

TSBMMOUS 41

Chapter 41: He Felt Sorry For Her

In the afternoon, everyone of the studio was still busy with the photo shoot.

Ayla was injured, but she did her best to assist the photographer.

However, Molly seemed so determined to make things difficult for her.

She had so many complaints regarding the setup, the background, and everything.

Even the photographer felt that she was making nonsensical objections and inappropriate changes.

But what could they do? After all, she was a VIP customer.

Toby didn't try to approach Ayla again too.

But he would occasionally stop Molly from throwing tantrums.

He knew that he would only make things worse if he said something to stand up for Ayla.

Molly took time choosing her wedding dress in the morning, and she made a lot of changes during the photo shoot, so they had not finished the outdoor shots on time.

It was already late in the afternoon, but they had only done half of it.

"Toby, I'm so tired now. Can we just continue the shoot tomorrow? Anyway, our schedules are both free, right?"

Molly held Toby's arm intimately, acting like a spoiled brat in front of him.

– Toby couldn't help glancing at Ayla, who didn't look well at all. He knew that she was the most tired today, but he couldn't do anything for her.

"Okay, let's call it a day."

He nodded in agreement.

"You! I don't want to see your face tomorrow. Don't come here,"

Molly suddenly said, glaring at Ayla.

"Molly?"

Toby looked at her in surprise.

He didn't expect that she would say such a thing.

She already made things difficult for Ayla the whole day. Was she not satisfied with it? Was she going to make Ayla lose her job?

"Oh, Toby, do you feel sorry for her? You don't want her to lose her job, do you?"

Molly turned to look at him.

He didn't even hesitate to show that he still cared for Ayla.

Did he really have to be so partial in front of other people?

Molly thought that all Ayla could do was make herself look weak and delicate in front of men.

That b***h was just pretending to be pitiful.

Toby couldn't retort.

Indeed, he felt sorry for Ayla.

But how could he admit it in front of Molly? Things had changed between them.

Now, he couldn't protect Ayla just like what he did to her when they were younger.

"Don't worry. I'm just asking her not to come tomorrow, not to resign. Don't be so nervous. She won't lose her job."

Everyone knew that Molly's words had a great impact on Ayla's life and career.

Before Ayla clocked out, the manager told her that she didn't have to come to work tomorrow.

But the rest of her schedule remained the same.

Touching her bandaged hand, she thought that it was also a good idea.

Actually, although the scald on her hand hurt, the pain in her heart was more intense.

The pain was tearing her heart apart, and she felt like it was too difficult to breathe.

The moment Lyle saw Ayla coming out of the studio, he immediately opened the car door for her.

"Mrs. Clark, are you okay?" he asked, looking at her bandaged hand.

Ayla nodded.

"I'm fine. Sorry for making you wait for so long today."

"It's okay. I've already called Mr. Clark and told him about it," Lyle replied with a smile.

He then started the car and drove back to the villa. Just as he parked the car in the garage, Brian's car also came in.

"Mr. Clark..." Lyle greeted him. Then he looked at the back seat.

"Mrs. Clark has fallen asleep."

Brian opened the car door and looked at Ayla, who was sleeping soundly.

His thick brows furrowed when he noticed the bandage on her hand.

With a frown, he carried her in his arms and took her inside the villa.

Perhaps Ayla felt the warmth of his embrace.

She nestled in his arms and changed into a more comfortable position.

Brian looked down and stared at her sleeping face.

If this was in the past, he would have thrown her away and ignored her.

But now, he was reluctant to treat her like that.

There was something in his heart that told him not to let her go.

“Mr.Clark, you’re back.”

Maria immediately walked up to him and smiled when she saw Ayla in his arms.

Brian put Ayla down on the sofa.

But as soon as her back hit the soft fabric, she opened her eyes.

And she was stunned to see his handsome face so close to hers.

“You...I...” she stammered.

She then abruptly sat up and pushed him away.

“Why are you so scared to see me? If I have known it earlier, I should have let you sleep in the car.”

Brian got angry upon seeing her reaction.

“I didn’t mean to fall asleep in the car.”

It was only then that Ayla realized that she had fallen asleep while Lyle was driving home. Did Brian carry her in?

“What happened to your hand?” he asked indifferently, looking at her hand coldly.

She hid her hand and said, “It’s nothing. I’m fine.”

Seeing her bandaged hand and the exhaustion on her face, he didn’t believe her words at all.

“If you don’t tell me, don’t think of going to work from now on.”

It was Brian’s way of forcing her to speak.

Ayla took the cup of warm water that Maria handed to her and took a big gulp.

She didn’t have time to drink water or rest today, so she felt so thirsty.

“Mr.Clark, shall I set the table for dinner now?” Maria asked as her gaze swept over Brian and Ayla.

And she was worried to see the tiredness on Ayla’s face.

Brian nodded and urged Ayla to walk with him to the dining room.

Maria had already put all the dishes she cooked on the table quickly before Brian and Ayla sat down.

When Ayla picked up the chopsticks, she felt a sharp pang in her hand, so she dropped them to the floor.

