

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 891-900

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 891

All Cecilia's hopes were dashed.

Contrary to her expectations, she was treated so terribly by Julian.

Anger rose up her chest, turning her face red. She leaned hard on the mirror with her palm, leaving colorful paint marks on the surface. That was the only way she could continue standing where she was.

She bit her lips, refusing to make a sound.

She couldn't make a sound.

She didn't want Julian seeing her in such a terrible state after abandoning her pride.

Thankfully, although he splashed paint at her, he didn't barge into the dressing room.

Diana subconsciously heaved a sigh of relief amidst the shock she felt. Her head was buzzing right now.

She had been arrogant. She shouldn't have interfered with Julian's relationship and indirectly hurt Cecilia.

"Mr. Fulcher," she had to remind him in a low voice, "Ms. Jarvis is inside."

She hoped Julian could apologize to Cecilia. That way, the situation could still possibly be salvaged.

However, Julian disregarded her advice completely, and pretended not to remember Cecilia's name. "Ms. Jarvis? Which one?"

He glanced at the dressing room, and said in a voice loud enough for Cecilia to hear, "I don't want women who throw themselves so desperately at me!"

He would never forgive anyone who played tricks on the day of Aster and Star's death anniversary, no matter who!

From now on, there was naturally no need to meet Cecilia Jarvis.

As for Diana...

Julian grabbed her arm. "Come with me!"

Since she wasn't willing to come clean, he would drag her to the cemetery right now!

They left without a further word, leaving Cecilia all alone in the studio. The entire place was empty, and the commotion outside hit her hard.

Cecilia felt herself going breathless. The air around her grew thinner.

She finally understood the situation.

Diana looked kind-hearted on the surface, but she was in fact trying to humiliate Cecilia. That woman had deliberately ...used this method to make Julian hate her!

Cecilia clenched her fists. She slowly stepped forward, one step at a time, doing what Diana told her to earlier.

Her thoughts became clearer as she walked on.

Diana was such a scheming wench!

That woman made Cecilia walk slowly not to increase the element of surprise between her and Julian, but because she had already expected Julian to splash paint on her.

With all that colorful paint on her, Cecilia had no choice but to walk slowly.

Diana Winnington...

She was probably mocking Cecilia in private right from the start.

Mocking her for being foolish and stupid, for being blind to human nature, and for being taken as a fool!

Cecilia walked slowly to the dressing room. She looked at the empty studio and the can of paint lying on the floor. She held back the tears in her eyes as

she walked downstairs. Soon, she found a pair of scissors. She tore the humiliating sky blue dress she was wearing into shreds.

By the time she was done, paint had smeared all over her body.

She wasn't in a rush to clean herself up. Instead, she lay paralyzed on the floor, feeling herself drowning in a complicated mix of emotions. She felt like a fish out of water, her body twitching as she fought for her life. Despite that, she knew she was powerless to do anything.

Meanwhile, Julian dragged Diana out of her studio into a car. He then dragged her all the way to a cemetery.

Greenery surrounded the place, and mountains and rivers could be seen a distance away. There were many security guards positioned at the entrance, who even greeted Diana upon seeing her.

"Mrs. Fulcher."

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"Mrs. Fulcher."

Yet, the moment Julian shot them a glare, no one dared to address her as that any longer.

Diana looked at the words at the entrance of the cemetery, and mumbled under her breath, "Fulcher Cemetery..."

She stopped dead in her tracks, and turned to the man whose face was dark as hell. "Julian Fulcher, what exactly do you want by bringing me here?"

Cecilia was all she could think about right now. "You really shouldn't have said what you said just now."

Cecilia was going to be so sad.

The anger Julian had suppressed all the way here finally burst forth. He grabbed Diana's chin viciously.

"Diana Winnington, cut the act!"

Did she think that as long as she pretended not to recognize this place and know who was buried right here, he would be fooled by her?

His grip was so strong, Diana felt her jaw almost dislocate. However, she couldn't even struggle against his hold. She could only stare at him in disbelief.

