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Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 611

"Diana!" Julian yelled.

Why wasn't she answering?

After going through so much, was she still refusing to believe his feelings?!

Or could it be...

Did she only feel gratitude toward him for taking the blow for her, and didn't actually love him?

Julian couldn't help but feel nervous. His inky eyes became gloomy, as if a dark cloud was looming over his head.

Both him and Oliver waited for her answer with bated breath.

Diana became even more flustered once she realized this. She couldn't say anything for a few moments, as she couldn't find the words to answer in a way that would satisfy them both.

"Diana..." Julian repeated, not able to wait any longer.

He desperately needed to confirm her feelings and wanted her to acknowledge them.

Especially in front of Oliver.

Seeing that calling her name didn't work and that Diana refused to speak, Julian resorted to playing the victim again. He furrowed his brows and groaned, as if the pain in his body had intensified by a hundredfold and stared at Diana with pleading eyes.

Though Diana knew the man was only feigning the pain he felt, she couldn't bring herself to say anything that would hurt him.

Finally, she gave Oliver an apologetic look and said, "I do."

She took a deep breath, not only answering Oliver's question, but also using this chance to once again make her feelings clear to him.

She couldn't string him along any longer.

"I really like him a lot."

There was resolution and determination in her tone as she emphasized her feelings.

It left no room for doubt.

Julian's pinched expression gradually relaxed. When he next spoke, there was tenderness, affection, and even triumph in his voice. "Diana, I'm fine now."

He was trying to act cute before her.

Diana couldn't tolerate Julian's antics any longer and glared at him before snapping sarcastically, "Well, isn't that great that you're not in pain anymore?"

Then, she sighed and looked at the slightly dazed Oliver. "Dr. Channing, please let me walk you out."

Oliver had already finished his examination and confirmed that Julian was fine. Diana was afraid that if they stayed in the same room any longer, Julian would come up with more

ways to make Oliver uncomfortable.

Oliver nodded. "Thank you."

Julian was upset that Diana and Oliver were going to leave his sight and was about to object, but Diana shot him a fierce glare to silence him.

The meaning behind her glare was clear.

She was telling him not to push his luck.

Due to Diana's reprimand, Julian immediately restrained himself. However, there was tenderness in his eyes and none of his usual coldness.

Diana shivered at the look, though she couldn't help the smile that blossomed on her lips. It was like spring had dawned on her face, bringing forth a vibrant cheerfulness.

It was a look she never had when she was with Oliver.

Once they walked out of the ward, Oliver looked at her. A calm and soothing look had replaced the pain in his eyes as he said, "It's fine."

He took the initiative to reassure Diana as he continued, "Julian has just got out from grave danger, so it's normal for him to be acting emotional."

Once again, Oliver was putting the needs and considerations of others before himself.

Diana was at a loss for words to express her apologies and gratitude. There was a range of complicated emotions that flashed through her face.

But it was Oliver who relieved her again.

"It really is okay," he said with a smile. "I've already decided that I'll let go of my feelings for you."

Diana looked up in shock after he finished speaking, unable to hide the joy in her eyes.

The delight in her eyes was akin to a knife to his heart, deeply hurting Oliver.

He had never felt as miserable as now from being rejected and ignored so many times by her before, as he had long suspected that this love affair between them was only his one-sided act.

Even after Diana's divorce, when he had the right to properly pursue her, he hadn't dared hope she would be able to move on quickly from her previous relationship.

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As it turned out, Diana couldn't move on either way.

She and Julian truly understood one another, and their hearts were intertwined.

It wasn't like any random person could shake or sever their connection.

At this moment, when Oliver saw the undeniable joy in her eyes upon saying he was giving up on her, a wrenching sensation gripped his heart.

Iron barbs pierced through his heart and lungs, digging out the years of longing, and...

Since their first meeting in Yale Village, it seemed like his feelings for her were destined to be a one-sided show.

And now, this act was finally coming to an end. He couldn't bear to interfere in her happiness or be a burden to her.

"Let's be friends from now on," Oliver said, stretching out his hand to her without any further explanation.

Diana also reached out, and their fingertips almost touched before Oliver withdrew his hand.

That was enough. He had said everything he needed to.

The greatest respect for her existing feelings and love was the consistent tenderness and love he had shown her.

Diana could feel his sincere feelings, and she couldn't stop her eyes from reddening.

