

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 221-230

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 221

Diana stood up straight away. She pointed at the chair and asked angrily, "Who did this?"

Hannah averted her gaze immediately, avoiding Diana's eyes. Diana said nothing more; instead, she grabbed a cup of coffee from Kayla's table and stood before Hannah.

"W—What are you doing?"

Diana's powerful and confident stance, adding to the cold aura she emanated, turned Hannah into a meek mouse. She cowered at Diana's fierce scowl.

Diana held the cup over Hannah's head. There was no warmth in her sharp eyes; only coldness remained as she hissed dangerously, "Don't mess with me."

As she said that, she upturned the cup and splashed the coffee all over Hannah's head. The dark liquid poured on Hannah's hair, turning it into a sopping wet mess.

Hannah was terrified and humiliated. She didn't expect Diana to react this way, especially when everyone was looking.

After that, Diana calmly pointed to the coffee stain on her skirt and said calmly, "I'm just returning the favor."

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She didn't see any reason for her to endure the harassment. If she did, the situation would only continue to deteriorate. The next time, it could be either coffee or a knife. Thus, it was best to nip this in the bud.

With the sticky mess on her head and Diana's freezing glare, Hannah was scared silly. Diana was much too intimidating! Hannah could feel the pressure around her growing heavier as Diana stared her down; she was so frightened, she could barely bring herself to react.

In the end, Hannah subconsciously turned submissive. She was about to nod and agree, when Kayla suddenly pushed her forward and snapped fiercely, "Why are you just standing there? You need to fight back if you're bullied!"

In other words, Kayla was accusing Diana as the bully.

If Diana hadn't reacted quickly enough, Hanna would have knocked her to the ground. Plus, the force behind the push...

Diana could instantly tell that Kayla had used a lot of strength in that push. Obviously, Kayla's show of defense for Hannah was completely fake. Yet, she seemed determined to make Diana fall. She was aiming at the baby in Diana's belly, at that.

Diana stepped back, her heart tightening. She shot a wary look at Kayla, certain that the latter had discovered she hadn't actually gone through the abortion.

How did Kayla find out?

Was Julian aware of this?

Thinking about the man's frosty eyes, panic gradually overwhelmed Diana.

Had Julian told Kayla?

No... It didn't seem like it.

Looking at the situation, it seemed Kayla was the only one aware of Diana's pregnancy. Otherwise, Julian wouldn't have reacted this way. That would mean Kayla hadn't told Julian either.

But why? Why didn't she say anything to him?

Perhaps Kayla knew that the baby was Julian's. Perhaps she was afraid her relationship with Julian would be strained once he found out.

Upon reaching this conclusion, Diana rose her guard against Kayla to the highest level possible.

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She had a feeling Kayla would target her stomach next, with the goal of causing her to miscarry.

Sure enough, she could see that Kayla's eyes were always focused on her belly, whether intentionally or otherwise. There was a sinister glint in them, and Diana shuddered at the wicked thoughts running in Kayla's mind.

At this point, Hannah finally reacted. Knowing that Kayla was standing up for her, she gained her courage and screamed at Diana, "You hag! How dare you!"

After saying that, she tried to push Diana. However, she wasn't the only one doing so. The rest of her colleagues also surrounded Diana. As for Kayla, she was already bringing out the waterworks. To top it off, she was trembling and shaking like a leaf.

"Oh, Diana! Why must you go against me everywhere? Hannah's a good friend to me. Is that why you're giving her trouble? I...I've already endured so much at the Fulcher residence... Can you please stop harassing me?"

That statement twisted the entire situation, placing Diana in the spotlight again.

Those who were at the dinner last night had clearly seen Julian's affection for Kayla. They now surrounded Diana, turning against her.

Kayla stood behind them, grinning haughtily at Diana. From this angle, Diana was the only one who could see her vile expression.

"We're at work," Diana said, looking at them and reminding Kayla where they were. "Don't go overboard."

She may be strong at heart, but it would be difficult for her to protect herself with so many people around

her.

