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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 261

If Julian were to find out that her stomach was hurting not because of her period cramps, would he consider tearing through her stomach with his bare hands right this moment?

Diana was so frightened by the possibility that her whole body went stiff.

Julian sensed a change in her and lowered his head to ask, "What's the matter?"

But to Diana, he looked just like the devil from hell who was here in search of souls. "Jul...Julian Fulcher."

She began stuttering, "My stomach no longer hurts. I was just joking with you earlier. Just let me sit here, and I'll be fine."

Julian could tell at a glance what she was feeling guilty about.

He didn't want to tease her about it, but couldn't help himself.

"Relax." He just wanted to feel his babies.

Contrary to his advice, Diana was unable to relax with his hand still there.

She felt tense both in her mind and heart and said as she tried to push his hand away, "I'm fine, really. It doesn't hurt anymore..."

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"Rubbish!" Julian could see through her and insisted on leaving his hand there, refusing to let Diana return

to her own seat.

He remained there, semi-hugging Diana, his eyes twinkling with a smile. "It hurt so badly in the villa and you were even shopping in a wheelchair just now. How could you be fine so quickly?"

Had she known this would happen, she wouldn't have gone with the flow and sat in the wheelchair.

Now, it gave Julian the perfect excuse to latch on to.

"Julian." Diana couldn't stand it any longer and asked "Do you really think that was just ordinary period cramps?"

"No," Julian replied solemnly.

Of course!

It wasn't that easy to hide the pregnancy from him after all.

Alarm bells rang in Diana's mind as she felt her throat constrict with fear, "Then... What else do you know?"

The smile in Julian's eyes deepened as he looked at Diana behaving like a frightened hamster running around in circles in its cage. He found it amusing, and deliberately dragged his words out as he said, "What... do you think?"

Damn it all!

This wicked man!

The more Diana thought about it, the more frightened she felt.

This time round, she didn't care that he was still holding her. She forced her way out of his arms and sat back

in her seat resolutely.

Julian was worried that she would hurt the fetus in the midst of struggling, and quickly answered his own question in feigned surprise. "You used to have really bad period cramps, don't you remember?"

Whew!

It was true that she used to have bad period cramps.

There was one time when she had cramps while they were out on a trip. She didn't want to spoil his fun and decided to tolerate the pain at the beginning.

However, the pain in her tummy got worse and her face turned paler and paler by the minute. The pain was so excruciating that she eventually fainted.

Julian was in a state of fright as he stayed by her side at the hospital the entire day.

The trip didn't go as planned, but he didn't look disappointed at all. In fact, after that episode, he was extra cautious whenever her period was around the corner. He would instruct the kitchen to brew tea and prepare warm honey in advance.

Although he didn't do so this time, he still remembered when she got her period cramps.

"Why..." It was as if a dam in Diana's heart finally burst as tears began welling up in her eyes. "You're the one who asked for a divorce and even began staying with Kayla. Yet, you still remember when I had my period and even gave me a tummy rub, as though you're still so deeply in love with me."

She was still half-lying in his embrace, and they were so close to each other.

They could even feel each other's body warmth.

Yet, a great chasm lay between them.

Julian felt exposed, but he opened his mouth and countered, "I wasn't rubbing your belly. I simply placed my hand on it. What's more," he paused, "I didn't remember when your period cramps were at first. The pain in your stomach reminded me of it."

The thoughts and affections swirling around Diana's mind disappeared in a flash at Julian's explanation." Haha," she chuckled awkwardly. "It was my wishful thinking. Mr. Fulcher, don't mind me."

Julian chuckled back at her. "That's all right. I don't mind."

"But, I do mind. A little." Diana pinched the back of his hand and lifted it up, as if she were picking up trash. "We're about to get divorced. Let's not play such games with each other."

The mere mention of divorce made Julian's face darken.

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He immediately remembered Diana's divorce plan and her questions at the dinner table.

"Are you so eager to get a divorce?!"

Diana was rendered speechless. "Be reasonable, will you?! You were the one who suggested getting a divorce. You were the one who brought Kayla into the house. You were the one who made me a replacement! And now, you're accusing me of being eager to get divorced?"

Silence ensued in the car.

