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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 471

"If you really love me as you say you do, then from now on, please continue to stay away from me and don't interfere in my life," Diana said calmly.

There was relief and liberation in her voice; at the same time, her words were laced with endless melancholy. "Only then can Kayla be completely at ease."

Despite everything that had been said, Diana no longer trusted him.

Julian knew that no matter how much he explained himself, it was useless. Thus, he simply nodded. Even though he was in so much pain that he could barely breathe, he knew he couldn't continue making the same mistakes. He needed to control his feelings for her.

That was what Diana truly needed.

This time, he would respect her decision.

Unbeknownst to him, there was a hint of disappointment that went unnoticed.

Diana saw that Julian had once again drawn the line between them with cruel ease.

He had succeeded.

Kayla would be delighted, wouldn't she?

"You did a good job with Oliver," Diana said sarcastically, making those her parting words as she turned to leave.

Julian stood rooted to the spot for a moment, the pain in his chest intensifying by a hundredfold.

The fact Diana had said those words must mean that Oliver was the man she truly loved right now.

A heavy sense of loss drowned Julian. He took a step forward, deliberately breaking one of the umbrella's ribs and turning it from a perfectly good umbrella into a broken one.

Then, he walked toward Diana in large strides.

Diana could feel the oppressive air from behind her, chasing her.

She subconsciously slowed down, as if she was anticipating something.

“This umbrella’s broken, and it suits you better,” Julian said, dropping the umbrella into her hands before he left as quickly as he could, as if he was chased by a ghost. He disappeared into the rain in a flash.

He would remember her words.

Don’t meet her. Don’t interfere with her life.

Giving her the umbrella would be the last time he interfered in her life.

Diana clenched the umbrella handle, which still seemed to carry the warmth of his touch. However, the same warmth was soon blown away by the autumn rain, leaving behind only the coolness of the wind.

Raindrops fell from the top of the broken umbrella, hitting Diana in the corner of her eye. She blinked lightly, and a string of droplets fell down her cheeks.

Diana stared at Julian’s retreating back and slowly opened her mouth to call out, ‘Julian.’

“Hmm?”

Julian turned, a small hint of desperate greed in his eyes. How nice it would be if she asked him to stay...

Unfortunately, she didn’t.

Diana’s grip on the broken umbrella tightened, and she smiled sweetly underneath it. For a moment, her smile even looked sincere.

“Be good to Kayla. I wish you two a speedy marriage.’

It was the final blow that finally shattered his heart.

Julian’s poker face cracked even more; after a long while, his voice seemed to come from a far-off place that even he couldn’t identify.

“Mm.”

Julian had replied.

In the end, he would really marry Kayla.

Diana’s final attempt had failed.

She lifted her head and tried to look up at the sky. If the water droplets that rained down on her face had increased, no one would know.

After Oliver returned home, he didn’t go straight to bed. Something was strange about the incident today; if he didn’t get to the bottom of it, he wouldn’t be able to sleep in peace.

After all, it was related to Diana. He feared his family was involved.

But strangely, since he disappeared from the old mansion, there had been no trace of him. Even his car had disappeared without a trace, and was miraculously found around his residence.

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Who could have done it?

A rare hint of fierceness flashed in Oliver’s eyes. After some thought, he decided to visit his family.

When Fanny heard Oliver was returning home, she was shocked. After all, the family head used many methods before to have him return. Yet, he failed in persuading Oliver to even drop by for a short visit. Even later on, Oliver had only made a few trips to the hospital when the old man had been admitted.

But now...

Oliver was actually returning to the family residence because of Diana.

Not only had he returned, but he had also gathered all of his cousins from the fourth branch of the family.

Some of them were annoyed and shouted, “It’s raining! Why the hell did you call us out on this day?”

“Yeah! A certain someone has already gone off to work at a hospital. What’s this? Is he regretting his decision and is trying to meddle in the family’s affairs?”

“Dream on! Someone who voluntarily left just can’t come waltzing back in. That’s just wishful thinking!”

Before Oliver entered the house, he could already hear the discussions going on inside.