“Maria, give her a spoon,”

Brian ordered without raising his head.

He just continued eating the food in front of him.

Ayla took the spoon and ate with her left hand awkwardly.

“I met Mr. Brown and his wife in the studio today.”

She wanted to put an end to all these things, so she decided to tell him honestly.

It was only then that Brian finally raised his head and looked at her.

“They booked a pre-wedding photo shoot in our studio today.”

She didn’t expect that she could say it so lightly.

“We haven’t finished today, so they have to come back tomorrow to continue it. But I don’t need to be there tomorrow.”

Ayla didn’t feel bad about it anymore.

After all, she didn’t want to see Molly again, hear her sneers, and see how she clung to Toby’s arm like a leech.

Besides, it was she who rejected Toby before, right? If she didn’t refuse him, some things would have been different.

After dinner, Ayla went to her bedroom, took a shower, and lay in bed.

She had a long day, and she felt so tired that she immediately fell asleep.

She had totally forgotten that Brian was home today.

Brian had just finished his work, so he walked out of his study.

When he passed by Ayla’s room, he noticed that the door was ajar, so he pushed it open and entered.

She was sleeping like a log, so he was free to stare at her and study her features.

She was obviously worn out the whole day.

For the sake of her work, did she really think that no matter how tired she was, it was still worth it? «
Then he suddenly thought of Toby.

When she told him earlier that she met him in the studio, he felt very uncomfortable.

The next second, he pulled the thin quilt away from her, and the gust of cold wind woke her up.

“You...”

Through the dim light on the bedside table, Ayla caught a glimpse of Brian's handsome face.

But there seemed to be gloom in his eyes.

She subconsciously looked down and found out that her nightdress had slipped up, revealing the lower part of her body.

She immediately pulled it down and grabbed the quilt.

But it had already been thrown to the floor.

"You seem to forget something today."

Brian grabbed her slender arm.

She was so tired that she forgot.

When he was at home, she had to serve him well before going back to her room.

She pressed her lips tightly.

"I'm sorry."

But did he really need to wake her up in the middle of the night just because of it? Couldn't he endure it even for one night? Brian didn't want to hear her apology.

The next moment, his tall body covered her.

It was just a kind of physiological instinct.

And every time he did it to her, Ayla could only feel pain, no pleasure at all.

She suddenly remembered everything that Molly said to her today in the dressing room. Molly was so proud of having s*x with Toby she enjoyed it very much.

However, what about Ayla?

Brian tore off her nightdress.

And when his hands touched her skin, she stiffened.

Chapter 42: He Does Things According To His Mood

Brian looked at Ayla's slightly closed eyes. She looked like she was enduring a great pain caused by him.

"How much does that man love you? Is he the reason why you seem to be so afraid of me?"

His voice was so low, but it made her open her eyes wide.

Seeing the anger on his handsome face, Ayla wanted to explain.

But eventually, she decided not to say anything.

Sometimes, explaining about things he didn't like to hear only made him angrier.

And she didn't want it to happen right now. She grunted in pain.

Brian was taking his revenge.

But because of her injury, she had no strength to resist.

Ayla knew that she should refuse and push him away, but she couldn't.

In the end, she was so overwhelmed by fatigue that she lost consciousness.

It was already bright outside when she woke up.

The warm sunshine seeped through the thin gauze curtain and shone on her.

She subconsciously turned over only to touch a warm and solid body beside her."

"Ahhh!" she reflexively screamed.

However, when she got a clear view of the man's face and realized that it was Brian, she was totally astounded that she abruptly sat up.

Brian opened his eyes and looked at her, thinking about what happened last night.

It was actually his first time to sleep with a woman for a whole night.

But he didn't feel any disgust at all.

Following his gaze, Ayla looked at her body and then took a deep breath.

She wasn't wearing anything.

And his closeness and the way he stared at her made her feel so uncomfortable.

So she pulled the quilt to cover herself.

But when she did it, Brian's naked body was exposed before her eyes.

She didn't mean to see his body.

Ayla quickly turned her head away and said, "I didn't see anything."

She felt like their situation was so awkward and embarrassing.

Seeing the look on her face, Brian said, "We already had s*x several times. I've seen and touched every inch of your body. What is the use of hiding it like that?"

He then stood up, picked up his pajamas on the floor, and put them on.

Ayla didn't say anything or even look at him.

She only turned around when she heard the door opened and closed.

When she was sure that he was gone, she checked the marks on her body as well as the messy bed sheet.

A strange feeling surged up her heart.

She was about to get out of the bed when she felt so sore all over her body that she couldn't even stand steadily.

In her heart, she couldn't help cursing Brian for being so harsh on her last night.

He was not the same as before.

Ayla dragged her sore body to the bathroom.

Standing in front of the mirror and looking at her reflection, she couldn't explain how she felt.

Because of the injury on her hand, she took a long time cleaning herself and getting dressed.

She then went downstairs when she was ready.

"Mrs.Clark, you're awake."

