Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 601-610

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 601

Diana held the knife handle tightly through her clothes and said, " If Julian wakes up, I'll leave him in your care."

"Bah!" Vans was furious. "What do you mean, if?!"

Julian would definitely wake up!

He had to!

Yet, no one dared to give such confirmation with certainty.

Not even Vans, a professional doctor, and certainly not Diana.

In the face of life and death of a loved one, all they could do was pray.

"You asked me to take care of him. What-"

Before Vans could finish his sentence, he looked up to see that Diana was already gone.

"Damn it!"

Vans walked around and looked for her, but there was no trace of her. He was also afraid that something would go wrong in the operating room, so he didn't go any further to look for her.

However, he couldn't help but feel a tinge of disappointment towards Diana.

Julian had done so much for her, yet she still refused to reconcile with him and accept his love…

She couldn't even wait for him outside the operating theater.

Vans looked at the cold light shining on the hospital's gray floors, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Diana hadn't actually gone far.

She had left the hallways of the operating theater because it felt too oppressive.

The red light indicating ongoing surgery in the operating theater kept flashing, and doctors were constantly rushing in and out.

Each time they entered or exited, she could see an increased amount of bloodstain on them.

Presumably, it was all Julian's blood…

How severe were his injuries?

Diana didn't dare think about it.

The air was so stifling that she couldn't breathe properly, and she didn't dare ponder about the outcome of the surgery.

Fortunately, Vans was there and constantly scolding her, which gave her a sense of reality.

As of this moment, she had to return to the hotel to see Kayla.

As Julian hadn't said anything about her and he wasn't conscious right now, no one dared make any rash moves.

Kayla was being held by the security guards at the hotel, and she was locked up in the storeroom where Diana had previously been held.

The security guards quickly recognized Diana and knew she was the woman whom Julian willingly knelt for and was willing to give up everything, even his life, to protect her.

No one stopped her, and no one dared to disrespect or disobey her. When she asked about Kayla's whereabouts, they quickly pointed her in the right direction.

But…

One security guard glanced at her, wanting to point out to her that the bandage on her wrist had come loose. Ultimately, he didn't dare say a word when he saw the expression on her face.

It was terrifying.

In fact, it was even more frightening than Julian's gaze.

There was a fearless determination in her eyes, and a somewhat hollow resolve.

Diana was going to see Kayla.

For the sake of Julian and her babies, she would make Kayla pay for all the suffering they were forced to endure!

It had only been an hour since Diana had seen Kayla, but she had transformed from a beautiful bride into a disheveled woman covered in blood and thrown into a corner of the room.

It seemed Kayla knew Diana would come, as she straightened up the moment she saw the latter.

"I've been waiting for you."

However, Diana ignored Kayla's words. Instead, she pulled the knife out and lunged straight at the hateful woman.

Diana had thought this through.

Even if Julian miraculously survived, she would never spare Kayla.

She was determined to give Kayla a taste of what it felt like to have a knife plunged right into her heart…

She wanted to make Kayla experience the pain that Julian had suffered!

However, Kayla remained eerily calm in the face of Diana's madness.

Ever since Diana entered the room, a faint smile hung on Kayla's lips. Just as Diana moved, Kayla opened her mouth and said slowly, "Ashes."

Diana stopped abruptly in her tracks when she heard that; her eyes were wide, and she looked as if someone had stuck needles in her and paralyzed her.

Kayla continued staring at Diana and sneered, "Don't you want the ashes of your two b*stards?"

Thunder roared in Diana's ears, jolting her back to her senses instantly.

"Ashes?!"

The ashes of her babies?

Hadn't Kayla already washed them down in the rainwater, making them flow into unknown and filthy places?

"Don't try to lie to me."

Kayla had always been ruthless in her actions. Now that she realized the mess she was in and wanted to save herself, it wasn't surprising for her to make up lies on the spot.

Diana would never fall for it again.

"I'm not lying," Kayla retorted. "If I hadn't kept a backup plan for myself, do you think I would've dared hurt you and that old hag? You probably haven't realized just how deep Julian's feelings are for you."

While Kayla spoke, there was a self-mocking look on her face.

Diana instantly understood.

The situation was in truth confusing for those directly involved in it, but clear to onlookers.

Kayla had always claimed that Diana was a substitute; perhaps it was merely one of her many hateful tactics to drive a wedge between Diana and Julian and ultimately marry Julian herself.

