

## **Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 521-530**

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 521

After Kate finished speaking, she hurriedly glanced behind. Soon, someone brought her a pile of nutrient supplements.

Kate held them to her chest and walked past Diana coldly.

How ridiculous!

Diana watched the older woman's retreating back with a bitter smile.

She knew Kate would be biased, but she hadn't considered the extent of the latter's blatant favoritism.

Even after making it clear that Diana's disappearance had been deliberate, Kate could still act as if nothing had happened!

She was truly...

A heartless person.

Diana was ashamed to have such wicked parents.

Still, she wanted to see if Kate would have even a moment of regret or heartache for her, or if Kate would turn around to spare her a glance.

So, she followed them.

She followed them until she saw them enter Kayla's ward with a pile of nutrient supplements before returning to her own room.

It was pointless to keep hoping.

She should stop.

For Diana, familial and romantic love were truly the cruelest things in this world.

Unfortunately, fate seemed to enjoy arranging these painful encounters for her.

Diana sat by the bedside and pondered about the photo Oliver had given her. The bitter smile returned to her lips once more.

She wouldn't acknowledge Julian, or let him misunderstand that she wanted to gain something from him through this favor.

She would just wait patiently in the ward.

She would wait for Julian to come to settle accounts with her over what she had done to Kayla.

But even as time passed, Julian never did show up.

Noel didn't understand. 'Sir, the madam has already woken up. Why don't you go and see her?'

To stay by someone's side when they were unconscious and then disappear when that person regained consciousness... It didn't seem like the actions of one who was pursuing the other.

Instead, it seemed like one who was intentionally hiding their feelings and avoiding his object of affection.

'And even... Even when Mr. Winnington came, you didn't step in to see what was happening.'

'Nothing happened to her,' Julian said, finally responding to Noel.

Although they were standing far away at the time, they could still see how passive James and Kate had been acting.

As long as Diana wasn't being harassed, Julian wouldn't rush to her side. He knew his presence would make her feel uncomfortable.

Noel sighed. He had never seen Julian acting so cautiously before. With how the man was acting, Noel didn't push the matter anymore for fear of upsetting his boss.

Instead, he asked, 'What about Miss Kayla?'

'Do as I said.'

Julian had promised to restore her throat, but her face... There was no need to return it to its original state.

There was also no need for Kayla to maintain such a high resemblance to Diana.

“As soon as Kayla intends to ask for compensation, report to me immediately.”

“Understood,” Noel replied. “And what about madam?”

“I won’t see her for now,” Julian said.

When he closed his eyes, the scene of Diana fainting in his arms before coming to the hospital would replay in his mind.

This wasn’t the first time Diana had fainted since Kayla returned to the country, and Julian didn’t want another repeat of it.

The best solution, for now, was to not meet her so she wouldn’t be uneasy.

Diana waited for Julian in the ward for a long time.

She waited from dawn till dusk, yet she still didn’t see his figure.

It was just as she had expected.

In the end, the only one he cared about most was Kayla.

She was grateful she hadn’t brought out that photo and revealed that she had once saved him.

Otherwise, what awaited her would surely only be utter humiliation.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 522

Waiting here indefinitely was not a solution.

Sooner or later, Julian would come to settle the score with her.

Diana pondered momentarily, then tore a piece of paper and wrote: ‘I’ve removed you from my WhatsApp blacklist. Contact me if you need anything.’

After that, she stuck the note in a prominent place and went to the pharmacy to get some medication before leaving the hospital.

By the time Julian found the message, Diana had long since gone from the hospital.

Julian was confused. 'What does she mean by this?'

The corner of his lips were tilted up in a small smile as he stared at the paper, then at his phone.

Then, he said to Noel, "She said she removed me from her blacklist, and even told me to contact her if anything... What do you think she meant?"

Noel considered it for a long time before finally saying, "I'm not sure, sir."

Noel couldn't decipher Diana's intentions at all. After all, she and Julian had a massive argument before coming to the hospital.

Why the sudden change after she had fainted? It was as if she didn't care about anything after she woke up. She even left a note for Julian...

Julian's expression fell when he saw that even Noel couldn't make sense of the situation, but the latter suddenly spoke again.