As soon as Maria saw Ayla going down the stairs, she immediately walked up to her and helped her.

"Mrs.Clark, are you going to the hospital today to have your hand checked?"

"No.I'm okay now."

Ayla just found it inconvenient to do things, but she didn't need to see a doctor anymore.

Brian was already in the dining room reading newspaper.

He looked so fresh and seemed in a good mood.

The aroma of his coffee filled the whole dining room.

"Maria, take her to the hospital today.I don't like doing things inconveniently in the bed," he said coldly.

His words made her blush.

"I...I'm not hungry yet.I'll go back to my room first."

She turned around and was about to walk out of the dining room.

However, Brian stood up, put down the newspaper in his hand, and said, "You'd better listen to me."

He then took his briefcase and suit jacket from Maria and left without saying anything more.

Since he was gone, Ayla turned around and sat down at the table.

Actually, she was starving now.

She didn't eat much last night, and she had been tortured by him the entire night.She was famished.

Maria knew that Ayla couldn't eat using chopsticks, so she specially made some chicken porridge this morning.

"Mrs.Clark, please eat more.Mr.Clark asked me to c**k this especially for you."

I Ayla stared at the pot of chicken porridge on the table, wondering if Brian's attitude had already changed.

Did he transform into a good person all of a sudden? No, she didn't believe it.

A leopard couldn't change its spots, so Brian couldn't possibly change his nature.

Maybe he only changed his attitude towards her this morning because he was in a good mood.

After all, he always did things according to his mood, right? When he was happy, he could be amicable to others.

But when he was in a bad mood, he would either ignore people or talk to them coldly.

Ayla had not been with Brian for so long, but it seemed that she could already understand his temperament.

It was as if she was very much familiar with him.

He was unscrupulous in everything.

But at least, he hadn't been too cruel to her for the time being.

When Maria put down the bowl of chicken porridge in front of Ayla, she noticed that the young woman was in a daze, so she couldn't help teasing her.

"Mrs.Clark, do you already miss Mr.Clark? You know what, Mr.Clark never goes to work this late."

Ayla took a spoonful of porridge and stuffed it into her mouth, pondering on Maria's words.

Brian went to work late for the first time because of her.

What did it mean? After breakfast, she checked her wound.

Then she decided to go to the hospital with Maria to have it re-examined.

Besides, she didn't want to disobey him.

Molly looked at Toby, who wrapped his arms around her waist.

She didn't like seeing him so restless and absent-minded.

They had to retake a lot of shots because of him.

And she could only think of Ayla's absence as the reason why he seemed so strange today.

"Toby, are you still worried about Ayla?"

She couldn't take it anymore, so she whispered in his ear. She knew that it had something to do with Ayla.

Last night, he even questioned her why she did those things to Ayla.

She was just a woman who was in love.

To protect the man she loved, she had to be rude to a b***h who was trying to seduce him.

“You are thinking too much,” Toby denied.

He didn’t want to fight with Molly today, but actually, she was right.

He was not in the mood today because Ayla wasn’t here, and he was so worried about her.

Yesterday, Ayla couldn’t even hold the chopsticks.

So her injury must be serious.

He was thinking if he should go and see her.

Chapter 43: If She Is Happy, He Will Be Happy

In the hospital, the doctor checked and dressed Ayla’s wound. Then he prescribed some medicine to help her recover faster.

After listening to the doctor’s advice and instructions, she and Maria went out of the doctor’s room.

“Mrs. Clark, I’m glad that your scald has been checked. Mr. Clark really cares about you because he wants to make sure that you recover quickly,” Maria said while helping Ayla walk to the entrance of the hospital.

“Mrs. Clark, wait for me here. I’ll just go to the pharmacy to buy your medicine.”

Ayla just nodded and stood at the door, watching the people coming in and out. She subconsciously looked down at her bandaged right hand. Now she knew why her left arm was so sore that she couldn’t even lift it when she woke up this morning.

Last night, she used it for support, especially when Brian pressed his solid body against hers.

She was still lost in thought when she suddenly saw a middle-aged man staggering to his feet.

He was clutching his chest with one hand while leaning on the wall beside her.

“Sir, are you okay?”

Ayla stepped forward to help the man up.

“Medicine...medicine.”

With his trembling hand, Hayden took out a bottle of medicine from his pocket.

“Oh, okay.”

She took the bottle from his hand, opened the lid, and took one pill.

“Here. Please open your mouth.”

Then she gave him her bottled water that she hadn’t drunk yet.

When Hayden felt relieved, he looked up at her and said, "Thank you."

His voice still sounded weak.

"You're welcome," Ayla replied with a smile.

"It's just a small thing."

"No, I owe you my life. If not because of you, I would have died."

With sincerity in his eyes, Hayden looked at her.

Then he suddenly felt a sense of familiarity.

'Why does she look so familiar to me?' he thought inwardly.

"Miss, have we met before?" he couldn't help asking.

Actually, Hayden also looked familiar to Ayla.

She thought for a while and said, "You are Mr. Smith, right? I think we've seen each other at the anniversary party of Smith Group."

