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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 461

If James had the chance to do it all over again, he would've never agreed to what Kayla had asked him!

Having spent so many years with James, Kayla could tell what James was thinking at that moment despite not hearing the content of their conversation.

She reached out and grabbed the phone and hung up forcefully, and sneered at him, "Are you starting to think that having Diana as a daughter would be better again?!"

James naturally shook his head rapidly and denied it.

"N-No, of course not!"

But deep down, he was unsure how much guilt had festered in his heart.

His gaze flickered and fell on the grave that had been completely dug open, and asked, "What now?"

"Nothing," Kayla snapped. "Just leave it open. Let it fill up with rainwater and wait for Diana to discover it."

Kayla was eagerly looking forward to it.

After all, how would her beloved elder sister react to this scene?

"They're fine," Diana said from the backseat of the car. She felt exhausted, and she rubbed her forehead as she updated Nina about her phone conversation. "James even had the nerve to curse me."

In fact, he cursed her like she was a mongrel on the street. He hadn't even reacted when Diana mentioned it was her birthday.

"I really don't know what I should do to get him and Kate to turn away from Kayla and come to my side," Diana admitted.

Nina smiled. "I know a way."

“What is it?”

“Wait for Kayla to die.”

Diana was speechless.

“Seriously,” Nina said. “Once she’s gone, they won’t have anyone else to turn to but you.”

Diana shook her head. “That’s not necessarily true. With Julian protecting Kayla, who knows when she’ll die?”

Julian probably cherished Kayla so much, he wouldn’t let her slip from his hands.

When Diana mentioned Julian, Nina fell silent. She knew Diana was still uneasy, so she turned on some light music. “Get some sleep for now, okay? H

“Okay.”

After being cursed by James, Diana’s mind was in a mess. She couldn’t tell if her heart or her mind was in chaos, and was simply exhausted.

She slowly closed her eyes.

Meanwhile, Nina drove them to a studio. She wanted to develop the birthday photos so she could bring them with her the next time she and Diana visited Aster and Star’s grave. It would be nice to leave the pictures by the headstone.

Oliver’s finger suddenly twitched.

He slowly opened his eyes and looked around in a daze. He noticed he wasn’t looking at the interior of his car, and that he was in a place he wasn’t familiar with.

It was a completely foreign place that looked like a hospital, but at the same time it didn’t. Everything was white, and there was a small hint of pink...

It looked like a woman’s room.

But... Whose room was it?

And how had he ended up here?

Oliver became even more confused when he thought about it. He had been trained for situations like this, and he quickly understood that his physical condition was a big problem right now.

It seemed someone had attacked him.

But who?

And why would they bring him here?

Could it be...the Channing family?

Oliver's face immediately turned dark and resentful. He tried to bite his tongue with all his might, but his consciousness was still muddled and he couldn't even roll out of bed.

Struggling a little, he moved his eyes and finally noticed that there was an incense burning in the room.

It was a no-brainer to guess that the incense was the reason he was feeling drowsy and out of sorts right now.

His head was spinning, and his vision was littered with stars.

Oliver closed his eyes and tried to get up to extinguish the incense, but it took a lot of effort for him to make even the smallest move.

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The bed was full of wrinkles, and his consciousness was plunged into a mess once more.

He was unable to struggle; just as he was about to get annoyed, the door suddenly opened.

Who could it be?

If it was the Channing family really who had resorted to such underhanded tactics, he would rather die than give in!

Oliver gritted his teeth, prepared to fight with all his might. And yet, the person who slowly walked into his line of sight was...

Diana?!

Before his vision turned hazy again, questions filled his mind.

Diana, for her part, was even more confused than Oliver.

After changing her shoes, she walked into her room. She only realized something was amiss only after she had entered the room.

There was clearly a man lying in her bed!

The fear Luke had brought her still lingered in her heart; the scene of her trapped against an iron pillar in the factory was still clear and vivid to her as it flashed through her mind repeatedly.

Diana's hands trembled.

