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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 481

When Vans realized the piercing gaze behind him had disappeared, he relaxed slightly and asked, "Is something wrong, Julian?"

Julian knew by Vans's tone that something was wrong.

Sure enough, when Julian looked up, he saw that Vans stood almost at the same level as him on the balcony with a cigarette in hand. The ash would have fallen on his head if he hadn't looked up in time.

Julian said Instead of replying to Vans's question, Julian said, "Look down."

"Down?" Vans repeated, looking down at his shoes. "What's wrong? This is a weird call, even by your standards."

"I said, look down! The balcony downstairs!" Julian urged.

"The balcony downstairs?" Vans parroted as he leaned forward slightly. "Wha-"

Before he could finish his sentence, his eyes widened.

He blinked. Confirming that his eyes weren't playing tricks on him, he glanced at Diana to ensure neither she nor Nina was looking at him before stealthily turning back to Julian and demanding with wide eyes, "Why are you here?!"

Diana had made it clear that she and Julian had drawn the line between them last night. There would be no more interactions between them. This time, she was through with him.

If Diana discovered Julian was here...

"Are you still following her? Aren't you afraid that she'll get even angrier?!"

Julian was stunned by Vans's words, and he couldn't help but feel angry.

"Whose side are you on?"

Vans was taken aback. "Uh... Yours...!"

The anger in Julian's heart dissipated a little. "At least you have some self-awareness!"

Taking a deep breath, he explained, "I wasn't following her. I just happened to find out that she was moving in today."

Was it merely a coincidence?

To be honest, Vans didn't believe it. He had lost all confidence in Julian's understanding of relationships, for the latter always seemed to do things that infuriated his partner.

"Whatever you say, man," Vans said. "I'm hanging up now. I still have to help Nina move some stuff."

"Wait," Julian said. He couldn't help but sigh at his best friend's lack of loyalty, but miraculously, he could understand where Vans was coming from.

As such, he wasn't overly bothered by Vans's attitude.

"Will Nina be living with Diana now?"

Vans nodded. "Yeah."

"What about you?" Julian asked.

"What do you think? I'm obviously not going to be living with them."

If Vans dared to live in the same place as Diana, Julian would surely flay him alive! No, that was too light of a punishment. Judging by Julian's twisted mind, he might even arrange for dozens of girls to go after him. Vans wouldn't be able to explain anything to Nina when that happened!

Although it was late, Julian could clearly see Vans's panicked expression under the dim light.

"What are you thinking about? You look like you're thinking of something inappropriate."

Vans was speechless.

Something...inappropriate?

He... Well, fine.

"I was wondering how on earth you could do something so nasty to Diana and thought of giving Oliver to her!"

Once Vans finished talking, he couldn't hold back his laughter anymore. Afterwards, he shrugged helplessly.

Julian immediately picked up on the implications. "Looks like Diana thought of me so quickly this time, thanks to you."

How did Julian always manage to gain the upper hand in a conversation? How did Julian always manage to catch the flaws in Vans's words?! It wasn't like he had lived life longer than others, right?

Vans didn't want to admit it, but he finally said, 'Bro, just tell me if you have any orders, okay? I'll definitely carry them out without question."

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This was an acknowledgment that Diana quickly finding out about what happened with Oliver was indeed connected to Vans.

Julian was speechless, and didn't know what to say to Vans.

Still, even without the Vans's involvement, Julian was sure Diana would have figured it out eventually.

There was no point in pursuing this matter.

That didn't mean Julian would let Vans off the hook so easily. He thought for a moment before saying, 'Promise me something, and I won't pursue this matter any further."

Vans's cigarette was about to burn out.

He looked down at Julian. There was a bad feeling in his heart, but he had no choice. He knew that even if he didn't agree, Julian had plenty of ways to convince him.

"Bro/ Vans said as he put out his cigarette, looking nothing like the quiet doctor he usually was. Before Julian, he was like a younger sibling.

Julian smiled and said, "Move into this apartment."

"Move...here?" Vans repeated.

