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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 991

Julian's eyes gleamed coldly. When he turned to look from Diana to Simon, his demeanor changed. It transformed from a burning flame to a piercing chill.

Diana poked him, reminding him to watch his attitude.

Julian started getting impatient, but he remembered the vulnerable look Diana gave him when she hugged him. He controlled himself.

"Okay," he said. He removed the massage device from Simon.

Simon looked cautiously at him. "Julian..."

Simon kept ruffling Julian's feathers, but Julian went on smiling. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing." Simon glanced at Diana, looking slightly anxious. "It's just that... Next time, let me remove the device myself."

His words made Diana immediately notice that something was wrong. "Was Julian too rough on you just now?"

"No, no." Simon waved his hands. "He's just very strong. He probably didn't do it on purpose."

Julian's face darkened with displeasure.

How was he strong just now?

How did he not do it on purpose just now?

Julian reined his temper in. He asked Layla to brew a pot of tea, which he then gave to Diana. "Have some tea."

Simon didn't sense Julian's displeasure, and even poured himself a cup of tea. He smiled at Diana. "Great tea."

"Don't drink so much of it," Diana said discouragingly. "You won't be able to sleep well at night."

With that, she spread out the sheets for Simon. Then, she filled a basin with warm water for him to wash up.

Julian didn't expect Diana to take such good care of Simon.

She was the love of his life, after all.

Simon declared his love for Diana so boldly, yet Julian didn't see Simon treating her well. He felt even more upset with Simon.

"Didn't I say that I'll do it?" he snapped.

He took the basin and towel from Diana. He was extra careful when he cleaned Simon, for fear he might upset Diana.

Aside from his twins, Julian had never taken such care of another person like this.

Yet now, he had to take care of his father's illegitimate son.

What irony!

If Madam Fulcher were still alive, he wondered what she would have thought of this situation.

After Julian was done and left the room, his back felt sore. It was something he hadn't felt for a long time. He stretched, and glanced at Simon through the glass panel on the door. He put his hand over Diana's shoulder and left with her in his arms-it was obvious he was trying to invoke jealousy in Simon.

On the way back to her room, Diana warned him, "You don't need to help me take care of Simon, but please don't keep treating him badly."

Julian kept silent.

He had taken care of Simon to that extent. Yet, Diana still thought that he treated Simon badly?

However, Diana's worried face made him feel stuffy inside. He wanted to refute her claim, and said, "He's just an illegitimate son. I..."

"Julian!" Diana cut him off harshly. "Since we've let him move in, don't say such things, alright?"

It was hurtful.

Very much so.

“If Simon heard you, he definitely wouldn’t feel good. He might even want to move out.”

After so long, Julian didn’t hear Diana say a single word of concern for him.

Julian dispelled the thought of bringing his blankets back to her room and sleeping with her. With how defensive she was of Simon, his patience was wearing thin. His eyes turned cold.

“When will you call Shiloh here?” he asked.

The sudden change in topic left Diana stunned.

There was a slight evasiveness in her eyes, and she stuttered, “W-We’re asking him for a favor, so...”

Because of the conflict between Diana and Kiki, Shiloh even fell out with his daughter.

“By right, we should be the ones visiting him at his place,” Diana continued.

“By right?” Julian slowly dropped his arm from Diana’s shoulder.

His eyes were like a still pond. Eerily quiet, without any ripples—just like the calm before the storm.

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Diana felt uneasy, and grabbed his arm. “Julian, what’s the matter?”

She pressed Julian down on the bed, wanting to rub his shoulders.

But Julian stood there, unmoving.

He stared at her, his eyes cold, as if he were looking at the stranger. It sent chills down Diana’s spine. All the warmth she felt toward him dissipated in an instant.

Before she could speak, Julian pursued the matter further. "Then when shall we go to his place?"

"Hmm..." Diana pondered for a moment, her fingers interlacing anxiously. "After Cecilia and Simon's conditions improve... We'll go after we're relieved of our responsibilities."