Ironically, Diana ended up becoming the real one between them.

"Last time," Diana started, her grip on the knife tightening.

Pausing for a moment, she continued with much difficulty, "He said you were his fiancee."

"That was a lie."

At this point, Kayla was more concerned about preserving her own life than keeping up any pretense. There was no need to anymore, after all.

"He said it was because you wanted him to be together with me, so he'd listen to your words and say what you wanted to hear in front of you."

For Julian to actually be with Kayla and take her as his fiancee was something he couldn't bring himself to do.

That had indeed been what Diana had said.

On that rainy day, Diana was so fed up with being so involved with Julian and had spat out those words in a fit of anguish. She hadn't expected him to take it to heart and deliberately put on an act before her just to please her, silly as it was.

"Since then, I knew that his feelings for you ran really deep."

Even after so many years of being together with Julian, Kayla had never experienced such care and concern from him. His attentiveness and consideration toward her had always been limited.

It was intimate, but there was also courtesy underlying his actions.

Kayla had tried many times to seduce him, but she never once succeeded.

She absolutely hated how polite he was!

When she thought about this, resentment flashed in her eyes.

"Before taking action this time, I thought about how if I failed…

After all, the person she was going up against was Julian, the most prestigious and powerful man in Richburgh.

"That I'd have to rely on you to escape the blame."

Diana scoffed and glared daggers at Kayla.

"I suppose you also realized the Winnington family is in trouble."

Diana observed Kayla closely; seeing a look of realization suddenly dawning on the latter's face, she knew she had hit the nail on the mark.

"The Winnington family will no longer be your sanctuary."

Eighteen years ago, Kayla had taken away Diana's parents, and Diana now despised them beyond anything. Her hate notwithstanding, she even personally sent them to hell!

"James is in a precarious situation right now. It's even possible that the family head will expel him from the clan."

James had always boasted about his abilities, but in reality, he had always been relying on the Fulcher family.

Now that Kayla had committed such a terrible crime, Julian would definitely sever all ties with them.

Even worse, the entire Winnington family would be implicated!

Disbelief flashed in Kayla's eyes, but if Diana could escape her flawless kidnapping plan and arrive at the hotel, what else wouldn't she believe?

Now, she could only think about the exhibition.

"You're something else, Diana," she hissed.

Kayla had schemed so much to kidnap Diana, but she wouldn't be easily outdone!

"You started plotting against me when you went to Winnington Inc.!"

The promotional page for the exhibition Diana had shown James wasn't Diana's true intentions. Her real purpose was to look into the development of their fashion line.

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"You're wrong," Diana replied calmly.

Her pale, tense face finally showed a hint of a smile.

"I started way before that."

In this world, there was never a reason for someone to receive constant harassment.

However, Diana chose to take a detour.

She had thought that Julian's beloved was Kayla. Thus, she tried to find ways to strike at Kayla indirectly.

But in actual fact…

If Diana had been willing to communicate with Julian openly and trusted him a little more, perhaps she wouldn't have had to take all these detours as she had done. All she would have needed to do was give the word, and Julian would have moved even mountains for her.

He had proved it, after all. He was willing to throw even his life away for her.

Thinking of the man currently fighting for his life in the operating room, Diana's eyes flooded with tears again.

Uneasiness and fury surged through her, and she snarled, " Whether it's my babies or Julian, your mistake lies in hurting the people I care about!"

If it wasn't for that, Diana would have kept her distance from Kayla. Even if Kayla kept the title of being the Winnington family's

lady, Diana could still ignore that. She wouldn't have touched James or Kate, either.

But now…

Kayla was also crying, but she was crying for her own plight.

When she couldn't contact Lucy or James before the wedding started, she should've noticed that something was wrong.

For James not to place any importance on something he had been eagerly waiting for was a big clue that something major must have befallen him.

Little did Kayla know, Diana was the one who had set it all up. She had deliberately lured them into attending the exhibition, then made sure the factory equipment and the workers in Winnington Fashions weren't ready for

the increased workload caused by the sudden surge in orders, ultimately leading to the collapse in their reputation and quality.

The Winnington would definitely hold them accountable for this mess!

James wouldn't be able to escape the blame.

If Kayla wasn't trapped here, she was sure the family head would have also summoned her and even disciplined her…

Kayla was furious that Diana had severed her most important support. "James is also your father! You're so heartless! Aren't you afraid of karma?"

