

Read Novel Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 621-630

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 621

Ultimately, Julian managed to get himself out of danger and even reconciled with Diana.

That was most important to Madam Fulcher.

She had long acknowledged Diana as her granddaughter-in-law.

As such, being able to see Julian sorrowful over Diana and Diana finally understanding his affections for her elated Madam Fulcher.

However, her next reaction to that was heartache.

She looked at Julian with tears in her eyes.

"My sweet...sweet child..."

Her grandson and her granddaughter-in-law were both great kids.

Her grandson must be hurting right now.

Yet, she was no longer able to take care of him.

It was time for her to go and find her own husband.

She could no longer do anything for her own grandson.

Helping him reconcile with Diana was the final act of love she was able to leave him with.

Julian felt stones weighing down on his heart. It felt even more suffocating than when he was stabbed in the chest.

Although he didn't shed a tear, he was already crying a river inside.

"Grandma," he choked through a sob.

He felt even more remorseful than Diana right now.

They were just at the abandoned estate!

Why didn't he think of that place?!

Why did he allow Grandma to suffer such torture at such an advanced age, to go through such shock and heartache before she died?!

In fact...

That kidnapping incident shouldn't have happened in the first place!

Stripping Kayla of her ability to bear children was being too kind to her!

Showing kindness to people who don't deserve it was bound to result in a disaster.

His grandmother was living proof of that!

Anger burned in his heart as he commanded Noel, "Get Kayla Winnington over here."

He wanted to settle things with her once and for all!

He wanted to give Grandma a satisfactory explanation!

"I'm sorry..." Tears welled up in his eyes, which were frighteningly red.
"Grandma, I'm so sorry."

He repeated himself in a loop. "Grandpa protected you his whole life, yet I wasn't able to do that for you."

He was the one who gave Kayla the opportunity to hurt Grandma.

Grandma had to go through something as serious as being kidnapped!

Madam Fulcher shook her head. "Not your fault."

Not Diana's fault, either.

The moment she arrived at the abandoned estate, she realized that there was something wrong with her body. She was subsequently treated poorly, so it was natural that her body reacted that way. "Don't punish yourself because of other people's mistakes."

That was her only wish for these two grandchildren of hers.

“Hand...” she muttered weakly. Her blood pressure was dropping, and the line on the ECG was flattening out.

Each word she spoke took so much energy from her. “Hand M

Yet, she looked earnestly at Julian and Diana, the two people she was most happy with. “Hand...”

Julian couldn’t move much, and had to try his best to inch closer to Grandma.

Diana sensed what Madam Fulcher wanted and took hold of Julian’s hand. “Grandma, don’t worry. We’re together.”

This was the final thing she could do for Madam Fulcher, to comfort her before she left.

Madam Fulcher looked truly glad.

Light shone from her eyes.

Her head of gray hair was like a silver river, silently bringing her to heaven.

Beep, beep!

The device let out a piercing alert.

It was a long siren that pierced through all of their hearts.

Diana looked down, filled with shock.

At the same time, she saw Grandma’s eyes shut forever...

Julian’s Stand-In Wife chapter 622

Cries resounded along the corridor.

Diana sobbed so badly, she almost fainted.

She was unable to accept that a living breathing person who was as kind and caring as Madam Fulcher would leave her so suddenly!

Even at Madam Fulcher’s most painful and torturous moment, she was more concerned with helping Diana see Julian’s heart for her.

She was more concerned with helping Diana, a fit and healthy adult, escape from the kidnappers.

She was more concerned with helping Diana get more love, and never be hurt again.

She was more concerned with ensuring that she was the only one facing the danger, at risk of all sorts of potential accidents.

Diana had been far too negligent.

She had assumed that Madam Fulcher could do anything.

At the end of the day, Madam Fulcher was just another old woman.

An old woman with underlying physical conditions, at that. Yet Diana had believed her when she claimed she was just acting, and that she wasn't in pain or suffering.

Diana was such a fool!

A huge fool!

She found herself so foolish, that even beating herself up right now wasn't enough to vent her anger at herself.

Julian yelled at her, "Diana!"

Despite that, she refused to stop.

She continued thrashing her fists at herself until her wounds were exacerbated. Yet all her efforts were unable to dispel the sorrow and guilt in her heart.

