

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 311-320

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 311

Diana was amazed as she listened to Madam Fulcher recount the past.

"Fate is amazing."

She married Julian because of how similar her face had looked to Kayla, but he had actually chosen her rather

than his first love.

"That's right," Madam Fulcher agreed and solemnly said, "You're not anyone's substitute. You're your own person and a unique existence in my heart. You're my granddaughter-in-law!"

Now knowing that Madam Fulcher had been part of the reason Diana had walked this path, Diana somehow felt a new level of closeness with the older woman.

"Thank you, Grandma."

Diana was grateful from the bottom of her heart.

Not only was she grateful for Madam Fulcher treating her so well, but also for giving her and Julian a chance.

"But... I really can't tell what Julian thinks of Kayla and me."

"That's not important," Madam Fulcher said, trying to guide Diana slowly in this mindset. "As long as you take these shares and pick up designing again, you'll be fine. Men are only icing on the cake. They're not the only thing in your life."

Diana was surprised at Madam Fulcher's modern take on arguments.

"You...know about my designs?"

"With all the clothes you've made for me over the years and the last design you made, I would be blind if I couldn't see the depths of your skill," Madam Fulcher replied with a smile.

Diana was still confused. “But Julian’s your grandson. Is it really okay for you to tell me all this?”

“Of course it is,” Madam Fulcher said, looking into Diana’s apprehensive eyes. “Oh, you look like a little squirrel right now! You’re adorable.”

She pinched Diana’s cheeks lightly and her smile widened. “You’re such a delight.”

When Madam Fulcher’s husband, both of them entertained the thought of having a daughter. But the day she gave birth to Julian’s father, she had a hemorrhage on the operating table. After that, she was told she would never be able to have children again.

Thus, the dream of having a daughter was impossible.

“I’d love it even more if you could give me a great–granddaughter,” Madam Fulcher said, quickly changing the subject as she looked at Diana’s stomach. “It’d be wonderful if they were twins of different genders. That would be a complete set.”

Diana was amused at how fast Madam Fulcher was at switching topics..

“They’re still too young, but we can check their genders when they’re a little older. We can also prepare the things they need in advance once we know their gender.”

“No need for that,” Madam Fulcher objected. “Money isn’t an issue in our family. Don’t think too hard about saving money. Let’s simply prepare two sets of both so that no matter which gender they are, they’ll have complete sets either way.”

When Diana heard that, she said, “That sounds good! It’ll be like unboxing a surprise when they’re born.”

The two continued talking about Diana’s pregnancy and the babies. Before they knew it, it was already ten at

night.

Madam Fulcher was concerned about Diana’s health, so she wanted Diana to get some rest.

“Sign this certificate and then go to bed, okay?”

Diana hadn't expected the old woman to remember the shares, and had hoped she wouldn't. It looked like Madam Fulcher really hadn't decided on a whim.

“Can you let me think about it for the night?”

“No,” Madam Fulcher said, her tone overbearing. “I've considered this for a very long time. Whether you were pregnant or not, I'd have given this share certificate to you. It was a coincidence that today was the joyful event of your pregnancy announcement and the day I decided to give this to you. Since it's a joyful event on top of one another, you must sign it. Otherwise, I'll sit in the study tonight and I won't sleep.”

Diana sighed. “...You're cheating.”

Madam Fulcher snorted. “Of course.”

She hoped Diana would live her own life, and live it to the fullest.

Only then would Diana always remain attractive, and Julian would be even more hell-bent on her.

Essentially, Madam Fulcher was doing everything for both Diana and Julian's sake.

She handed Diana the signing pen and said sincerely, “Sign it, okay? As long as you don't appear, no one will know that this ten percent has been transferred to you. I wouldn't want to trouble you,”

In other words, the transfer was completely anonymous.

“Does Julian not know either?”

“No,” Madam Fulcher said with a mysterious smile. “I'm not going to tell himn.”

‘If there comes a day in the future when her relationship with Julian turns sour, I'm sure these shares will remind her of me, with the way she is. Perhaps the thought of me will eventually become a bridge for them to mend their relationship, if that ever happens.’

Julian loved Diana, but sometimes, he didn't know how to express it. Diana also loved Julian, but her love was so much more than his, making her more vulnerable before him.

Chapter 312

Either

way, Julian and Diana's love for each other right now didn't seem equal.