She retreated a few steps, not even realizing that her shoes had dropped.

As she backed away, she screamed at the top of her lungs, "Help! Somebody! Help me!"

Fortunately, there were people on duty nearby. The nutritionist soon rushed to her side with a security guard.

"What's wrong, Miss Winnington?"

Oliver was still lying in bed in a daze, his mind growing more and more sluggish as time passed. However, he could still clearly hear the panic in Diana's voice.

He tried to remember what the hell was going on, but damn it...!

His entire body felt weak and powerless, and he wondered who had given him such a huge dose of drug! What's more, what had they intended by silently placing him on Diana's bed?

When he didn't try to think about it, nothing was wrong with him. But once he did, his head began to throb mercilessly.

Oliver lifted his head groggily and realized that the incense stick was almost burnt out. If it was finished, he would probably regain control of his body. For now, he needed to wait for Diana to realize that he was the one lying in her bed.

However, the current situation was deeply embarrassing.

Oliver sighed inwardly; he had never been in such a wretched state in his entire life, much less before a woman he liked...

How was he to face Diana after this?

While Oliver was feeling uneasy over this situation, Diana had grown much calmer.

She grabbed the nutritionist's hand as if she had found support, and asked the security guard to check the room.

Soon, the guard returned to her side and said, "Miss Winnington, a man is indeed lying in your bed. However, he doesn't look like a thug. Rather, he looks like..."

"Like what?"

"Like he was drugged and forced into this room," the security guard said. He held out the remaining unburnt incense. "If you smell this, even an ordinary person would get dizzy from it."

Moreover, the man had been lying in the room for so long; he had probably been exposed to a large amount of it.

Diana made a decisive decision on the spot. "Send this incense to the lab now and get the surveillance footage for me."

Then, she bravely stepped into the room while still holding onto the nutritionist's hand.

The scent lingered in the room, so the nutritionist told Diana to wait at the doorway as she opened the windows to air the place. She beckoned for Diana to enter the room only after a few minutes had passed.

"Come on in, Miss Winnington."

Diana nodded, but...

She took a few steps into the room and glanced at the bed, and saw the man's features clearly.

Never mind his features, Diana could even recognize his clothes!

It was the same clothes he wore when they met at the old mansion just a while ago!

She wasn't mistaken. The man in her bed was really Oliver!

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The nutritionist noticed Diana's strange expression and asked, "Do you know him?"

"He's my friend," Diana said, her mood like a roller coaster right now. She quickly had someone bring some water and a towel as she called out to Oliver repeatedly.

"Oliver? Oliver, wake up!"

With Diana's help, Oliver slowly returned to consciousness.

The two looked at each other, momentarily stunned before becoming somewhat embarrassed.

"I..."

"You..."

Diana waved her hand, gesturing for the others to leave the room. Then, she helped Oliver up and asked, "How did you end up here?"

Oliver could only smile awkwardly. "I don't know..."

He reached up to touch his head and said, "Can I use your bathroom for a bit? I want to wash my face."

"I'll help you," Diana said. "You might have some difficulty walking on your own right now.'

“No need,” Oliver said, shaking his limbs a little to show her. “See? I’ve recovered quickly. It was mainly because of the incense that I couldn’t move, but I felt much better once the security guard took it away. Plus, you’ve given me water. I’m okay now.’

It seemed the person who sent him to this room hadn’t intended to harm him.

But... Who could it have been?

The two pondered, but no answers came.

“Wait!”

Oliver was about to move, but Diana stopped him in time.

“What is it?” Oliver asked, turning around with much clearer eyes.

Diana pointed awkwardly at his pocket.

“There’s...a red rose...in your pocket.”

A red rose was indeed tucked quietly in his pocket. It was slightly wrinkled from being sat on, but that didn’t affect its vibrant red color or its bloom.

“I didn’t think of giving it to someone!” Oliver explained without much thought, but then he realized his mistake and hastily corrected himself, “I mean, I don’t even know who put this rose in my pocket.”

