

## Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 641-650

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 641

Diana pursed her lips, exerting great effort to resist the urge to hit Julian.

'I won't get angry. I'm not angry,' she chanted in her mind as she moved her arms up and down while saying out loud, "If you get sick, there's no one to take care of you."

As soon as she said that, she quickly went to find the nurses, instructing them to administer the prescribed antibiotics to Julian through an IV drip.

The liquid dripped steadily.

Julian could move his hand, and the cold medicine made him appear slightly uncomfortable. Diana quickly wrapped a hot water bag around the tube to warm the medication.

"You'll feel better this way."

Julian was concerned that she was tiring herself and said, "I'm fine. You should rest."

But Diana didn't listen. He needed three bottles of medication, so she held them up for the entire duration. By the time the last medication was administered, Julian was angry.

Scowling, he said, "Next time you do this, I won't use the IV drip."

Diana quickly appeased him. "I'm not tired."

She rotated her wrist a few times to show him. "See? I'm really not tired."

The next time he needed an IV drip, Julian insisted that the doctor use a smaller needle. And in the evening, he was still upset.

No matter how much Diana tried to sweet-talk him, his expression remained very displeased. A sudden thought occurred to her, and she put on a white coat.

"Mr. Fulcher, I'm just a nurse. Please don't give me a hard time."

Julian looked at her, and shock flashed through his eyes." Diana..."

To make him happy, she even put on a doctor's coat.

It was then that Julian realized that while he was concerned for her, he had also caused her distress. So this time, he cooperated well.

Frowning, he demanded, "I'm thirsty! Quickly pour me some water!"

Seeing him finally regain his humor, Diana breathed a sigh of relief and quickly brought a cup. "Drink slowly."

Their feelings for each other were evident to others as well.

The hospital room exuded a warm and peaceful atmosphere. When the nurses came for rounds and saw how affectionate the couple was, they didn't dare linger.

Diana felt a bit awkward and realized that she had been impulsive. She could already imagine the curious gazes everywhere once they stepped out of the hospital room tomorrow morning.

Perhaps people would even spread rumors about her and Julian goofing around in their white coats outside the hospital.

"Don't you feel embarrassed?" she asked.

"Embarrassed?" Julian remained confident. "Who would dare to embarrass me?"

Even if people spread rumors about their antics, others would say it was a testament to their deep love as a couple. Even if they were divorced, their relationship was still so strong. Reconciliation was probably on the horizon.

And Julian, he wanted the whole city to know.

No one cared about the essence of the matter. They were only looking at Julian as a person, so naturally, they would say whatever sounded good.

"You're so arrogant," Diana scoffed. "What if you go bankrupt one day? Will you still say such things?"

Julian chuckled, dismissing her words as a joke.

At that time, he was too proud.

Fulcher Inc. was thriving, and the city's people practically treated his business as a sacred institution. Many individuals were eager to curry favor with the Fulchers. Even Diana had become the city's most sought-after woman after he had knelt at the wedding.

Neither Julian nor Diana could have anticipated the trials and tribulations that awaited them, advancing like a rising tide as they were just beginning to touch the surface of a peaceful life.

Clifford, the current head of the Pabian family, sat at the head of the dining table. Sitting on either side of him were Oliver and Simon, the two Channing brothers.

It was rare for the two brothers to sit together, but today was an exception. The Channing family head had strongly insisted that they visit the Pabian residence together.

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After Luke's death, the Pabian family remained low-key to the point their presence in Richburgh was almost nonexistent.

It could be said that their family had been marginalized because of Julian.

"My youngest son first noticed Diana on the subway. Thanks to the help of my wise nephew, a major disaster was prevented," Clifford said as soon as Oliver took his seat.

Oliver's heart skipped a beat, not understanding why the older man suddenly brought Luke up. That man was already dead. The cause of his death was his repeated attempts on Diana's life, with the final line being an ambush on Julian that resulted in a blow to the back of Diana's head, leading to her miscarriage.

Oliver vividly remembered Diana's vulnerability and sorrow at that time.

He immediately became guarded. "Mr. Clifford, you must be joking. Back then, I didn't know that person was Luke.

Otherwise, I would've informed you right away."

“That unfilial son....” Clifford’s eyes flashed with great resentment. “Just like his grandfather! Always obsessed with women! And he died because of a woman!”

Clifford had already prepared himself for his son’s death, but never expected the outcome to be this way.