Madam Fulcher had lived a long life and experienced a lot. She didn't need to focus on business anymore, but she still needed to consider her grandchildren's happiness.

In Madam Fulcher's eyes, Diana was the best match for Julian. There wouldn't be anyone better than her, and Madam Fulcher hoped the two would live well together.

It would be best if Diana never needed to use the depth of consideration Madam Fulcher had given her.

Diana turned sorrowful once more upon recalling what Madam Fulcher said about how she was unsure when she would leave this world, and finally sighed.

"Okay. I'll sign it," Diana said, looking up with bright and slightly damp eyes, though there was a positive light shining through them. "But you have to promise me one thing."

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Madam Fulcher smiled. “What is it?”

“You must live a long life!” Diana exclaimed, her hands shaking slightly that the pen almost fell from her hand. “No matter what happens, you must live well, okay?”

Her words greatly touched madam Fulcher. “Sometimes, I truly believe that all of us Fulchers aren’t worthy of this beautiful and kind heart of yours, you know?”

They were all so used to being calculative and petty.

It was a habit that had been ingrained into them.

Unknowingly, they had lost the naive innocence Diana still held.

Who could guarantee that Madam Fulcher would live a long life?

It wasn’t something that could be done just by talking about it. Except for Diana, no one else would say these things to her. Not even Julian would, as he was more rational in his thinking.

It was easy to admit that Diana’s wish pleased Madam Fulcher greatly.

“Of course. I promise you!”

Diana lit up immediately at the older woman’s words, and she extended her pinky to Madam Fulcher as she said, “Live long and prosper!”

“Live long and prosper!”

At the same time, Diana’s name was added to the share certificate.

From then on, ten percent of Fulcher Inc.'s shares secretly exchanged hands.

With the ten percent shares now in Diana's name, it was undeniable that she felt more secure and confident. However, she didn't intend to let up on her work. Whenever she thought about the shares, she only thought about how loved she was and how she knew that someone always had her back.

Perhaps that was what being family was all about.

Diana touched her baby bump as she sat at her cubicle, praying from the bottom of her heart that her babies would experience the love and happiness as she had now.

It was a day of work that left her face full of smiles. As she was feeling happy, she agreed to Julian's request to pick her up from work, but told him to ensure he stopped at the intersection a little away from the office as she didn't want to cause trouble at her workplace.

Julian agreed. Once she got into the car, he observed her mood and deemed it safe to ask, "What did Grandma talk to you about last night?"

"It's just about the s-" Diana suddenly recalled Madam Fulcher's words, and quickly stopped. "It's a secret!"

Julian smiled. "Alright. Since it's a secret."

As long as Madam Fulcher and Diana were happy, he would let them do anything they wanted.

Without probing further, Julian pulled up the calendar on his tablet. "Shall I follow you for your maternity checkup the day after tomorrow?"

Nina used to accompany Diana for her checkups, but Diana would often feel wistful when she saw other pregnant women with their husbands in tow at the hospital.

Back then, she dared not envy those women because she always had to be on guard for fear that her husband would hurt her babies. But now, everything had changed; Julian wouldn't do such cruel things to her.

"Okay."

Diana was also eager to see the changes in her babies together with him.

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When Julian and Diana arrived home that night, Noel approached Julian to talk about something. Whatever it was, Noel's complexion didn't look too good.

Diana wanted to ask, but thought better of it. If it was something related to Kayla, it would be awkward.

Their relationship right now was as fragile as thin ice on the surface of a river. It seemed transparent and open, but in fact, it couldn't withstand any impact and no one could properly see what was in the water.

Nothing had occurred at the moment, because no one had tried to step on it yet.

Diana sighed inwardly, trying not to think about Kayla as she sat at the dining table for dinner.

Mr. Carter glanced at her, then brought out a bowl of soup.

"Would you like some soup, ma'am?" Mr. Carter asked, as though he was going to serve it to Diana personally.

Even though Mr. Carter was a servant of the Fulcher family, he didn't need to do these things himself. However, Diana seemed to understand something when she remembered how coldly Mr. Carter had treated her. Perhaps he saw that Julian and she had made up and tried to make up for the times Mr. Carter

mistreated her.

The old butler was a man who adjusted and adapted to the situation before him.

He was quite different from his son, Noel.