"After their conditions improve?" Julian glared at her with a hawk-like sharpness.

He paid attention to her every breath, his eyes still cold. "Then tell me: When will they get better? What is 'better'?"

"If they always need our care, will you never need to find Shiloh and get him to concoct the medicine to help you regain your memories?"

Julian's voice was dangerous, and sounded like thunder clapping in Diana's ears.

"If you can't find your memories, you'll never need to consider the possibility of remarrying me again, right?"

He was angry again, like always.

Diana could sense his mood.

She tried her best to explain herself. "That's not it. The reason I don't want to find my memories isn't because I don't want to remarry you."

Julian looked like a hunter locking on his prey. "You just admitted that you don't want to find your memories."

That was why she refused to talk about meeting Shiloh, despite being a mere step away from finding her memories.

She had stopped trying to find out about Matt Hughes, too- as if that incident never happened.

Diana choked on her words. "Julian..."

"Diana." Julian's face turned so cold, it was frightening. He finally asked her the question that kept popping up in his mind: "Do you really love me?!"

He had compromised so much, all just for her. He could even get his hands dirty taking care of Simon.

But did Diana show any signs of concern for him?

Did she care about how he would feel about taking care of his illegitimate brother?

Did she show him concern, and ask him if he felt tired taking care of Simon?

Julian didn't want much. He just wanted her to show him concern-that was it. A word of concern from her was enough to revive him.

And yet, Diana never said such a thing.

All she did was pick on him!

All for the sake of pushing him to treat Simon better!

"Just now, were you simply putting up an act? Did you go soft on me when you hugged me, just so I'd take care of Simon and make him happy and smug?" he snarled.

"Julian, calm down."

Diana had no idea what she had done to offend him, so much so that he was suddenly saying such harsh things to her.

"I'm not putting up an act and going soft on you."

When she hugged him earlier, she recalled how pedantic she had been and how much she had neglected Julian and her twins-it made her feel terrible.

"I was just..."

She was simply feeling emotional.

Seeing the man she loved involuntarily made her want to tear up.

However, Julian wouldn't have any of it. His mind was filled with what Simon had said to him, and the implied meaning.

It wasn't just once or twice.

Before, he had thought that Diana might come to his defense. Yet, she never did. In fact, she blamed him every single time.

Because Simon had become crippled, couldn't walk, and needed someone to care for him, Julian had to suppress all his displeasure.

That included the displeasure of seeing Diana sacrifice so much for Simon and tiring herself out, yet being unable to vent about it.

This time, Julian had taken such great care in cleaning Simon. He did all he could, but Diana couldn't see his efforts and tolerance!

This wasn't the relationship he was looking forward to.

Right now, Julian wanted Diana to deny his claim without any hesitation, and tell him clearly and boldly that she loved him.

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To say wholeheartedly that she loved him.

Julian wasn't a robot. He needed to vent his frustration. He needed a sense of security, too.

Diana knew she wasn't dealing with Simon well enough. Given her abilities, though, this was all she could do.

She tried to consider everyone's feelings, but the results proved that she couldn't. Someone was bound to be neglected, and someone was bound to be unhappy.

"This has nothing to do with us getting remarried or not," she said.

She had been running around the entire day, taking care of and thinking about so many things. If she could be honest, she wanted to say that she was exhausted and just wanted to sleep, especially now that it was so late.

That was what she thought, and that was what she did.

Julian stood there, waiting for her for a long time. He didn't hear anything from Diana.

When he looked up, he realized that she had fallen asleep.

He felt as if his feelings were mud on the floor that she couldn't be bothered to spare a thought for, simply stepped over and forgotten about.

He had overestimated how important he was to her!

His eyes flashed with hurt. He turned around and left her room resolutely.

Diana woke up in the middle of the night, shuddering in the cold.

Her memories of the night stopped at her fight with Julian.

She had been so, so tired. Somehow, she fell asleep.

Now that she had woken up, all that was left was the silence of the night. Julian was no longer around.

