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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 201

Mr. Carter said, "It was Miss Kayla. She wanted to give Madam some milk to help her sleep, but... Not only was Madam sarcastic in her tone, but she also refused to open her door. Miss Kayla stubbornly stood outside the door, refusing to leave. She genuinely treats Madam very well."

When Julian heard this, he immediately stood up and headed toward the bedroom, dark clouds looming over his head.

When he reached the second floor, he heard Diana's voice through the door. "It sounds terrible. Kayla, can you please leave?"

"Diana Winnington!" Julian pulled Kayla behind him and kicked the door hard. "How rude of you!"

Kayla was kind-hearted enough to give her milk before bed, yet she sounded so cold!

He never knew her to be so mean-spirited!

Diana was stunned. Was Julian here?

Why was she even surprised?

She should've known that every time Kayla extended goodwill to her, the latter would certainly make sure that Julian knew about it.

It was her fault for not being careful with her words with Kayla, who was adept at acting the victim and causing trouble for herself.

But...

Diana looked at the door that he almost kicked down, and anger boiled in her heart. "Stop kicking!"

Who would be at fault for scaring the baby?

She would open the door, alright?!

Bam!

Julian stared at the door that was suddenly flung open. Out of instinct, he pounced forward and...

Collapsed right on the floor.

Diana retreated just in time and avoided colliding with him. She flashed him an apologetic smile.

"I'd rather you not smile," Julian's imposing aura was in no way reduced by the fact that he was sprawling on the floor.

This man...

'What a devil,' Diana muttered in her heart.

"I really didn't do it on purpose." Diana stopped smiling as he requested, and even signaled for Kayla to come over and help Julian up.

Kayla was frightened by the turn of events, and only snapped back to attention when she saw Diana gesturing to her. She pushed Diana away and exclaimed, "Julian, are you alright?"

Thankfully, Diana was prepared for Kayla's reaction and did not topple over.

But Kayla's push...

Wasn't weak at all.

It was obvious that if Diana wasn't prepared, she would've definitely knocked against the hard door.

Julian looked down discreetly and avoided Kayla's touch. He stood up and said, "I'm fine."

This minor fall did little to injure him.

Diana's actions perturbed him, however. "Why are you avoiding us like we're snakes?"

She was clearly trying to hide away from them.

Her behavior now compelled him to compare with how she was in the past, always sticking by his side.

“No, I’m not.” Diana shook her head, a bright smile on her face. Her big, innocent eyes made her look genteel and benevolent.

However, her smile lacked sincerity.

“You’re so pretentious.” Juliun hated that smile on her face.

‘How interesting,’ Diana thought, her brow arching. “You kicked my door open just to call me that?”

Julian wasn’t sure if he had the wrong idea, but he kept having the feeling that she had become more and more aggressive.

The look in her eyes had become stronger and firmer, too.

After so many things that happened, she was strong indeed, even more so than he had thought.

At the same time, the distance between them...

They seemed to be getting further and further, even though they were standing so close to each other.

Unhappiness brewed in Julian’s heart as he took the glass of milk in his hand. “Kayla’s worried about you.

Don’t let her kind intentions be in vain.”

Kind intentions?

Diana didn’t see it that way.

After what happened at the birthday party, she was extremely careful with anything she consumed at places where Kayla was present at.

“Thank you, but I need some rest now and I don’t need any milk.”

She glanced at the door that was kicked open and said, “Mr. Fulcher, I’ll have to trouble you to arrange for someone to repair the door tomorrow.”

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Julian nodded as he looked at the door.

There was a dent on the door. Even if Diana hadn't opened the door just now, he would really have managed to blast the door open with two more kicks.

But in fact...

He could've just asked Mr. Carter for the key.

The thought didn't come to mind earlier, as his mind was shrouded with anger. Since when did he become so easily angered?

Was it because Diana had gone too far?

With that thought in mind, he looked at Kayla, whose eyes were downcast. He ordered Diana once more, Drink up the milk that Kayla brought for you."

As for how she mocked Kayla's throat, he would be magnanimous and forget about it.

He knew that Diana would never apologize to Kayla.

If he were to mention it again, it would only make Kayla more concerned about her throat's condition. She would become even more upset.

He decided it was enough to just insist for Diana to drink up the milk.

Kayla might feel better upon seeing Diana accept her kind intentions.

Yet, Diana remained completely unappreciative of Kayla's gesture. "I said, I'm not drinking it."