Diana had never realized that Mr. Carter was that kind of person. Regardless, Mr. Carter was an elderly in the Fulcher family, so she shouldn't be rude.

So, she smiled gently, wanting to assure the older man that she bore him no ill will. "Yes, please. Thank you."

Mr. Carter smiled, but as soon as he turned away, displeasure flashed in his eyes.

Hah! She really thought herself to be the mistress of this household once he called her 'ma'am', didn't she?

And she even asked him to serve her?!

Diana really was a hillbilly from the countryside. As the saying goes, a leopard can't change its spots!

When Mr. Carter thought about that, he couldn't help but feel that it was unfair to Kayla. Looking at the bowl in his hand, contempt welled up in him. He had already added the medicine Kayla had given him to this bowl.

He had taken the first step in carrying out Kayla's task.

"That bowl looks quite special," Julian commented from where he sat at the table, glancing at the bowl in Mr. Carter's hand.

Julian's gaze pierced the old man, and Mr. Carter shivered. "Y-yes..."

"I-It's a new set," Mr. Carter stammered slightly. "I unpacked it especially for ma'am today."

Julian felt something strange, but brushed it off immediately. "I see. Well, let me use the same set too."

He wanted to use the same things Diana used.

"So childish," Diana teased, a smile stretching on her lips.

A quiet and warm atmosphere had settled quietly at the table, as if they had returned to the years before Kayla appeared when their relationship was still happy and sweet.

As if trying to argue with her, Julian said, "So what if I'm childish?"

As he spoke, he stood from the chair and sat next to Diana. "I'm not only going to use the same bowl as you, I'll also eat next to you."

He picked up his spoon and asked Diana to open her mouth. "Nope. I'm also going to feed you."

Most of the servants in the household were newcomers, and many hadn't seen such a peaceful scene

between the two before. Many envious glances were exchanged, and whispers of how sweet Julian was being floated around the hall.

"Oh my, Mr. Fulcher is so sweet to Mrs. Fulcher!"

"They look so perfect next to each other!"

"I wish I could be as blessed as her to have such a considerate husband!"

When Diana heard the whispers, she kicked Julian underneath the table.

"Enough! It's embarrassing."

It wasn't like she didn't have hands. She could feed herself!

Julian remained silent, but he kept his dark eyes on her. The room light lit up his face, highlighting his lean and strong jawline; Diana's thoughts wandered as she studied his handsome face.

She gradually felt her face flush, and unconsciously wanted to look away. But at that moment, Julian suddenly leaned forward and pressed a hard kiss on her lips.

The sound from it was loud and clear, echoing in the silent room.

Everyone present could tell what had just happened.

The stares became even more intense, and Diana was thoroughly embarrassed.

"Julian!" she exclaimed, bashful and angry. "Can you eat your food properly?!"

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Chapter 314

"Sure," Julian replied easily.

Seeing that Diana was really embarrassed, he stopped teasing her and took the bowl of soup Mr. Carter handed him.

It was Greek lemon soup, which was especially good for pregnant women. He had checked the recipe personally and asked the chef to make it.

When Julian took the bowl, Mr. Carter's heart was on edge. He was afraid Julian would keep that bowl for himself. Fortunately, the bowl with the drug in it eventually reached Diana.

She took a sip. "It tastes good."

Soon, the bowl was empty.

Mr. Carter breathed a sigh of relief inwardly, and relaxed.

"Please enjoy your dinner, sir, ma'am. Feel free to call me if you need anything else."

When Julian heard this, he raised his brows and shot Mr. Carter a sharp look.

All of a sudden, Mr. Carter felt like there were thousands of knives above his head. The pressure was so intense that he almost couldn't lift his head. He couldn't think of what to say in this situation, and prayed fervently that Julian couldn't tell what was on his mind.

"Have you been overworked lately, Mr. Carter?"

Mr. Carter froze. "N—No, Sir."

"If you're tired, you can always request leave from me," Julian said, turning away slowly.

It was rare to see Julian speaking in such a slow and intimidating manner. It meant that he was a little angry.

Mr. Carter didn't understand what he had done to annoy Julian, and he didn't dare to ask. He simply nodded repeatedly.

"Yes, sir."

After Mr. Carter left, Diana asked, "Why are you acting like this with Mr. Carter?"

It was strange and scary to see Julian with such a cold look.