“Even in the last second before his death, my son couldn’t understand why he died by my hands.”

After hearing this, Oliver and Simon were stunned.

Neither of them had expected Luke’s disappearance to mean he was dead, nor the fact that he died by his own father’s hands.

Sensing their astonishment, Clifford smiled and hid the underlying sadness behind it. He raised his glass and sighed, “Richburgh has suffered under the dominance of Fulcher Inc. for too long.”

His gaze shifted between the two brothers. “If I hadn’t killed Luke, not only would Julian not spare me, but those who want to curry favor with him wouldn’t spare me either!”

That was how the society in this country had always been. The truly wealthy people have no concept of money at all.

Just like Julian.

Although making billions of dollars was as easy as talking to Julian, money was often just a number. And this number expanded at a rate of thousands or hundreds of times every day. Many times, he didn’t even need to spend money himself. He didn’t need to intervene personally in most matters. In fact, money and favors were willingly presented to him.

On top of that, there were many, many people who wanted to please Julian.

Enough that if rumors were circulated for a short time, the

Pabian family would be completely destroyed!

If Clifford wanted to protect his family, he had to deal with his son personally.

If he hadn't done that, the Pabian family would've been devoured and left with nothing but crumbs once news of them offending the Fulcher family spread.

That was the rule of high society. Whoever offended the person standing at the top will pay a painful price!

And now, the person standing at the top was Julian.

As many people respected and feared him and tried to curry favor with him, there were just as many eager to bring him down from his pedestal; just like the ambitious Channing and Pabian family, who harbored a deep hatred for Julian.

That was the reason behind tonight's event. Oliver was forced to attend the banquet, with Simon accompanying him and the Pabian family playing host. It seemed Master Channing also intended to test and see the Pabian family's determination to take action against the Fulcher family.

"Just the two of our families are still far from enough," Clifford said.

He had a clear plan in mind. The death of Luke wasn't so much the cause of the plan as it was a catalyst. After all, the Pabians had been on a downhill slope in these years. If they didn't take a bold gamble, the only outcome awaiting them would be their decline.

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The decline would continue until they completely slipped out of the prominent families in Richburgh, and then...

The Pabians would be nowhere to be found.

Clifford was ambitious; as he was the one holding up the Pabian family, he naturally didn't want to see such an ending. Luke's death had ignited his determination to revive his clan, to the extent of joining forces with the Channings and daring to consider reaching out against Fulcher Inc.

He held his wine glass, his fingers constantly rubbing against the rim.

"We still need to unite all those who are dissatisfied with Fulcher Inc. as well as those who want to surpass it. Only then will we have a chance of winning against Julian."

It was a gathering of many mediocre craftsmen who wanted to see if they could surpass the business genius, Julian.

Simon listened silently with narrowed eyes, a dangerous air dancing around him. It was as if he didn't regard anyone highly, and he carried an air of mockery everywhere. Upon a closer look at him, it would seem that he was actually indifferent; one would be overthinking if one thought any differently.

After Clifford sized him up, Simon finally spoke. "Who in Richburgh doesn't want to surpass Fulcher Inc.? Who doesn't want to rise above the rest and make their own

family as glorious and powerful as the Fulchers?"

Clifford's words were simply nonsensical.

Despite Simon's rebuttal, Clifford wasn't angry. Instead, he asked earnestly, "Then, according to my esteemed nephew, what should we do?"

"Nothing." Simon downed the glass of wine before him. His gaze traveled between the three men, finally focusing on Oliver. His lips curled slightly as he enunciated clearly, "Keep it a secret."

It was obvious that Simon's words were aimed at Oliver.

By now, Oliver had understood that this meal today was an ambush.

One specifically targeting Julian Fulcher.

However, he had sufficient reason to doubt. Could the Channings and Pabians truly be enough to shake Fulcher Inc.?

That was a company Julian had personally built, and Oliver had experienced his brilliance firsthand. For Master Channing to pay attention to him and desire the Channings to surpass Fulcher Inc. in this way was utterly foolish!

Oliver immediately put on a grim expression and said, "There's an emergency at the hospital."

Then, he stood up and addressed Clifford and Simon. "I'm heading back."

Though he said he was going back, it was definitely to relay

his thoughts to Master Channing.

Simon didn't stop him. "Safe travels, dear brother."

The way Simon addressed him was truly peculiar. It didn't sound sincere at all, and it carried a hint of mockery and a touch of disdain.

