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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 301

As children, Julian and Diana didn't know each other.

At that moment, Julian's mind was simply wandering too far off track. However, the one thing he was certain of now was that Diana was definitely not Kayla's substitute.

Or rather, Julian had never really seen Diana as a substitute from the very beginning.

He thought he had seen her as one because he used to think the feelings he had for Kayla were love, and that any woman he fell in love with would never compare to her.

It never occurred to him that he had never loved Kayla in the first place.

Seeing how Julian was lost in his thoughts, Kayla's tears flowed down her cheeks even faster. Her voice, with her mangled throat, sounded like nails on a chalkboard as she wailed pitifully, "Julian, if I did something wrong, why don't you just tell me? I can't live without you! You were the only reason I managed to overcome my illness while I was abroad! You filled my mind. All I could think of was returning to the country to stand before you when I was fully recovered."

"But now, you're telling me that you're choosing Diana?! I can't accept this! I don't want any of the money, cars, or houses you offered! I just want to be with you!"

Kayla let her tears flow freely. She had never shown Julian such a wretched state before, and he found himself faltering; especially after she mentioned her time aboard.

Whatever his true feelings for Kayla may be, it was undeniable that Kayla's feelings for him were genuine.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have endured the pain of stomach cancer alone and gone abroad. His firm determination gradually softened, and he consoled her, "Don't cry."

His tone also warmed a little. "I'll station Noel here to care for you. You can just let him know if you want anything, regardless of the timing."

"You said last night that you'd stay with me," Kayla reminded him, trying to use her tears to change his mind. "But you didn't... Can't you just spend the day with me?"

Kayla put her clothes back on, dried her tears, and then turned to him before saying slowly, "I swear I'm not going to say or do anything. I just want to spend the day with you. Just think of it...as a transition period."

Julian considered it for a while before finally agreeing. "Alright."

With that said, Julian got Noel to bring his computer over and got to work on the couch in the same room. Kayla gradually stopped crying, and even had calm conversations with Julian during his breaks.

He apologized sincerely to her, "It's my fault for not sorting out how I truly felt back then, but I do know that I have feelings for you. However, it's more of gratitude for saving me and more of a sibling bond."

That was why it had been difficult for Julian to go through all these years acting like lovers with Kayla. He found it hard to do simple things like holding her hand or hugging her. The only two times he had done it recently was to confirm his feelings for Diana.

Otherwise, he usually wouldn't initiate any intimate contact with Kayla. Even if she took the initiative, he would resist as much as possible.

Julian was obviously a man in his prime, so even he couldn't resist when faced with the woman he loved.

This was evident when he interacted with Diana. Even though she was now pregnant, she was still the most attractive woman in his eyes.

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What right did Julian have to not love and cherish her, Kayla?

It looked like the only straw she could grasp in this situation was the lie that she had saved his life when they were children.

Kayla took another deep breath and said, "Let's not talk about the past anymore. When I was a child, I didn't know how I had the courage to save you in that cold weather. Your face was so red back then, and you wouldn't wake up no matter how much I called for you. I really thought you were going to die..."

After saying that, she quickly waved her hand in front of her face as if trying to chase away the bitter heartache that accompanied that memory.

"Oh, look at me! I just said not to talk about the past, yet here I am going on about it."

As soon as she said that, she acted like she couldn't take it anymore and buried herself underneath the covers. The wound on her leg ripped open from her action, but she pretended not to notice and cried sadly. "Julian... I really love you. I really, really do! I loved you from the moment I saw you...!"

Julian found her sorrowful display highly uncomfortable, but he didn't approach her to comfort her. He knew that if he gave in this time or did anything that caused Kayla to misunderstand his actions, it would only hurt both sisters even more deeply.

In the end, he turned and called for Noel. Gesturing at Kayla's wound, he said, "Call a doctor."

Then, Julian packed up his things and left for the hospital.

By the time the doctor arrived, Julian had long since been gone from the room; not even his shadow lingered.

Noel never imagined that Julian would act so firmly and decisively; the more surprising fact was to discover that his master had never loved Kayla that way.

He recalled the conversation when Julian had asked him about feelings, and he vaguely wondered if he had answered wrongly back then. However, he didn't dare think of it right now for fear of getting punished with a salary deduction. Instead, he focused on working harder.

"Miss Kayla, please don't cry. Sir doesn't love you, and he won't turn back just because you're crying."

Kayla, who had tried to keep Julian with her through her tears, was speechless at Noel's words.