That was Madam Fulcher, the one who loved and doted on her the most!

Madam Fulcher had been the one who took the place of Diana's biological parents in giving her love, always thinking for her and doting on her.

She was the best grandmother in the whole world!

But because of a moment's negligence, Diana allowed her to face everything alone in the final moments of her life.

Not just that...

Even before Grandma closed her eyes forever, she was still worried about her and Julian's relationship problems.

Noel had mentioned that according to the doctor's explanation, Madam Fulcher was suffering from intracranial hemorrhage. It took great willpower on her part to hold out until she made it to the hospital.

Firstly, upon hearing that Julian got stabbed, she couldn't stop herself from worrying about her grandson's condition despite her pain.

Madam Fulcher wanted to see for herself how he was doing.

Secondly, she couldn't stop herself from worrying about Diana and Julian's relationship.

Without settling both issues, she couldn't rest easy.

It was only because of these two concerns weighing on her heart that she held out all the way till the end.

Before that, when they left the abandoned estate, she even joked with Noel and the rest.

Perhaps it was since then that she knew that she was on the verge of death.

People often could sense when their lives were coming to an end.

Madam Fulcher knew that no matter what the doctors and nurses did, there was nothing they could do to save her.

And so, she decided to just face it with an open heart.

But before she died, she had to see the two grandchildren she cared about most.

Thankfully, she was able to do that.

Despite the gut-wrenching pain in her chest, she managed to make it to the hospital.

She managed to personally see her grandson, who got himself so grievously injured almost to the point of death, and also her granddaughter-in-law whom she liked and cared for the minute she set her eyes on her.

She had not been Julian's grandmother in vain.

When she was in the thick of danger, she prioritized sending Diana out to safety in order to avoid any uncontrollable risks that might occur.

The more Julian thought about it, the worse he felt.

He looked up, his eyes looking like there was a storm brewing in them. There was a solemn and cold air about him.

It told of a deep pain from losing a loved one, an agony such that it almost sucked his soul out of him.

He could only cling on tightly to Diana's hand to stop her from hurting herself. It seemed as if doing that was the only way to make him feel a little more alive.

When Diana finally calmed down a little, Julian suddenly said, "From today onwards, I don't have any other kin left in this world."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 623

His parents and grandparents had all left him behind.

He would no longer see Madam Fulcher jokingly accuse him of being an unfilial brat in the Fulchers' huge old mansion, nor would he see her help him chase after his wife. From now on, no one at home would drug his food or scheme against him. There would also be no one standing at the gate bidding him goodbye, or calling him again and again, asking if he would be home for dinner.

That was his grandmother.

But from now on, he would no longer have a grandmother.

Julian's eyes turned red once more.

He felt as if someone had rubbed sand in his eyes, so much that tears kept falling from them.

Madam Fulcher's departure would be a pain forever etched in his heart.

Diana finally pulled herself out from her pain as she realized that the man next to her needed comfort more so than she did.

And yet, she had no idea how to give him comfort.

She felt all her energy gnawed up by the guilt multiplying endlessly in her heart.

That night, she didn't sleep well.

She insisted on sleeping in Julian's ward, and was naturally less comfortable than sleeping in her bed at home.

To make things worse, she herself was injured and mentally strained. She was unable to close her eyes to rest even until midnight.

Julian was the same as well.

He eventually patted the space next to him on the bed." Come over here."

Hugging each other for warmth was better than missing their loved one all by themselves.

Diana didn't reject him.

She truly needed to be by his side right now.

When she laid down on the bed, she leaned more toward the edge of the bed.

She was almost hovering in mid-air.

Worried that Julian might find her in an uncomfortable position, she even deliberately grabbed his arm with her hand.

That would make him feel as if she was completely lying on the bed.

"Somehow, the bed feels wider now compared to during the daytime," Julian mumbled as he pulled Diana closer to his side.

Diana knew he wanted her to feel more comfortable next to

him, and smiled her first smile ever after having seen Madam Fulcher pass away in front of her earlier.

Although it was a tiny smile, it didn't fail to make her face shine. It had a tender, warm air to her.

Afraid of exacerbating Julian's wound, she nudged over a tiny bit.

She hugged his arm even tighter.

The two of them quietly leaned into each other's embrace as they silently comforted each other, something that made both of them feel immensely better.

