

Julian's Stand-In Wife by South Wind Dialect

Chapter 7

He didn't want her to say anything.

He turned around again, wanting to leave.

Diana's fingers tightened, so much that she almost made a hole in her palms. She resisted the urge to go forward and ask Julian to stay.

The next second, Julian made a few steps toward the cabinet to take the hair dryer out. "You never listen to me. Don't you know that you should blow dry your hair after a shower?"

He looked cold, and if there were other people around, they would've been too scared to breathe.

To Diana, however, it was just a different side of his.

He was so perfect!

He had a beautiful mouth and a beautiful nose, and even the shape of his face was akin to a most exquisite sculpture. One would definitely be attracted to him with just a glance.

What's more, he was already standing in front of her with a hair dryer.

Three years.

He had taken care of her meticulously for three years, and even pampered her into becoming a woman who had her hair blown dry by her husband.

Yet, they were about to get a divorce...and the reason was unknown.

Diana felt bitter. She understood that even if she found the reason for the divorce, it would not change the fact that the divorce was imminent.

Even so, she was dying to understand everything.

The hair dryer was buzzing, and the hot wind swayed the coolness in her heart. Julian's fingers moved freely on Diana's scalp, as if he was pampering her to no end. She knew better than to reach out and hug him, but she couldn't help herself from indulging this moment of tenderness.

Julian felt the wetness on his chest.

“What’s the matter?” The corners of his lips were tinged with a hint of mockery. He didn’t know whether he was laughing at Diana, or whether Diana’s habits were already embedded deep in his heart.

Julian himself couldn’t understand why he didn’t push her away when she hugged him.

What was even more confusing was that he wanted to rush into the bedroom immediately to see what she was doing right after he returned to the villa.

She was obviously just a stand-in. She was a woman who regarded money as her life and had no conscience, yet he had grown accustomed to her to such an extent.

Julian’s lips were tightly pursed together. No one knew what he was thinking.

His voice, extraordinarily charming and seductive with a fatal attraction, said, “Be good and stop moving around.”

When Diana heard the familiar voice, her body froze and joy started welling up in her heart. She was about to look up at him when he suddenly picked her up. “Go to bed.”

Otherwise, she would always move around.

The hair dryer would not blow evenly.

Julian had always been rigorous in everything he did. Naturally, he wouldn’t allow a trivial thing such as blow drying hair done poorly.

Julian found the reason why he did not push her away, and put her on the edge of the bed with peace of mind.

He sat on the edge of the bed with the hairdryer in his hand. Diana had already turned around and took off her slippers as she waited for Julian to wrap his arms around her body and neck in order to dry her hair carefully.

This way, Diana wouldn’t be able to move around.

This was the method that Julian taught her before.

Still, he already mentioned that he wanted a divorce. Wouldn’t it be too strange for them to act the same way as they did before?

Julian didn’t give Diana any time to think. He watched her movements, then let out a low laugh. “You’re quite proficient.”

Diana's heart ached, and her eyes became sore with silent tears.

They were getting divorced, so she should not be acting this way, should she?

Yet, some habits couldn't be changed so easily...

Early the next morning, before Diana's eyes even opened, her hands scrambled around like a baby anime searching for its mother. She wanted to plunge into someone's arms.

Alas, there was nothing around her when she moved.

When she reached out to touch the bed again, half of it was already cold.

She suddenly remembered that Julian might never wake up with her again in the future.

But he was so gentle and tender toward her when he was drying her hair last night...

Julian's uncertainty had led her to suffering so much disappointment. She got up slowly, planning to go downstairs for some breakfast to feed the baby in her belly.

After taking a few steps, she felt as if she had kicked something.

She turned around and took a closer look.

It was a photo!

The person in the photo seemed to be a girl clad in a white dress.

But Diana did not like white, and she had never taken such a picture before.

This was the bedroom that she shared with Julian. No one would come in here, and no one would dare to put anything in here. Who could the girl in the photo be?

Could this be a photo Julian had accidentally dropped?

Diana immediately became nervous. She quickly bent down to pick up the photo.

Unfortunately, the photo was soaked in water, and the girl's face could no longer be seen. The only thing she could make out was the white dress with delicate embroidery and the girl's pretty figure.

Diana could make out the girl's youthfulness, even if she could not see the girl's face clearly.

Could this be the reason why Julian wanted to divorce her?

Diana took the photo calmly, then went to the dining room downstairs.

Today's breakfast was different from the western style cuisine she had in the past. It was all oriental style dishes, and was also the type of breakfast that Julian wasn't good at preparing.

Thinking about it, Diana knew she probably wouldn't be able to eat the food he cooked anymore starting today.

Diana took a few sips of the soy milk somewhat dispiritedly. She turned to Mr. Carter as she took out the photo and asked, "Mr. Carter, do you know who this person is?"

The expression on Mr. Carter's face changed slightly. He thought it was Julian who had intentionally blurred the face on the photo, so he didn't dare to say a word. He simply shook his head.

Although Diana didn't know who this woman was, she dared not let her mind wander too much.

There was a hole in her heart, as if Julian had stabbed her with a knife. What if Julian was divorcing her because of another woman?

Diana dared not dwell on what the past three years meant.

The more she thought about it, the sadder she became. However, she still forced herself to eat some eggs before heading to the old mansion.

Since she couldn't get any information from Mr. Carter, she would go to the old mansion to look for clues herself.

When she arrived, the maids were still cleaning. This was enough to show how grand yesterday's banquet was. Diana asked a few maids for news about the banquet, but got nothing in return.

At this moment, a text message suddenly popped up on her cell phone. "Do you want to know the reason for your divorce?"

The sender's number couldn't be reached even after Diana dialed it.

Diana wanted to check again, but received another text message before she could do so. "Come over to Winnington Mansion."

Winnington Mansion?!

What did her divorce from Julian have to do with the Winnington family?

Diana found herself shuddering when she thought of how her biological mother, Kate Renforth, slapped her.

Back then, she held so much hope and expectation when she went to find the Winnington family. Yet, she left greatly disappointed with them.

Because of that, she deliberately erased all her memories of the Winnington family after marrying Julian.

She didn't want to have anything to do with that family anymore.

But the bait thrown by this mysterious person was too great. After thinking about it, Diana drove to the aforementioned residence.

At that moment, Kayla was sitting in Julian's car. They were heading toward Winnington Mansion as well.

Kayla's return was met with a warm welcome from the Winnington family. Even a red carpet was laid out a good distance away from Winnington Mansion. There were many colorful balloons and flowers lining the path.

As Julian drove, he glanced at Kayla and asked, "Why are you crying?"