“It’s nothing,” Julian said, not wanting to talk about how he felt at the moment.

There was something strange going on with Mr. Carter. But since he was one of the oldest people in the Fulcher family and also Noel’s father, Julian shook off those thoughts.

“Maybe it’s just I’m not in a good mood lately. I won’t do it again.”

Julian saw the shock on Diana’s face; he softened his voice and added, “I’ll listen to my wife.”

Oh my god! The words that came from this man’s mouth could literally kill someone with its sweetness.

Diana’s heart pounded wildly in her chest. Suddenly, she thought about what she and Madam Fulcher had talked about the previous night. She couldn’t help but say, “Julian…”

“Hmm?”

“Do you prefer boys or girls?”

Julian answered without hesitation, “I like both.”

“Just pick one,” Diana insisted. “They’re identical twins, so they’ll be the same gender.”

It was unlikely that they would be twins of different genders, as Madam Fulcher had hoped for. However, Diana hadn’t wanted to burst the older woman’s bubble, so she hadn’t corrected Madam Fulcher.

Today, though, she wanted a definite answer from the man before her.

Julian put down the cutlery in his hand and considered it. “Boys, I guess.”

Diana felt a pang of disappointment. “Don’t you like girls?”

What if her babies weren’t boys?

Would Julian hurt them…?

Before she could think any further, Julian raised his hand and rapt her smartly on the side of her head.

“Don’t think up nonsense with that little head of yours,” he said, obviously seeing how her thoughts were quickly going in the wrong direction.

His voice was strangely hypnotizing and felt pleasing to Diana’s ears. The mellow tone was enough to calm her heart unconsciously, and she couldn’t help but smile shyly.

“How did you know what I was thinking?”

“It’s in the way you looked at me,” Julian said, hesitating about continuing what was on his mind.

The

way

she looked at him was exactly the same as the time he had forced her into the operating theater.

He swallowed those words and instead said, “It’s easy to tell at a glance when you have that look on.”

Diana was speechless. Then, could he tell how disappointed she was when he said he hoped the babies would be boys?

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Julian had certainly noticed it, though he hadn’t expected Diana to have a headache over their children’s gender so early in her pregnancy.

“It’s not that I don’t like girls,” Julian tried to explain, looking straight into her eyes.

There was a myriad of emotions in his eyes that she hadn’t seen before, even in their three years of marriage. It was so intense, it looked like they were about to consume her.

At this moment, Diana was certain that Julian was seeing her rather than a shadow of someone else. His gaze no longer seemed as far off as it did in the past; it didn’t seem he was looking for someone else through her.

Diana felt her mind spin at the implications. She was tempted just to let and fall...

go

And fall she did, right into his arms.

Julian carried her in his arms and left the table, making his way slowly upstairs.

“It’s just that...they say that boys usually take after their mothers, and girls after their fathers,” Julian explained.

Seeing that Diana accepted his intimate touch, he held his beloved as he walked contently. “I wish I could have two children who take after you, so that there would be many Dianas around me and many more after.”

Diana didn’t expect such thoughts from Julian. His words instantly cleared her head, and she retorted, “No. There are lots of boys who take after their father, you know?”

He simply didn’t like girls, did he?

What was wrong with having daughters?

Girls were soft and delicate!

“Generally speaking, the possibility of boys taking after their mothers is higher,” Julian said as he pulled out data that he had recently collected. “Look, I’ve researched to know it’s not nonsense.”

Diana looked at the PowerPoint file he had sent her. Sighing, she said, “Fine, you’ve convinced me...”

“It’s better if they take after you,” Julian said, thinking that she looked adorable with her pouting. He couldn’t help but lean down to kiss her. “If we have girls and they take after you, I’d be even happier.”

He was a man, after all.

Which father wouldn’t want little girls? Which father wouldn’t want to hold and protect them, and

them to the ends of the world?

pamper

Especially since their mother didn't get the pampering she deserved. Well, Julian would ensure he made it up

to her and his children a hundredfold.

"But... I'm afraid the children will take after me," Julian suddenly said softly. "I'm not good enough."

He had always broken Diana's heart, after all.

He consistently failed to express his emotions well, and always got his feelings wrong.

He tightened his grip around Diana's waist, as if trying to convey his overwhelming emotions to her. The words he had suppressed for so long were finally out in the open.

"I don't like myself, but I like you."