Very quickly, Diana went on, "I didn't want to in the past."

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Back then, when Julian first brought up divorce, she would hide somewhere and cry alone.

The feeling intensified after finishing up the bowl of porridge he made for her, and sensing that his heart was no longer with her.

Subsequently, when she found out that she was nothing but a replacement for Kayla, she felt even more hopeless about their marriage.

She no longer wanted to hold out any hope.

She didn't want to allow herself to ask the ridiculous and lowly question of whether the divorce would go through or not.

Since she wasn't the one he loved, she would naturally leave.

Diana sighed and said truthfully, "But now, I really, really want to."

A tear slid down her cheek and landed on his shirt the moment she confessed.

It seared Julian's heart, but he didn't say anything. He pretended not to see her tear and finally retracted his

hand that was resting on her belly.

His mind was in utter chaos right now.

He had promised Kayla that he would get a divorce.

It was ultimately Diana's destiny.

He knew very clearly that he had to take responsibility for Kayla.

The three of them could not go on living their lives this way.

But...

Could he really bear to see Diana leave him with their babies in tow?

Those were his blood and flesh; his children, whom Grandma had been yearning for a long time.

And there were two of them, not just one.

If Grandma were to find out, she would be over the moon.

And yet, Diana wanted to quietly leave him and Grandma.

What if...

What if he asked her to stay?

Will she decide not to divorce him?

But if they didn't get divorced, what would happen to Kayla?

Julian Fulcher, the man who always had a clear mind in business, suddenly became lost and confused at that

moment.

It was like he suddenly became mute. There were countless things he wanted to tell Diana, but the words died at the tip of his tongue and all that came out was a cold, "Okay."

As if he agreed with everything she said.

Indeed, Diana thought. No matter how many times she repeated herself, he would never ask her to stay. Diana smiled with a sense of peace in her heart. "Settle the divorce proceedings as quickly as possible."

This time, she finally managed to leave his embrace and sit back in her chair. "The quicker, the better for all three of us."

Julian was on the verge of asking her if it would be better for the babies in her womb.

Did she think that being a single mother was going to be easy?

Or rather, "Are you ready for Oliver to take over?"

"You're crazy!" Things were supposed to be taking a turn for the better. "Why did you suddenly get him involved again?"

Last time, Oliver got beaten up for no reason. Even when something that awful happened to him, he didn't say anything much and was still as kind as ever.

This time, he was once again maliciously slandered. Was he Julian's punching bag?

"Diana Winnington!" Julian's eyes turned cold. "Watch your tone when you're talking to me!"

He forbade her to yell at him for the sake of another man!

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"You're so overbearing and selfish!" Those were Diana's comments for Julian right now.

She couldn't win an argument against him, and didn't even want to have an argument with him.

Deep inside, she was indignant and frustrated.

She had to open the window to let fresh air in and adjust her breathing.

That was the only thing she could do to lift her mood.

Julian wasn't convinced.

To him, Diana was more overbearing than he was. She even stripped him of his right to be a father.

She was the one who wanted to get a divorce and leave him with his children in tow!

But at the sight of the tears in Diana's eyes, he swallowed the hurtful words that were at the tip of his tongue.

The state that Diana was in right now...

Definitely had something to do with what he did in the past.

Over their three years of marriage, didn't he silently strip her of her right to be a mother too?

If it weren't for him accidentally forgetting to replace the pills, she couldn't possibly be pregnant right now.

The thought of what he said to Luke in a rush in front of Diana at the factory made Julian want to slap himself silly.

Back then...

She must have felt deeply hurt.

His face darkened even more, but he didn't do anything further to her.

Even until they got out of the car, he took the initiative to open her car door and block her head from hitting the roof of the car.

Diana was slightly taken aback.

However, she concluded that he did it simply out of habit.

There were some things that she had gotten used to, and so did he.

According to Julian, Kayla was the reason for what happened today. For all she knew, he was being so gentlemanly and tolerant by way of apologizing on behalf of Kayla.

It wouldn't be his first time doing something like this, anyway.

But each time Diana had to face up to reality, her heart would throb with pain.

Thankfully, after the chaos that ensued today, Julian probably detested her even more and felt even more strongly about the divorce.