"Yes," Julian replied. "I'll take care of everything. You just need to move in. Right next to Diana's apartment."

Vans wasn't happy when he heard this. 'Are you trying to interfere with her life again?'

"No," Julian replied. He had thought things through. 'While you're living here, I won't get involved no matter what happens.'

It wasn't considered to be interfering with her life...right?

"You're really heartless, aren't you?" Julian suddenly asked in a raised voice. "Your girlfriend's living here alone with her friend. As her boyfriend, aren't you worried at all?"

Then, he snorted at Vans and said, "Scum."

Vans was speechless. He never imagined he would see Julian acting so spoiled in his life.

However, Julian wasn't acting spoiled. He was simply masking his true feelings.

Vans could hear the concern in Julian's voice for Diana, and understood the man's worries. Even so, he didn't call Julian out on it.

"I'm not scum, okay? Someone offering to pay for me to live next to my girlfriend? Sign me up!"

Julian let out a breath of relief. "Good. You have ten minutes to move."

"There's no need to rush so much, is there?"

"As for explaining to Nina and the others without revealing anything, I'll leave that to you." Julian laughed coldly. "You're good at being a double agent, aren't you? I trust you can handle it this time too."

"...Do I need to report Diana's movements to you?"

“No need.”

If she were found out, she would definitely be furious.

As long as Vans was here, Julian could ensure the two women’s safety; that was enough for him.

If anything happened, Nina and Diana could rely on each other.

So far, that was what Julian thought. As long as Diana was fine and living happily, he wouldn’t do anything that would interfere in her life.

Alas, he underestimated his feelings.

Ever since he discovered that Diana lived right above Kayla, he was desperately holding himself back from just going up there.

“I ran into Vans when I came back today,” Kayla said, smiling as she let Julian in. “I don’t know what’s going on in this apartment complex, but he, Diana, and Nina live here now.”

“It’s just a coincidence,” Julian said nonchalantly.

“Don’t you want to head up to see Diana?” Kayla asked, glancing at him.

“There’s no point,” Julian replied, seemingly too lazy to talk. Afterwards, he went to stand alone on the balcony.

From there, he could sometimes hear faint conversations between Diana and Nina. Sometimes, if he was lucky, he could even hear Diana laugh.

Whenever that happened, his mood would also improve. Vans had suggested Julian head to his unit instead where it was closer to Diana, but Julian staunchly refused.

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Going over to Vans unit would put Julian too close to Diana, and it would be easy to be discovered by her. It was much better to remain at Kayla’s place. The distance was appropriate, and he could occasionally hear what was happening upstairs.

He also got to watch Kayla and ensure the latter didn't do anything strange to Diana. Kayla also hadn't tried meeting Diana either, and that was good. Diana likely didn't know of Kayla's existence here, which meant she wouldn't suddenly come down and discover Julian's presence.

Julian knew he was no more than a parasite, hiding in Kayla's apartment as he silently observed everything about Diana.

But... He could resist the urge to get involved in her life. The deep longing he felt made it impossible for him to go anywhere else.

Kayla was initially angry about the reason Julian had been coming over so frequently, and didn't want to see him because of that. However, Lucy told her that if they kept in close contact for long enough, she might have the chance to turn things around.

And...

Kayla glanced at her reflection in the mirror and smirked to herself. She looked a lot like Diana, after all, and the chances of her success were higher than any other woman.

Ironic that she had somehow become Diana's substitute without even realizing it!

Even her every move and gesture were becoming more like Diana as the days passed.

"Today, at Esteem Creations..." Kayla began, smiling as she brought Julian a cup of coffee. "Do you remember the guy who was with us at dinner with Diana, Jayden?"

As soon as Julian heard Diana's name, he perked up and was willing to talk to Kayla. "Hmm. I do."

"He actually called me Diana by mistake today," Kayla said, though there was no anger in her voice. "Do we really look that much alike?"

They did look quite alike.

On a scale from one to ten, with ten being the highest, their similarity before was a seven. Now, it had risen to a nine.