Diana chuckled at his solemn look. “It’s fine. Go ahead and wash up first.”

She continued to search the room for anything suspicious while Oliver was in the toilet; sure enough, she found a set of men’s clothes in the closet. They looked tight-fitting and had a certain scent clinging to them.

Diana’s eyebrows furrowed. The fact Oliver appeared in her room was becoming even stranger. Luckily, Oliver was a doctor himself. After coming out of the bathroom, he quickly headed for the lab.

“I want to oversee the report on the incense personally.”

In Richburgh, there weren’t many people who dared to mess with him. He would expose whoever was behind this!

Diana didn't mention the extra set of clothes in her closet and simply said, "Okay."

But in her heart, she had a faint suspicion that seemed too ridiculous to consider.

Oliver quickly returned with news. "That incense is harmless to the body, but it can render someone unconscious."

Perhaps that was how he had ended up here in Diana's bed without realizing it.

"But regular people can't get their hands on this stuff."

And...

"The last conscious memory I had was of me standing outside the Fulcher family's old mansion."

As bold as the Channing family was, they didn't have the guts to mess with the Fulcher family.

"This is getting more and more unbelievable," Oliver said with a sigh. "And the rose makes me look like a creepy guy who snuck into your room..."

If they didn't address this matter head-on, it would be awkward for both him and Diana.

"We've been set up," Diana said as she looked out into the rainy night.

The uneasy feeling remained, but she never expected it to be because of something like this...

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Diana felt anxious.

"Let's head to the control room for now. I won't feel at ease until I find out who's exactly behind this."

Julian stood by the window, watching as the rain hit the glass and making its color change repeatedly. He watched the thunder and lightning lighting up in the dark sky.

After a long time, his gaze grew unfocused, and he became increasingly upset.

How far had Diana progressed? Was she happy to see the person she liked in her room? Would this night be one where her relationship with Oliver went to the next level?

He desperately hoped that there would be good news about their relationship. That way, it would fulfill Diana's wish to be with the person she loved. Yet at the same time, he also hoped nothing would ever come out of it.

His hands had been trembling when he ordered for Oliver to be sent to her room.

Taking this step had been difficult, but he had done it to make Diana happy. It was his birthday present to her; he had only done it after racking his brains, thinking hard of how he could please her.

If Diana tried to pursue Oliver on her own, she might never succeed and end up suffering in the end.

Julian couldn't bear to see her suffer anymore, so he would rather suffer himself.

Alas, no one told him that trying to push the woman he loved to be with someone else would be so heart-wrenching.

"Sir," Noel called out as he pushed open the door and entered the room.

Julian gathered himself together and let out a sigh. "What happened?"

There was weary exhaustion in his voice, and Noel hesitated to speak upon noticing it.

"Well, it didn't work out..."

Julian was stunned. He was unable to decide if he was happy or disappointed. It felt as if someone had taken his heart and taken it for a joyride, like they were trying to make it explode.

"Why?"

Noel was a man who rarely made mistakes in his work.

“I don’t know,” Noel said, shaking his head. “According to the information I got, when Oliver was unconscious, Madam called someone into the room and... It just didn’t work out. They’re now checking the surveillance footage. II

“How could this happen?” Julian muttered. He didn’t understand. “Doesn’t Diana want Oliver?”

“I don’t know,” Noel said again. He felt like tonight’s events were a vortex of mistakes, and all of them were trapped inside it without a way out.

Something felt strange. “Oh, by the way. Madam also had the components of the incense tested-“

“That’s wrong.”

“What is?”

“You’re addressing her wrongly,” Julian realized belatedly. “Why are you still calling Diana that?”

Noel recalled the last time he had spoken to Diana on the phone and how she had asked about his father’s health with such understanding and compassion; he couldn’t help but feel touched.

“You mentioned before that even if you get divorced, she’d still be Mrs. Fulcher.”