“There’s nothing between Oliver and I.” She thought about it before saying gently, “I hope you won’t slander him in the future. After all, I have never slandered Kayla before you, despite how cruelly you and

Kayla treated me.”

Hah!

Was she negotiating with him?

He refused to budge.

“You can say whatever you like. Conversely, you have no say over what I want to say.

Diana was stunned. “You mean, you don’t mind even if I speak badly of Kayla in front of you?”

“I do,” Julian said coldly, “Otherwise, how will I be as overbearing and selfish as you say I am, and live up to your perception of me?”

The sight of Diana being rendered speechless by his words made Julian’s mood improve by leaps and bounds. The bad mood he was suffering from throughout the journey vanished in an instant. “Does your stomach still hurt?”

He looked serious and sincerely concerned.

But Julian was wicked through and through, and she refused to fall into his trap again. She said coldly, “It no longer hurts. Thank you for your concern, Mr. Fulcher.”

Just then, Kayla appeared at the door of the villa, looking like she was waiting for Julian’s return.

Julian corrected Diana, as if he didn’t see Kayla standing there, “Call me Hubby.”

Hubby?!

Diana felt like she was struck by lightning, as feelings of disgust and horror arose in her. "Quit joking. It's not funny at all." She pointed at where Kayla was standing. "Kayla's waiting for you."

She, Diana Winington, was not a toy for their entertainment.

Not for them to step on whenever they felt like it.

Not for them to taste whenever they felt like it.

Even though she loved Julian desperately to the point of being unable to hate him, despite him doing so many cruel and downright wicked things to her.

To the point of switching between holding out hope for him and then having all her hopes dashed.

She wasn't about to cheapen herself to that extent.

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She loved him, but that's none of his business.

She would pretend that he didn't tell her to call him Hubby.

Julian didn't repeat himself.

He was troubled by what he had said. Was he going crazy?

Why in the world did he ask Diana to call him Hubby?

Inexplicable waves of emotions roiled in the depths of his eyes. He slowly turned to walk through the door as

Diana left.

"Julian!" Kayla waved her hands at him.

Diana was standing right in between them.

It seemed like things had always been like that; she was always passively involved in his and Kayla's world.

Julian looked at Diana's retreating figure and mouthed a silent apology.

How would things pan out for the three of them from here on?

Especially for Kayla.

Julian glanced at Kayla and asked, "Had your shower?"

Kayla's heart was filled with wrath each time she heard those words, but she dared not show her anger on her face. She merely smiled and said sweetly, "Yes. I'll always listen to you, Julian."

With that, she clung onto him.

Julian avoided her discreetly as he carefully verified that the scent was no longer on her. "In the future, don't use that fragrance."

He had already made himself clear before.

"I know." Kayla nodded and said indignantly, "I listened to you and I've thrown it away."

"Okay," Julian replied coldly.

He paused for a moment and asked, "Did you know there's deer musk in it?"

Deer musk?

Before Julian returned, Kayla called Lucy, who knew that there was that kind of medicine in it. She thought that was the reason why Julian was angry,

but...

Was it because there was deer musk in it?

"I...I didn't know that." She gripped tightly onto the corners of her shirt and lowered her head slowly; her eyes were filled with jealousy, hatred, and a tinge of worry.

She seemed to know why Julian was so furious.

Deer musk wasn't good for fetuses, and could potentially cause miscarriages.

In other words, it was highly likely that Julian already knew about Diana's pregnancy.

And he chose Diana over Kayla, just as Kayla was worried about!

He even got angry with Kayla because of Diana.

At the thought of what Diana said about her really wanting to get divorced and that she would never, over her dead body, let Julian know about her pregnancy, confusion shrouded Kayla once again.

Kayla desperately wanted to ask about it, but the moment she thought about what Diana said about Julian not being willing to get a divorce, her desire for a clear answer vanished.

What if Julian didn't know that Diana was pregnant?

The moment she asked, he would know about it.

That would just be sending the helve after the hatchet!

The sight of Kayla lowering her head with a nervous and anxious look, coupled with the fact that she didn't make excuses to him like she did in the past, gave Julian a bad feeling about things.

He immediately questioned, "Did you do it on purpose?"