With that, she made a move to close the door again.

However, Julian immediately stretched his hand out to stop the door from closing. His deep, dark eyes were like piercing daggers. One look from him was enough to send chills down one's spine.

He was clearly furious.

Diana subconsciously placed her hand over her tummy as her voice gentled, "I really don't want to drink it."

At that instant, dat drops of tears fell down Kayla's cheeks. "Julian... Diana says that my milk is poisoned. But

—

I'm really doing this out of a good heart." With that, she downed the glass of milk and turned it over to

show that she drank everything up without leaving a single drop behind. "Look, it's completely fine."

She sniffled and went on pitifully, "I was worried about Diana and her miscarriage, and I remembered that she didn't eat last night. So I wanted to bring her some milk to help her replenish nutrients, but... I didn't expect her to think this way of me..."

Diana thought that Kayla herself would know best why she thought of her that way, having self-directed and acted in so many shows she put up herself.

Still, the throat poisoning incident eventually ended up inconclusive.

Julian didn't make things difficult for Diana, so she knew that Julian was aware that Kayla wasn't that

innocent after all.

Yet, he still chose to side with Kayla, who maligned her of poisoning and destroying her throat.

Just like what happened with the plagiarism of the starry dress, things ended up inconclusive too.

"I'm really tired," Diana sighed. She needed as much rest as she could get and was tired of seeing Kayla putting on an act.

All the more she was tired of carrying her baby while seeing his father acting all lovey-dovey with another

woman.

She didn't look well at all; in fact, she looked rather weak.

Julian glanced at her, and he felt stifled inside all over again.

He didn't say anything to Diana, and instead carried Kayla in his arms and said in a low voice, "Kayla, don't bother being kind to the likes of such heartless people."

His brows knit together as he warned, "Stay far away from her in the future."

"But she's my sister after all..." Kayla didn't expect to be fortunate enough to be carried in Julian's arms tonight. She seized the chance to bury her face in his chest as she greedily inhaled his mesmerizing scent.

At the same time, she got a good look at Diana's belly before Diana closed the door.

Her sinister gaze made Diana shiver in fear.

For some reason, she had a feeling that Kayla didn't really believe that she had a miscarriage, despite claiming she had no doubts about Diana miscarrying.

Perhaps...

That glass of milk tonight really was targeting her belly.

However, she didn't know why Kayla dared to drink it all up.

Of course Kayla dared to do so; she wasn't so dumb as to poison Diana right under Julian's nose.

In truth, Kayla simply wanted to take a look at the size of her tummy and estimate how far along she was in her pregnancy.

But tonight, Diana was wearing baggy pajamas which made it hard for Kayla to tell..

Was she still in the first trimester, or was the first trimester already over?

Whatever!

No matter how far along Diana was in her pregnancy, Diana would never escape the fate of having her fetus. aborted as long as Kayla was determined enough to get rid of it.

“A penny for your thoughts?” Julian glanced at Kayla as he put her on his bed. “Still upset over Diana’s attitude?” He patted her head kindly. “Your throat... I promised you that I’ll make sure it’s healed, and I’ll keep my promise.”

“Okay...”

“Have a good rest.” Julian turned around to leave.

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If she could have his baby, that would be even better.

“Kayla...” Julian began.

Kayla placed her finger over his lips. “Julian, I know you treasure me and my reputation, but now... Who else in Richburgh doesn’t know that I’m yours?”

They were even living under one roof, for crying out loud!

What’s more, with James’s deliberate spreading of the news, their relationship had become household knowledge.

“Though I do want to give you my virginity on our wedding night...” She lowered her head shyly, and Julian wasn’t able to see her face. When she looked up once again, she said with a pleading gaze, “I just...feel very upset having been misunderstood by Diana, and just want you to be by my side today.”

Julian didn’t reject her.

“I’ll stay by your bedside,” His eyes were crystal clear, and he looked almost untouchable with the moonlight shining from behind him.

Kayla was mesmerized at the sight of him, and gaped at him speechlessly.

Julian did exactly as he said he would and stayed by her bedside to accompany her.

However, the sight of him keeping his distance made her heart sink.

He kept his promise and stayed by her bedside through the night. They didn't even hold hands, and his legs went all numb when they woke up in the morning.

Kayla heard him getting up and quickly held him steady. "Be careful."

She seized the chance to grab his hand.

This time round, he didn't reject her and didn't push her away firmly.