At first, Diana thought she had misheard him. When she looked into his eyes, she slowly returned to her

senses.

She knew she had heard him right.

Julian didn't like himself, but he liked her.

How could such words be so beautiful to hear...yet so heartbreaking?

In her mind, Julian lacked nothing. He was impeccable. He had the looks, family, height, and everything else that one could think of.

In Richburgh, he was the dream man of countless women.

Yet, this near-perfect man had whispered in her ears that he wasn't good enough and didn't like himself; rather, he liked her!

Diana didn't know if he was lying, or whether he had Kayla in his mind when he said this. She was even more unsure if his statement was entirely genuine, but for now...

She was willing to take a chance and assume he was being as sincere as he could.

And so...

She gently straightened her back in his arms as she reached out to wrap both hands around his neck, and took the initiative to kiss him.

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This intimacy between Diana and Julian was long overdue.

At first, Julian was in disbelief. On the two occasions when he had kissed her on the cheek, he had been apprehensive as he thought she might push him away.

To his surprise, Diana actually took the initiative to kiss him.

He responded quickly and took control. It was until they stopped that Diana asked breathlessly, "Weren't we...discussing the children's gender?"

Why did it suddenly...

Why did they suddenly start...?

Oh, she couldn't even say the words in her mind! It was embarrassing!

Julian laughed brightly. It had been a long time since he had felt so free. It felt like even the wind was afraid of disturbing his peace, as it remained silent outside the window.

His laughter rang clearly through the hall, and it was pleasing to the ears.

"We were indeed. But I see you couldn't resist, so I indulged you."

Diana was speechless. This two-faced man!

He was obviously the one who had started it by saying those words! He made it sound as if she was the one who took the initiative without being prompted. Did he set her up for this? Was he laughing at her foolishness? She even felt heartbroken for him for a moment!

"I wasn't joking about that," Julian said.

When he saw the sorrow on her face, he immediately sobered up and turned serious; the unmistakable charm of a mature man radiated from him.

He placed Diana on the ground and pressed his ear to her stomach.

Looking at the top of his head, Diana could feel his cautiousness and anticipation, and her happiness became even more tangible. She felt like warm arms had wrapped around her and held her close. Without noticing it, she was smiling.

“Silly,” Diana said softly, placing a hand on his head. “You can’t hear anything yet. If you want to feel any movement, you’ll probably have to wait till the seventh month or later.”

“I’m sure I can feel something.”

This man, who was usually so rational and logical, was actually lying on her belly and trying his best to hear something that wasn’t there yet.

Soon, Diana heard him speaking to her belly.

“It’s not that Daddy doesn’t like girls. Daddy just likes Mommy so much,” Julian said, repeating the words he had used earlier and reiterating his fondness for Diana. Now that he had gotten his feelings off his chest, seemed like the words had become much easier to repeat; he would say it as many times as he liked.

it

“Daddy wants to use cloning science to make more copies of Mommy.”

After saying that, he snickered to himself.

Diana listened to his sweet words and didn’t interrupt him, so he continued, “But if you two really are girls and take after me, Daddy…”

Julian trailed off. Diana strained her ears in case she missed it, but then he said, “Daddy will…try to change. his stinky temper and try to be more like Mommy. I’ll have set a good example of what you should look for in

after all. But wait… No.” your future spouses,

He turned grave. “You can’t marry out. I’ll find some boys who will marry into our family instead.”

Diana was speechless.

The children had yet to be born, and they weren’t even sure they would be girls!

Besides, Julian had said he hoped they would be boys. Diana initially thought it was because he didn’t like girls; it turned out that he actually had a daughter–complex!

They weren’t even born yet, and here he was, already worried about their marriage!

“Don’t worry,” Julian said, still crouched on the ground. He looked up and grinned goofily at Diana. “Their daddy has lots of money and can care for them all their lives. No one will be allowed to bully my daughters.”

As soon as he said that, his usual cold and slightly murderous aura radiated off him in waves. Like a switch that had turned on, he instantly looked the image of a mad guardian guarding his precious daughters.

Diana felt like he would soon lose his mind if he kept overthinking things.

“Okay, that’s enough. Let’s not discuss their genders anymore, okay?”

She stood up and was dumbfounded when she tried to pull him to his feet, but he remained on the ground.

“Come on. Let’s get you off the ground, alright?”