"Karma?" Diana repeated, and she couldn't help herself from laughing at Kayla's ridiculous words. "You've done so many things to me without facing any consequences, so why should I be afraid?"

Since karma wouldn't come for her, Diana would take matters into her own hands.

"But you provoked me first!" Kayla shrieked.

As soon as she said that, a crisp slap echoed in the room.

Diana had slapped her across the face, hard.

Kayla was left in a daze; she desperately wished she could charge at Diana now and fight the latter to the death. However, she was tied up rightly and unable to move an inch. She could do nothing else but endure Diana's harsh treatment.

"I've never been one to play nice," Diana remarked as she set the knife aside and casually tossed away the loosened bandage from her wrist. She took aim at Kayla and said, "Now that the tables have turned, I'm going to vent my anger properly."

Diana had gone through a rough ride for the past few days.

And to top it off, Kayla had hurt everyone Diana ever held dear.

Every single one of them!

Her babies, Julian, Madam Fulcher, and even herself!

The only sound in the room was that of Diana slapping Kayla repeatedly, the latter's head snapping from side to side with every blow.

It continued until Kayla's veil fell to the ground, and her previously disfigured wounds started to deteriorate again. The cuts turned red and eventually bled, the wound widening to resemble a gaping mouth.

Every time Diana struck Kayla, she would use all the strength in her body. If this went on, the force of these blows alone could bring Kayla to the brink of death, even without using the knife Diana had brought.

Kayla seemed to finally realize her approaching mortal peril, and started to panic.

"D-Diana… No, my dear sister! Please!"

Now that Kayla had no one she could rely on in the Winnington family, she could only hold onto Diana tightly if she wanted a chance for survival!

She even thought of kneeling before Diana, but the ropes bound her too tightly and she couldn't move a muscle.

So, she could only find another way to halt Diana in her tracks.

"Yale Village!" she suddenly shouted. "Y-Yale Village!"

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Upon hearing the familiar name, Diana finally stopped. Her palms had swelled slightly by now, and she hid her trembling hands behind her back before demanding, "What do you want to say?!"

That was the village Diana had lived in during her childhood. Even if Kayla had learnt the name of the place from James, there was no reason to bring it up at this moment.

Now that Diana had finally stopped, Kayla couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. It was at least a temporary respite for her.

Diana was so despicable… She almost beat Kayla's face to a pulp!

However, Kayla didn't dare direct her angry gaze to Diana, nor did she dare insult the latter further. Instead, she took a deep breath and said, "Because… I've been to Yale Village before."

Then, she proceeded to reveal the truth about how she had taken Diana's place and taken the credit for saving Julian.

The more Diana listened, the more shocked she was.

As it turned out, it wasn't that she and Kayla had saved Julian! The connection Kayla and Julian had that spanned more than a decade… should have been hers to begin with!

Diana and Julian should have been closer and spent more time together…

Yet, Kayla had stripped it all away!

Diana could hardly describe the extent of her rage at this very moment.

"So… You've been lying to Julian all these years?"

"Yes," Kayla replied. Now that the burst of adrenaline was gone, she was reluctant to say so much and stuck to short answers.

"If you want to get your hands on the ashes of your two b*star- I mean…" Kayla quickly corrected herself as Diana's expression twisted, "your children, then you have to plead with Julian on my behalf and spare my life."

It was the only way Kayla could continue to exploit this debt of gratitude, which was her golden ticket.

"If you tell Julian the truth about who saved his life or refuse to plead for me, then you can consider those ashes to have been thrown into the sewer on that rainy day."

This was the second time Kayla had mentioned the ashes.

Diana's heart clenched tightly. "Did you really not throw them down into the sewers?"

"No," Kayla replied, noting the slight change in Diana's expression.

Kayla knew she had hit a nerve, so her tone grew arrogant again. She even shrugged casually before saying, "I can't help it if you don't believe me."

Seeing how confident Kayla was acting, Diana's initial doubts started to waver.

She deliberately gave Kayla the wrong information to test the latter and demanded, "How did you preserve the ashes in a jar?"

Kayla was quick to correct Diana. "It's not a jar. It's a tube."

The fetus was unformed, and the ashes were just a tiny bit of powder-like substance that barely occupied even a tenth of the medicinal tube in which it was stored.

But that minuscule amount of ashes, smaller than a fingernail, was now Diana's Achilles' heel.

As long as Kayla had something to hold over Diana, it was equivalent to having control over Julian.