"Oliver," Diana called out, stepping forward a little as the man walked away. "Be careful of Simon."

Where had that come from?

Oliver turned to look at her in confusion, but a sharp look flashed in his usually gentle eyes in the next second.

"Has he contacted you again?"

The last time Oliver had seen Simon and warned him off, he hadn't expected Simon to approach Diana again.

Diana had never seen Oliver look so alert and sharp before. It was as if a blade that had been hidden for a long time had finally emerged, shining with a cold clarity like the morning sun.

Perhaps realizing that the burning intensity in his eyes had startled her, Oliver gathered himself and gentled his tone slightly. "Has he hurt you?"

He hadn't harmed her, at least, not to the extent Oliver was probably thinking. In fact, Simon had helped Diana escape from the warehouse, allowing her to witness Julian kneeling on the ground.

However, that psycho had later betrayed her to the security guards.

Still, if it wasn't for Simon, she didn't know how much worse things could have been after she had fallen back into Kayla's hands.

So...

"Not really," Diana said. "It's just that every time I see him, nothing good happens. Besides, he and you..."

Diana originally believed that there was no comparison between Oliver and Simon, as the former was like the warm spring sun and there were no similarities between them.

But now, she hesitated.

These aristocratic children, regardless of their surface behavior, were not to be messed with.

Even Oliver, whom Diana thought was a good and gentle man, had his own hidden sharpness.

He simply never displayed it before her and had only shown his tender side to her.

Yet, she still shut him out.

On the other hand, while Julian had shown Diana his worst side, it didn't change the soft spot she had for him.

That was the difference when love was involved, wasn't it?

It wasn't about whether the person was good or bad. It was only about love or the lack thereof.

Her love for Julian had grown stronger in her heart, so she gathered her courage and looked up at Oliver.

"The biggest difference between you and Simon is the fact that Simon sometimes gives me the feeling that he's very similar to Julian, and he seemed very against Julian. I can't explain it any other way, but it's just...strange. So, if there's anything wrong with him, please let me know. I don't want Julian to get hurt again."

Her statement pierced Oliver's heart.

He hadn't expected Diana to openly be so considerate of Julian's well-being before him.

She even saw Julian as someone who needed protection, and even Simon had become a danger in her eyes.

"He behaves erratically and has an unpredictable personality, but he shouldn't pose any threat to Julian."

As for the similarities Diana had mentioned between Simon and Julian, there were certain times when Oliver himself thought their temperament were alike.

He had also sensed the same point Diana was implying.

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"Don't worry," Oliver reassured Diana, but the clenching feeling in his heart tightened even more.

Staying in front of her any longer would drill a big hole in his heart.

Oliver desperately warned himself not to cross boundaries again in her current relationship, as it wouldn't benefit her in any way.

Causing trouble for someone he liked wasn't his style.

Diana knew that Oliver was a man of his word. Since he had given his word, there shouldn't be any further complications.

“Okay.”

After all, Simon was his younger brother.

She trusted Oliver.

Moreover, he was right.

It was virtually impossible for an ordinary person to do anything to Julian.

“I was overthinking.” She belatedly realized that her behavior in front of Oliver had been exaggerated, even surpassing her previous actions with Julian in the hospital.

Fortunately, Oliver didn’t seem to notice anything unusual and instead said, “Go back quickly. I’ll meet with Simon again.”

Even when he knew she was simply being paranoid, he still did things to give her peace of mind.

His tenderness was always refreshing and soothing, subtly calming all her anxieties.

“No need to thank me,” Oliver said before Diana had a chance to speak.

This time, he selfishly wanted to make her hold onto the unspoken gratitude in her heart and keep it as a reminder of his presence.

Rarely did he reveal his ruthlessness in front of Diana, and she was caught slightly off guard at the abrupt change in his tone. She only returned to her senses after he had left, and she pondered on her thoughts as she made her way back to the ward.

Julian visibly relaxed when he saw her enter the room, relieved of an unknown worry.

She caught this sudden relaxation in his demeanor and couldn’t help but jest, “I only went to see someone off. Were you afraid I’d run away?”

Julian dismissed her teasing and replied, “The person you were seeing off wasn’t any ordinary man. It was Oliver, my love rival.”

“He already said he doesn’t like me anymore.”

Julian was shocked. "Did he say that to you?"

Diana stood before him, checked his IV drip, and looked at the blanket on his body, making sure everything was in good order before she looked up at Julian and replied, "Yeah."

