

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 631-640

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 631

They walked in slowly. Diana saw the morgue room straight ahead, and her eyes widened at the sight.

Was Kayla locked in a morgue?!

Diana suddenly shuddered and quickly looked at Julian, who nodded in confirmation at her thoughts.

As expected from someone like him.

Now, she found herself in awe of him.

Being locked in such a place would frighten anyone, let alone someone like Kayla, who had been pampered to high heavens since childhood.

Tricking and deceiving others was one thing, but experiencing such a terrifying scene firsthand was another.

Diana felt a chilling breeze blow past, and shivered. Looking inside, she saw rows of bodies covered in white cloth.

Even though she had grown up in the rough countryside and wasn't a weak-hearted person, she still struggled to hold herself together in a place like this.

When she heard some strange sounds, she jolted like a shrimp jumping out of the water and shifted closer to Julian. Julian's lips curled into a smile at her reaction, and he took the initiative to hold her hand, which was within arm's reach.

"Come here," Julian beckoned.

As long as Diana stayed by his side, there wasn't any need to be afraid.

Diana did indeed feel more at ease. She followed him inside, and soon, they heard screams echoing.

"Ahhh! Stay away from me! Who the hell is it?!"

The screams continued as the two made their way further in.

“Ahhhh! Don’t move! Don’t! Sob, sob... Please! Please spare me... Sob...”

The one screaming was none other than Kayla. She was crouched in the corner, her hands covering her ears and face buried between her legs. She trembled all over, and her body was twitching uncontrollably.

She had assumed that the sounds Julian and Diana made while coming in were the corpses coming to life.

“Ahhh!”

As their footsteps approached her, Kayla’s screams grew louder. Her hoarse and shrill voice pierced through the room, like glass shattering in the night sky.

“Enough!” Julian roared.

Perhaps due to annoyance, there was a hint of impatience in his expression when he shouted. He gestured for someone to hold Kayla’s head up.

Once Kayla saw who it was, she stopped screaming and burst into loud wails.

“Sob... Diana! You wicked woman! You can’t be trusted!”

Based on her words, it was obvious to Julian that there indeed had been a deal between the two women. He turned to Noel and signaled the latter with his gaze.

In the quiet morgue, a crisp slap sounded out immediately.

Noel had stepped forward and delivered the slap to Kayla.” Watch your mouth. You deserve that hit.”

But... When Noel got closer and carefully examined Kayla’s face, he noticed something peculiar. “Did someone else hit you before?”

There was a handprint on her face that wasn’t his. Although it was somewhat hard to tell due to her ruined makeup, it was quite evident when studied closely.

Diana immediately felt guilty; she instinctively grasped Julian’s hand and nervously picked at his palm.

When his inky eyes landed on her, she realized she had been picking at his palm instead of her own.

Well, that was kind of awkward...

Luckily, he didn't ask anything about her nervousness. He simply accepted everything in silence.

"Noel," he said, "step aside for a moment."

Then, he pulled Diana forward with him to show a united front. The moment they stood before Kayla, he raised a palm to slap her.

"Grandma passed away," Julian told her calmly, but his voice was filled with pain and disgust. "Are you happy now, Kayla?"

"That old hag is dead?"

Saying she wasn't happy or satisfied would be a huge lie.

"She deserved it!" she snarled.

Ever since the failed wedding and Diana informing her that James was no longer a reliable support, then being kept in the damn morgue by Julian's men, Kayla had long since reached her limits.

Dissatisfaction filled her blood, and now, she finally received good news!

"It's that old hag's fault we were separated! Everything was because of all her lies! She deserved it! She said I was too involved in the scandal of the fake and real heiress of the Winnington family, and that I'd never be Mrs. Fulcher! She lied to me! That's why I left the country! That's how this b* tch Diana took advantage of the situation in my absence!"

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Diana clenched her fist tightly.

She was furious.

Furious at Kayla for being truly ruthless and disregarding Madam Fulcher's life!

Even now, after Madam Fulcher had just passed away, Kayla took pleasure in their misfortune.

No matter what had happened, the older woman was still Julian's grandmother. If Kayla genuinely loved Julian, how could she hold such resentment against the old lady and eagerly awaited harm to befall said person?

At this moment, Diana suddenly understood why Madam Fulcher had deceived Kayla into leaving the country. The old woman had long seen through Kayla and her superficial feelings for Julian.

Kayla's love for Julian's worth as a person was far less than her love for his status and wealth.