Diana gasped, and slapped her forehead regretfully. She wanted to look for Julian and tell him that it wasn't that she didn't care about him, and definitely not that she didn't like him. She was simply too tired, hence why she had fallen asleep.

When she arrived at his room, she got worried about waking him up.

Things would end up the same if she explained things to him first thing in the morning, she reasoned to herself.

With that thought in mind, she returned to her room.

But early the next morning, Diana found out that Julian had gone to the Jarvises' residence with Noel in tow.

By the time they came back, Cecilia was with them.

Julian had been taking care of Cecilia for more than two weeks, but her condition didn't seem to be improving one bit.

Hearing about Cecilia's condition and seeing her in person were two completely different things.

Diana saw Cecilia's dull eyes and the fear on her face as she looked around the unfamiliar surroundings.

Diana walked toward Julian, wanting to explain about last night. However, she suddenly stopped in her tracks.

Right now, she was responsible for Cecilia's condition.

Yet as of late, she had been so busy taking care of Simon. She didn't even think about going to the Jarvises' residence to visit Cecilia with Julian.

No.

To the Jarvises, her keeping away from Cecilia was perhaps the greatest act of kindness.

Diana was clearly only a few steps away from Cecilia and Julian, but she retreated all the way to a corner where Cecilia couldn't see her.

She couldn't say a word to Julian.

Seeing this, Julian's heart sank.

This woman was heartless indeed!

Diana had treated him so terribly last night. Right now, she remained silent upon seeing him bring Cecilia back home.

How insignificant was he in her heart?!

Julian didn't dare ponder about the answer to that question. He didn't want to think about it, anyway.

Diana wasn't the only one who could get tired. He could, too.

Ever since he decided to bring Cecilia back to the villa, he decided not to impose restrictions on himself just because of his relationship with Diana.

Diana didn't even give him a proper response about whether she loved him or not.

What else was he expecting?

A remarriage?

That was simply wishful thinking on his part!

He was the only one who cared about their relationship. He had to let it go.

Because of that, he agreed to Sue's condition-which was to get engaged with Cecilia, so he could bring Cecilia to Collina Villa.

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"Layla," Julian said, as he retracted his gaze from Diana. "Take good care of Ms. Jarvis. Get more servants on the night shift."

At night, Cecilia tended to be more temperamental. People had to watch her to prevent accidents from happening.

Layla took note of it.

"Also," Julian said, staring at Diana standing at a corner, "Cecilia will be Mrs. Fulcher from now on. Pay attention to what you say."

Hearing that, Layla subconsciously turned to look at Diana. Shock filled her eyes.

"Mr. Fulcher... Then, what about Mrs-"

Sensing the displeasure in Julian's eyes, Layla immediately swallowed the rest of her sentence. Instead, she asked, "What about Ms. Winnington? And the twins..."

"The twins will find out sooner or later," Julian said, which meant that he intended to keep it from them for the time being. "In the future, I'll give them time to adjust and get used to it."

He had to be the one to see to it personally.

Cecilia becoming Mrs. Fulcher was almost a fact that was cast in stone.

"As for Diana," Julian paused. Then, he went on, "You can tell her anytime. For the sake of the children, I don't suggest for her to move out."

Julian knew Layla would convey his intentions to Diana.

He wasn't afraid that she would know about it. In fact, he was more worried that she wouldn't know about it.

Very soon, Layla told Diana about it. She was worried that Diana might accidentally say or do something to make Cecilia uncomfortable and Julian unhappy.

It would only make things worse for everyone.

After settling Cecilia down in the villa, Layla stood before Diana and said awkwardly, “Ms. Winnington, don’t be too upset.”

She added, “Cry if you want to. Madam Fulcher isn’t around, but I’ve spent so much time with you. I’ve taken you as the only Mrs. Fulcher of the house, just as Madam Fulcher did. But... I have no idea what Mr. Fulcher is thinking...”

Just one night was enough to turn the tables around.