Lucy was right. They had to spend time together in order for their relationship to progress.

Kayla wanted Diana to see how intimate they were, so she suggested to Julian, "There aren't enough toiletries in the guest room. Shall we head downstairs to wash up?"

"Okay," Julian replied mildly. "Remember to ask Mr. Carter to replenish one more set of toiletries in this room."

Kayla's heart thumped as her face flushed. "I'll do that."

The two of them walked hand in hand out of the room, with sleep still in their eyes. It was difficult for Diana, who was about to head out to meet Fanny Smith, to miss seeing them.

Last night, they...

There was a tinge of disappointment in Diana's eyes at the sight of them holding hands together, but she quickly concealed it.

She knew that sooner or later, she would have to personally witness how loving they were to each other.

Yet, despite having mentally prepared herself, seeing the two of them walk out of the same room made her feel like someone had pierced her heart. It hurt so much that even her limbs felt numb.

"Diana..." Naturally, Kayla noticed Diana very early on.

The thought of how proud and haughty Diana had been over the past few days made Kayla immensely glad to see her face right now.

But the moment she called Diana's name, she released Julian's hand quickly, as if she was a thief caught red-

handed.

Julian, on the other hand, held onto her hand tight.

He didn't seem to mind showing off to Diana at all.

Diana looked down as her limbs felt even more numb. She couldn't tell if it was pain she was feeling, but she knew that she felt wrong all over. "Good morning."

She tried her best to hide her inner turmoil. She didn't want to look so lowly and pitiful.

She didn't need anyone's pity.

She only needed to become stronger, and more so with each passing day.

Julian nodded and looked at her with probing eyes.

It was hard to tell if she was happy or not.

Either way, Kayla was clearly happy.

She held onto Julian's hand tightly, wishing that she could swing it right under Diana's nose. "Diana, you're all dressed up today. Are you heading out?"

Diana nodded. "Yeah, I am."

"Don't forget to have some breakfast," Her eyes were fixed on Diana's belly, like a venomous snake eyeing a prey. "But Julian and I need to wash up first. You'll have to eat breakfast by yourself."

Diana felt uncomfortable under Kayla's stare, and felt even more thankful she didn't drink the milk Kayla brought her. She shook her head and said, "No need for that."

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The kitchen may not have prepared her share, anyway.

She thought it better to head out for breakfast. She didn't want to spend the entire day with them.

She hadn't completely let go of Julian in her heart, and was unable to disregard him completely.

"I'm heading out for breakfast." With that, Diana walked toward the door.

Just then, Mr. Carter called for her. "Madam, are you not having breakfast?"

"Yeah, I'm not."

She remembered clearly the kitchen servants' attitude toward her. Why would she stick around and be an eyesore?

Mr. Carter said regretfully, "Sigh, what a pity! The kitchen staff began preparing your breakfast at four in the morning, and they put in all the effort just so you will eat well. The food's still kept warm on the stove. If

you

let their effort go to waste..."

Why did he sound just like Kayla in victimizing himself?

Just yesterday, she faced the wrath of the kitchen servants. Things had been so awkward.

Yet, in front of Julian, why did Mr. Carter make her sound like the bad guy for not eating breakfast when he knew exactly what happened yesterday?

Memories of the past flooded her mind. Diana belatedly realized that perhaps this old butler had never truly accepted her as Mrs. Fulcher...

Indeed.

After Julian heard what Mr. Carter said, he shot Diana a piercing glare. "The kitchen need not prepare her

breakfast from now on!"

She wouldn't eat it anyway even if they prepared it.

What was the point of tiring everyone out?

The thought of that glass of milk last night made Julian add harshly, "She's used to taking other people's goodwill for ill intent, after all!"

He berated her so mercilessly in front of so many servants, embarrassing her to no end and causing her to lose her dignity without any consideration for her plight.

The Julian Fulcher now was worlds apart from the Julian Fulcher of the past who used to dote on her so much.

Her heart grew colder the more she interacted with Julian.

Diana sneered, "Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Fulcher." Diana waved her hands as nonchalantly as she could. "I'll be off now."

Despite her petite frame, she didn't look weak and vulnerable at all as she strutted through the main.

entrance.

But only she herself knew that her heart which had been pierced again and again was festering with wounds, sending agony emanating throughout her entire body.

Julian didn't chase after her and call her. He didn't even do so angrily, yelling at her to go back for breakfast in a questioning tone. There was none of that.