It felt as if they had returned to when she first came to Richburgh and went to his house with gifts to look for Betty, claiming to be his sister-in-law.

Back then, she had glared at him with such unfamiliarity.

Thinking of Simon and everything that happened over the past three years, pain shot through Julian's chest. He said mockingly, "Don't think I don't know what you're up to by picking today of all days to invite Cecilia to your studio. You just don't want to see me with other women!"

He was serious about starting a new relationship with Cecilia, and to let go of Diana in his heart completely.

Yet, Diana would always hit him where it hurt the most, provoke him in a way that riled him up most effectively, and trigger all sorts of emotions concerning her.

She was akin to the ocean waves, crashing into him and shocking him to the core every single time.

Meanwhile, Diana was in a complete daze. She didn't expect Julian to twist her good intentions to this extent.

Be it a few days ago, when she first heard Julian proposing to meet at her studio today, or today when he arrived at her studio, she belatedly realized that he cared very much about the timing.

She tried to suppress the pain and indignation she felt, and asked, "Is today...a special date?"

Why did he keep saying "today of all days"?

Hah.

Why was she still acting at this point?

Fine!

He'd bring her to their children's grave.

He'd see if she could still carry on the act!

Julian released his grip, and shoved her face away. Then, he dragged her forward by her arm.

He vented all his sorrow and anger over the past three years as he strode across the cemetery in a few short meters.

Here.

They were finally here.

He suddenly released his grip and shoved Diana forward so hard, she collapsed on the ground.

She couldn't be bothered about the pain, because a yellowed tombstone stood right before her.

Her mind drew a blank when she saw the tombstone.

Yet, endless agony spread from her heart to her limbs. She felt as if someone had cut off her arms and legs. Her body trembled all over, slowly growing numb.

She felt as if someone had built a bridge between her nose and eyes, stepping and jumping relentlessly on it. Her nose and eyes grew terribly sore and painful. The pain reached her raw nerves.

Her heart had melted into an ocean of tears.

At this moment, she no longer needed an explanation from Julian. She could feel the pain and sorrow he was feeling.

'This is Aster and Star's grave,' he said.

Diana looked up, her fingers caressing the tombstone. Every touch felt like ants biting into her skin.

“This is...” She looked at the tombstone, and couldn’t stop the pain inside from spreading across her entire body. “Are they my children...?”

Was she already a mother before she had her twins? Did they rest in peace a long time ago?

What a heavy burden it was to see her children die before her.

Yet she, their mother, couldn’t remember them at all.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 893

Did they cry out in sorrow in the netherworld?

She neither held herself back, nor deliberately forced a response. Without realizing it, tears spilled down her cheeks and on the ground.

The veins on Julian’s forehead popped when he saw Diana like that. Aside from fuming anger, he felt...powerless.

He looked disdainfully at her. “What do you think? Until when are you going to pretend that you’ve lost your memories? Today was their death anniversary, and you spared no effort in making use of them to turn my slight interest in Cecilia into disgust. Good on you, Diana Winnington.”

Did she really think she could do anything just by using her memory loss as an excuse?! Others couldn’t even blame her properly!

Diana was exhausted explaining it to him so many times. ” Julian Fulcher...”

Her mind was in a mess. She had no memories of the tombstone, or her children buried under it. What’s more, Julian refused to believe that she had lost her memories.

“|...”

Before she could go on, Julian’s phone rang.

He didn’t answer the call. Yet, it kept ringing stubbornly.

It was Vans.

He knew what day it was today, and he wouldn't bother Julian unless it was something important. Julian suppressed his roiling emotions, and answered the call.

"Julian, I've been busy with a lot of surgeries these couple of days. I forgot to discuss something with you."

"Speak."

Vans choked on the coldness of Julian's tone, but he didn't hold it against Julian. Today was no ordinary day, after all.

Usually, Julian would behave even more wildly on this day.

He would get himself badly drunk, and would kneel before the grave crying for forgiveness; insisting he was guilty of losing Aster and Star's mommy, and of not protecting them well.