Diana sat on the couch in a daze. She remained silent for a long time. Then, she looked at Layla with a crystal-clear gaze. “Is what you said true?”

She chuckled self-derisively.

Of course it was!

Layla was an honest and loyal worker. If Julian hadn’t given Layla permission, she would never come before Diana and make up such things.

Layla nodded, clearly feeling bad for Diana.

Diana felt stuffy, almost unable to breathe. She had to pause for a moment before letting Layla take her leave. She needed some time and space alone to process her thoughts.

The Madam Fulcher Layla kept mentioning...

She was a stranger to Diana, who had lost her memories.

No matter how amazing a person Layla was, she was ultimately Julian’s employee.

Diana couldn’t possibly cry her heart out before Layla. Neither could she look too lost and confused. She couldn’t lose so thoroughly. She needed some time to think.

After composing herself, she went to look for Julian.

From afar, she could see him standing at the door of the room. Cecilia was running around barefooted, and Julian would occasionally straighten out the hem of her shirt.

He kept repeating, "You look so pretty."

So, his tenderness wasn't exclusive to Diana.

Diana walked to Julian. She bit her lip, and her fingernails dug into her palm.

It was such an achingly familiar face. Yet at that moment, it felt so strange.

Julian looked at Diana, signaling her to move to the first floor. "Let's talk over there."

His tall, towering figure blocked Diana's line of sight. In a cold and cruel tone, telling of his favor toward another woman, he added, "Cecilia doesn't want to see you."

That was true.

However, the words from his mouth felt like knives piercing Diana's heart.

She nodded. "Okay."

The two of them went to the first floor.

"When did it happen?" she asked.

□

□

□

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Diana gave him a hint. "Your engagement with Cecilia."

"This morning."

So, him bringing Cecilia back home was really due to their fight last night.

Diana couldn't tell if she felt relieved, or even more burdened. She just wanted to clear things up with him, so that there would be no regrets between them.

"Last night, I..."

"Say no further," Julian said, cutting her words. His eyes were so cold, it could freeze ice. They were so mysterious.

When he looked at her with eyes filled with love, she could feel a spring breeze blowing into her face. She let herself indulge the sensation, and it softened her heart into a marshmallow.

But now that the love was gone from his eyes, they felt like a hard, frozen pond. Anyone who fell into it was bound to freeze.

"Things are over between us."

Her silence and show of impatience last night was akin to her asking him for a break-up.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have agreed to Sue's request and brought Cecilia home.

Diana choked on his words. "Do you really think it's so easy to break up?"

"Break up?" Julian sneered. "It was even easier for us to divorce before."

She suggested a divorce, and he had agreed to it. They signed a document, and that was the end of their marriage.

If there was love, they could be together.

If there wasn't, they could separate.

"There's no need to compromise for the sake of the children." He glanced at where Simon was. "Since you care for him so much, you can do that all you want right now."

He would no longer get jealous over Simon. He would no longer be on tenterhooks over Diana's mood.

To Julian, getting married to Cecilia was a pretty good idea.

Divorce...

Was such a faraway thought.

Diana still couldn't remember a single thing until now. And yet, Julian could describe their heart-wrenching past so casually.

At that moment, she lost all desire to explain herself to him.

"I'll move away as soon as possible."

"No need," Julian repeated what he had said to Layla. "There's no point moving here and there. Even if you and

Simon stay here forever, I don't mind. But whether you decide to stay here or not, don't hurt the children."

The children.

Julian and Diana cared for them.

Diana could understand where Julian was coming from. "Then, what should I do? Should I just pretend?"

Her lips curled in a sneer, and she spat sarcastically, "Should we continue pretending to be lovers in front of your fiancée?"

She was thinking too much.

Julian sneered again. "Are you even fit to do so?"

His chilling words made Diana shudder.

"Julian Fulcher, don't you go too far!" she snapped.

Him, going too far?

Hah.

Julian smiled. He recalled standing at the door waiting for her reply last night, waiting for her to give him a sense of security, and her falling asleep there and then.