The time he spent with Kayla last night...effectively swallowed up all the memories she had with him.

What else did she expect?

Kayla was the love of his life, the woman he treasured dearly in his heart.

How could the three years she spent with him compare to all the past memories they share?

In fact, the three years she spent with Julian were good only because Julian treated her as Kayla.

If she had a choice, however, she would rather she never experienced those good days.

Yet, all that happened to her didn't kill her and made her stronger instead.

After taking her breakfast and putting aside all these nasty thoughts, Diana reached Fanny Smith's residence and rang the doorbell.

The first word Fanny muttered through bleary eyes, looking like she stumbled to the door sleepily, was: Food."

Food?

Diana was stunned. She didn't bring any.

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Fanny waited for a while and didn't get a response. That was when she rubbed her eyes and opened them to take a good look. A hint of haughtiness tinged her voice as she said lightly, "It's you."

Ever since Diana decided to forgo all the glory that came with D&J, she was prepared to start things all over again.

Because she had been humbled, she didn't mind the attitude with which Fanny treated her.

Diana said in a neutral tone, neither lowly nor overbearingly, "Yes, it's me."

With that, she stepped in and walked toward Fanny's kitchen.

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Before marrying Julian, Diana actually knew how to cook.

However, she had been unreasonably spoiled by him to the point of becoming unable to take care of herself.

Recently, however, she began developing the interest to do something new, and cooking simple dishes

wasn't a problem for her.

Especially breakfast dishes.

However, the breakfast dishes she was familiar with tended to be western-style dishes that Julian used to prepare for her.

Fortunately, although Fanny did not usually cook for herself, her kitchen was well-stocked.

Diana decided to make some eggs and brew coffee. In no time, she called out for Fanny. "Time for breakfast!"

Fanny wasn't intending to stand on ceremony with Diana. Right after she was done washing up, she headed over and enjoyed the food. "Tastes good, but not as good as your fashion design skills."

What incisive comments!

Was that a praise or an insult?

Not that Diana minded. The main thing on her mind was whether Fanny was going to cooperate with her.

Right until now, she did not sense any goodwill from Fanny.

After Fanny finished the meal, she leisurely wiped her mouth clean and went for a shower. After which, she called for her beautician for her regular skincare treatment session.

It was only after all these that her manager Cherise finally came in running late with breakfast.

Rather than calling it breakfast, it was more appropriate to call it lunch instead.

"I'm sorry for coming so late." Cherise chuckled apologetically as she called Diana, who had been sitting on the couch for almost the entire morning, to join them. "I heard Fanny say that you made breakfast for her. Thank you so much. Otherwise, she would've nagged me to death."

"The couch feels very comfortable," Diana said, "I don't feel tired even though I've been on it for an entire morning, so take that breakfast as payment for the enjoyable couch experience."

Cherise looked up, a tinge of friendliness in her eyes.

Diana was left alone for the whole morning yet was without complaints, and even could speak such kind words that were music to Cherise's ears.

Cherise lamented inwardly to herself how sensible Diana was.

Her efforts to give Diana a chance to present her work to Fanny to make up for not thinking things through properly the last time hadn't been in vain.

"Come on, come and eat." Cherise handed Diana a spoon, clearly more enthusiastic than she was before.

Diana didn't stand on ceremony. "Thank you, Cherise."

She was hungry indeed.

Fanny joined them as well.

Although Fanny didn't talk to Diana, she clearly allowed Diana to join the meal. Despite being the last at the table, Fanny was the first to put down her spoon.

Cherise didn't eat much either. Diana ended up being the one who ate the most.

"It's been a while since I saw someone with such a good appetite." Cherise was very talkative, and didn't forget to comment on how Diana's mouth never stopped moving the moment she came.

"I get hungry easily recently."

"I used to get hungry easily when I was pregnant."

Diana was shocked. "You were pregnant before?"

"I have given birth before." Cherise burst out laughing.

Diana felt envious. "You're still so slim."

"As Fanny's manager, I was worried that this tormentor would abandon me if I were to become ugly or fat," Cherise lamented, "so I tried my best to control myself throughout my pregnancy. I managed to gain less than twenty pounds. When I was due to give birth, I wore a baggy dress and the doctor couldn't even tell that I was pregnant."

Cherise leaned toward Fanny as she spoke, “I haven’t embarrassed you with my figure, have I?”

