

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 591-600

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 591

Julian donned a navy blue suit, which was in his usual style and was a perfect fit for his body.

It hugged his broad shoulders and narrow hips snugly.

The hem of his suit jacket moved as he did, making him look even more suave.

Kayla, who was standing next to him, had her face covered with a veil, but her eyes were bright and lively as they told of how happy and smug she was feeling on the inside. She was clearly delighted.

Her gown had a long train and left a mark on the floor wherever it swept past, sending petals and balloons flying as she moved.

Anyone who saw them would be convinced that they were a match made in heaven.

What's more, the groom of the wedding today was none other than Julian Fulcher.

Endless streams of congratulations echoed within the wedding hall.

Diana stood amidst the raging crowd, and considered giving up.

Meanwhile, the security guards were charging toward her.

Simon was following behind the security guards.

He was pointing right at Diana.

She never expected him to yell at the guards to lock her in the warehouse again when he spent so much effort and energy to smash the lock open!

Was it just because she didn't give him her hand and let him lead her out?

What a petty and vengeful man he was!

And so, Diana had no choice but to move around the crowd.

But she looked unkempt and heavily wounded, and her movements displeased many guests. Some even called their own bodyguards over to throw her out.

Just then, the security guards rushed over.

They yelled, "It's her! She's not a beggar! She's the one in the photo Miss Winnington gave us! Seize her!"

The moment the guests heard the security guards yelling, they began calling for their own bodyguards, completely forgetting about wanting to please the newlyweds of the Fulcher family.

Julian heard the commotion; thinking he heard Diana's voice, he turned to look.

However, he could only see the back of the heads of the crowd.

It wasn't her.

She was trapped in some unknown place by Kayla, Julian thought frustratedly. He retracted his gaze and turned to look at Kayla.

Naturally, he missed the moment Diana looked at him.

"Julian!" Diana almost jumped up as she yelled at the top of her voice. She was pushed farther and farther away, deeper and deeper into the overwhelming crowd. "Julian Fulcher!"

Her voice was heart-wrenching, filled with anxiety.

Yet, he couldn't hear her.

The music was too loud, the guests were too noisy, and his mind was too occupied with memories of his wedding with Diana.

Back then...

He didn't even take a single photograph of the event.

The wedding officially began, and at Kayla's request, the host went through the proceedings very quickly. He positioned the mic next to Julian's lips and

asked carefully, “Mr. Fulcher, will you take Miss Winnington as your lawfully wedded wife?”

Miss Winnington?

His Diana...

‘Yes! I will!’

Why wouldn’t he?

It was what he wanted more than anything.

Passion flashed past his eyes, but it vanished the moment he saw Kayla.

She wasn’t his Diana.

She was just another Miss Winnington.

And right now, he was standing in a wedding hall next to Kayla Winnington.

His Diana, on the other hand, was suffering along with his grandmother elsewhere.

“Miss Kayla Winnington, will you take Mr. Fulcher as your lawfully wedding husband, never to...”

Diana couldn’t hear anything else after that.

Her courage and strength vanished into thin air the moment she heard Julian’s firm and resounding ‘Yes!’

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 592

Diana felt as if she had her soul sucked out of her. Her legs seemed to be walking on air, and she was suddenly in a trance-like daze.

Who was she?

Where was she?

Why exactly did she try so hard to come here from that abandoned place?

Grandma!

It was for her grandma, the one and only person in this world who loved and doted on her!

Tears streamed down her face, soaking all the wounds she gathered these two days in her salty, wet drops.

The security guards and bodyguards surrounding her were all in a daze at the sight of the state she was in. When the blood stains on her face were washed off by her tears, they could finally make out her facial features and became even more agitated.

They stared hard at the photo that Kayla sent them and yelled, “We can’t let her go! She’s the one Miss Winnington is looking for!”

It didn’t matter to Diana any more.

What Julian really felt didn’t matter anymore!

Her bet with Grandma didn’t matter, either!

It no longer mattered whether she won or lost the bet.

She only wanted Julian to save Grandma right now!

She couldn’t rest easy knowing that Grandma was all alone over there.

As if filled with a new burst of energy, Diana pushed past the crowd. Like an injured bird struggling to fly, she stumbled to the mixer and grabbed the microphone.