However, he wasn’t intimidated at all, nor did he show any signs of wanting to retreat. He simply continued walking forward, stepping all over the threshold.

When those inside heard the noise from the door, they all tuned to look.

The dampness of the rainy night still clung to Oliver’s body, but there was no sign of any wetness on his feet. He looked like he had just emerged from clean earth, with the dampness buried deeply in soil and the dryness of sunlight.

It was impossible to ignore him in that state. Then, someone greeted him first.

“Oliver.”

“Oliver.”

Then, several more of his cousins called out to him.

Oliver nodded, acknowledging them all. Someone immediately brought a chair for him.

“Please sit.”

Oliver smiled; it was as warm as the spring breeze, though accompanied by an invisible oppressive pressure.

“No need for that. I only came here to catch up with everyone today.”

Oliver took note of every expression and action of his cousins as he probed, “Father has made new arrangements for the company, and I am now the heir.”

The hall fell even quieter at his words.

Oliver saw his cousins' reactions and hesitation, waiting for someone to speak up and question him. Yet, no one dared.

Not a single person moved; only eyes darted back and forth, communicating silently with each other.

Whenever Oliver caught their gazes, however, they immediately became as still as statues.

It seemed his cousins were still the same as before. He had overestimated them.

The smile on Oliver's face remained unwavering, and he still appeared like a charming gentleman. However, the words that came out of his mouth next were deeply infuriating.

"I was just pulling your leg. I have no interest in being the heir."

Oliver had come here to test their courage. The result was that these people still didn't have the courage to challenge him, not even when he dropped such a heavy bombshell about being the heir out of nowhere.

It wasn't until he revealed the truth that the faces on his cousins' faces relaxed. Oliver's gentle gaze vanished, and was immediately replaced with coldness as he scanned the crowd.

"You can all leave now."

It seemed him ending up in Diana's room had nothing to do with them.

Naturally, some people were unhappy about how Oliver made fools out of them.

"Aren't you going too far, Oliver?!" someone demanded.

Oliver nodded. "Yes. Yes, I did."

The fact that he had dared use the topic of being heir to joke around with was something overboard.

"But you all..."

The warmth of a spring breeze was still evident in his eyes as he said, "Who dares challenge me? Who dares to be dissatisfied with me?"

The room fell silent once again.

Oliver said nothing else, and didn't even spare them a backward glance. He walked straight out of the Channing family's gates.

However, as soon as Oliver left, a man appeared from a small door behind the hall. He was young, but his sly eyes carried a hint of malign deviousness.

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"Simon."

Upon seeing the man, those Oliver had teased before greeted him.

Simon closed his folding fan and nodded slightly, but he didn't give these people any attention. Instead, he stared at Oliver's back with a strange smile, looking just like an insidious snake.

"Interesting. How very interesting..."

Oliver, who never wanted to have anything to do with the Channing family, let alone be the heir, had actually taken the initiative to come to the Channing family. He even gathered all the cousins from the fourth branch to throw a bombshell.

This behavior was very unlike him.

And the cousins, who all seem to hate Oliver to the bone, didn't dare say a word about it even after Oliver had deliberately made a fool out of them.

His older brother had great charm, no?

Simon's sinister gaze slowly turned cold, replaced with an intense vicious glint. It burned bright in his eyes, and he quietly broke the fan in his hand.

It was time to be wary of Oliver once again.

Diana had just arrived at the hospital when she saw the nutritionist waiting for her at the door.

The woman didn't have an umbrella, but her clothes weren't from the rain. Still, it seemed like she had been waiting for a long time.

Diana was a little puzzled.

"How did you know I'd be back at this time?"

The nutritionist didn't know about the details of her relationship with Julian, and simply said, "Mr. Fulcher told me you'd be at the door at this time, and asked me to come to wait for you."

Diana was speechless.

He had promised not to interfere. And yet, it didn't take long for him to change his mind, did it?

Still, she couldn't blame him. If she wanted to cut off all ties, she should also do something about it.

"Thank you."