Kayla's style of dress and makeup had also become more like Diana's.

A hint of displeasure flashed in Julian's eyes. "Why do you have to be similar to her? Just be yourself."

He was now utterly indifferent to Kayla, and wouldn't even spare her a glance if he could. Annoyed, he snapped, "Stop imitating her."

With just one sentence, he had completely crushed Kayla's self-esteem thoroughly and utterly. She had gone so far. Why oh why couldn't Julian take a closer look at her?

Diana had only been with him for three years. Could that woman really replace all the years Kayla had spent with Julian?

However, Kayla didn't dare question Julian. She was afraid if she spoke out, she would lose the last chance to be with him; he might end up hating her so much that he wouldn't speak to her ever again.

If that happened, her hope of marrying into the Fulcher family would once again be shattered.

Thus, there was nothing she could do but bear with it.

She would endure this treatment until the day Julian finally turned around and looked at her again. From there on, she would slowly regain her hope.

At least now, in the eyes of others, this apartment was a gilded cage Julian had given her to hide in. Everyone kept telling her that good things awaited her in the future.

And so, Kayla forced herself to keep smiling. "Okay."

Even though she agreed on the surface, she didn't change her behavior and continued to maintain her resemblance to Diana.

Later, Julian started to ignore her completely.

Every time he came in, he would go straight to the balcony without sparing her a single glance.

As for Diana, she began to feel that something wasn't quite right recently.

“Are my eyes playing tricks on me?”

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When Diana returned from her studio, she confided her suspicions to Nina. “I feel like I’ve seen Julian in our neighborhood.”

Nina quickly placed her hand on Diana’s forehead. “Are you running a fever? Is it high enough that you started to hallucinate about Julian?”

“...Do I look that fragile?”

“As long as you’re not running a fever, that’s fine,” Nina said. She withdrew her hand and became serious. “If you really can’t let go of him, that’s not a weakness. That’s just how love works. I won’t make fun of you. If you can’t be open and honest with me, then I’m not doing a good job as your friend.”

After that, Nina went into her bedroom and came out with a blanket. ‘I’ll be staying next door tonight. Take your time and think about what I said, okay? M

Nina was giving Diana some space so she could sort out her feelings.

Upon arriving at Vans’s place, she asked him, “Do you think Diana really loves Julian? Even after everything that’s happened between them, how could she think she saw Julian in our neighborhood?”

Nina continued, “Last week, she even said she thought she heard Julian’s voice!”

Nina was worried that Diana would be lovesick if this went on.

“Do you think I should take her to the hospital for a check-up?”

“What can they check for?” Vans asked, feeling a little guilty as he hurriedly avoided Nina’s gaze. “Maybe she just can’t let it go for now, so her mind’s filled with those thoughts.”

Meaning, yes, Diana was indeed thinking about Julian.

He completely omitted the fact that Julian was indeed downstairs.

When Nina didn’t suspect anything, Vans breathed a sigh of relief.

“Do you think Diana still loves Julian?”

“Of course,” Nina replied, sounding close to tears. “She cared so much about her two babies. She was even willing to take a hit for Julian back then, but he...”

Always disappointed her.

“I don’t want to talk about it anymore,” Nina said, clearly having no interest in this topic. “If Diana really loves him to the point of hallucinating about him, I’ll get really angry!”

After all, Nina had been there to see how awfully Julian had treated Diana in the past.

But...

“If she really loves him, then I’ll support them getting back together.”

However...

“Diana may be having hallucinations, but on the other hand, Julian doesn’t seem to care about this at all,” Nina said with a sigh. “After all, he’s completely infatuated with Kayla, not Diana.”

If it wasn’t for that infatuation, none of these troubles would have happened. Listening to this, Vans wanted nothing more than to reveal Julian’s current situation to Nina. Still, he had already made a mistake in interfering in Julian and Diana’s affairs once; his meddling didn’t turn out too well, and even worsened their relationship. Thus, he didn’t dare to say anything rash this time.