"What are we going to do about the funeral tomorrow?" Diana asked. Madam Fulcher's passing happened when Julian got injured, but they couldn't simply forget about the funeral.

To her surprise, Julian gave her an immediate reply. "We won't do it."

"Why?" Diana didn't understand. "Although you can't be discharged and you certainly can't run around, I can do it."

She was willing to do anything for her grandma, no matter how small or insignificant.

Julian saw her panic and immediately explained himself. "It was something Grandma instructed me a long time ago. She said that after she passed away, she didn't want a funeral to be held for her. She simply wanted her ashes to be placed in Grandpa's grave so that they could share one place as husband and wife. That was enough for her."

Diana didn't fully comprehend the reasoning behind this. "Grandma isn't the type to do things in such a low-profile manner."

Conversely, she enjoyed lively events.

She always felt that Madam Fulcher would wish for a ceremony so that everyone would remember her, and she could properly bid the world goodbye.

"She did mention this before." Julian recalled his conversation with Grandma and explained further to Diana, "She said she didn't want someone looking for her and bringing unrest to her even after she passed."

She simply wanted to stay by his grandfather's side.

"Someone's looking for Grandma?" Diana asked.

Who could it be?

Someone significant enough to cause her to not even want a funeral.

Someone significant enough to cause her to want to just quietly pass away, so that she could hide from this person.

"Yes." No matter who was looking for Grandma, as long as she wanted her peace and didn't want anyone disrupting her, Julian would fulfill her wish. What's more, she had appeared very insistent about it. "She said that if that person managed to find her, she wouldn't have any peace even after she died."

In order to protect his grandmother's peace, Julian decided

to follow her instructions and forgo the funeral. Instead, he would quietly bury Grandma together with Grandpa.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 624

Even after Julian was done with his explanation, Diana was unable to calm the raging emotions inside her.

Her mind was in a complete mess.

Not only because she still felt guilty toward Grandma, but also because Julian said that someone was looking for Grandma.

She felt a thought flash past her mind, but it went by too quickly and she was unable to pin it down.

Julian saw her remain silent for a long time, and his mind churned as he thought of something to comfort her. "Don't blame yourself anymore. Grandma's death had nothing to do with you. As an old woman, all she wanted was for her favorite grandchildren to be happy and at peace."

It was why she deliberately lied to Diana that she was putting on an act, had a bet with Diana, and even let Diana flee the place first.

She knew it.

She knew it all along.

It was precisely because Diana knew Grandma's intentions- that Grandma risked everything to bring her and Julian together-that she felt even worse about it.

But no matter how bad she felt, Diana was unable to bring Grandma back to life.

"She's just a liar!" Tears welled up in Diana's eyes again at the mention of Madam Fulcher. It was an overwhelming emotion that she couldn't hold back.

The thought of the old lady made her eyes hot with tears.

"She would always lie that she was feeling healthy, that she could handle everything alone. She even lied to us that she could do it all despite her age, and that she'd live to be a hundred years old."

Daian's nose was completely blocked by all the snot that was flowing.

She didn't want Julian seeing her in this state.

She was still lying next to him, which made it difficult for her to reach out for some napkins.

She could only pull a corner of his gown and rub her nose on it.

After that, she snuck a glance at Julian to make sure he was unaware of what she had done before lying back down and relaxing herself.

From the side of his vision, Julian could see Diana behaving cautiously like a thief. A tinge of warmth and tenderness finally crept into his cold, hard eyes.

"I'm still around," Diana mumbled, as she buried her face in Julian's chest.

Julian couldn't make out what she said. "Hmm?"

"Grandma's no longer around, but I still am," she said in a small voice. "Although Grandma lied to me, I won't lie to Grandma."

Diana sniffled and went on, "I promised her that after clarifying your affections for me, I'll stay by your side and be with you."

She wouldn't go back on her word.

"I'll be your kin."

She would be by his side for the rest of his life, day after day.

They would be even closer than blood relatives.

Julian was greatly comforted by her words. "I know."

Seeing her behaving so well made him decide not to be calculative about how she wiped her snot on his gown.

The two of them didn't feel sleepy and they simply chatted on and on, about funny things that happened between them and Madam Fulcher.