She didn't need to take her anger out on the nutritionist, but she needed to inform the latter of her plans.

"I'll be moving out from the ward tomorrow. Thank you for your help during this time."

"But... It's not the end of your stay yet," the nutritionist said. "Madam Fulcher gave you a whole month of rehabilitation time. There's still a week left."

To ordinary people like the nutritionist, it was a waste not fully to utilize this expensive room and excellent facilities.

However, Diana didn't think the same way.

"Don't tell Madam Fulcher. I'll be leaving quietly."

During her time here, Diana had already made good progress on her health. Otherwise, based on how her terrible health was after the miscarriage, she would definitely get sick from getting caught in the rain today.

But now, she was clear-headed and didn't feel any different from usual.

“The nutritious meals from these past few days weren’t for nothing,” Diana said. “As for the remaining week...”

Diana paused to think about it before saying, “I’ll go to the hospital tomorrow and get a refund.”

She would keep the money once, and then return it to Madam Fulcher when she had the chance.

When she went to handle the paperwork the next day, the receptionists at the front desk had a favorable impression of her; probably because of the clothes she had given them before, and the fact that the Fulcher family had personally arranged for her to stay here.

As such, it was easy to receive help with the paperwork when she requested to check out.

Diana was thrilled to have some free time that she could use to find a new place to stay. But with such little time, she couldn’t find a suitable place right away. After some thought, she decided to make do with renting a studio apartment for a few days before searching for a more suitable place at a more leisurely pace.

Nina soon discovered this, and immediately rebuked Diana fiercely.

“Am I even your friend anymore?” Nina exclaimed, upset. “You had just as much credit from Fanny’s hush money. At first, you took the money to pay your debt to Julian. Then, you gave it back to me without a word. I haven’t touched it since!”

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Things didn’t go as planned.

Nina didn’t want to bring up this sorrowful topic before Diana, so she said, “Anyway, I have the money with me right now. I’m worried since I have nowhere to spend it.”

Diana was amused by her friend’s words.

“Oh, really? Whatever shall you do?”

“Well...” Nina snorted. “Of course I’ll spend it to pamper a hottie like you!”

“How do you plan to do that?”

“I’ll support you!” Nina exclaimed passionately. “My little house is getting pretty boring. I’ll find us a big apartment! I’m not willing to move if I’m by myself, but with a hottie like you by my side, it’ll be money well spent!”

Suddenly, Nina’s voice gradually turned softer until it disappeared completely.

Diana tried calling out a few times. ‘Nina? Nina...?’

Yet, no one answered.

The smile on Diana’s face gradually faded. She was about to hang up and call again when she heard an irked voice from the other end.

“Who are you supporting? Did you fall for a younger guy when you were out taking pictures? Hey, tell me! What are you thinking every day with that stupid head of yours?”

It was Vans’s voice.

Diana’s worry melted away instantly.

“Who’re you calling stupid? You’re the idiot!” Nina’s loud voice rang out through the phone, almost causing Diana to turn deaf.

Diana chuckled and moved the phone away from her ear, placing it on speaker as she waited for Nina and Vans to finish arguing before continuing her conversation with Nina.

In the meantime, she used the chance to pack her belongings.

Although she hadn’t lived in the ward for long, everything she needed had been readily available. The silk bedding that Madam Fulcher sent her out of concern for her well-being was especially nice.

Diana didn’t want to throw it away, and decided to take it with her.

As she packed, she realized she had a lot of things.

After a few minutes of silence on the phone, Nina’s voice came through again.

“Are you still there, Diana?”

Diana nodded and said, "Yeah, I am. Go ahead."

Nina sighed in relief and complained, "It was so hard to get back to you! That idiot kept getting in the way. He even thought I wanted to keep a lover! Bah! As if I have the money for that!"

Nina giggled after she said that.

"But that idiot does have his uses. When he heard I wanted to live with you, he immediately provided a safe apartment. He even offered to pay the rent. Who cares about him paying rent? Hmph! I have a lot of money myself! Don't you think so too, Diana? Even if we do run out of money, your studio should already be raking in cash by then. When it does, don't forget about lil old me, okay?" Nina rambled on, imagining a life where Diana would financially support her once the latter was wealthy.