"Overboard? Who's the one going overboard now, Diana Winnington?" Someone yelled boldly, defending Hannah and helping her wipe her hair. "Mr.

Fulcher treated us to dinner last night, so we won't let you do anything to Mrs. Fulcher!"

Diana looked at the group of self-righteous people, finding the entire situation to be absolutely ridiculous. "How am I the one going overboard?"

Did they expect her not to fight back or say anything after getting bullied?

"You made Chief Winnington cry! Isn't that going overboard? Plus, you threw coffee all over Hannah in front of all of us. Isn't that going overboard too?"

It seemed everyone was against Diana. They were biased, both in their hearts and eyes; exactly like Julian, who always favored Kayla.

"Everyone, let's not be mean to Diana," Kayla said, raising her hand and pretending to wipe away tears that weren't there in the first place. "She might have been confused, and that's why she did that to Hannah."

After saying that, Kayla bowed to Diana. "I shouldn't have attacked you just now, but as the chief, I was uncomfortable to witness such a horrible thing. Besides, I'm your younger sister. I don't want to be your enemy. I was a bit too harsh, and I apologize for that."

The distance she was bowing...

It was just a hand's length away from Diana's stomach.

In other words, if someone bumped into Kayla, Diana's stomach would take the brunt of the impact.

Diana had only reached her third month of pregnancy, so it was difficult to say what would happen. Feeling a little threatened, she stepped back a little and said, "I'm not angry, Chief Winnington, but it's working hours now. I hope you can control everyone and return to work."

To her surprise, a hand suddenly landed on her shoulder.

A smirk danced across Kayla's lips.

Diana was caught off guard. She tried to turn around to shake the hand off, but the hand gripped her

shoulder so tightly to the point that she couldn't move.

It seemed to belong to a man.

Was it Julian? Was he here at Esteem Creations again?

But... It didn't feel like him.

Diana quickly grabbed the corner of the table to avoid any possibility of bumping into anything or falling to the ground. She turned around with much effort to see who it was. Surprisingly, it was the man in charge of helping her with the induction yesterday.

He gave Diana a dark look and said, "Come with me to the office."

Then, he turned to Kayla and smiled. "Don't worry, Mrs. Fulcher. I'll make sure to sort this out for you."

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The way he addressed Kayla grated harshly on Diana's ears. Adding to the terrible situations she had gone through in the past two days, Diana could feel herself growing more and more upset.

In the end, she was only one woman.

A woman who had been living and relying on her own since she was a child, and had tried hard to obtain love and warmth.

If she could, she would have liked to go back to the past three years where she had relied on Julian. Unfortunately, everything shattered the moment Kayla arrived.

And Diana, the rightful Mrs. Fulcher, no longer had the right to voice her objections after getting kicked out by the man she loved. Up till now, her life was still influenced by his status. Thus, she had no choice but to

endure Kayla's incessant harassment.

Diana only wanted to use this job to get a fresh start on her new life. Unfortunately, Kayla was also here. She was forced to put up with Kayla until

her patience finally ran out and she fought back. And now, hearing Kayla addressed as “Mrs. Fulcher” instead of her crushed her spirit completely.

In the end, this was Richburgh. Here, she could do nothing against Julian. She couldn’t even resist him.

When Diana walked out of the office, her heart was cold and heavy. The person in charge had warned her that if she continued to clash with Kayla, he wouldn’t bother showing Fanny any courtesy and would dismiss

Diana anyway.

Dismissed...

Her dismissal wasn’t because of her mistakes at work; rather, it was because she had messed with the

woman in Julian’s heart, Kayla.

Unfortunately, now was not the time to fight back, as she really needed this job. Diana had grown up alone in the boonies; she knew survival was always top of the priority list.

Tolerance was sometimes very important, especially in the situation she was in right now. She had to keep her job and protect her children. More importantly, she couldn’t get into another conflict with Kayla. Even if Kayla deliberately caused trouble, Diana had to tolerate it.