"You had no idea," Diana said. "The first time I gave Grandma clothes I made myself, she was so happy she began stuttering. When she called for me, she said D-D-Dian- Dian-Diana... I laughed in reply, and I told her she sounded like a broken recording."

"Grandma is soft-hearted." Julian imagined the scene in his head as he went on, "When I was younger, I was under a lot of stress from Grandpa's successor training. He had high expectations of me, and didn't even allow the driver to fetch me to and from school. He didn't allow me to take any form of transport either, so I could only walk home. Grandma was the one who'd walk with me, my hand in hers, as she told me to walk slowly. She'd put her jacket over my shoulders, worried that I'd catch a cold. She'd end up wearing a thin shirt on a cold winter day. She ended up getting a high fever after reaching home, and even when she was unconscious, she kept mumbling about if I was feeling cold or not."

Diana was so moved upon hearing Julian recount the story that Grandma's kind, smiling face flashed in her mind again. "What happened after that? Did Grandma recover quickly?"

"Not at all," Julian replied, "In order to let Grandpa realize that he had been overly strict, Grandma got sick for an entire month."

She was sick from winter to spring, and it helped Julian escape the torturously cold winter period.

Diana immediately got it. "Grandma did it on purpose?"

"Of course," Julian said. "Grandpa's heart didn't ache for me, but it certainly ached for Grandma. The moment Grandma had high fever, not to mention sustained high fever, he couldn't take it any longer."

"How did Grandma manage to sustain her high fever?"

"She made me put a hot water bottle over her forehead every night."

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 625

Diana burst out laughing. "So Grandma's been a big fat liar since a long time ago!"

"Yeah, she really is a big fat liar."

She told them she'd live to be a hundred years old.

Yet, she left them so suddenly.

Both of them remained silent for a long while.

It was only until daybreak that Diana finally said, "I'll go and keep Grandma's ashes. We'll bury her with Grandpa after you're discharged and recovered."

Since she didn't want a funeral, the two of them would send her off quietly.

"Okay." Julian nodded, "If you feel tired, let Noel handle it."

"No need," Diana insisted, "I want to do it myself."

This was one of the few things that she could do for Grandma.

Julian knew what was in her heart, and understood that the guilt she was feeling needed time to dissipate. "After going to the crematorium, remember to have your dinner on time."

"Okay, I will."

When she returned from the task, it was obvious that Diana had cried up a storm.

Her eyes were even more swollen than they were last night.

It was highly likely that she didn't have any appetite for dinner.

The sight of Diana's sorrowful figure made Julian so anxious that he threatened to remove his IV drip unless he saw her eat something.

A day passed amidst the emotional turmoil.

After eating something, Diana felt her energy return to her.

"Are you going back to the villa tonight?" Julian asked.

He added, "You can ask Nina over to keep you company."

"No need," Diana said. "I'll stay here with you."

She knew she would only let her imagination run wild if she were to return to the villa. "Nina's busy with work, and she usually needs to work on-site at night. I shouldn't keep bothering her."

More importantly, if Nina were to see her covered in wounds, her heart would certainly ache as much as Julian's.

Diana didn't want to see her good friend sad for her.

Over the past few days, she had been using her being busy at the hospital as an excuse to stop Nina from coming to visit her.

Julian respected her decision. "Noel."

He instructed, "Please prepare a bed for Diana."

Very soon, Noel came back in with some workers.

The bed in the ward was quickly switched out for a large Simmons bed that was neither too soft nor hard. Diana used the same brand of mattress in the villa, and it was probably easier for her to get used to sleeping on this.

Thankfully, the VIP ward was large enough to fit both beds.

However, Diana found it too exaggerated.

When she stood along the corridor just now, she could feel the envious stares from all the nurses. She could even hear them whispering amongst themselves about how she was Mrs. Fulcher, the one whom Mr. Fulcher doted to the heavens!

What Mrs. Fulcher? She was currently ex-Mrs. Fulcher.

Still, she didn't want to correct them. It would seem so petty of her.

She could only flee back to the ward with her head bowed down low, deeply embarrassed.

She looked at Noel and Julian, who were making things even more exaggerated.

The moment she pushed the door and walked through it, she heard Julian say, "Yes, I want it in pink."

She looked up...and was utterly stunned.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 626

It was no longer just a ward!

Even the color of the wall in the ward had turned pink!