The phrase "safe travels" sounded like something said to a deceased person: "May you have a safe journey!"

It truly felt like a curse, in line with Simon's usual style.

Oliver had originally planned to take advantage of the dinner today to have a proper conversation with his illegitimate half -brother about Diana, and warn him not to bother her anymore.

But after hearing the discussions at the dinner table, which concerned the life and death of the Channing family, he had to take a step back and temporarily put aside matters related to Diana.

Clifford wanted to persuade him to stay. To him, Oliver leaving meant the alliance between the Channing and Pabian families was unstable. It was only natural that he desperately wanted Oliver to stay.

Strangely enough, he caught sight of Simon's gaze just as he was about to speak up to persuade Oliver.

It was similar to the hungry gaze of a venomous snake lurking in the shadows for a long time, waiting for the right moment to emerge from somewhere and strike at its prey without warning.

This was the illegitimate son of the Channing family, the son who shared the same father but had a different mother than Oliver. He was also one of the candidates to inherit the Channing family.

If this little snake hadn't left, why should Clifford panic?

With this thought in mind, Clifford sat down calmly and bade farewell to Oliver.

After leaving the Pabians, Oliver didn't waste a moment and went straight to the hospital where his father was recuperating.

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In the past few years, Master Channing's health had deteriorated even further. He spent most of his time recuperating in the hospital and stayed there more often than in his own home.

As Oliver pushed open the door and entered, he saw the old man's hand gently caressing a string of rosary beads. It seemed his father was waiting for him.

Oliver's heart sank, but he still said, "Did you expect me to oppose this?"

"In the past few years, when have you not opposed any of my suggestions?" Kenneth looked at Oliver with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "I didn't expect you to agree to this proposal, either."

The implication was that whether Oliver agreed or not, they would join forces with the Pabian family and take action against the Fulcher family. At this point, Oliver knew that saying more would be futile.

"I won't be involved in this."

Kenneth smiled instantly, but it was unlike before when he and Oliver clashed head-on, where they would argue relentlessly and refuse to compromise.

This time, he smiled as if he held onto Oliver's lifeline. "Come here."

Oliver didn't move. "What is it?"

Over the years, whether it was Oliver's decision to go abroad or his firm stance on not becoming the heir of the Channing family, opting to work as a doctor at the city hospital and even insisting on starting as an emergency room physician, Kenneth opposed him every step of the way.

Sometimes, the old man pretended to be sick, pretended to agree, and even had Oliver locked at home, causing the latter to miss flights. Sometimes, he would get so angry that he would flare up, grab whatever was at hand, and charge toward Oliver.

Never before had he looked at Oliver with such a smile.

Especially when it concerned the life and death of the Channing family, an undoubtedly momentous matter.

“Dad...” Oliver sighed, unable to bear the thought of the Channing family truly confronting Julian head-on. “I understand Julian the best. We’ve been rivals since childhood. Even if we join forces with the Pabians or hundreds of other families, we won’t be able to shake him even a little bit.”

That man was too cunning, too intelligent, and too perceptive.

As soon as they make a move, Julian may have already set up intricate traps in the shadows.

Just who would end up being the prey and the hunter?

Even a slight misstep would be their downfall, causing them to be easily devoured by Julian.

Kenneth had worked hard to bring the Channing family to this point, barely equal in status to Fulcher Inc. It was unnecessary to risk destroying their own family.

“Do you think I’d do this if I didn’t have the confidence?”

Kenneth’s words made sense.

The Channing family’s position today wasn’t only due to its deep-rooted foundation, but also because of Kenneth’s wise decisions. However, before each correct decision, he would consult Oliver.

This time, Oliver couldn’t escape his fate as a member of the Channing family.

Kenneth glanced at him. “Julian is indeed a shrewd individual and a business genius, a hundred times stronger than his old man. That much I acknowledge.”

His words carried weight as he spoke firmly. “But this time...”

He shook his head at Oliver, the beads in his hand spinning rapidly, making a clattering sound. In sync with his voice, he exuded an air of absolute confidence.

“If I didn’t have confidence, I wouldn’t do it.”

Oliver hesitated momentarily, finally showing some interest as he approached Kenneth. “But I still don’t recommend taking action against Fulcher Inc...”

“How can you lack ambition like this?” Kenneth exclaimed. Oliver’s words had seemingly finally provoked him and he got worked up, and the beads in his hand snapped apart.