However, she understood.

Oliver had always been considerate of others. By now, he must have noticed the tendency for her and Julian to get back together, so he decided not to interfere anymore.

He might say he didn't like her, but deep down...

He must be hurting.

As for whether he could genuinely stop liking her, that remained to be seen.

However, Julian now felt indignant on behalf of Diana.

"I knew it! Oliver had no taste! He's always been like that. How could he stop liking you after he said so, just like that?"

Diana was a wonderful woman.

The best in the world!

How could Oliver not like her?

Diana sensed Julian's strange train of thought and laughed inwardly, but outwardly, she complained, "Not only that. Just outside the ward earlier, he even glared at me."

Although her tone was playful, the small hint of genuine disappointment in it was difficult to conceal.

Julian became even angrier at that. "He dared to glare at you?!"

Diana nodded, sounding even more upset. "Yeah, he did. He was acting completely different from before."

Did it sound like she was a bit nostalgic for the old and gentle Oliver?

Julian's heart tightened, and his gaze immediately sharpened. He grabbed the hem of Diana's clothes and asked, "Is it that you can't bear to let him go?"

At this point, he was still concerned about her well-being and didn't grab her wrist.

Diana looked at the creases on her clothes caused by his tight grip, and felt a sweet sensation in her heart.

She responded teasingly, "Hmm... Yes, I think so."

Without warning, Julian suddenly sat up from the hospital bed, ignoring the slight pulling of his IV drip that was still attached to him.

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Traces of blood seeped through the front of Julian's bandages, and Diana got angrier than him at the sight.

"Why won't you take better care of yourself?!"

"Take care of myself?" Julian huffed in anger. He refused to lie back down no matter how much Diana tried to push him.

His sharp, chiseled face seemed to have exploded like fireworks, bearing traces of the explosion everywhere. "My woman can't stop thinking about other men, so what's the use of me taking care of myself?"

"Pfft." Diana couldn't help but laugh at his serious demeanor. She placed her hand on his forehead and checked. "Well, you're not running a fever."

He looked so silly.

He couldn't even catch her jokes.

"I don't care!" He even resorted to acting spoiled and unreasonable. "Anyway, you agreed to remarry me, so you'll be mine for the rest of your life. Even if you feel down because Oliver doesn't like you, you can't think of him, let alone like him!"

"Who said I agreed to remarry you?" Diana was shocked by his stubbornness. "I'm still considering..."

But Julian ignored her, and a sly glint flashed in his eyes.” Can Oliver kiss your earlobe?”

His question startled Diana, and her face turned red with anger. “What nonsense are you spouting?”

“It seems you don’t like him.”

Otherwise, why would she resist physical contact to this extent and get angry just by listening to his question?

Before, when Kayla was in the picture, she had acted the same way.

Ironically, Julian thought he had avoided intimate contact with Kayla because he had cherished her too much. Looking back now, he realized how foolish he had been.

“You’re my first woman.” He looked at Diana and suddenly added, “You’re also the first woman I’ve been intimate with.”

She was also the first woman to emotionally enlighten him.

During all those years he spent with Kayla, he had always maintained his propriety and never crossed any boundaries.

Diana sensed the confession in his words, and the anger that had surged up in her heart was immediately soothed.

But then he said, “If it was Oliver or any other man besides me, would you be willing to let them kiss your earlobe?”

Diana found his words nauseating. “Julian Fulcher!”

This time, she was genuinely enraged.

He couldn’t say anything nice, could he?!

“Am I that despicable? You can’t just randomly pin someone on me!”

She had difficulty having physical contact with someone she didn't like. Moreover, he mentioned her earlobe, which was such a private part to her. Even if it was just in words, he was pushing her limits!

Julian couldn't help but laugh at her annoyed expression." Then why are you still considering our remarriage? Can't you agree right now?"

What does kissing her earlobe have to do with remarriage?

Diana looked at him in confusion and asked, "What do you mean?"

"Because you like me a lot, all the way to my core and to the point of madness."

The man, who was always aloof in front of others, had turned into a giant puppy before Diana. He wanted to use every word he knew in the world to describe their affection for each other.

"Anyway, the point is that you like me too much, so you allow me to do whatever I want to your body."

As he spoke, his words seemed to have a suggestive undertone, especially his gaze. Even though he couldn't move, it felt like his eyes that were fixed on her had already done everything he could have.