Why didn't she say that he had gone too far at that time?

Did she really care for him?

If she did, she wouldn't have evaded his question. She wouldn't refuse to meet Shiloh and regain her memories as soon as possible, and fulfil her promise to marry him again.

Seeing him getting angry, Diana gave up talking. There was nothing for them to talk about right now.

She took a deep breath, and said, "I'll take care not to let the change in our relationship affect the children. I'll also continue staying here."

She would see for herself how her ex-husband and exboyfriend, the man who tenderly wiped her tears away and was so sweet to her just yesterday, could treat another woman well.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 996-Diana's eyes showed her stubbornness.

At that moment, Julian looked at her. He wanted to say something, but nothing concrete came to mind.

Then, he remembered that he had already agreed to the engagement with the Jarvis family. The moment he brought Cecilia back home, there was no point pursuing the thought that crossed his mind-no matter what it was.

"You have your responsibilities, and I have mine," he said.

Things had come to this point; whether he genuinely loved Cecilia, or simply felt a sense of responsibility toward her.

There was no reason for him to give up on Cecilia, who had already lost her senses.

Diana thought so as well-but when she had to face up to reality, all she could think about was Julian looking tenderly at Cecilia, helping the latter straighten the hem of her shirt with a bright smile.

"You and my brother..." Julian started.

Meanwhile, Simon had heard about Cecilia moving into Collina Villa.

Things were getting lively here, with him and Cecilia moving in. They were killing all hopes of Diana and Julian remarrying.

Joy filled Simon's heart. Outwardly, he pretended to be worried. "What's going on? If Julian misunderstands us, I can explain."

He added, sounding frustrated, "It's all because of my legs! If I didn't get into that accident, I wouldn't need to come to Collina Villa. I wouldn't make you guys fight. Now, I've indirectly caused my brother to bring Cecilia here. I..."

"Don't say that," Diana cut him off gently. "It's not your fault."

That day, she had been too overwhelmed with fear and distrusted Simon too much.

She had been tense, like a drawn arrow. Even though she didn't mean it, she ended up unintentionally hurting everyone around her.

Diana was weary. Her words were as heavy as the stones weighing down her heart. "Taking care of you and Cecilia is my responsibility."

Her words were for Simon as much as they were for her.

She couldn't shake off the image of Julian and Cecilia standing next to each other.

She kept looking up at the second floor, as if she might miss seeing Julian taking care of Cecilia if she weren't careful.

At ten in the morning, he personally tended to the flowers in Cecilia's room, which were all picked from the garden.

When Layla sent the flowers there, Julian told Layla to be careful, so that the dew would remain on the flowers.

Otherwise, Cecilia wouldn't like them.

Cecilia liked everything that shimmered and glittered.

Julian put a lot of effort into taking care of her.

At noon, Julian took care of the twins. He waited for them to finish their lunch before he began. He extended this great care and patience to Cecilia as well.

Any food she glanced at was bound to appear on Julian's spoon in the next second. It would then be served on her plate.

At one in the afternoon, it was time for Cecilia's nap.

Julian took a stool, and stood guard at her door.

He brought along his laptop. Not even work could stop him from protecting his princess, just like a knight.

Seeing that, Diana thought about the sky blue dress that had been torn to shreds.

Cecilia was a princess to begin with. Even without that dress, she was still a princess.

At six in the evening, Diana continued looking for opportunities to spy on Julian. But this time, Cecilia spotted her.

Cecilia's eyes pierced Diana like knives.

Diana quickly lowered her head, uneasy. Cecilia had smeared her studio walls with curses, after all.

Remembering the bloody words, and the fact that she and Cecilia were now living under one roof, sent chills down her spine.

When it was time to retire for the night, she checked her door. She only dared to lie on the bed after confirming that the door was locked tight.

The moment Diana shut her eyes, she could feel someone staring straight at her. The room seemed to turn a bright red, and the curses on her studio walls flashed past her mind repeatedly.