As they clattered to the ground, they produced a clear and resounding sound, like silver pearls on a jade plate.

“You’re clearly not inferior to Julian, so why are you afraid of him?”

Oliver wanted to say that he was indeed inferior to Julian. Even though he was the only one who could match Julian during the heir training all those years ago, the more he understood, the more he realized the gap between himself and Julian in the business world.

It was one thing to strategize behind his back, but to confront Julian head-on and even surpass him...

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Yet, there was no way to tell Kenneth these words. The old man simply wouldn’t listen. Kenneth firmly believed that Oliver was capable of anything, and surpassing Julian was only a matter of his willingness, not whether it could be achieved.

Seeing Oliver remain silent for a long time, Kenneth softened his tone. “This opportunity to target Fulcher Inc. is a once in a lifetime chance. Don’t you want to give it a try?”

He ignored the scattered beads on the ground as he stepped over them, causing cracking sounds to echo in the room as he approached Oliver.

He whispered something into Oliver’s ear, something mindshattering and unexpected.

The content of those words was too shocking, and Oliver could hardly bring himself to speak.

“Y-You mean... Simon isn’t my stepbrother and isn’t related to me by blood? H-He’s...”

It was simply too shocking to finish the sentence.

But Kenneth continued to smile and nod. “You heard correctly. Simon is from the Fulcher family. But from the day he was born, he became the Fulchers’ abandoned illegitimate child because Julian’s mother couldn’t accept him.”

The situation grew increasingly absurd.

Everyone knew Julian’s parents had a loving relationship throughout their lives, and it was impossible for an illegitimate child to appear so suddenly...

“It’s true.” Kenneth nodded. “Why do you think the Channing family, which has been in the spotlight all these years, hasn’t been suppressed by Fulcher Inc.?”

Oliver blinked, and his expression twisted as he quickly realized the critical point. “Madam Fulcher?”

“Yes.” Kenneth sighed. “But now, she’s dead.”

All those years, the Channing family had helped cover up this scandal for the Fulcher family. With the secret supporters gone and Julian unaware of the truth, what could he do to the Channing family in the future?

Kenneth had to make his move before Julian did.

Otherwise...

Once Simon’s identity was exposed, the aftermath would be unpredictable and the Channing family would lose control and initiative.

The death of Madam Fulcher unexpectedly triggered such a severe butterfly effect and revealed a mind-blowing secret.

Oliver still found it hard to believe. “But Simon’s been with our family since he was young...”

“Yes,” Kenneth replied. “Too many complex factors are involved in this matter, and they’re all from the previous generation. I had intended to keep it hidden from Simon for his entire life, but he actually found out a long time ago.”

At this point, admiration entered Kenneth’s eyes as he continued, “So I thought this was the perfect opportunity to bring down Julian. Simon is the sword we’ll use to strike him down!”

Oliver was shocked to hear everything. Yet, strangely, a faint sense of excitement hummed through his veins.

He couldn't understand if he was excited because of his father's unwavering loyalty to him and his mother, or...if it was because of the chance to confront Julian, something he never dared to think about but secretly yearned for.

"Simon isn't part of our family," Kenneth said, seizing the opportunity while Oliver showed interest and striking the iron while it was hot. "I know you originally had no intention of competing to be the family's heir, and you even considered handing over the management of the Channing family to him. But in reality, his heart isn't here. He'll eventually flyaway."

His tone serious, Kenneth continued, "Whether you want it or not, you have to bear the responsibility of being the heir. Even if you're reluctant to accept it, you still have to."

In other words, Oliver had no choice, even if he didn't want to get involved in the conflict against the united power of the Pabians against Fulcher Inc.

Oliver looked at his aging father. For the first time, felt the weight of the burden on his shoulders.

He knew Kenneth's health wouldn't hold up for much longer.

The medical devices by the latter's bedside had only increased since the last time he was here.

It was why Kenneth was so anxious to see what heights the Channings could reach under Oliver's leadership before he closed his eyes.

Alas, their enemy was Julian after all...

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"Dr. Channing." Diana saw the look on Oliver's face and felt even more awkward about what she was wearing. She glared angrily at Julian.

This was all his fault!

He clearly knew that Oliver was busy last night and couldn't make the rounds last night, and would surely appear first thing in the morning.

Good on Julian to suggest for her to dress like this!

He was still injured, so Diana didn't think too much of it at the start. But now that she saw Oliver, she realized how much of a schemer Julian had been.