Diana couldn't bear it any longer and shouted angrily, "Kayla!"

When she yelled, Kayla looked at her in astonishment.

Kayla seemed to have realized there was still hope. Disregarding her dignity, she desperately crawled toward Diana and cried desperately, "My dear sister... Please save me! Help me!"

She was willing to give Diana the ashes.

She really was!

However, Diana didn't react as she had expected. Diana didn't even take a step towards her. Instead, the woman's eyes were filled with hatred.

Seeing that Diana remained indifferent to her plea, Kayla turned to Julian and begged, "Julian, I'm your savior! You can't treat me like this!"

She was like a leaping jester, constantly switching between insulting and begging, switching between Julian and Diana.

It seemed that the gloomy morgue had already driven her to the point of at least half a mental breakdown.

"Don't mention that."

She spent a while making a commotion, but then Julian interrupted her coldly, "I don't have a savior like you. Had I known someone like you would save me, I wouldn't have walked out of that cave alive!"

Kayla froze.

Instinctively, she looked up at Diana.

Despite everything that had happened, Diana still hadn't revealed to Julian the truth about her being his savior!

If that was the case, why was Kayla still locked up in this damn morgue?

Diana should've rescued her a long time ago...

It was definitely because Diana was a treacherous b*tch!

"Why won't you save me? Why won't you let Julian release me?!" Kayla glared at Diana, her eyes filled with fury. "Don't you even want the ashes? You evil wench!"

Diana didn't react, but Julian spoke first. "Ashes?"

His dark, inky eyes, as sharp as a sword, pierced through Kayla as they landed on her. He looked as if he wanted to put her on the edge of a blade and wouldn't relent until he split her into half.

The intimidating air around him silenced Kayla instantly.

"Are you talking about Grandma's ashes?" Julian pressed, puzzled. Unable to understand, he turned to Diana in hopes for an answer.

Kayla's mention of ashes had nothing to do with Madam Fulcher. She was simply referring to the ashes of Diana's babies that she held as leverage.

Yet at this moment, Diana still couldn't bring herself to tell Julian the truth. Had she done so, Julian's hatred towards Kayla would only intensify. 1

And when that happened...

Kayla would be in even greater trouble, and any pleas for mercy from her would be futile.

Would Kayla still hand over the ashes by then?

It was highly unlikely. Diana couldn't risk that consequence.

Feeling helpless, she nodded and shook her head at the same time.

"It seems unrelated to Grandma's ashes."

Otherwise, Diana would've refuted Kayla's offer and wouldn't act this way.

However, Julian was a sharp man; his cleverness was such that he could see through the details and grasp the truth from people.

Julian withdrew his gaze from Diana and directed it towards Kayla. "Looks like the problem lies with the babies."

This was his first time observing the two sisters in such close proximity.

Ignoring the scar on Kayla's face, they did bear a very close resemblance; almost identical, in fact. However, their personalities were a whole different story.

He couldn't help but wonder how on earth had he convinced himself that Diana was a substitute for Kayla without ever considering their differences before.

He sneered; as if mocking himself and Kayla at the same time.

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And then, everything happened quickly.

"Kayla," Julian snarled coldly; his voice sounded eerier as it echoed in the morgue.

The room felt even emptier, and the atmosphere grew much colder.

Kayla instinctively shuddered.

Through gritted teeth, Julian hissed, "Did you disturb the babies' graves? Did you take their ashes?"

There was a seething fury in his words as they passed through his lips; for a moment, it felt as if he had already torn Kayla apart in rage.

Diana finally realized that he had probably now only guessed what Kayla had done.

Kayla had only mentioned the ashes in passing, but Julian was already pouncing like a leopard lying in wait, eager to sink his teeth into his prey right at its core.

And Kayla was that very prey.

It was clear Kayla couldn't defend herself. Now, she finally realized the magnitude of her mistake.

She had practically admitted to committing such outrageous things as digging up a grave and taking the babies' ashes, and she had said it right before Julian!

"No... T-That's not..." she tried to explain, but why would the man give her a chance to justify her actions?

All the resentment and anger Julian suffered from the recent days had transformed into power in his hands. He loomed close to Kayla, his face resembling a sinister devil." If you dare to lie, I promise you, you'll suffer an even more gruesome death."

Whether Kayla spoke or not right now, there was no escape for her.

She instinctively looked towards Diana, but the latter was evidently also taken aback by the current turn of events.