Even...

As she stood before him, Diana felt like her clothes had been stripped off.

Staring at her with burning intensity in his dark, inky eyes, he was like a predator before her.

She recalled her previous memories of waking up in the morning and getting off the bed, unable to walk properly on her legs. She shivered suddenly, and immediately called a halt. "Julian!"

Couldn't he stop being so shameless?!

It was broad daylight, and they discussed such matters in the hospital room!

Julian saw her flushed face and decided to stop teasing her. He redirected the conversation back to the previous topic." Since you like me so much, isn't it only natural for us to remarry?"

What a cunning man!

He was still talking about remarriage after going in such a big circle.

“I really need some time to consider,” Diana replied, becoming a bit nervous, afraid that she might hurt Julian’s feelings if she didn’t choose her words carefully.

But when she looked up at him, she saw a look of despair on his face.

She immediately corrected herself. “But I didn’t mean to refuse the remarriage...”

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Once Diana said that, the look on Julian’s face instantly changed and a wide smile stretched on his lips.

“Alright, I’ll give you time to consider.”

As long as the end result was good, it was fine.

“I can take my time? However long it takes?”

“However long it takes,” Julian said easily.

Now that he knew Oliver had decided to give up on Diana and she didn’t have feelings for him, Julian had become even more patient.

When he thought about it a little more, however, he grew slightly dissatisfied and said, “No, I still have to do something about Oliver. I want him to know how foolish he was for giving up on the woman I love!”

Diana was speechless at Julian’s words.

When Oliver liked her, he was jealous.

When Oliver decided to give up on his affection for her, Julian was still unhappy, accusing that the other lacked taste and didn’t know how to appreciate her good qualities.

In the end, it all boiled down to his resentment towards Oliver.

Diana couldn't help but ask. "Exactly what grudge do you have against him? After all, he was the one who saved your

life. Don't be too unreasonable."

"I don't have any grudge against him," Julian retorted. "I just never liked him since we were kids."

To be more precise, it went back to their time in Yale Village. During the training camp, Oliver was the only person who could match Julian in the challenges.

Even so, Oliver had no ambitions since he was a child, which infuriated Julian.

Oliver would laugh when Julian won, when they tied, and even when he lost.

He always had that stupid fake smile on his face.

Wasn't he tired of pretending?

And later, they both developed feelings for the same woman.

As Julian thought about it, he felt something was off. "He didn't have any connection with you before, so how did he suddenly develop feelings for you?"

It was unlike Oliver, a cautious man, to suddenly develop feelings for a woman out of nowhere.

This came back to the fact that they had met each other in Yale Village when they were younger.

Diana almost blurted out what happened between the three of them in Yale Village when they were kids. If she revealed that information, the possibility of Julian agreeing to spare Kayla would surely decrease. So, she kept her mouth shut and kept the incident of saving him in the cave all those years ago a secret.

Unfortunately, once Julian sensed something was wrong, he wouldn't let it go until he figured it out. However, he didn't bring it up to Diana, silently keeping note of it in his heart.

"He's just easy-going," Diana defended Oliver. "Not everyone is as aloof as you are to everyone."

“Not true,” Julian corrected with a bright smile. “I’ve never been cold to you.”

Diana seized on his words and repeated coolly, “Never?”

Upon hearing her tone, Julian immediately felt guilty and hastily backtracked. “Except...except when I thought I liked Kayla. But other than that, haven’t I always been kind and pleasant to you?”

That was true.

He had indeed given her unprecedented love and affection in the three years of their marriage. As Diana thought about those sweet memories, her heart gradually warmed. Taking advantage of the good atmosphere, she impulsively brought up the matter weighing on her mind.

“Julian.”

“Yes?”

She was a little nervous, and blurted awkwardly, “Do you want to rest a bit more?”

His physical condition had always been good, and his regular exercise proved beneficial at a time like this.

“I’m really okay.”

Oliver had done an excellent job on his surgery. Apart from feeling physically exhausted, Julian felt fine.

“After Grandma arrives, neither of you are allowed to cry,” Julian instructed. “No one’s allowed to shed tears for me.”

Diana nodded.

She understood his intentions. If she or Grandma became sad, he would be sadder than both of them.

“Julian,” Diana started, carefully choosing her words. “Could I ask you for a favor?”