Meanwhile, Diana's thoughts drifted to Vans.

Though it was true he didn't have your average friendship with Julian, he had also been helping her the entire time she interacted with Julian.

But if she got closer to him, wouldn't she end up crossing paths with Julian again?

Diana's doubts began to surface. She asked Nina tentatively, "Say, Nina... cant we find our own apartment?"

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Nina was taken aback by Diana's words, but she quickly replied, "Yes, of course we can! Don't worry, Diana. I have money. Finding a house in Richburgh is easy as long as you have money!"

"What about Vans?" Diana asked.

"It's not a problem/ Nina assured her. "That idiot's busy with work. As long as I tell him I've moved, he wont have time to verify where it is. You don't have to worry. Leave everything to me!"

With that, she hung up without giving Diana a chance to reply. Nina was always impulsive and quick to act without much thought.

Diana shook her head; she should find an opportunity to explain things to Vans over dinner once everything was settled. She couldn't let a misunderstanding come between them, especially not if Nina was actually deceiving him.

On the top floor of Fulcher Inc., Noel brought in some medicine for a cold into Julian's office. "Sir, you should take this first. If you're feeling unwell, I can cancel your appointments for today."

Noel had followed Julian for many years, but he had never seen the man in such a listless state. It seemed to have started when Diana left last night, and continued on till today.

Julian's mood was at an all-time low, and the air around him seemed even paler than before.

Outside the chairman's office, several people were pushing and shoving each other, all wanting to be the first to report their work. And yet, none dared to take an actual step inside.

"No need," Julian said as he took a sip of the medicine. He immediately furrowed his brows and asked in distaste, "Who made this?"

Even a simple cold medicine could go wrong!

"What's wrong?" Noel asked, his heart starting to race. "Does it taste bad, sir?"

"It's not that it tastes bad. It's just that it has no taste at all."

When Julian got sick and wasn't feeling well, Diana would always brew him a cup of cold medicine. The concoction she made was usually sweeter and much better tasting than the one in his hands right now.

Yet, now, she would never brew him any medicine ever again.

It was all his fault.

Suddenly, Julian blurted out to Noel, "I acted without thinking."

Noel was confused and afraid, not knowing how to react. He had the desire to resign on the spot and return to a simple farming life, but Julian waved his hand and said, "You can leave. Let the one who needs to come in, come."

The alarm bells in Noel's head rang again when he heard that.

Who was Julian referring to?

He stood at the door and looked around; when he couldn't figure it out, he simply said, 'Whoever needs to go in should go.'

However, no one dared to enter the room.

After waiting for a while, Julian stood up and walked to the door. When he saw a woman in a casual dress, his anger and impatience gradually disappeared.

He pointed to her and said, "You. Come in."

The person he had pointed to was a female executive. She knew she shouldn't anticipate anything when Julian's finger landed on her, but she couldn't help the rush of excitement coursing through her.

She was overjoyed that Julian had chosen her.

The one who needed to come in, should come.

Now that Julian had personally pointed at her, she was the one who was meant to go in!

The female executive felt as if she had been granted exclusivity. She raised her head and walked proudly as she followed Julian into his office, looking as though she had won a battle.

"Speak," Julian commanded as he sat in his chair and stared at her.

The woman was wearing clothes similar to what Diana had worn yesterday. He had sent her clothes from L, but it seemed she hadn't worn them and had instead stuck to her tattered clothes.

He had said he wouldn't interfere in her life, but wasn't it fine as long as he didn't...?

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Still, it didn't seem like Diana intended to give Julian any more cold medicine.

He wouldn't have another chance.

“Can you brew cold medicine?” Julian asked the woman before him.

The female executive was taken aback by his abrupt question, and tried to suppress the emotions in her heart. She looked up at Julian’s divine face, and held back an excited scream. Everyone would be moved if they saw such a wondrous face looking at them, especially when he was staring straight at them.