Usually, on this day, he would miss his two children he had never seen. He would also miss the one who personally carved the words on this tombstone.

But today, Julian didn't call Vans out for a drink.

It was precisely because of this anomaly that Vans decided he could no longer delay calling Julian, lest Julian did something rash to Diana.

"It's about Diana claiming to have lost her memories," he said. Nina kept insisting Diana wasn't lying, and even smashed him with a pillow that day.

After thinking it through seriously, he said, "Perhaps we can bring her to the hospital for a check-up."

Since she claimed to suffer from memory loss, there would certainly be signs from a medical point of view. There must be something in her brain that caused her to lose her memories. Wouldn't an experienced doctor like him be able to discern anomalies in the brain?

"Vans Stanley," Julian said through gritted teeth, "you're dead!"

Vans was confused. "Julian, don't you think my suggestion is feasible?"

It's not that it wasn't feasible.

It's that it was too feasible!

It was reasonable for Julian to be blinded by circumstances, given that he was personally vested in it. Yet how could Vans, as an outsider and an experienced doctor to boot, only think of this now?! i

Julian wished he could press Vans down on the floor and grind the man against the granite. "I'll bring her over right now"

No.

"Wait till tomorrow."

Nothing was more important than being with Aster and Star today.

Betty and Sean, his flesh and blood who were still alive and well in this world, were equally important.

As for Diana...

Soon, he would know for sure whether she was lying and acting all this while- or if she really suffered from memory loss.

Today, she had no choice but to stay with him and their kids.

After the call and all the way back to the villa, Julian didn't say a single word to Diana. He didn't want to hear her explanation.

He didn't believe her at all right now. He would only choose to believe in science.

Everything will have to wait till the results of the check-up tomorrow!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 894

On the day of Aster and Star's death anniversary, Julian couldn't look happy even in Betty and Sean's presence.

The thought of his two children, who didn't even have the chance to see the light of day, weighed heavily on his heart.

Diana was also drowning in endless sorrow. She couldn't walk out of it.

She hated herself. She hated herself for not being able to remember a single thing.

That yellowed tombstone...

Why exactly did her children lose their lives?

She wanted to regain her memories. She wanted to regain them all. And yet, she felt so powerless and lost.

She covered her head with arms, feeling like it was on the verge of exploding.

The air in the villa was somber.

Just then, members of the Jarvis family came knocking on the door in search of Cecilia's whereabouts.

Mrs. Jarvis was most worried. "Cecilia said she'd call me after meeting Mr. Fulcher, but I haven't heard from her until now."

Cecilia was their princess, whom they doted on dearly. They couldn't bear for anything to happen to her. They mobilized the entire family to Collina Villa to find out if she actually met Julian.

"Is she having dinner with Mr. Fulcher?" Mrs. Jarvis asked. Perhaps that's why Cecilia forgot about calling her mother back.

Mrs. Jarvis was all smiles, and everyone behind her perked up their ears in hopes of gleaning some gossip as they tried to peek into the villa. After all, Julian had gifted Cecilia a pink diamond necklace.

He even asked Cecilia out today, asking her to go try out a dress.

Everyone in the Jarvis family assumed that a wedding was around the corner, and were starting to treat Julian as a son-in-law of the family.

Julian could clearly see through them. He knew what they were thinking at one glance.

The Jarvis family wasn't a complicated one, and probably couldn't raise a disobedient daughter. It was a pity that what Diana did made it impossible for things to work out between him and Cecilia.

In fact, things didn't even start between them.

Julian didn't even bother smiling at the Jarvises. He went upstairs with, his face cold.

"Clean up your own mess," he snapped at Diana.

The twins were upstairs, and he was going to play with them.

Diana took a deep breath, and composed herself. She couldn't allow what she found out at the cemetery to mess up her thoughts.

Cecilia didn't contact her family until now. Something bad might have happened to her.

Diana clenched her fists and said, "She's not in the villa. I'll bring you to her."

Although the Jarvis family wasn't of the highest social class, they were considered an elite family that had survived across generations. Having seen the cold look on Julian's face, they knew that their daughter could very possibly be mistreated by him.