Thanks for pointing out the obvious!

When Kayla looked at Noel, she suddenly remembered Mr. Carter, and her expression cleared up a little at that. With that thought in mind, she put away the insults on her tongue and said, "You're right, Noel. I'll simply have to get used to Julian's absence."

Then, she continued, "Does Julian know about Diana being pregnant?"

Noel was stunned.

What? The missus was pregnant?!

"I'm sure he doesn't."

It was such a big deal, and if Julian knew, he would definitely have told Noel...right?

"That's a little outrageous to say," Noel said confidently. "That can't be the reason why sir broke up you, so don't listen to petty rumors."

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Kayla was relieved to see that Noel seemed to be telling the truth. As long as Julian hadn't left her because of

pregnancy, that was fine.

Diana's pregnancy,

That meant Kayla still had a chance.

Besides, she could also plan to get rid of the child Diana was carrying in

was ensuring the problem was eliminated forever!

For this to happen, Kayla needed Mr. Carter's aid.

rat The next step in this situation

Kayla's mood lifted when she thought about that, and her attitude toward Noel improved. "I may not be able to return to the villa for now, and Mr. Carter was good to me while I was there. When you see him, please send him my regards."

Noel didn't expect Kayla to be so kind. He answered without hesitation, "Don't worry, I'll do as you asked."

"Thank you," Kayla said with a nod.

As the doctor continued to treat her wound, Kayla turned pale and eventually turned away so that her back was facing Noel. She didn't speak to him again.

In Noel's point of view, Kayla was hurt by her broken heart and was no longer in the mood to hold a conversation. He didn't see the deep resentment and malice in her eyes from where he stood.

Diana... That woman would pay the price for stealing Kayla's man!

She would also ensure that Julian never found out that Diana had been the one who actually saved him when they were younger.

Kayla would take that secret to her grave!

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Mr. Carter was touched when Noel told him that Kayla had sent her regards to him, even though she should be worrying over her own injuries. What touched him even more was that she still remembered the antic teapot he had mentioned in passing.

The small teapot was made from crystal and was transparent. When the old man opened the box, he was

moved to tears.

Even Noel, his own son, had never been so attentive to his words.

Moreover, the crystal teapot was worth a lot of money; and yet, Kayla had given it to him so casually. After receiving the gift, Mr. Carter said nothing but went straight to his room and dialed her number.

“Miss Kayla,” Mr. Carter said emotionally once the call connected. “Thank you for your concern, as well as for the teapot. I’m grateful you think so much of me.”

Then, a hint of anger seeped into his tone as he continued, “Also, I’ve heard about what happened between you and Mr. Fulcher...”

Finally! This was what Kayla had been waiting for!

She huffed at the appropriate parts and replied, “Let’s not talk about that, Mr. Carter. My heart feels like it’s killing me.”

Mr. Carter was silent for a moment. After a while, he asked, “Is there anything I can do for you?”

Kayla stayed silent, and Mr. Carter pressed further, “If there’s anything I can do to help, I insist you let me know, Miss Kayla.”

He always believed that Diana was not a good match for Julian. Now that Julian was giving up Kayla, Mr. Carter firmly believed it was due to some unavoidable hardship.

There was no way Julian would willingly let such a good girl like Kayla go and instead choose to keep Diana, a dirty country bumpkin.

That woman had been married into the Fulcher family for three years, but she had never been as attentive as Kayla was to the servants in the household.

He touched the cold, crystal teapot; through it, he could feel the warmth from Kayla’s concern and was determined to help her in any way he could.

“...I’m afraid it’d make things difficult for you.”

“I’m sure it won’t,” Mr. Carter replied immediately, happy to hear that he could really be of use. “Tell me what it is, and I’ll do my best to carry it out.”

“Well, it isn’t anything hard, really,” Kayla’s voice gradually cleared up as if she had stopped crying, fearing the older man wouldn’t hear her words. “Open the lid on the teapot.”

Mr. Carter froze momentarily. It sounded as though Kayla had been prepared for this, that she had simply been waiting for him to offer his help. However, he ignored it and did as she instructed.

“There’s a bag inside...and some medicine?”

“Yes,” Kayla said with a nod. “That’s for Diana. You just have to put a bit into her meals every day without her knowing, and that’s what you can help me with.”

Medicine...? It had no name and was in a white powder form. It was colorless as well as odorless.