“Julian? Julian?” Kayla stood on stage and nudged Julian with a smile.” The host is asking you a question.”

“Mr. Fulcher...” The host was clearly able to see how unwilling the groom of this wedding was.

What’s more, the unwilling groom was none other than the great Julian Fulcher.

If he wasn’t careful, he might end up losing his life in this wedding!

He wiped away the sweat on his brow, and forced a smile on his face. He turned to look into Julian's eyes and repeated, "Mr. Fulcher, do you have any words for your new bride?"

Once the groom was done with his speech, the wedding ceremony would officially be over.

Julian's eyes turned dark as he nodded, "Yes, I do."

The corner of Kayla's lips curled into a smile.

She knew it; all along, there had been a strong foundation underlying her relationship with Julian. Although there was an element of threat in this wedding, Julian was ultimately willing to marry her. Look, he even prepared a wedding speech!

She thought that he would have nothing to say to her.

"Julian," she said emotionally, "Please go ahead."

"Diana Winnington..."

The moment he spoke, Kayla's face changed and she immediately covered the microphone with her hands to prevent others from hearing what Julian had to say.

"Is she and Grandma still safe?"

He had cooperated with Kayla to this extent. Kayla should at least be able to assure him of their safety.

Before the wedding ceremony was officially over, he needed to hear Diana's voice for himself. "Let me talk to her," he pressed.

He was stubborn, serious, and spoke in a tone that wouldn't take no for an answer.

"I can only rest easy upon speaking with Diana."

Kayla was inwardly torn. She anxiously gripped the head of the microphone tight, almost tearing the protective cover off.

Diana Winnington! Diana Winnington! Diana Winnington!

Diana Winnington had run off!

How on earth was she going to find Diana and let her talk to Julian?

Despite her anxiety, Kayla managed to squeeze a smile on her face.” Julian, I won’t let you talk to her until the ceremony’s over.”

She had already made herself clear.

They finally made it to this step. She would never allow things to fail at the final moment!

Right after this, Julian and her would finally be officially married.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 593

Julian didn’t want to get married to Kayla. As much as he was forced, he had no desire to marry any woman aside from Diana.

Yet at this moment, he had no choice but to give in. He spoke through gritted teeth, completely without his usual commanding aura and as if he had put up a thin veil between him and everyone else. “Fine...”

Kayla could finally rest at ease as she took Julian’s hand. However, Julian pushed her hand away as if scalded by it.

She could only pretend nothing happened, and quickly adjusted her veil in an attempt to hide her awkwardness.

The host noticed the strange air between the two of them, and took the initiative to grab the microphone from Kayla. Just then, Julian snatched the microphone and faced the guests, looking like he was finally ready to deliver his speech.

Kayla was touched; she smiled and waited for him to speak.

His deep, low voice echoed through the wedding hall, resounding through everyone’s ears.

“I, Julian Fulcher...”

He paused for a moment, his eyes stiffly looking past Kayla with an inexplicable show of resilience.

The next moment, he fell to his knees in front of all the guests.

Everyone gasped, shocked and bewildered. Even Diana, who was fumbling with the switch on the microphone, was shocked. As it turned out, she had come all the way here just to be humiliated.

In her bet with Grandma, she was the utter loser.

From her angle, it looked as if Julian was kneeling in Kayla's direction.

Julian Fulcher, a man too proud to kneel, was kneeling to the woman of his dreams to confess his affections for her, his newly-wedded wife!

As for Diana, she was nothing but a mere replacement. Yet, she once again almost believed that Julian loved her.

She looked down and stared at the wounds covering her wrist and legs and her swollen skin. She stubbornly looked up, but life had been sucked out of her eyes.

She looked like a lifeless doll, abandoned and chucked to a corner.

Yet, she was still holding on to dear life.

Not for Julian, but for the old woman who treated her with great sincerity.

She simply wanted Julian, the man who had lost his mind for a woman, to see how much that old woman was suffering in the abandoned house, all because he was worried about them disrupting the wedding.

The image of Madam Fulcher's cracked lips when Diana fled from the abandoned houses pierced painfully through Diana's heart.

She had always been like this.

If others treated Diana well, she would treat them ten times better.

If others treated her ten times better, she would give them her heart!