Fearing that Nina would pursue the matter with him all night, he quickly leaned over her with a wolfish grin, blocking the light as he said, “Let’s stop thinking about that, okay? Time to turn off the lights!”

Meanwhile, Oliver had made some new progress. Despite not liking Julian, he had to admit Julian was very capable and efficient in his work. It had taken Oliver a long time to find the clues, but the results were so absurd that he couldn’t determine Julian’s motives.

He had thought about contacting Julian and asking the man about it face to face; but when he thought about how Diana had canceled their dinner plans in such a hurry, he realized that she may have already known this fact.

But she hadn't told him, even when he had been one of the people involved.

Disappointment ran through Oliver, and his desire to confront Julian faded. However, he knew he had to find the time to tell Diana about how she had saved Julian when they were younger.

Unfortunately, with such a busy schedule at the hospital recently, Oliver decided to pick up more shifts to help his colleagues before freeing up some time to meet Diana.

When the time came, it would also be time to hear Diana's answer to his confession.

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James was currently in a dilemma. On the day he, Kayla, and Lucy dug up the babies' grave, he had fallen ill after returning home.

At night, he kept dreaming of the two children who hadn't yet fully formed. In his dream, Diana would reach out to choke him, screaming that he would have to pay the price for digging up the grave. Meanwhile, Julian stood behind her with a cold glint in his eyes. There were no words of accusation from the man, but the oppressing air around him was enough to make James tremble in fear.

When James woke up in the morning, he had no idea what to think about Kayla wanting to marry into the Fulcher family. When James recalled how Kate cared for him, he felt touched and couldn't help but harbor some hope for Diana.

He hesitated for a long time before finally mustering up the courage to pick up the phone and try to tell Diana about what he had done.

However, this time, Diana didn't answer his call.

She had gone to a photo studio to pick up the pictures that Nina had taken on her birthday. Sure enough, pictures taken by a first-class paparazzo were

beautiful. Even though Diana wasn't usually fond of her own face, she felt her expressions looked gentle enough to be drawn into the pictures.

It was nice enough that she wanted to show her two babies.

The weather was lovely, with the crisp autumn air and a comfortable breeze blowing gently on her face. After picking up the photos, she bought two small cakes and went to the cemetery. With the good weather, her surroundings seemed even more peaceful than usual.

At the foot of the mountain, Diana got out of the car and slowly made her way upwards. But the further she walked, the worse her expression became.

The bright yellow tombstone she had personally carved seemed to have fallen to the ground. However, she was still too far away to clearly see what had exactly happened. She quickened her steps, anxious.

When she got closer, she almost cried out in horror.

She hadn't been mistaken. The tombstone had really been dug up!

They were only babies! Who could they have offended?!

The pictures and cakes in her hand fell to the ground with a loud clatter as her gaze was firmly fixed on the big, empty pit. Her eyes turned red with terror, and she used all her strength to stop trembling. Once she was in control, she slowly crouched to find the urn.

Her two babies had been so young...!

They were still two unformed embryos when they had been taken away from her body, and it was impossible to preserve them without being placed in a refrigerated environment.

However, such a place would be too cold for them

Diana couldn't bear to let them be trapped in such a place forever.

Ultimately, she accepted the hospital's suggestion to have them cremated into ashes.

Julian had bought two glass bottles and placed the two babies together in one box. She hoped they could keep each other company that way, and the thought gave her one final comfort.

But now, the grave had been dug up, and there was residual rainwater in the tomb. Even the ash box had been opened...!

When Diana picked up the box, she felt like her heart was about to burst open.

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The water also washed away the final vestiges of hope in Diana's heart.

She remembered on that rainy day, she had felt deeply uneasy. Now, she knew it wasn't because something had happened to her parents or Oliver, but rather here...

It had been her two precious babies whom she had overlooked.

She couldn't forgive herself.

She couldn't let this matter go, either.

Stumbling along with the empty urn in her arms and blood-stained fingerprints on her face, she went to the cemetery's office.

She didn't know when her shoes had fallen off.