“Do you even need to ask?” Julian said teasingly as he chuckled. “Whatever request you make, I won’t refuse.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Then...could you spare Kayla ?”

As soon as Diana finished speaking, Julian’s expression twisted into something ugly.

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“Diana!”

He furrowed his brows, a solemn look on his face that spoke of unyielding authority. He was clearly infuriated.

That was to be expected.

However, Diana softened her stance. “Julian.”

She glanced at him cautiously. “She’s my sister, after all. I...” ’

“Sister?” Julian looked up with his eyes like daggers, as if they could pierce through all things and pin Diana to the ground.

“If you really treated her as your sister, would you have destroyed Winnington Fashions that she and James just opened?”

Alas, he knew everything!

Diana took a deep breath. She didn’t expect him to know everything she did despite being so grievously injured.

“I did it to vent my anger. I have a problem with the way they do things.” Diana made up an excuse on the spot. “But we’re related by blood after all. I don’t want Kayla to die because of this.”

“You know that I won’t spare her?”

“Yeah.” Diana nodded. “If you wanted to spare her, you wouldn’t have grabbed that dagger and injured yourself so

badly.”

He was trying to use the method of self-harm to repay Kayla's grace for saving him.

What was even sadder was the fact that Kayla wasn't not even the one who saved him.

Once again, Kayla had claimed credit for something that Diana had done.

The thought of that made Diana sigh. "She's still my sister, in the end."

After all that, she still wanted Julian to spare Kayla.

Diana was no saint. Conversely, she considered herself a vengeful person. She wouldn't provoke others, but they took advantage of her, she wouldn't spare them so easily!

Especially if they went to the extent of harming her as Kayla had done.

If it were in the past, she would've hated Kayla to the core and wanted to kill that wicked woman with her own hands.

Julian said in surprise, "Don't you care about what happened to our babies?"

"I do." It was precisely because Diana cared that she wanted to spare Kayla and get the babies' ashes, i

Julian glanced at Diana, as if trying to figure her out. Diana clenched her fists tighter, worried that Julian might realize something. "But I only just found out that you stripped her of the ability to bear children."

In order to make herself believable, she deliberately sighed and went on, "As I was once a mother, I know how fortunate it feels to be able to nurture a life in my body. I also know the pain of losing and never having the chance to be a mother."

Julian didn't get himself pulled away by Diana's emotions. Instead, he asked her calmly, "Who told you that?"

He had never told Diana about making Kayla unable to bear children.

He didn't intend to tell her about it.

He didn't want to keep worrying about whether that would trigger painful memories of her losing her own babies.

But now, she knew about it.

He went straight to the point and said bluntly, "Did you meet Kayla?"

Diana was shocked at his words. Her nails dug into her flesh, but her expression remained unchanged. "No. I heard about it when I was kidnapped."

Nobody was able to describe what exactly happened during that time.

It was therefore most appropriate to make up an excuse during that period.

As she expected, Julian didn't push her for more details. Instead, he glanced at her swollen wounds, and suppressed the urge to hack Kayla into pieces. His heart aching, he said softly, "It's been tough on you."

Ultimately, he was unable to protect her given the kidnapping incident, and had allowed Kayla the chance to hurt Diana.

Diana could sense the remorse in Julian's voice. "That has nothing to do with you."

She would rather not have him send someone to monitor her day and night for the sake of protecting her.

"The only person we can blame is Kayla for her corrupt intentions. Still, we should give her a chance." Diana crouched down so her shoulders were aligned to the bed and she could put her head on it, and placed her cheeks in his palms. "Take it as accumulating karma for our baby."

However, Julian didn't see things that way. "If you spare her, she might cause further trouble down the road."

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Kayla was obsessed with Julian to the extent of near insanity, and he knew this well. "What if she tries to harm you again and I'm unable to save you in time?"

Diana had considered that possibility, but after what happened this time, she managed to eliminate James, who was Kayla's reliable support. Thus, Kayla was left struggling to survive all by herself.

She had also become the target of public criticism in Richburgh, with everyone knowing that she was Julian's worst enemy.

Given all the above, probably no one would dare to be in cahoots with her, or even talk to her.

With that, Kayla had become all alone.

She was no longer capable of causing any serious trouble.

That was one reason why Diana was agreeable to a transaction with her.

