

Julian's Stand-In Wife by South Wind Dialect

Chapter 6

It must be because Diana was so materialistic! She had annoyed him so much, especially when she demanded for more conditions for their divorce. Yes, this was the reason she kept lingering in his mind.

Julian thought he had treated her well in the past three years, no matter the circumstances. She shouldn't be asking to leave so quickly just for the sake of money.

Was she really that strong, or did she have no conscience?

Julian felt sick when he thought of the way Diana was so hesitant to speak up.

Fortunately, Kayla popped back in with a broom. "Julian, be careful."

Her appearance interrupted Julian's musings. His eyes became clear again when he looked at Kayla. "Give it to me."

He took the broom, cleaned up the glass shards in silence, and then continued cooking. After that, he ate together with Kayla.

"You can put roses with the lilies. They look good together," Julian suddenly said as Kayla was cleaning up the dishes.

Kayla paused for a moment, and the expression on her face turned ugly.

"Julian, I actually...don't like roses. Have you forgotten?" Having said that, she seemed to have thought of something. She turned around, took out the bouquet of roses, and placed them in front of Julian. "This should be the flower my sister likes, right? Although we've never met, I secretly asked about her when she first came to Winnington Mansion."

That was three years ago.

When Julian heard Kayla using the word 'secretly', he felt as if a needle was pricking his heart. "I was the one who let you down three years ago."

He shouldn't have married Diana, and he shouldn't have given up on Kayla so easily.

He should have kept looking...

Kayla looked as if she was about to cry, and she put a finger to his lips. "Don't say that, Julian. Everything was done out of my own free will."

"Kayla..." Julian sighed. "You don't have to hold back when I'm here."

Kayla broke down completely at this. Her tears flowed endlessly, like a river.

It looked as if she wanted to cry to relieve all her sorrow that she accumulated in the past three years.

"I won't buy roses again in the future..." Julian stretched out his hands and slowly hugged Kayla.

Unbeknownst to him, the Kayla whom he thought to be crying miserably on his shoulder was actually smiling sinisterly.

Three years ago, in order to deal with the sister she had never met, Kayla used stomach cancer to win the affection of the Winnington family. With that move, she managed to snatch the maternal love that was originally Diana's. Three years later, she successfully won over Diana's husband again with just a few tears.

What could Diana use to compete with her?

Kayla suppressed her grin, and then raised her hands, as if she was wiping her tears. She said softly, "It's already late, Julian. I want to rest. When will you be going home?"

To Julian, however, she was exactly the same as the young girl in his memory; still so clean and pure.

Yet, his mood rose slightly upon hearing her words, which sounded as if she was driving her away. He didn't hesitate to say, "I'll go back now."

The sweet smile on Kayla's face froze for a moment. She expected that Julian would stay!

Still, there was no need to rush. The most important thing at the moment was for them to slowly make up for the three years they lost. Everything else could be done slowly.

When Julian was about to reach the door, he suddenly turned around again and asked, "Kayla, when will you be going back to Winnington Mansion?"

Kayla was stunned for a moment. The tears at the end of her eyes hadn't been wiped away yet. Her eyes were wet and moist, and she looked a little pitiful as she said sadly, "I... I'm not ready yet."

After all, she was adopted by the Winnington family. Even if she resembled Diana, she was not the Winnington family's biological daughter.

Julian could understand her uneasiness.

"I'll accompany you to go back tomorrow." He was afraid she would miss everything there.

Sure enough, Kayla smiled brightly and exclaimed happily, "Thank you, Julian!"

She then paused slightly and said, "But if Mommy asks, what should I tell her about our current relationship? After all, my sister and you..."

Julian was stern and serious as he said harshly, "Kayla. During the banquet, I already told you that I'll give you an explanation. I'll divorce Diana as soon as possible."

...

Mid-level villa.

Julian didn't go out for too long.

Diana was extra cautious in everything she did after finding out that she was pregnant. She took a longer time bathing, so when she came out of the bathroom, Julian had already arrived downstairs.

When she heard his movements, she was delighted. The corners of her eyes curled up slightly.

She was not wrong; he really came back!

Diana immediately took a towel to wipe her hair, but the water on the surface of the floor hadn't been mopped yet. She dared not move too quickly. She could only wrap the towel slowly and go to the cabinet to get the hair dryer.

She touched her stomach carefully as she pressed the towel to her head, and carefully moved toward the cabinet out of fear that she would accidentally hurt the baby in her stomach.

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid." Although it was only a few steps, the journey felt long because she was now a mother. Plus, there were still water stains on the soles of her shoes.

Kayla's photo was only some distance away from her.

Diana was oblivious to it, and only felt a vague excitement in her heart.

She wanted to hurry and tidy herself up so that she could give Julian the sweetest kiss after he reached home.

She wanted to tell him that even though his impulsive decision hurt her, she did not mind it. As long as they were okay, that would be better than anything else. She and the baby would always be waiting for him to come home.

She was getting closer and closer to the photo.

Julian had also almost reached the bedroom door.

Bang!

The door was opened. Diana heard the sound of the door opening, but that didn't sound right. Suddenly, the smile on her face disappeared. She took two steps, panicked, and then stopped in her tracks.

At that moment, Kayla's photo was stuck firmly to her slippers.

There was water on it, and she lifted her feet slightly so she would not fall easily.

Julian had already walked in by then.

"Why are you still taking a bath at this time?" He looked worried, but he still walked toward her.

There were no roses in his hand, nor were there any traces of any flowers on the entry cabinet.

Diana shot him a disappointed look and wanted to ask him where he went after he bought the flowers. She wanted to know to whom he gave them, but when the words came to her lips, she suddenly remembered his decisive words: "Diana, let's get a divorce."

She was no longer in any position to ask him anything.

Forget it.

She forced a smile and pinched the towel on her head even tighter until her fingernails turned blue. The questions about the banquet and divorce came rushing back into her mind.

Yet Julian was still approaching her step by step, as if nothing had happened. The familiar worried expression on his face made Diana feel as if everything today was just a dream.

Still, his words could always bring her back to reality. “How did the talk with the lawyer go?”

“I didn’t do it yet...”

“Forget it.” Julian interrupted her as if he had encountered something troubling. His dashing brows were tightly knitted together, and even his beautiful eyes that usually gave warmth had turned cold.