"Sir, I think I understand."

"What is it?"

"Madam is trying to send you a signal."

Julian looked at the note a few more times, then at Diana's name on his phone to confirm that he wasn't dreaming. He asked Noel eagerly, "What signal?"

"Perhaps she could tell the change in your attitude toward Kayla and felt relieved deep down. Now, she's trying to reconnect with you."

Julian was somewhat skeptical. "Really?"

Noel shrugged and simply said, "Otherwise, how do you explain this note?"

After all, Diana took the initiative to ask Julian to contact her.

This went against her previous determination not to meet Julian.

The more Julian thought about it, the more reasonable Noel's deduction seemed. Without much thought, he glanced at Noel as though the latter held all the knowledge in the world in his hands and asked, "So, what should I do now?"

Noel had never been on the receiving end of such an expectant gaze from Julian before. Suddenly, he felt the task on his shoulders pressing down on him with a force greater than the heavens.

After careful consideration, he said, "I have an idea."

He leaned in closer and whispered into Julian's ears.

After a while, the two reached an agreement.

"Hmm," Julian hummed with a nod. "Alright. Let's do that."

Meanwhile, Kayla was still sitting blankly in the bed in her ward.

Julian had left quite some time ago, but she still couldn't return to her senses.

Kayla had lost.

Utterly and completely.

She had lost...!

Even after snatching Diana's identity as the young lady of the Winnington family, taking away her parents' love, taking credit for saving Julian's life, and even causing the death of Diana's children, as well as digging up their graves...

She had done so much, yet it seemed she hadn't truly defeated Diana.

Instead, everything she did only strengthened Julian's affection for Diana.

Whenever she thought about the determined look on Julian's face when he replied to her question, it felt as if someone had taken a knife and was slowly inserting it into her heart, little by little...

Without regard for her life.

It was a slow, burning torture that was gradually draining her soul.

“You, I like you.” Julian’s words echoed in her ears. “But that affection is like family, and also a gratitude towards a benefactor.”

Not as a lover, not as a partner, and certainly not the love between husband and wife.

He promptly told her not to take him calling her his fiancée seriously.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 523

Julian had only called Kayla that to put Diana’s mind at ease.

How ridiculous!

Kayla once thought that Diana was her substitute. Unexpectedly, Diana was the one he truly cherished, his first love, and the love of his life.

But with all that Kayla had done, how could she accept the current outcome?

She looked up, revealing her ruined face and eyes filled with resentment.

“Daddy, Mommy.”

As soon as she uttered those words, James and Kate burst into tears.

“My poor Kayla,” Kate said as she gently caressed Kayla’s face.

Her heart ached at the sight, and her hands trembled uncontrollably.” How... How did you get so severely hurt?”

Kayla took a deep breath and said, “It was Diana. Diana did this to me.”

James knew Diana had attacked Kayla, but he never expected her to be so ruthless. His resentment towards her grew deeper.

“That wretched girl! We should’ve just killed her from the start! She doesn’t deserve to be part of our family! She should just die in a ditch somewhere outside!”

How dare she even ask him to crawl back to their family residence?!

That d\*mned girl!

No matter how he thought about it, Diana couldn't compare to Kayla.

After this incident, James no longer held out any hope that Diana would help them anymore.

"Kayla," James started with an earnest look in his eyes. "Given the current situation, do you still have confidence in marrying Julian?"

Becoming Mrs. Fulcher and completely trampling that stupid girl under their feet was now their best way out, their best common goal.

"I can." Kayla clenched her hands tightly, as if holding onto her destiny. "I promise I'll marry Julian, Daddy."

It had become her obsession.

James quickly asked, "What should we do next?"

"You don't need to worry about it." Kayla glanced at him with a mocking expression. "As long as you no longer think of siding with Diana, I can guarantee you'll obtain everything you've ever desired."

"And you." Kayla looked at Kate and reached out to grip the latter's hand. "Diana shouldn't be there if you want me in your heart. If she is, then I won't be."

Whatever Kayla already had in hand were things that she would never return to Diana.

Kate was visibly stunned.

Over the years, she had faint suspicions about Kayla's background. She also speculated about the relationship between Lucy and James.