She didn't expect Julian to be so direct and perceptive.

What's more, she never imagined that this was Julian's first time hearing about the grave incident. It was no wonder he didn't react earlier... It wasn't because he favored Kayla. It was that he simply hadn't known!

He had been kept in the dark all along.

Diana didn't expect Kayla's grave-digging to be exposed now; it immediately pushed Kayla onto the path of certain death!

Kayla being Kayla, she refused to accept her fate so easily. She continued to seek help through her eyes, hoping for Diana to speak up for her.

However, Diana now understood the situation.

Julian had never intended to let Kayla off the hook-and now, it was even more impossible for him to spare her.

At this point, Diana didn't need to plead for mercy for Kayla. She didn't want Julian to be disheartened because of this matter.

Yet, Julian's heart was already cold.

He now wished nothing more than to tear Kayla apart and teach her a good lesson, but what infuriated him even more was Diana.

Even when things had reached this point, she still refused to put full trust in him!

"You..." His eyes turned a terrifying red as he turned to look at Diana. "What has Kayla done?"

Diana was startled.

She didn't understand why Julian suddenly shifted the focus of the conflict onto her.

But even if she didn't say anything, there were many things that couldn't be hidden anymore.

If Julian caught onto the thread of the matter, he would unravel the entire situation.

As such, Diana could only say the truth. "She didn't just disturb the babies' graves, but she also dug up the..."

"Diana!" Kayla screamed. She gritted her teeth, awash by an overwhelming sense of fear. "You're not allowed to say it! You can't!!!"

The more she protested, the less reason Diana had to conceal the truth.

"She dug up the babies' graves along with James."

For that very reason, Diana ruined the clothing industry James and Kayla had developed.

“So now...” Julian took a sharp breath, clenching his fists in anger. “The reason you pleaded on behalf of Kayla is

because she dug up the graves and took the babies’ ashes?”

Diana nodded.

It was an implicit admission.

At the same time, she closed her eyes, unable to bear witness to Kayla’s fate.

Yet, the expected scene and sounds didn’t come.

Instead, Diana could keenly feel an intense gaze that seemed to be aimed at her. When she reopened her eyes, she discovered that it came from Julian.

He was looking at her as if she were a stranger.

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“Will you really become my family?” Julian threw the words Diana had told him last night.

Diana’s heart skipped a beat as she immediately understood the reason for Julian’s angry glare.

Her face turned pale as she hurried to reply. “Julian, those were my true feelings. I really do want to be with you-to go from lovers to family.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Then... Why didn’t you trust me?”

Diana was taken aback by his words.

Her worst fear had come true.

In the course of the uncontrollable events, Julian had already guessed the nature of Diana's deal with Kayla.

He had already figured out why she didn't tell him about the ashes.

And... He had guessed that there were more details about the grave-robbing incident she had hidden from him.

In short, the reason for all her actions was because she had never truly trusted him.

Kayla digging the grave aside, Julian understood the way

Diana acted before this. Since she couldn't confirm his true intentions and didn't believe he would favor her and her babies, she came to the conclusion that Julian would continue to indulge Kayla no matter what she did.

But this time, with the deal she made with Kayla...

It blatantly exposed her lack of trust in Julian.

Julian, who had just taken a blow for her and truly regarded Diana as his only family after his grandmother's passing, found this fact incredibly hard to accept.

"Diana." Disappointment laced Julian's voice, "How many more things are you keeping from me?"

Well, there were only a few.

He already knew about the ashes, so the only thing left was the truth about how Diana had saved his life in his childhood.

Seeing Julian's disappointed expression, however, she didn't dare bring that up now.

T-There isn't...anymore." She could only start with something pleasant, hoping to prevent him from getting angry or reopening old wounds. "I didn't tell you about the ashes because..."

"Because you thought since I couldn't even find where you and Grandma were kidnapped, I was incompetent."

“No...!” Diana waved her hands repeatedly. She had never thought of it that way!

Especially not to the extent of deeming Julian as incompetent.

Kayla was too audacious and too cunning; so much that she was able to drag Diana and Madam Fulcher to that desolate wasteland in the forgotten corners of the city.

Diana didn't blame Julian.

Truly, she never did.

She knew he had done his best.