Mrs. Jarvis's eyes turned red at once. "Hurry! Bring us to Cecilia right away!"

Diana didn't dare delay, and hurriedly brought the Jarvises to her studio.

To her surprise, Cecilia was in pretty good condition.

She had taken off the sky blue dress. They could tell from her hair and face that she had cleaned herself up thoroughly to make herself look so tidy.

Mrs. Jarvis heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing Cecilia. "You little brat! I called you so many times! Why didn't you answer a single one?"

She didn't immediately ask Cecilia about Julian. She was first and foremost worried about her daughter's safety.

"My phone ran out of battery." Cecilia smiled faintly as she showed her mother her phone, which had a darkened screen. "Look, I couldn't find a charger anywhere."

"As long as you're fine."

Having checked that Cecilia was fine, Mrs. Jarvis wanted to ask her about Julian. Before she could do that, Cecilia stood up and walked to Diana.

“I don’t blame you for what happened today,” she said in her usual friendly tone.

She could only blame herself for not being firm. She blamed herself for abandoning her restraint upon persuasion from others, which gave Diana a chance to ruin her.

She and Julian...

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 895

Cecilia took a deep breath, and recalled the firm rejection Julian threw her way before grabbing Diana and leaving the studio.

Pain shot through her chest.

However, she took care to be polite, and stopped herself from yelling at Diana. ‘Til be going home with my family.

Goodbye.”

Before Diana had a chance to say anything, Cecilia left the studio in the company of her family members. She looked just like a princess, doted on and surrounded by her loving subjects.

Diana could tell that Cecilia’s family had many questions for her, as they kept rambling on about something to her.

Cecilia didn’t look at all frustrated, and kept smiling sweetly as she responded to each one of them. She must’ve received lots of love from them.

Diana couldn’t help but think about her Betty. If Betty received such love, could she grow up into a loving and happy adult?

Diana watched on as Cecilia walked away and eventually drove off. Only then did she snap back to reality.

She had never felt the love of a family, and was easily attracted by the calm and benevolent aura Cecilia exuded.

Thank goodness.

Thankfully, nothing happened to Cecilia today.

Diana placed Cecilia's cup into the disinfecting cabinet, and went to clean up the first floor.

She set her mind to visiting the Jarvises and solemnly apologizing to Cecilia when she had the time. She would explain everything that had happened today.

As for a reason to visit the Jarvises...

Oh, yes!

Diana suddenly recalled that Cecilia still dressed the same way she did when she arrived at the studio. She didn't bring take the sky blue dress with her.

Thinking that, Diana rushed to the dressing room upstairs. The moment she reached the second floor, she was shocked.

This was no longer a dressing room!

It was hell!

The floor, the walls, and the curtains were all covered with streaks of paint. There was a sentence written on the wall in bright red paint, saying, "Diana, go to hell!"

Her heart beat fast as she looked around. She felt as if she were in the middle of a murder scene. Diana wished she could cover herself with a comforter-it seemed to be the only way to relieve the chill spreading from her feet and up her spine.

Unfortunately, there was no such thing. There wasn't anyone here, either.

Diana was the only one around.

She gripped the handrail; as she felt the cold metal on her palms, her senses finally returned to her.

She continued walking in. Suddenly, she felt something pull at her feet.

Looking down, she saw the sky blue dress she had painstakingly sewed together. It had become a mess of shredded cloth, scattered all around the second floor.

She remembered...

The second floor didn't look like this when Julian dragged her away from her studio. Cecilia was the only one who could possibly turn her studio into this mess.

Earlier...

Cecilia said that she didn't blame Diana.

Earlier...

Cecilia behaved as if nothing had happened.

And yet, it didn't match with reality at all!

The stark contrast made her heart almost leap out of her chest. She leaned hard against the railing on the second floor.

She had been careless to play the matchmaker so abruptly. "Careless?" she yelled at herself. "You were absurd!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 896

When Julian called Vans to make an appointment for the check-up, he told the latter everything that had happened. He was filled with disgust. Eventually, his tone softened as he said, "I hope Ms. Jarvis will give up on me."

