

TSBMMOUS 111

Chapter 112: A Familiar Feeling

Hayden heaved a sigh and looked at her.

Then after a while, he said, "What are you talking about? I'm already old so why would I still think about women? If our children heard such inappropriate words from us, they would laugh at us."

"Are you saying that what I am talking about is nonsense? Haven't you noticed that you're not being in your normal self these days? You do know that your health is not good yet you still choose to stay inside your study until midnight almost every day. If you're not thinking about women, then who's running in your mind? Don't tell me that you're still thinking about that b***h? She already died more than twenty years ago. In a car accident remember?"

While she was talking, Miley looked straight at Hayden's eyes.

Back then, she just couldn't stand that her husband was with another woman. So what if that woman was her husband's first love? It was not that hard for Miley to kill a woman. So even the woman was with a baby in her belly, she still let her die in a car accident.

"Enough! Don't you dare mention it anymore!" Hayden shouted.

If it was not because of that car accident, he wouldn't have lost the woman he dearly loved and their child.

Hayden promised her that he would divorce his wife first before he gave her a wedding.

He had her planned to be his wife but he never expected that in just a snap, he would lose everything.

The only thing that sank into his mind was the fact that the woman he loved together with their unborn child had died in a car accident.

Within all the past years, Hayden had tried hard and done his best just to maintain this marriage.

Even though he had devoted all his time and feelings to his family and work, he still failed in the end.

Miley couldn't just feel at ease because of her many doubts.

They were always arguing and fighting each other because she couldn't believe Hayden easily.

Molly and Toby walked down the stairs together when they heard the noise downstairs.

"Dad? Mom? It's already late. Could you please stop fighting?"

"Go to your bed, Molly, and sleep!"

Hayden never intended for his daughter and son-in-law to hear about their quarrels, but they had heard it many times already.

"Dad, you should go to bed early. You know that your health is not getting good right?"

Toby walked to Hayden and pulled him to another side, while Molly decided to take Miley to the second floor.

Toby sat beside Hayden inside the study room.

“Dad, are you okay?”

“I’m okay. Just go to your bed. You still have work for tomorrow.”

Hayden wanted to cheer himself up so he went to see Ayla.

Besides, Ayla reminded him of that girl because she looked so much like his first love.

He even started questioning himself that what if Ayla might be his daughter? But two years ago, something happened to Ayla before he could find out more information about her. She had disappeared for two years.

Now that Hayden had finally seen Ayla again, he didn’t care whether she was his daughter or not.

What he wanted was to be with her in his last life because Ayla looked so much like the girl he loved.

Hayden was getting older and older. He couldn’t do anything as his heart disease had been getting worse each day.

Maybe his life was already short and he wouldn’t be able to live longer.

“Dad, you know that Mom is just being stubborn again. Eventually, her anger will just subside later because she already let it out.”

Toby had been always like this, compromising to Molly all the time.

He understood that he was responsible for taking care of Molly, but he never really loved her.

“Toby, there’s nothing else that I would say to you. I just want you to treat Molly well when I die, okay?”

Molly was the only daughter of Hayden. So he would do anything just to satisfy all the whims and give whatever his daughter wanted.

After Hayden said it, Toby nodded to him and left him in the study.

While sitting alone in the study, he opened a locked drawer and took out an old photo from it.

It was the only photo of the girl he loved that had left to him. He had kept it for twenty years.

Molly was already waiting for Toby while sitting on the sofa when he came back to their room.

“Honey, how is Dad?”

“Nothing to think about. They will be fine and besides, they have been married for so many years. Don’t worry and stop thinking anything. Go to bed and sleep early. We have to be prepared for an early meeting for tomorrow,”

Toby said to her. Molly hugged Toby from behind with her arms surrounded his waist.

She said, “Honey, from now on, let’s get along well. Okay?”

'Toby will forget Ayla. I'll make sure he definitely will!' Molly swore to herself.

Toby nodded at her and said, "Okay."

After that, he hugged her back and didn't say anything more.

Although it was very late, Brian was still busy working in the office.

Suddenly, he saw a piece of paper on his desk.

It had the information that was saying about the next season's fashion clothes.

Anna would still show the documents to Brian even though she had the full authority over this cooperation case.

She probably put the document on his desk when he went out in the afternoon.

Brian still hadn't seen the design drafts that Wenny submitted. She was an employee from Starlight.

Anna already arranged everything well, including the arrangements of the venue for the quarterly exhibitions and the guests that would be present.

What he only needed to do was to give the final approval.

After he left the company, Brian drove in another direction after he passed an intersection. He parked his luxury limo in front of another office building.

Brian saw that the light on the third floor was still on.

'It is already late at night but Wenny is still in the office alone?' he wondered.

Brian took out his phone and dialed a number that he had never called before.

He had a sharp memory.

Even if Anna had only said it once to him, he would still remember it.

The sudden ringing of her phone on the desk had made Ayla startled.

She paused for a few seconds and took a breath before she answered the phone.

"Hello?"

She could feel that her voice was trembling.

"Is this Wenny?"

Brian had felt that Wenny's voice was somewhat familiar to him.

It sounded like the woman he knew, but a little different.

The moment Ayla heard his voice, she had almost dropped the phone in her hand.

Was he really Brian? Where did he get her phone number? And why did he suddenly call her? Ayla took a deep breath and composed herself.

“Yes, I am. Who are you?” she said calmly.

At this moment, Ayla only knew that her palms were already sweating.

“This is Brian Clark,” he said.

Brian wanted to go upstairs to meet Wenny, who had a very similar tone to Ayla’s voice.

But he didn’t do it and just stayed in his car. Then the woman on the other line spoke, “Hello, Mr. Clark.”

Ayla didn’t know anything to say except to greet him.

“It’s so late. Are you still working?” he asked.

Brian looked up at the third floor as he leaned against the car seat.

“Yes,” Ayla said.