Mr. Carter couldn’t tell what it was, and he hesitated as doubt sprang in his heart. “Miss Kayla... What is this?”

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“It’s not harmful to people,” Kayla said firmly. “You have to trust me, Mr. Carter. I wouldn’t do anything to

hurt others.”

The ones she wanted to hurt...weren’t human, after all. They were simply two fertilized eggs in Diana’s belly.

Kayla didn’t think they were worthy of being called life at this point, so she fully believed she wasn’t hurting

anyone.

Mr. Carter continued to stare at the medicine in his hand. Was it truly harmless?

“Then... What is it? Why do you want Miss Diana to have this?” Mr. Carter asked again, the doubt in his heart growing.

Kayla replied calmly and in a light tone, “Just to teach her a little lesson, so she wouldn’t dare do anything to Julian again.”

Then she changed her tone and said, “At this point, I’m sure she’s done something to Julian for him to treat me this way.”

On this, Mr. Carter was in full agreement with Kayla.

Thinking about how good Kayla had been to him and the fact that it really did seem like a harmless task, Mr. Carter wavered and said, "Are you sure it'll only make her suffer a little?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Kayla said. Making her voice softer and sounding more pitiful, she added, "Don't you believe me, Mr. Carter?"

"No, of course I do." Mr. Carter shook his head hurriedly. "But when it comes to medicine, I must be more

cautious as I'm the butler of this household."

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Kayla shook her head when she thought about the expression Mr. Carter would be wearing right now.

This old man...

He was Noel's father, but it was clear he was far greedier. Thinking about all the things she had gifted him and how he always acted humble and tried to refuse them made her want to laugh.

She would do it all again for Julian's sake.

In the end, people would give in to temptation. Without knowing it, Mr. Carter had inadvertently been bought over by Kayla.

"Alright."

I'll

Seeing that she had successfully entrusted the task to him, Kayla no longer intended to continue exchanging pleasantries with him. "I'll be counting on you for this, Mr. Carter. After Diana suffered some bitterness, send you more gifts. I'm sure Julian's heart will return to its rightful place with me once all this is over."

There would only be more benefits waiting and no losses once this matter was done.

Mr. Carter could hear the implied words, and he nodded. "Alright. I'll do as you asked."

“Remember,” Kayla reminded him one last time. “Use two grams of the white powder per day. No more and no less than that.”

“Understood,” Mr. Carter replied. “Please leave it to me.”

And with that, a deal was struck.

Just then, Julian returned to the villa. He was somewhat tired. He collapsed onto the couch and called for Mr. Carter to bring him some water.

Mr. Carter had just hung up when he heard Julian calling for him. He panicked and hurriedly went to fetch a glass of water, his hand trembling slightly when he handed it to Julian.

“Here, sir.”

Julian took the water and studied Mr. Carter intently. His dark eyes seemed to pierce through one’s soul, and he asked, “What’s wrong?”

It felt like something was wrong with Mr. Carter today.

“I—It’s nothing.”

Mr. Carter was relieved that Julian didn’t intend to pursue the matter. “It’s just... You don’t seem to be in a good mood, sir.”

Julian furrowed his brows and said nothing. It was a typical action when one was in a bad mood.

Diana walked downstairs at this very moment. She had come down because she heard Julian’s car coming into the driveway, and wanted to ask him about Kayla.

When she saw the deep frown on his face, however, she felt that some things could be understood without words.

She simply needed to believe in the promise he had given her and give themselves a chance so that her babies would have a complete family.

Diana rubbed her stomach and approached him. “What do you feel like eating? I’ll make it for you.”

It had only been a month, but Diana had changed a lot. Julian couldn't help but feel a little guilty at her words, so he said, "I'll do it."

His tall figure towered over when he stood from the couch, and he went into the kitchen. He wanted to cook a few dishes for Diana personally like he used to do in the past.

Diana understood his intentions. "Julian."

Her tone was warm and affectionate, and Julian felt warmth seeping into his cold heart, as if it was a long-lost feeling he had just discovered. The more he settled into it, the more he realized it had been a mistake to

push Diana away from him earlier on.

"Hmm?" He dragged out his words, obviously much happier at the tone Diana had used to call his name.

Even his frown had vanished.

Diana relaxed a little more at the uplift of his mood, and said, "Don't keep thinking about returning to the past. Forcefully trying to revert back to those days is pointless."

After all, her heart had been broken to pieces; that was a fact they could never erase.

"It's the future that's much more important."

