

Julian's Stand-In Wife by South Wind Dialect

Chapter 2

Julian felt as if his heart had been stabbed with a knife as he thought of how Kayla had repeatedly looked at him several times at the banquet just now. Yet, he dared not face her at all.

Three years ago, when Diana returned to acknowledge her relatives, she broke the peace the Winnington family had for eighteen years. Kayla, who was adopted to replace Diana, who had gone missing at the age of three, got caught in the center of the mess.

The excessive worry stemming from this sudden catastrophe gave her stomach cancer.

However, Julian didn't know anything back then.

He only knew that Kayla went abroad alone, and went crazy looking for her for a whole month. However, he never heard any news from her.

He took that parting as a signal that Kayla wanted to break up with him, so in a fit of rage he married Diana, who looked very similar to Kayla. He only found out three years later that Kayla was suffering from stomach cancer, but endured it alone as she feared that the revelation would distress him.

For the past three years, Diana, who was by his side, enjoyed everything that originally belonged to Kayla.

It was time for everything to go back to square one.

His eyes gradually turned cold, and his voice was dry and sharp as he said, "Diana, let's get a divorce."

The coldness spread in the room. Diana's face suddenly turned pale, and she held on the sofa hard to keep herself from falling down.

A divorce?!

Did she hear wrongly?

"Julian..." Diana's face was as pale as paper. In a trembling voice, she asked, "What...What did you say?"

"I said, let's get a divorce," Julian repeated, his tone full of certainty.

Diana looked at him incredulously, clutching the pregnancy test report tightly. The paper seemed to have turned into sharp thorns that pricked her palm fiercely. The intense pain hit her, allowing her to find her real feelings.

She wanted to ask him why, but she couldn't say a word even as she opened her mouth.

There seemed to be a knife lodged in her lungs, and the extreme pain caused her to suddenly lose her voice.

After a while, her face turned pale. A trace of fear and anticipation crossed her eyes. "Are you joking? Is it April Fools' Day today?"

She hastily let go of the pregnancy report in her hand as she tried hard to smooth the crumpled paper. She wanted to tell him to stop joking. They were having a baby, after all.

The baby was fragile, and couldn't stand the shock.

However, Julian's next sentence halted her movements.

"Diana, wouldn't it be good for you to agree peacefully?" Perhaps it was because he realized his tone was a little cold, or perhaps it was because of the dim teary eyes of the woman opposite him that pierced his heart, but Julian finally paused for a moment before continuing. "The divorce agreement has already been drawn up. This house will be given to you, and I'll also give you two hundred million dollars as compensation. I can give you more if you think it's not enough."

His seemingly generous words contained endless coldness.

Diana felt as if her eyes were popping out of their sockets. She could not believe it. She couldn't believe that the person in front of her was the husband she had been living with for three years!

How could he end their marriage with such calm and cold words?

Diana's mind grew even more confused and for a moment. She felt as if someone had stuffed a basin of water into her brain, turning her dizzy.

However, she understood that there was no need to show him this pregnancy test report now.

Diana bit her lower lip, so much until the smell of blood came from her mouth. However, she didn't notice the pain. His words echoed in her mind, over and over again.

Julian looked at Diana, who was shocked and in pain. A look of distress flashed across his eyes.

In the end, he settled with a cold expression.

He realized full well that he was wrong.

Diana might have truly regarded his kindness toward her as love.

But in fact, whenever he saw her, he couldn't help thinking of her as Kayla.

That was why he couldn't help but be kind to her.

That was why he acted so impulsively and went to Winnington Mansion to ask for Diana's hand in marriage the day Kayla couldn't be found.

To be fair, Diana hadn't done badly in her position as Mrs. Fulcher in the past three years.

She was a very stubborn person, so she probably wouldn't be able to accept it if she found out that she was just a stand-in.

Therefore, Julian did not point out that Kayla was his sweetheart, let alone explain the reason for the divorce.

He pitied Diana and felt guilty for her at the same time.

He suppressed the strange feeling in his heart, strengthened his mind, and looked at the sobbing Diana with a calm expression as he continued, "It's just like when we got married. You could openly accept me back then, even though we've never met before. You can do the same and accept the divorce openly."

She was very strong.

Julian believed that she could do it.

"You... You scum!" Diana finally lost control of her emotions, to the point she had difficulty breathing.

She had a million words to say and a thousand questions to ask him, but when she saw that his eyes were no longer as gentle as they used to be, she finally reduced her words to these two words: "You scum!"

How could he speak of the beginning and end of their relationship so easily?!

The beginning of this marriage was her salvation.

And the end of this marriage...

Would the current divorce become her grave?

No, it could not.

She still had a baby.

She still had the insight she had accumulated over the past three years, and the precipitation brought about by continuous learning.

She was no longer the daughter of the Winnington family who was at the mercy of others. She now had the full strength to take charge of her own life.

She could not grovel.

She should not cry and plead with a man.

A relationship she had to beg for was meaningless. She did not care for it, and Julian wouldn't like her acting that way either.

Diana clenched her fingers tightly, not stopping until her fingers pierced her flesh and brought about a sharp pain.

After a long time, Julian heard her broken but determined voice. "Okay, I'm willing."

It was just like three years ago, when she met him and said "I do" at Winnington Mansion.

At that time, she said that her name was Diana.

She was a woman who would keep her winters warm despite the severe cold life threw at her after she met Julian, who was a redemption to her.

If she could answer once more, she would still say, "Hello, my name is Diana."

Everyone must return to their own place, after all.

It was time for her to wake up from this dreamlike fairytale of a marriage.

"Thank you for giving me a particularly perfect and unforgettable married life in the past three years."

This villa was filled with warm memories everywhere, from the smallest tissue box on the table to the design of the villa; all of which he took with him to select the materials to then complete the villa, little by little.

He let her know that she would be loved by others, too.

Diana got up from the sofa, wiped away her tears, hid the pregnancy test report the best she could, and tried her best to make the ending decent.

But when she got up, she bumped into the corner of the sofa. This was the solid wood sofa that Julian built for her after renovating the villa. The blisters on his fingers were caused by this distressed her for several nights.

The only reason was because he knew she missed the hard sofa at her adoptive parents' house.

After her adoptive parents died in a car accident when she was ten years old, her so-called relatives kicked her out of the house. Diana never had the chance to feel the warmth again.

After so many years, she regained the long-lost warmth because of Julian.

She would always remember.

She would try desperately to remember.

No one had ever been so kind to her.

But why...?

Why was he also the one who was being so cruel to her now?!