Julian hummed in reply, but then sunk into his thoughts for a while. After a long time, his expression twisted unpleasantly. Then, he looked at Noel with doubt and dissatisfaction in his eyes. “Don’t you think it’s strange to send Oliver to Diana’s bed?”

Noel was in complete agreement. “It does seem strange, but...”

It wasn’t like he understood either, so he asked Julian back, “What exactly is wrong with it?”

“Why does it feel like I’m trying to get myself cheated on?” Julian muttered.

“You’re overthinking it,” Noel said. “Though Madam is still Mrs. Fulcher to us, she’s your ex-wife. There’s no relationship between you two anymore, so where would the cheating come from?”

Julian fell deep into thought again, then shook his head vigorously.

“No, that’s not it. It’s like... I’m doing it to myself.”

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In Julian’s heart, Diana was still his.

He had sent Oliver her way in order to please her and to make up for his past mistakes.

Julian sighed.

“I had good intentions, and I hope Diana will understand that someone still loves her in this world.”

Things seemed to have gone astray again.

The vortex still seemed to be spinning, and Noel was getting more and more dizzy as time passed. He still felt something was wrong, but he couldn’t quite grasp the feeling.

Noel could only sigh and say, “It’s harder to make someone happy than it is to acquire a company.”

When they had manipulated stocks and expanded their business, they were never this troubled or uncertain.

And now, just one woman alone was enough to burn through all their brain cells.

Julian was in complete agreement.

“You’re right. I still don’t understand why Diana didn’t seize the chance to be with Oliver and instead went to check on the surveillance footage.’

“Don’t worry,” Noel assured him. “I’ve taken care of it. Even if she checked, she wouldn’t find anything.”

Julian hummed in response. “I don’t want her to know what I’ve done for her, so you’ve done well.”

“But what about Oliver?” Noel asked with some hesitation. “I don’t know if he’ll continue to investigate this.”

“Forget about him,” Julian said irritably. “He doesn’t know how to appreciate a good woman like Diana. He doesn’t know how to make a move and expects her to chase him instead. He’s just a fool! Even if he looks into it and finds something on me, it doesn’t matter.”

Julian wasn’t even afraid of the Channing family, much less an individual like Oliver.

Julian wouldn’t bother with him if it weren’t for Diana!

The surveillance system had broken down. Of all days, it had to happen today.

Even though the people in the monitoring room claimed that the circuit had malfunctioned due to the rain, Diana still sensed something was fishy.

When coincidences piled up too much, they were no longer coincidences.

Who had manipulated the events tonight from behind the scenes? And what was their motive?

Diana’s mind was about to explode from how hard she was thinking. Oliver noticed her discomfort and suggested that they grab a bite to eat for supper.

While they were eating, Oliver wanted to reveal to her that Julian had been the boy she had saved as a child and told her the beginning. Diana agreed to listen, but stopped him before he could continue.

“Let me grab my phone,” Diana said.

Suddenly, her mind jolted awake. She opened her phone and checked her call history, which clearly showed that Vans had called her. She recalled having answered the call while resting in Nina’s car and then handing over the phone to Nina after only exchanging a few words with the man.

But... What had Vans said to her?

He asked Diana if she had seen Julian recently, stating that Julian seemed out of sorts and was not thinking clearly. At that time, Diana had been taken aback at the mention of Julian’s name, and her restless mind had made it

difficult for her to pay any attention to the conversation. She then fell asleep without giving it any further thought.

But now, her skin was crawling with goosebumps from the memory of that conversation.

“Sorry,” Diana apologized to Oliver. “Why don’t you go home and rest? I’ll treat you to dinner another day.”

“But I…” Oliver started, wanting to tell her about how she had saved Julian when they were all kids. Before he could, however, Diana had already rushed back to the hospital’s rehabilitation ward.

Perhaps it wasn’t the best time to bring up the topic anyway.

Oliver glanced up at the sky, where the rain showed no signs of stopping, and decided not to follow her. He would have plenty of chances to tell her in the future.

Meanwhile, Diana had not returned to her room in the ward. Instead, she called Noel and instructed, “Send a car to pick me up.”