In other words, it didn't matter if he wasn't the same as before, or if he didn't take the initiative to care for and cook for her personally.

Those were all simply actions without deeper intentions, after all.

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Actions without deeper intentions were only deliberate attempts to replicate the sweet affection between Diana and Julian in the past, but that wasn't necessary.

If their feelings for each other were real, there wasn't a need to purposely try to replicate things. As long as the two of them were connected in their hearts, that would be more than enough.

Who cooked or who made drinks for the other... These things didn't matter. The important fact was that the two hearts were together, looking forward to the future and willing to brave the path ahead together.

After all, they had both matured from recent experiences.

Julian looked at Diana and felt a surge of warmth flow through him. Moving toward her, he leaned against her and dropped his head on her shoulder. Like a puppet with its strings cut, he sagged downward, putting some of his weight on her as he said, "Don't move."

The two simply stood in the kitchen doorway; the image of them hugging painted a beautiful picture.

Even Mr. Carter had to admit that the moment was surprisingly breathtaking.

However, Diana was surprised by his actions and thought he was ill. She was about to ask when she heard him say, "Let me lean on you for a bit. I'm tired."

Julian felt like he was regaining his strength simply by leaning on her. He was a tall man, but at this moment, he looked like a tiny doll as he leaned on her.

Diana could feel that Julian had given himself to her completely.

At least for the moment, that is; he was trusting her with his entire being. It was the kind of feeling where words weren't needed. Things were understood when two hearts were connected.

This stunned Diana.

If this had been before, when Julian might not have admitted that he had decided to make up with Diana for the children's sake, she assumed that the reason was still related to her pregnancy. In fact, it was possible he suggested not to divorce purely because of the children; this, she believed firmly deep in her heart.

At this moment, however, she wavered on those thoughts.

She could feel the love raging within him. The feeling was so strong, she couldn't ignore it at all.

There was also a hint of heartache underneath it.

“Was I too hard on you?” Diana said with a soft sigh, as if lamenting the fact she was stuck with Julian in this life.

Julian’s voice was slightly muffled from where he was pressed against her when he replied, “No, you

He just hadn’t expected Kayla to be so difficult to deal with.

didn’t.”

“Take your time,” Diana said. “But you need to be clear about the boundaries in place, or I’ll still insist on

the divorce.”

“Alright,” Julian said lazily with a hum, but his arms came up to gently wrap around her waist.

They were interrupted by the sudden sound of a camera clicking.

Diana turned around to find that it was Madam Fulcher standing there with a phone.

“I’m really happy to see you two doing well,” Madam Fulcher said with a kind smile, her eyes sparkling with delight.

She had initially been uneasy about how the two would be once Diana moved back in and whether Diana would be bullied, but it seemed like her worries were in vain; the two seemed to be getting along well.

Perhaps her losing the people she had placed here to keep an eye on in the villa was simply a mere

coincidence.

Madam Fulcher was finally completely relieved, and said, “You two carry on.”

Seeing how embarrassed Diana looked, Madam Fulcher covered her eyes with both hands, though she

couldn't help the wide smile on her lips. She chuckled, saying, "Oh, I'm just delighted at this! Don't mind me!

"

"Grandma..." Diana also couldn't help the laughter that burst from her lips. "You're so cute...!"

Julian's lips twitched upwards as he watched the antics of the two women before him. It felt like he could practically touch the happiness he had before him, and all hints of negative emotions disappeared instantly.

After a few moments, he straightened up and asked, "Why are you here, Grandma?"

"Oh, I obviously came at the wrong time." The old woman laughed cheerily as she winked at her grandson. "I'll be leaving now. You two carry on, hmm?"

"No, don't go," Diana said, moving forward to hold Madam Fulcher. "It's about time for dinner. Stay and eat with us, Grandma. Julian and I will send you back after that.

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Having said that, Diana thought about it for a while before adding, "Also, we have another good news to share with you today."

Madam Fulcher lit up at Diana's words. "Oh? What is it?"

"You'll know after dinner," Diana said cheekily.

It was good timing for Madam Fulcher to have come here today. Diana had decided that there was no need to keep her pregnancy a secret anymore. Plus, letting Madam Fulcher know about it would serve as a deterrent to Julian and urge him to deal with Kayla quickly.

Julian could already guess what Diana planned to inform Madam Fulcher, and he raised both hands to support what she wanted to do. From his point of view, letting his grandmother know about Diana's pregnancy would improve the bond between him and Diana and might make her feel more secure in their newly repaired relationship.