However, he didn't give her a chance to speak and continued, “You probably think that even if you told me about the ashes, it'd be difficult for me to find them because Kayla hid them. You couldn't bear the pain of losing your only remaining connection to your babies, especially if she decided against revealing the location to you. It's obvious you don't trust me at all. At the same time, you feel guilty for pleading on her behalf. You think that if I release her, it'd disappoint Grandma since she caused Grandma's death. And so, you plan to have me free her. Once you retrieve the ashes safely, you'll deal with her in private. You never bothered considering the consequences or seeking my help. This just proves how little you trust me!” ’

Since she lacked trust in him and couldn't rely on him, how could she be his only family in this world?

When she made that promise to him, she clearly hadn't meant it!

The more Julian thought about it, the more upset he became. He wished he could pin Diana down on the bed and spank her.

He wanted her to remember this mistake for the rest of her life!

Yet at this moment, he was still lying in the bed and required the assistance of medical personnel to move. Spanking her... was well beyond out of his reach.

As he couldn't even carry out his envisioned punishment, it left him frustrated. His voice became increasingly subdued.

Meanwhile, Diana grew more and more panicked.

She would prefer if he had yelled at her instead.

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But now, everything was so calm that Diana turned anxious.

She thought for a long time, but she couldn't come up with any retort. Every word from Julian's lips struck her heart and echoed in her mind.

"Julian..." Her voice was slightly hoarse as she looked at him cautiously and touched his fingertips gently. "Please don't be angry."

Julian could sense her attempt to please him. As he felt her fingertips brush against his, most of the anger in his heart had already dissipated.

He didn't blame her.

The fact she had these strange thoughts stemmed from his failure to provide enough security to her.

To begin with, everything was his fault.

However, he had no intention of easily forgiving her.

He maintained an icy poker face, and sighed with great disappointment. "We'll talk about our problems later."

Then, he shifted his gaze and directed his anger toward Kayla once again.

His eyes were akin to a shroud, enveloping her in complete darkness. It seemed to perceive the gloom of a morgue wherever it fell, and it sent shivers down her spine.

The sensation was similar to that of venomous snakes slithering all over her, which made her skin crawl.

She never expected that when she took on Julian's anger, even when he hadn't done anything, the pressure was such that she wished could die in this instant.

No wonder only Hans had been daring enough to accept her proposal when she first arranged Diana and Madam Fulcher's kidnapping. Hans, who was reckless and only cared about money!

Wait...

That's right, Hans!

How could she have forgotten about him?

Kayla swallowed harshly and said in a hoarse voice, "It was Hans! It was all his fault! He instigated me to target

Grandma and Diana. It was him! He did it all! You should punish him, Julian, not me! It was him!"

She was careful not to address Madam Fulcher as an old hag anymore.

Julian chuckled, his tone filled with mockery. "There's no need to punish him. Someone's already taken care of that for me. It's the same with Luke. Sometimes, I don't have to intervene. Someone else will eliminate those scumbags for me."

Eliminate...?

What a casual way of putting it!

Kayla's face turned ashen. "He's...dead? Like Luke...?"

"Correct."

This time, it was Diana who answered. Seeing that Julian was reluctant to speak up and demand her babies' ashes from Kayla, her anxiety spiked. She feared Kayla would be as stubborn as a mule and remain indifferent.

If Kayla refused to give the ashes...

With those thoughts in mind, Diana recounted the gory narration Noel gave her regarding Hans's death to Kayla. The horrifyingly bloody scenes were one thing to hear in the bright and spacious hospital room, but quite another in this gloomy and chilling morgue.

The impact was even more intimidating with Diana's shrill voice; enveloped by the gloom of the place, her voice echoed like an eerie surround sound system.

"If you refuse to hand over the ashes, your fate will be worse than Luke's!"

Kayla trembled in fear.

She didn't want to die, and certainly not in such a horrific manner!

Whether it was Luke or Hans, none of them had Julian personally involved. And yet, they all met with such a chilling end.

If Julian personally took action against her...

Julian glanced at Diana. He was currently relishing the

intimidating aura she was exuding. In essence, she was leveraging his influence to strike fear deep into Kayla's heart.

Ultimately, he didn't truly believe that he was so incapable that he couldn't even retrieve the ashes of their babies.

Sometimes, he was just easily sidetracked by his own overthinking.

To support her, Julian gestured slightly and slowly glanced outward. Immediately, Noel appeared with a team of bodyguards.

They were still dressed in black, creating a stark contrast with the white-covered bodies lying in the morgue.

"Don't disturb the spirits," Julian told the bodyguards.