But because of Julian, she wouldn't have the chance to offer Madam Fulcher her heart.

Diana truly couldn't fathom why Julian would lock her and Madam Fulcher up just so he could get married to Kayla.

Diana wanted to escape.

She didn't want to care any more.

Yet, she wanted to repay Madam Fulcher for the latter's kindness.

Diana finally found the microphone switch, and was about to address Julian when she heard him say loudly, "I, Julian Fulcher!" He looked up, his dark eyes looking across everyone, and he continued, "Have only ever loved one woman!"

At that moment, Kayla's heart was in her throat.

She wanted Julian to say something to her and bring this wedding to a perfect end, but she didn't expect him to give her such a pleasant surprise by kneeling and confessing to her.

What a great honor!

After the wedding, she was bound to be the object of envy of all the socialites and ladies in Richburgh!

Kayla's heart was bursting with happiness.

But what Julian said next immediately sent her to hell.

"I, Julian Fulcher, have only ever loved one woman. Her surname is Winnington, and her name is Diana!" He looked at all the guests and went on firmly, "It is Diana Winnington, the daughter of the Winnington family whom I married three years ago! It's definitely not Kayla Winnington, the imposter of an heiress!"

Diana felt as if someone knocked her head with her hammer while at the same time delivered living water to her soul. Just like that, her broken heart showed signs of life.

She heard it!

Julian wasn't kneeling for Kayla. In fact, he was making up for his regrets over his and Diana's wedding three years ago in such a high-profile manner.

He wanted to announce his love for Diana before the whole world!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 594

He was even trying to clear Diana's name.

As it turned out, he had always known what she cared about, even though he never made it clear.

Still, this wasn't the best place for a confession.

Julian didn't intend to confess. He didn't even know that his beloved Diana, whom he had been pining for, was here.

He knelt because he no longer cared about his dignity, not even his pride. All he wanted was to know where Diana was.

There were so many people and so many pairs of eyes around, which was better than him looking out for her alone.

Ever since he realized that he loved Diana, he had become more humble and no longer thought of himself as invincible and all-powerful.

He looked at every single person in the crowd, his body upright and his side profile perfect like a Greek god statue. His kneeling posture did nothing to lessen his commanding aura and instead, made those before him tremble in uncertainty.

Some people in the crowd even began slowly kneeling before him, unable to stand the tension any longer...

However, Julian didn't care for all these details. He simply wanted to express what was in his heart. "But right now, she and my grandmother have been kidnapped by the so-called bride today!"

His voice turned solemn as he went on, "I plead for everyone to help me find them. As long as you can find her and ensure their safety, the Fulcher family will reward you handsomely!"

His simple words were like a huge explosive in the hall.

It effectively expressed his unwillingness to get married and his sincere plea for help.

The guests were shocked into silence by Julian's sudden announcement. Just like fireworks that exploded into the night sky, someone reacted right at that moment. "Mr. Fulcher! Please stand!"

"Mr. Fulcher, it's our honor to help you. Please don't kneel for us."

"Yes!" Someone else added. Someone even rushed over and helped Julian up to his feet. "We are witnesses to all the economic contributions you've made to Richburgh. Many people depend on the Fulchers for their livelihood. We will never say no to helping you find someone!"

"Exactly!"

"Precisely!"

All of a sudden, no one cared about the wedding and Kayla. Everyone began activating their network to search for Diana.

Just then, Diana said tenderly, "Julian."

She said it in such a small voice; she even forgot to position the microphone by her lips, but Julian managed to hear her voice.

"Diana?!" He looked up in shock as his dark eyes suddenly lit up. He stood up on stage immediately, and stared at her in disbelief. "Diana? Is that you?"

She sobbed as she rushed toward him. "It's me..."

She had never expected this proud man to kneel for her sake.

He was so proud, so reserved. He had never bowed to anyone since he was a child, yet he fell to his knees before so many people for her sake.

He did so just to search for her and Madam Fulcher!

She shouldn't have hesitated. Had she called out for him earlier, would he have to humble himself in such a way?

She should've believed him and believed Madam Fulcher. She should've believed that he gave her all in places she couldn't see!

She was wrong.

She shouldn't have distrusted him!

At the next moment, the tearful woman was pulled into a strong embrace.