Her answer was simply too short.

What mattered to her now was as long as Brian wouldn’t come to her office or he didn’t recognize her voice, everything would be fine for her.

Then Brian said, “Then come downstairs. I’m on downstairs. Let’s go and get something to eat.”

Brian didn’t know why he said those to her.

Maybe because he just thought that Wenny was a woman alone in a foreign country and she didn’t know anyone else but only her work.

However, Brian knew himself too well that he was not the kind of person who would care about other women casually.

Ayla was surprised for a moment and said, “No, thank you, Mr. Clark. I just ate earlier. I’ll go home after I’m done with my work.”

Ayla would never go out with Brian.

Why would she? She would definitely not do that unless she was out of her mind.

“Miss Wenny, if you don’t mind my asking. But, aren’t you an Italian?”

Ayla’s fluent Chinese did not really sound like an Italian at all.

She took a deep breath and calmed herself before she said, “No, I’m not.”

Ayla questioned herself if Brian had called her just to investigate her family background.

Also, Brian noticed that Wenny was somehow hesitant.

Maybe she just didn’t want to talk to him anymore.

“Well, just don’t forget to go back early,” Brian said lightly before he hung up his phone.

After the call ended, Ayla let out a shaky breath. She just couldn't take it being called and asked by him repeatedly.

Chapter 113: She Had No Other Wishes

The moment Brian returned to his villa, he saw that Anna was sleeping on the sofa. Was she waiting for him to come home? He walked towards the sofa.

"Anna," he called out softly.

"Brian, you're home."

Anna opened her eyes and saw him standing in front of her.

"Why are you sleeping here? If you're sleepy, go upstairs and sleep on a bed. In the future, I'll be a lot busier, and I'm not sure when I'll be able to get home," he said.

Shaking her head, Anna replied, "It's fine. Are you hungry? Let me prepare some food for you."

"No, I'm not hungry." Brian sat on the sofa.

"Anna, who is this Wenny of Starlight?"

Anna was currently pouring a glass of water when her hand froze because of what he said.

"Brian, why are you suddenly asking about her?"

"Am I not allowed to ask this question? I should've personally met this designer, but I haven't had much spare time on my hands lately."

Brian turned his gaze towards Anna. He knew that she was hiding something important from her.

"Miss Wenny is from Antawood." She couldn't tell him that Wenny was actually Ayla.

However, since he had asked about her, she knew that she shouldn't hide too many things from him.

"I see. It's getting late. You should go to bed."

After saying that, Brian went upstairs.

While he was in his study, he sat at the desk, trying to recall the phone call earlier. He wondered why Wenny was avoiding him and not talking to him too much.

Meanwhile, Anna went back to her room.

She was tossing and turning, having a hard time falling asleep.

When she had finally had enough of her restlessness, she got up and dialed Ayla's number.

At the same time, Ayla just happened to be standing in front of her window, remembering what Brian had said to her tonight.

She was a bit worried. She hoped Brian didn't recognize her voice.

That phone call from him made her feel restless.

“Anna?”

Ayla was surprised to know that someone had called her again.

“Ayla, have you met with Brian recently?” Anna asked bluntly.

When she heard what Brian said earlier, she felt that he had developed suspicions already. He was a very perceptive individual, so Anna was worried that he might’ve figured something out.

Whenever she was in front of him, she didn’t dare to have any other ideas. Only when it came to Ayla did she make decisions by herself.

“What did he say to you?” Ayla asked with worry.

Her heart had been uneasy ever since the phone call.

“He asked me about you,” said Anna.

Based on Ayla’s tone, she was unnerved, which only meant that they must’ve contacted each other.

“Have you told him the truth? I didn’t say anything to him. Brian just called me. Perhaps he’s just a bit curious about me,” Ayla replied calmly.

Hearing her reply, Anna just hung up the phone, gaining peace of mind.

Ayla also breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as Brian had no idea, everything would be fine.

In all honesty, even if they ran into each other, she wouldn’t have anything to do with him, so she wasn’t that worried. It was just that he had always been a predator.

Ayla had already sent twenty sets of designs to the Clark Group’s head office.

Today was her day off, and Lucas hadn’t come back yet.

He had been away for a much longer time than she had expected.

She walked alone on the street and bought a lot of food from the supermarket. She remembered that she had to invite Hayden to have a meal at home, so she called him.

“Uncle Hayden, it’s Ayla.”

“Oh, Lala, it’s you!”

Hayden was currently trimming the flowers and plants in the garden by himself. He was either drinking tea and reading the newspaper or pruning plants and flowers every day.

Receiving a call from Ayla was a breath of fresh air to him.

"I promised to invite you over for a meal, remember? How about this noon?"

Ayla glanced at her watch. It was only ten in the morning.

She still had enough time to prepare lunch.

"Gladly!" Hayden replied at once.

"I've been waiting for your invitation for days!" he remarked with a smile.

He didn't contact Ayla himself because he was worried that Miley would misunderstand him and make a fuss about it.

Today, she went out with her rich lady friends for a beauty makeover, and he felt bored being alone. Ayla prepared the dishes, which were all ordinary home-cooked meals.

As he sat at the table, Hayden said, "You're a good c**k, aren't you? Whenever there's a chance, I'll come here often."

"Of course! You can come here whenever you want, Uncle Hayden. If you like the food, please eat more of it."

Ayla had searched for recipes on the Internet and specially prepared medicinal dishes that aided in recovery from heart diseases.

When Hayden looked at the dishes, he said, "You're so thoughtful, Lala."

"Uncle Hayden, I don't have any other relatives. I only returned to A City for work, but you've been really good to me. And since you're willing to let me call you 'uncle', then I'll treat you as my family."

Ayla also felt close to Hayden.

"Good. You're a good girl."

Once he had eaten, he thought that it was the best lunch he had ever had.

Ayla had also prepared some fruits and brought them to the living room.