Hayden nodded his head slightly, but he still felt a strong sense of familiarity towards her.

They didn't just casually meet at the anniversary party.

At this moment, Maria walked up to them with the medicine.

"Mrs. Clark, I've bought all your medicine. Shall we go?"

It was only then that Hayden noticed the bandage in Ayla's right hand.

He nodded at her and said, "It seems that you are also injured. You'd better go home and have a good rest. I'm fine now. Thank you for helping me. I have to go to my doctor to get my medicine as well."

Ayla also nodded at him.

She then walked out of the hospital with Maria and went back to the villa.

Since she had nothing else to do, she spent the whole day in the villa, sitting on a chaise lounge in the garden and basking in the warmth of the sun.

She rarely had such a relaxing day, so she savored the moment.

When it was getting dark, Ayla decided to go back inside the house.

But then, she heard a car in front of the gate of the villa.

She wondered who could it be.

Brian never came home this early, and he never parked his car outside.

She walked towards the gate to check.

But when she saw the man getting out of the car, her body froze.

It was Toby, who was still wearing the suit he used in the photo shoot.

“Lala! Lala!”

Toby called out upon seeing her.

Ayla looked at him and asked, “What are you doing here?”

She didn’t know how he found out where she lived.

“I’m worried about you, so I came to see you,”

Toby replied, staring at her beautiful face.

She looked much better today than yesterday.

But her hand was still bandaged.

“I’m fine. You should go back home now.”

Ayla then turned around and was about to go back inside the house.

They had no reason to see each other now.

Besides, she didn’t want Brian to misunderstand her, nor did she want Molly to know that she was still seeing Toby.

Seeing that she was about to leave, Toby shouted to stop her, “Lala, open the gate. Let’s talk, okay?”

Although he knew it was unnecessary, he still wanted to explain everything to her.

“I don’t have anything to talk with you. You’d better go back to Miss Smith. She must be looking for you now.”

Deep inside her, Ayla wanted to see him and be with him.

But she knew it couldn’t be possible anymore. It was inappropriate.

“And please, don’t come here again.”

If Brian found out, she couldn’t imagine the consequences.

“Lala, does Brian forbid you to see me?”

Toby didn’t believe that Ayla didn’t want to see him.

He thought that Brian was locking her up and forcing her to stay away from him.

Ayla shook her head.

“It doesn’t matter anymore. I am married, and you are also getting married. Focus on your wife and love her well. I know you will be happy.”

She wished them happiness from the bottom of her heart.

“And what about you? Are you happy? How can I be happy if I know that you are not?” Toby smiled bitterly.

Ayla was his only happiness, and he didn't love Molly at all.

He was only marrying her because of responsibility.

“I think I will be happy soon.”

If she couldn't escape or hide from Brian for the rest of her life, then she would try to make herself happy.

“No! He can never make you happy. He can't give you your happiness.”

Toby wanted to wake up Ayla from her craziness. She could never live a happy life with Brian.

Ayla turned around and looked at him.

“Whether I can be happy or not has nothing to do with you.”

As long as Toby was not involved, she could accept everything in her heart. It didn't matter whether Brian loved her or hated her.

She could take it.

“How can it be? I always want you to be happy, and I know that I'm the only one who can give you happiness.”

Toby didn't want to give up.

He was very close to her now.

If only there was no big iron gate between them, he would definitely come to her and hug her.

At this moment, Brian's car stopped outside the gate of the villa.

He decided to come home early today, and he didn't expect to see such a scene.

His eyes darkened at once.

“Mr. Brown, you really are capable. You can even find my villa.”

His voice was freezing cold.

When Ayla saw Brian, she immediately pressed the button to open the gate and greeted him, “You're back.”

“Let her go!” Toby shouted.

He was so angry when he saw Brian wrapped his arm around her waist that he wanted to pull her away.

“Mr. Brown, she is my wife. Who are you to prohibit me from touching her? And who do you think has the right to touch her? You?”

Brian derided as he held her tighter.

Ayla's head was starting to ache.

She didn't want Brian and Toby to have a conflict because of her.

So she raised her head slightly and looked at Brian.

"Mr. Clark, let's go inside now."

"Why? Are you afraid that your sweetheart will be unhappy to see you in my arms?" Brian asked coldly.

He knew that she wanted to break free from his embrace, but he wouldn't allow her to do so.

"No, that's not what I mean."

Ayla's headache was getting worse.

His ability to misinterpret her words had never changed.

"Brian Clark! Don't go too far. Get your filthy hand off Lala. You can't touch her."

Toby stepped forward and tried to take Brian's hand away from Ayla, but his strength was no match for Brian.

With only one forceful swing from Brian, he retreated a few steps back.

"Mr. Brown, do you really think you are much better than me? You already have the daughter of the Smith family, but you are not contented yet. You also want to take my wife. Don't you think you're the one who is going too far?"

Toby was stunned upon hearing Brian's words.

His face turned pale at once.

Ayla pursed her lips and said, "They are a couple."

"And so are we."