During dinner, Julian and Diana kept exchanging glances. To Madam Fulcher, it seemed like they were constantly flirting. The way they acted was so sickly sweet, she almost felt like she had a toothache.

Without Kayla living here, the two got along surprisingly well. Madam Fulcher was pleased enough to enjoy a second helping of dinner.

However, she didn't expect to hear even more delightful news after the meal.

"Grandma, here." Diana returned to the living room with her pregnancy test slip from her first checkup.

The sheet was crumpled; it was the same one she had wanted to show Julian from the very start. Unfortunately, she never had the chance to do so.

The child had only been a small sac and had no heartbeat then. Even on the ultrasound sheet, it was only a tiny black hole.

Now, there was not only one heartbeat, but two.

Diana felt amazed the more she thought about it, and hurriedly passed the sheet to Madam Fulcher. "Look."

Madam Fulcher seemed to have recognized the sheet; she had one hand on her chest as she accepted it from Diana, disbelief written all over her face. After looking at it for a solid five minutes, she finally looked up with reddened eyes and shaking hands.

"I-is...is this real...?"

Diana nodded. "Yes!"

Then, she pulled out the latest ultrasound sheet and handed it to Madam Fulcher. "Look at this one."

When Madam Fulcher studied the latest one, she couldn't stop herself from jumping out of her seat and hugging Diana in sheer joy. "Twins?! You're having twins?"

"Yes!" Diana was afraid Madam Fulcher's blood pressure would rise too high in her excitement, so she kept patting the latter's back to try to calm her down. "Let's sit down and talk, okay?"

However, Madam Fulcher refused. She kept a tight hold on Diana; Diana wondered if she was crying, as there

was a slight tremor to her frame.

Diana could also hear Madam Fulcher whispering her late husband's name, and wondered that perhaps she was impatient to share this news with him.

With that thought in mind, Diana didn't attempt to call out to Madam Fulcher anymore. Instead, she looked to Julian, hoping that he could persuade his grandmother to calm down as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, Julian didn't get her cue.

Rather, his eyes were fixed on the crumpled pregnancy test sheet.

Every ultrasound printed the date and time, and he could vividly remember that he had demanded Diana for a divorce the very same date of the first ultrasound.

What exactly...had he done to her?

He suddenly recalled that she had looked like she wanted to say something back then, and he finally understood how cruel he had been to her that day.

His entire body suddenly started to ache, especially his heart and brain; it felt like there wasn't enough air going into his lungs.

He kept his gaze fixed on the test sheet, finally experiencing the pain Diana had suffered all this time.

He was also having a hard time speaking. He wanted to say something... Anything! And yet, he couldn't.

It felt like all the air in his lungs had been sucked out forcefully. He looked at Diana with a sorrowful gaze; just like how Diana had looked at him back then.

Slowly, the sorrow turned into heartache.

Then, Julian stepped forward and reached out to hug Diana.

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When Madam Fulcher noticed this, she hurriedly released Diana.

Diana was comforting Madam Fulcher, and she hadn't expected Julian to come forward to hug her so suddenly. She gave Madam Fulcher an embarrassed smile and poked Julian gently before whispering, 'What's wrong?'

It took a full minute for Julian to gather himself enough to speak. "That pregnancy test... I should've seen it earlier. And back then at the factory, the words I said...I..."

"It's okay," Diana said softly with a smile. She seemed to understand once she heard his words and the pain in his voice, so she gently patted him on the back as she had done with Madam Fulcher just moments ago." It's all in the past."

Julian shook his head. The words were stuck in his throat.

It wasn't so simple to brush it off!

He would do everything in his power to make up for all the hurt he had inflicted on her. He would also keep his pain deep in his heart and never forget it. It would serve as a reminder for him to treat Diana and the babies well, regardless of what happens.

Diana was his one true love as well as his precious family.

"Okay, that's enough." Madam Fulcher couldn't watch anymore and slapped Julian on the back, hard. "I've finished my prayer, and you're still acting all lovey-dovey."

She pulled Diana to her side and waved her hand dismissively, gesturing for Julian to go about his business, and said, "It's enough for Diana to send me home."

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"What? How could I let her go alone?" After what happened with Luke Pabian, Julian still had a lingering fear, so he took Diana's safety seriously.

"Why not?" Madam Fulcher said, clearly wanting to roll her eyes.