Regardless, they were gone by the time she arrived at the monitoring room.

However, she didn't feel any pain. She didn't cry or make a fuss, and simply requested calmly, "I want to see the surveillance footage."

Since she had been the one to choose this cemetery and such a terrible thing had happened, she needed to find out who was behind it.

Otherwise, she didn't know how to face her babies anymore.

Even silently reciting their names in her heart now felt like a great sin.

She had to...

She had to do something for them right away! Immediately!

That would be the only way to alleviate the guilt and the feeling of her heart being ripped out of her chest.

However, the people in the monitoring room were hesitant.

“We’re sorry, Miss Winnington.”

They clearly wanted to help her with everything they could, since such an awful thing had happened. It was the graves of two unborn babies, after all. Whoever had dug them up must be insane and outrageous!

Just who would have such a grudge that they would target two babies who had just been buried?

Yet, no matter how angry everyone in the room was, there was nothing they could do.

They looked at Diana apologetically and said, “There’s really nothing we can do. The surveillance cameras broke down from the heavy rain a few days ago.”

Diana’s expression slowly turned from indifference to ice. She knew all along that this incident wasn’t a coincidence, given that only Aster and Star’s grave had been dug up. It was only at this moment that Diana realized she had underestimated just how wicked human nature could be.

The gravedigger had intentionally done this! They had targeted her babies! And... They had targeted her as well.

Was it Kayla? Did that woman have the guts to do such a thing? If not her, who else?

There were only a few people who knew about the babies’ existence.

Regardless of who it was, Diana needed evidence.

Diana thought for a moment, and said in an unusually calm voice, “Were all the cameras broken?”

“Yes. They’ve been malfunctioning since the rain a few days ago. We’re still repairing them, but since there are a lot of them, it’s taking a while.”

“What about surveillance footage from before the rain?”

“Um...” the person in the monitoring room was hesitant. “They were all working fine.”

They clearly thought that the problems started due to the strong wind and thunderstorms on the rainy day, but Diana wasn't of the same mind.

However, she didn't want to make things difficult for the people in this room.

They were only workers, and couldn't do much. If she wanted to blame someone, it would be herself for not being cautious enough and not taking Julian's advice to bury them in the Fulcher family cemetery.

With that thought in mind, she walked out of the monitoring room. Her expression darkened, and there was no hint of her usual gentleness. Only a chilling, murderous glint remained.

She contacted Oliver.

Getting straight to the point when the man answered, she said, “Help me.”

This was the first time she had ever asked Oliver for help.

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Oliver's heart skipped a beat at Diana's sudden request.

She had never spoken to him in such a tone before, let alone asked him for help.

In fact, her actions always made it clear that she was drawing a clear line between them. However, he had clung to that hope and refused to let go.

When he heard Diana speaking this way, he initially thought he was mistaken. After confirming it was indeed her, he calmed down and placed the phone between his ear and shoulder, and pulled off the gloves he had just used to treat a patient. “What do you need?”

When Diana heard his answer, she knew that things would be fine.

"I'll admit that I'm shameless. I've been wanting to refuse you, but I still... had to come to you for help," Diana said. She took a deep breath after she finished talking to keep her most vulnerable emotions hidden.

Throughout the conversation, she remained eerily calm.

It was an unusual calm that made Oliver suspect that something big had happened. Otherwise, Diana wouldn't be acting this way.

He was about to ask what happened when she said firmly, "Oliver, I need your help. Someone has desecrated the grave of my babies. I want to find out who did it."

Oliver immediately asked about the surveillance footage, and Diana informed him of what had happened.

"I got it," Oliver replied.

What he needed to do was to repair the surveillance equipment.

"Every time something happens, the surveillance cameras are broken." Diana laughed coldly. "It's always the same old story. It's ridiculous!"

But with determination, every problem could be solved.

Oliver acted quickly. After all, it was just a matter of technology and connections. He didn't need to do anything personally, but he needed to call in some favors.

And so, the task went smoothly.

After about thirty minutes, Oliver called Diana again.