Furthermore, she considered that the disappearance of her birth daughter might be connected to the person sleeping by her side at night.

However, she didn't dare to delve deeper into those thoughts.

Rather than saying she didn't dare, it was more accurate to say that she was deceiving herself.

But today, Diana had mercilessly torn open that part of her, exposing the raw and bloody flesh. The pain was so intense that she didn't even have time to react, and she was forced to cover it up.

Compared to Diana and the hard truth, she cared more about being James's wife and Mrs. Winnington, as well as her reputation.

She couldn't allow such a scandal to spread about her.

She would rather bury her head in the sand and that...Diana had never appeared before her, all grown up.

"I shouldn't have made that heartless brat noodles for her birthday," Kate admitted her mistake in front of Kayla, holding the latter tightly. "You're the only daughter I have in this lifetime. The only one.'

Her embrace was tight, and Kayla hugged her back the same way.

"Don't worry, Mommy. I'll never be inferior to Diana.'

Kayla would eventually reclaim this face from Diana.

The two sisters would fight to the bitter end.

It all depended on who would have the last laugh.

After exiting the hospital, Diana went to the cemetery. Nina had already tidied up the place, and now, it looked the same as before it was dug up. However, only Diana knew that the only thing she had left of her children in this world was gone.

She once thought that after dealing with Kayla, she would end everything with them.

In the end, Julian interfered with her, and she couldn't be even more ruthless towards Kayla.

Just ruining Kayla's face hadn't been enough.

Diana wanted Kayla to taste the pain of having the cherished people around her turn away from her completely.

A substitute?



Diana sneered in derision.

Now, she truly wanted to use this face for her own purposes.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 524

At the moment, Fulcher. Inc's operation and development were very stable, but Julian was never a man who was content with the status quo.

As the helmsman of Fulcher Inc., he had arranged detailed and meticulous expansion plans for the company. However, he rarely needed to intervene in day-to-day matters personally, and only important decisions required his input.

This meant he could be away from the company and focus all his attention on Diana.

"I'm telling you, her current physical condition is excellent," Vans told him for the hundredth time. "How many more times do you want me to say it?"

"But she keeps fainting." Julian still couldn't be at ease. "I've already contacted your director. Let's have a discussion and prescribe some medicine.'

Was this situation really worth alarming the hospital director...?

Vans didn't dare to argue with this young master, so he just raised an eyebrow in surprise.

"And then... You want me to deliver the medicine to Diana?"

Vans's relationship with Nina had been strained recently due to the engagement, and he still hadn't figured out how to face her yet.

He also didn't want to meet Diana during such a critical moment.

A mysterious smile appeared on Julian's lips when he heard the question. He looked like a general who had won a battle, but was forced to keep the news from others for now.

"I'll do it myself."

He didn't need Vans's help.

It would be good to use this opportunity to see Diana.

He hadn't had a proper meeting in person with her in a long time. Although he had carried her to the hospital when she fainted yesterday, Diana had been completely unconscious and he didn't have a chance to talk to her.

Early this morning, he had gone to Kayla's ward and had missed his chance to talk to Diana again.

Moreover...

Even if he intended to meet Diana, Julian wouldn't have the guts to actually do it. He only became braver after finding the note Diana had left him.

She seemed to possess a magical power that could smooth out all his edges and turn his entire armor into a soft cocoon as he awaited her arrival.

Vans couldn't help but chuckle at his expression. "You look like a certain type of person right now."

Julian raised an eyebrow, his handsome face resembling the most perfect sculpture.

"What do you mean?"

It was just a simple raised eyebrow, but in that action, he exuded an aura of dominance instantly.

Vans suddenly hesitated to speak, but he couldn't withstand Julian's piercing gaze.

In the end, he had no choice but to speak up.

Swallowing nervously, he forced down the fear and tremor in his voice as he said, "You look like a consort who's about to become the most favored... Julian paused momentarily, then said quietly, 'You're mistaken. Diana will never favor me. I can't compare myself to fortunate consorts who'll be favored.'

All he wanted was to see her face and have a proper conversation with her. That alone would temporarily fill the longing in his heart and make it feel less empty.

As for being favored...

He dared not imagine such intimate moments with her again.