Fanny rolled her eyes. She didn’t say anything, but the smile in her eyes was enough.

She wasn’t exactly difficult to get along with.

She had her pride and her princess temper.

Diana could understand that, given her status as a top celebrity.

But right now, she was most intrigued by Cherise’s figure when she was pregnant. “How did you control yourself when you were pregnant? Were you able to keep your stomach from becoming big by controlling your diet?”

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“As long as you control your figure well, it’s possible to prevent your stomach from growing too big.”

“Will the fetus lack nutrition?”

“No, the fetus absorbs nutrients from the mother. If it lacks nutrients, there will be indicators in your regular prenatal check-ups,” Cherise said. “Scientifically speaking, regular prenatal check-ups are the most important.”

She looked at Diana with a strange look in her eyes, “Are you pregnant?”

Diana almost choked on the soup. “No, I’m not.”

Of course, she dared not admit it.

The fewer people who knew about her pregnancy, the better.

Cherise didn’t push her suspicions. “I had frequent but smaller meals in the day, and consumed more protein and fibrous food. These are always good options for maintaining your figure.” She gently bumped Fanny. “On this, you should really learn from our Fanny.”

Her figure management was absolutely savage.

“I’ll get Fanny to share with you a copy of a recipe book written by a nutritionist before you go,” Cherise said. “She usually doesn’t eat take-out like this. More often than not, she eats dishes cooked according to that book.”

Seeing Fanny remaining silent, Cherise poked her again. Daily New Chapter Upload Only on ALNINIZ(dot)COM “Did you hear what I said? Give Diana a copy of that recipe book before she leaves. You still have to depend on her for your dresses and gowns in the future.”

Fanny gave Diana a lazy sideways glance. “Got it.”

Not only was that a recipe book, but it was also an affirmation of Diana’s design skills.

She didn’t wait an entire morning in vain, after all. Diana said from the bottom of her heart, “Thank you.”

Next up, they delved into details of their cooperation. The whole thing felt abnormally smooth-sailing.

Fanny Smith was an undeniably rich woman.

Although it was nothing compared to Julian’s assets, she had more money than Diana expected, coupled with her extensive network.

Diana thought that it was more appropriate to call what Fanny suggested a transaction instead of a

cooperation.

She would provide Diana with opportunities to join Esteem Creations, the largest design company in the country, with an immediate promotion to senior designer despite being a newcomer. As for whether Diana can continue being promoted, that would depend on her own ability.

“I’m just providing you with a springboard,” Fanny said in her usual lazy and haughty manner. She didn’t even bother looking at Diana throughout the conversation, and was instead focusing on the manicure she was having. “As for my requirements, you are to design a unique outfit for me once every month. I’ll treat it as a private order and pay you accordingly.”

Seems like Oliver said it right.

As a top-notch female celebrity, the negative news coverage of the starry dress didn't affect her one bit.

Diana felt completely relieved and a wave of pride washed over her. "Seems like you're pretty satisfied with the last dress I made you."

"It was fine," Fanny looked at her fingers leisurely. "Still not as good as D&J's designs."

Cherise chimed in just then. "Our Fanny did purchase designer items from D&J before."

Everyone knew how high Fanny's standards for her outfits were. Cherise lamented, "What a pity that D&J retired from the industry."

Diana didn't have any impression of Fanny from the past. In fact, when she was doing designing work in the past, she usually didn't care who her end buyers were.

But things were different now.

Without the glory and honor she had accumulated for herself in the past, she had to start anew; something she was more than determined to do.

"Don't worry, I'll do even better than D&J and become even more famous in the industry."

Fanny, who had been expressionless thus far, was tickled by Diana's words. "What shameless bragging! But

"J

She liked it.

It was good to see such drive in a woman.

She was willing to pull strings for Diana.

Still, the thought of Diana being the one Oliver fancied annoyed her somewhat.

He's a brother, for life. Fanny clenched her fists and warned herself inwardly.

She should never have such improper desires.

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Diana had no reason at all to reject this deal.

Firstly, Fanny offered her a job, one that allowed her to quickly earn a name for herself. Secondly, Fanny's regular monthly orders would serve to bolster her savings in preparation for her coming baby.

Fanny...

Probably really liked her design.

Diana was filled with pride at the thought of how Cherise talked about D&J.

She was in such a good mood that she hummed a little song all the way back to the villa.