It was a warm, dependable, firm yet tender embrace.

His hands cupped her chin tenderly, for fear that he would touch her wounds. He didn't dare to look at her body; her wounds were akin to whips lashing on his heart.

The wounds were testament to how difficult it must've been for her to get here.

He didn't dare to ask for details, but simply hugged her with trembling arms as he chanted, "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid."

He was here.

He didn't marry Kayla.

Before he knelt down, Julian had already figured out that as long as a huge commotion broke out at the scene, he'd be able to get more people to help him find Diana and avoid going through with the wedding rites with Kayla.

Everything had gone according to his plans.

In fact, it had gone much better than he had thought. Diana appeared right before him like an angel descending to earth.

"I didn't kneel in vain."

There was laughter in his voice, which was as melodious as a symphony.

The smile on his face was like a breeze in springtime, telling of all his affections and love. "I didn't become another woman's husband."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 595

Diana finally understood the true significance behind why he knelt.

It wasn't just to find her. More importantly, it was to catch Kayla off-guard and ruin the entire wedding.

It wasn't enough for him to just ruin the wedding. He had to tell the truth about how he was being threatened so that everyone would understand. Not only was this wedding a failure in terms of the ceremony, but he also wanted to wipe this entire incident clean psychologically!

He wanted everyone to know that Diana was his wife and the only woman he loved.

Even if she was his ex-wife, it didn't lessen his affections for her the slightest.

It did not take much for Diana to understand all the pains he went through. "Silly."

Her heart ached for him the more she thought about it. "How could you kneel in front of so many people because of me...?"

"Don't feel burdened by it." Julian's fingers caressed her cheeks gently, touching her wounds so carefully that his fingers began trembling. "Does it hurt?"

"It doesn't." She shook her head, still able to smile. "Grandma won our bet after all."

But Diana was all too happy to admit defeat.

She could finally see Julian's heart for what it truly was.

She could finally accept his affections and no longer doubt them.

"Oh, yes! Quick, go save Grandma!" She didn't have the time to explain about their bet, and went on to describe the abandoned estate to Julian.

Some guests overheard her and took the initiative to offer help. "Mr. Fulcher, take care of your wife first. I'll bring some of my men along with Mr. Noel Carter there."

That place was in fact beyond the outskirts of the capital, and was even further away.

The abandoned estate was located in a desolated sight-seeing area. The original plan of that area was too ambitious, resulting in vast areas of dark and gloomy buildings, which became the abandoned estate that they saw today.

It was so deep in the mountainous region that one's phone wouldn't even be able to receive a signal there.

It was an area that had long been forgotten.

It was also evident that Kayla clearly spent much effort in planning the abduction.

'Thank you all so much. After treating Diana's wounds, I'll take her to the abandoned estate to fetch Grandma home.' Once again, Julian had become the center of attention. He was neither overbearing nor Seville, and remained the most domineering man there despite having knelt before everyone.

In fact, he seemed even more indomitable because he knelt, thereby exposing his helplessness to the crowd for the sake of the woman he loved and his family. Many men who sat in positions of power and superiority were unable to do so.

Not only did his actions fail to ruin his name, but it also became a fine story in time to come.

Kayla's eyes turned red when she saw the scene unfolding before her.

Her face was scarred and she didn't dare to cry, for fear of making her mask wet and exposing her disfigured face to everyone.

She could only bear with it, and pulled out a dagger from within the many layers of her wedding dress.

Last time...

Diana used a dagger to scar her face.

Now that her kidnapping plan had failed and she wasn't able to force Julian to marry her, she would kill Diana with this dagger!

"Watch out!" The pure white lilies looked dazzling under the light from the chandelier glistening from above.

Before Diana could even blink, she felt her feet sweep off the floor as she was hauled into Julian's arms.

However, he very quickly put her back down again.

Before Diana could react, he shot her a stunning smile.

“Diana, don’t be scared.”

Don’t be scared?

Why would she be scared?

She had already confirmed his feelings for her, and she even managed to convey the message and gotten help to save Madam Fulcher. What else did she have to be scared of?

She was right by Julian’s side, so what was there to fear?

Swish!

That was the sound of a dagger piercing through flesh!