Brian then wrapped both arms around her waist, bent over, and kissed her lips.

In front of Toby, he kissed her deeply and passionately.

It was such a sudden move, and Ayla was unprepared.

She was stunned and didn't know how to react for a moment.

However, the last bit of sanity left in her told her that she should push him away.

Chapter 44: Falling In Love With Me Is Destruction

Rage flared up in Toby's heart when he saw Brian kissing Ayla. He wanted to step forward and beat Brian up, but he couldn't. He was afraid that his impulsivity would only make Ayla suffer in the end.

"Mr. Brown, I want to spend time with my wife alone. You can leave now."

Brian let go of Ayla, faced Toby, and asked him to leave.

Although Toby was still worried, he knew that he couldn't stay.

When he looked at her and saw from her eyes that she seemed fine, somehow he felt relieved.

He had no other choice but to turn around, get in his car, and drive away.

After watching Toby's car disappear, Brian turned to Ayla.

"Since I didn't allow you to go out, you let your old lover come here for a tryst, huh?" he said coldly.

There was a hint of accusation in his voice.

"No, I don't even know how he got here. You misunderstand."

After what he had witnessed, Ayla knew that it would be hard for her to explain the truth to Brian.

"Okay, fine. You don't know. But if I didn't come on time to see everything, you are going to hide it from me and say nothing, right?" Ayla lowered her head, looking aggrieved.

She didn't want to retort because she knew that if she talked and explained too much, he would think that she was being defensive.

Finally, Brian didn't force her to talk.

It turned out that he came back home early today because he had to go on a business trip.

This time, she helped him pack his luggage.

"How many days will you be away this time?"

Ayla couldn't help asking. She wasn't used to his absence now.

Before, she felt happy and relaxed every time he went on a business trip. But now, there was a sense of reluctance in her heart. She didn't know why she felt this way.

"Why do you want to know my schedule? So you can tell your old lover when to come here?"

Actually, Brian didn't know how long he would be away this time. He could only come back after he dealt with some matters there.

"If that's what you think, I can't do anything with it. I don't want to explain myself to you anymore."

Ayla felt that everything she would say made him unhappy.

Brian stubbed out the cigarette in his hand, stood up, and walked to the edge of the bed.

He then wrapped his arms around her slender waist from behind.

"You look so unhappy. Is it because I am still here or because I am leaving?"

Deep in his heart, he hoped that her answer would be the latter.

“Will you believe what I say this time?”

Ayla turned around and looked at him.

“You can try to tell me.”

He met her eyes, wanting to hear the truth from her.

After all, she had never really told him her innermost thoughts since they got married. She did nothing but submit and give in to him.

Ayla shook her head and broke free from his embrace.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“You have a crush on me.”

Brian turned her around and put his hand on her left chest, feeling her heartbeat.

The delight in his eyes and the coquettish smile on his face made her heart tremble.

She had a crush on him? How could that be? Only Toby occupied her mind and her heart.

Even if they were not meant to be together, she wouldn’t love any other man except him for all her life.

Besides, how could she fall in love with such a ruthless man like Brian? He even disdained her.

“Mr. Clark, stop joking. How is it possible?”

Ayla forced a smile.

She wasn’t in love with him at all.

The reluctance in her heart couldn’t be mistaken for love.

“I hope so too. You should know that the consequence of falling in love with me is destruction.”

Brian didn’t want to fall for her, and he wouldn’t allow her to fall for him either.

Ayla looked at him, but she didn’t say anything.

There was nothing wrong with falling in love with a handsome, rich, and powerful man like him.

But in her case, falling in love with him was like jumping off a cliff.

She would be doomed.

Wearing a bathrobe, Ayla stood on the balcony and watched Brian’s tall figure leave.

It seemed that all the passion he had towards her just now had disappeared.

S*x still hung in the air of her room, but he just left her out in the cold.

He only cared about himself.

Every time he wanted to have s*x with her, he never asked her if she was willing to do it, let alone give her more warmth and care after making love. But what about her?

All of a sudden, Ayla felt her face moistened.

She reached out her hand and touched it only to find out that they were tears.

She wiped them with the back of her hand.

How long had it been since she last cried? She couldn't remember anymore.

After all, she always told herself not to cry.

But right now, tears streamed down her face for no reason at all.

She was at a loss.

Every time Brian was away, the whole villa felt so empty and quiet.

But because of Ayla's presence now, there was a burst of laughter and warmth in the house.

With a bunch of flowers in her hands, Ayla walked into the living room.

"Mrs. Clark," Maria greeted her.

"Maria, look at these flowers. Aren't they beautiful?"

She loved flowers, so she recently took flower arrangement classes.

Now, there were not only priceless antiques in the entire villa, but also many beautiful flowers that Ayla had brought back.

"Wow! They are so beautiful. Mrs. Clark, your flower arrangement is the best!"

Maria noticed that since Brian left, Ayla had become much more cheerful.

Ayla removed the withered flowers from the side table and replaced them with the new ones.

"By the way, Mrs. Clark, tomorrow is a weekend. Are you still going out?"