Kayla could clearly see this, so the smile on her face continued to grow.

"So, what do you say? Will you help me plead for my life?"

Diana's heart clenched tightly again when she thought of Julian.

"Julian's life hangs in the balance. How do you know if I'll have the chance to help you plead for your life?"

Kayla's expression dimmed when she heard this.

"He hasn't woken up yet?"

Julian had always seemed strong in her eyes. She had thought he wouldn't lose his life from a single stab.

She never considered the possibility that he might never wake up.

"No," Diana said bitterly, shaking her head.

Suddenly feeling weak, she sat down on the ground. Her white dress was stained with dirt and dust, yet she seemed oblivious to it all.

"He's still in surgery."

"He won't die!" Kayla yelled firmly. "He definitely won't die!"

Even if Julian were to die, he couldn't die from her hands!

If that happened, she would never have a way out!

Diana assumed that Kayla had some feelings for Julian since they had been together for a long time, hence Kayla's refusal to accept the reality.

"Life and death aren't something you and I can decide."

"Yes we can! How can we not?" Kayla insisted. "If he dies, I'll definitely go to jail! I don't want to go to jail! I don't want to!"

So, ultimately, it was all about herself.

This woman was beyond redemption.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 605

Diana looked at Kayla, a trace of pity flashing in her eyes.

"Kayla, do you even know what love is?"

"Don't talk to me about abstract things like that!" Kayla screamed, infuriated. "Julian used to be so good to me. Everyone said he loved me! Even I thought he loved me! I thought being treated well and him willing to marry me meant he loved me. But in reality, it was nothing! He never loved me! He took away my fertility because of those two b*stards, and just because I drugged you a little!"

Kayla laughed miserably, and she looked up at Diana with anger burning in her eyes. "You must be happy to know I can't ever conceive, huh?!"

Diana's heart skipped a beat at Kayla's unexpected admission.

"Are you saying…that Julian took away your fertility?"

"Yes!"

Kayla's voice trembled as she recalled the terrible incident. A wave of grief and anger washed over her.

"The dosage I gave you wasn't even that high, but he had someone force the remainder of the drug down my throat all at once!"

And then…

Kayla had bled a lot.

The very next day, the doctors removed the organ that enabled her to conceive without even notifying her!

They claimed it was to save her life.

Save her?!

What bullsh*t was that?

She would never be able to conceive again!

Though Richburgh was large, there wouldn't be a single prestigious family that would want a woman who couldn't bear children!

So, Kayla could only cling tighter to Julian.

She desperately wanted to become Mrs. Fulcher.

There was too much information in this conversation with Kayla, and Diana seemed to sink further into a daze, unable to recover.

She looked at Kayla, murmuring under her breath. "T-This can't be possible…"

In Julian's heart, Kayla was still his savior. He valued loyalty and gratitude. He had known Kayla for so many years, yet he would go to such lengths for the sake of their babies…

Diana had misunderstood him once again!

She had assumed he hadn't done anything after the incident.

"What a joke…"

Only today, while his life hung in the balance, did those past misunderstandings reveal themselves to her in a way she had never known or expected. The revelations shook her to her core.

The more Diana discovered, the more she realized how much she had missed out.

But now…

She looked up at Kayla and ignored the knife that had pierced Julian. Shoving down the pain in her heart, she asked, "If I agree to your request, will you return the ashes to me?"

"I will," Kayla replied immediately with conviction. "Keeping

them serves no purpose. Besides, they're bad luck."

Diana raised her hand and slapped Kayla across the face once more for that comment.

Though she couldn't kill Kayla with her own hands and even had to plead for mercy from her lover for this deranged woman's life, Diana refused to let Kayla off so easily.

With that thought in mind, novelxo Diana delivered several more slaps to Kayla's already swollen, red face.

After she was done, she glared at Kayla and said, "If Julian wakes up, I'll do as you say, but you better keep your word!"

Diana refused to leave the ashes of her babies in the hands of this evil woman.

"But if Julian doesn't wake up…"

If Julian didn't wake up, Diana would have no more attachments left in this world.

In that case, the ashes could stay where they were…

Because Diana would head into the afterlife with Julian to accompany their babies!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 606

When Diana returned to the hospital, the lights in the operating theater had already dimmed.

She went to look inside, but no one was there.

With nothing else to do, Diana could only head to the reception to ask for Julian's room number. Luckily, Oliver happened to pass by and spotted her.