"The surveillance cameras were damaged due to natural causes," Oliver explained. "It was related to the rainy weather, which caused the circuits to deteriorate and the equipment to burn out."

In their country, many surveillance cameras were just for show. In other words, the cemetery might not have discovered the problem of their aging cameras if the rain hadn't been so heavy.

"So, what can we do?" Diana asked with a frown. "Can they be restored?"

“Give me some time,” Oliver assured. ‘Til contact you again in an hour.”

He was afraid she would get anxious, so he called her every half an hour. After three calls, she received a video file in her email. When she clicked on it, she saw Kayla in the footage.

Because the cameras were old and damaged before the rain, the restored footage was short and only showed Kayla getting out of the car.

However, that was enough.

Kayla wouldn’t have come to the cemetery if she didn’t need anything from there. Oliver’s words also confirmed Diana’s suspicion.

“There wasn’t anyone else in the cemetery with any connections to Kayla.”

Kayla had come on a rainy night to dig up the grave of her two babies.

What a vicious woman!

Kayla had planned to harm her babies when they were still in her belly. Now that they were starting to rest in peace, she went insane and actually dug up their grave!

Diana’s eyes reddened angrily at the thought.

“Thank you,” she said to Oliver. “I still have to deal with some things today, but I’ll definitely treat you to a meal soon.”

Oliver felt that her emotions were off, and he asked, “Should I come over to see you?”

“No,” Diana refused firmly.

She didn’t want anyone else to get involved in the grudge between her and Kayla. This time, she would handle it herself.

...In a way only a mother could.

Respect for others, when they refused, was something that had been ingrained in Oliver’s bones. As he was a gentleman, he nodded at Diana’s reply. “Alright, I understand.”

He would wait for her to deal with things her own way.

“Stay safe.”

That was all he could request of her.

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Diana didn't respond to Oliver's words, and instead asked, “One last thing. Could you help me find Kayla's address?”

After Oliver hung up, he felt anxious. Today's events had been sudden, and he still had many shifts at the hospital. He couldn't very well abandon his patients in need of treatment!

But... What if something really happened to Diana?

This wasn't a time for him to try to be a hero. Oliver's only concern was Diana's safety; and so, he contacted Julian.

He was short and straight to the point. “I know what you did to me and Diana. Honestly, I don't understand your motives. But if you have even the slightest bit of affection left for her, please go to her immediately. She may be in danger.”

Julian was confused by Oliver's sudden call. He didn't have a good impression of Oliver, but he didn't hang up either.

“What are you talking about?!”

Diana lived next door to Vans, so Julian would've known about any signs of danger long before Oliver; if there was any.

“I'm not making this up,” Oliver pressed. “It's about Kayla!”

“Dr. Channing, please hurry! Help!”

Without further delay, the call was disconnected.

What had Kayla done to Diana? Why did Oliver call him if something had happened to her? Had their relationship progressed further?

Julian didn't have time to think about those questions. Before he realized what was happening, he was already wearing his suit and sitting in the car.

"Let's go to the apartment," he told Noel.

Rubbing his head tiredly, he asked, "Has Kayla been acting strange lately?"

Noel shook his head. "No, sir. She's been going to work on time, and I haven't noticed anything unusual."

Julian nodded. "Let's head over to the apartment first."

He didn't believe Kayla would dare do anything to Diana, but he had to make sure.

Since this matter involved Diana, Noel didn't dare delay and stepped on the gas pedal, speeding all the way to their destination.

"Sir, we're here," he soon announced.

When Julian got out of the car and started walking, it was coincidentally in the opposite direction Diana had taken. However, he was walking slightly faster than her.

He still vividly recalled how Diana had crouched in the rain and told him she didn't want to see him or have any contact with him again. She even pushed him towards Kayla and hoped that he would marry her.

Diana must have hated him more than anything.

Julian didn't dare meet Diana in person, for fear she would misunderstand and assume he was still following her. As such, he turned to the building entrance first.

However, Diana had already locked onto his figure earlier.