One slip-up could lead to a big mistake.

At this moment, there was nothing more important than safety and survival.

Still, her heart ached at the thought of Kayla mistreating her simply because Julian had her back.

Well... It didn’t matter. Diana could protect herself.

She slowly walked back to her workstation and looked at her ruined skirt. Her face twisted into an unsightly expression that looked worse than crying, and she silently clenched her fist tightly. Looking up, Diana spotted Kayla’s gloating smirk in her direction, but Diana simply let her fist go.

She even shot Kayla a smile that held a hint of relief.

Kayla, who was smiling smugly, froze at Diana's reaction.

She hadn't really wanted to do anything to Diana. That approach would've been much too obvious and easy to leave traces. Everything would backfire on her if it turned out that Julian actually cared about the babies in Diana's stomach and stood on Diana's side.

Instead, she tried making Diana miscarry through mental torture and oppression. However, she didn't expect Diana to be so mentally strong.

Not only was Diana unaffected by today's chain of events, but she also managed to smile at Kayla.

Logically, the person in charge should have berated Diana and put pressure on her. So why? Why was Diana smiling at Kayla?

Upset at this turn of events, Kayla used the company's intranet to assign a long list of tasks to Diana.

Diana accepted them all without complaint and buried her head in work. However, only she herself knew that she didn't concentrate on the assigned task that afternoon.

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It was a divorce plan.

Diana recalled the recipe that Fanny had provided her. Since she was giving birth to twins, she could only hide her pregnancy until she reached the fifth month, even with a strictly controlled diet and guaranteed nutrition.

After that, others would definitely notice her bulging belly.

She had to finalize her divorce with Julian and disappear before the time limit was up, which was around New Year's Eve.

How could she ensure that the divorce was finalized within this time frame?

Diana pondered about the issue for a while, but came up empty.

In the large, white document before her, only one word was written on it.

Patience.

She hadn't finished her day's work, but when Diana saw that everyone had left and she was alone in the office, she lost the desire to work late. As she was distracted by this thought, she received a call from the villa.

Mr. Carter's voice came through the other end. "Miss Winnington, it's time for you to come back and prepare dinner.

Diana was speechless. They were really treating her like a nanny!

For a moment, she was sorely tempted to ask if she could move out. She wouldn't be living off Julian's money then, would she?

However, she calmed down and thought about it. If that happened, Madam Fulcher would definitely find out, and the divorce would be delayed indefinitely.

Opening the same file again, she stared at the word on it, tracing the alphabet slowly and repeating it in her

mind.

Patience.

Reminding herself to bear with the torment, she packed her things decisively and left the office. When she arrived at the villa, she went straight into the kitchen. As she hadn't cooked for so long, her skills were rusty; it took her two hours before she managed to produce two dishes.

Kayla and Julian sat at the dining table, and watched as Diana worked.

Kayla was ecstatic.

The whole situation made her feel like she had really become Mrs. Fulcher, and Diana was simply a nanny at

her disposal. So...

What if she made this tired nanny even more exhausted?

If something were to happen to Diana's belly, it wouldn't be her fault, right?

Kayla thought about it. Seeing that it was a good plan, she cleared her throat and said sweetly, “Umm...”

Chapter 2ZZA

Julian, should I help Diana?”

Julian looked at her with gentle eyes. “Are you hungry?”

Kayla shook her head. “That’s not it. I just feel like eating crab casserole, but I’m afraid it’ll trouble Diana. Besides, it’ll be faster with two people.”

Julian shook his head. “It’s no trouble.”

After saying that, he got up and walked to the kitchen and told Diana, “Make a crab casserole. And move faster.”

The knife in Diana’s hand suddenly fell heavily onto the chopping board, looking like something straight out of a murder scene. Her eyes flashed with a murderous glint that sent chills down one’s spine.

But before Julian could say anything, she raised an eyebrow, looking as if nothing was wrong, and picked up the knife from the counter. “Okay.”