It was a rainy night, and she couldn’t afford to take any chances with her life.

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The safest way for Diana to meet Julian was to get him to send someone to pick her up.

Noel was stunned at the sudden request.

“Pick you up? Where are you going?”

“To see Julian. You’re going to pick me up and take me there,” Diana said calmly, but there was a hint of authority in her that made Noel hesitate to ask further.

He felt like he was dealing with another Julian.

News that Diana was coming to see him soon reached Julian’s ears.

“She really said she was coming to see me?” Julian asked Noel.

“Yes, sir. The driver has already gone to pick her up,” Noel confirmed.

Julian’s eyes lit up with excitement. He had never been this happy, not even when his company went public.

“Quick!” Julian said to Noel. ‘Help me pick some clothes!’

He wanted to look his best when Diana met him. But after going back and forth, the two men couldn’t decide which clothes looked best. Diana would soon be arriving!

Julian grew increasingly anxious.

“Get me another batch of clothes!’ he demanded.

But this was the old mansion, and there was a limited amount of clothes he had stored here. It was impossible to get more clothes from his villa in such a short time.

“Do you want me to get the stores to send you some new pieces?” Noel suggested.

“It’s too late for that,” Julian snapped.

He would have to make Diana wait for him if that happened!

That wouldn’t do!

Julian thought for a moment as he rummaged through the pile of clothes again; then, he finally pulled out something.

“This one!” he exclaimed with bright eyes. “I’ll wear this one!”

It was the same outfit he bought when he and Diana went shopping last time, and she had used her own credit card to pay for it. It cost three thousand dollars, but he remembered it vividly as the cheapest and most unforgettable piece of clothing he owned.

It was the perfect outfit to meet her.

Diana soon arrived, and she was stunned when she stood at the old mansion’s entrance.

The sign stating that dogs like Julian weren't allowed inside the house was still there, but Julian had still entered the old mansion.

She originally thought that the driver would take her to the apartment where Kayla lived, as Kate had mentioned, or perhaps the villa.

She never expected Julian to be here, of all places.

It was difficult to imagine someone like Julian tolerating the existence of such a sign!

Despite that thought, Diana stepped inside.

The lights in Madam Fulcher's yard had been extinguished, probably because of the rainy night. It was good that the elderly lady was asleep, and not up and worrying about Diana.

Noel led Diana inside, and she made her way to where Julian was waiting for her. As soon as they saw each other, Diana saw him wearing a familiar shirt.

It hadn't been long since she had last seen the shirt, but it felt like a dream.

Back then, she had been pregnant and had so much hope in her.

Yet, all of that was thoroughly ruined!

Her babies were gone; yet Julian, who had been protecting Kayla all along, was wearing that shirt in front of her!

The resentment and anger she had been suppressing deep down in her heart resurfaced lightning fast. She walked up to him and grabbed a nearby pair of scissors.

Without a word, she immediately slashed through the material before Julian could say anything.

"You have no right to wear this!"

And certainly not in front of her!

Julian was stunned by this unexpected turn of events.

From her tone and words, he could sense how furious she was. Thus, he remained still and endured the pain in his heart as she continued to randomly cut up the shirt with the scissors.

Noel watched in horror, afraid that Diana might use the scissors to accidentally cut Julian's flesh or even his organs!

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Julian signaled with his eyes for Noel to leave the room, and the latter had no choice but to obey.

Seeing that Julian didn't resist or become angry, Diana lost her strength and said, "Why are you trying to pretend to be a good person?!"

"I'm not pretending," Julian protested, though he sounded slightly hesitant." I was afraid that since I'm stronger than you, I'd hurt you if I moved..."

With Diana's physical condition, even a little injury would be a big problem. Julian couldn't bear to see her in pain.

"Hah...!" Diana pointed the sharp end of the scissors at his neck like she was about to kill someone.

Her eyes were slightly red, and her tone was threatening and eerie as she snarled, "Do you talk to Kayla like this too? Do you also coax her the same way?"