It had the feeling of having the entire world delivered to your hands.

“I...” the female executive hugged the report in her hands before saying hesitantly, “I can.”

Julian handed her the cup in his hand and ordered, “Then go make some and let me try it.”

The entire time, he never took his eyes off her. When she returned with a freshly brewed cup of cold medicine, his eyes were still firmly locked on her, as if he had been waiting eagerly for her return.

The female executive’s heart was about to jump out of her chest.

She didn’t know how she had caught Julian’s attention; never had she imagined that she would have a chance to be so up close and personal with the king of Fulcher Inc.

She took a deep breath, and placed the cup on the table.

“Here it is, Mr. Fulcher. Please try it.”

Julian nodded; his gaze then drifted downward from her face and all the way down to the two buttons on her collar, which were slightly undone. His eyes suddenly turned cold, and he snarled, “You.”

Pointing to the cup of medicine, he continued, “Pour this over your head and get out of my office.”

The female executive’s eyes widened at his unexpected words, filled with utter disbelief.

“W-What was that, Mr. Fulcher?”

Didn’t he like her? Wasn’t he giving her a chance?

This was Julian Fulcher, the man who never indulged in worldly pleasure or women!

He had offered her an olive branch, so how could she not have taken it?

Yet, he now had a hard look on his face as he snapped at her, "Didn't you hear me?"

His tone, as well as the look in his eyes, were completely different than moments ago. Now, she felt like the Grim Reaper had descended upon her; it was the same eerie sensation she felt when she had once stood before the same man a long time ago.

"1-1 did.."

Her hands were trembling, and the papers she was holding also shook. In the end, she picked up the cup of cold medicine, gritted her teeth, then lifted it above her head before pouring it all over herself.

She looked like a chicken drowned in coffee.

Julian didn't even spare her a glance as he called out, "Noel!"

Noel immediately came in. Before he could speak, Julian gestured to the disheveled woman before him. "Take care of the trash."

Noel signaled for security guards to come in and carry the almost fainted woman out. "Understood, Mr. Fulcher."

But then, Julian added, "In the future, don't wear clothes like this to the company."

With just one sentence, he had given her a chance to keep her job. The female executive felt like she had just received a great pardon; she couldn't help but cry and shiver, saying, "Thank you... Thank you, Mr. Fulcher!"

Julian said nothing else, but his furrowed brow indicated that he was in a bad mood.

He couldn't see Diana.

He couldn't find a woman like her, either.

The hole in his heart continued to grow larger as time passed...

Exhausted, Julian leaned back against the chair and looked at the people outside his door.

“Keep them coming.”

Listening to work reports wasn't easy, but Julian had always managed to quickly and accurately identify mistakes and areas for improvement in them.

His cognitive abilities had always been unmatched, and with him sitting in the highest position of Fulcher Inc., there was no denying that he was practically king of an empire.

However, numbing the emptiness with work was only temporary. After everyone had left, he looked at the empty office and realized that his mind and heart were once again filled with the woman named Diana Winnington.

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Before Julian knew it, he had arrived at the rehabilitation ward of the hospital; only to learn that Diana had completed her discharge procedures in silence.

He found it strange. This was a place Madam Fulcher had found for Diana, so she wouldn't have quietly left if nothing serious had happened.

Then, he immediately realized that he had been negligent with the nutritionist last night.

However, this only proved that Diana was determined to draw a clear boundary between them.

“Take good care of Kayla. I wish you both a speedy marriage.”

Suddenly, the last sentence Diana had said before they parted last night came to mind.

Did Diana want him to be with Kayla?

However, she clearly despised Kayla to the point that the two sisters were akin to water and oil.

Yet... She had said it so bluntly.

Julian couldn't fathom a woman's mind, but he was willing to try for her sake.

The doorbell rang out late at night, and Kayla lifted her head curiously at the sound.

Generally, no one would come at night. She didn't have other friends over here, because this was the house Julian had given her. She secretly wanted to have it all to herself, or...to stay here with him.

Yet, Julian never came.