The touch of the tender skin on her face calmed Julian's heart, as if he were sitting on a soft and comfortable patch of grass. However, he had never been one to be tempted by beauty, and his reason was still fully intact. "Even if she doesn't do anything more to you, did I get stabbed by her in vain?"

He knew very well that if it weren't for Oliver's outstanding medical ability, he wouldn't have survived the ordeal.

That was something Vans had repeatedly emphasized to him, just to remind him to be slightly more courteous to Oliver.

Unfortunately, Julian was unable to do it right now.

Who knew whether that pretentious man, who always had a smile on his face, still held a torch for his woman despite saying that he no longer fancied her?

His woman was so outstanding. Which man would truly be able to let her go?

Julian wished he could hold up a sign and announce to the whole world about how great Diana was.

He wanted to show off how good she was, yet he didn't want other men lusting after her. In fact, he always had the urge to dig out the eyes of those men who dared to spare more than one glance at Diana!

At the end of the day, he just wanted to show off.

Show off that Diana was his, that he had someone to love and that he was loved!

Each time that thought came to mind, flowers seemed to bloom in his heart, making him relaxed and comfortable like never before.

Diana knew he would be angry and had a reply prepared beforehand. She had long expected these words of his. And so, she said, "Of course not. You finally made it clear to me your heart." She decided to distract him away from the main

point and asked, "Wasn't it worth it giving me the courage once again to love you?"

It was worth it.

Yet, Julian had this nagging feeling that she was trying to distract him.

He pushed her face again, preventing her from tempting him and keeping him from making the right decision. "No way."

He was adamant. "We can't spare her so easily."

Otherwise, Kayla might be up to no good again.

Diana knew that there was no point trying to persuade Julian any further. Instead, she decided to give him a taste of his own medicine.

She suddenly stood up at the bedside and leaned into his ear.

She planted a soft, gentle kiss on the sensitive area of his earlobe, the sensation like butterfly wings fluttering by.

Her move was too gentle, yet too impactful.

It felt as if she were treating a precious treasure.

Seeing no reaction from Julian, Diana repeated the same move and kissed him tenderly multiple times.

Finally, when she leaned in for the 20th time, she felt a force holding her head down.

She crashed into his chest.

“Woman, don’t play with fire.”

His voice was hoarse, and she could hear it rumbling in his chest. She felt a fire burning in her core, burning up all reason she had left. “Julian.”

She looked into his eyes, and kissed him again.

But this time, she didn’t kiss his earlobe.

Instead, she aimed for that pair of thin lips of his.

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Diana rarely lost her senses like this.

At that moment, she only had eyes for him and even disregarded his injuries.

Julian was glad to finally have a taste of what it was like to finally have his little rabbit trapped in his claws.

Yet, Diana was no little rabbit. Conversely, under Julian’s influence over the past three years, she had a penchant for playing the big bad wolf.

She knew she was being reckless, but she couldn’t hold herself and her affections back.

She could only hold herself up with her arms and try her best not to exacerbate his injuries.

She told herself to stop after getting a taste of him, and to pull out as early as she could.

But Julian wanted more.

He clearly hadn’t had enough of her. Diana had reason to believe that if he weren’t so grievously injured, he would definitely make her plead for mercy on her knees!

“Julian.” Upon seeing him finally calm down, Diana lamented inwardly how useful her kisses were. No wonder Julian often used his kisses against her.

She looked into his eyes and held his arm, trying to come into closer contact with him. "Will you agree to my request or not?"

Diana was trying to lay a beauty trap for Julian to fall in.

Yet, he refused to give in despite everything that Diana was attempting. "It's a matter of principle whether I spare Kayla or not."

"The moment I grabbed that blade with my bare hands, I decided to disregard even the gratitude I felt for her saving me and was determined to eliminate this source of trouble," Julian confessed his worries. "Diana, if I were to spare her today, I'll surely come to regret it in the future."

"But..."

"No buts!" Julian said firmly. He was indeed a force to be reckoned with in the business circle. He would never allow any accidents to happen the moment he fixed his mind on a decision.

Even if the accident was Diana Winnington, the love of his life.

He would never do something against his principles.

Kayla had reached the threshold of his principles.

He could no longer tolerate that evil woman.

Diana looked clearly upset and Julian tried to rationalize things for her to make her feel better. "If... If I didn't wake up today, would you still want to spare her?"

Of course not!

Diana told herself that if Julian didn't wake up, she would go with him.