Whatever they wanted, she would just do it.

But she was currently a little tired, so she needed to consider if she could endure the workload forced on her. So, she pulled a chair and sat down before handling the crabs.

Afraid that the sharp claws would hurt her, she was extra cautious. She meticulously set to work, looking

serious the entire time.

At that moment, she was akin to a sponge that could absorb limitless amounts of water. Regardless of the way others mistreated and their ridiculous demands of her, she looked like she would be able to absorb everything without a problem.

To put it nicely, her personality seemed to have improved.

To put it less nicely, she had become a lifeless doll.

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Kayla had an oblivious look on her face, as if she had Diana's best interest in mind. She said innocently, "Diana. Since you're the Fulcher family's nanny, you'll anger Julian if you eat at the same table as us."

Julian glanced at them both and said, "She's right. You don't deserve to eat."

Diana was speechless. Was she supposed to starve?

Well, the dishes on the table weren't exactly great. After a while, she simply gave up.

Fine, she wouldn't eat with them if they didn't want her around.

She would return to her room and order takeaway instead.

So she turned around and replied mechanically, "Okay."

She looked like an obedient, sweet and submissive doll.

Julian watched her retreating back as she went upstairs, and an inexplicable emotion suddenly welled up

within him.

His heart was constricted.

He couldn't let Diana stay, but he also felt deeply unhappy if she left.

He was stuck in limbo.

Diana wanted to go to bed and rest quickly after eating, but seeing as tomorrow was a weekend, she entered

the bathroom and ran a bath instead.

For the sake of her babies, she lowered the temperature so that the water would be cool enough for them but still warm enough for her to relax.

To her shock, Kayla suddenly barged into her bedroom while she was taking a bath. Although there were many bubbles floating on the water and nothing could be seen, Diana was still furious about it.

After all, the bedroom was her personal space. The fact that she was taking a bath made it even more of a privacy issue.

For Kayla to barge in uninvited and unannounced meant that the former couldn't care less about Diana.

But...

Diana recalled what happened earlier during the day. Once again, she reminded herself to have patience and endure.

Even so, her expression wasn't as composed as she wanted it to be. It was difficult to maintain a neutral voice as she spoke, "Did you need something?"

Kayla stood by the door, looking at Diana coldly. "Yes."

Diana stared at Kayla silently, her lashes fluttering slightly as she blinked slowly. The dense mist in the bathroom surrounded her, giving her an impeccable and ethereal impression.

Their faces were so similar, yet at this moment, Kayla felt that they couldn't be any more different. The only

thing they shared was their appearance.

If anyone interacted with them, he or she would immediately notice the huge difference between them.

How was it possible for Julian to not have realized this in the past three years? How could he have treated Diana as Kayla's replacement without noticing anything amiss?

It was so much unlike his usual sharp self.

In fact, it was exactly why Kayla felt even more threatened.

As Diana was soaking in the bathtub, she had no patience to wait for Kayla's explanation. "Speak up. What is

it?"

Kayla returned to her senses when she heard Diana's voice. "What exactly do I have to do for you to divorce Julian?"

Kayla couldn't wait any longer.

Every day was utter torture.

It was rare for Diana to witness Kayla's vulnerable side. She was so startled, she froze.

"You two..." Diana paused for a while before continuing, "Had a good relationship before this, didn't you?"

Kayla nodded without hesitation. "Of course! If we didn't, Julian wouldn't have been crazy enough to look for someone like you to be my substitute after I disappeared!"

That was true.

Diana laughed at the ridiculousness of it all. "Yes, I'm your substitute. So, you don't have to do anything. Julian and I will definitely get a divorce."

"But it's been so long! Why haven't you divorced?!" Kayla yelled in frustration, her expression darkening.

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Kayla thought that after she returned, Julian would end his ridiculous marriage with Diana and make Diana disappear from their lives completely.

Yet, despite the excruciatingly long wait, their divorce kept getting delayed.