There were so many people in the ward, so she couldn't possibly strip even if she wanted to.

Oliver remained in a daze even when Diana called him. He subconsciously glanced at her, a bitter taste rising in his throat. "Looks pretty good."

Diana felt even more embarrassed.

She hemmed and hawed, unsure of what to say next. She could only let her face grow increasingly flushed, becoming redder than the evening sky. Even her ears started feeling warm.

Julian eventually cut in, and Diana could hear him say with a smug smirk, "See, your taste is as excellent as mine. A pity that..."

He didn't need to complete his sentence, for others to know what he was thinking.

Diana rolled her eyes at Julian. He kept claiming that he didn't care about Oliver, but in reality, he was still treating Oliver as his love rival and didn't want to see the latter to have a good time.

Oliver was stunned for a moment before realization dawned on him. He did feel rather awkward; more than that, he sensed an anger he had never experienced before.

Julian had repeatedly humiliated him in a similar manner, trampling on his affections for Diana so savagely...

His fingers trembled as he instinctively sped up on making his rounds. "Your wounds are healing well."

As he spoke, his fingers landed on the wounds on Julian's chest.

He couldn't stop himself from pressing down hard on it.

Julian immediately shot him a look as sharp as arrows.

“Oliver?”

Oliver hummed, trying to suppress the panic that was rising in his chest. He stuffed his trembling hands into his pocket and apologized, “Sorry, I couldn’t control my strength well.”

But Oliver wasn’t a careless man. Julian glared at him and claimed with certainty, “You did that on purpose.”

Oliver deliberately inflicted pain on him.

He probably did it because he saw Julian role-playing with Diana.

“I won’t bear a grudge against you.” There was a tinge of smugness in Julian’s eyes as he deliberately held Diana’s hand in his and pulled her towards him.

When Oliver saw that, rather than becoming upset, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Thank goodness.

Thank goodness Julian didn’t think of making a move on the Channing and was simply being jealous.

Still, the fact that the great Julian Fulcher would even bother being jealous over a woman...

Oliver couldn’t help but think....

Would Diana be Julian’s Achilles’ heel?

No, no.

He couldn’t be so despicable.

He hurriedly buried the thought in his mind and looked down at his book, then wrote some words in it before tearing out the page and handing it to Diana. “Get this prescription at the pharmacy if you’re getting a jab.”

Diana was stunned, unsure whether to take the prescription or not.

Oliver chuckled when he saw her so startled. “I was just teasing you. Don’t take it so seriously.”

Oliver didn't speak in his usual considerate and thoughtful tone. Before Diana could ponder about the reason behind the sudden change in his attitude, he had cautiously taken back the paper and flung it into the trash can.

He didn't intend to give it to Diana in the first place.

He was simply playing a joke on her.

The mood in the room immediately lightened up, and Oliver finally found the courage to look straight at Diana.

"You two must..." He took a deep breath and looked at both Julian and Diana. "Be happy together.

As happy and blessed as they are right now.

Oliver spoke as if no matter what he did-things that perhaps he himself might find unthinkable-they could be forgiven because he had given the two his blessings.

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Chapter 647

With that, he took a deep breath and walked out of the ward.

"Ridiculous!" Julian was clearly upset to see Oliver come and go in such a hurry.

Upon second thought, he turned to Diana and said with a smile, "Seems like he really doesn't fancy you anymore. He didn't look jealous at all."

The next moment, he shouted out loud as if a thought just entered his mind.

"Oliver Channing! Get back here! Why in the world do you not fancy my woman? She's so charming! Can't you see that?!"

He yelled so loudly that his voice broke.

It was at a decibel similar to when Julian yelled at Oliver when Oliver lost to him at the last stage of the successor activity when they were young.

It was worlds apart from Julian's usual cold and cool CEO demeanor.

No matter what the reason may be, that level of loudness was nothing like Julian's style.

Still, it did come from him.

Julian's loud yell tickled Oliver.

This was the second time he was amused by Julian's yell.

Ultimately, he had let Julian and Diana down.

That piece of paper...

It wasn't a prescription, but a reminder to Julian. However, Oliver didn't give it to Diana and flung it into the trash can at the last moment.

The path ahead from now on...

Fatigue filled Oliver's eyes, but at the same time, a strange light shone from them. This was it. He could only be enemies with Julian Fulcher!