Blood splattered before her eyes, lending the pure white lilies a dash of bright red.

...Not scared.

Julian, I’m not scared.

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 596

That was what she thought, but tears overflowed and drenched her entire face.

“Julian. Julian.”

Diana said she wouldn’t be scared.

And yet, why did she feel her soul sucked out of her body as fear coursed through her veins? Every single part of her body was trembling.

“Julian! Julian!” she yelled again and again, worried he wouldn’t respond to her.

Her voice was trembling as well, and pain pierced through Julian’s flesh. She grabbed hold of him tight as her entire body shook, trying to turn his body over so she could have a look.

“Let me see. Jet me see...” Waves of fear flooded Diana, making her almost unable to speak. She could only grab his arm, trying to walk past him.

However, Julian persisted in blocking her way like a giant tree towering over a flower.

He didn't want her exposed to the winds and rain.

The only thing she could sense was the ear-piercing screams in the venue, and her hands that he held firm behind her back.

He was protecting her.

The dagger Kayla held while charging toward Diana...

Had pierced right through Julian's body.

Not only did the blood splatter right before Diana's eyes, but it also shocked Kayla who was holding onto the dagger. Julian had acted completely out of instinct!

In other words, he rushed forward without a second thought the moment he saw the dagger aimed toward Diana.

Kayla looked at Julian in disbelief, her eyes filled with jealousy. “Are you willing to lose your life for Diana's sake?!”

Julian, however, didn't answer her.

He simply turned around and smiled tenderly at Diana.

He didn't want her to feel guilty.

“Don't cry,” he said as he caressed her face, wiping away the bloodstains on her eyelids. His heart broke as he looked at her. “Does it hurt?”

Diana's heart trembled.

At a time like this, he was still worried about whether him rubbing across her wounds would hurt her?!

What exactly was the reason that she would doubt his affections for her again and again?

The love and care he showed her over those three years weren't fake, and his repeated confessions of love weren't lies. Every expression of his care and concern came from the bottom of his heart.

She was the one who was too stubborn and obsessed with her own way of thinking, which resulted in them wasting so much precious time.

Diana felt so much remorse, she could almost die.

Julian was afraid she would feel that way, and started to panic. "Diana, don't cry. The more you cry, the worse it'll be for your wounds."

He was the one at fault.

He wasn't able to find her for two whole days.

He was even forced to walk down the aisle with another woman. Although they didn't go through with the ceremony, he still felt very guilty toward Diana.

Diana had no words to describe what she was feeling right now. There seemed to be a hook trying to empty out all her insides, leaving her with only excruciating pain.

Her wounds didn't hurt, but her heart was hurting for the man before her.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 597

At this time...

Kayla was distracted by his yelling, and her vision started drifting off.

She looked down, and saw Julian grabbing the dagger with his bare hands. Blood dripped down from his palms, no less than the blood he lost from blocking Diana from Kayla's first attack.

Stark red blood flowed and trickled down.

"Julian Fulcher!" Kayla yelled at the top of her voice, as if not knowing the best way to vent her frustrations. The only thing she could do was to hold on tight to the dagger and thrust it forward.

Especially toward Diana.

Julian's obsession was all because of Diana!

No matter what, Kayla knew she had to pierce this dagger through that b* tch!

Yet, Julian held on so tightly to the blade, letting blood flow, and refusing to let go.

"If you let go right now, I can spare your life," Julian said as he continued gripping onto the dagger, as if he couldn't feel pain.

The tighter he gripped the dagger, the crazier Kayla became.

"Spare my life?" Kayla sneered. "How are you going to spare me?! I saved your life! You must bear this gratitude in mind your entire life! You can't do anything to me!"

"Is that so?" Julian looked as if he had heard the greatest joke in the world. "Do you know that I hate it the most when someone threatens me?" Yet, he allowed himself to be threatened by her again and again!

Ultimately, the reason was precisely that gratitude Kayla spoke of.

That damned gratitude because she saved his life!

But now, the gratitude he felt for her in the past had transformed into resentment.

The thought of all the pain and suffering Diana was forced to go through, coupled with the injuries she sustained today, flashed past Julian's mind. The one he took care of meticulously for three years...

And yet, now, her body had become completely mangled!

It was covered in so many wounds...