Julian was too tall and heavy for her to lift.

“...I can’t move,” Julian said with a straight face as he pointed at his legs.

Diana panicked briefly, thinking something was wrong. She almost called for help when he continued calmly, “My legs are numb.”

□

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Diana didn't have time to laugh at him before Julian gently pulled her down to lie on the carpet with him.

It was a top-quality cashmere carpet that had been imported from Persia. The price per square meter of this was enough to buy a small apartment in the city. It was very comfortable, and there wasn't any discomfort when lying on it.

Julian had bought this when he learned she was pregnant and was afraid she would fall.

"To be honest, I want daughters." Julian was in a chatty mood, and he continued talking. "But I'm afraid that I won't be able to change my stinky attitude and will influence them. Still, I'll try my best."

His face turned grave, and he continued, "Honey, you can supervise me."

He would never be hot and cold like he had in the past toward Diana. In the future, he would try his best to express his feelings whenever he wanted to.

Julian's eyes were affectionate, and his voice was gentle.

Diana was in a daze, and somehow ended up kissing him.

When she pulled back, she panicked and averted her eyes.

"You liar," Diana said with a pout. "Just now, you said you hoped they'd be boys, but now you're saying you hope they'll be girls."

"Sons would be nice too," Julian conceded, looking torn. "I'd like to have sons that take after you,

Julian suddenly cut himself off abruptly.

"What is it?" Diana asked.

but...'

"...Don't get mad if I say it, okay?" Julian said, reaching out as he cradled Diana's head in the crook of his arm, pulling them close to each other.

"I won't," Diana said, her heart feeling content and secure.

She felt even more assured than in the past three years, and spoke in a light voice, "Tell me."

Julian held her tighter and said, "Actually, I wish they'd be girls, but my family has never had any luck with daughters..."

His grandmother had experienced it, and so had his parents.

Madam Fulcher had wanted a daughter, and his parents had also wanted to give him a sister. Yet, something happened to both generations after that.

"I'm a little superstitious when it comes to this," Julian confessed, bringing his deceased parents in front of Diana for the very first time. "I always feel like something will happen to you if I said I wanted girls. But the babies in your belly are our children, and I don't want them to bring you misfortune."

After saying that, he sneered, "Am I not a bad daddy? Cursing his own children that they'd bring bad luck to their Mommy..."

"That's not cursing them," Diana said quickly, and leaned more into his arms. "Whether our babies are boys.

or girls, they'll be safe and sound."

Her declaration held an inexplicable firmness and strength, and it gradually quieted the doubts in Julian's

heart.

This was the real reason he had hoped their children would be boys.

Diana could sense his nervousness and anxiety, so she said warmly, "Tell me about your parents."

This was the first time they talked about Julian's deceased parents.

"They died when I was four. To many kids, that was still an age where they don't remember much," Julian started. "But I remember clearly... Their faces, their movements when they died in the car accident... They also talked about giving me a sister before the end of the year..."

After that, Julian also told her many of his interesting childhood stories. However, those were all memories

old. from before his parents passed away; when he was about three to four years

He barely remembered anything before that and only had a vague recollection of his parent's smiles, but not actually what happened back then.

"What happened after the age of four?" Diana asked.

"After four..." Julian's voice suddenly turned dark, and a gloomy look flashed across his face for a moment, indicating that the years after were filled with vicissitudes.

Yet it was over quickly, and Diana heard him laugh softly before answering, "I don't remember."

His laughter this time was completely unlike the previous one, where it was clear and free. Instead, it was filled with a sense of helplessness.

There were some things he definitely remembered, but he wasn't willing to talk about them.

Diana thought of what Madam Fulcher had mentioned before, about the hard times Julian had as a child. Her heart ached again.

Right now, she felt like she could even forgive Kayla's existence.

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Chapter 318

According to Madam Fulcher, Kayla saved Julian and gave him hope when he was in the most confused and pained state in his life.

"Diana..." Julian spoke after a long stretch of silence. "Are you asleep?"

"No."

How could she fall asleep after hearing him tell her so many things?

"Then... How about I move back into the bedroom starting tonight?" Julian asked cautiously. "It used to be our shared bedroom, after all."

Only, he hadn't stayed in it for a long time.

"That way, I can take care of you whenever you don't feel well."

His statement rang true, but Diana was more convinced that he genuinely wanted to move back to care for

her.