She had no idea what wall paint they used, but it was odorless and didn't affect any of them in the ward.

"Draw red roses on the wall." Julian waved at Diana upon seeing her enter the ward as he continued giving Noel instructions. "Let the workers draw that on the wall. She likes it."

What has this place turned into?!

How could he be allowed to just draw on the wall?

Diana found everything so needlessly exaggerated. "No need for that."

She quickly signaled for Noel to stop. "We're not at home. The ward's good enough as it is." "The master wants you to feel comfortable and happy staying here," Noel said, speaking up for Julian.

"But if the hospital pursues the matter..." "They won't." Noel chuckled, "Madam, I realize you're always underestimating the power of the master's financial ability."

If the hospital really was upset, Fulcher Inc. could simply purchase the entire building in a matter of minutes.

If that happened, how could they possibly get angry?

What's more, the ward was more homey and warm after the transformation, and it no longer looked so dead and lifeless. What's more, the fact that the great Mr. Fulcher and his wife stayed in the ward may make it a popular destination for many people after Julian got discharged.

"I'm afraid you might not be aware, Madam," Noel said to Diana. "Everyone in the city is envious of your relationship with the master, and some even look up to the both of you as a prime example of love. Many socialites

have declared that their sole wish in life is to find a partner with whom they can share a self-sacrificial love with."

Diana was shocked to hear that.

"Did Julian's kneeling do nothing to affect his reputation?" "Of course not." Noel lamented inwardly about how naive Diana was despite her strong character, having never truly immersed herself in the mercenary world of business. That was made worse over the past three years, during which Julian had protected her so well. He sighed and replied, "The nature of the issue doesn't lie in whether he knelt or not, but in who was the one kneeling."

Julian was the one who knelt, and those who were on the receiving end simply felt like they didn't deserve it.

Even though there were a few people belonging to the minority who didn't know their place and were gleeful about Julian kneeling before them, it wasn't significant enough to cause any commotion.

There were countless people trying to get into the Fulchers' good books who would step forward to help share Julian's burdens.

Diana pondered about it, and finally figured it out. She heaved a sigh of relief. 'That's good.'

She looked at the workers, who were beginning to work on the walls again with furrowed brows. "But I don't like red roses anymore now."

She looked at Julian. "Did you forget?"

After he brought up divorce, she continued waiting for him with expectations.

Eventually, Diana realized that not only did he not come to her and comfort her, or even seek reconciliation with her, but he even gave that woman flowers and transformed the flower shop that sold the red roses she liked so much into one that sold lilies.

That was but one of the many ridiculous things that Julian had done.

Julian naturally remembered that, and said rather awkwardly, "Why does my wound suddenly hurt a little?"

He glanced at Noel and said, "Hurry up and get the doctor in here!"

Noel immediately got the hint and quickly cleared out the ward, leaving both Julian and Diana staring at each other.

"How about this?" With no one else left in the ward, Julian could exercise the full potential of his thick-skin. He grabbed Diana's arm and pressed it on his wound. "I'll let you hit me anyhow you like to vent your anger, okay?"

Diana wasn't that unreasonable. "Forget it."

She pushed him jokingly as she recalled how he determinedly blocked the blade from her.

"Draw ice blue roses instead."

Since the workers were already here, it would be a waste not to continue the work.

Julian immediately became alert. "Did a man give you such roses before?"

Diana was speechless. "What on earth are you thinking about?"

She simply liked the message those roses conveyed: It's my fortune to meet you, I love you every day.

That was her silent confession to Julian.

"Are you really not angry anymore?" The thought of those dastardly things he did before filled him with guilt. He quietly observed the expression on Diana's face so he could respond immediately.

"I'm not angry anymore."

Yes, Julian did make a mistake with his own affections. However, Diana herself had been blinded by many things.

After all, she had mistakenly thought that Julian didn't love her.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 627

Diana thought that she could let Julian go.

But as it turned out, outsiders were always wiser when it comes to relationships.

If it weren't for Madam Fulcher's intervention, Diana didn't know how much longer it would take for her and Julian to reconcile.

The mere thought of Madam Fulcher sent her mood plummeting once more, but in order to not worry Julian, she turned her face away quietly. "Let the workers come in quickly. If we drag things out later, it'll affect our rest."