"Diana?" Oliver asked in confusion. "Why aren't you in the ward?"

Oliver thought she would be by Julian's side every step of the way.

After he finished speaking, his gaze fell on her hand.

"Where's the bandage on your wrist? And what happened to your palm?"

It was so swollen that her hand looked like a pig's hoof, and it was impossible to see her once delicate wrist. It looked particularly wretched.

"What did you do?" Oliver asked with a deep frown.

"Nothing."

Diana didn't plan on telling anyone about her meeting with Kayla.

"I just went out for a while."

Seeing that she didn't want to talk about it, Oliver pressed down the depression in his heart and instead said, "I'll have someone rewrap your hand for you."

"Thankyou," Diana replied politely, but her mind had lost all reason.

Her lips even curled into a happy smile as she asked, "If Julian is back in the ward, does that mean he's awake?"

Oliver caught sight of her delighted expression and quietly hid his disappointment away. He hid his trembling hands behind his back, exhausted from performing a difficult surgery on Julian.

Diana didn't care about him.

That umbrella…

Was just an umbrella, after all.

There weren't any hidden meanings behind it.

Oliver thought of the umbrella and that rainy day. Even though she hadn't left with Julian back then, the distraught look of hers after that happened kept replaying in Oliver's mind.

He smiled and pointed in a direction, saying, "He's in that room around the comer. Go and see him."

If he wasn't the one Diana loved, he would willingly step aside.

If he were honest with himself, he didn't think he could possibly do what Julian had done for Diana today.

Kneeling down as Julian had done…

To a man like Julian, that action had carried too much weight for a person of his status.

Despite that, he had remained calm and composed.

It was as if the wound in his heart, though severe, carried a stubborn and powerful vitality that could drive away anything that was at odds with him.

Including Oliver's feelings for Diana, as well as the heavens who wanted to take his life.

Julian…

Survived.

Despite having his heart pierced, despite losing so much blood that almost every drop of it was replaced during the surgery, the man had pulled through and lived.

This operation would also become a milestone in Oliver's career.

Oliver watched as Diana disappeared like the wind down the corridor, and shook his head with a smile as he lowered his hand.

Since she had someone worthy of her, and since she had love waiting for her, he decided he would not disturb her anymore from now on.

This was his final act of tenderness.

Yet…

His heart still felt empty.

It felt as if, in this autumn, he had come across roses scattered by the rain that had been trampled upon and covered in mud.

His heart ached, but the smile on his face never wavered.

To Simon, the look on Oliver's face appeared extremely hypocritical.

But it didn't matter. It was better that Oliver's focus was in the hospital. He still needed the Channing family's assistance to reach his goal, which was to eventually replace Julian in the economic throne of Richburgh.

Simon wanted his half-brother to acknowledge his existence, the so-called illegitimate child.

Furthermore, he wanted the Fulcher family to pay the price for all the years they had disappointed him!

And all of this was built upon the foundation of the Channing family, who had raised him for so many years.

So…

Where should he start with his first move?

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 607

Of course, Simon had to start with Diana, his darling brother's beloved.

He stared at Diana's figure with an enigmatic smile.

The hospital room was filled with people as many people came to visit Julian, and every single person in this room was a prominent figure in Richburgh.

When Diana entered the room, she saw countless dignitaries looking up to see her.

There was scrutiny in their eyes, but no sense of malice.

Instead, there was sympathy.

The joy that washed over Diana previously now sank to the bottom once more. She didn't care about who was in the room, let alone bother to greet them. She pushed her way through the crowd and headed straight for Julian.

"I see you still have a conscience," Vans sneered as he looked up to look at her lazily.

He was obviously still holding a grudge against Diana for not waiting outside the operating theater for Julian, and was all too happy to express it openly.

"If something had really happened to Julian today-"

"Vans!" Julian hissed, clearing his throat roughly as he interrupted his friend's words.

Vans could only swallow back the angry accusations on the tip of his tongue, but it was still difficult to contain his frustration at Diana. In the end, he simply turned his head and left the room.

In the past, Diana definitely would have chased after him to explain. After all, Vans had helped her a lot and was also Nina's boyfriend. There was no reason for her to let their friendship turn sour.

At the moment, however, she couldn't care about anything else. She walked to Julian's side as fast as possible and looked silently at where his heart was.

There was a lot of gauze in the area, and there was also a heavy bag on top that looked like it was placed there to stop the bleeding.