The man who passed her was indeed Julian; she hadn't been mistaken. It was definitely not a hallucination, because even the Rolls Royce parked at the roadside hadn't left.

Noel was still seated in the driver's seat. When he met her eyes, he rolled down the window and nodded respectfully at her. Compared to Mr.

Carter's gaze, there was respect and sincerity in his eyes.

However, Diana ignored Noel.

She wasn't in a mood to deal with him.

In fact, seeing Julian actually appearing here again worsened everything. However, this also confirmed that Oliver had given her the correct address.

She had actually wandered in the same neighborhood as Kayla, and had even been that wretched woman's neighbor for several days!

Well, well. It hadn't been strange for her to have heard Julian's voice.

After dealing with the marriage with Diana, who was Kayla's substitute, Julian finally moved in with Kayla, huh?

Was he truly clueless as to what Kayla had done?!

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On that rainy day, Diana had protected Julian at all costs, and the fear of being struck from behind overwhelmed her again in this instance.

Her blood seemed to stop flowing, and her heart and mind grew heavy to the point of suffocating.

Thinking about something in one's mind was sometimes different from seeing it with one's own eyes.

When she said she wanted Julian to marry Kayla, she hoped he would refute her and get angry about it. She even hoped he would grab her neck and strangle her to stop her from spouting such nonsense!

Yet... He hadn't said a single word to disagree.

He loved that woman from the bottom of his heart.

However, Diana's heart didn't hurt anymore from this revelation.

She had grown completely numb.

Now, all she wanted to do was find Kayla.

And then...

A sense of determination and fearlessness filled her. She was no longer intimidated by anyone or anything right now, no matter how powerful or revered her enemies may be.

She was decisive in her choice.

She wouldn't wait for revenge, or bid her time anymore.

Kayla had gone too far!

And today, Diana would make her pay!

Diana walked quickly, so much that she almost seemed to be flying on her feet. Her gaze was sharp, and she ignored Noel. There was no one else in her eyes right now.

She turned to a corner, and entered a fruit shop to buy a dagger.

Noel thought Diana hadn't noticed him and wanted to greet her. But then he saw Diana walking away in a hurry, as if she was avoiding a plague; feeling awkward, he quickly gave up.

Following that, he drove into the underground parking lot to park the car.

Meanwhile, Diana arrived at the elevator.

The display on the elevator screen showed that it was currently on the twenty-second floor.

Hah...

Julian had really gone to see Kayla.

Diana also pressed the button for the twenty-second floor, and stared at the unlit button on the twenty-third floor with mixed emotions.

If Diana wasn't going to serve justice for her babies today, would Nina be heartbroken upon returning to their home and learning about what had happened?

Regardless, it was lucky that Vans was around to comfort Nina.

When the elevator door slid open, Diana reached for the knife in her bag and calmly headed to the location Oliver had given her.

She knocked on the door, and Kayla opened it. She was dressed in lounge clothes, and there was a big smile on her face when she saw Diana.

“Diana! You really came! Julian just mentioned you,” Kayla said as she tried to pull Diana inside. “I knew you lived upstairs and wanted to say hi, but Julian wouldn’t let me.”

Diana realized that Julian had played her for a fool once more. She clenched her fist tightly and asked, “Where is he?”

Kayla lowered her voice and said, “He’s tired, so he’s resting on the couch.”

“I see.”

It seemed he had seen Diana downstairs, but hadn’t stopped to see her. Still, Diana didn’t mind. It was better this way.

She quickly pulled Kayla out and blocked the door with her foot to prevent any noise from alerting the man inside.

If she did that, she would stand no chance of winning.

There was a vicious glint in her eyes, and Kayla immediately knew why Diana had come.

She whispered, so that only the two of them could hear, “Did you see the grave? The rain was so heavy that day, and I tried my best to protect the ashes, but they still flowed away! Diana... Sometimes you have to learn to let go. Just as the ashes will eventually become fertilizer for new growth, holding on to your babies in a small box serves no purpose. Think of how their sacrifice will help the world! Those ashes can turn into spring mud, which nurtures new flowers. It-“

Before Kayla could finish, Diana raised her hand and slapped Kayla hard across the face!