Seeing the smile disappear from Julian's face, Vans, who had already prepared to run, couldn't help but give a thumbs-up to Julian.

"Bro, I never expected to see such a devoted side to you. Are you trying to be her white knight or loyal admirer, or something?"

"If Diana allows me to be her white knight or loyal admirer, then being that would be my greatest happiness."

Vans couldn't help the shudder that ran through him as soon as Julian finished speaking.

"Sorry. Goosebumps, you know? Can't seem to shake them off..."

"Just hurry up and write the prescription." Julian couldn't be bothered to deal with Vans. He then glanced towards the door. "The director's here. I'll be waiting here for the prescription."

Whenever someone else arrived, Julian's mask would slide back on perfectly.

Vans didn't dare to tease him anymore and quickly held a discussion with the director. Although it was called a discussion, it wasn't like Diana had any significant medical condition. It mainly focused on nutritional supplementation and peace of mind.

However, Vans and the director still provided a perfect prescription.

"If she takes this for two days, her mental state will improve significantly."

After the director left, Vans explained further to Julian, "Three times a day, before each meal."

Julian carefully noted down the prescription.

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Then, Julian took the prescribed medication and returned to Diana's apartment.

He assumed she would've returned home, but learned from the property management that there had been no movement since yesterday.

Strange.

Where could she have gone?

Julian couldn't wait even a minute longer. He wanted to see Diana as soon as possible.

After thinking it over, he went to the cemetery.

He rarely came here, and every time he did, he would think about Diana's breakdown and the fact that the Aster and Star were already not in this world.

As long as he didn't come, he could continue living in his imagination and pretend that the two children were still alive and well in this world.

Pretend... That he was still in that time when he and Diana were eagerly awaiting the birth of their children.

Those were the happiest moments in his life.

Julian lowered his head and looked at his own hands, reminiscing about the feeling of placing his hands on Diana's belly. The smile on his icy face gradually widened when he thought about it.

To his surprise, he couldn't find Diana in the cemetery either. Julian didn't want to face the children's grave alone, so he only glanced from a distance and confirmed that the touch of bright yellow was still there before leaving again.

"Noel," Julian said. "Try to locate Diana's whereabouts through her phone number."

If he continued searching aimlessly like this, it would soon be dark, and he still wouldn't be able to see her.

Noel immediately received news. "She's at the studio."

The studio? Why was she at work when she hadn't fully recovered?

A flicker of displeasure flashed across Julian's face. He reached into the car and pulled out a rarely used black phone. After a moment's thought, he simply typed, [Are you working?]

Diana's phone lit up, and she glanced at it after she finished drawing the design in her hand.

It was a message from Mr. Whatever.

Since their last investment, he hadn't contacted her again. Sometimes, she wondered if this wealthy landlord had forgotten about the investment entirely.

She didn't expect to receive a message from him today.

She quickly replied, [Yes, is there something you need?]

The studio had just been established, and there were many areas that still required improvement. Especially in terms of accounting, progress had been significantly delayed in recent days, so it was normal if the investor was dissatisfied.

Unexpectedly, Mr. Whatever didn't message her to reprimand her.

[Nothing. Just take care of yourself and ensure you have a work-life balance.]

His words came out of the blue and sounded somewhat ambiguous, Diana was stunned by it. While she was trying to figure out what he meant by it, another message came in.

[I don't want my investment to go to waste because of your health.]

She breathed a sigh of relief.

As it turned out he was simply concerned about her working conditions.

[Alright, please rest assured. I'll take care of my health and do my best to make the studio's return on investment even higher than being a landlord.]

Her response didn't sound scripted, and was quite pleasant to read.

Julian even wanted to have a voice call with her for a moment after reading the reply, but reason told him that he would inevitably reveal his identity once he did that.

It was better to keep his identity as Mr. Whatever, allowing Diana to chat with him without any burden or annoyance.

The smile on him grew wider, and he slowly put away the black phone he rarely used. He looked out of the window for a bit until he noticed a shop selling soup.

“Stop the car,” he told Noel. “I’m going to buy something.”

When meeting one’s beloved, one should always give them something they liked and suited them.