Kayla's throat constricted with fear. "What did I do on purpose?"

Based on the look on her face, Julian couldn't sense that Kayla was lying. He grunted, "Nothing. In the future, avoid fragrances with deer musk in them. I don't like the smell of it."

Kayla nodded obediently. "Okay."

She wanted to step forward and chat with him more, but Julian avoided her touch and widened the distance

between them.

His eyes were in close pursuit of Diana instead.

Kayla clenched her fists so hard that her nails dug into the flesh of her palm. Anger flashed past her eyes but her voice remained sweet, "Julian, you were so anxious to take Diana out. What was it for?"

At the mention of Diana, Julian appeared more willing to chat more with Kayla. "Her stomach was hurting. Didn't you notice?"

Anger burned brighter in Kayla's heart, but the look on her face only became more innocent. She continued sweetly, "No, I didn't... You asked me to stand farther away, so I didn't notice what happened over there."

She followed close behind. "How's Diana now? Is she feeling better? Does her stomach still hurt?"

Julian wasn't foolish.

Conversely, he was absolutely brilliant.

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After all, he had climbed the ladder of success in the business world to achieve everything he had today.

As long as he set his mind to it, it wasn't difficult for him to see through someone.

Especially for someone with a track record, like Kayla.

She had deliberately sowed discord between him and Diana, and would sometimes even play little tricks

against Diana. He knew all about it, and even covered up for her.

He went as far as to pretend as if nothing happened.

Whatever it was, as long as Kayla wasn't harmed, as long as he fulfilled his promise to protect her for life, as long as he was still repaying her kindness.

That way, she wouldn't have saved him in vain.

Yet...

She repeatedly took him for a fool, over and over again.

This made Julian extremely uncomfortable.

Especially right now.

He turned around, refusing to see the concern in her eyes; the concern for Diana that was merely superficial.

“If you’re really concerned about her, you should ask her directly. Why are you following behind me so closely and asking me instead?” He indulged Kayla and wanted to give her the best life possible, but it didn’t mean that he was willing to be treated like a fool every single time.

Suddenly, Julian sighed. “Kayla.”

She didn’t use to be like this.

She was never this pretentious.

“It must’ve been tough when you were abroad over those three years.”

Kayla’s eyes immediately turned red. “It wasn’t. I felt blessed just thinking about you every day.”

At that, Julian felt like he choked on something.

“I’m the one at fault.”

He truly shouldn’t have wavered in between Diana and Kayla.

All the more he shouldn’t have allowed the thought of just not getting a divorce fester in his mind.

That would be way too cruel to Kayla, who ran off overseas all by herself in search of treatment for her stomach cancer so he wouldn’t feel as sad and hopeless as she did back then.

At the same time, he felt like there was a part of his heart that was gradually filled by something over the last three years.

In fact, it was why his patience toward Kayla was running thin right now.

Everything was his fault.

Julian sighed and closed his arms around Kayla, pulling her in his embrace. “Give me a little more time.”

Kayla was completely confused.

She had just thought that Julian had found out about her tricks, and was unhappy with her.

To her surprise, he turned around and hugged her instead.

Kayla hugged him back happily, feeling all the more certain that she wanted to take Diana's place at the client's dinner. She couldn't let the issue fester any longer. She had to seize the chance and have Julian in the palm of her hand!

She didn't want Julian choosing Diana over her again, like what happened just now.

Kayla hugged him even tighter.

However, Julian's face became darker.

He was now very sure that when he hugged Kayla, his heart remained unmoved, and he clearly did not have the desire to be more intimate with her.

This seemed to be...

Completely unrelated to him treasuring her as he had thought in the past.

For the very first time, Julian began questioning his relationship with Kayla.

Was it love or gratitude?

The lines were beginning to blur for him.

As for Diana, did he take her as a mere replacement, or was he concerned for the fetuses in her stomach? Or... did he really love her?

He wasn't sure at all.

He only knew that his mind had never been in such utter chaos before.

Diana stood around the corner, quietly observing the couple hugging each other in a tight embrace. She sneered as the chill in her eyes grew icier.

Hubby?

Hah!

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It was utterly disgusting.