Instead of things going smoothly for her, Julian's heart seemed to be gradually changing.

Diana sighed, breathing slowly as she pondered about what to say. She glanced at Kayla; she decided to throw out some bait under the pretense of confiding in the latter in a heart-to-heart talk, and said, "Let's be honest. I understand your feelings. As you know, I'm going to be a mother. I want to leave Julian more than you think. I want to hurry and divorce him because I'm afraid he'd do something to my babies. But..."

Diana's tone suddenly changed. "It doesn't seem like he wants to divorce me at all."

Kayla was shocked.

Diana's words had merit; it was exactly what Kayla was seeing at this moment.

Indeed, Julian was wavering.

The thing was, he didn't realize it himself.

It was why Kayla didn't have the guts to tell Julian that Diana still had her babies. She feared he would be even more reluctant to let Diana go once he discovered that the baby was his.

For now, Kayla didn't dare take that gamble.

Diana's words impacted Kayla so much, she almost fainted from shock.

"And?" Kayla challenged, her nails digging into her palm. Her eyes were as fierce as a wolf, but there was also an undeniable trace of fear in them.

Diana found it confusing. Was there something about her that frightened Kayla?

In truth, it was only natural for Kayla to be afraid of Diana.

Everything Kayla had with Julian had been built on the foundation of stealing Diana's achievement for saving him as a child. Fortunately for Kayla, Diana knew nothing about it. Kayla knew that if she used her chances well, Diana would be a weapon which she would use to cement the divorce.

Thus, she announced boldly, "Julian will live with me until we grow old, and you'll be kicked out. You'll never have the chance to be Mrs. Fulcher ever again!"

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In spite of her haughty claim, getting kicked out was what Kayla feared most.

She suddenly approached Diana, tears gathering in her eyes.

"Diana, please... Please give me back Julian! Return him to me! If you're willing to do so, I'll continue. pretending to make things difficult for you in front of him so that he'll feel sorry for you. You'll get more benefits for your divorce. Keep your word and return him to me, will you? This marriage between you two... It should have been ours from the very start!"

The more Diana listened, the more strange it sounded.

Usually, Kayla would only switch to her two-faced persona when Julian was around.

When had he arrived? Had he heard what she said about her baby?

Instantly, Diana wanted to slap herself. She had been too negligent!

Yet... It was too late.

Julian had walked in.

However, he stopped at the bathroom's glass door and didn't go any further.

"Kayla? Are you crying?"

With those words, Diana instantly understood the situation.

Julian had entered the bedroom instead of the bathroom to avoid embarrassing himself in front of Kayla, in the case she and Diana weren't decently dressed. It seemed he had just entered the bedroom, so he hadn't heard their earlier conversation.

In conclusion, Kayla's tragic little act had been for naught.

Sure enough, a trace of embarrassment flitted across Kayla's face. "I-It's nothing. Diana asked me to come in so she could give me a back rub."

"Really?"

Since when was Diana so kind?

Julian glanced at the bathroom, but didn't move further. He simply called out, "That's fine. Take good care of Kayla, nanny."

When Diana heard the way he addressed her, she nearly blew her lid in anger.

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Even so, Diana responded sweetly and said, "Understood, Mr. Fulcher."

She would keep her act up as a nanny to the end.

Diana's voice sounded sweet since she was obedient, but one could hear the gnashing of her teeth. There was life in her voice, as if she was no longer a paper

doll.

"Nanny," Julian repeated, for a reason he couldn't understand. "Make sure you do it well."

If he heard correctly, Diana's breathing sounded rougher after hearing the way he called her. There was more emotion in her response.

Julian's heart suddenly felt lighter. He looked at the bedside table for a few moments before finally turning around and leaving the room.

Kayla waited for him to leave before shooting Diana a vicious look. "If it's true that Julian really doesn't want to leave you, then I'll help you. But you need to work with me."

How could Julian not want to divorce Diana? It was the first thing on his list! The reason they were forced to delay was only because of Madam Fulcher.

However...