Julian was really good at dealing with two women at the same time, wasn't he?!

"No," Julian said seriously. "I really don't have any feelings for Kayla right now."

He only had gratitude toward Kayla.

"What about the apartment?" Diana didn't want to hear any of his self-righteous words right now. "You say you don't have any intentions toward her, but you gave her an apartment? You don't have any intentions toward her, but you always cover up and protect her? Even when your own children were hurt, you still let her go so easily?!"

She pressed the scissors against his neck. If she exerted just a little force, she could easily piece his skin.

However, the proud and dignified man before her didn't show any signs of avoiding the scissors, which irked Diana even more. She couldn't help but press them against his neck a little harder, growling, "When did you become so hypocritical, Julian? When you say that you don't love your first love to her substitute, are you also trying to say you're extremely disgusted by me, her substitute?!"

There was a slight sensation at Julian's neck, as though ants were biting him. It wasn't painful but uncomfortable, just like his current mood.

Diana didn't believe him.

Even though Julian had repeated many times that he loved her, Diana still didn't believe him.

Julian chuckled in a self-deprecating manner. "I didn't let her go easily, I just—"

"You still have the nerve to laugh?!" Diana was filled with rage. She pushed the scissors harder against his skin, causing him to wince in pain.

However, he didn't move an inch. "Our babies are gone, but you can still laugh when you mention that woman!"

Julian remained silent.

Diana's emotions were really out of control. She was so angry that she seemed to have lost her mind, and was only focused on venting her fury.

But today, her birthday had gone so well, and he had delivered Oliver to her. Why was Diana so angry? It couldn't be because he was wearing something she disapproved of.

Julian looked down and said, "Diana, calm down. Why don't you tell me what happened?"

Arguing with her at this point would be pointless.

Diana stared at the man's face. His jawline was sharp and clear, a contour she had even sketched in her dreams, and the concern in his eyes was so

genuine. It held a sweetness that she had repeatedly savored during the happy times in their life.

But why... Why?!

Diana almost teared up.

“Kayla’s no good. She really isn’t! She gave my babies musk, drugged me, and even tried to make me slip in the bathroom! She was up to no good from the very start, and she clearly wanted to kill my babies! But you’ve always been blinded by her, Julian! Even now, you’re still protecting her!”

Julian was confused. He hadn’t even had any contact with Kayla recently! How was he protecting her?

Wait-Julian suddenly realized something.

“How did you know I got her an apartment?”

“Kate told me.”

“That was just a reward for her. She found out Marvin’s conspiracy against you when I wanted to invest in you. He targeted your studio at first, and I-“

“Kayla?! She was the one who gave you that information?”

Diana was disgusted at the revelation; thoroughly disgusted!

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“Julian! You really...make me feel disgusted with myself...!”

Had Diana known Kayla was the one who had prepared the information, she would’ve never opened that file!

She would rather suffer in silence than accept that blasted woman’s help!

“Diana!”

Seeing her growing more agitated, Julian wanted to hold her to help her calm down. But Diana shoved him away fiercely, glaring at him like he was her mortal enemy.

Helpless, Julian could only try to explain again.

“Don’t touch me!” Diana screamed, throwing away the scissors. She desperately wanted to leave.

She couldn’t accept that she had unwittingly received Kayla’s help.

It was even more unbearable than dying.

Julian didn’t realize this at all, and was still trying to explain.

“About the babies, Kayla didn’t go unpunished. She escaped death, but I-“

He was about to say he had deprived Kayla of her ability to have children in the future, but Diana interrupted him again.

“Enough! Stop!”

She covered her ears and crouched on the ground.

“Please! Don’t mention Kayla in front of me anymore! I don’t want to hear it! I don’t!”

Her complicated feelings toward Kayla were close to causing her to collapse.

Looking at her disoriented state, Julian felt his heart clench painfully. He slowly knelt and gently patted her on the back.

“Okay. I won’t mention her again.”