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With that harsh slap, Kayla's forehead hit the door hard. Her already hoarse voice became sharper as she screamed, 'Diana! Why would you hit your own sister?!'

Diana ignored Kayla, and continued slapping the latter without stopping. As she did, she snarled, "Don't say my name."

When her name passed Kayla's lips, the disgust in her was unbearable.

She didn't have a sister like this monster!

Turn into spring mud, which nurtures new flowers?!

Hah!

Diana took out the knife and placed it on Kayla's arm.

"I didn't expect you to admit it so quickly,' Diana hissed. She imagined the scene of Kayla trampling over the grave of her babies, and how this wicked woman poured their ashes gleefully into the drain. She almost lost her ability to breathe from the violent pain that struck her heart.

She suppressed the tremors in her arm the best she could and lamented," But that's also good. It saves us time.'

She would let Kayla feel what it meant about how being sacrificed would help the world.

As she said that, the knife slowly sank into Kayla's arm.

Kayla hadn't expected such a violent reaction from Diana; for a moment, she was unable to react.

She initially wanted to see Diana's breakdown and subsequent hysteria, not a murderous attempt like this!

For the first time she stood before Diana, fear and terror flooded her.

She suddenly regretted agreeing with Julian earlier when she told him he didn't need to help her, and that she would resolve the issue with Diana peacefully.

Now, she might not be able to do as she said.

“The thing you shouldn’t have done...was to provoke my children repeatedly.”

The sharp blade of the knife slid across Kayla’s arms, leaving behind uneven drops of blood.

“Your blood is like my children’s ashes too, don’t you think? It can also turn into fertilizer for new growth. Think about how your sacrifice will help the world, alright?” Diana said as she pressed down harder.

Kayla was trembling all over. “Diana! S-Stop!”

Then, she raised her voice and screamed at the top of her lungs, “Julian! Diana’s gone crazy! Julian! She’s lost her mind!”

Oh? Kayla was calling for backup.

This time, Diana wouldn’t give her a chance!

Diana acted quickly, raising the knife to be on the same level as Kayla’s face and bringing it down as harshly as she could.

The knife glinted in the dim light...

And an ugly gash now lined Kayla’s face.

It would scar, Kayla had no doubt about it.

If Julian didn’t show up soon, Diana would aim for her neck next!

“Julian!” Kayla screamed desperately. She said nothing about the grave and struggled wildly at the door. “My sister’s crazy! She knows I live downstairs from her, and she’s gotten even crazier after you and I started to live together! She’s angry because she was my substitute in the past, and she has a knife! She cut my face! No!”

Terror seeped into Kayla’s voice as she screamed again, more desperately this time, “She’s going to kill me!”

At last, Julian, who had been trying to abide by Diana’s wishes by avoiding her, couldn’t bear it any longer. To be honest, he couldn’t bring himself to care about Kayla dying. However, he was afraid of Diana getting blood on her hands!

He jumped up from the couch, as if fearing for Kayla's life, and forcefully opened the door Diana had blocked with her foot. The sudden change of momentum made Diana stumble, and she almost fell to the ground.

Left with no choice, Diana released Kayla; however, the murderous glint in her eyes remained.

Julian's heart clenched tightly. He had never seen Diana in such a state before. Seeing the blood on her and her cold gaze, he truly feared that Diana would ruin herself because of Kayla.

He desperately restrained himself from rushing forward to pull her into his arms. Disbelief was in his eyes as he said softly, "Diana..."

His tone was filled with anxiety, hesitation, and caution.

But there was also doubt, the desire to persuade her, and confusion.

Diana reminded herself not to dwell on his tone. Even if he said anything more, it had absolutely nothing to do with her.

To remain unscathed before him, she needed her heart to be as hard as a rock.

So, she raised one eyebrow and asked coldly, "Yes, Mr. Fulcher?"