If so, why was he so happy to move out before?

There were some things she shouldn't think about. The moment she did, the scars from her past would tear open again and hurt her deeply. Diana's mood plummeted, and she gradually put more distance between them and rolled to the edge of the carpet.

She got up, walked to the bathroom, and calmly brushed her teeth.

"...Are you angry?" Julian asked.

Diana ignored him and continued brushing her teeth, but she reached out to shut the bathroom door.

Julian was speechless.

He didn't say anything!

Why was Diana angry?

No. Wait. He must've said something wrong.

"It's not good for pregnant women to be angry," Julian said as he stood outside the glass door. "If you don't want me back in the room, then I won't move. Don't be angry, okay?"

Diana rolled her eyes.

Was she angry because he wanted to move back in?

Was she angry because of where he was staying?!

Was she...?

Her face was a little flushed as she spat the toothpaste from her mouth. She felt like rushing outside to say something to him, but in the end, she didn't.

Finally, she said, "Yeah. Don't move."

Julian was somewhat disappointed when he heard that, but he didn't argue and simply agreed. "Okay."

He would listen to her.

When Diana finished washing up, she walked out to see him still standing in her room.

"Why are you still here?"

"I'll go after you fall asleep," Julian replied with a straight face. "Just in case you need

She was going to sleep. What help would she need?

Rather, it was inconvenient even to change her clothes with someone in the room.

"No need. You can go."

Julian, however, insisted. "I'll wait for you to sleep before I go."

any help."

Pregnant women used to say they enjoyed the best treatment and pampering from their spouses only during the pregnancy, and Diana hadn't dared to wish for it just the other day.

Julian must have seen her thinking about the past on her face, because he hurried over to comfort her. Diana felt her heart flutter at the concern and understanding in his eyes.

Finally, she couldn't resist and said, "I want to ask you something."

"What is it?"

“Have you ever slept with Kayla?”

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 319

That day, Diana had seen Julian and Kayla coming out of the same room. It had been a thorn in her heart

since then.

It was better when she didn’t think about it, but when Julian had talked about moving back in, the memory floated into her mind. She even felt disgusted that her lips had touched Julian’s, which was why she hurried

to brush her teeth.

Now that his scent no longer lingered on her, she felt relieved and comfortable.

She was a little bit of a neat freak when it came to relationships.

Apparently, Julian also understood the reason for her sudden change in attitude and why she had gone to brush her teeth.

“No,” Julian answered frankly. “But I have hugged her and held her hand before.”

Even though he hadn’t done so more than a few times, and the one time he had hugged Kayla was to confirm his feelings, they were still somewhat intimate before.

Julian wouldn’t lie to Diana.

“If you don’t want to touch me because of that,” Julian said seriously after thinking for a while, “I could soak myself in the bathtub for three days and nights.”

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‘...Why didn’t you say you’d chop off the hands that you held her with?’

Julian gulped. “If you insist on that, then I can also do that.”

His face gradually turned solemn as he looked like he was seriously considering how to cut his hand off and what tools he should do it with.

Looking at the silly look on his face, Diana suddenly felt better.

“Never mind,” she said, waving her hand dismissively. “Even if you cut off those hands, you can’t cut off the chest you held her in before.”

Diana said such ruthless words so casually.

Julian froze momentarily before saying, “I didn’t realize you were so bloodthirsty.”

Bloodthirsty?!

Diana was angry at the description. “I’m not bloodthirsty!”

He was the one who was unfaithful in the first place! Now that she had finally forgiven him, was he trying to take a mile when given an inch?!

“My bad.” Julian raised one hand in surrender, and slapped the other on his mouth before giving Diana a flattering smile. “Don’t be angry, honey.”

Diana couldn’t help but laugh at his reaction. “It seems you have times when you know how to grovel, huh?”

Julian was speechless. Never in his life did he think he would ever be associated with that word.

But... It didn’t feel that bad to be groveling at his wife’s feet.

As long as Diana was willing to give him a chance and forget the past’s unpleasantness, he really would let her do anything she wanted.

“I like you, and I’m not saying that on a whim,” Julian said seriously, studying the disbelief on Diana’s face. ‘ I’ve come to this conclusion after going through a lot of detours.”

Diana could hear the sincerity in his words, and understood what he meant by detours.