Julian stood on the second floor, looking at her coldly as she walked in. "Come back earlier next time and don't stay out the whole day. Grandma will accuse me of not keeping you company if she were to find out."

Diana didn't expect him to speak up, much less see him come back from work so early.

From the looks of where he was at... Had he been waiting for her?

Probably not.

Diana nodded in response before asking, "Where's Kayla?"

"What's the meaning of this?" Julian's brows furrowed as he scolded her. "You can't wait for her to leave when she's around, and even insult her with words. When she's not around, you ask as if you miss her terribly."

Diana said, "I was just thinking that if she were around, you probably wouldn't have so much to talk to me about."

Julian was stunned as he tried to digest what she was saying.

“I’m a replacement, aren’t I?” Diana shrugged, looking as if she did not care. “You treat me as her when she’s not around and talk to me more. But when she’s around, I’m smellier than dung to you.”

As bad as her words sounded, Diana thought that it was close to the truth.

With that, she headed up and went into her room, leaving Julian standing along the corridor with his face dark with displeasure.

Diana was getting bolder and bolder by the day.

She had become bold enough to speak to him without any restraint whatsoever!

Before Diana shut her door, he stuck his foot between the door and the frame and pinched his nose. “It is quite smelly.”

What kind of wisecrack was that?

He was just fooling around with her the moment Kayla wasn’t around.

Where did his imposing aura this morning when he instructed the servants not to make breakfast for her go

to?

“Why am I so disgusted with you right now?” Diana gave him a hard shove and shut the door with a loud bang.

She didn’t forget to yell right before the door shut, “You’re filthy!”

She then headed to the washroom to wash her hands.

As if they were literally filthy after touching him.

Julian heard the sound of running water, and his face darkened further.

That night, he slept in the guest room again.

Diana, on the other hand, didn’t eat much for dinner except for some seafood.

Julian looked at her a couple of times. “Why are you eating so little? You haven’t fully recovered.”

Diana glanced at him wordlessly.

She vowed never to be moved again by his concern that came and went with the wind.

Especially after she saw how he slept the night with Kayla and walked out of the room hand in hand early in the morning. The thought of it was enough to wake her up from her stupor.

All the kindness and concern he was showing her when Kayla wasn't around was because of her face that resembled Kayla so much.

That was a fact that Diana constantly reminded herself of.

Julian lost interest at the sight of her remaining silent.

Both of them silently finished their meal.

At nine in the evening, Diana came to the kitchen in search of some fibrous snacks according to the recipe book that Fanny gave her, and ended up bumping into Julian.

He was seated on the couch, and didn't even lift his head up despite sensing that Diana was nearby. When she got her food and began heading up to her room, he called her, "Hungry again?"

Diana stood stunned as anxiety crept up her heart.

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She was worried she had busted her cover and that Julian could tell that she was pregnant. "Hmm."

She nodded and quickly added, "It's all your fault for cultivating such a bad habit. You used to come home from work late and bring supper back home. I've gotten used to it."

Her words effectively shut Julian up.

"You..."

It was a rare sight to see a man as cold as he was riled up by her words. His heart felt like it was stabbed by something. "Go and rest."

Seeing that he was no longer looking at her, Diana heaved a sigh of relief. "Okay."

But when she went upstairs, she belatedly realized that...she had accidentally brought up the past.

The feelings and affections she had suppressed in herself surfaced once again and almost drowned her.

Diana forced herself not to think about those memories. "They're nothing but illusions. Julian treated you so well because he saw you as a replacement. There's nothing to yearn for at all."

She warned herself again and again.

After snacking on some food, she felt better again.

Diana rubbed her belly, which gave her a sense of comfort. Her voice gentled as she crooned, "My little angels, good night."

She had a restful night.

She slept so well, she almost overslept when she woke up the next morning.

It was her first day of work today. She didn't want to report for work late and leave a bad impression.

That was especially since she ordered a small cake from a bakery on the first floor of the Esteem Creations building, which she wanted to present as a gift to all her colleagues.

When she rushed all the way to Esteem Creations, she found out how narrow the path that she shared with her nemesis was.

Kayla...had joined the same company too.

At that moment, the office was already drowning with fresh flowers and cakes.

Diana stood outside the glass doors, looking in at everyone crowding around and fussing over Kayla. The corners of her lips twitched.

She still had to report for work, and she still had to face whatever that was coming anyway.

