

The Substitute Bride Making Memories Of Us

Chapter 11: Deliberately Picking On Her

After Ayla prepared the dishes and served them at the table, Anna looked at them with a disgusted expression. Brian and Anna were sitting face to face.

Brian asked her to taste the dishes and give her opinion about them.

Anna tasted each of them and was very much unsatisfied with the taste.

She either pointed out the dishes were too salty or too spicy.

Seeing that, Brian glared at Ayla and asked, "Are you taking your revenge on me because I asked you to c**k?"

"No, it's nothing like that." Ayla shook her head.

It was so very obvious that they intentionally picked on her. She had nothing to say because it wouldn't make any difference.

"No? Because, none of these dishes is edible! These taste so bad!" he snapped then got up and threw away all the food to the ground.

The floor was a mess now.

Ayla although had expected this, it still hurt her feelings.

She had cooked with so much dedication, but he didn't even value her hard work.

All of her efforts just got wasted by that devil.

But she didn't even feel sad.

It could be expected from him.

However, she had suffered enough today.

First, Toby's intimacy with another woman, then Brian's and Anna's humiliations.

Seeing Ayla didn't even react, Brian got more furious.

His eyes narrowed to slits in exasperation as he raised his hand and slapped Ayla on her cheek.

The force was too much that it made her fall to the ground.

It stung where his hand made contact with her cheek.

She was wrong when she thought she couldn't feel pain anymore.

"Clean up this place!"

Brian didn't like it when she showed no expression.

It bothered him unreasonably to see her acting emotionless.

She should be crying and begging to him.

But she did neither of that.

He had always wanted to be in charge of every situation, but it frustrated him when he couldn't control Ayla.

Ayla didn't say anything.

She kneeled down on the ground quietly and picked up the pieces of broken plates one by one.

Her finger got cut accidentally and blood oozed out of the wound.

But she just lost her enthusiasm to react to that even.

She quietly continued her work. She brought a broom and started sweeping the place clean. She was humiliated beyond her expectation. She mocked herself for the life she had. She wasn't even the real daughter of the Woodsen family. She was just an orphan girl adopted by them.

The man she had trusted and loved, had left her.

She even lost her virginity.

After all of these, she had no right to expect anything good from her life.

But she couldn't do anything but to endure.

The man in front of her would torture her every day, humiliate her every way possible, make her eternally doomed, and still she couldn't stop him.

Seeing that she didn't even make a sound, Brian got angrier.

It bothered him.

Frustrated by Ayla's behavior, he took Anna's hand in his and left without looking back.

Ayla didn't even raise her head until she heard the footsteps.

She watched them leave holding each other's hands.

She felt so frustrated with her situation.

She slumped back on to the cold floor and broke down.

She couldn't hold back anymore.

She sobbed her heart out as her blood dripped on to the white, cold tiled floor.

At one point, Maria heard the noise of her crying and came downstairs to inspect.

She gave Ayla a pitiful look.

She had predicted this to happen.

Anna had been to the villa several times, and Maria knew how very picky she was with food.

Anna was one of Brian's girlfriends, and as a servant of the Clark family, Maria couldn't say anything about her.

"Mrs.Clark, please stand up."

Maria helped the numb girl get up and took her to her room.She took the medicine box and dressed Ayla's wound carefully.She didn't expect that her hand was cut so badly by that porcelain plate.

It was a deep cut.

"Mrs.Clark, please don't cry.Everything will be fine."

Maria wiped off Ayla's tears for her.

She was also a woman and a mother.

It hurt her when she saw Ayla crying so bitterly.

Ayla was like her daughter.

After a long while, Ayla stopped crying and said in a hoarse voice, "Thank you, Maria.I'm fine now.I just want to be alone."

“Okay, go to sleep!” Maria nodded understandingly.

Then she left when Ayla lay down and closed her eyes.

The faint moonlight fell onto the floor through the open window.

But Ayla couldn't fall asleep.

She lay there with eyes wide open.

At one point, she got out of the bed and took out a silver bracelet from her bag.

The design of this silver bracelet was very ordinary.

It was not very expensive, but it was her most precious belonging.

It was a birthday gift from Toby, which he gave as a promise.

But now, things had changed.

Toby left her five years ago to go abroad and forgot his promise.

But she remembered each of his words distinctly.

The entire night afterwards, she just sat in a corner of her room, holding the bracelet close to her heart. She had lost her everything. What should she do now?

In the morning, when Maria pushed open the door, she saw Ayla's dark circles around her eyes. She realized Ayla didn't sleep last night.

“Mrs. Clark, I have made breakfast for you. Would you like to come to the dining hall and eat? You don't have to go to school today. Take some rest,” Maria said sympathetically.

Ayla looked at Maria. No one had ever cared for her this much.

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