Kayla was willing to add oil to the fire and help Diana speed up their divorce, which was something Diana was all too happy to do.

"Alright," Diana said with a nod. "How are you planning to help me?"

Kayla thought about it for a moment, her brows furrowing. She looked somewhat distracted. "I don't have a concrete plan now, but I'll probe Julian to see the situation."

Anyway, Kayla needed to do something to separate the two sooner or later.

When Diana woke up the next day, it was still very early. She wanted to sleep in a little more, but her alarm kept ringing non-stop. She pressed it several times, but it would go off again after that.

Left without any choice, Diana grabbed her phone to look at the time and saw that it was only six in the morning. It was much earlier than when she would usually wake up.

Her phone was in her hand, but strangely enough, the alarm was still ringing somewhere, sounding like a screaming banshee. It was so shrill, it caused her a headache.

She glanced around, and her gaze finally landed on a clock on her bedside table. The ringing seemed to come

...from that clock?

No wonder the alarm kept ringing regardless of how many times she pressed her phone! But she hadn't used this clock in a long time. Why was it ringing at six in the morning?

Perhaps it was broken?

Without thinking much about it, Diana picked the clock up and turned it off. The world finally quieted down.

It was still early, so Diana burrowed back under the covers with the intent to return to sleep. Just as she was nodding off, someone knocked on the door.

"Get up," Julian's harsh voice came through.

But it was only six in the morning!

Diana didn't understand what was going through his mind, but she quickly dressed and opened the door. "Did you set the alarm?"

A hint of pleasure flashed in his eyes, but his face remained indifferent. He spoke in a cold voice, "You're a nanny. It's time to work."

Having said that, he turned and left. He acted as though hearing another word from her was blasphemy.

Diana wanted to argue, but she lost the urge once she saw his retreating back.

Forget it! She had already told herself she would endure whatever they threw at her. She would pretend she was bitten by a wild dog and had to get up in the morning.

Diana gritted her teeth, then went to the bathroom to freshen up for a bit before going downstairs to clean up. Before she could do so, however, she found a maid's outfit on her bed.

She was speechless. What was the meaning of this?

Mr. Carter, waiting outside the door, said, "Ma'am. The master said that since you're a nanny, you should look like one."

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So, Julian wanted her to wear a maid uniform?

Diana was stunned speechless once more.

"This is humiliating!" Diana finally understood why Julian had set the alarm to wake her up in advance. He even had Mr. Carter deliver the dress to her personally!

It was a clear attempt to humiliate her.

"I won't wear it," Diana said firmly, looking straight at Mr. Carter.

Mr. Carter had a serious look. "If you don't wear it, we'll have someone come and help you. It's the master's orders."

It meant that Diana had to wear it, even if she didn't want to.

Diana was certain Julian was capable of such a feat. After all, what's the difference between doing this and forcing her to the cold operating theater for an abortion she desperately refused?

Julian had never respected her, and did as he pleased based on his mood swings.

He truly meant it when he claimed he didn't love her.

All the more reason Diana wanted to get a divorce.

Diana stood rooted to the spot, thinking about how empty her divorce plan was. She couldn't help but remind herself that she needed to have patience and endure again.

She needed to bear with it in order to keep herself and her babies safe. Once the divorce was finalized, she wouldn't have to cater to Julian's ridiculous whims anymore.

Besides, Kayla was more anxious about the divorce than her. She couldn't afford to mess up.

With these thoughts in mind, Diana picked up the maid's outfit and wore it without complaint. Upon going downstairs, she found Julian sitting on the couch.

He had his leg folded across the other, his posture elegant and noble. He exuded a dominant aura, and he

looked at Diana with utter disdain.

Was he going to supervise her as she worked?

Did he say he was busy?

Contempt and disgust rushed through Diana, but she remained silent and didn't say anything to him. Her current goal was to have as little contact as possible with him and hopefully be invisible to him.

Yet, to her surprise....

From the moment she arrived downstairs, Julian kept staring at her despite there being no conversation

between them.

