the room card...

It was disgusting.

She would throw it away once she got out of the room.

However, she maintained the sweet smile on her face and nodded. “Of course, Mr. Trotter.”

Meanwhile, Julian was furious at the scene that unfolded before him; so much so, that he almost lost his mind. For a moment, he wanted to rush in and smash the man’s fat face in and turn it into a pig’s face!

Upon recalling how Diana hated it when he interfered in her affairs, he held himself back with great difficulty.

After Marvin left, Diana remained in the room. Instead of leaving, she sat down on the chair, opened the window, and drank some tea.

She looked quite relaxed, but her legs were in truth weak and unable to support her weight.

She had been too naive to think that making money in the business world was so simple.

It was fortunate she had met a man like Marvin, who was so arrogant and full of himself that he was sure she wouldn’t resist his temptation. Because of that, he hadn’t used any other strong-arm tactics to force her into agreeing.

But, what if...

What if the person she met today was a complete scumbag like Luke?

Diana’s heart beat faster when she recalled her previous encounters with Luke. She could do nothing but patiently wait for her emotions to settle down.

She had lost the confidence she had when she first came out of Esteem Creations, and instead had a clearer understanding of her situation.

The fact that Fanny was willing to help her so much must be largely due to Oliver.

In the end, Diana was able to open her studio not because of her own talent, but because of Oliver’s feelings for her.

Thinking of this made her uncomfortable, and she was even more determined to solve this funding problem on her own so as not to cause trouble for Fanny at the end of the day. Otherwise, it would still end up with her owing Oliver a favor.

Since she couldn't return his feelings, she shouldn't get involved too much with him.

Even so, how could she go about solving the financial difficulties she was facing?

Did she have no choice but to go to Julian?

No! Absolutely not.

Diana silently rejected the idea, and thought about her previous clients. When she took orders in the name of D&J, she made contact with many wealthy and powerful people, especially the mysterious Mr. Crawford...

Perhaps she could talk to him and see if he was willing to help her through this difficult time?

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Diana didn't want to involve her past, and she was even less willing to do anything in the name of D&J. Alas, there was nothing else she could think of.

She couldn't contact any good investors, and those she could were trash like Marvin. If she continued to deal with people like him, forget losing her money; she would also endanger herself in the process.

After considering all her options, it seemed talking to Mr. Crawford was the only way to go.

But... What was she to say to him? She still needed time to consider it properly.

After Diana finally calmed down, she flung the room card into the trash before leaving the private room and heading straight for the restroom.

When she exited the restroom, she only took a couple of steps into the lobby before the receptionist called out to her. 'Miss Winnington?'

Diana froze and turned to look at her. "Yes?"

The girl rushed forward and placed a bottle of disinfectant in her hand.

"You've been asked to disinfect before you leave."

Diana was stunned. “What?”

The receptionist smiled awkwardly and said, “Um, yes... A gentleman instructed me to do it.”

Which part of her needed to be disinfected?!

Diana rolled her eyes. “Who was it?”

The receptionist stammered, not knowing how to reply, and only said, “A very good-looking gentleman!”

A good-looking but very entitled gentleman, the receptionist thought inwardly. She hadn’t even gotten his name!

Diana was reminded of Julian by that description, and instantly got angry.

“Where is he?!”

She wanted to ask him what the hell was he doing, spying on her everyday like she was some monkey he was keeping an eye on?

Also, telling her to disinfect herself? Was he calling her filthy?!

She was only trying her best to survive in this world. She didn’t sell herself or indulge in any unpleasantness!

What right did he have?

Who was he to say that about her?!

“H-He left...” the receptionist replied, pointing to the empty space outside the door. “He delivered this and immediately left.”

Diana was astonished at her reply, and rushed out.

Upon reaching the door, she discovered the man the receptionist spoke of was indeed Julian.

He seemed to have nothing to do other than bother her all day long. Even if they were no longer married, there was no need for him to act this way!

Diana was furious. She stormed toward him, intending to give him a piece of her mind by spraying him with the disinfectant.

That would teach him a lesson in who needed to be disinfected!

But before she could spray him with the disinfectant in her hand, she saw Kayla appear before Julian with a smile on her face from a distance.

Diana's heart skipped a beat. There was a disgusting taste in her mouth, as if she had swallowed flies, and she quickly stopped in her tracks.

As Julian's back was facing Diana, she couldn't see his expression.

But looking at Kayla's expression, it seemed they had a good relationship.

How utterly disgusting.

Diana's brows furrowed deeply when she looked at them, and she was increasingly sure she hadn't made the wrong choice by divorcing Julian. Seeing the woman who once hurt their children so proudly spending a happy time with their father, Diana felt sick to her stomach.