After the room was tidied up, it did feel a lot more comfortable.

Diana laid on the bed after dinner to get some rest.

Julian called out to Diana a few times, but she didn't respond.

She was probably asleep.

Julian asked Noel for help, and the latter opened the windows with a clatter. He then lit a cigarette under the pale moonlight.

Memories of his grandmother washed over him like an overwhelming sandstorm. He dared not express his longing for Grandma in front of Diana in the day, for fear that they would both drown in their sorrow. That left him with only

nighttime, which he would spend smoking on a cigarette and staring at the dim flame under the moonlight.

He took a long puff, feeling the smoke go through his throat into his chest.

Although he had no idea what Grandma was like in her youth, he tried to imagine it through the puffs of smoke surrounding him; how she was like growing up into the role of a grandmother, and how she had come to love and care for him.

The cigarette flame flickered in the dark.

Yet, the love Grandma left behind for him would never be extinguished.

Diana was, in fact, not asleep.

She could smell the smoke of cigarettes.

Julian would never smoke in her room, unless he was in deep sorrow.

Although he seemed normal the entire day, he was in fact putting up a front and simply finding distractions to forget about the pain Grandma's death brought to him.

Alas, the distractions were hardly effective.

Memories and longing for another would never fail to drown one out in the deep of the night.

It felt just like when Diana had lost her babies; the pain and sorrow had washed over her so silently yet so thoroughly, filling her every pore.

She would really rather be the one who suffered at the abandoned estate.

She didn't want Grandma to be the one to suffer.

And yet, Grandma would never allow that. She was Grandma's darling.

Because of Grandma, she had a kin who treated her as a darling.

Unfortunately, that was no longer true now.

Tears flowed down her cheeks once again, dripping onto her pillow.

After a while, almost half her pillow was wet.

Yet she seemed ignorant of it as she laid on the bed quietly with her eyes wide open, listening to Julian's labored breathing and the subtle smell of cigarette smoke that would drift into the room. Her heart felt heavy.

Julian...

He was the only kin she had left now.

Diana's mind was in a mess. She looked up at him from behind as her heart began to ache.

She knew Kayla was being brought to the hospital. If she didn't say certain things right now, it would be too late when Julian decided to finish Kayla off once and for all tomorrow.

After a moment's thought, she wiped the tears away from her swollen eyes and waited till her eyes looked less puffy

and red before walking toward Julian.

"Julian," she called out gently.

His fingers that were holding onto the cigarette trembled. He turned around in slight shock, and immediately put out the cigarette. "You're awake?"

He was really lost in his thoughts at that moment.

For a person as keen and sharp-witted as he was, he didn't even realize that she was awake and moving around.

Diana felt rather guilty. She knew she shouldn't be bringing this up knowing that he was in the throes of sorrow, but the thought of their babies' ashes made her bite the bullet. And so, she said softly, "Kayla..."

Confusion flashed past Julian's eyes. "What about Kayla?"

Diana's fingers intertwined with each other as unease filled her heart. "When will you let her go?" 1

Julian looked as if he just heard the biggest joke of his life, and shifted his gaze downwards. He flicked the cigarette between his fingers, as if driving away an annoying fly. His eyes turned dark as he spoke in a voice laced with sarcasm and thinly-veiled anger, "Diana Winnington, do you have any idea what you're talking about?!"

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 628

Were it not for Kayla Winnington, Grandma wouldn't have died!

It was true that even without the incident, Grandma's condition might have been triggered. Even so, she could've received the best treatment in the fastest time possible. There wouldn't be a need to drag things out, and she wouldn't leave this world in such pain!

If it weren't for Kayla, Julian wouldn't have been stabbed!

He wouldn't have been forced to walk down that aisle or be threatened by others!

He wouldn't have had to worry about Diana every single day, or miss Grandma so badly in the deep of the night!

In fact...

The fact that their babies weren't able to come to this world had something to do with Kayla as well.

He had said it when he was grabbing onto that dagger.

The life he owed her, he would repay it with his life!

But he was lucky to survive the attack, even with the dagger piercing through his chest.

Even though he didn't die, the debt that he owed Kayla for saving his life was completely settled.

This was what he exchanged his blood and Grandma's life for!

How could he possibly let Kayla go?!