Julian saw Diana stunned for a moment, unable to reply. A tinge of disappointment flashed past his eyes.

Was Diana hesitating in choosing between him and Kayla?

He finally understood the look of disappointment in Diana's eyes when he made his choice between Kayla and Diana in the past.

The disappointment in the eyes reflected the pain in the heart.

Right now, he could feel the terrible ache deep in his heart.

Naturally, Diana didn't expect Julian to overthink things in the area of romance. Right now, her main concern was on the ashes that Kayla had in her hands. "No, I won't. But now ..." She pressed her tongue against the back of her teeth, trying to calm her frazzled nerves. "Now... I still wish to spare her."

Ultimately, it looked as if she was disregarding the injuries that Julian had sustained, showing no care for the pain he had gone through.

Anger began rising in his chest.

The warmth he felt between them just now was like a dream, and he was rudely awakened to reality.

The two of them were fighting so intensely over how to deal with Kayla, so much that it felt like there was a chasm

between them.

"Let's drop this subject." Julian could only incisively bring this matter to a close. "I won't agree to sparing her."

Conversely, he would make Kayla pay a huge price for kidnapping and hurting the ones he loved.

He couldn't bring himself to accept the potential consequences of the knife stabbing into Diana.

Even if it would upset Diana, how he planned to deal with Kayla was non-negotiable.

Diana panicked. After a moment's consideration, she finally decided to tell him about the ashes.

"Jul..."

"Sir!"

She was about to speak, when their door was pushed open abruptly. "Sir!"

It was Noel.

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Sweat covered Noel's brows. The president's assistant, who had always been calm and composed, looked to be in a deep state of panic.

Julian's face turned hard. "Did something happen to Grandma?"

Noel immediately nodded at Julian's question. "Sir, you... You..."

He wanted to tell Julian to quickly go and see her.

Madam Fulcher was dying!

However, the sight of the tubes and needles sticking out of Julian's body made him swallow those words back. He could only turn to Diana, his face fraught with panic.

Because of Mr. Carter, Diana had some hard feelings against Noel.

But at this moment, she could understand the look in his eyes immediately.

Something had happened to Grandma.

Panic filled her heart.

The image of Grandma saying that she would put on an act before Hans right before Diana left her flashed in Diana's mind.

At that point. Grandma's eyes looked unfocused and her

breathing was unsteady. But when Hans left, Grandma claimed that she was putting on an act and urged Diana to flee.

Now that Diana thought about it, was Grandma lying about putting on an act and was in fact experiencing the symptoms of her condition?

Remorse filled her heart and when she opened her mouth to speak again, her voice was trembling. "Ju...Julian."

She knew she shouldn't call out to him, but her mind was in a mess and huge waves of regret were drowning her.

She could only cling onto him for strength.

Upon seeing both Noel and Diana lose their senses, Julian knew something major had happened.

“Where is Grandma right now?” Things just kept happening, wave after wave!

Unease crept into his heart once again as he yelled loudly at the silent Noel, who looked like he was put in a difficult spot. “Where is she?!”

Noel snapped back to attention at Julian’s shout. “S...Sir. Madam Fulcher was sent to the hospital, but she’s in a terrible state, especially mentally...”

He subconsciously turned to look at Diana, “Madam, you...”

“TH go with him,” Diana said through gritted teeth, trying her best to calm herself down.

Now wasn’t the time for self-blame.

It wasn’t the time to overthink things, either.

She should go and see Grandma for herself, together with Julian.

But it wasn’t convenient for Julian to move around right now, so she had to call for a nurse to help push Julian over on his bed.

Julian was anxious and couldn’t wait for so many people to move him. He wished he could just hop out of bed and walk.

Thankfully, Diana was around to stop him.

“If anything were to happen to you, that would only worsen Grandma’s condition!” She, of all people, was anxious to see Grandma as soon as she could, and she could fully understand what Julian was feeling right now. Her tone gentled as she persuaded, “Julian, please calm down a little.”

No matter what, the two of them were still together.

As long as they went over together, Grandma would certainly be happy to see that.

For all they knew, that might improve Grandma’s mental state.

The better the two of them looked, the happier Grandma would be.

Julian understood where Diana was coming from, and finally calmed down to wait for the medical staff to push him out of his ward.

Noel didn't bring them to another ward. Instead, he brought them to the hospital corridor.