Diana couldn't help but avert her eyes, afraid that Julian would see her tears.

However, Julian didn't miss the tears in the corner of her eyes. He also noticed her trembling hands.

"Diana," Julian said in a teasing tone. "Did you come to see me?"

This idiotic man!

Diana hadn't even waited outside the entrance of the operating theater for him, yet he wasn't angry at all! He even smiled as he said those words in a playful tone.

"Are you satisfied with me just coming to see you?" Diana said through her tears, his satisfied expression causing her to break into laughter despite her depressed mood.

However, it didn't stop her heart from turning bitter.

Julian had done so much for her and had been so considerate of her, yet she…

In the moment he had just walked out from the jaws of death, Diana was going to ask him to forgive the person who stabbed him…

"Of course not," Julian said, abruptly pulling her down. She was forced to lie on his chest.

If she hadn't reacted in time, she would have collided with the wound in his heart!

Diana was frightened by his sudden action and couldn't help but glower at him.

"What do you think you're doing?!"

"Nothing," Julian said with a bright smile, still holding her with one arm, looking so delighted as if he had obtained a star from the sky. "But I'll be doing many things to you once I get better."

He said the most rascally words in the tone one would use to coax a child.

"You can count on it, so just be patient, alright?"

Diana was speechless, and her face turned red instantly.

She cautiously looked behind. Fortunately, all the people who had previously been in the room had left at some point. Only the two of them remained, so Julian's choice of words wasn't as embarrassing.

"What do you think?" Julian gently whispered in her ear with his deep, magnetic voice as he patted her back. "Do you feel happy and shy? Are you already fantasizing about our happy life after my recovery?"

The more he spoke, the more outrageous he became.

Diana was infuriated and hit him softly. She heard him hiss in response in the next second, like he had drawn a sharp breath inwards.

That soft blow had hurt him!

He was clearly in pain, yet he insisted on holding her and teasing her so!

She quickly moved away from him, at a loss for what to do. She wanted to check on his wounds, but she didn't know where to start.

She was on the verge of crying out in frustration. Yet Julian, who was as pale as paper, simply continued to smile at her.

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"Have you lost your mind?" Diana cried. She was so infuriated by his behavior that she wanted to scream. "You asked me to scream if it hurts, cry if it's painful, and laugh if I'm happy, but why can't you be more genuine before me?"

"I am," Julian said, his forehead covered in sweat.

Every time he spoke to her, it seemed to require a tremendous amount of effort.

Despite that, he wanted to talk to her.

Even without saying a word between them, they knew that this time, this was the real reconciliation.

No… Rather than saying it was a reconciliation, this was the first time their hearts were truly connected.

This was something that never happened in their three years of marriage.

So, how could Julian not be delighted?

He felt wonderful, and the greatest woman in the world was now back in his life.

If he wasn't happy, who would be?

With that thought in mind, the wounds on his body no longer hurt. He just wanted to look at her more and talk to her more.

"If it hurts so much, why do you have to pretend it doesn't in front of me? Is that what you call genuine?"

"Wouldn't you cry if I did that?"

Julian was intentionally trying to make her laugh to divert her attention away from feeling sorry for him.

Warmth and bitterness surged in Diana's heart. Warmth because this man had given her so much love; all the pain she had endured during this time was alleviated by the warmth, akin to rushing water in the fields that nourished her whole being.

But the bitterness came from the fact that what she could do now for him was far less than what he had done for her.

Thinking about the deal she had made with Kayla just before, another wave of bitterness sat on her tongue.

Meanwhile, Julian kept smiling; it was a sharp contrast with his pale complexion, and it left a lasting impression in Diana's heart.

She would cherish this image for a long time to come in her life, and she would frequently look back on it as evidence of her once being deeply happy and loved by a man.

"Um…"

Facing Julian who was still severely injured and had just finished fighting for his life in the operating theater, Diana couldn't bring herself to beg him to spare Kayla. She tried an indirect approach instead.

"Julian…"

Even though he was injured, Julian's voice still carried the tinge of alluring seductiveness in it. It lingered in her ear like a flute softly playing as he replied, "Hmm?"

"Do you think the babies or me are more important?"

Julian's expression suddenly changed, and he thought Diana was still blaming him for her miscarriage.

"I'm just as saddened by the babies' situation as you are-"

"I know," Diana interrupted before he could finish his sentence.