Diana rubbed her stomach in a bid to calm herself down. She didn't want the filthy scene before her to soil her eyes, so she immediately went back to her room for a shower and a fresh change of clothes.

She never once touched the dress that Julian bought for her at SK Mall.

She found it absolutely filthy.

The next day at Hillary Hotel, Kayla was all made-up early in the morning. She had deliberately drawn her eyebrows to resemble that of Diana's, and it made her look even more like her sister.

She came early to the hotel to wait for Michael and the rest.

Diana, on the other hand, was being pestered by her colleagues who had work for her to do.

She only finally managed to emerge from the crowd when she was almost late to the dinner with the client at the hotel. But when she headed downstairs, she couldn't get a taxi. She was still feeling traumatized about taking the train, and thought perhaps it was better for her to continue waiting.

But the longer she waited, the more uneasy she felt.

She had a niggling feeling that something was going to happen tonight.

Right at that moment when she was distracted, a couple of taxis rushed past her.

They looked empty, but for some reason, they didn't stop despite seeing her standing by the road.

Diana decided to change her spot and wait elsewhere.

On the other end, Michael and the rest had reached Hillary Hotel.

His gaze landed on Kayla the moment he entered. "Miss Winnington," he greeted.

He reached his hand out, his face all solemn and proper. In actual fact, his fingers began rubbing across the back of Kayla's hand when Kayla shook his outstretched hand.

She didn't expect him to be so bold.

But the more outrageously he behaved, the better the show she had prepared for today will be.

"Your designs are superb, and they made my eyes light up the moment I saw them that day. Now that I've seen you in person, I'm convinced that your designs are just like you in person, beautiful and a great pleasure to look at."

Strangely, something felt wrong.

But Michael didn't care enough.

To him, all women present at his dinners were in silent agreement of his behavior.

Who in this city wasn't aware of his reputation?

He hadn't been fooling around with women over the past few years for nothing.

Everyone was playing along with a set of unwritten rules.

But as Michael was drinking to his heart's content and staring at Kayla all the while, he finally noticed that something was off.

"This isn't right. You're not her."

The Diana Winnington he saw that day was more exquisite and composed than this woman before him. Her eyes and brows especially looked like they came from a painting. Her beauty was unforgettable, but this woman before him didn't feel like her at all.

Kayla jumped in fright over his words. "Mr. Gibson, you're drunk."

"I'm not drunk!" Michael waved his hands and leaned into her ear. "I'm very clear about what I'm doing."

Well... Although she wasn't Diana Winnington, he wouldn't reject a woman throwing herself at him.

"Tell me. What do you want?"

The two of them were so close to each other that from the lens of the surveillance camera, it looked like Michael was practically lying on top of Kayla.

Kayla, on the other hand, kept shunning his touch.

He was too pushy and aggressive for her.

She chuckled forcefully and lifted a glass of wine, saying, "Mr. Gibson, let's raise a toast to our customer."

"It's alright if you're not willing to say it now." Michael smiled slyly. "I have my way of making you talk once we're in the room."

Kayla pretended not to hear him and finished up her glass, making sure that the surveillance camera had a good angle of her.

"Alright!" Michael clapped his hands in glee. When the contract on the table was signed, everyone left the room, not wanting to overstay their presence.

Slowly, only two of them were left in the room.

"I want to do something novel." He glanced at the surveillance camera and waved his hands to instruct the

staff to turn off the camera.

He then glanced at Kayla. "Anyway, you threw yourself at me so boldly. I think you'll appreciate my novel. approach."

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Tremors of fear crept up Kayla's spine.

She tried opening the door of the room, but no matter how much she twisted the handle, the door just wouldn't budge.

Michael pulled her to him in one swift move.

The choking smell of alcohol on his body rushed up her nose, the smell so horrid that it made her eyes water. Kayla pinched her nose and struggled with all her might, but she was unable to resist him.

It was true she wanted to make the entire scene look genuine, and make herself look more like a victim in order to sow discord between Julian and Diana.

Even so, she didn't want to be stuck in a situation like this!

If she were to lose her innocence in such a way, she would have less leverage over Julian in the future.

So, she must...

Protect herself well before Julian arrived.

However, she was just too physically weak.