"Uncle Hayden, help yourself with some fruits. They're good for your health."

Hayden glanced at her and nodded.

"Sure. By the way, do you live here on your own?"

She hesitated for a moment before she nodded.

Lucas told her that he didn't want anyone else to know about their relationship for the time being, so she didn't tell anyone.

"This apartment's security is good enough, so it's safe to live alone."

Hayden looked at her intently. This apartment was situated in Antawood's prime location. Each apartment cost millions.

After lunch, Ayla took him for a walk along the garden of the community.

“Did you live in the Woodsen family’s villa when you were a child?” he asked.

“Yes, the Woodsen family adopted me when I was still a child.”

Whenever she spoke of her past, Ayla was surprisingly calm.

“They didn’t treat you well, did they?”

Hayden had conducted a thorough investigation of her past, but he never found out why she even got adopted by the Woodsen family.

Did it have something to do with the woman he loved? Smiling faintly, Ayla shook her head.

“The past is already over. The important thing is that I’m fine now.”

“Lala, haven’t you ever thought of your biological parents?” Hayden asked out of curiosity.

“I have no idea where to find them. Maybe they’ve already passed away.”

Ayla didn’t hope to find them anymore. She felt that it was good enough that she was doing well now.

There was a man who loved her deeply, and she enjoyed her job. She had no other wishes.

When Hayden heard what she said, he felt a pain in his heart.

He didn’t know where to find his child and his lover. He didn’t even cling to any sort of hope.

When he saw the large pool of blood on the scene of the car accident, he only saw her lying there with bandages covering her head.

There was no hope left in his heart at all. He didn’t even have the chance to bury her himself because of Miley.

Upon his arrival at the hospital, all he saw was an empty ward.

Then, he only found her tombstone.

Chapter 114: Wasn’t He Satisfied

After Hayden left, Ayla sat alone in her room. What he said reminded her of the scar in her heart. She no longer held any hope that she’d ever find her parents again.

However, she used to have a child herself.

Even though her child was never born, she still loved her baby with every fiber of her being.

And now, she really wanted to go to the Clark family villa’s backyard.

Ayla walked out of the apartment to stroll along the street.

The street was noisy today.

She entered and then walked out of one store after another with no intention to purchase anything.

All of a sudden, a woman who was carrying several shopping bags bumped into her.

“What the hell? Are you blind or something?”

The shrill voice startled Ayla, but it sounded familiar to her.

“Molly, are you okay?” Toby held Molly up by pulling her arm.

Since she said that she wanted to go shopping tonight, he accompanied her.

By this point, Ayla wished that she hadn't gone out on her own.

She had no idea that she'd run into them by accident today.

“I'm sorry.”

Lowering her head, Ayla quickly turned around and was about to leave. However, Molly grabbed her arm to stop her.

“Do you think a simple apology is enough?”

“Mrs. Brown, I've already apologized. What do you want?” Ayla replied.

She then turned to look at them.

In all honesty, she didn't want them to see her for fear of being recognized.

However, it wasn't her fault.

Molly was the one who insisted on pulling her arm.

The moment she saw her, Molly let go of her hand.

Thinking that she had seen a ghost, she almost screamed on the busy street.

“Lala?”

Toby was also surprised to see her.

This woman before them was indeed the same woman he had been thinking of for two years.

“Sorry, I have something else to do. I must go now.”

After saying that, Ayla was about to walk away. However, Toby stopped her from leaving.

“You're alive! I'm so glad that you're alive.”

“Yes, I'm still alive and well,” she said flatly.

“Toby, just forget that you saw me today!”

“How could I forget seeing you? Don't you know that I've been looking for you for two years? I've always believed that you weren't dead, and I was right. This is great!”

Toby held her hand tightly, refusing to let her go.

“Toby, I knew you’ve been thinking about Ayla. You b***h! Didn’t you disappear two years ago? Why did you even come back? Tell me!” When Molly regained her composure, she scolded Ayla. It was clear that how much she hated her.

“Mrs. Brown, there’s a reason I returned to A City, and it’s not Toby!”

Ayla shook off Toby’s hand and stormed away. He wanted to chase her, but Molly prevented him.

“Don’t you dare run after her!”

They were happily shopping earlier, but when they bumped into Ayla, they went back to the villa with displeasure written all over their faces.

On the other hand, Ayla didn’t ruin her own mood because of them. She had already cut them off from her life, due to the fact that her presence would only cause problems to their relationship.

The following day, when Ayla went to work, she received a call from Anna.

“Miss Anna, I’ve already told Ellie to send the designs you asked for,” she said.

“I know. I’ve seen them. But the drafts you sent aren’t at your level!”

Based on Anna’s words, it seemed that she wasn’t satisfied with her designs.

“Is it not to your liking? Miss Anna, what do you think is wrong with them?” asked Ayla.

“I’ll drop by your office later!” Anna dropped the call in anger.

Meanwhile, Ayla just sat at her desk in silence.

Just as she had expected, Anna was going to make things difficult for her.

Less than ten minutes later, Anna came to her office.

As soon as she entered, she slammed all of Ayla’s twenty drawings on her desk.

“Wenny, is this all you can do? Look at these designs! There’s no creativity and finesse to them at all!”

“Miss Anna, if you think I’m not capable enough, then you can design clothes yourself. You don’t really need me anymore, do you?”

Ayla refused to back down.

She believed that she had done her best, but Anna just threw away her designs without respect.

It was natural that she’d be angry about it.

“What’s the matter with you? Don’t forget that you’re just a designer sent by the Starlight. You have to heed my every word!”

Anna glared at Ayla and wondered, ‘Who does she think she is? How dare she talk back to me?’ Getting up from her chair, Ayla picked up her drawings on the desk and the floor one by one.

“Miss Anna, are you the only one who has seen these designs? Did he see them? Isn't he satisfied with them?”