Julian only stopped venting his anger when Oliver and the rest walked out of sight. He laid down on the bed grunting, as if he was still angry.

Diana knew nothing good had happened the moment she noticed Julian's current condition. She immediately put down the needle in her hand and waited for orders from him.

As she had expected, she heard Julian say, "Little nurse, my wound hurts. Come and help me massage it."

The bandage over his wound had just been removed, and Diana wasn't a professional caretaker. How would she dare to touch his wound?

Even so, Julian grabbed Diana's hand and pressed it hard against his wound.

Seeing no particular reaction from him, a smile broke across Diana's face. "You've recovered very well?"

Julian nodded. "Didn't Oliver say that just now?"

He turned to look at the two urns of ashes in the ward. "It's time for me to be discharged."

He wanted to bury Grandma and the babies in peace.

However, he stayed in the hospital for another two more days under Diana's insistence. Diana finally agreed to let him be discharged upon seeing that his wound was almost fully healed.

Noel saw how his master was completely pliant to Diana.

Julian even listened to Diana about when he should be discharged. Noel felt inevitably upset about it and even swore to himself that he would never offer anyone any relationship advice, lest he were to hold up anybody's time.

On the day they buried Grandma, the weather was beautiful.

It had been a while since the weather was so good.

The warm sun shone down on everyone.

Diana hugged Grandma's urn and personally placed it next to Grandpa's ashes. She and Julian watched as the two's ashes were combined as one in the grave. When Grandpa's grave was restored to its original state, the burial ceremony was officially over.

Diana initially assumed that she wouldn't feel sad again, but pain inevitably flitted through her heart at that moment.

This time, however, she did not cry.

"They were in love when alive and together even in death." Diana smiled as she looked at Grandma and Grandpa's

grave. "Grandpa and Grandma must be very happy right now."

They were a loving couple throughout their entire lives. This was an ending many could only wish for.

Julian agreed wholeheartedly. He then pointed at the left side of their grave. "Not just Grandpa and Grandma, but my parents as well."

Julian's eyes were filled with intense yearning when he mentioned them. "In the past...they had a great relationship too."

As if he was afraid he spoke too much and appeared too sentimental, Julian stopped himself from saying anything further and pulled Diana to the right side of the grave. He pointed to the empty space next to their feet and said firmly, "In the future, let's be buried next to Grandpa and Grandma, just like my parents."

To many, his words might bode unwell.

Yet Diana didn't mind. In fact, the smile on her face deepened as she held his arm. "Sure."

When both of them grow old and die, they would be buried here.

Just like Grandpa and Grandma, just like Julian's parents, they would be in love when alive and together in death.

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By the time they were done burying Grandma's ashes, it was already afternoon. They weren't in a hurry to leave, and instead took a stroll around the place. They even sat down on the bench to enjoy the surroundings. After a while, Diana pointed to a place. "How about over there?"

A hundred meters away from Grandpa and Grandma's grave.

Although it was a slightly remote area of the Fulcher Cemetery, it was surrounded by mountains and rivers, and was under the shade of trees. Diana loved the spot. "Our babies can play over there."

They would have a place to rest when they were tired, water to drink when they were thirsty, and a shade spot to hide under when it was too hot.

They would also have Grandpa and Grandma's company as they were right ahead. Their eternal place of rest would be forever warm and safe.

Diana caressed her flat stomach as she felt tears welling up in her eyes.

If her babies were still alive, they would be over four months in gestation. Her stomach would probably start showing.

She didn't want the burial to be too sorrowful, and immediately stood up the moment she felt the tears in her eyes. She smiled, trying her best to blink the tears away. "It's a pretty good spot."

Their babies would surely like it.

"Yes." Julian instructed someone to bring over the yellow tombstone Diana had personally carved, then took the urn from Diana and placed it in the grave personally. "We'll let them rest in peace right here."

From now on, no one would bother them or lay a finger on them.

Diana nodded, and the two of them stayed there a tad longer before returning to their villa.

This time, they decided to stay together and moved back to their previous bedroom.

Diana laid down on the bed as Julian took the spot next to her.

The windows were floor-to-ceiling, and they could see the starry night even while lying in bed.

Ever since Diana lost her babies, stars took on a new meaning for her.

Sorrow filled her heart as she stared at the dark night sky outside the windows.

"If only our babies were still around..." she couldn't help but lament.

Julian nodded, but didn't say anything.

Diana turned to look at him, and found that he had fallen asleep.