The reason she was able to obtain this apartment was because she helped in finding information on that scumbag who had targeted Diana's studio.

But tonight, someone was ringing the doorbell.

She heard that two new residents had moved upstairs today. Perhaps they had come to greet their neighbors?

Well, that was good. At least they had some self-awareness. They had been making noises all night, so it was only appropriate that they came over to apologize.

Filled with impatience, Kayla opened the door and huffed, 'What do you want?'

The one glance at Kayla was enough to make Julian want to leave.

He didn't know why he had come here.

He didn't like Kayla; that was a fact. He shouldn't have any emotional involvement with her anymore, either. When he looked at her, he would think of his two dead children and her twisted expression when she ordered Mr. Carter to drug Diana.

If it weren't for the fact Kayla had saved his life when he was a child...

How could she still be alive in this world?

Then he thought of Diana's words, telling him to have a speedy marriage with this woman before him, and he hesitated.

Would marrying Kayla make him meet Diana's expectations?

Meanwhile, Kayla's heart was filled with excitement and joy. This was the first time Julian had come to see her. It gave her the same feeling she experienced when she returned home from abroad for the first time. At that time, she had high hopes of marrying into the Fulcher family and eventually becoming Mrs. Fulcher.

She never expected that Diana would continuously interfere with their relationship, causing her and Julian to grow further apart.

However, Julian coming to see her now was a good start.

Kayla never expected the information she sent out last time would have such a huge impact.

The impatience on her face vanished instantly, turning into eagerness.

"Julian," Kayla greeted sweetly. When she noticed Julian intended to leave, she immediately latched onto his sleeve and said coquettishly, "You came at the perfect time! Something in my place broke, and the property management hasn't gotten back to me about it."

Kayla meant to invite him inside, but Julian realized that he couldn't do it. Too much had happened, and he couldn't act as he did before with her. He couldn't even stand to be in the same space as her or smile at her, let alone marry her as Diana had suggested.

In truth, the idea had died the moment he realized his true feelings. Besides, he knew that Kayla had continuously targeted Diana; although he hadn't the slightest clue why.

Because of the gratitude he felt toward Kayla for saving his life, he hadn't done anything to her.

As such, it wasn't until the babies' death did he take action against her.

Thinking for a moment, Julian remained rooted to the spot and pulled his phone to send Diana a text message.

[Do you really want me to marry her?]

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As expected, a crimson exclamation mark appeared at the end of Julian's message.

However, he refused to give up and tried sending an email. Yet this time, his address was also blocked.

On top of the fact that she had moved out of the hospital today...

It was obvious Diana was doing her damndest to avoid him.

If marrying Kayla would really put Diana's mind at ease and stop her from having to constantly draw boundaries with him, then he...

No! He still didn't want to be with Kayla.

Julian realized that one couldn't force love.

While he was lost in thought, Kayla had already changed into a more appropriate outfit and had come out of her room. It was an outfit much more formal than the pajamas she had on earlier, and the style was also similar to Diana's usual dresses.

And her face...

Even had shadows of similarities to Diana's.

"Julian, it's the lightbulb," Kayla said, pointing to the ceiling light in the room. "See, it's broken. Because of that, it's very dark at night."

It seemed she wasn't lying this time.

Julian looked up, and saw that the lightbulb was indeed broken. He told Kayla not to worry, and went straight to the toolbox that was stored in the apartment. Then, he unscrewed the lightbulb and replaced it with a new one.

Kayla had never seen this side of him before, so she never knew he was so handy around the house.

When she was a child, she had more contact with Julian. But at that time, their roles were more of protector and protected. Julian used to take her to and from school, but that was about it. She rarely had the chance to truly be involved with the Fulcher family and be part of his life.

Most of the time, Julian diligently played the role of a man repaying his savior's debt.

It wasn't until she suddenly went abroad that he became anxious and finally got the courage to put a name to the feelings in their relationship.

Kayla had been pleased to hear that Julian had gone crazy looking for her. It was why she had been able to keep calm and stayed away for three years before returning home.