Of course, she was also angry.

She was angry at Julian for the way he treated Kayla.

She was angry at him for doing nothing in the aftermath of the death of their babies.

She was angry...

Of his unfailing love for Kayla.

The bottle of disinfectant slipped out of her hand and landed loudly on the floor.

Julian heard the sound and immediately turned around with a smile on his lips, thinking that Diana had chased after him.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 430

Sadly, Julian didn't see her at all.

Diana had hidden behind a wall, carefully and clearly memorizing Julian's smile.

Was it that great to be with Kayla?

That nasty man who kept insisting she needed to be disinfected, had turned into a gentle and indulgent man with a bright smile on his lips.

In his heart...

Had he ever thought about her and their babies at all whenever he was with Kayla?

Diana felt a terrible pang shoot through her heart; she grew even more determined to secure an investment for her studio and get through this challenging period.

She had to...

She had to have the power to compete with Julian, crush Kayla, and make that witch kneel at the grave of her babies and apologize!

Diana walked away with her heels clicking as she did, leaving only cold indifference in her eyes.

Julian, on the other hand, hadn't noticed Diana. His smile vanished when he turned to see Kayla.

His face turned hard and cold like an ice sculpture, with an indescribably frightening chill radiating from him.

Kayla couldn't help but shiver.

"J-Julian, don't be angry...okay?" Kayla said, swallowing harshly. "I've been trying to contact you for the past few days, but Noel kept saying you don't want to see me."

Julian shot her a flat look.

"Since you know I don't want to see you, why are you here?"



"1..." Kayla stammered nervously. She pulled out a file with photos, audio and video recordings, and all sorts of other things. She fumbled around like a girl who was being bullied.

Back in school, this was how she acted when she had been bullied and didn't have Julian's protection.

For a moment, the memory struck a chord in Julian. He lowered his eyes, his tone improving slightly as he asked, "What is this?"

Kayla, who had her head lowered, heard the slight change in his tone and immediately smirked smugly. But when she looked up, the helpless look reappeared on her face once again. She said demurely, "This is the information and evidence of the people who framed my sister."

Kayla pulled Marvin Trotter's picture out and said, "I know my sister started building a solo business after she left Esteem Creations. I've been keeping an eye on her, but don't worry, I absolutely wouldn't harm her. I just... I feel really guilty about the babies. That's why I kept an eye on her. We're all in the same industry, so I thought I could help her one day..."

Julian hummed indifferently. It wasn't that he was impressed by Kayla's words; rather, he did recognize the man in the photo.

It was the same man who had thrown bait at Diana not too long ago..

Only, Julian hadn't expected this man to be the mastermind behind Diana's downfall. Hadn't he set up a trap and was simply waiting for Diana to fall for it?

This was very common in the business world. Many experienced people would use the same method to trap women who were new to the industry, but Julian hadn't expected Diana to be targeted so quickly.

This was why he hadn't been in such a hurry to have Noel investigate the reason behind Diana's studio incident. In fact, Julian had even considered if it was Kayla who had contacted Diana's landlord to pull this stunt.

To his surprise, Kayla really was actually helping Diana this time.

He couldn't help but soften toward Kayla a little. His face didn't look so cold anymore, and he even took the information Kayla offered him.

“Thanks, you’ve worked hard. Just leave the rest to me.”

“Okay!”

Kayla looked elated to have helped Diana. She beamed and said determinedly, ‘Thank you, Julian, for being willing to listen to me and giving me a chance to redeem myself!’

Julian gave her a condescending look, as if trying to see through her. His next words were icy. “No one has the right to give you a chance to redeem yourself except Diana.”

In turn, Kayla felt like someone had poured freezingly cold water all over her, dousing her smugness along with it.

“Julian... Can’t you forgive me? Yes, I had something to do with the babies dying, but I’m not the only reason...!”

What Julian couldn’t listen to the most was her trying to justify and defend herself in this incident.

Sure, Kayla drugging Diana wasn’t the main reason it happened. However, the fact remained that it was still one of the reasons!

And that made it unforgivable to Julian and Diana!

It wasn’t enough for Kayla to be humble; and yet, for her to actually think that she deserved forgiveness?

Julian stared hard at Kayla’s face, which was makeup-free this time, and thought she was lucky to be obedient enough not to imitate Diana’s appearance again. Otherwise, he might not be able to resist pushing her face into water, regardless of the fact that she had once saved his life when he was a child.

Julian’s voice was akin to the winds of the tundra. “You should stop and save whatever dignity you have left.”

In other words, he didn’t want to hear anything about his babies coming from her mouth ever again. She didn’t have the right!