His voice was unusually gentle, and Diana gradually calmed down.

Then, she looked up with tearful eyes and said, “I have one more question.”

Julian nodded without hesitation. “I have nothing to hide.”

“Did you have anything to do with Oliver appearing in my bed today?” Diana asked.

Julian was caught off-guard. He hadn’t realized that he had slipped up in any way, but Diana’s straightforward question had exposed everything.

He was a little embarrassed. Nevertheless, he said, "Doing this is like getting myself cheated on, but if it makes you happy, I'm willing to do it."

Diana was shocked. Her eyes were wide as she looked at the man before her, as if she didn't recognize him anymore.

"You're really sick!" Diana exclaimed, storming out of the room without a second thought.

It was still raining outside. It wasn't too heavy, but enough to soak someone if they stood outside for a while. Julian was afraid she would catch a cold, so he quickly grabbed an umbrella and followed her out.

But this time, Diana was running unusually fast.

She felt like a complete idiot.

She had lived all these years as if it were a joke!

She had loved Julian so deeply! She couldn't even let go of her pain and hatred toward him, and he... He had actually sent another man to her bed!

And he had even said it was to make her happy!

What in the world was that supposed to mean?!

The more Diana thought about it, the more disgusted she became. She was so repulsed, she even threw up at the roadside.

The rain mixed with her filth and dirtied her shoes, but she didn't care. She even sat in a puddle like a lost soul.

Perhaps she had done something terrible in her past life. That was the reason her life was like this now, wasn't it? That was the only explanation she could think of. That's why she was sent to Julian's side; it was to repay her debt from her previous life!

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In fact, it seemed that repaying Diana's debt by herself wasn't enough. She also had to sacrifice the lives of her two babies.

Finally, she could no longer suppress her emotions and burst into tears under the rain.

Julian followed her cries and found Diana looking like she had lost everything, sobbing without a care in the world. He was heartbroken.

He didn't understand.

He had done something good for her, so why had she become even more furious?

Diana continued to cry.

The rain mixed with her tears; like a broken dam, her tears flowed without stopping.

However, staying here wasn't a solution. Diana stood up as she continued to cry, and found her shoes covered in dirt.

So, she took them off.

She didn't need anything.

Walking on the rain-soaked ground, the small stones hurt her feet. Still, the pain helped to lessen the terrible ache in her heart.

She continued walking barefoot.

The sound of her feet splashing the water puddle reached her ears, and the raindrops mixed with mud splattered on her legs. She couldn't shake off the dirt no matter how hard she tried, just like her feelings for Julian.

Rain fell down her cheeks with her tears and dripped to the ground, returning to the earth softly.

Where was she going?

Diana didn't know.

She didn't even know what her feelings for Julian were now.

She thought divorcing him would draw a clear line between them, but he kept intruding into her world. She thought that as long as she could become

stronger, she would eventually gain the upper hand against Kayla. Yet, time and time again, she lost to Julian.

The man who racked his brains to make Kayla happy...

That man...

The man who made her so speechless, so much that she wanted to kill him with scissors...

Was now standing before her.

His white knuckles were clearly visible from how hard he was gripping the umbrella as he held it above Diana's head. Even in this wretched weather, the noble air he exuded was ever present.

But under that noble air, he was wearing shredded clothing.

He also looked to be in a sorry state.

"Diana..."

It was a long time before Julian finally spoke. "Did I... Did I do something wrong with Oliver? If there's something that bothers you, you can tell me directly."

He was no longer the same man in the past, one who wouldn't listen to any opinions.

Diana sneered. "You're really cute, aren't you, Julian?"

Julian was stunned, and a blush slowly crept up to his ears.

Was Diana praising him?

When he met her gaze in the next second, he felt like he had fallen into the icy water. Her gaze held no warmth, and was even colder than the autumn wind.

"...You're not praising me, are you?"

"Hrnph," Diana snorted. "Sometimes, I don't know if you're pretending to be stupid or if you really are dumb.'