Under the influence of alcohol, Michael's strength was unbridled and he locked Kayla tightly in his embrace. "You were the one who threw yourself at me. Come on, tell me you've been looking forward to this all night He sneered lustily, the features on his face wrought with desire. He reached out to unbutton his shirt as he sputtered, "Beauty, I'll satisfy myself with you first before finding Dia...Diana..."

Michael was getting incoherent, yet all he had in mind was that b*tch Diana!

What was so good about her?

Why do all men get mesmerized by her?!

Anger rose in Kayla's throat, and an inexplicable wave of energy overcame her. She shoved hard against the man who was pushing almost all his weight on her and immediately dialed Julian's number on her phone, but no one picked up the call.

For all her planning, she didn't expect Julian to not pick up his phone at a time like this!

How was she going to let him witness the terrible plight she was in right now?

How was she going to sow discord between him and Diana by accusing Diana of hurting her?

But right now, she had no time to think.

“Still playing games with me?” Michael leered as he bent forward to find Kayla who had hidden below the table, reaching out to pull her out.

Kayla shrunk back as far as she could and continued to call Julian’s phone.

But it was no use. No one picked up the call, even after she redialed many times.

Michael’s hand landed on her shoulder.

He picked Kayla up as easily as he would a little bird.

He even tore her clothes in the midst of the struggle.

The look in Michael’s eyes was frightening.

Kayla’s heart thumped with fear. Her hands fumbled around her and came into contact with a wine bottle. She grabbed it without any hesitation and smashed Michael’s head with it like a madwoman.

But it was no use.

In fact, it widened the smile on his face and made him look even more bloodthirsty.

Fear shot through her veins as Kayla realized that she was in big trouble.

But right now, Julian didn’t even know where she was, much less what was happening to her. How could she suffer a double whammy when she had planned this all just to frame Diana?

She had to protect herself!

The look in Kayla’s eyes turned vicious as she changed tack and smashed the wine bottle in her hand on the table. She then smashed it hard against Michael’s head once more.

Crash!

The bottle was smashed to smithereens.

Ruthless anger flashed past the depths of Michael's eyes. "D*mn it! How dare you hit me!"

He looked like a lion provoked to anger as he glared dangerously at Kayla.

The moment his hand stretched out and touched the blood on his forehead, he spat on the floor and turned so agitated that he tore his shirt and charged toward Kayla.

Pervert!

Kayla was so shocked at his sudden agitation that she was rendered speechless.

She subconsciously stabbed the smashed wine bottle in Michael's direction.

However, the disparity in strength between them was too great. Before the bottle reached him, he held her wrist and exclaimed perversely, "How thrilling!" He chuckled as he went on, "I've never played with a woman this exciting."

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With that, he grabbed Kayla's hair and dragged her to the table.

Kayla knew very well what was going to happen next.

She also knew that aside from herself, no one would be coming to save her.

She could only once again pin her hopes on the many wine bottles lying around, one of which she grabbed and ruthlessly smashed against her own head before Michael could even react.

Crash!

The bottle broke into pieces on her head.

Her action scared Michael, but he recovered very quickly. "You threw yourself at me, yet you're deliberately showing me such a fierce side of yourself. Looks like you're really trying to play hard to get."

His words made the fear in Kayla's heart grow.

She threw herself at him not for the sake of this fat, ugly, middle-aged man!

She did it for the sake of winning Julian's heart back!

She did it for the sake of making his heart ache for her!

In that case...

Kayla's eyes narrowed as a vicious look flashed past them. She glanced once more at Michael and suddenly lifted her hand up high. This time, she aimed the broken bottle at herself.

Splatter!

Drops of blood sprayed across the room.

Kayla was in an awful plight, with multiple glass shards piercing her legs and arms, her face turning pale in

an instant.

As she let out an eerie chuckle, Kayla looked as if she didn't feel any pain.

Even in his drunken state, Michael could sense something was very wrong. "What exactly is your motive for taking Diana's place and coming here?"

Kayla shut her eyes and shook her head, refusing to say a word.

She leaned weakly against the wall and crawled with all her might toward her phone, which had dropped on the floor during the struggle earlier.

Her crawling left a trail of blood snaking behind her.