In Julian’s case, he wanted to see Diana as soon as possible.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 526

Julian wasted no time after getting out of the car.

In just five minutes, he returned with his arms filled with things; there was soup, flowers, clothes, and comfortable shoes.

He knew the clothes he had previously bought for Diana had been given away to the nurses, and was somewhat upset about it.

He thought that since Diana wore the clothes Oliver had given her, she would also wear the ones he gave her. In fact, he wasn’t even sure if his gifts today would be well-received.

He stood at the studio entrance with the items in his hands, instructing someone to go in and announce his presence. He thought it would be best to enter after obtaining permission.

This way, he could confirm Diana’s intentions again to avoid the misunderstandings that he and Noel usually had.

Lastly, he added, ‘There’s no pumpkin in the soup.’”

This time, he didn’t overlook the things she was allergic to.

When the receptionist informed Diana of his arrival, she was momentarily stunned. ‘Mr. Fulcher?’”

The receptionist was a typical fan girl who was already infatuated with Julian's appearance.

She couldn't contain her excitement and exclaimed, "Yes! The one with really long legs and a super handsome face! My goodness, I don't even have words to describe him!"

The receptionist's eyes sparkled as she continued excitedly, "Anyway, he's incredibly good-looking. He's way more attractive than the movie stars on television! And that air around him..."

Even after chattering on for a few more minutes, the receptionist was still very excited. In fact, the more she thought about it, the more she felt that the man must come from a noble background.

It was easy to see that he wasn't an ordinary man.

Finally regaining her composure, the receptionist glanced at her boss, who seemed unimpressed. Confused, she asked, "Why are you so calm...?"

Diana lowered her eyes to conceal her emotions.

"Why shouldn't I be?"

If it were in the past and she heard that Julian was coming to see her, perhaps Diana would have been as excited as the girl in front of her and not knowing how to react.

But now, this man had taken her heart and shattered it repeatedly.

She found it amusing that he specifically mentioned that there was no pumpkin in the soup, and wasn't at all touched that he remembered such a small detail.

Hadn't he come to settle accounts with her regarding Kayla? Why bring soup? What kind of act was he putting on this time?

Diana told the receptionist to leave first and quickly changed into a white dress. It was Kayla's favorite color.

Julian stood at the door, looking somewhat foolish with everything in his arms. He went from being an aristocratic gentleman who seemed detached from the world to looking like a clown.

When Diana appeared, he stared blankly at her.

When they were young, she had saved his life. Yet as they grew up, he nearly took hers.

Every time Julian stepped closer, Diana could sense that fate was playing tricks on her.

How ironic.

However, her expression remained calm and composed as she uttered his name, 'Julian.'

She pronounced his name clearly, as if she had repeated it a thousand times in her heart, rendering it devoid of any emotion.

There was a time she would say his name with happiness and anticipation.

Julian couldn't help but think of the two children they had lost. With so much left unsaid, he could only look at her in silence.

The two of them stood there, unaware of how much time had passed, until Diana's legs started to feel numb.

She finally said, "Come in."

It seemed the dress she was wearing today was quite effective.

Was everything related to Kayla able to calm him down?

Love was truly remarkable.

A mocking smile tugged at the corner of Diana's lips as she slowly followed behind Julian.

The two entered the office, and the receptionist's eyes widened in disbelief. It wasn't until the office door closed that she realized she had managed to snap a photo.

In the photo, the man and woman walked side by side. They were so close, yet it seemed like there was a thousand miles between them.

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While it seemed like there were thousands of miles between them, it also seemed like no one else could come close to them and that they were in their own little world.

They appeared to be a match made in heaven, yet...

The receptionist knew this photo shouldn't exist, but the scene of them standing together was simply too captivating for her to resist.

After giving it some thought, she gathered her courage and decided not to delete it. Instead, she carefully saved it in her phone.

"Have a seat," Diana said as she pulled out a chair for him.

The sudden opportunity to meet and converse at such close proximity, coupled with Diana's accommodating attitude, left Julian pleasantly surprised.

The usually composed man had a rampant of emotions surging up, rendering him restless. His actions became somewhat flustered, and he struggled clumsily to decide which item to put down first.

Diana took the initiative and reached out to take the soup from his hands, which allowed Julian to gather himself and slowly settle down before her eyes.