He looked at Kayla once again, this time with a smirk. "After all, Kayla and I were friends for many years. I must be considerate of her to some extent. If the spirits here are disturbed, they probably won't welcome her into their ranks."

In other words, Julian intended to take her life today!

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 636

Kayla's world collapsed. Driven to the edge, she screamed at the top of her lungs, "How dare you, Julian! How dare you treat me like this in a hospital, in broad daylight and with so many eyes in Richburgh to boot! We have laws in this country! The world is still just and fair!"

Julian ignored her words.

When he no longer cared about someone, this was how he behaved.

He would treat the other person as if they were air.

Even less than that, in fact!

The stab to the heart-an attack that could have taken Diana's life but instead left him severely injured-as well as the two knife marks on his palm, had erased any and all vestiges of affection he had for Kayla.

No matter what Kayla said, he acted as if he couldn't hear a thing.

This was the epitome of his indifference.

This was his way of severing all emotional ties with someone. Unlike with Diana before, where they were entangled, he would fret over what she did, said, and thought every day.

He should've understood long ago that his feelings for Kayla weren't love.

Yet he still indulged her, causing a great deal of harm to Diana in the process.

He also nurtured Kayla's increasingly outrageous behavior.

"Diana, let's go back to the hospital room with me." Julian had no intention of letting Diana witness Noel dealing with Kayla. "We still have some things to settle between us."

His words made Diana guilty, but she was still concerned about the ashes. "What about the ashes?"

"Noel will handle it." He would ensure Kayla paid the price for desecrating the grave and preventing the babies from finding peace.

With each incident, Kayla accumulated a mountain of debt.

With those assurances, Diana had no reason to distrust Julian again.

“Are you really confident in getting them back?” Diana pressed.

“I’m not,” Julian replied with a smirk that hid his emotions.

Diana furrowed her brows, momentarily unsure of what to say.

Fortunately, the next moment, he added, ‘But Noel is.’

If Noel could do it, didn’t that indirectly mean that Julian could?

The fact that this man started telling her a dark joke...

That showed he wasn’t too angry.

Diana felt a surge of relief and smiled sweetly at him.” Julian, you’re the best.”

“I’m not,” he replied as he lay on the bed, slowly being pushed out of the morgue. “If I am, my ex-wife wouldn’t have made empty promises to me and claimed to be my family, only to turn around and treat me like a stranger she has zero trust in.”

The medical staff around them rarely had the chance to see the usually aloof Julian argue. Some couldn’t help but laugh at his words.

Diana blushed in embarrassment and glanced awkwardly at Julian. She quickly addressed everyone, “Don’t listen to his nonsense.”

When did she ever treat him like a stranger?

She was just...

Trying to ensure her babies’ ashes would be returned to her without question.

Who knew Julian would be so heartless that he’d leave the matter to Noel?

He didn’t even care about the methods Noel would resort to.

Thinking about this, Diana recalled Noel’s description of Hans’s miserable state before coming to the morgue.

Feeling quite disturbed, she said, ‘ Kayla... What will happen to her?’

“What about her?” Julian countered with the words she had previously told him. “Do you really consider her a sister?”

Now that you’re thinking about the punishment she might face, you’re suddenly reluctant?”

He knew very well that Diana couldn’t possibly regard Kayla as a sister.

Her previous claim about wanting Julian to let Kayla go because they were sisters was just an excuse; and now, he was teasing her with those very words!

Diana sighed helplessly. Now, she could only say the truth.” It’s true she did a lot of unacceptable things to us, and I desperately wished for her death. But in reality... We share the same father, and she really is my half-sister.”

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Now that the two sisters had reached this point, it would be a lie for Diana to say that she wasn’t regretful about it.

Despite that, there was no distress or reluctance in her heart.

Not a single bit.

The sisterly bond between her and Kayla had been slowly eroded by both the Winnington family and Kayla herself.

Diana gritted her teeth and looked determinedly at Julian.” That said, I still want to know what will happen to her.”

Though she sought revenge for every slight, she still retained a sense of humanity. No matter how many hardships she faced, her kindness remained. She was akin to a warm sun, and Julian was unable to ignore that wonderful warmth. It made him all the more eager to get closer to her.

Unable to resist his emotions, he chuckled, skin and bones shifting with his smile. “Don’t worry. I’ll have Noel record the entire process for you.”

“But what if the process is as bloody as what happened to Hans...?” Diana choked out, a hint of reluctance flashing in her eyes. “Maybe I shouldn’t watch.”