He was probably terribly exhausted over the past few days.

He had been racking his brain on new ways to torment Diana to distract her from thinking about Grandma and the babies.

It was all thanks to him that Diana was indeed in a much better mood.

If it weren't because of today's burial ceremony, she wouldn't have felt so sorrowful and regretful once again.

What a day it had been!

Before she closed her eyes, Diana thought about how Grandma wasn't able to live till her hundredth year.

Diana herself wasn't able to witness Aster and Star being born into this world.

Still, she had managed to reconcile with Julian.

She managed to wait for the man she was going to spend the rest of her life with.

"After we celebrate the new year, let's apply for remarriage," she whispered gently into his ear.

Although Julian wasn't awake, the corner of his lips lifted, making his already flawless face even more handsome.

Everything seemed to have come to a perfect end.

Later, Diana sat on the chair of her work studio and browsed through news reports regarding Winnington Fashions.

Just as she had expected, Winnington Fashions suffered a complete and utter loss.

However, there was no news of what happened to James.

Julian said he wanted to send someone to ask around with the Winningtons, but Diana stopped him from doing so.

"No news is the best news," she had said. "James is never good at hiding things. He likes to be in the limelight. If we hear news of him, that means he's leading a better life than I had expected."

The fact that they hadn't heard any news of him meant that he was probably in a bad state.

He was, after all, Diana's father.

Even if Julian wanted to bring James' fashion company down because that despicable man had dug out his babies' grave, he had held himself back because of that fact.

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In the end, he decided to let Diana settle her problems herself.

He had better not interfere too much.

As for Kayla...

Diana toyed with the USB drive Noel gave her, pondering for a moment before finally inserting it into the computer.

It was about time.

She wanted to see what ultimately happened to Kayla.

Noel said that it wasn't gory, and it certainly wasn't.

In fact, what she saw on her computer screen was a solemn trial in a courtroom.

Kayla sat on the defense table and received all sorts of interrogations.

The key accusations against her were counts of kidnapping, drugging Diana, and being in cahoots with Luke in attacking Julian on that rainy day.

She had indirectly caused many deaths. Ultimately, the country had rules that its people had to abide by.

Although Kayla's crimes did not deserve the death sentence, her crimes added up and she ended up with a lifelong imprisonment.

Julian's lawyer had to be credited for Kayla's harsh sentence.

He had put forth such a strong and impermeable case that Kayla's lawyer had no way of counterattacking.

When the trial was about to come to an end, the judge asked Kayla, “Do you have anything else to say?”

Kayla had only one thing to say, which she repeated incessantly, “I want to see Julian Fulcher! I want to see Julian Fulcher!”

And yet, Julian would never see her ever again.

Her dream of being Mrs. Fulcher was completely shattered.

That was the utter hopelessness that he had given her, and the greatest punishment meted on her.

Julian had, of course, considered this when he decided to give her jail time.

Diana smiled. She was originally dissatisfied with this court case, but after watching the footage, she finally understood.

Rather than killing someone, it was better to expose the person’s intentions and heart to the world.

Kayla would be in eternal torment of wanting to see Julian but never having her wish fulfilled. She would live the rest of her life with her wrecked voice, disfigured face, and dissatisfied heart.

A fate worse than death.

In the video, Kayla could be seen struggling and refusing to be detained. She looked to be in utmost pain-even deranged-and Diana smiled as she witnessed the scene.

Yet... Tears started flowing amidst her smile.

Whatever it was, Kayla was ultimately still her younger sister.

In the end, it was a combination of James’s viciousness, Kate’s vanity and Lucy’s shamelessness that led the sisters to their plight today.

In the middle of a dark, sleepless night, Diana wondered if any of these three would one day come to genuinely repent of their behavior.

“Of course not!” James spat on the floor. “Even if I were to die, I’d never leave the Winnington family! Go! Tell my father to come and see me!”

Kate had cried for days on end, until her eyes were red and swollen. “James, Father already said that he’d never see us again and that the Winnington family will never accept us again. He told you to give up all hope of ever returning to the family.”

“How could that be?!” James had been wearing his tunic suit over the past few days; it had signs of dirt and stains clinging on it.

Yet James, who had always cared about his appearance, didn’t even care.

He sat dejectedly on the bench as tears fell from his eyes.

Kate was originally waiting for him to give her a direction on what to do, but the sight of him dashed all hopes in her heart. “The Winnington family...” Her lips trembled as she went on, “Are we really never able to return to it?”