She thought that losing and regaining her love for him would make him crave her even more. Yet, who knew...

Who knew that fate would once again intervene, and that Julian would meet Diana, who was meant to cross paths with him much earlier?

Fate?

Kayla couldn't help but feel disdainful. She had already tampered with Diana's destiny when the latter was but a child, so she no longer had reverence for such things.

Kayla firmly believed that if she was strong enough and had the means, she would eventually have Julian firmly in her grasp!

Diana was just a minor setback in her plans, even if the latter had already made an impact. Kayla was certain it was only temporary.

"Screwdriver," Julian said. He was still holding the lightbulb casing in his hand, and couldn't find the tool himself. He gestured to the toolbox with his chin. "It's the red one."

"There are several red ones," Kayla said, looking up at Julian and unable to identify which one he had meant.

She had to admit, there was a different charm to him at this moment, especially now. She wished he could stay and never leave.

But she knew he would leave once he was done changing the lightbulb, so she fumbled and picked up several tools, pretending as if she couldn't determine which one was the screwdriver he needed.

"Is it this one?"

“No.”

“This one?”

“No.-

Julian looked at Kayla’s face, which was similar to Diana’s, and once again laughed derisively at his past foolishness.

These two women... They may look alike, but they were completely different.

If it were Diana, she would’ve quickly found the screwdriver, handed it over to him, and exclaim excitedly, “Honey, you look so handsome while you’re fixing lightbulbs!”

Maybe she would even pat his butt like the naughty imp she was. He would then jump off the table, throw her onto the bed, and show her just how handsome he could be!

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Love wasn’t always at first sight, nor was it a matter of fate. It was those plain and simple moments in daily life that touched the heart and stayed with one forever.

When Julian thought of Diana, the phrase “Love starts from unknown origins and runs deeper” came to mind.

He was no longer worried about when or how he fell in love with Diana, and instead lamented the fact he had lost the right to love her.

A tinge of melancholy laced his handsome features.

Julian let out a small sigh and set the lightbulb aside.

Without exposing Kayla’s hidden motives, he bent down and picked up the screwdriver from the toolbox before returning to work in silence.

“Done.”

He then jumped off the table and said, “Mind if I use your restroom to wash my hands?”

“Julian, there’s no need to be so polite between us...”

“Yes, there is,” Julian said firmly. “I didn’t want to have any contact with you ever again. But you did help Diana with the information you gave me before.”

Julian was emphasizing their relationship while warning Kayla not to overstep her boundaries.

Kayla was uncomfortable hearing it, and clenched her fist tightly.

“Okay...”

No matter her thoughts, she would have to submit to Julian’s words for the time being.

“But...” Kayla said, her voice slightly louder. “Julian, I really know that I was wrong...”

Her voice hadn’t always been this way. Although it was her own doing, Julian’s heart wasn’t made of stone. He had watched her grow up by his side; there were still some lingering feelings toward her, despite them not being love. However, he still couldn’t forgive her; every time he thought about her malicious intentions toward Diana, a wave of uncontrollable anger rushed just underneath his skin, waiting to burst out at any second.

“Knowing you’re wrong is a start,” Julian said casually. “Now, it’s time to control yourself.”

She shouldn’t have any inappropriate thoughts toward him, nor should she have any toward Diana either.

At that, Kayla’s nails dug deep into the flesh of her palms.

“Okay. You don’t have to worry.”

Julian noted that she had the same submissive look before she left the country. Perhaps she knew she had done something wrong; and yet, the trust between them couldn’t be salvaged anymore at this point. He knew that any feelings he had towards her were simply an illusion that could never be regained.

Julian nodded, and immediately informed her that he was leaving. He had seen two women today already; one who looked like Diana in terms of clothing, and another who looked like her in terms of appearance.

It seemed everyone in this world looked like her, but none were her.

Besides, it wasn't like he had any reason to stay here any longer anyway.

But just as he was about to turn around, he heard a familiar voice coming from the elevator outside.

"What the hell? This is the twenty-second floor! We need to go to the twenty-third, you idiot! You pressed the wrong button!"