“Whether it is or not, you’ll know once you watch it.”

Since he insisted on showing her the entire process of Kayla getting her just deserts, Diana had no choice but to agree.

So she nodded and said, “Alright.”

Then, she entered the hospital room together with Julian.

By now, the sky carried a faint tinge of white. The days passed slowly after the beginning of winter, and the pale light looked like a fish with its belly exposed—slow and heavy.

It wasn’t exactly good weather.

As expected, by noon, a strong wind began to blow. Richburgh was always like this. Spring and autumn were brief like a gust of wind, but the harsh winters and scorching summers felt like lingering ghosts, swift and prolonged.

On such a day, Diana received her babies’ ashes from Noel. She looked at the small tube, then stared at the minuscule amount of ashes inside. A sharp ache struck her heart.

No one could understand the pain of losing a baby better than her, and no one knew better than her the expectations she once held for her babies. She would rather have never experienced it than go through such a painful loss.

But now, all she had left was just a tiny bit of ashes to cherish. Consequently, she felt a certain gratitude towards Noel, since he handed the ashes to her.

At this point, Diana couldn’t help but marvel at Julian’s cunning. The reason he didn’t take action against Kayla himself was to ensure Diana would have a good impression of Noel, and not harbor any resentment towards him because of what Mr. Carter had done to her.

Diana cursed Julian in her mind. ‘Cunning old fox.’

However, she had to admit that his method was very effective. She did indeed feel a growing fondness for Noel. At the very least, she was at least able to see him without prejudice, unlike before.

“How’s Mr. Carter?” She still wanted to know the outcome of the person who had hurt her in the past.

This was the second time Diana inquired about Mr. Carter. Noel couldn't help but feel touched.

He answered truthfully, "My father..Js not doing well."

Ever since Julian dismissed the old man and he was forced to return to his hometown, he had wandered around like a lost soul. He even thought about pleading to Noel to take him back to the villa, as he hoped for a chance to beg for Julian's forgiveness.

Noel knew better; if Julian saw the old man, it wouldn't just be a matter of begging for forgiveness. Even Noel himself wouldn't be able to stay by Julian's side.

It was an indisputable fact that Mr. Carter had been in the wrong. No amount of begging would change that.

"He has aged a lot. He cries whenever he sees white powder, and sometimes, his mind is unclear."

Despite Mr. Carter's many years of service as a butler, Julian didn't look at all pleased when Mr. Carter left. Every word Julian said to the old man was piercing. What was more, everything Mr. Carter received from Kayla had been destroyed.

Mr. Carter had knelt in the mess; his knees bloody and the flesh shredded by the shattered porcelain, teacups, and wood.

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Julian didn't spare anyone who harmed the babies, not even himself.

He went without food for multiple days until his body couldn't bear it any longer. Only under Noel's persuasion did he eat some soup. It was the kind of nourishing soup that Diana excelled at making.

Even though Diana didn't make it herself, it still carried a warmth that made him value his own life.

And this bowl of soup was served to him by none other than Mr. Carter.

"Sir..."

Mr. Carter had heard from Noel about Diana's pregnancy; he had wept and regretted his actions deeply. He even knelt until his knees were bloody and torn, filled with immense pain and remorse.

"I... This old servant of yours..."

Having served the Fulcher family all his life, it wasn't unusual or exaggerated for him to refer to himself as an old servant. Julian usually didn't like such strong distinctions of status, so he never allowed the old man to call himself that. But now, Mr. Carter knew that he couldn't stay in the family anymore. Even if he called himself an old servant, Julian wouldn't reprimand him.

After all, Julian no longer regarded him as one of his own.

Looking at the young man he had cared for since childhood, Mr. Carter's eyes grew even mistier.

"This old servant didn't know about the madam's pregnancy... When I found out, I had already made a grave mistake."

"No." Julian finally spoke up after hearing Mr. Carter's words. "Even if Diana wasn't pregnant, harming her was already a grave mistake. And hurting her while she was pregnant was an even greater mistake! If it weren't for you switching the powders and having a bit of conscience..."

Mr. Carter should already be in prison, with no possibility of seeing the sun ever again in his entire life.

At this point, Julian stopped speaking. No matter how much Mr. Carter begged and pleaded, Julian remained indifferent.

"I won't see you off."

The old man, who had worked in the Fulcher family for a lifetime, left in a desolate manner. Julian didn't even spare Mr. Carter a glance when he finally left.