A man like him, who could splash paint on a woman, wasn't worthy of her.

Vans understood that Julian did so to dash all of Cecilia's hopes. She was the only woman out of all the socialites in Richburgh whom Julian found pleasant, and was willing to try having a relationship with.

Vans found it rather strange. "Didn't you just say a few days ago that you'd pursue her? Why did you suddenly become so heartless?"

Julian remained silent.

It had something to do with Aster and Star's death anniversary.

But another reason...

Was personal.

He looked up at Diana's lonely figure outside the window, and his eyes turned dark. Even his voice turned low when he spoke. It was laced with fatigue and helplessness.

"Vans, I still love her."

He realized that fact when he got furious upon guessing that Diana was trying to play matchmaker between him and Cecilia.

He paid attention to her menstrual cycle, rubbed her belly, and seized the chance to sleep on the same bed as her. All of these weren't accidents-he wasn't forced to do them, and they weren't habits.

Instead, they were all because he still loved her.

His feelings for her were like a pot of oatmeal simmering over a small fire, bubbling consistently, but not to the point of boiling over.

Since he still had feelings for her, he shouldn't give Cecilia hope when there was none.

"Arrange it as soon as you can," Julian said. "I'll bring her to the hospital tomorrow."

If the results proved that Diana was lying, he would cut off all feelings for her and drive her out of Richburgh with his own two hands!

The next morning, Diana was still lost in the shock of seeing her studio in that terrifying state yesterday. She was in a daze as she ate breakfast.

Julian kept rushing her, wanting to take her to the hospital.

Diana already knew that she was going for a check-up today. A straight foot wasn't afraid of a crooked shoe. She was even more excited about the check-up than Julian.

What's more, she wouldn't keep thinking about Cecilia with him around. She could distract herself.

The results were out very quickly.

When Vans came, he even brought a neurologist with him. He looked solemn.

Diana furrowed her brows. "Well?"

She wanted to know what exactly went wrong with her brain. That was the first step in finding her memories.

Vans didn't reply to her, and instead handed the results to Julian. "This is the result."

A bad feeling rose in Diana's chest. She subconsciously clenched her fists and asked, "How is it?"

Julian crushed the results into a tight ball, and flung it into a nearby trash can. "Noel, chuck all of Diana's belongings out of the villa. As for the twins' teachers, send word out that we're going to continue recruiting people. Make sure someone's always watching Betty and Sean, and won't let Diana close to them!"

Everything happened so quickly.

The look on Julian's face was terrifyingly dark.

Diana felt as if someone had gripped her heart. She rushed to the trash can, and dug out the results like a madwoman.

She wasn't bothered that it was dirty, and finally managed to find the results slip. She uncrumpled the paper and read its claim: there was nothing wrong with her brain!

How could that be?!

Then, how did she lose her memories?!

Didn't memory loss always have to do with the brain?

Diana looked pleadingly at the neurologist, who pushed his glasses up his nose and emphasized, "Ms. Winnington, there really is nothing wrong with your brain."

With that, she collapsed on the floor in disbelief.

How could this be...

How could this be?!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 897

"Noel Carter!" Julian yelled. "Throw this lying woman into the car!"

He vowed that he would personally drive her out of Richburgh. He wouldn't delay it for a moment longer!

From now on and for the rest of his life, he didn't want to have anything to do with this fake woman!

Diana had no capacity to care about the check-up results as she grabbed the hem of Julian's shirt tightly. "What about Sean? What about Betty? What about the twins?!"

She couldn't leave!

But what about her children? She couldn't be apart from them!

"I'm their father, and I won't mistreat them."

Julian looked down, and stared at her hands that were grabbing his shirt.

"Filthy," he spat out.

He had a terrifying aura about him. Suddenly, Diana couldn't feel an ounce of warmth from him.

Yet...

Just two days ago, they were sharing a bed.

In the blink of an eye, he was treating her like his worst enemy. It was right of her to suppress her feelings for him.