“Humph! I knew it. You still want to meet and be with Brian, don't you?”

Anna became even angrier when Ayla mentioned Brian.

“No, I don't want to see him. If I really wanted to do so, then I wouldn't be holed up in here, and I would've worked in the Clark Group's head office instead.”

No matter what compromise Ayla made, Anna was still giving her a hard time.

Did she still need to make more concessions?) “Don't think that you can do what you want just because Yareli is protecting you,”

Anna remarked.

“This has nothing to do with Ms. Evans.”

Ayla fiercely looked back at her.

“Miss Anna, you're welcome to tell me each and every one of your dissatisfactions. If you're that displeased with my performance, then maybe it's time to ask Ms. Evans to have me replaced by someone else. What do you think?”

“Don't think I won't dare to do that!”

Anna wasn't backing down either. She admitted that she was using these drawings to make things difficult for her. She just didn't want Ayla to pass so easily.

And so, she didn't show even one of them to Brian.

Instead of doing that, she sent them all back.

“Well, you're welcome to do whatever you want. If you're not satisfied, then I'll revise them. Although, Miss Anna, can you tell me what you think is wrong with my designs?”

Naturally, Ayla knew that Anna was just doing this to give her a hard time.

And sure enough, Anna was unable to say anything.

All she said was that she needed the revised drawings tomorrow and then she left.

‘Tomorrow? How is that possible?’ Ayla didn't protest and just allowed her to walk away.

Moments later, Ellie walked in.

“Wenny, are you okay? Is there something I can do to help you?”

She was also frightened by Anna's outburst just now. As a woman, she knew that Anna was deliberately provoking Ayla. Her outburst had nothing to do with the designs.

They looked like two rivals in love who were arguing.

Shaking her head, Ayla replied, “It's fine. You can carry on with your work. I can do these myself.”

She had mentally prepared herself for the worst.

After that, Ellie went back to her desk.

As soon as Anna returned to the company, she was called to Brian's office through her phone.

"Brian, what can I do for you?"

"Hasn't Wenny submitted her designs yet?"

Yesterday, someone told him that Wenny's drafts had already been sent here.

However, Anna never showed the drawings to him.

Chapter 116: Even If You Change, You Will Still Be My Woman, My Wife

Ayla struggled to leave the tea room, but when she saw the man on the other side of the door, she was petrified.

Brian was shocked to see her.

"Open the door!"

Ayla saw the anger on his face.

He kept shouting at her to open the door, but she couldn't bring herself to open it.

She had long known that an all-glass office like theirs wouldn't be able to hide secrets.

Only a glass door separated the two of them.

Ayla was covering her aching stomach with her hands, while Brian kept banging the door in anger. She had thought of so many scenarios where she ran into him, but how did it turn out? Out of all the possible scenarios, this was what happened.

The two of them were facing each other, one was calm, and the other was infuriated.

If she wasn't going to open the door, it seemed that he would break it down.

Stepping forward, Ayla unlocked the door.

"Mr. Clark, what are you doing here?"

The second he stepped inside, he held her arm tightly and asked, "Why am I here? What do you think? If I didn't come here, are you just gonna hide from me for the rest of your life?"

He was holding her arm so tight that it almost broke, but Ayla didn't struggle.

"So, you're Wenny? Were you planning to hide from me for the rest of your life by using another name?"

Ayla looked up at his glaring eyes and said, "I never meant to hide from you. I'm just here to work. This has nothing to do with seeing you."

“Ayla Woodsen!” Brian yelled.

This woman wasn’t dead, and she had even come back to Antawood.

However, it turned out that she was hiding from him and refused to see him.

No wonder he felt something was amiss when he called the other day.

“Mr.Clark, please calm down.”

As a matter of fact, Ayla had imagined that he would be furious if he ever found out that she was alive but hiding from him.

“Calm down? Do you think I’ll be able to calm down just like that? You’ve been missing for two years, and you’ve changed a lot.It seems that you’ve grown bolder,” Brian remarked coldly.

Ayla twisted her arm because it was getting painful.

“Everyone is bound to change, and so have you, haven’t you?”

‘No! In reality, he is still the same bossy and unreasonable man he used to be.He still does whatever he wants, ‘ she thought to herself.

“Even if you change, you will still be my woman, my wife!”

At last, Brian let her go.He noticed that something was wrong with her.

But the second he let her go, she collapsed to the floor, and she lost consciousness.

Despite how mad he was, his anger dissipated at once.He quickly bent down to pick her up.

“I guess your trick hasn’t changed,”he said helplessly, and then brought her to the hospital.

Not long after, Ayla was lying in the ward with a needle tubing stuck to the back of her hand.

“What happened to her?”

“Mr.Clark, Miss Woodsen has a weak stomach.She passed out because of gastric spasm.This might be caused by irregular diet,” the doctor said in a trembling voice.

It was evident that Brian was troubled by what happened.

He went to the emergency room at midnight, carrying a woman in his arms.

The doctor was afraid that if something bad happened to her, Brian would kill him.

“When will she wake up?” Brian’s tone softened a bit.

‘She looks like she had lived a good life all this time.How could she be suffering from gastrointestinal pain?’ He and Ayla had been apart for two years, and when they met again, he had no idea that things would end up like this.

The person he had been looking for turned out to be Wenny, the new designer sent by the Starlight.

Anna had already known that Wenny was actually Ayla, but she never told him the truth.

She had hidden it from him for so long. Was she planning to hide this fact from him for the rest of her life?

"Mr. Clark, Miss Woodsen will wake up soon. But I suggest that she should stay in the hospital for observation," said the doctor.

"I see. You can leave now."

As he looked at Ayla's pale face, Brian asked, "Were you really going to hide from me forever? Even when you came back, you kept using the false name. You didn't even take the initiative to see me."

Ayla's indifference towards him made him feel conflicted.

They had been apart for more than two years, and she was now more mature and charming than before.