She used to not worry so much about this grandson of hers, as he and Diana were attached at the hip and had a good relationship. Then Kayla made her appearance and broke this balance. And especially after what happened at the hospital....

Madam Fulcher felt that she was also at fault for Diana's suffering.

"Luckily that fake abortion didn't get rid of your babies," Madam Fulcher said, and her eyes welled up with tears again. "I'm so sorry, Diana. Thank you... Thank you for protecting my great-grandchildren."

Diana knew that the abortion had left Madam Fulcher feeling extremely guilty. This time, she was able to wipe out that guilt with the good news of her pregnancy, which helped Madam Fulcher ease that guilt.

"It's my duty to protect them," Diana said easily before poking Julian. "Him, on the other hand... You have to keep an eye on him, Grandma, and never let him hurt my babies or me again."

"Of course!" Madam Fulcher exclaimed, wiping her tears away and giving Julian a fierce glare. "Come, Diana. Stay over at my place today. I'll send you back here tomorrow."

Diana was observant enough to know that Madam Fulcher had something to tell her, which was why she

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suggested that.

Nodding her head obediently, she said, "Okay. I'll pack an overnight bag."

"Alright."

Madam Fulcher gave her a gentle look, but it turned dark the moment Diana left their sight. She turned her sharp eyes on Julian and looked at him like he was an enemy she was about to tear apart.

Julian was between laughter and tears at the old woman's gaze, and he stuttered, "G-Grandma..."

"How dare you speak!" Madam Fulcher hissed, infuriated. The more she looked at him, the more she was tempted to hit him with her cane. "I get

scared the more I think about it! If you had really gone through with it accidentally last time, you would've...you would have...!"

The words were so cruel that she couldn't even say them, and her anger toward Julian rose ever more because of it.

"How could you have done so in the first place?!"

Whether it had been jealousy, possession, or anything else, he still shouldn't have done such a thing to Diana!

He

But Julian, who had been confused back then, now knew the reason as it became clearer to him. "If I could turn back time to the day I forced Diana into the operation theater...I would do the same thing again."

Madam Fulcher almost felt her blood pressure rising from the rage boiling under her skin. She even raised her hand, poised to slap this foolish child before her, when she suddenly heard him whisper in a barely he suddenly heard him whisper in a barely audible voice, "I couldn't stand it... I couldn't stand thinking she had been intimate with another man."

Especially if it had resulted in her getting pregnant.

Madam Fulcher slowly lowered her hand, disbelief and protectiveness flashing through her angry face." Another man? Did you think Diana was that kind of woman?!"

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"No, she isn't," Julian replied, and he couldn't help but smile at the look on his grandmother's face. "As always, you know better."

He didn't know how he had fallen for her lies back then. It had been quite a bad one. Perhaps he was simply

an idiot in love.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have realized it so late.

Madam Fulcher could tell that Julian's mood took a plunge when she brought up this matter. There must be something in the misunderstanding that she wasn't aware about.

In the end, she didn't want to get too involved in their affairs. She only wanted to care for the people who were precious to her, so she didn't continue being petty with Julian and instead said, "Think about how you're going to make it up to her and love her from now on. It's best to be like your grandfather, so that Diana will still think of you as much as I think of your grandfather after you die."

Julian was speechless. Was there any other grandmother out in the world who would curse their grandson to die?

Madam Fulcher seemed to have read his mind, and the corners of her lips quirked upwards. "Don't worry. I'll curse you again so you won't die early."

Julian, bewildered, couldn't help but blurt out, "What?"

The smile on Madam Fulcher's face widened, and she continued in a somewhat solemn manner, "As

unpredictable as a tortoise you are, I hope you live on as long as one."

Julian was speechless. The old woman had gone around in circles, but wasn't she simply cursing him at the end?

But since Madam Fulcher was probably taking out Diana's anger for her, he remained silent. Well, it was fine

as long as both women were happy.

Diana had a change of clothes in her hand and was laughing as she approached them, clearly having heard

the tail end of the conversation.

"Let's go, Grandma. Leave this tortoise at home here, okay?"

Julian scoffed. "Then what's in your belly?"

Tortoise eggs?

“Shut up.” Diana realized she had said the wrong thing, but reached up to twist Julian’s ear instead of punishing herself. “Stop that nonsense!”

Julian was at a loss for words. He hadn’t been the one to start it!

It was the two of them!

Why was he the consistent target tonight?