It was Nina's voice.

Julian instantly grew alert and subconsciously stepped back, accidentally stepping on Kayla's foot without realizing it.

He was too busy looking outside.

And he saw...Diana standing in the elevator!

She and Nina seemed to be moving, as they had many bags and boxes with them. Were they moving to the twenty-third floor? Wasn't it also the same building Kayla lived in?

"What's our room number again?"

"2302."

Julian quickly looked up at Kayla's door, and realized that 2302 was just above them.

He couldn't help but feel excited again.

It seemed the distance between him and Diana had suddenly become closer.

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If Diana discovered this, she would probably call Julian crazy again. But now, he wasn't having her monitored and wasn't deliberately trying to force his presence on her, or interfere with her affairs.

He just so happened to have a home under hers.

Julian suddenly turned back to look at Kayla. "I'm not leaving."

Kayla's foot was still throbbing from where he had stepped on, but her eyes lit up immediately at his words.

"Sure! Do you want tea or coffee?"

"I don't need anything."

Julian only wanted to stay here a little longer to listen to the noises upstairs and guess what Diana was doing.

Soon, there were thumping sounds on the floor, like someone was pulling a table.

Diana was so petite and delicate. Could she really move furniture around?

But thinking about it, it was probably a good thing. It proved that Diana didn't get sick after getting caught in the rain last night. Her health had improved and she was much stronger than before.

Julian's lips curled into a faint smile as he continued to listen intently.

There were still banging and clanging sounds upstairs, sometimes accompanied by sharp friction sounds or the clattering of pots and pans. All of them indicated that Diana was planning to stay for a while.

Was she going to live with Nina?

Were they going to live together?

A strange bubble of jealousy suddenly rose up in his chest, and Julian couldn't explain it. After thinking for a moment, he got up and went to the balcony.

"I'm going to make a call."

Vans was a little nervous when he heard his phone ringing. He felt like a spy lurking between Diana and Julian, and he couldn't even be sure of whose side he was on.

However, he knew enough he shouldn't bring up their names in the vicinity of their partners.

The incident regarding Julian sending Oliver to Diana's bed wouldn't have been discovered so early if he hadn't meddled, after all.

Just thinking about it made him anxious again. He looked toward the balcony and pointed at Nina, and said, "I'm going to take a call over there."

"Okay." Nina, who was always a little more childish, rolled her eyes. Turning to Diana, she said, "I told you there's no need to tell him the truth! He said he'd help us move, but then he pressed the wrong floor button. Now, he's making excuses to answer the phone when we're at our busiest."

Nina was clearly annoyed, like a puppy that had been denied treats.

Diana couldn't help but laugh.

"He's still the young master of the Stanley family. He's never done labor like this before. Besides, someone's calling him. It might be something related to the hospital, so of course he has to answer."

"It's not something related to the hospital," Nina sneered in derision. "From the way he looks, it's as if he's done us wrong."

"Let's not think of him that way, okay?"

Vans had already helped her so much. After so many encounters, Diana knew the kind of person Vans really was. He was different from those idle young masters who wasted their days.

"He just left your sight for a few minutes, and you already can't stand it?" Diana teased.

"Tsk!" Nina rose, filled with disdain. "You can stand up for him all you want, Diana, but he definitely did something wrong to us without us knowing!"

Still, she never did go to him and disturb him.

Nina had always felt that she and Vans were in different worlds. Although they were an ordinary couple and Vans would always accommodate her, sometimes she felt that she was very distant from him.

Aside from matters related to the hospital, she knew very little about him, especially regarding his family.

They didn't mention it, nor had they asked either.

That was how couples were supposed to be, right?

Even if she was dissatisfied, what could she do? At best, she could vent a little to Diana. That would have to make do for now.

Nina thought about it. After all, she wasn't in a position to demand much, nor had she ever expected to marry Vans.

In the grand scheme of things, what did a little secret matter?

With that thought in mind, she turned away from him and continued working with Diana.

"What else needs to be put into the cabinet? I can do it!"