To be more precise... He kept staring at her belly.

She was still in the early stages of pregnancy and was careful to eat healthy. She hadn't gained weight, and

she definitely wasn't showing any visible signs yet. Regardless, she still tensed at the attention and quickly took her broom to the kitchen, slowly hunching inwards as she did so, looking like a little curled-up shrimp.

She thought she would be safe in the kitchen. Much to her chagrin, Julian followed her.

His attention was still on her stomach.

The air between them dropped several degrees, and Diana felt cold sweat dripping down her back. She subconsciously moved to protect her belly with both hands. Suddenly, Julian opened his mouth to ask, "Aren't you hungry?"

Diana felt the tension drain from her body. "...Are you hungry?"

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Julian hummed. "Well, there are no set rules yet. From now on, make breakfast first once you wake up."

Looking at her small and flat belly, it seemed she had lost weight. She had only been eating vegetables and a bit of meat, after all. She was already so thin, yet she wanted to lose more weight. It seemed she had even forgotten how to eat properly.

Impatient, Julian demanded, "Hurry up."

To Diana, however, his cold order was proof that heaven had answered her prayers. Relief washed over her. As it turned out, Julian was simply hungry. He hadn't discovered anything suspicious about her stomach. Julian raised an eyebrow as he watched Diana flit around the kitchen, almost looking like she was dancing in front of the stove. Because of the maid outfit, she looked more petite than usual.

As he watched her, his lips subconsciously curled upward.

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Before Julian's lips could curl into a smile, he cleared his throat loudly. His sudden action startled Diana, who dropped the spoon into the pot from shock.

“What is it now?” Diana asked, annoyed. She turned around, only to see Julian’s expression as black as the bottom of a burnt pot..

“It’s nothing. You can eat once you’re done cooking, but don’t serve it yet,” Julian said, his voice hard.” Kayla wouldn’t be happy if you did.”

After saying that, he left.

Mr. Carter saw Julian’s eyes closed tightly as he exited the kitchen, his handsome features crinkled together, and asked nervously, “Sir, do your eyes feel uncomfortable?”

In truth, Julian was annoyed with himself for saying those things earlier. Without realizing it, he blurted out, “Yes. My eyes hurt from looking at that ugly thing in the kitchen.”

Diana heard his words from inside the kitchen, and was confused. If Julian said she was ugly, wasn’t he calling Kayla ugly as well?

After all, the two sisters looked very much alike.

Apparently, Julian also realized his blunder. He immediately added, “I really don’t know why I mistook Diana for Kayla and kept her by my side for three years.”

At that, Diana’s grip on the spoon tightened until her knuckles turned white from the force. Nonetheless, she remained in the kitchen and did as she was ordered to without saying a word.

If her silence would make him less critical of her and lessen his attention on her, she would continue what she was doing. The less time she spent with him, the safer her babies would be.

No matter what he ordered her to do, she would do it willingly.

As these thoughts raced in her mind, the sandwich in her hand took shape. After a few days of practice, she had become more proficient in making them.

When it was brought to the table, even Kayla was surprised. “Diana’s cooking has improved.”

She turned to see Diana in a maid’s outfit. She couldn’t help the contempt from leaking into her voice and she said snidely, “And that outfit...suits you.”

Was Julian really treating Diana as a nanny? What man from a decent family would force their wife to dress in such a humiliating way?

Kayla began to doubt whether what Diana had said last night about Julian not wanting to divorce her was true. The contempt and pride in her eyes were so potent, they were impossible to conceal.

Julian glanced at Kayla when he heard her words. Realizing this, she quickly smoothed her expression into something kinder. She handed Julian a sandwich, saying sweetly, "Here, Julian."

Julian turned away after taking it. "Thank you."

He took a bite and commented coldly, "Barely passable."

He ate two of the sandwiches despite that, even though he typically didn't eat that much for breakfast. Somehow, knowing that Diana made breakfast gave him the appetite to eat.