This wasn't what she wanted to hear.

If the babies weren't important to him, he wouldn't have been so cruel toward Kayla.

Diana knew it. She knew everything now.

She anxiously hid her trembling hands behind her back and continued, "I just wanted to ask…"

"You. You're more important," Julian said, and his answer was somewhat unexpected for Diana.

She had expected him to say both were important. Upon further reflection, she felt a tinge of disappointment.

"It's not that I don't care about the babies. On the contrary, I'd like to think I value them just as much as you do."

Despite his past mistakes, back then…

He had been driven mad by Diana's misleading statements. He had genuinely believed that she had been pregnant with Oliver's child.

Sending her into the operating theater was one of the biggest regrets he had up to this day.

"But they're gone now."

It was the first time they had officially discussed this topic since their babies had departed from this world.

"Although it may sound heartless to say this, I can't place my concern for them above you because you're still alive. You deserve my full attention and love as you're still living and breathing."

Julian assumed that Diana had been overwhelmed by the recent events, which led to her scattered thoughts right now. He reached out and held her hand.

"We'll definitely have chances to have babies again in the future. Perhaps Aster and Star might even find their way back to us."

Diana nodded. "Yeah. I hope they do…"

Julian was slightly stunned at her response.

Did she mean…that she was willing to have another baby with him?!

His excitement almost hit the roof, and he nearly jumped off the hospital bed in delight.

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On the other hand, Diana couldn't bring herself to feel happy.

If Julian believed that she was more important.Jt meant he probably didn't have the same obsession with the ashes of their babies as she did.

What if he didn't agree to let Kayla go, and wasn't as determined as her to retrieve the ashes? What should she do, then?

In that case, she could only request what she wanted from him without giving him a reason.

After thinking for a moment, she decided to make him feel more at ease first before bringing up the issue of freeing Kayla.

"How's Grandma?"

Now that Diana had confirmed Julian's safety, she started to worry about the elderly woman she had left in the abandoned area.

"Noel sent a message saying she's fine," Julian said as he moved closer to the edge of the bed and patted the empty space next to him, motioning for Diana to join him. "Come. Let's rest a while together."

Diana initially wanted to refuse, but she was also eager for some time alone together with him.

"It'll be a tight squeeze. There might not be enough space for you."

Julian shook his head. "It'll be fine."

"Does your wound still hurt?" Diana asked as she lay down carefully, wanting to be close to him but not daring to get too

close. She hovered in uncertainty as she greedily soaked in the tranquility of this moment.

It had been far too long. They had wasted so much time from their childhood in Yale Village to now.

"Julian…"

Diana's voice was gentle, and she was sorely tempted to tell him about what had happened in Yale Village. When she recalled what Kayla had told her, however, she held back.

"What's wrong?" Julian seemed to sense her uneasiness when she hesitated to speak, and realized that something was wrong. "Are you hiding something from me?"

Yes, she was hiding something from him.

Alas, she couldn't tell him right now.

However, Julian wasn't a man who could be dismissed so easily.

He tilted his head to the side and leaned closer to her ear, gently biting her earlobe as he whispered, "Tell me."

Diana refused to speak, so he bit down again.

Feeling a twinge of pain, she snapped, "Enough."

She moved away slightly and glanced at him with concern in her eyes. "Your injuries haven't fully healed yet. Lie down properly.

It'll hurt more if you strain your wounds."

Julian shook his head, unwilling to listen to her in this situation.

"Tell me what you're thinking right now."

He was truly a stubborn man, and he was also very perceptive.

He could sense even the slightest hint that something was off with her.

After thinking for a moment, Diana decided not to mention the incident in Yale Village. Instead, she said, "I was thinking about when you'll recover. I feel guilty about your injuries."

Julian quickly hugged her after he heard her words.

"It doesn't hurt at all. You have nothing to be guilty about."

He even moved his arm forcefully to demonstrate that he was feeling fine and would recover quickly.

Diana understood his well-meaning intentions and immediately reached out to stop him before he hurt himself even further.

"Okay, okay. I don't feel guilty anymore. Lie down properly, alright?"

"Alright," Julian replied, lowering his arm obediently.

Having just undergone surgery, he was indeed weak. The reason he had been talking to Diana all this time was because he didn't want her to worry about his condition.

Now that he saw she was in much better spirits and there were no signs of her crying over his condition, he finally felt a lot more relieved.