She was probably in excruciating pain.

There was also Madam Fulcher, who was dragged all the way to the abandoned estate to suffer when she was already so advanced in age. He was unfilial indeed!

And even more so... His babies, who died an innocent death.

Last time, he should've made Kayla pay with her life the last time. Yet because of his gratitude for her saving his life, the most he could do...was strip her of her ability to bear children.

But now, he had had enough!

Julian gripped the dagger with increasing viciousness, and could almost hear the sound of the blade digging deeper into his flesh.

Anger boiled in his chest as more blood flowed from his palm.

His face paled from blood loss, but he continued holding the dagger, pulling it in the direction that Kayla was aiming at.

He glared at Kayla and snarled harshly, "Stab me with this dagger! Since I owe my life to you, let's settle the debt once and for all today!"

Kayla's white gown was stained with bright red blood. As she looked down at her white dress that had turned red, her legs began trembling.

Julian chuckled, as if looking down on a jestering clown. "Go on, Kayla Winnington! Stab me!"

As long as he returned the debt with his life, he no longer had anything to fear.

He no longer needed to show her mercy anymore!

He wanted her to pay the price for good!

Diana was shocked silly by the scene unfolding before her. Julian must be out of his mind!

He was an elite in the business world who would never cut a disadvantageous deal. Yet today, not only did he kneel before everyone in public, he even blocked an attack on her and was grabbing Kayla's dagger and piercing it in his own body!

"Julian..." Kayla finally surrendered. "I don't want to kill you. I don't want to take your life at all!"

She wanted to marry him!

Why would she want to take his life?

She simply couldn't stand Diana Winnington. She wanted Diana dead!

"Diana gave me hell! I want her dead!"

But no matter how much she screamed and yelled, Julian remained standing in front of Diana like a statue, not moving even an inch. No matter how hard Kayla tried to find an angle, she was unable to get close to Diana.

Julian used his own body as an impenetrable world to protect Diana from all harm.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 598

Julian, on the other hand, was turning paler and paler by the minute.

He had already blocked Diana from an attack with his chest, which might have affected his heart. They needed a professional doctor to treat him.

Diana stood behind him, panicking as she saw the blood on his shirt spread fast. The moment she saw his arms relax slightly, she immediately took the chance to squeeze past his arms and take a look at his wound.

Yet, Julian moved even faster than her.

He hauled her back into his arms. "Stay still."

He refused to let her leave the safety of his back.

He was on guard against Kayla attacking Diana once more.

Thankfully, the surrounding guests had snapped back to attention amidst the flabbergasting scene unfolding before them. "Quick! Call for a doctor! A doctor!"

The security guards and bodyguards who had been trying to capture Diana changed their target, and started drawing closer to Kayla instead.

They were waiting for a chance to nab her at one go, without letting Julian get hurt by her dagger.

But now, Kayla's dagger was in Julian's hand. And so, no one dared to make a move.

Therefore, Kayla, Julian, and Diana were stuck in a strange gridlock.

That was, until Julian's body began wavering.

Yet, he insisted on keeping his arms around the woman behind him.

It was as if Kayla was a monstrous beast keeping the two of them from safety.

Hopelessness grew stronger in Kayla's eyes.

Meanwhile, Diana was on the verge of fainting from panic.

"Julian!" she kept yelling from behind him. "Let me see your wound! Let me take a look!"

Kayla's previous attack was relatively forceful.

If it weren't for Julian's quick reaction, Diana might have died.

He was bleeding so much, after all...

Diana had the feeling that Julian's injury was far worse than she imagined.

Julian pretending not to hear her shouts as he repeated tenderly, "Don't fear, Diana. Don't be afraid."

He was still gripping onto the dagger with his bare hands.

Finally, Kayla was the first to let go. "I won't kill her."

She released the dagger with trembling hands, and said hoarsely, "I won't kill her..."

Others might not be able to tell, but Kayla could sense it clearly.

Julian's strength was ebbing away.

His hand that was grabbing the dagger was trembling.

Yet he remained standing before Diana, refusing to move an inch.

Kayla's eyes widened as she looked at Julian's chest.

She had...

She had pierced him in his heart!

Despite that, Julian managed to stand for so long without even wincing in pain.