Yet now, the one who was requesting for him to let Kayla go turned out to be Diana Winnington!

Diana Winnington, whom Grandma doted on and loved so much!

Diana Winnington, whom he was willing to risk his life for!

His voice went hoarse, as if someone had stuffed stones in his throat. He spoke in a deep and heavy tone, as if his throat had inexplicably tightened up, "Anyone can say that, except you..."

He couldn't believe it.

Diana wasn't such an ungrateful and unfeeling woman.

As for Diana, she knew what he meant.

She knew very well that her request was an insult to Grandma's love for her.

Grandma had done so much for her, including the shares, which she didn't let Julian find out up till now.

Yet after Grandma's passing, she was eagerly asking her grandson to spare the enemy who had indirectly killed her!

"I don't care what you think of me." Under the twofold pressure of conflicting and sorrowful thoughts swimming in her head, Diana was on the verge of collapse. She bit her lips hard, trying to compose herself.

"But you must let Kayla go."

Julian didn't speak for a full minute.

He did not respond to Diana's request, either.

A tinge of disappointment flashed past his eyes.

Diana could sense what he was feeling, and dared not look up into his eyes.

"Diana." After a long silence, she heard Julian sneer, "Who gave you the courage to raise such a rude request? Do you think that because I love you, I

will agree to anything you ask for? What does Grandma, who died because of Kayla, count for?"

Julian was angry.

Very, very angry. Furious.

But like what Julian said, Diana had admitted that she was rude and unreasonable.

She didn't have any words to refute him or comfort him and soothe his anger.

She had no right to do that.

She simply repeated herself stubbornly. "Let her go."

Julian's eyes were like daggers trying to pierce a hole through her.

However, Diana didn't get upset. She understood that saying such words right after Grandma passed away was akin to her behaving like a raving lunatic.

But...

She wanted to get her babies' ashes.

As for the guilt she would feel toward Grandma...

She would make it up to the old woman with the fact that she had saved Julian when she was young.

That thought made her continue shamelessly raising that request to Julian.

Julian's Stand-In Wife chapter 629

"Let her go."

Diana was like a robot, repeating her words over and over again mindlessly.

Contrary to what she was saying, she was keeping tabs on the grudge between her and Kayla.

Grandma wasn't just Julian's grandmother. She was Diana's grandma as well, the elder she respected the most and one she found the most reliable.

She would never let Grandma's death be disregarded or overlooked.

Conversely, Diana would etch all of Kayla's wicked deeds deeply in her heart.

After the dust settled, she would settle the score with Kayla and make that woman pay the price!

"Diana Winnington," Julian called out to her again. "Look up at me."

He was lying on the bed and unable to pinch her chin.

Diana kept her head down, preventing him from looking into her eyes.

Such a clean pair of eyes shouldn't be polluted by that woman, Kayla Winnington.

Diana didn't have the courage to do as Julian asked.

Yet, Julian's voice had the compelling authority of an emperor. As much as Diana didn't want to look up, she was intimidated by his aura into doing his bidding, although there was a strong hint of indignance in her eyes.

It was like a silent complaint between lovers.

If it were in the past, Julian would certainly blow his top. But this time, he didn't.

Instead, he chuckled when she lifted her head to look at him. He burst out laughing, as if overwhelmed with frustration. "Tell me, what hold does Kayla have over you?"

She was stunned.

Flowers bloomed in her heart; her first thought was that Julian actually didn't get angry with her!

Instead, he trusted her fully.

He was even able to pinpoint the core of the issue immediately.

However, Diana had promised Kayla when they came to an agreement not to tell Julian about the truth of her saving him. That was one of the conditions for Kayla to give her the ashes.

But if Diana told Julian about the ashes and associated that with Grandma's death, it would only strengthen his hatred for Kayla.

That would make it even less likely for him to let Kayla go.

Whatever it was, it wasn't a good idea for Diana to tell him the truth.

She could only stubbornly repeat the same words. "Let her go."

The more she did that, the more suspicious Julian became.

But he was no longer anxious to let Diana confess.

Instead, he kept staring at Diana until her hair stood on end. He waited until she asked him back, "Julian, what's the matter?"

Her fingers were intertwined with each other and her brows were furrowed, clearly telling of a guilty conscience.

She waited for his answer in a state of unease.