In the end, Diana had no choice but to open her eyes and switch on the lights.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 997-She pondered for a moment. She then switched on the main lights and looked at Cecilia's room, where someone was standing outside standing guard. Perhaps she really was thinking too much...

Cecilia did curse Diana to death, but that didn't mean she would really do anything to Diana.

Still, the creepy feeling of someone watching Diana everywhere she went affected her so badly that her head hurt.

Eventually, she could bear it no longer and knocked on Julian's door.

He didn't respond.

Diana had no choice but to look for Layla, and tell Layla to remind Julian to keep a close watch over Cecilia.

Under the harsh, bright lights, Julian's face was pale as porcelain. His sharp eyes were cold and piercing.

"Ignore her," he ordered.

Before he agreed to get engaged to Cecilia, Diana didn't care about him at all. Now that he brought Cecilia home, she was trying to insinuate that Cecilia was trying to hurt her.

He didn't even give Cecilia a chance to see Diana! He even made sure they had their meals at different times. How could Diana possibly get the feeling that Cecilia was

watching her every move?

"Cecilia's just a patient," Julian said to Layla. He sounded exactly like Diana when she defended Simon. "Tell Diana not to let her imagination run wild."

Diana didn't expect such an outcome.

She had already reached out to Julian and called out for help.

Yet, he chose to ignore her completely...

The night was exceptionally cold. Diana couldn't help but curl tighter on the bed.

Now that her mind was in a mess, the feeling of someone constantly staring at her faded. The gears in Diana's mind continued turning as she slowly drifted to sleep.

When she woke up, she felt herself being dragged by someone.

That's right.

She was being dragged on the floor, just like a filthy rag-by Cecilia.

The night was dark and silent.

Cecilia continued staring at Diana.

Diana could sense the hatred in Cecilia's eyes. It was like a serpent wrapping around her body.

The serpent stuck out its tongue.

Cecilia was smiling at her.

She was insane.

That fact surfaced in Diana's mind, and she instinctively wanted to yell. That was when she realized that her mouth was stuffed with some clothes. Her hands and legs were also tied together tightly.

If Diana hadn't been so tired out in the day, she wouldn't have slept so soundly at night. It had allowed Cecilia the chance to tie her up without her realizing it.

Cecilia could sense that Diana had woken up. She crouched, and looked straight into Diana's eyes.

The sudden proximity made Diana's heart beat faster. Cecilia's eyes...

They were filled with intense viciousness.

"I'm insane," Cecilia suddenly said, smiling at Diana.

Diana was stunned.

Cecilia sounded just like a normal person...

Her voice was calm as she stopped dragging Diana to the washroom. She crouched and looked at Diana once more.

Her long hair fell down as she moved. They looked like vines crawling down her head, swaying right before Diana.

If she didn't have her twins, Diana wouldn't be so afraid. But now, she didn't dare to risk her life.

She could only look hard at Cecilia, mumbling, "Mmph..."

Diana's muffled cries were a joy for Cecilia. She savored her every painful cry for help.

Cecilia looked genteel and innocent, a young lady without a care in the world. Yet now, her facial features were twisted and contorted with viciousness.

She looked at Diana and laughed, her bright eyes sharp and incisive. There was also a foolish naivety in them.

Shaking her head, she said, "An insane person won't be held criminally responsible for murder."

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Her eerie smile gripped Diana's heart.

Diana's heart sank as her eyes widened.

Her expression amused Cecilia greatly. She chuckled as she removed the clothes from Diana's mouth. Her body was relaxed, and wasn't tense at all.

She even told Diana, "You can yell out loud if you want to."

Diana's cries for help died in her throat.

She simply stared at Cecilia, and asked in a tiny voice, "You're not crazy?"

Smack!

Cecilia slapped Diana hard.

"Is it important whether I'm crazy or not?"

Her hands were so petite, so tender. She even had to shake out the numbness in her hands after the slap. Her eyes were crystal clear.

"What's more important is that I want to take revenge!" Cecilia roared. "No matter what I do to you, Julian will never defend you."