Maria said while looking at the flowers on the table.

Their light and elegant fragrance now filled the entire living room.

"Yes. There are lots of things to do in the studio tomorrow, so I have to go to work," Ayla replied with a nod.

It was almost the end of this semester, and she would be busy preparing for her final exam soon.

Brian had been away for a long time now, but she hadn't heard anything from him.

The last time she heard was that Anna went with him.

Perhaps there was no need for her to worry about him.

That woman could take good care of him. But why did her heart feel sad?

“Mrs. Clark, are you thinking about Mr. Clark?”

When Maria went upstairs to bring a glass of milk to Ayla, she saw her sitting on the sofa in a daze, so she couldn't help asking.

Her voice seemed to have awakened Ayla from a deep sleep.

“Of course not.”

Ayla shook her head, denying and trying to get rid of the man that had been troubling her mind.

Sometimes, the people we didn't wish to see were the people we suddenly bumped into so easily.

Ayla was busy with her work in the studio when Molly and her mother, Miley, came in.

They were there to pick up the photos.

“I didn't expect that you're still here. You are really shameless,” Molly remarked sarcastically.

“Mrs. Brown, what's so surprising about me being here? I'm an employee here. Although I only work part-time, I believe that I am doing my job well. Is there any reason for me to resign?”

Ayla needed a job, and she liked her work in the studio so much. She wouldn't give it up unless her manager fired her, which she believed was unlikely to happen.

This was something that a daughter from an affluent family like Molly would never understand.

She didn't need to worry about her life, and she didn't know the meaning of hard work.

“Well, you're quite eloquent. But what if I tell you that your future in this studio depends on me? Will you believe me if I say I can make you lose your job right now?”

Molly raised her eyebrows and cast Ayla a sidelong glance.

At this moment, the manager of the studio came out.

“Ayla, go and help them on the second floor.”

He sent Ayla away, so he could personally entertain the two distinguished guests from the Smith family.

“Mrs. Brown, what can I do for you? If you need anything, just let me know. I will help you with it,” he then said to Molly as he stepped forward.

Molly glanced at Ayla, who was walking upstairs, and said, “Mr. Walker, I want you to drive that woman away.”

“Mrs. Brown, you can't be serious.”

Mr. Walker didn't know why she always made trouble for Ayla.

Actually, he didn't have the right to do what she wanted.

“Why? Can’t you decide on such a small matter?”

Molly noticed the embarrassment that surfaced on the manager’s face.

“Mrs.Brown, I don’t think it’s necessary,” he said with a smile.

“Not necessary? Well...Who’s protecting her? Is it Toby?”

The manager looked helpless, and Molly had seen it clearly.

This had confirmed her suspicion.

Someone must be protecting Ayla.That was why he couldn’t fire her.

Chapter 45: Let Her Witness

This time, Mr.Walker seemed to be in despair.

“Mrs.Brown, please don’t make things difficult for me.I’m just a manager here.”

Unlike them, he was just an ordinary person.

“If Toby is the one protecting her, you have nothing to worry about.You don’t have to be so afraid of him.After all, he also relies on the Smith family to get to his current position,” Miley chimed in.

She had always looked down upon Toby.

For her, he was just a poor man, and he was nothing without the Smith family.

Mr.Walker fell silent for a moment before he said, “It’s not Mr.Brown.”

‘He is more powerful than Mr.Brown.I can’t possibly offend him” he wanted to add but chose to keep it to himself.

Actually, the next day after Ayla got injured, he received a notice from their superior.

He must make sure to take care of her and not let anyone bully her.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to live well.

Molly was about to say something more when her mother pulled her arm and said, “Forget it.Since Mr.Walker can’t make the decision, don’t make things difficult for him anymore.”

As long as Toby wasn’t involved with Ayla, they had no reason to force the manager to fire her.

After taking the photos, they wouldn’t have to come here again, anyway.

Molly looked up at Ayla, who was busy working on the second floor.

She then said, “All right.Well, just please give this to Miss Woodsen, Mr.Walker.”

Mr.Walker took it and said, “Don’t worry, Mrs.Brown.I will definitely give this to her.”

After her work, Mr.Walker gave the red wedding invitation card to Ayla.

She gave it an incredulous stare.

Did they really have to invite her on their wedding day? Why did they want to let her witness such an intimate moment with her own eyes?

Even when she arrived home, she still couldn't stop staring at the invitation card on the tea table.

Actually, she had been looking at it for half an hour now, especially at the words, "Groom: Toby Brown."

"Toby, I wish you all the happiness. I know that you will be very happy after your wedding," she murmured.

Even if she was not his happiness, she still hoped he would be happy.

Brian was already back from his business trip.

And the first thing he saw when he entered the villa was the red wedding invitation card on the tea table.

He actually received one too.

The next day, Brian was in his office as usual.

He was sitting on the sofa, savoring the aroma of the black coffee in front of him.

After a while, Anna came in.

"Brian, are you looking for me?"

"Yes. How is Arlene doing recently?"

He knew that Arlene had been trying to escape.