Her heart skipped a beat, and she found warmth in his words as he continued, “I like you, so I’m willing to grovel all you want.”

Well, it seemed it would be impossible for Diana to look Julian straight in the face from now on...

Diana sat at her dresser, applying her skin care products. Looking at Julian through the reflection of the mirror, she finally smiled and said, "I got it."

She sincerely hoped Julian wasn't lying.

After all, he had been quite an actor for the past three years.

Diana couldn't decide if he returned to their marriage because of her or the babies she carried. For now, she was inclined to believe it was the former.

"Get some rest," she said, urging him to leave.

Seeing that he was reluctant to leave, Diana suddenly approached him and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his forehead.

"Good night."

Julian's eyes

lit

up at the action. "Good night."

He tried to turn and look at her again as he was pushed out the door, but she quickly closed the door behind

him.

Even so, he stood outside the door and smiled, for he could feel that Diana was giving him a chance.

In contrast to his joyful mood, Diana's heart was heavy.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 320

Diana knew she couldn't handle a man like Julian, but she couldn't help herself from falling in love with him again. So much so, she was even willing to believe his sweet words of love.

She felt like she had fallen into a web; the more she struggled, the deeper she got entangled.

But...

She didn't dare to dig deeper into the matter of Kayla.

Forget it.

Diana tossed and turned in bed for a long while before eventually falling asleep.

On the other hand, Julian wasn't asleep. He went to Diana's bedroom once more in the middle of the night. When he saw no light on, he returned to his room.

It seemed she was sleeping well. That meant that Julian could have a good sleep tonight too.

When they woke up the next day, they were both refreshed.

When Mr. Carter saw Diana coming down, he took the initiative and greeted her, "You're looking good today,

ma'am."

It seems the medicine Kayla had given him didn't have any major adverse effects. Perhaps it really was just a little lesson Kayla wanted to teach Diana.

With that thought in mind, Mr. Carter grew bolder upon thinking about putting the drug in her food again this morning.

Diana nodded. "You too."

After a brief chat, Mr. Carter went into the kitchen on the pretext of helping out.

Diana noted that Mr. Carter had been very attentive to her for the past two days. The more she thought about it, the more amused she felt. She was sure there was more to Mr. Carter's actions, but he really was showing her a different side now that her relationship with Julian was different.

Such a person wouldn't have a hidden dangerous motive. It was fine to have him continue working in the Fulcher family, right?

Well, it should be fine since Noel was still working at Julian's side. Besides taking advantage of the situation, Diana didn't think that Mr. Carter would do anything dangerous.

She considered her thoughts for a moment before brushing it off.

Mr. Carter pulled out the bowl that Diana had used yesterday. He planned to use the same bowl each time to

avoid confusion.

He poured the white powder into the bowl and watched it dissolve in the water. Since it was colorless and odorless, no one would be able to see it.

After doing this with familiar ease, he sent a picture to Kayla.

Kayla replied with a photo of a new antique.

Mr. Carter's eyes lit up at it, and he replied, [Don't worry. I'll make sure to carry out your task perfectly. No one will know about this!]

He was the Fulcher's family butler, and he had both experience and title. Usually, he had free reign to do whatever he wanted. Even though he was taking a long time in the kitchen, the other staff didn't dare clamor around him or ask him anything.

Besides, most of the people on the staff had been screened and brought in by him and Kayla. Even if they saw something, they wouldn't say anything.

Because of that, pouring the medicine into Diana's food was easy.

When Mr. Carter saw that Diana had finished her food with the medicine in it for a second time, he left the dining hall with light steps.

As for Diana, she didn't feel any discomfort. Soon, it was time for another round of prenatal checkups. Julian accompanied her as promised.

Van's eyes widened in fear when he saw the two of them walking into the gynecology department together, and he turned his gaze toward Diana.

Diana had every intention of scaring him, so she mouthed, “Help me!” at Van.

Van panicked even more at her action, but he didn’t dare to make such a big fuss out of it. His mind raced as he thought of how to get Julian away from her and let her enter the examination room alone.

“Perhaps we should reschedule the check-up today.”

Julian raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

Vans stood before Julian, blocking the entrance to the department. “I don’t have time to stay. I have a few surgeries scheduled today.”

Julian narrowed his eyes immediately and said sarcastically, “My wife already has me to accompany her. Why would we need you?”