“We’ll never be able to return! Never!” James yelled at the top of his lungs as he smashed everything he could get his hands on. Deafening sounds of things crashing on the floor could be heard. When that was unable to vent his anger, he gripped Kate’s chin and snarled, “It’s all your fault for giving birth to that b\*tch Diana!”

That little b\*tch! How dare she scheme against her own father!

“I’m her biological father! How could she treat me like this?!”

Kate saw him looking almost deranged and shouting words of filth. Coupled with her hopelessness of returning to the Winnington clan, she began to lose all respect for him and even started to reprimand him. She screeched, “Weren’t you the one who schemed against her first? You abandoned her when she was so young, too! How could you bear to do that? How could you?!”

James saw Kate glaring at him through widened eyes, her face twisted and contorted like a scorned woman, and laughed in derision. “Hah! You’re a bigger b\*tch than her!”

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## Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 650

'You clearly saw the way I treated her, yet you simply stood idly by!

If your heart had really ached for her, why didn't you go and get her back?

Why didn't you kick up a fuss and make me chase Lucy and Kayla out of the house?!"

Of course, Kate didn't dare to.

More than anything, she wanted to secure her status as Mrs. Winnington, and bask in the riches and glory that came with that position.

She had pinned her hopes on Kayla, the daughter whom she had taught and cared for since young, to bring her glory.

Yet now, the story of Kayla failing in forcing Julian to marry her had spread across the entire Richburgh. What was more, her crime of kidnapping Julian's wife and grandmother had shaken Richburgh's elite circles. Not only did Kayla fail in bringing Kate glory, but Kate should instead thank the heavens that Kayla didn't implicate her in everything she did and cause her to be the laughingstock of Richburgh!

What made matters worse was that Kayla had been sentenced to jail, and no one was allowed to visit her.

As for James...

He had become the public enemy of the Winnington clan after Winnington Fashions went bust.

His own father even chased him out of the family in person!

Fire burned in Kate's heart when James hit the nail on the head, and she yelled even louder, 'You Winningtons had always been heartless! Be it the old or the young, all of you are heartless!"

James grabbed the back of her head, wanting to smash her head against the wall. "Then why did you marry me in the first place?"

He had never done something like this in his whole life.

Usually, it was Lucy and Kayla who would egg him on in those filthy and heartless petty things he had done.

However, he was unable to bring himself to really attack Kate.

He slowly released his hand, and slid down the wall together with her.

The two of them glanced at each other dejectedly as they finally burst into tears. "From now on, you're the only kin I have left!" James cried.

"Me too!"

"No...! I still have Diana! I still have that good daughter! She isn't a b\*tch! She's my savior!" James's eyes lit up. "Kate, go to the Fulchers' and beg for forgiveness. Go! Diana will definitely show us mercy!"

James had clearly forgotten who was the one behind

Winnington Fashions going bust.

In the end, he and Kate had always moved wherever it benefited them.

The only one left who could possibly help them was Diana.

Kate was stunned by his shouts of desperation. A cynical smile crept up her face. "So now you're asking for my help? Why don't you look for Lucy instead?"

Lucy...

That's right, Lucy...

James looked disoriented. "Have you seen her at all, ever since these unfortunate events started happening to us?"

Kate was stunned by his question. She shook her head, clueless. "No, not at all."

Where on earth was Lucy?

Where was that woman when her own daughter Kayla and lover James were in trouble?

Where had she run off to?

In truth, Lucy hadn't left Richburgh.

She had merely hidden herself and was waiting for her own boss to come to her and save her darling daughter.

After all, her boss was powerful and invincible.

He was her only way, and he was also the only person who could get Kayla out from jail right under Julian's nose.

This was the seventh day Lucy tried reaching out to him.

It was also the day her boss agreed to appear before her.

Lucy patiently waited at the underpass of a bridge.

Very soon, a limited edition silver Porsche stopped right before her. "Get in the car."

It was the man who, since a very long time ago, guided her in drawing closer to James, helped her scheme and plot, thought of the idea of genuine and imposter heiress, and of instigating James to abandon Diana when she was young.

Because of this boss, Lucy had attained wealth beyond her imagination.

She had also made her own daughter the darling of the Winnington family.

But now, everything was back to square one.

Lucy was still down and out.

Kayla had turned into the one everyone hated and despised, and was no longer the darling of the Winnington family.