Amazingly, the ear Diana had twisted didn’t hurt. He didn’t feel annoyed at her scolding; rather, a sweetness lingered in the air. It was as sweet as honey as it slowly trickled into his heart.

His lips spread into a smile, an

Diana kept looking at him from the rearview mirror until he was out of sight after the car turned a corner, and only then did she look away.

Madam Fulcher patted her hand, a wistful expression of someone who had once been in the same position. ” It’s better to leave them hanging sometimes.”

Diana smiled. “You’re full of wisdom, Grandma.”

“Of course!” Madam Fulcher said, lifting her chin up proudly. “Back then, I always played hard to get with my late husband!”

She clenched her fist, waving it in the air, and said, “Then I held him firmly in my palms!”

Madam Fulcher was especially joyful every time she spoke of her late husband, and Diana couldn’t help but say, “You and Grandpa must have had a great relationship.”

Madam Fulcher suddenly turned quiet.

After a long time, she finally looked up again, and Diana saw that Madam Fulcher was crying. Realizing she had said the wrong thing, Diana hurriedly amended her words. “Grandma, I wasn’t thinking-”

“I know.” Madam Fulcher suddenly sounded so old and fragile. She looked out the car window, not answering Diana’s previous question. Rather, she whispered in a soft voice, “I just miss him.”

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Madam Fulcher looked up in the sky and said proudly, "I look up to the sky whenever I miss him, then I stop. That old man must think he misses me more than I do him, staring down at me all day."

Though Madam Fulcher never mentioned loving him in the sentence, every word she said was filled with her

affection for him.

Diana listened with envy, feeling a little emotional. She inwardly lamented and wondered if she would have the chance to be like Madam Fulcher in this life; to be so sure and confident in each other's love.

Even when life and death separated the old couple, Madam Fulcher still lived in the time of being loved.

Diana's nose was sore, and her eyes gradually reddened.

Madam Fulcher realized that the mood had gotten heavy. She didn't want the pregnant Diana to be depressed with her, so she quickly changed the topic and placed her hand carefully on Diana's stomach. "I was wondering why your taste was so different than before, and if the reason behind that was that you were pregnant. Who would've thought it was true? And with twins, no less! That's double the happiness!"

Diana knew Madam Fulcher was genuinely elated and was looking forward to the birth of her babies. The more people loved her babies, the happier Diana was.

She reached out for Madam Fulcher's hand and said sweetly, "It's okay. They can't feel anything yet, so you

don't have to be so careful."

Madam Fulcher obviously knew this, but she was still cautious. "With twins, you'll probably have a harder

time after the fourth month."

Diana could tell that Madam Fulcher was going to fuss over her. The latter was happy that Diana was pregnant, but was also worried about her health at the same time.

Though they weren't related by blood, in Diana's heart, Madam Fulcher had taken the place of her true birth

parents.

She leaned against Madam Fulcher and said, "It's okay, Grandma. It'll be hard work, but it'll be a happy one.

Especially now that she didn't need to worry about hiding it from Julian, or worry about their safety; it was safe to say that things were going smoothly.

"I was also in the same state as you when I was pregnant with Julian's father," Madam Fulcher said quietly.

This was the first time Madam Fulcher had mentioned Julian's parents; though Diana wanted to ask questions, she quickly swallowed the words when she saw the grief in the old woman's eyes.

Losing her son at such a young age would forever pain her.

After that, the two turned to lighter topics, chatting more about the babies and Diana's pregnancy. Before they knew it, they were already at the old manor.

Madam Fulcher exited the car first, then opened the car door for Diana.

"Take it easy."

Madam Fulcher clearly needed more care, but she still prioritized Diana.

Diana felt warmed by the old woman's concern. She was certain she had made the right decision to make up with Julian and not bring up the divorce anymore.

At least this way, she could still spend more time with her grandmother.

"I asked you to come over tonight because I wanted to give you something," Madam Fulcher said as she led Diana inside and straight into the study.

She shuffled the papers on her desk for a while before pulling out a file and handing it to Diana. "Here, take a look."

"This is...!"

Diana panicked after skimming through the contents, and tried to hand the file back to Madam Fulcher. "I—I can't accept this!"

"It's only Fulcher Inc.'s shares," Madam Fulcher said. Her tone was light, but it felt like a hammer beating against Diana's heart.

Shares of Fulcher Inc.!

The famous

group

of companies, Fulcher Inc.!

Even if one only had one percent of the stock, it was enough to live a life without worry!