But Julian refused to reply. Instead, he called Noel over.

It was early in the winter, and it was in the middle of the night.

The mist was heavy outside; when Noel came in, he was shivering from the cold.

The cold air that snuck into the room made Diana sneeze.

"Have you dealt with both the driver and the kidnapper Hans, who helped Kayla?"

Noel had a murderous aura about him, unlike how he usually was.

"Yes, I have." He looked at Julian and replied respectfully, "Someone threw Hans's four limbs into a septic tank, so we didn't get our hands dirty throughout the entire process. I

simply released the news about those two. As you expected, sir, many people who are trying to suck up to the Fulchers went eagerly to give him hell. I heard that before he died..."

Noel glanced at Diana, trying to gauge whether his words would scare her.

Julian said, "Just be frank."

Noel thought Julian wanted to share the details with Diana to vent her hatred, so he went into all the graphic details without holding back.

"Someone crushed every single bone in their bodies, making it impossible to pick up the pieces. Some even squeezed their guts out of their bodies, until they looked like filthy rags on the floor. Some kicked them off the cliff for animals to gnaw away in the middle of the night..."

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Noel threw another glance in Diana's direction.

Upon seeing Diana looking perfectly fine, he continued describing the situation.

In actuality, Diana's heart was gripped in shock by everything she heard.

She always knew that the Fulchers stood at the top of the food chain in Richburgh, an existence that many envied and looked upto.

Yet she didn't expect that in today's society, there would actually be people who would stoop to such extreme measures just to get into the good books of the Fulcher family.

Although those two people deserved death, the way they died...

Was overly frightening.

What was more frightening was that Julian didn't think that this was beyond the reach of the law.

She suddenly recalled what he said about him being the law in Richburgh.

What about Kayla?

Her plight would only be worse than these people, and not better.

It wasn't that Diana was pitying that woman.

Neither was her heart aching for Kayla.

After all, Kayla had instructed Mr. Carter to drug her food, worked with James to dig up the grave of her babies, and even schemed to kidnap her and Grandma. Given all these wicked things she had done, Diana would never pity her!

Conversely, Diana now felt that leaving Kayla at Julian's mercy was the best outcome.

She would feel much better than if she had to deal with Kayla herself.

Alas, she had no choice but to protect Kayla for the time being.

"Are you done?" Julian cut Noel off.

"Yes," Noel licked his dry lips and glanced at Julian before retreating from the room.

Before he shut the door, he looked up and glanced at Diana once more.

He had described the situation in such detail and gore, yet Madam didn't look scared one bit. She didn't even blink.

How amazing!

His impression of Diana improved a tad bit as he bowed his head and shut the door behind him.

The door shut with a click.

Diana turned to look at Julian, and emphasized what she said before. "Let Kayla go."

Julian smiled. "And then? Are you thinking of digesting what Noel just told you and doing the same things to Kayla?"

Diana was able to do something so cruel and gory, and she did consider killing Kayla privately right after she got her hands on her babies' ashes.

At the same time, she was ready to pay the price in fulfilling the law.

Seeing her remaining silent, Julian was all the more certain that he had guessed what was on her mind. "I won't give you the chance to do so."

He never admitted to being the good guy, and never boasted of keeping his hands clean.

Ever since the days where he was training to be Grandpa's successor, he had relied on his brains to be the most outstanding child amongst his peers.

He knew very clearly the intentions of those who eagerly stepped forward to do the dirty work for him.

As long as he didn't agree to it, no one would stand to gain from it.

However, he had no reason to let Diana walk along the same cold and dark path that he did.

He would stand right in front of her and protect her while making sure that she would never get her hands tainted with blood.

Someone like Kayla could only wilt and die in his own hands.

"I'll bring you to see Kayla right now." With that, Julian pressed the alarm and a trained nurse walked in, sending him toward the room that Kayla was locked in.

No matter how much Diana screamed for him, he refused to stop.

She could only follow behind him.

The night was quiet, dark and cold.

Diana, Julian, and a line of medical staff trudged down the long hospital corridor and headed downstairs.

Diana looked at the screen in the elevator. "Basement one?"

Where exactly was Kayla locked at?

What was the basement level of the hospital used for?

The carpark?

As endless possibilities filled her mind, she felt her body shiver with cold right as they entered the basement.