Diana took a deep breath as she tried to pretend that she didn't see Kayla. She walked along the side of the room toward the manager's office to go through employment procedures.

But Kayla walked toward her and exclaimed, "Diana!" An exaggerated smile was plastered on her face. "You really came to work! I was so shocked when I saw your name on the manager's list. What a coincidence.

Today's my first day at work too!"

With that, she casually looked at the cake in Diana's hands and said, "Is this for our colleagues?"

Before Diana could respond, Kayla began gathering everyone around. "This is my sister, Diana Winington. Do take good care of her, okay?"

Since things have progressed to this point, Diana had no choice but to play along and distribute the cake she bought. "Hello everyone, I am Diana. Pleased to meet everyone."

But no one came to receive her cake.

"Is that the cake she bought from the café downstairs?"

"Yeah, the packaging and cake designs are the same."

"I don't want any of that. What Kayla bought is way better! Those are cakes from Michelin-starred bakeries in Richburgh. One of those cost as much as ten of what Diana bought from downstairs. I don't care for her cakes."

"Me too!" Someone glared at Diana indignantly. "Kayla's so poised and gracious, but Diana... So what if she looks like Kayla? Her life's nothing compared to Kayla's. I heard that President Fulcher invested in our company for Kayla's sake. That's what I call an outstanding husband!"

Julian Fulcher....

Did he really go to such great lengths just for Kayla?

They couldn't even wait to call each other husband and wife.

She was truly redundant as Mrs. Fulcher solely in name...

Diana smiled self-derisively as she looked down and kept the cakes back into the box. She turned around and silently went into the office.

When she opened the door, she saw Julian talking to the manager in the room.

The manager was nodding and bowing away as he said profusely, "Don't worry! We'll take good care of Mrs. Fulcher, and we'll let her have the position of chief designer as we promised."

Julian didn't correct his address of Kayla as Mrs. Fulcher and didn't greet Diana either. Instead, he simply walked past Diana without a word.

Indeed...

She was really a smelly piece of dung to him whenever Kayla was around.

Diana's grip tightened over the cake box, forcing herself to be nonchalant about it. She squeezed out a smile at the manager and said, "Hello, I'm Diana Winnington, here to report for work."

"I know." The manager's mood clearly sank the moment Julian left. "You are Mrs. Fulcher's sister. She told me about it just now. She told me to look after you once you report for work."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 209

"To make things convenient for you sisters, I've arranged for you to be in the same team as Chief Designer Winnington. You'll work as a designer under her lead."

Diana was stunned. Chief Designer Winnington...

They really held Julian in high regard, enough for him to help Kayla secure a chief designer position.

But this was Esteem Creations, a top-notch design company. Diana's heart grew cold at the thought of how even a company like this could be entered by pulling strings.

In the end, this was reality. She understood that money makes the world go round, and understood what the name Julian Fulcher represented in Richburgh.

No one would dare to disregard him, and no one would stop him from protecting his woman.

Just like what he did for her in the past. Back then... She was the one everyone was fawning over.

Thankfully, she had the confidence to gain a foothold in the design industry despite having to start as a newcomer. The day would come when she would no longer be trapped in Esteem Creations and instead find a larger stage that would allow her to stay true to her passion for design and focus on her career.

For the time being...

She had to put down her pride.

She had to prepare for the birth of her babies. Plus, this chance to work under Kayla came from the hand of Fanny Smith.

Beggars can't be choosers.

"Okay." Diana nodded in acceptance.

The employment procedures were completely without a hitch, but getting along well with her colleagues proved to be more tumultuous.

By the time Diana was done settling down at her desk, there was no one else left in the office.

All of them had gone to the restaurant opposite for lunch.

The only colleague remaining in the room who left late came by and knocked on her desk. "Chief..."

Before he could complete his address, he took a good look at Diana's face and quickly corrected himself. "You're Chief Winnington's sister, Diana, right?"

Diana smiled. See? Although she did resemble Kayla very much, it wasn't to the point of them being indistinguishable from each other.

Julian was probably the only person who would mix the two of them up.

He had to make her Kayla's replacement when she wasn't around.

Replacement...

A term that pierced her heart at the mere thought of it.

Diana took a deep breath and suppressed her emotions once again. She looked up at the first colleague who displayed a hint of goodwill. He was wearing black-rimmed glasses and looked slightly nerdy. But because he was a designer, his outfit looked good, and it enhanced his overall appearance.

She nodded. "Yes, I'm Diana Winnington."