He felt fortunate that she was still alive.

No matter what had happened in the past two years and who she was with, he didn't care.

But every day that followed, she must return to him and be his Mrs. Clark again.) Brian was sitting on a chair beside her bed and holding her hand.

Suddenly, he felt a ring on her finger.

He glanced at it and realized that no matter how inexpensive it was, it meant that she was engaged.

The following second, he took the ring off and held it in his hand.

Nobody else had the right to put a ring on her finger besides him.

By the time Ayla woke up, it was already the break of dawn.

The bright light outside the window shone into the room.

She turned around and saw the man at her bedside.

'Why is he still here?' Last night, while she was gradually losing consciousness, she knew that Brian had taken her to the hospital.

"You're awake." Brian shouldn't have believed that doctor's nonsense.

It must've been over six or seven hours since the doctor told him that she was about to wake up.

Ayla nodded and propped herself up using her arms.

"Mr. Clark, thank you for bringing me to the hospital last night."

"That's it?"

There were so many things he wanted to hear from her, and the last thing he wanted to hear from her was "thank you."

“Then what do you want to hear, Mr.Clark?”

Ayla leaned against the bed.

An entire night had passed.

Although she was still feeling a bit of pain, she could bear it.

No matter how much pain she felt, it was no longer a big deal for her.

“You...” Brian felt infuriated.

This woman was the only person capable of angering him so easily.

Standing up, Ayla said, “If you’re not gonna tell me anything, then just forget it.

I’ll pay you back for the medical expenses last night.”

She looked at the hospital gown she was wearing, and noticed that her own clothes weren’t in the room.

“Where are my clothes?”

“You’re not allowed to leave the hospital yet.”

Brian knew that she’d want to run away whenever she was faced with the people she didn’t want to see.

She would hide if she didn’t want to see anyone, but he wasn’t going to let her hide.

“Mr.Clark, I know my body better than anyone.”

Ayla had gotten accustomed to the pain.

It wasn’t that big of a deal to her anymore.

She still had so much work to do.

Besides, since they saw each other last night, she knew that Anna was going to give her a hard time for it.

As he sat on the sofa, Brian said, “The doctor said you’re not allowed to leave the hospital.”

“Did the doctor say that or did you? Anyway, I have to leave the hospital.If you don’t give back my clothes, I’ll leave the hospital wearing this.”

Ayla had to leave the hospital.

Even if she was wearing a hospital gown, she was going to leave the hospital.

A few seconds later, she put on a pair of slippers and was about to walk out.

“Oh, by the way, can you take care of my medical expenses for now? Just send me the bill and I’ll transfer it to your account.”

The moment her hand touched the door k**b, Brian stopped her.

“Don’t you want your ring back?”

He waved the ring in front of her.

As soon as she saw it, she stopped and shouted, “Give me back my ring!”

Chapter 117: Who Gave You The Ring

Brian raised an eyebrow.

“Is this yours? What kind of ring is it? Is it a wedding ring? Need I remind you that you’re still Mrs.Clark?”

“No, that’s not true.Mrs.Clark died two years ago.”

Ayla was no longer the same person she used to be, nor was she his wife anymore.

“But I never stopped believing that you were still alive.”

Brian held up the ring from his hand, and asked, “Who gave this to you?”

“It’s none of your business! Just give it back to me!”

Ayla turned around and stomped her way towards him, trying to nab the ring away from him.

Unfortunately he wouldn’t let her take it.

When she was about to take it from him, he raised his hand and made her miss.

As he held the ring up high, Brian said, “If you won’t tell me who gave it to you, I’m going to throw this ring away!”

He was a man of his word.

Once he had said something, he would definitely do it! However, Ayla still refused to tell him.

Brian was a despicable man.

To protect Lucas, she wasn’t going to tell him anything.

She was already standing on tiptoe, but she still couldn’t reach it.

All she wanted to do was to take back her ring, but little did she know that their bodies were so close to each other right now.

Wearing only a thin layer of hospital gown, she pressed against his muscular chest.

It was only when she felt the tension from his body that she finally realized how close they were as of the moment.

Quickly backing away, she said, “Why won’t you give me back my ring?”

Ayla stared at him intently.

This man’s presence in her life was bound to bring chaos into her peaceful life.

Had she been too careless yesterday? Why did she let Brian see her in the office by accident? It seemed that some things just couldn't be avoided.

"This one doesn't suit you."

As Brian stared at the unremarkable ring, he asked, "So...can't that man afford you a better ring?"

"Well, I like it! Not everyone is the same as you!"

Ayla turned around.

She would rather give up the ring than spend another second with him.

Seeing that she was about to leave, Brian dragged her back.

"Ayla, were you even listening to me?"

"Is it really necessary for me to listen to you? Do we still have something to do with each other?"

Ayla was still weak, so she couldn't stand another second of quarreling with him.

Before she could take another step, he stopped her from moving.

"Why are you so disobedient?"

Brian pushed her back to the bed.

"You can't leave without my permission."

Once he was done talking, his phone started ringing.

Meanwhile, Ayla just lay in silence.

"Anna," he answered.

"Brian, where are you? Didn't you come home last night?"

Anna had fallen asleep on the sofa in the living room. She didn't wake up until Maria came in to prepare breakfast.

Brian didn't come home for a whole night, so she immediately called him.

"I had something to do."

He was a person who didn't explain himself when it wasn't necessary.

"Are you in the company right now? Do you need me to bring you breakfast?"

Anna heard how indifferent he was and felt very uneasy about it.

"No, thanks. I have to hang up now. I'm not in the company. I'll go home after I finish what I'm doing."

After that, Brian dropped the call and walked up to Ayla.

"What would you like for breakfast? I'll ask someone to get it for you."

He then stared at the woman who had been quarreling with him a few moments ago. But now, she was lying there weakly. He felt sorry for her. But no matter how much he felt sorry for her, he wasn't going to give her ring back.