Diana believed that it was the charm of her white dress. She acknowledged that everything related to Kayla had a much greater effect than the charm Oliver had given her.

Could any favor, regardless of whether it was life-saving or not, be compared to even a single finger of Kayla in this man's heart?

No, it couldn't.

This dress alone was enough to make him flustered.

Diana shoved down the sadness in her heart and looked at the man before her with seemingly calm and serene eyes.

"I was reckless with Kayla. If you want to hold me accountable..."

"That's between the two of you," Julian cut her off quickly, clarifying his stance. "I never intended to get involved."

As long as Diana wasn't the one hurt, he could turn a blind eye forever.

Diana didn't expect Julian to be so accommodating. She looked at the things he had brought and sipped the soup. It tasted the same as it usually would, but the person that bought it had changed.

She could no longer dwell on her past with Julian.

Thinking about it only gave her excruciating pain.

She felt as if her heart had been hollowed out and was suffocating her.

She held her breath, and waited for the soup to go down her throat before slowly clenching her hands and asking, "Does this dress look good on me?"

Julian was momentarily taken aback.

He didn't expect Diana to ask such a question. It felt so intimate.

It was as if they had never had any conflicts between them.

Instantly, Julian's mood soared. His eyes softened, and there was no trace of hostility in them.

"You look beautiful."

The gentle tone in which he spoke reminded Diana of when she heard his confession to Kayla in the hospital room.

Just because the color of her dress was the same as the ones Kayla often wore, Julian could let go of any grudges against her.

Moreover, she had a face similar to Kayla's.

Oliver claimed that the debt of saving his life was Diana's life-saving charm, but Diana was even more confident that the fact her face resembled Kayla's was the real charm.

"You really won't pursue the incident between me and Kayla?" she asked.

"I wont."

He understood Diana could never let go of her hatred for Kayla because of their children. But he had already taken away Kayla's reproductive abilities, and any further action would be risking her life.

After all, he couldn't go too far as Kayla had saved his life back when he was a child.

However, Diana was different. She was the mother of their children, and she could do anything she wanted to Kayla. Still, he would only allow it if it didn't hurt Diana in the end.

He was somewhat sympathetic about Kayla's disfigurement, but as the father of the children and Diana's husband-or rather, ex-husband-he was more inclined to support his wife.

Thinking of this unpleasant title left a sour taste in his mouth, and his expression turned cold.

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It was a really distressing thought.

The moment Diana mentioned Kayla's disfigurement, Julian's expression darkened significantly, and warning bells rang in her mind.

"Mr. Fulcher." She calmly finished her soup, then mustered the courage to look at the man before her and continued, 'Since you don't intend to pursue the violence I inflicted on your fiancée, why are you here?"

Finally, she got to the point.

Julian seemed like a child who had just received candy, and heaved a sigh of relief in secret. He quickly took out the medicine he had prepared.

"Here, this is for you. Take this as scheduled."

Diana picked it up and glanced at it.

They were all calming and nourishing medicines, but they weren't drugs that were commonly seen. They seemed more like specially supplied medicine for VIPs in hospitals. It wasn't surprising that Julian could get hold of these medicines.

What was surprising was why he was giving them to her.

“Kayla needs your care more than I do now,” Diana said, anxiously biting her lip. “Why would you come here personally to deliver these to me?”

“You’re Kayla’s older sister.” Julian could only make up something on the spot, unable to find a better excuse. “And my ex-wife.”

Asking him to tell Diana that he knew she didn’t like Oliver and wanted to pursue her again suddenly... It was impossible.

His usually icy face turned slightly red, looking like tomatoes, leaving him visibly flustered.

Seeing him being so humbled for the first time, Diana couldn’t help but find it amusing. She lightly rubbed the edges of the medicine box Julian had given her, as if hoping to make the corners of the box as sharp as a knife and remind herself not to fall into the occasional display of tenderness from this man or get lost in his deep, inky eyes.

Whenever he stared at her, it always gave her the illusion of him having a deep affection for her. It was because of this that Diana tried her best to avoid meeting him.

But now, it was inevitable.

Kayla’s disfigurement and James’s half-baked apology were far from enough.