She took a deep breath and heaved out all the indignation she felt inside, while dousing her feelings for him at the same time. She said firmly, "I'm not leaving! Both my career and children are here!"

Even if she had to leave, it would only be when she was willing to do so!

What right did he have to force her to leave? She couldn't even bring her own children with her. She wasn't going to take this lying down!

However, Julian had confirmed that she was indeed lying based on the test results. What's more, she still refused to admit her mistake.

Seeing her refusing to come clean even when faced with the possibility of separating from her children, Julian didn't hesitate to say, "Get in the car!"

He dragged her into the car mercilessly.

Noel looked on anxiously. "Sir, slow down, please."

His words made Julian glare sharply at him. "Are you pitying her?"

Noel didn't mean that at all! He simply felt bad for Diana, because she was a woman getting dragged by a man. The force Julian was exerting on her looked almost unbearable.

"If not, then hit the road right now!" Julian roared.

Noel didn't dare to utter another word, for fear he might say

the wrong thing again. "Where shall I drive to, sir?"

'The border between Richburgh and Northern Yale.'

He would leave Diana there himself.

After that, he would send bodyguards to keep a close watch on her and ensure she had no chance of stepping into Richburgh!

As the car sped down the highway, Diana tried to open the door and jump out a few times. However, Julian kept the car doors locked tight. She could only plead tirelessly with the cold and proud man before her.

"You don't need to trust me, but you can't take my children away from me!"

They were her lifeline.

They were her beacon of life, the source of courage over the past three years! Taking them away was akin to taking away her ability to breathe!

How could she bear that?

“Dream on,” Julian sneered. He would never put his children in the hands of a woman like Diana. The corners of his lips lifted in a cruel smile. “Diana Winnington, you’re not fit to be their mother.”

Just as how she wasn’t fit to be the love of his life!

For Diana, it wasn’t his place to decide whether she was fit or not. She immediately lifted her shirt to reveal her stomach.

Julian was shocked stiff. He leaned his body diagonally, to block Noel’s view of Diana.

“What are you doing?!”

Was she insane?

How could she just lift her shirt in front of other men?

She was absolutely shameless!

What was she doing?

Diana remained silent, her eyes turning red as she bit her lip. She grabbed Julian’s hand and placed it on her stomach, slowly guiding it downward.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 898

“Diana Winnington!” he bit out harshly. He glared menacingly at her, almost pulling his hand back. “Don’t do something so degrading and make me despise you even more!”

She ignored him. She gripped his arm with all her might, and continued forcing his hand downward.

Julian’s ears were turning red. Diana and him hadn’t been like this for too long.

Diana saw the subtle change in him, and sneered.

“Why are you blushing?” she mocked. “I’m not that shameless as to do that with you in the car.”

She was mocking him for letting his imagination run wild, and for being shameless.

Julian’s face turned even redder. “You!”

Curse words were at the tip of his tongue. As his hands moved downward, he was eventually silenced when he felt a long, protruding mark stretching across her lower abdomen, hardened over the years.

“This...this is...”

‘The mark left behind by a Cesarean section.’

When women gave birth naturally, their cervix had to be dilated by the width of 10 fingers. When women gave birth through Cesarean section, doctors had to cut through seven layers of their abdomen.

No matter which one, childbirth wasn’t easy; all mothers put their lives at risk.

Two years had passed since Diana last gave birth, but her scars never faded because of her various health issues.

How did it become so bad...?

Julian’s fingers rubbed gently across the scar.

He didn’t even realize it when he was rubbing her tummy that day. He hadn’t moved his hands so far down, after all.

Her scar stretched horizontally across her abdomen, and he had to move very far downward to touch it. This was also why Diana had to guide his hand downward.

Julian looked down, and saw the huge scar...

It looked like a humongous centipede crawling on her body.

Tears welled up in his eyes. He continued rubbing the scar gently, and said in a trembling voice, "Did it...hurt very badly at that time?"

Yet, he wasn't by her side.