No wonder no one dared to make a move on her. They were afraid she might attack him a second time and exacerbate the wound on his chest!

No wonder Julian didn't try to subdue her. No wonder he kept holding onto the dagger. He wanted to clear the debt that he owed her-he was truly ready to die!

He was willing to lose his life in order to protect the woman standing behind him and not let her suffer any more.

Kayla laughed, the sound devoid of sanity. "Diana Winnington! You b*tch!"

She started yelling again, as if trying to vent the anger and frustrations filling her heart. 'You b*tch! You b*tch!'

If Julian really were to die today, everything would be over!

What would be the point of planning all these for so long?

It was all Diana's fault!

It was her fault!!!

Just then, Julian, who was looking so weak and sweating all over as if he had been hauled out from a boiling swamp and thrown into an icy pool, suddenly released the dagger and grabbed Kayla's chin roughly with his wounded hands.

Blood trickled down Kayla's chin onto her gown, leaving streaks of dark red.

"Kayla Winnington," he snarled through gritted teeth, as if wishing he could tear her to pieces. "Who are you calling a b*tch?"

What right did she have to call Diana a b*tch?!

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 599

No one was a b*tch.

There were only ordinary people trapped in their own obsession.

That included Kayla Winnington.

It was time to settle this debt once and for all.

The innate chivalry in him made him hold back, but the domineering aura in his eyes made one tremble in fear.

Kayla was frightened by the look in his eyes, and her lips trembled as her eyes widened. She felt indignant and was unwilling to concede defeat, but most of all, she was fearful. "Ju...Julian..."

Before she could say what was on her mind, Julian's towering figure tipped to the left...

Even at the last minute before he collapsed, he was concerned about letting Diana see the state of his injuries.

He didn't want her crying for him again.

D*mn it, why did his body feel so heavy...

He lost all control over his body as it tilted sideways and collapsed on the floor.

Please, don't let him fall on Diana. He had to tilt a little more to the left and collapse as gently as he could. He had to...

...open his eyes.

Try as he might, he couldn't do it.

The sounds around him turned into white noise. Many people were screaming, calling for the doctor. Some even pounced on Kayla to subdue her.

The bloody dagger was kicked back and forth on the floor, long forgotten.

Diana finally saw it.

The wound on Julian's chest was so deep and wide...

Sorrow and fear grew in her throat, silencing her such that she was unable to speak or breathe.

Someone finally pushed her; she turned around to see that it was Oliver in a pristine white robe.

"Quick!" He had never spoken to her in such a panicked voice. There was even a hint of reproach in it.

Diana's heart tightened.

She no longer dared to look at the man who was towering before her like a tree just a minute ago. He had now collapsed on the floor, his face pale as a ghost.

There was so much blood...

His wound was so deep...

If he hadn't blocked the attack or put her behind him, the dagger might not have gone so deep.

If he had shouted in pain and asked to go to the hospital, his injury might not have become so severe...

Yet each time, he was only concerned about her feelings.

Even when he was wounded, he kept reassuring her by repeating, "Diana, don't be afraid."

He didn't want Diana to be afraid.

He didn't want Diana to be fearful because of the state of his injuries.

All the more he didn't want Diana to be subject to Kayla's rudeness and manic attacks again and again, just because of the so-called gratitude he felt toward Kayla for saving him in the past.

And so, Julian was willing to risk it with his life.

Now, Diana understood his heart.

She also knew how deeply he loved her.

She looked at his thin lips; out of the blue, she chuckled.

As it turned out, men with thin lips weren't heartless. Conversely, they might be as affectionate and loyal as Julian was.

Given his status and power, it was easy for him to simply disregard the fact that Kayla saved his life. Yet, he never did so.

Instead, he chose the most dangerous and difficult path to walk on.

At the same time, he also wanted to protect Diana on this path he chose.

Diana was wrong. She shouldn't have thrown away the photograph Oliver gave her, and she shouldn't have assumed that Julian would think of her as threatening him with gratitude. After he woke up, she must tell him that she had once saved him.

She wanted to tell him that their paths crossed a long time ago.

"Diana, don't just stand there! Quick, follow him to the hospital!"

Oliver's voice rang in her ears once more. The reproach in his panicked voice broke her train of thought.