"I don't need it!"

Ayla shook her head in dismissal.

"I just need you to leave. I don't need anything else."

Brian took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Bring a serving of every dish you have in your restaurant. I want freshly prepared ones."

"Right away, Mr. Clark," said the person on the other end of the line.

"Mr. Clark, your fiance has called you. You should probably leave before you cause any trouble. I have to go back to work. I'm afraid that I won't be able to afford it if your company cannot release new designs before the next fashion quarter," Ayla said indifferently.

She made it clear that their relationship was now purely professional.

He was the boss, and she was nothing but his subordinate.

Brian raised an eyebrow.

"You think too much. I'll have you know that I'm still single."

He didn't have an engagement ring yet, so she wasn't allowed to have one either.

"Mr. Clark, you don't have to tell me that. And I don't want to hear it either."

All Ayla wanted right now was some peace and quiet. She didn't want to stay in the hospital any longer.

Within less than a half hour, the food that Brian ordered was delivered to the ward by two people.

Looking at the various desserts on the tea table, Ayla asked, "Are you planning to open a restaurant here?"

"You can eat whatever you like."

Brian looked at her.

"Fill up your stomach first."

He didn't care whether she was angry or not because he had to be patient with her.

Ayla rolled her eyes at him.

"Mr. Clark, do you think I'll be able to eat these?"

"Then what can you eat?"

He had already put the tastiest food in front of her.

At this time, the doctor and nurse came in and saw the desserts on the tea table.

“Mr.Clark, Miss Woodsen has a stomachache.She’s not allowed to eat any of these for the time being.She should have millet porridge to nourish her stomach,” the doctor kindly reminded him.

However, the look in Brian’s eyes frightened him to death!

“Mr.Clark, I’m telling the truth,” he said to Brian.

“Why are you talking so much? Just give her a physical examination already.”

Brian also realized how thoughtless he was being.He understood that the best wasn’t necessarily the right one.

“Yes, yes.I’ll do that right away!”

After the doctor gave Ayla a physical examination, he said, “Mr.Clark, Miss Woodsen is doing much better now.She just needs to take her medication on time.”

“Very well, doctor, arrange for me to be discharged from the hospital right away,” said Ayla.

What she wanted to hear the most was what the doctor said.

“Okay.” The doctor nodded.

As soon as he turned around, Brian interrupted him.

“Did I agree to that?”

They had turned a blind eye to him and he was quite annoyed about it.

“Mr.Clark, it’s not up to you now.The doctor said that I’m allowed to leave the hospital.If you want to stay here, I can’t accompany you anymore.”

After saying that, Ayla got out of bed and looked at her hospital gown.

“Doctor, I’ll leave wearing the hospital gown.I’ll pay for the expenses later.”

“No, you don’t need to pay.”

‘What a joke! Mr.Clark is still standing here.Do I really have the guts to take money from his woman? the doctor thought to himself.” Ayla nodded.

“Fine.If Mr.Clark pays for the bill, I’ll pay him back!”

After she said that, she walked out of the hospital without looking back.

Chapter 118: How Long Were You Planning To Hide It From Me

While sitting in the taxi, Ayla noticed a sapphire blue Lamborghini closely tailing the vehicle.

‘He really doesn’t want to give up, does he?’ she mused, while shaking her head.

“Miss, is the car behind us after you?” the driver inquired curiously while looking at her from the rearview mirror.

“Sir, please ignore that. Just drive,” she replied dismissively.

Ayla didn’t care whatever Brian did.

He could follow her around the city for as long as he pleased.

She didn’t have time for his nonsense antics. She got out of the taxi the moment it arrived in front of her apartment building. She borrowed some cash from the security guard at the gate to pay the fare.

Handing it to the driver, she said, “Thank you, sir.”

“You’re welcome,” the driver took the money from her and sped away.

Brian stepped out of his car just in time to see her entering the apartment building.

The proximity of the place to where she worked didn’t escape his keen eyes.

‘So this is where she lives, quite convenient for work and for hiding from me,’ he observed.

Instead of following her upstairs, he decided to stay by his car and wait for her there.

After changing her clothes, Ayla came down the apartment lobby a few minutes later.

She returned the money she borrowed from the security guard and exited the building gracefully.

“Brian, I’m sure you have more important things to spend your time on than following me. We both have work to do,” she reminded him as she saw him still leaning against the car.

If only he would pay attention to her tone, he would know that she was trying to get rid of him.

Brian just humorlessly laughed, “Have you forgotten that this is a tie-up between our two companies? Am I not allowed to look around here?”

“Of course, you’re allowed but I think now isn’t the right time. It’s better if you’d come with your fiancée,” Ayla said as an excuse.

In truth, she just didn’t want to keep on facing him.

“What I do with my time is none of your business,” Brian replied rather brusquely.

He strode across the pavement, acting as if he owned the entire place.

Ayla couldn’t bear his difficult attitude anymore.

“Go ahead if you want! I feel sick today and I need to rest, so I won’t accompany you.”

Meanwhile in the office at the third floor, Anna looked around inquisitively. She noticed that the computer was still on and Ayla’s bag and coat were still in place.

From the looks of it, the woman left hurriedly last night.

“Ellie, hasn’t Miss Wenny come in yet?” she asked one of the employees.

Anna had been waiting in the office for over an hour already and there was still no sign of Ayla.

She was growing more impatient as time passed.

“I don’t know. Miss Wenny didn’t tell me anything about missing work today and we know she is always punctual. I wonder if she’s sick.”

Ellie wasn’t exactly sure what was going on, but the shattered glass pieces in the tea room were a telling sign that Miss Wenny could be experiencing some health problems.

“Are you certain she’s sick? I think she left because she didn’t manage to finish her designs on time, right?”

Anna commented while skimming through the incomplete design drafts on the desk. She deliberately made things difficult for Ayla because she deserved it.