There were deep wounds and scars on Mr. Carter's knees. The discomfort was unbearable not only on rainy days, but even on regular days.

This was Diana's first time hearing about Mr. Carter's outcome, and she felt a little emotional.

“Actually, he was a good butler.”

During the three years of their marriage, Mr. Carter managed everything in the villa with great efficiency.

“Luckily, he switched those powders.”

If he hadn't, the consequences would've been even more tragic than a miscarriage. Now that Diana knew Julian hadn't shown mercy to those who harmed her and hadn't been burdened by sentimental attachment, she was relieved.

“As a mother, I'm also responsible for what happened to my babies.”

At that time, she often worried about experiencing the same fright she had gone through after being abducted by Luke. The emotional entanglement between her and Julian also left her restless.

In reality, she understood that the powder was only one of the causes of her miscarriage. It seemed Heaven was punishing her and Julian, causing them to lose so much time and their babies.

For parents, what could be a deeper punishment than losing their children?

Just the thought of Aster and Star made Diana's heart ache.

Noel had no intention of stirring up this sad topic, and quickly changed the subject. As he did so, he handed her a USB drive. “Ma'am, this is a recording related to Miss Kayla. Mr. Fulcher said you should watch it.”

He emphasized, “I didn't miss a single thing. I recorded the whole thing from start to finish.”

When Diana took it, her lips twitched slightly. “Is it bloody?”

Noel chuckled. “Ma'am, Fulcher Inc. doesn't involve itself in anything violent. We wouldn't do anything like that. Only those who are desperate to please Fulcher Inc. by any means necessary would take such a brutal path.”

It just so happened that those who were dealt with were the scum of society and the dregs of humanity.

Just like the Pabian family, who had dealt with their own flesh and blood Luke. From the family's actions, it was easy to tell that it was impossible for them to raise virtuous sons. It was why Luke committed numerous crimes and continuously harassed women, yet was repeatedly released without punishment.

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If it weren't for Luke setting his sights on Diana and biting off more than he could chew, he would have likely become an old scum who specialized in tormenting women, just like the Pabian family head.

In short, the entire Pabian family was rotten.

Now that Luke's father had dealt with him personally, it could be considered karma to the Pabian family. Thus, Julian tacitly accepted their offering.

Next would be Hans the kidnapper, who was originally a vicious killer. Before his downfall, Julian had Noel investigate him. They discovered that he committed a crime when he was a minor, indirectly causing the death of a family of three. However, he was only sentenced to a few months of rehabilitation due to his age.

As he grew older, he started targeting young children simply because a child had accidentally stepped on his foot in an elevator. Hans held a grudge and went straight to the rooftop; he then dropped a flowerpot that hit the child's head, killing the child on the spot.

Once again, Hans couldn't be sentenced to death due to insufficient evidence. Ultimately, he only spent twenty years in prison for throwing an object from a high-rise building. When he was released, he became a societal scum involved in vices like gambling and drugs.

It was during this time he joined hands with Kayla, indirectly causing the death of Madam Fulcher. Julian would absolutely not let Hans off. But before he could take action, someone else beat him to it and tortured Hans to the point he was reduced to an unrecognizable corpse.

Considering what had happened, Julian couldn't be accused of using someone else as a tool to commit murder. It could only be said that the wheel of karma turned, and the heavens spared no one.

Julian was merely a passive bystander in this case. He didn't believe he had done anything wrong.

These things were exactly in line with Julian's cunning style.

Diana felt relieved and took the USB drive. "So where's Kayla now? Is she still in the morgue?"

Noel smiled and remained silent.

"Once you watch the tape, you'll know everything," he said.

Diana didn't ask any further questions. Behind her, Julian urged, "Hurry up and come in!"

Because Diana had been distant today, they had agreed to play a game of patient and nurse to make up for the hurt she caused Julian.

Julian would play the patient, obviously, and Diana would play the nurse.

He said that if she played this game with him, he would no longer be angry with her. Thinking about this, Diana blushed and quickly put away the USB drive.

Then she said to Noel, "I'll watch it when I have time."

Kayla couldn't escape now, no matter what. Diana was actually quite eager to see how things would unfold for the former.

As for the ashes of her babies... After entering the hospital room, she placed them with Madam Fulcher's ashes. They would be taken to the Fulcher family cemetery once Julian was discharged.

She didn't plan to put their babies in the previous cemetery anymore. There were no family members to look after the ashes, and it was indeed unsafe. She couldn't let her little stars endure the pain of being disturbed again.