Seemed like Kayla had announced their relationship as sisters to the whole world.

Jayden Miller shot her a friendly smile, seemingly unperturbed by how the other colleagues were treating Diana. "Chief Winnington is giving us a treat, and Mr. Fulcher is footing the bill. Won't you join the gathering?"

He called it a gathering, but it was clearly an attempt to win over the colleagues' hearts.

Diana knew where the gathering was even without asking. "Are they having steamboat at the opposite restaurant?"

That restaurant was situated in the prime city center district and offered steamboat spreads that ordinary people couldn't afford. A meal there would cost thousands.

It was certainly something appropriate for Kayla and her high profile.

In the past, Julian would frequently request for the restaurant's chef to go to his villa and cook wagyu. Diana missed that taste, but... Should she go?

If she did, she would inevitably have to see Kayla and Julian standing next to each other.

But if she didn't, she had to settle lunch by herself, when it was now the critical period for her to get the lowdown on the company.

In other words, it was a must for her to join the lunch.

Diana pondered for a moment before packing her things and getting ready to head out. She took out one of the cakes she didn't manage to give out to her colleagues and passed it to Jayden. "Have one as an appetizer before the meal."

Jayden accepted it without qualms. "Thank you, thank you."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 210

What a polite man! He didn't compare her cake with the cake that Kayla brought.

Diana decided that she liked him even more, and began asking him more questions about the company. Very soon, she had a rough idea about the current situation of the company.

To show her gratitude, Diana even offered Jayden the last seat at the table after they entered the restaurant.

"Ladies first," Jayden refused to take the seat. "Take a seat first. I'll grab a waiter and ask for one more chair."

To their surprise, Kayla came over, her eyes shifting between both of them. "This table has a fixed number of seats. We've exceeded one person." She covered her mouth and chuckled nastily, "Mainly because I didn't expect you to come, Diana."

Her words attracted everyone's attention.

Diana remained calm. "You're giving everyone a treat, right? So I came."

"I am giving everyone a treat, but Julian's the one paying," Kayla shot her a smug smile. "We're destined to be sisters indeed. Today's our first day at work, and we have our escorts."

Jayden immediately waved his hands awkwardly, “Chief Winnington, you’ve misunderstood. I merely came here with Miss Winnington. We don’t share that kind of relationship.”

“What kind of relationship is that?” Julian suddenly appeared, his voice low “Seems like Miss Winnington’s charm is still potent enough to draw attention wherever she goes.”

His mocking tone made it sound like Diana was a filthy call girl.

“Same to you, Mr. Fulcher. You’re the most outstanding husband in the eyes of everyone you come across.”

Her words were filled with piercing daggers which only the three of them understood.

Kayla’s face darkened with displeasure. “Julian, let’s go and have our meal. Diana can have my seat. I can

stand and eat.”

“Chief Winnington is so sweet to Diana!”

“Exactly. Diana’s the older sister, but she’s always looking at Mr. Fulcher when she talks. Isn’t that rather inappropriate?”

“Now that I think about what Mr. Fulcher said, do you think she tried to seduce her own brother-in-law? That’s why he accused her of drawing attention to herself!”

“That sounds very possible! There are so many female colleagues around, yet she chose to follow one of the minority male colleagues instead of one of us. Tsk! This woman isn’t so simple.”

At that moment, hushed whispers about Diana filled the table.

The nasty words were just loud enough for Diana to hear.

All these were thanks to Julian Fulcher.

She subconsciously glanced at him, but he pretended as if nothing happened as he pulled a chair out and

said, "Sit over here."

Everyone else looked on at Kayla, Julian, and Diana with interest.

But Diana knew that if she didn't go there, Julian would never let things go.

She decided to just take things as they come. After all, filling herself up with top-quality wagyu was the priority. That would be an excellent source of protein and exactly what she needed.

Diana took a seat while Julian gave his seat up to Kayla.

"I'm done," He bent over and handed Kayla a new spoon and filled up her cup. "I'll wait for you outside."

Kayla nodded. She suddenly stood up and landed a shy kiss on his cheek.

Everyone at the table started cheering and whistling.

Diana, on the other hand, found the entire scene ridiculous.

It was like a dream. A bad dream.

She suddenly couldn't find the reason for her to be here.

She didn't even feel hungry anymore.

As it turned out, she had overestimated her nonchalance towards her marriage with Julian.

She regretted it deeply.