It looked like a bloody centipede, the scene startling and gruesome.

Even Michael was frightened by it. He just wanted some fun; he didn't expect to end up seeing someone else

killed!

Kayla's behavior had taken him completely by surprise.

He crouched down, wanting to check on Kayla's wounds.

But she lifted the glass bottle in her hand, threatening to pierce herself with it once more.

This time, she was aiming for her heart.

"Don't come close!" Kayla yelled at him. "If you dare come close, I'll die right before you!"

The moment she said that, her call to Julian's phone finally went through.

Triumph flashed past her eyes and she cried out immediately, "Sob! Julian, quick, come and save me..."

Julian, in the meantime, had just come out of a meeting.

He was still in a daze, but immediately tensed up upon hearing Kayla's tone. "Don't cry. Tell me, happened?"

what

Kayla's wounds were still bleeding, and the choking smell of blood was getting stronger and stronger.

But the moment Julian picked up the call, Kayla smiled. It was a startling contrast with her terrible plight at

that moment.

Fear crept up Michael's heart as he cursed out loud and turned to leave.

"Who's talking?" Julian heard a man's voice over the phone. "Kayla, can you hear me?"

Kayla stuttered through her sobs, "I...I can..."

She even managed a sharp inhale in between her cries.

Thereafter, she hung up and switched off the phone with a smile on her face as she tolerated the pain shooting up from her limbs.

As long as Julian knew something bad had happened to her, she knew he would be here very soon.

That would be when her acting skills would truly be put to the test.

Right now, she just needed to quietly wait for the blood to flow from her body, bear with the pain, and drag her limbs around the room, and make it covered with blood and filled with the choking smell. The more terrible her plight, the better...

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Three years ago, on the day when he realized that Kayla went missing, Julian went wild searching for her.

He was worried sick that she was in danger.

He was worried something untoward would happen to her in his turf.

He didn't expect Kayla to have gone abroad.

Three years later, upon finding out that she had gone overseas due to cancer, he looked at his own wife Diana with his heart filled with guilt toward Kayla.

He thought he could take good care of Kayla from now on.

He thought he could give up on Diana and reunite with Kayla in no time, giving Kayla the wedding of her dreams to make up for lost time over the past three years. Yet now, after one month, he had done nothing for Kayla except to allow her to stay in his villa without an official status.

He even developed feelings for Diana, and wanted to preserve the babies in her womb.

And Kayla... Kayla knew nothing about all these.

She had been wholeheartedly dreaming about their future.

Yet today, he had let her fall into danger because of his neglect.

No...

Or rather, it was deliberate neglect.

Ever since Diana's stomachache last night and his tentative hug with Kayla, Julian had deliberately distanced himself from Kayla.

He wanted to make sure of his own feelings.

He wanted to be clear about how he truly felt about the two sisters.

But now, he couldn't take it upon hearing that Kayla was in danger.

Indeed...

The feelings he had developed for Diana over these few days were merely because of his children in her belly.

It had nothing to do with love.

He had mistaken his own feelings.

Otherwise, why would hearing about Kayla being in danger be so heart-wrenching for him?

He had been close to heartless toward Kayla over the past few days. "Drive faster!" He instructed Noel to accelerate all the way as he navigated to the location where Kayla had called him from. "She's right there! Be there in five minutes!"

Noel instinctively knew that something had happened and dared not delay in carrying out Julian's instructions. "Yes, sir!"

The car sped along the streets all the way to the hotel. Before the car ground to a halt, Julian jumped out of it and swiftly instructed his men to block out all the exits and entrances of the hotel.

The hotel manager saw that it was Julian Fulcher, and knew that something major had happened.

He immediately came forward and bowed. "Mr. Fulcher."

Julian ignored his greeting and simply said Kayla's name. "Which room is she in?!"

The manager was utterly confused.

Thankfully, Hillary Hotel kept records of all their guests and the receptionist was able to speedily identify where Kayla was from the list of hotel guests. "In Room 808!"

The manager repeated in a loud voice, "Room 808!"

Before they knew it, Julian had rushed into the elevator.

The thought of Kayla's voice and the man he heard over the phone almost made his head split.