With Ayla’s suspicious disappearance and Brian’s missive all night, it didn’t take long for Anna to put two and two together and come up with a premature conclusion in her mind.

She was starting to feel antsy over what possibly happened.

Downstairs, Ayla was still hesitating.

Brian’s presence made her really want to turn around and leave to rest at home, but she was also a dedicated employee who made sure her work was impeccable.

So instead, she marched ahead to get to the third floor, while Brian followed her.

As soon as Ayla reached the office, an ill-tempered Anna welcomed her.

“Miss Wenny, you’re finally here after a long time. Is this what you call work ethic?” she demanded.

“Miss Anna, it looks like you have a lot of time on your hands for you to come here every day. Yesterday, you said my design drafts were so bad that they could not be used in the fashion season. Are you here to ask me for new design drafts today? I’m sorry, but I’m not a robot that can produce designs in a snap. I can’t deliver this all at once,” she countered bravely.

Ayla was proud of herself for finally standing up to Anna at that moment. She couldn’t allow this woman to boss her around anymore and make her do tasks that were beyond her capacity.

Meanwhile, Brian was following closely behind.

Overhearing Anna’s demanding voice and cruel words made him stop cold in his tracks.

“Wenny, if you don’t have the ability to work under pressure, then you’re free to pack your things and leave. If you keep on doing a lousy job, you’re going to put the reputation of Clark Group on the line,” Anna raised her voice, leaving no room for Ayla to explain herself.

Not wanting to prolong the conflict anymore, she relented and calmly assured the woman, “Miss Anna, don’t worry. I know what to do. I will try my best to keep up and finish the drafts.”

Ayla walked towards her desk and sat down while arranging the files.

“Miss Anna, I think you’d better show Mr. Clark the design drafts I submitted yesterday to avoid any delays,” she suggested.

“I said no! Who do you think you are? I have the final say here. I’m not even interested to look at your d**n design drafts,”

Anna yelled, her voice so heated and confrontational.

As much as she’d like to remain calm and polite, Ayla’s patience was wearing thin with how Anna was treating her.

“Then, Miss Anna, it’s best if you leave my office! Can’t you see I have work to do? As you said, I’m already behind so I wouldn’t mind working overnight to finish the design drafts you want,” she said through gritted teeth.

“You? Miss Wenny, it’s not that I underestimate you. I’m just being honest. Your amateur design skills have no place here. I think you should go back to school and study hard again.”

Anna glared at her with blazing eyes full of utter disdain.

Standing by the door, Brian didn’t walk in until he was able to hear the whole conversation between the two.

Clearing his throat, he fixed a cold look at Anna and uttered, “I didn’t expect you could be so disrespectful.”

Now it was becoming clear why Ayla was so bent evading and hiding from him.

Anna must have made her miserable these past few days.

Anna’s dark eyes looked back and forth between Ayla and Brian.

“You two met yesterday, didn’t you?” she asked accusingly.

Her gut feelings didn’t fail her.

Brian didn’t come back last night because he, indeed, saw Ayla.

In the past two years they were together, he didn’t miss coming home to the villa every night.

Ayla was the reason that he didn’t come home last night.

Shifting the tide, Brian threw a question back to Anna.

“You already knew Wenny and Ayla were the same person. Why didn’t you tell me about this? How long were you planning to hide it from me?”

Brian’s words were marked with his controlled anger, his temper simmering to a boil.

What would happen if he didn't come here last night?

"Brian, believe me, I didn't mean to hide it from you. I only kept it as a secret because of Ayla. She said she didn't want to see you and asked me for help to make sure you won't find her," clutching Brian's hand, Anna's voice was quivering as she explained to him.

Despite her pleading eyes, Brian could see right through her act. He didn't even believe a word she said.

"Yes, she's telling the truth," Ayla interjected resolutely.

"I asked her not to tell you because I didn't want to see you. You don't have to blame her. You two should solve your personal matters privately. I need to work on my designs, so take your business elsewhere and not here in my office."

She was determined for them to leave.

It would be best if they were out of her sight and never set foot in here again.

All she wanted was peace and quiet.

However, Brian decided to stay and sat on the sofa rather comfortably.

With the flick of his hand, he ordered, "Bring me the design sketches from yesterday."

"Brian, her designs were extremely unappealing. It's worthless to look at them. Let's go now! She also said she's working on a new design, so let's leave her be,"

Anna pulled on Brian's hand as she persuaded him to get up and leave.

There was no way she would allow him to set his eyes on those designs.

One look at them and it would be obvious that she was deliberately making things difficult for Ayla.

After taking a long hard look at her, Brian said, "Anna, it's none of your business."

His face darkened and his voice was so devoid of warmth that she was caught off-guard. Her grip on his hand loosened and she knew at that moment that she was cornered.

"Brian," Anna spoke softly, gone was her crass attitude from a while ago.

She looked back and forth between him and Ayla. She knew that Ayla wouldn't come to her rescue because of how badly she mistreated her.

Chapter 120: Live In Her House

There was a deep feeling of uneasiness creeping into her system, yet Ayla still managed to force a smile.

"Mr. Clark, you own a lot of villas and apartments. I think it's not good for you to squeeze here in my small apartment. Besides, a hotel is more preferable than this. For sure they'll even give you a warm welcome there."

In all honesty, she did not want to stay in the same room as this man.

After all, her apartment only had one bedroom and a single bed.

If he were to stay here, where would he sleep? Brian shook his head and insisted, "No. Your apartment is fine."

He had already made up his mind that he would stay here with her, whether she liked it or not. He would stay here for as long as he wanted.

Even though Ayla had changed a lot, he could tell that her softheartedness did not. Ayla stared at his cold face in exasperation.

How she wished she could kick him out! But Brian did not seem to care about what she felt.