It was the largest business empire, and even those who were wealthy couldn't so easily reach the heights

Fulcher Inc. had.

And here Madam Fulcher was, casually transferring these shares under Diana's name.

How could Diana accept such a valuable gift?

"I really can't accept this."

"You must," Madam Fulcher insisted, a grave look on her face. "I'm not giving you a choice. I'm giving you ten percent of the shares."

Madam Fulcher was already confident that she had picked the right person, but the frightened look on Diana's face only heightened that confidence. She sighed and added, "I know you're not a greedy person, and that you wouldn't

ask for something like this. I didn't mean it that way by giving you these shares.

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"Julian's done many wrong things, and I don't know if he'll do it again in the future. I'm old, and it won't be long until I'm no longer around."

"No, that won't happen!" Diana interrupted loudly. "Grandma, that won't happen!"

How could Madam Fulcher die?

She wouldn't!

However, Diana knew that the day would come even if she didn't want to accept it. The mere thought of it was too much for her to bear, and tears flowed down her face.

Madam Fulcher also sniffed, clearly affected by Diana's emotions. She took Diana into her arms and hushed Diana, "Don't cry, silly girl. I'm still here."

She gently patted Diana's back, as if comforting a child. "Shh, it's okay. I'm here..."

However, like a broken dam, Diana's tears flowed without stopping. She cried for everything she hadn't before.

Her birth parents wanted to marry her off to an old scum and kept pestering her about her divorce to make her unhappy. In contrast, this old woman, who wasn't even related to her by blood, was always so

considerate. Now, Madam Fulcher was even helping her to make sure she had something to fall back on if things went south.

Perhaps it was because the contrast between the two parties was too strong, Diana felt sadder the more she thought about it.

"Grandma..." she whimpered.

"Shh, it's okay," Madam Fulcher said kindly. "Don't cry. It won't be good for your babies if you keep this up."

“I was bad,” Diana said, now truly grateful that Julian had retracted the divorce and prompted her to tell Madam Fulcher about her pregnancy. “Knowing that your heart desired to see me pregnant and to see Julian and my baby, I still kept it from you for so long. I’m so sorry.”

“There’s nothing to apologize for.”

Though Madam Fulcher had a head full of white hair and was getting on in her age, her eyes were filled with vigor when she looked at Diana. “The only person you need to apologize to is yourself.”

Madam Fulcher believed that with Diana’s attitude, the latter must’ve deliberately hidden all the suffering

she had gone through until now.

“You must accept the shares I’ve given you. This is the insurance I can give you, regardless of your relationship with Julian,” Madam Fulcher emphasized. “It’s not for the children you’re carrying. It’s for you.

No matter what happens, Diana would never shortchange her children.

Rather, she would do it to herself.

As such, Madam Fulcher was concerned Diana would think that way.

“Grandma...” Diana was even more touched, and she couldn’t say anything else through her tears.

What had she done in her life to deserve such generous favor from the old woman sitting before her?

“Back then...” Madam Fulcher saw that Diana was not about to stop crying soon, so she said, “When you first married Julian, I had my reasons for allowing it.”

She then briefly told Diana about how she had used some methods to prompt Kayla to leave the country.

it in her eyes. If she had

"I couldn't bring myself to like that woman. She was very calculative, and I could really married Julian, I'd be afraid for the rest of his life. I didn't expect you to appear out of the blue, and for Julian to marry you."

"I was thrilled when I met you. I felt that if one day you were unhappy with your life where my silly grandson didn't protect you, you'd still have me."

After all, Diana was a good child.

Madam Fulcher had met many people, and she could see at a glance that Diana had always been sincere toward Julian and her, and wasn't simply trying to steal the family's fortune.

"Because you were good, I'm good to you," Madam Fulcher said, handing Diana a tissue. "You're an expecting mother, so don't cry anymore, okay?"

Diana dried her tears, and only then did she gradually stop crying. As she calmed down, she mulled over Madam Fulcher's words again before asking, "Is it true you were the one who prompted Kayla to leave the country in the first place?"

"Yes."

Now that things were already at this point, Madam Fulcher wasn't afraid about Julian finding out about it. Besides, she also knew that Diana wouldn't tell him. After all, Diana was a smart girl.

"Initially, she was a little hesitant. However, I said some things that convinced her to go abroad."

Madam Fulcher hadn't expected to create an opportunity for Diana and Julian to meet back then.

It was an unexpected turn of events.

Still, it was one that delighted Madam Fulcher.