Right after Julian exited the elevator, he heard someone say over the phone, "D*mn it! What an unlucky day! I met a woman with a nasty voice who hurt herself in front of me. What a spoilsport.

Yes, she wasn't even the woman I wanted. I wanted the woman called Diana Winnington. Check this out for me. Why wasn't it Diana Winnington who appeared here tonight, but that nasty sounding woman instead? She was horrid and scary. Just thinking about her makes me sick!"

Bam!

Before Michael managed to hang up and keep the look of disdain on his face to himself, he received a punch in the face from Julian.

"Where's Kayla?!" Julian grabbed the man's collar, the look in his eyes so murderous and cold that it sent shivers down the man's spine.

Even an old cunning fox like Michael Gibson was unable to withstand the fearsome look in Julian's eyes. He looked away in fear, losing even the boldness to fight back, "Mr...Mr. Fulcher..."

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He didn't understand how that woman had anything to do with Mr. Fulcher.

Julian couldn't be bothered with his greeting. In fact, he even had thoughts of killing the man in cold blood. His eyes turned bloodshot as he gripped the man's throat and demanded once more, "Where's Kayla?!"

He was on the verge of explosion.

Michael's hands shook with fear and he pointed to the direction of Room 808. He stuttered fearfully, "A-a- round the c-c-corner..."

He only dared to breathe when Julian released him.

He was about to make a run for it when Noel stopped him in his tracks.

That was when it dawned on Michael that the one whom Julian was looking for was that woman with the nasty voice, who had thrown herself at him and then turned viciously on herself.

No.

He couldn't possibly utter a word about how that woman threw herself at him.

Otherwise, Julian Fulcher might really kill him!

The thought of the look in Julian's eyes earlier made Michael's body tremble with fear.

Even before Julian entered the room, he knew that Kayla had suffered.

He noticed that there was blood on Michael's body, but he never expected to witness such a horrible scene in

the room.

He could smell the choking smell of blood even before opening the door.

After which, he heard a weak cry. "Julian..."

"Ugh..." He found the scene almost unbearable, the blood stains in the room so shocking that his face hardened like ice. His features softened imperceptibly when he finally reached Kayla's side. "I came late."

He looked at her bleeding wounds and quickly called for help to bandage her wounds up. He then immediately called doctors over.

The hotel manager knew that something had happened in the room, but did not expect Julian's woman to be

involved.

He went all out to cooperate with Julian and his subordinates, nearly wanting to compensate with his own

life.

“I will demand compensation.” Julian glanced at the surveillance camera that was deliberately shut off. He sneered coldly, and as he left the room with the manager, he said to Noel, “I don’t want to see them in Richburgh ever again.”

That meant that their hard work in Richburgh was about to vanish into thin air.

Yet none of them dared to refute Julian, nor did they have the chance to.

Noel was swift to act. “Yes, Sir.”

When the dust had settled, Julian returned to the room, which had transformed into a temporary ward for the purpose of tending to her wounds.

“Mr. Fulcher.” The doctor saw Julian enter the room and stepped forward to update him about Kayla’s condition. “The wounds on her thigh are severe. Had you come just slightly later, she might have lost her leg.”

Julian was shocked to hear that. “What about now?”

“Her wounds were treated just in time, and her leg should be fine after recuperating for around one month.”

Julian heaved a sigh of relief. “What about her throat?”

“Due to the shock she went through, all our previous efforts have gone down the drain,” the doctor explained. “She will need to take extra care from now on to provide a good foundation for vocal cord surgery

in the future.”

Julian knew how important the doctor’s advice was. “Okay.”

Kayla overheard their conversation and said piteously, “Julian, I want to go home.”

“Back to the Winningtons?”

“No, back to our home.”

The mention of their home made Julian feel terrible. “Okay, I’ll bring you home.”

When they returned to the villa, Julian’s brows were still creased with worry.

Kayla knew that it was time for her to add fuel to fire.

She asked cautiously, “Julian, have you seen Diana?”

“No, I haven’t.” Julian glanced at his watch. “She’s probably still in office. It’s not the end of the work day yet.”

Just then, he suddenly recalled what Michael said over the phone.

Michael had said that Diana was supposed to be the one to turn up at the hotel.

But... Why did it end up being Kayla?