That was the most important!

Her words were knives stabbing Diana's heart.

She belatedly realized the pain on her cheeks from Cecilia's slap. Her cheeks felt hot and searing. The stinging sensation set her pores on fire, scorching her into silence.

Cecilia saw how Diana didn't defend herself, and found it amusing. She then grabbed some strips of cloth and started whipping Diana with them.

Diana curled into a tight ball when she felt the cloth strips slapping her skin.

Before she could recover from the pain, searing white blinded her eyes. She hurriedly shut her eyes, not even having the chance to cry out in pain.

She expected an even sharper pain coming soon. If Cecilia really did kill her in such a silent night, no one would notice.

If... If she really died in Cecilia's hands, would Julian seek justice for her?

Or...

Would he just look coldly at her, and choose to protect his fiancée instead?

Fiancée...

Him calling another woman that hurt so badly.

Diana was still immersed in her thoughts when she heard Cecilia stumble in her footsteps. She opened her eyes, and saw Cecilia walk to the door.

Cecilia pulled the door open, and Diana heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed she was going to survive another day.

Cecilia didn't intend to kill her.

Conversely, she yelled out loud, "Julian! Julian! I hit Diana! Hahaha...! She looks so pitiful, lying on the floor! Her hands and legs are all scratched and bruised."

Such a cruel description, yet it sounded so innocent and naive coming from Cecilia.

As if it were a joke from a child.

Yet, this “joke” broke the silence across the entire villa.

Julian came over swiftly.

He told Layla to take care of the twins, and prevent them from getting shocked awake and frightened by the scene. His orderly arrangements assuaged Diana’s greatest worry when it came to the twins.

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However, he was cold about it.

He didn’t rush to Diana’s side the moment he saw her. He didn’t look at her with worry, nor did he pull her in his arms immediately.

He didn’t even call a doctor to tend her wounds.

He was like a high and mighty deity, with a bright halo around him. Diana’s hope and expectations for him shattered into little pieces.

His first show of concern was for Cecilia. “Are you alright?”

Diana’s fists clenched tighter, and the muscles on her face were tense. She bit her lips and looked down in silence, refusing to watch Julian showing Cecilia concern.

It was too painful for her.

She was clearly the one on the floor, suffering under Cecilia’s hands.

Cecilia was the one who made a move on her. Yet now, Julian was most concerned about Cecilia.

“I’m okay.” Cecilia shook her head, pulling Julian toward Diana and stopping before her. She looked at Diana and said, “But I hit Diana, and I even dragged her around on the floor.”

She didn’t look apologetic at all as she explained the situation to Julian, bold and unassuming. She even gestured to Julian with her arms and legs, reenacting the situation to him.

“I dragged her like this,” Cecilia said. “I was dragging her for quite a while. She only woke up because I hit her head before dragging her out of the bed.”

She said it calm and indifferently, yet the words were chilling.

Diana’s eyes widened. She instinctively wanted to rub her head.

However, her hands and legs were still tied up. She couldn’t touch her head. She could only look up and stare at Julian.

She thought he would immediately rush to her side and check on her, but he didn’t.

Instead, he listened seriously to Cecilia as she said, “I don’t feel so terrible seeing her in such pain.”

Her voice became shrill as she went on hysterically, “Diana’s the one to blame! If it weren’t for her, you wouldn’t have splashed paint on me! She deliberately schemed against me!”

Her words were a heart-wrenching accusation against Diana.

“Noel!” Julian shouted.

He didn’t even spare Diana a glance after Cecilia’s tirade. He simply called for Noel to watch over Cecilia.

After he conveyed his instructions to Noel, he walked to

Diana and slowly untied her. She was tied so tightly, it left red marks on her body.

Julian looked down, hiding the pain in his eyes.

He kept himself under control. He glanced at Cecilia, who had calmed down with Noel’s comforting. However, she remained stubbornly at the door and kept staring at them, refusing to leave.