But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get away from his control.

"She's still the same—never behaved herself."

She was definitely giving Anna a headache.

"If she doesn't behave herself, teach her a lesson."

Brian had never seen Arlene again after that night in the bar.

But he knew that she was really good at hooking up with men.

She was indeed the real daughter of the Woodsen family.

"She actually has escaped more than once." Anna sat beside him.

"Aren't you going to see her?" Brian picked up the coffee cup and took a sip elegantly.

"No need. If she runs away again, just do as I say."

"Then what about that other woman? I mean the fake daughter of the Woodsen family. Is she really going to be your wife for the rest of your life?"

“Anna didn’t expect that Brian wouldn’t let go of Ayla.”

If Ayla kept the crown as Mrs.Clark, what about her? Would she only stay by his side silently all her life, without a title? She didn’t know if she would be willing to do it.

Brian didn’t say anything.

Actually, he had the final say.

As long as he was willing to set her free, she could leave.

But he was reluctant to let her go.

Instead, he wanted to protect her.

When he found out that she got hurt in the wedding photography studio, he immediately used his power to keep her safe.

Ayla was the type of woman who always endured no matter how much injustice she suffered.

She even sacrificed herself to be his substitute bride.

“It seems that you already feel something for her,” Anna commented.

She had known Brian for a long time, but she couldn’t even stay in his villa.

But Ayla, who was just his fake wife, lived there now.

Envy and jealousy overwhelmed her.

“You’re thinking too much.”

Brian stood up, trying to convince himself that his treatment of her was nothing but only because of a man’s most instinctive physiological need.

That was all.

“I really hope I’m just overthinking. You should know how painful the consequences you will endure if you fall in love with someone,”

Anna warned Brian. But she failed to warn herself not to fall in love with an indifferent man like him. She also stood up and looked at the wedding invitation on the table.

“Are you going there?”

The Smith Group had always wanted to please him, but he had been deriding them.

It was only because of Ayla now that he made exceptions again and again.

He reached out and picked up the wedding invitation card.

How could he not attend it? Actually, Brian wanted to see how Ayla would react when she saw Toby being married to Molly.

Ayla was in her room, standing in front of the French window in a daze.

Toby and Molly's wedding would be tomorrow, but she had not decided whether she should go or not.

Actually, she knew that she shouldn't show up.

Her presence would only make everyone there unhappy.

But she also wanted to see Toby as a groom even though she was not his bride.

"What's bothering you? Are you thinking whether to attend his wedding tomorrow or not?"

With just a glance, Brian could clearly tell what she was thinking.

Ayla turned around and looked at Brian, who suddenly appeared in her room. He still had a cold face as if there was always a chill all over his body.

"When...when did you come back?"

Ayla felt a little guilty.

As much as possible, she didn't want him to know what she was thinking because he would only misunderstand her.

"This is the first time that you didn't notice my come back," Brian remarked.

Usually, when she heard his car in the garage, she would go downstairs.

But today, not only did she not go downstairs, but she also failed to notice that he had been standing in her room for a longtime.

"I'm sorry. I didn't notice,"

Ayla apologized without even taking a step closer to him.

"Then tell me honestly, are you thinking about that?"

His eyes cast a cold glance at the red invitation card on the table.

Everything about Ayla couldn't escape his eyes.

"I'm not going," he heard her say.

"No. You must go. And you are going with me."

Brian had already made the decision for her.

Well, he could do whatever he wanted.

The next morning, Ayla woke up feeling weak all over.

But she knew that Brian had been waiting for her downstairs, so she had to drag her sore body to the bathroom.

He must have decided to attend this wedding long ago.

Otherwise, how could he prepare everything she would wear today? He said that as long as she was still his wife, he didn't want her to make him lose face.

So even if the dress was so expensive that she didn't even want to touch it, she had to wear it.

It was a handmade pink strapless long gown.

The front was adorned with some pearls of the same size.

When she wore it, it highlighted the beautiful curves of her body.

Around her neck was a cold-proof white fur shawl that could protect her from the cold weather outside.

When Brian went upstairs to check on her, he saw her standing in front of the mirror, mystified.

But the dress matched her perfectly.

It made her skin fairer.

He walked in and asked, "Why don't you go downstairs?"

Ayla looked at him from the mirror then looked at her dress.

"Do I really have to wear this?"

She actually didn't feel comfortable in such expensive clothes.

"Do you want me to repeat it?"

Brian had grown impatient, and his temper was not as good as she imagined.

She knew that it was useless to complain, so she kept quiet.

Chapter 46: Attend Toby's Wedding

Brian was an overbearing man, and Ayla couldn't do anything to change it.

So she just let him do whatever he wanted to do as long as he was happy.

Her protests were all obliterated.

On their way to the venue of the wedding, she didn't say a word.

Her mind was in a mess.

Actually, she was afraid to feel heartbroken after witnessing Toby being married to another woman.

She didn't want to think that she would never be able to rely on him from now on.

After a while, their luxury limousine slowly pulled over in front of the hotel.