She pointed a slender finger at his chest, and her other hand pushed away the umbrella above her. The rain drenched his face, revealing his distinctive features.

“Look at me. Take a good look. I’m not Kayla.”

So, stop showing such an expression that made it seem like he really liked her. It would really make her misunderstand, make her heart race, then make her brain shut down.

He had hurt her so much, but she still loved him. Even a small prick from him felt so excruciatingly painful to her!

She looked up, grasping at the last of her pride and dignity as she said, “I’m Diana Winnington. I’m the one you arranged a man for in my room, just to please Kayla and to put her at ease about our divorce!”

That humiliation...

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The humiliation was akin to a constantly turning machine, fiercely gnawing at Diana’s heart and never stopping.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

“I know you’re Diana. Ever since I’ve figured out my feelings, I’ve never confused you with Kayla!”

Julian’s voice was like a clash of boulders. Even in such a messy situation, it still held a unique tone when it entered the ears of others, making him impossible to ignore.

That was the charm of this man.

Even dressed in rags, he still exuded a sophisticated elegance.

Seeing how Diana kept staring at him, Julian rushed to explain again. “I didn’t arrange a man for you at random, and I didn’t do it for Kayla’s happiness! I wanted to make you happy! I-“

“Enough!”

Sending Oliver to her bed was to make her happy?!

Diana was almost moved to tears by Julian's logic.

"Am I that cheap to you?"

Even if she really liked Oliver, did she need to resort to such despicable means to earn his love?

Diana poked his chest with her fingers, determined. Like a crazed woman, her speech was unbelievably fast as she snarled, "Do you want me to thank you for not arranging other men for me besides Oliver?!"

Julian kept claiming he wasn't insulting her, that he hadn't done it for Kayla's sake but for hers instead...

If he wanted to make her happy, he should've asked her how she wanted to deal with Kayla, who had repeatedly tried to harm her babies, instead of pretending to be sincere and noble!

"I'm immune to your tactics," Diana spat, almost forcing Julian back against the tree on the roadside.

He leaned against the tree, the rain pouring down around him and the night mist slowly creeping up on them. There was a sense of coldness around him that made him look unmatched.

Diana slowly lowered her hand, traces of exhaustion in her eyes as she suppressed the pain in her heart.

She murmured softly, "Julian... Loving someone isn't all talk."

Whether or not one's love could be felt was through one's actions.

Ever since Kayla appeared, Diana rarely felt such love. Even just avoiding being hurt became something to be grateful for.

She didn't dare to hope for love anymore.

It seemed as if something heavy had struck Julian's heart, causing something to slip away gradually. He couldn't help but feel panicked, and a small crack appeared on his cold and empty face.

He understood that, once again, he had done something terribly wrong.

“I really didn’t mean it that way,” Julian said, looking into her eyes.

He seemed to understand her sadness, misunderstanding, and shock when she saw Oliver in her bed. He also understood the humiliation she felt when she questioned him.

“I was wrong...”

No matter how much he spoke, everything sounded like empty words.

Even if Diana liked Oliver, Julian shouldn’t have interfered in their affairs. Diana was completely right.

A good ex-husband should be silent as if he were dead, and disappear from her life.

Yet, he kept trying to change her life with his own hands.

Who was he to do that?

What gave him the right to act that way?

But if he didn’t do something, he didn’t know what to do or what he could do.

For the first time in his life, he felt that everything he learnt in his life had all been in vain. He had never felt like a complete and utter fool before a woman.

Diana’s heart seemed to have shattered completely. She was convinced Julian was treating her this way to facilitate her and Oliver’s relationship to make Kayla feel at ease.

In her mind, Julian simply saw her as a big thorn in his side.

Diana laughed at herself, her face particularly pale on the rainy night. However, there was also a sense of determination in her eyes.

It was the same look she had given him when she had been in front of Luke during the rainy day back then.

But at that time, she had been doing everything in her power to protect Julian.

It was different now; at this moment, she was doing everything she could to draw a line between them.