Diana didn't want to act pitiful before him, and replied casually, "I didn't feel anything during the Cesarean section.

I was under general anesthesia during the operation. But after I woke up..."

She squeezed out a helpless smile on her pale face. "It hurt like hell the first time I got out of bed."

When she gave birth to the twins, she didn't realize that she was officially a mother. She simply felt thankful to still be alive.

However, that notion was in her mind for a mere second. The sight of their soft hands made reality dawn upon her.

She was now a mother.

A mother of two babies.

The pain she was feeling miraculously vanished at that moment.

She said mockingly, "Julian, you said that I'm not fit to be their mother. If I'm not fit, who else is? If I don't have the right to be their mother, who does? You? The father who disappeared for three years, and never fulfilled his responsibility as their father for a single day during the entire time?"

At that moment, guilt overwhelmed him.

"Diana, I..."

He had been searching for her all this while. And yet, he couldn't find her whereabouts.

Still, saying this was pointless right now. He calmed himself down, refusing to let himself be affected by her words.

"You left me first."

She also lied to him first by saying that she lost her memories. She claimed to not remember a single thing, and at the next moment, deliberately told him about their

children.

She was the scheming one-everything was her fault!

“Noel, drive faster.”

Julian wouldn't be bewitched by her again. He was determined to throw her out of the car, and make her leave Richburgh!

The car soon screeched to a halt. “Sir, we're here.”

Diana panicked upon seeing Julian stubbornly refusing to change his mind.

“Julian! Even if you don't think of me, think about the children. Will they still be well without their mommy?”

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 899

Of course they wouldn't.

Julian sneered, ‘That's none of your business. I'll find them a new mommy as soon as possible.’

Sean was about to start kindergarten. Betty's condition was trickier to handle, but Julian would take care of her personally. He wouldn't make the same mistake again.

He said it so casually, as if he was talking about what he would eat today.

The notion was simply laughable. Diana retorted, “Do you really think anyone can be their mommy? You've already offended Cecilia. She was at my studio, and...”

“Shut up!”

He pulled Diana hard out of the car, refusing to give her any more chances to speak. His vice-like grip left a red mark on her arm. Pain shot up her arm to her heart, like many tiny, piercing needles.

Plonk!

Down she knelt before him.

“It’s not that the twins can’t do without me,” she cried loudly, “it’s that I can’t do without them! Julian, I’ll die if I have to leave them!”

Julian didn’t even look at her, his voice ice-cold and laced with menacing anger as he spat, “Well, then... Go to hell.”

He only wished he would never again have feelings for such a wicked woman, and that he would never become agitated because of her.

“Drive,” Julian ordered Noel, looking away.

He didn’t expect Noel to hesitate and look into the rearview mirror.

“Sir...” Noel swallowed past his constricted throat. “Mrs...no... Ms. Winnington is behind us...”

Then drive faster.”

Eventually, she wouldn’t be able to catch up.

“No.” Noel slowed down the car considerably, his hands and legs trembling. “Sir, Mrs. Fulcher is hanging at the back of the car.”

How could that be?! They were driving at such a high speed!

How could Diana be so fast?

Julian turned around at once, and he really did see Diana from the back window.

She was hanging from the window like a ragged old doll.

Julian felt his heart stop beating for a second. At that moment, he felt the pain of being at the verge of death. He pursed his lips, and got out of the car.

It was then he realized that she...

She had grabbed the lower rail of the bumper before they started the car. Just like a tireless monkey that found itself a good tree of refuge, she clung tightly onto the car without letting go. She then climbed up slowly, finally reaching the back window of the car after brushing against the surface of the road multiple times.

"I'll return to Richburgh and be with my kids, even if I have to lose my life!"

She would never leave this place!

Her tone shook Julian to the core. Before he could react, something flashed past his mind at that moment. However, he couldn't dwell on the thought as Noel shouted, "Sir, how is she?"

Noel was worried that a life might be lost, and wanted to get out of the car and take a look at it himself.

Julian raised his voice. "Don't come over!"