Julian wanted to check if Diana’s back was injured, but quickly retracted his hand.

“Get the doctor here,” he said to Diana. “If my fiancée sees me caring too much for you, she’ll get upset.”

With that, he instructed the servants to help Diana up.

He didn't spare her a single look the entire time.

Not to mention a word of concern, comfort, or even seeking justice for her.

Diana couldn't hold herself back anymore. "Cecilia..."

"I was negligent," Julian said, cutting her off. He bore the responsibility of what had happened. "I disregarded what you told Layla. I didn't expect her to attack you like this. I won't allow this to happen a second time. At night..."

He looked at Cecilia and added, 'Til personally watch over her."

Watch over her at night?

How?

By being in the same room as her?

Diana's worries were turning into reality right before her. Or rather, what she was previously worried about by letting Julian take care of Cecilia had come true the moment

Julian agreed to getting engaged to Cecilia.

He chose to take full responsibility for Cecilia, and paid the price with his entire life.

He didn't want Diana anymore.

The pain of Julian becoming another woman's fiance finally hit Diana in the head, and slowly spread to her heart.

At that instant, that belated sense of pain suffocated her.

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Diana was stunned for a moment.

She gripped her shirt so tightly, she almost tore it. It took her everything she had to keep listening to him.

“Diana, Cecilia’s a patient.”

His brows were furrowed, as if Diana was the one hurting Cecilia.

And yet, she was clearly the one being hurt. She was fast asleep when she was suddenly dragged to the floor. She even got hit over the head.

Right now, she didn’t even know whether she had sustained a head injury.

Bruises were starting to appear on her arms and legs where she had been bound, but the pain was nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

“Try to be understanding.”

Damn his understanding!

Why couldn’t he objectively, fairly, and reasonably judge who’s in the right and wrong?!

Why did she have to bear with all these, just because Cecilia was sick?

Diana knew she should keep silent right now. She knew she shouldn’t argue with Julian right now.

Even so, she couldn’t hold herself back-not because she couldn’t take the indignation or the pain inflicted on her, but because she couldn’t take how biased Julian was to another woman!

She took a deep breath, and looked at this cold, unyielding man before her. “I can’t be understanding toward her.”

“What do you mean?”

“You asked me to be understanding with her, but I can’t do that at all!”

She showed him the marks on her body, and tears welled up in her eyes.

“I’m the victim here! Even if I can’t get an apology from her, shouldn’t I at least receive some form of comfort?”

“Oh?” Julian’s brows arched. He stared at her in silence.

Diana gained a bit more courage to continue speaking.” What’s more, Cecilia might not really be insane.”

She glanced at Cecilia standing at the door and, in hushed tones, told Julian what Cecilia had said earlier—about insane people not needing to bear criminal consequences for their actions.

The moment she said it, Julian sneered and pressed her against a cupboard.

Her back hit the handle of the cupboard. She winced in pain, and tears fell from her eyes.

Julian pretended not to see the pain he caused her.

“Don’t say such ridiculous things ever again!” he yelled. “I can defend Cecilia as much as you’re allowed to defend Simon!”

His voice was as strong as a wave crashing in the ocean, so impactful it shook her to the core.

Regret enveloped Diana.

That’s right.

Before Julian treated her like this, she herself had been biased in her treatment toward him for many days. That was despite knowing that Julian wasn’t two-faced.

He couldn’t behave a certain way before her, and then in a completely different way before Simon.

However, she chose to believe Simon because his legs were injured, and because he could never stand for the rest of his life.

And now...

It was Julian’s turn to treat her like this.

Because Cecilia was crazy.

She had to give way and tolerate everything Cecilia did.

“Your back...” She suddenly remembered that he had hit his back in the kitchen that day. She had personally bandaged the wound for him.

But since then, she hadn't shown him any concern whatsoever.

What was the point of showing him concern now?

Diana swallowed the rest of her words, and silently rubbed her own back. She hit her back just now, too. She probably skinned it as well.

Instead of feeling the pain, she was thankful instead.