Leaning against the sofa, he squinted his eyes and said tiredly, "I need to rest now. I didn't sleep well last night."

Then, he pulled the thin blanket that she had covered on herself and prepped himself for sleep.

Once he was comfortable on the sofa, he closed his eyes not long after.

Ayla shook her head helplessly and stared at him. She wondered if he could really sleep on the sofa and live here just as he had said.

Albeit annoyed, there was nothing else she could do, so she decided to go to her room.

As a precaution, she closed the door and locked it. The instant Brian heard the sound of a door closing, his eyes fluttered open.

He looked at the closed frosted glass door, and his lips curled into a frown.

"Ayla, you're still naive as before. Do you really think you can escape? It's useless, even if you lock the door."

Inside the room, Ayla was pacing back and forth with fear and anxiety in her heart.

This was different than the time she protested against Brian. She must admit, she only pretended to be strong and calm at that time. She looked outside the window.

It was sunny, but for some reason, the sky seemed overcast for her. She wanted to make a call to Lucas, but she remembered that she left her phone in the living room.

The only choice she had was to use the landline at the bedside.

However, a sinking feeling in her chest emerged when she found out that Lucas' phone was off.

She walked back and forth a few more times in apprehension.

Unable to hold it any longer, she stormed out and walked over to where Brian was.

"Brian Clark, what did you do to Lucas?! Tell me!"

Brian opened his eyes at once and stared at Ayla, who was fuming with anger. He found it amusing that this woman was getting bolder.

Only a few people in the world dared to call his full name without respect.

“What’s with the angry face? Why are you so mad? Are you okay now? Have you recovered already?” he asked one after another.

Looking at her, she seemed pretty healthy and strong, unlike in the morning when she seemed so weak.

“Don’t change the topic. What did you do to Lucas?” she asked with a scowl.

The truth was, she was scared out of her wits.

She knew that Brian was wicked and cunning.

Since he was currently staying in her apartment, he probably did something to Lucas.

No wonder Lucas still had not returned from abroad.

Something must have happened to him there.

“Tell me, Ayla. How much do you know about Lucas?” Brian replied indifferently.

He understood that she really wanted to protect Lucas.

However, she had no idea about Lucas’ relationship with Tatum.

If she learned about it, she definitely would not protect that man like this again.

In Lucas’ and Tatum’s eyes, Ayla was only a p**n.

They only saw her as a tool necessary to get everything they wanted.

Brian might have been cruel to her in the past, but he still had feelings for her until now.

This was the reason why they decided to use her.

“Of course, I know him! He’s a good man, unlike you, who’s ruthless and evil. I’m telling you that it was Lucas who gave me that ring. It was his engagement ring for me. Do you understand now?” Ayla said those words in hopes that Brian would finally let her go and leave her alone.

Yes, they had a past, but two years had already passed since then.

Everything between them was over.

Also, her name was Wenny now.

Brian shook his head and answered, “No, I don’t. You have no idea who he really is.”

Despite what Ayla had said, he remained calm and unfazed.

“Guess what? I don’t need your opinion whether I really know Lucas or not. Just tell me what you’ve done to him!”

Ayla demanded while glaring at him. He must have done something to Lucas!

"Relax. I didn't do anything to him. As the owner of the Clark Group, I have no reason to harm anyone, even in secret."

If there was one thing that Brian took pride in, it was him being honest and straightforward.

He was unlike Tatum and Lucas, who were despicable and shameless by all means.

His words made Ayla scoff in disgust.

"You're telling me that you've never harmed anyone, even in secret? What a hypocrite! Tell me, why did you force yourself on me before? What about the things you did to my adoptive father? Don't forget what you forced Arlene to do! How about what you did to my child? Which one of those is right? How dare you call yourself upright when you slowly pushed me into desperation! You did those things. Stop being a hypocrite!" Brian just watched her while she threw a fit.

Once she was done, he remarked, "Your memory is impressive. Since you still remember everything, don't you want to take revenge on me? Perhaps the reason why you're with Lucas is that you actually plan on doing so?"

"Nice try. Sadly, I'm not as vengeful as you are. I don't even have feelings for you, so how am I supposed to hate you? You're just overthinking, Mr. Clark. I just want to know if you have done anything to Lucas."

For Ayla, it did not matter whether or not she had forgotten the past.

After all, she believed that she would be able to forget all those bad memories sooner or later.

However, she could not allow anything to happen to Lucas.

She doubted that she would be able to sleep at night if she found out that something had indeed happened to him. All of a sudden, Brian pulled her, causing her to fall into his arms, and whispered, "It's true that I can do whatever I want. But, Ayla, believe me when I said that I didn't do anything."

She then looked straight into his deep eyes and saw that he was, in fact, telling the truth.

If he did not lie, then why did Lucas turn off his phone? What happened to him?

"Don't you get it? Will you believe me if I tell you that he's on the plane to Antawood?"

Brian decided to tell her the truth, despite what she would feel. He would also let her know Lucas' real identity sooner or later.

After hearing what he had said, Ayla finally calmed down.

Then, she took a deep breath and thought, 'I could leave with Lucas and return to Italy. That way, I won't have to see Brian anymore. Yareli_ will understand, right?'

"Ayla, what are you thinking about? Are you thinking of leaving me?"

Brian had guessed what was on her mind just by looking at her.

"Do you really think that you can escape from me?" he added.

Meanwhile, Ayla felt angry again that she suddenly pushed him hard on his chest.

“Why do you care? Whether I’ll leave or not, it’s none of your business!”

Now that she was free from his arms, she stood up and smoothed her clothes.

“Ayla, it’s not for you to decide,” he cautioned while looking at her stubbornly.

She had no idea how much he wanted her for himself.

“Brian, I know that you want to stay here because you want Lucas to misunderstand our relationship. Isn’t that right? Let me tell you—he’s different from you. Lucas won’t believe you nor this stupid scheme of yours,” Ayla said firmly.