Shaking, he took off his jacket and carefully draped it around Diana. Her clothes had been torn, and her skin had been scraped. She was bleeding all over.

He carried Diana into the car. She had a dazed look of disbelief and a relieved smile. She leaned weakly into his embrace, tears streaming down her face.

"Julian, I won."

She said that she had won.

However, he didn't feel the anger a loser would feel. There was only overwhelming heartache, drowning him.

He sighed. Tears fell from the corners of his eyes and down his cheeks, splattering on her red and swollen hands.

"Diana, why did you have to go to that extent?"

She felt his tears searing on her palm, the warmth spreading across her entire hand.

“I told you.” She let it slip past her fingers, and continued weakly, “I’m not leaving.”

She was still so stubborn.

At that moment, Julian smiled. Tears glistened in his eyes.

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Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 900

Julian took Diana back to Collina Villa.

The family doctor came at his call. He was upstairs, treating Diana.

She suffered mainly superficial wounds. However, the minor fracture she got from the previous car accident and her new injuries worsened her condition.

The doctor updated Julian about her condition as he walked downstairs. “She needs lots of rest and recuperation.”

Julian nodded, and asked a servant to send the doctor off. He turned and went back upstairs.

Diana had fallen asleep. Now that Julian had brought her back, she knew she wouldn’t be driven away. As she was sure about that, she could fall asleep quickly.

What’s more...

Her body was covered with injuries.

Clinging tightly to a moving car and fighting with her life exhausted her.

Julian didn’t wake her up. Instead, he sat by the bedside and looked at the wounds on her body for a long time.

He sat until his legs went numb. By then, he still couldn’t figure out why Diana always ended up hurt each time she met him.

He lifted his fingers. He could still feel the sensation of touching the scar on her lower abdomen in the car.

For someone who had never encountered childbirth, that scar was shocking, to say the least. Ultimately, he had disappointed her in some aspects.

Julian sighed, and tucked the sheets around Diana. He went out and said to Noel, "Call this man over."

Perhaps he might be able to verify whether Diana was lying or not.

"Who?" Noel asked.

"Your father, Albert Carter."

Julian walked back to the study in a hurry to verify with Vans once more that there was no issue with Diana's medical report. Then, he pulled out an old phone.

This was the phone he used as Mr. Whatever when he invested in Diana's studio back then.

Since she claimed she only reopened her studio to satisfy the demands of her investor Fanny, then it would be reasonable for Julian to contact her with his other identity.

"Hello, it's been a while. I see that you've reopened your studio. How are the returns on my investment?"

When Diana woke up and looked at her phone to check the time, she saw a new text.

She registered for her current number in Stirling City, so not many people knew her number.

She thought Simon was looking for her, and hurriedly clicked on the notification. That was when she realized it was someone by the name of Mr. Whatever.

Mr. Whatever...

Who was that?

Another person she knew from three years ago?

From the text, he seemed like another investor of her studio.

Perhaps...another one asking for his money back.

Although she lost her memories, she couldn't simply ignore her debt. She hurriedly called the number in hopes of clarifying things with him. She wanted to understand the situation and ask for contractual proof.

When Julian's phone rang, he was so shocked that his hands shook.

He didn't expect Diana to already be awake, much less call him directly.

He fumbled around, and quickly launched the voice changer app. By the time he was ready to answer the call, Diana had hung up.

"No one picked up the call..." Diana wasn't too bothered. Since this person was asking about his investment and was paying attention to how her studio was doing in hopes of getting his returns, he would definitely reach out to her again.

She decided not to care anymore, and switched off her phone before going to her twins.

After not seeing them for an entire day, she missed them to death.

The moment she got out of bed, she felt a searing pain in her legs. That was when she remembered what she did on Julian's car when he cornered her yesterday, and the pain she felt before falling asleep.

At that time, she was forced by circumstances to do what she did. She didn't even have time to think.

The only thing she knew was that if she gave in, she would never be able to see her children again.

Adrenaline rushed through her veins as she chased after the car without regard for her own life.

If she were given another chance, she might not have the courage to do something so dangerous.