She had vowed to take away their most precious things.

And Kayla’s most precious thing was none other than the man in front of her.

As for James...

She thought about the clothing industry under the Winnington family that James and Kayla led, which had recently opened up with tremendous success.

She felt relieved that there was something.

Julian could sense her detachment as her gaze was no longer on him.

There was a moment when he wanted to rush forward and forcefully hold her cheeks to make her focus more on him.

In the past, he might have kissed her in such a moment.

Those moments were when Diana was the most obedient.

Meanwhile, Diana pulled herself out of her reverie with eyes filled with determination.

“Mr. Fulcher, you want everything right now, don’t you?”

Julian was perplexed. “What do you mean by that?”

Of course, it meant wanting to possess Kayla and keep in constant contact with Diana.

Diana had never imagined someone as esteemed as Julian would have such a two-faced mentality.

Was he seeking solace in her because Kayla’s face had been horribly disfigured?

Not holding Diana accountable for the incident was also for his convenience, no?

Diana suppressed her disgust and smiled.

“It’s nothing.”

Since he was unwilling to admit it, she wouldn’t push or expose him.

She gave him an understanding smile. Standing up, she twirled in front of Julian like a fairy.

Layers of floral patterns adorned the white dress, making Diana look more enchanting than usual. Her twirling gave her the impression of like a water nymph dancing on the water’s surface.

It was the same color Kayla always wore, but she never displayed such an effect.

Julian laughed at himself inwardly at the thought.

Well, he had always been biased, hadn't he?

After that, he told Diana sincerely, "You should wear more white in the future.'

His tone was as domineering as always.

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It also sounded more like a command, as everything Julian said did.

In the past, when she loved him, hearing him speak this way sounded wonderfully sweet.

But now...

Having seen through his true intentions and desires, she only felt a deep sense of repulsion from the bottom of her heart.

"Sure."

After her firm answer, Julian belatedly realized...

Was Diana's intention to reconcile with him genuine? Was that why she left the note back in the hospital?

Otherwise, why didn't she argue back when he spoke with such a forceful tone?

Instead, she smiled and went along with him.

Before, he would've noticed the displeasure in her eyes. But now, Julian was too intoxicated by joy.

He only considered seizing the opportunity where he could as he said, "Diana, can I see you more often from now on, just like before?"

"Okay," Diana replied with a nod. 'It's not like I'm angry with you anymore."

Julian was once again pleasantly surprised. He jumped up from his seat so quickly that he might as well have been flying.

He almost stumbled on his long legs due to the lack of space. Before Diana could react, he had already picked her up in his arms.

As he raised her up slightly in the air by her waist, her skirt swayed and bobbed along the movement. The layers looked like blooming ripples, creating the most beautiful scene Julian's eyes had ever witnessed.

The more he looked at her, the more beautiful she seemed.

Julian let himself sink into the blissful mood, and he desperately wished he could pull her tightly into his embrace. He wanted to talk about the longing and frustrations he had experienced in the past few days.

Yet, for now, simply having her permission to meet and hold her like this made him content.

He couldn't be too greedy.

He thought for a while and asked, "Can I come to see you tomorrow?"

He held her slender waist and gently placed her on her desk, then took out the clothes he had just bought. "Wear this tomorrow."

It was white.

And it was a dress.

Even after all this time, Julian's taste still remained the same.

It seemed after Kayla had been disfigured, he had become even more determined to mold Diana into the perfect substitute-thoroughly and completely.

The momentary pleasure of being lifted up by him faded, and Diana's gaze dimmed.

She took the clothes from his hand and said, "Okay, I'll see you tomorrow."

Julian thought he had misheard.

"You won't change your mind?"

His eyes were wide, and there was no trace of the usual coldness on his face. Only a look of astonishment was present.

Diana wasn't accustomed to such an open expression on his face, so she averted her eyes from him slightly.

"Yes."

If she wanted to snatch away everything Kayla cared about, she needed to obtain Julian. If giving him false promises would help her cause, she would do it.

Julian was elated, completely unaware of Diana's current thoughts. He was so ecstatic, he almost bumped into the glass door on his way out.