"Peel me some grapes," Julian ordered.

He noticed her eyes were slightly red after she had set down the ashes, and his gaze dimmed momentarily. Soon, however, that sorrowful emotion vanished.

He grinned at Diana and deliberately raised his foot, lying on the hospital bed like a tyrant as he bossed her around.

Make sure there's no skin at all. And take out the seeds, will you?"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 640

That meant Julian wanted seedless grapes.

The sadness that arose when thinking about the babies and Madam Fulcher was somewhat diluted by his presence.

Diana stood and appeared to want to rush downstairs. "I'll go buy it for you."

"No need." Julian saw her downcast expression brighten up, and a hint of delight flashed in his eyes.

He pointed to the bedside. "We have some right here, but these grapes still have seeds."

In other words, Diana had to peel each grape and remove the seeds individually.

"Nurses don't usually do this kind of work, do they?" Diana said as she looked at the fruits, contemplating when she would finish peeling them before glancing at him silently.

Without glancing at her, Julian reclined on the hospital bed and said, "But my nurse does this kind of work. I want her to do whatever I ask."

He raised an eyebrow. "You don't want to?"

If she didn't, he would continue to be upset with her.

"...I want to," Diana said eventually, giving in.

Well, she was the one who didn't believe him in the first place. She had feared he would favor Kayla over, or...

What if, just like his inability to find the abandoned area where she and Madam Fulcher were held hostage, he couldn't force Kayla to reveal the location of the ashes and couldn't retrieve them...?

However, Diana had forgotten.

Julian couldn't find the abandoned area in time because she and her grandmother were hostages.

He couldn't act freely.

He couldn't force Kayla to reveal the address where the captives were held.

Now, it was different.

Kayla had nothing left to bargain with, not even the debt of saving her life that disappeared with the stab wound she aimed at Julian.

What, then, was stopping him from forcing everything out of Kayla?

Diana realized all of this, and naturally felt even more guilty toward Julian.

She didn't dare to upset him right now. She wished he would quickly give her more tasks so he could vent his frustrations, and they could return to harmonious times.

"I'll peel them."

Diana washed her hands and sat at the edge of the bed, and started to peel the grapes diligently.

Julian saw her serious expression and glanced at the urn containing the ashes of Madam Fulcher and their babies. Diana had placed it in the hospital room for the time being. His expression darkened slightly, and a hint of pain flickered in his eyes. But when he looked back at Diana, it was gone.

Only playfulness remained.

Diana knew he was staring at her, and said, "Could you please look elsewhere?"

His gaze made her hands tremble.

"Do you feel embarrassed?"

Diana certainly wouldn't admit that his intense gaze made her feel self-conscious.

“No, I’m just afraid you’ll see me putting grapes in my mouth and keeping the seeds and peels inside, and then spitting out the pulp as if I had peeled them by hand.”

“So, you wanted to peel them like that...” Julian drawled deliberately, appearing eager for knowledge. “That’s actually a quick and efficient way to do it.”

However, the peeled pulp would be covered in saliva, which was somewhat disgusting.

Diana narrowed her eyes and stuffed a grape into her mouth. “What, do you want to eat it or not?”

“Of course.”

No matter how Diana acted, Julian found her adorable.

“I’ll eat anything you peel, especially since the grapes won’t have any seeds left. That’s quite thoughtful of you.” Julian smiled playfully. “I’m not picky!”

He didn’t find it disgusting, but Diana did.

She shuddered and pursed her lips. “Smooth talker!”

She abruptly swallowed the grape before moving to peel off the skin of another grape. Then, she used a toothpick to pick out each grape seed.

She was meticulous in picking out the seeds; there was a faint smile on her lips as she carried out her task.

That was because Julian was teasing her.

Seeing her smile, he felt satisfied.

With both hands avoiding his wounds, he placed them behind his head and leaned back as he watched her in earnest.

It was peaceful, and although the two of them were silent, it felt like they were communicating a thousand words to each other.

Time continued to flow silently in the same manner, until Diana finished peeling the grapes. She stopped and looked at him. "Do you want to eat or not?"

"No."

Julian wanted to tease her and keep her engaged so that she would stop dwelling on any sad and painful thoughts. He intentionally nitpicked her work and said, "The shape of the pulp is all messed up. I don't think it'll taste good."

After saying that, he pointed dismissively at his leg. "Also, my leg hurts."