Diana, on the other hand, had made herself a high-protein breakfast and relished the private time she had to eat alone in the kitchen. In here, she didn't need to have her guard up against Julian or deal with Kayla's fakeness. Her meal was so relaxing!

Because of that, she ended up eating too much.

The good thing was, she was required to clean up after breakfast; which meant she had time to digest her meal. To not affect her babies too much, she worked slowly. After moving around a little, she felt her stomach ache.

It seemed she really did have too much for breakfast.

Diana took a short breather. Looking up, she noticed that the chrysanthemum flowers outside were in full bloom. She pondered for a moment before deciding to put down her cleaning tools, and then walked slowly to the garden.

She thought of picking the chrysanthemums and putting some in each room of the villa. It would look good, and walking would help her digest her food faster.

When Kayla saw the chrysanthemums in her room, the first thing she did was to throw them out.

"What's all this rubbish? I don't need cheap stuff in my room!"

These flowers could be found everywhere in the garden!

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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 230

Kayla didn't want boring things like those dull chrysanthemum flowers to taint her room. Diamonds and jewels suited her so much more!

Diana didn't say a word about it. She simply carried the flowers away and continued placing them in the

other rooms.

When Julian returned from work, he saw the flowers as soon as he entered the room. Some of them were in bloom and some were still budding; they added life and cheer to the empty room.

More importantly, he knew who had placed the flowers here.

Whenever that woman saw beautiful plants and flowers, she posted pictures of them on her social media. Whether they were expensive or didn't cost much, it didn't matter; all of them were equally exquisite in her

eyes.

Julian felt his mood gradually improve, and he went downstairs after changing his clothes. As he reached the bottom of the stairs, he bumped into Mr. Carter, who was heading to the kitchen to prepare the dishes.

"Are there chrysanthemums in your room?"

Mr. Carter froze, guilt flashing in his eyes.

Yes, his room had the flowers, and he knew Diana had placed them there. But like Kayla, he couldn't stand such vulgar items and promptly threw them in the trash. He also did the same to the flowers in the other

rooms.

Mr. Carter only dared not enter Julian's room, and he swore on his conscience that he didn't mean to ignore the room...

But before he could say anything, Julian asked another question, “There were none in your rooms?”

Well, there weren’t any in the other rooms right now. So, Mr. Carter simply nodded. “That’s right.”

A joyful glint suddenly entered Julian’s eyes. “Alright. Carry on.”

He waved his hand dismissively and returned to his room. The more Julian looked at the flowers, the lighter his mood became. So... His place in Diana’s heart was indeed special.

Turns out that embarrassing her, making her a nanny, and giving her trouble was such an effective method because she was now treating him well.

Considering how obedient she had been acting recently, all of her actions pointed to a new conclusion that she didn’t really want to divorce him at this moment. Rather, she was frantically trying to please him.

With this new conclusion in mind, Julian ordered Mr. Carter to find a new cook and real nanny as soon as possible, to replace the servants his grandmother originally placed in the villa which he had then got rid of.

Mr. Carter didn’t dare question Julian too much and simply agreed to his orders. However, he quickly told Kayla about it.

“Was he distressed when he saw how much work Diana needed to do?” Kayla was confused. “But... Julian didn’t ask her to stop working as a nanny. He also made her wear such embarrassing clothing.”

Kayla sighed, the more time passed, the more she didn’t understand Julian’s thoughts.

It seemed they were drifting further apart. Warning bells sounded in her heart. With a solemn look, she said to Mr. Carter, “Go ahead and find the candidates he asked for. But I’ll have the final say on who we hire.”

She thought it was about time to place her own people in the villa. When the time came, and she wasn’t around, she would be able to know what Julian and Diana were up to.

She would also be able to determine what the two thought based on their behavior.

Mr. Carter, however, was hesitant at her words. "But what if the master finds out..."

"It's fine," Kayla replied with a sweet smile. "Julian loves me the most. It'll be okay even if he finds out."