She snapped back to reality, and hurriedly followed behind him. She looked down, and spotted the bloody dagger kicked around on the floor.

At that moment, she glared coldly at Kayla, who was being subdued by others. She bent down swiftly to pick up the dagger, wiping away the blood on its still warm blade with trembling fingers before tucking it under her shirt.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 600

Since Julian could risk his life for her, she could too!

Diana could feel the dagger in her shirt as panic gripped her throat.

Firstly, the thought of killing Kayla actually flashed past her mind.

Secondly, she was deathly worried that Julian might not survive.

After all, Oliver didn't so much as smile ever since they met at the hotel.

He was never like this in the past.

Each time he met her, he would have a smile on his face, one that felt like a spring breeze. It never failed to comfort and soothe her.

This time, he was completely consumed by Julian's injuries. Even when he had the chance to talk to her before going into the ambulance, he didn't say much except to urge her to move faster.

"He..." Diana hesitated for a moment, wanting to ask Oliver about Julian's condition. However, she swallowed her words back into her throat the moment she opened her mouth.

She didn't have the courage to ask the question.

What if Oliver answered that Julian wasn't doing well?

She had better wait it out.

She thought if she went on in silence, nothing bad would happen to Julian.

"Diana."

She finally looked up in a daze when Oliver spoke once more. "Hmm?"

Hurt flashed past Oliver's eyes upon seeing how dazed with worry she looked, but he quickly hid it. What was more, he was a doctor with the duty of saving the injured. He shouldn't be emotional in the face of a severely injured patient.

"Let go of your hand. We need to hook him up on a breathing machine." Oliver paused for a moment. "We also need to bandage his hand."

Diana looked down, and realized that she was somehow holding onto Julian's injured hand.

She didn't dare to touch his chest.

She could only hold his hand, as if doing so would lessen the amount of blood loss.

At one point, her hands and sleeves were stained with his blood.

“Your own wounds...” Oliver glanced at her when she settled down at a corner in the ambulance. “I’ve arranged for my colleague to help you treat your wounds once we reach the hospital.”

He was going into the operation theater, and had no time to care for her.

She barely managed to hear Oliver, and could only hear the buzz of sounds around her. And so, she simply nodded mechanically. “Okay.”

Then she stammered, “W-What about him?”

“Who?”

“Julian...” Her voice trembled. “Will he be in pain...during surgery?”

“He won’t.” Oliver could tell that she was very tense.

The moment he spotted her in the hotel, Diana had been tense since then.

Oliver sighed, wanting to tell her that Julian was in an unconscious state and couldn’t feel anything no matter what he did to him.

Fearing she wouldn’t be able to take that information, he ultimately decided against it. “We’ll administer anesthesia for him.”

“Okay.” Diana held back her tears and forced herself to stay strong. “I’ll wait for him outside the operating theater.”

“Wait?!” Vans stood outside the operating theater, staring at the red light above the doors. He turned to Diana and demanded, “What right do you have to stay here and wait for Julian?”

Out of fury, he started ranting. His words were harsh as he spat angrily, “He’s such a proud man, but he knelt for your sake! He’s so good at fighting, but he got himself stabbed because he was worried you’d get injured!”

If he hadn’t blocked the attack on Diana, he wouldn’t have had such a terrible standoff against Kayla.

If he hadn’t hauled Diana up in his arms and been so single- mindedly concerned for her, Kayla wouldn’t have had the chance to stab him.

Vans was a doctor too, and he knew clearly well how severe Julian's injuries were.

The moment they got off the ambulance, he took a one glance from the entrance of the hospital and immediately knew what Julian's chances were.

Julian was so severely wounded.

Vans truly had no idea how Julian managed to hold on for so long until Kayla no longer wanted to kill Diana before he finally collapsed.

"What an idiot," Vans sneered as he looked at Diana. He glanced at the wounds on her body, which were treated and bandaged securely, as fury burned in his eyes. "He's such a smart man, but he tried to be someone's savior. He thinks if he doesn't protect you, you'd end up hurt and suffering!"

Did Julian think he was some amorous male lead?

Vans had never treated Diana this way before.

Although he wasn't as friendly as Oliver, he was still a polite gentleman to her.

Yet, he was so angry when he saw her...

That worried Diana even more.