Diana's heart was leaping in her chest as an ominous feeling overwhelmed her. She gripped her hands that were holding onto Julian tighter.

It was now Julian's turn to comfort her. "Don't be nervous."

Warmth crept into Diana's heart as she composed herself and shook her head at Julian. "I'm fine."

Contrary to her words, her hands were trembling uncontrollably.

Julian began panicking as well. "Did something happen to the two of you at the abandoned estate? Something that I don't know about?"

Diana nodded and recounted everything that happened at the abandoned estate to Julian. Just then, they saw Grandma lying on the hospital bed.

She had even more tubes and needles sticking out of her body than Julian!

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Grandma's situation was much worse than Diana initially expected.

Yet Grandma wasn't warded despite the severity of her condition.

That could only mean two possibilities: either there was no need to hospitalize Grandma for emergency treatment, or there were too many patients and the wards were full.

Given the Fulcher's power and status, it was clearly not the latter.

Even if the hospital was bursting at the seams, it wasn't much of a stretch for the hospital to create another wing within a short period of time.

It could only be the former.

Diana could no longer hold her tears back.

Even so, she tried her best to inch closer to Grandma.

Julian could sense the severity of the situation, and panic seized him like never before. He instinctively tightened his grip over Diana's hand.

Diana squeezed his hand back.

Thankfully, at this point when their loved one was on the verge of death, they had each other to share their fears and sorrows.

But in the face of their loved one, no matter how much comfort they could derive from each other, sorrow came gushing over them, swallowing them up and drowning them so thoroughly they could hardly breathe.

They drew closer to Grandma.

With each step, they felt increasingly suffocated.

Even though they were not professional medical staff, they could tell that Grandma was like a fish on dry land.

She did not have much life left in her.

Her lips were no longer just pale, but were purplish in color, which clearly told of severe heart issues.

In other words, what Grandma claimed about putting on an act before Hans was a lie.

What was even more laughable was the fact that Diana had believed Grandma's words!

Diana wanted to give herself a tight slap.

Just then, Grandma saw the look on Diana's face, and lifted her arm with all her might to touch Diana's face as ache filled the latter's heart.

Diana's heart grew tender upon seeing the look on Grandma's face. She forgot all about crying as she knelt down and grabbed Grandma's hand, placing her palm on her cheeks. "Grandma, I'm here, I'm here."

She called out to Grandma again and again, as if crying out to the latter's soul.

A look of happiness flashed past Grandma's eyes as she opened her mouth, trying to respond.

Yet, she couldn't make a sound.

Tears fell down Diana's cheeks.

She knew she shouldn't be crying now, as that would only make Grandma sad and worsen the old woman's condition.

Despite that, she couldn't hold herself back.

She looked up and saw Julian lying on his bed, his eyes turning red around the rim.

"I won." Grandma held Diana's hand back, a small smile creeping up her lips. Even at this point, she didn't want her grandchildren worrying about her and being sad for her.

Diana could tell what she was mouthing, and was wracked with sobs.

Grandma won, indeed.

On the other hand, she had used her life in exchange for a lie and paid such a huge price in order for Diana to finally see Julian's love for her.

If Diana hadn't been so foolish as to not see Julian's heart for her, thereby making Grandma, who was already experiencing great physical discomfort, so worried about their relationship, would that have made things better?

Diana had to stop herself from overthinking things.

The more she thought, the less she was able to control her tears, which were falling like pearls from a broken necklace.

She knew that given Grandma's condition right now, the latter didn't have much time left on Earth.

The pain of losing her babies came crashing over Diana once more. That gut-wrenching agony was akin to someone snatching away something very important to her, and something in her snapped.

She began sobbing so uncontrollably that she almost couldn't breathe.

Grandma, on the other hand, kept smiling at Diana. Her hand, still in Diana's, caressed Diana's cheeks ever so gently. She truly didn't have much energy left.

She could hardly touch Diana's cheeks properly.

She had done everything she could to last till now.

She was running out of time.

She gradually shifted her eyes away toward Julian, and opened her mouth.
"Ju...Julian..."

Diana immediately moved away so Grandma had a direct view of Julian.

But the next moment, Grandma mouthed, "Serves you right!"

Diana never expected to see Grandma reprimand Julian like that, despite seeing him in his current injured state.

Serves him right for abandoning such an amazing woman like Diana and getting himself involved with the likes of Kayla Winnington!

Diana fully understood where Grandma was coming from.