"I need to rest for a bit," Julian said as he reached out and grabbed her shoulder, holding her as if she were a precious treasure.

He slowly closed his eyes and whispered, "I can finally hold you again, my dear former wife."

Former wife?

Diana couldn't help but burst into laughter at the term.

"You're right," Diana carefully avoided his wound and gently held his arm. "My dear former husband."

Who would have thought that even after their divorce, there would still come a day when they embraced and slept together in the same bed?

"At some point," Julian suddenly said softly. "Let's go through the process of getting remarried."

He said the words so smoothly and so matter-of-factly, as casually as discussing the weather.

Diana was stunned for a while before finally processing what he had said.

"Remarried?"

She hadn't thought about this yet.

Hearing the question, Julian's drowsiness dissipated immediately. He turned abruptly to look at Diana and asked, "You don't agree?"

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It was a huge matter, so it naturally needed careful consideration.

Before Diana had the chance to explain, Julian started being mischievous again. Like a bird pecking at food, he once again playfully nibbled on her earlobe.

Diana's earlobe was sensitive, and she couldn't help but shrink inward at each bite.

However, Julian didn't let up his attempt.

"Diana, if you keep avoiding me like this, I'll try my best to get closer to you. If I strain myself too much, it'll hurt my wound."

Diana was startled by his words, and she froze momentarily.

She was afraid of pulling on his wound.

Julian seemed satisfied with his little victory, and chuckled silently until Diana realized he had tricked her.

She suddenly sat up.

"Julia-"

Before she could finish saying his name and express her indignation at being teased like this, Diana caught sight of Julian's brows furrowing tightly.

"Did I sit up too quickly and jostle your wound?"

Diana was scared and turned slightly pale as she stared at his wound, examining it from every angle.

It was only after Julian assured her that everything was fine that she relaxed a little.

Whenever she asked him, he would always reply that he was fine.

Of course, she wasn't willing to take his word at face value this time, so she called the doctor to examine his wound.

After Oliver checked Julian over, he glanced at Diana's red earlobe. He shoved down the implications and embarrassment from it and said to Julian, "Resting well and recovering should be your priority right now."

His words obviously implied something else.

It made Diana's face burn hotter. Julian, on the other hand, remained extremely calm.

"Thanks for your advice, Dr. Channing. I'll take note of it and ask my wife not to be so enthusiastic."

Julian made it sound like Diana was the one taking the initiative.

She had intended to refute his statement, but when she saw the triumphant look on his face, she instantly understood that he was feeling jealous once again.

Strangely, she didn't feel any anger at the realization. In fact, there was a warm fuzzy feeling in her heart instead.

However, Diana felt sorry for Oliver at the display.

She gave him an apologetic look, but Oliver simply smiled brightly at her as if he didn't care about Julian's intentional display of affection.

Diana felt relieved at that and said, "You're truly open-minded, Dr. Channing."

Upon hearing this, Julian was shocked. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Diana, my wound hurts. Can you help me blow on it?"

Diana was speechless.

Could this man get any more shameless?

If he wanted something, couldn't he have at least waited for Oliver to leave?

She could only glare at him and say, "Behave yourself!"

The tone in which she scolded him was like that of an old married couple, and it was the kind of understanding and bond that Oliver wished could have happened between them, but never did or would.

Ultimately, Oliver couldn't keep up the bright smile on his face, and it dimmed slightly.

Julian found it satisfying to watch, and a wicked smile stretched on his lips. His wounds suddenly didn't hurt as much anymore, and there was a hint of provocation in his eyes as he looked at Oliver.

With that, Diana immediately understood that she had fallen for this cunning man's trick! His intention wasn't for her to blow on his wound in front of Oliver, but rather to deliberately show off their interaction to Oliver!

Oliver had exerted so much effort to save him just a few hours ago, and here Julian was, eagerly poking at Oliver's heart.

Diana was sorely tempted to give Julian's wound a hard smack. In the end, she couldn't bring herself to cause any more pain to Julian and could only look

at Oliver with an embarrassed expression and say, "Don't stoop to his level, Dr. Channing."

Oliver turned to Diana. Out of the blue, he asked, "Do you still really like him?"

Being asked such a question by the man who had once confessed to her made Diana feel at a loss for words.

She didn't know how to answer this question in a way that would soften the blow and minimize the hurt she would cause Oliver.

So, she remained silent for a good long while.

Julian became anxious as he waited for the woman before him to

answer.