It wasn't until Diana let out a soft laugh that he turned around and glanced at her as if waking up from a dream.

There was still a smile on his lips, one that gave him the impression of a noble deity descending into the mortal world. There was a touch of aloofness and extraordinary air around him that didn't blend with the mundane; it made Diana momentarily forget that this man was indeed known as a god in Richburgh.

As long as he was in Richburgh, its economic lifeline would survive.

And yet, only the image of his silly smile remained in her mind.

Only after Julian had walked far away did she realize she was also smiling foolishly. The pen in her hand abruptly stopped, leaving a deep black ink mark on a blank sheet of paper.

"Don't be moved, Diana," she told herself sternly.

She stared at the paper, gritting her teeth as she continued to remind herself. 'Before, he treated you as a substitute and didn't care about your babies. Now, you're willingly becoming Kayla's substitute.'

Don't be moved!

Otherwise, she would end up even more miserable in front of Julian and Kayla!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 530



Julian's arms were laden with so many things when he first arrived at Diana's studio, but he left with none of it.

Noel knew from his smile that things had gone well. "Sir, did you follow our plan?"

Julian shook his head. "No, I didn't."

"Then, why are you so happy?"

"There's hope," Julian said as he leisurely crossed his legs, leaning against the backseat. He exuded an elegant and indescribable composure. "As for our plan, there's plenty of time for that."

Courting Diana was a matter he would take time with.

But as he spoke, he chuckled, as if he was showing off. "You have no idea how well she treated me today."

Noel couldn't help but purse his lips at Julian's display of happiness. This was no longer the decisive man from their family.

This was clearly...a child who had received candy and couldn't help but gloat about it.

Still, Noel was sincerely happy for Julian, and even played a jaunty tune as he drove.

Usually, Julian would've told Noel to shut it off.

But today, he strangely found the cheesy melody quite flavorful and perfectly expressed his happy mood.

"Turn it on louder," Julian said, the smile still on his lips.

Noel glanced at him through the rearview mirror and turned up the volume.

The car left the studio and slowly approached the mansion without any hiccups.

After finishing work in the studio, it was already late at night.

Diana was tired, but fortunately, she had achieved something.

She stretched lazily and carried the clothes Julian had given her as she descended the stairs.

She thought the streets would be particularly desolate, but to her surprise, they were brightly lit.

However...

There wasn't a single pedestrian on the road.

Compressed by the moonlight and the darkness, these lights cast long shadows, giving an inexplicable sense of security.

It was as if someone had purposely left the lights on for her in the dead of night.

Diana walked onto the road with peace of mind, and waited for the cab she had hailed to arrive.

Just a few more minutes and the car would be here.

The weather was a bit cold, so she instinctively wrapped her clothes tightly around herself. Without thinking much, she looked up to find the sky littered with stars tonight.

Two of them were exceptionally bright.

Aster, Star...

She silently recited the names of her babies, and tears filled her eyes. She reached out to wipe her tears and, through the blur of her teary eyes, saw a car stop in front of her.

Without much thought, she got into the car. Soon, someone handed her a tissue.

Ride-hailing drivers nowadays were becoming more considerate, so much that they cared for their passengers' emotions.

Diana wiped her tears, trying hard not to think about her children anymore as she slowly calmed her sorrowful emotions.

She said softly, "Thank you."

“You’re welcome.”

The person’s voice carried a hint of hoarseness, and it sounded oddly sinister.

Suddenly, Diana recalled the man who had arrogantly trapped her after violently beating up someone at the hospital the other day.

She looked up, and immediately met someone’s eyes.

“Simon...!”

It really was him!

Simon’s eyes were filled with mockery, as if he was questioning and ridiculing her.

Diana instinctively lowered her head and quickly checked her phone, then glanced at the emblem on the car’s steering wheel.

The revelation left her deeply embarrassed.

“I’m sorry,” she sincerely apologized. ‘I wasn’t paying attention, and got into the wrong car...’

This was clearly not the car she had booked on the app...

“If you want to get close to me, just say it.”

Simon didn’t think Diana had made a mistake, and instead stared at her as though trying to see through her. The mocking smile was still on his lips as he held a folding fan in his hand, which seemed like it could turn into a deadly weapon at any moment.