Toby was dressed in a white shirt, black tuxedo, and black bow tie.

He had a faint smile on his face, but it didn't reach his eyes.

After all, his heart was in sorrow.

For him, this wedding was nothing.

It was only like one of his regular meetings in the company.

There was no sense of happiness and joy, only helplessness.

He wondered if Ayla knew that he was getting married today.

If she did, would she be disappointed in him? She might even think that he broke his promise.

Molly walked out of the lounge and saw Toby standing in the corridor.

He was in a daze, and there was no trace of anticipation and joy on his face.

Obviously, he wasn't excited about this wedding.

Since he saw Ayla again, he had been neglecting her.

She was no longer the only one he cared for and loved like before.

"Toby..."

She walked towards him and asked, "Why are you here?"

Toby turned around and looked at Molly.

She looked so beautiful in her handmade white wedding dress made in Italy.

But no matter how lovely she was, she was not the woman he wanted to marry.

"I'm waiting for you" he said lightly.

But the truth was, he was hiding here.

He was not in the mood to join the lively celebration in the hall.

Hearing the guests' well wishes and blessings only made him feel bitter.

"Let's go and welcome our guests then. Dad and Mom must be very busy entertaining them."

Molly held his arm, smiling happily.

The two of them then walked towards the banquet hall.

After greeting a few of their guests, Molly looked around as if looking for someone.

She knew that the manager of the studio had given the invitation card to Ayla.

However, she couldn't see Ayla among the crowd.

Did Ayla lose the courage to come and witness her wedding in person?

Ayla was still outside the banquet hall, standing next to Brian.

She was too timid to go inside.

If only she could, she would run away from this place right this moment.

Brian must have noticed her reaction.

He glanced at her and asked, "Don't you want to go in?"

His voice was cold as usual.

It sounded like he was asking her.

But in reality, he wasn't giving her a choice.

"Of course, we'll go in."

What else could she say? No matter how unwilling she was to attend this wedding, he still had the final decision.

All she could do was listen and obey.

The wedding banquet was indeed very lively.

Most of the guests were prominent people from the politics and business world.

Some reporters were also given permission to cover and broadcast the whole event.

The celebration looked grand and luxurious.

The red carpet was laid from the entrance of the Hyatt Hotel until the banquet hall.

Ayla couldn't help feeling ridiculous.

A few months ago, her wedding was also held in this hotel.

However, the situation at that time was totally different.

She was only forced and left with no choice.

But this time, Toby must be very happy to finally marry the woman he loved.

Brian noticed that she was lost in thought.

"Are you not ready to see this yet? Well, I don't mind you grabbing the groom as long as you have the courage."

He knew exactly what she was thinking.

If the Woodsen family didn't force her to replace Arlene and marry him, she would still be waiting for Toby to marry her.

Or even if she couldn't be Toby's legal wife, she would be willing to be his mistress, right? Ayla glared at him.

"Mr. Clark, what are you talking about? It's not funny at all."

She then strode forward, ignoring her five-inch high heels.

But when she turned to a corner, she unexpectedly bumped into Toby, who came out to answer a phone call.

Fortunately, he supported her timely and held her in his arms before she fell to the floor.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't looking,"

Ayla immediately apologized without even knowing who was holding her.

"Lala?" Toby said in a soft voice.

Surprise was written all over his face as he didn't expect to see her here.

Why did she come? Was she going to attend his wedding? Hearing the familiar voice, Ayla quickly struggled to her feet and broke free from his embrace.

"Toby?"

Her voice was so low, almost a whisper.

She looked so scared.

On their way here, she kept wishing not to meet either Toby or Molly.

She even planned to hide in a corner just to become unnoticed.

But of all people, why did she have to run into Toby directly? Was fate really playing on her? Molly had been following Toby all the time.

So when she saw him walk out of the banquet hall, she went after him.

However, she was shocked to see Ayla in his arms.

The two of them looked so intimate.

She was the bride, his wife.

How dare Ayla flirt with him on her wedding day!

"B***h!"

She rushed towards them and slapped Ayla in the face without warning.

Ayla didn't expect it to happen, so she was unprepared.

The impact of Molly's slap was so strong that she retreated a few steps.

Her left cheek was immediately red and swollen.

Molly had always been cruel to her.

Touching her face and tasting the salty blood in the corner of her lips, she could only feel so unfortunate to experience such humiliation.

"Molly, what are you doing? How can you hit someone just like that?" Toby snapped as he walked towards Ayla.

"Lala, are you okay? Does it hurt?" he asked.

Molly's five fingers left red marks on her fair face.

"Toby, don't forget that today is our wedding. Can you see yourself right now? You're acting so mean to me just because of this woman. Do you ever love me?"

Molly's roar had attracted many reporters' attention.

Ayla pushed Toby away.

She didn't come here to make trouble or ruin their wedding.

However, it seemed too late.

The reporters, who were very interested in the scene, had already flocked around them.

They were not only taking photos but also videos.

She could only sigh in her heart.

Toby glanced at Ayla.

He really wanted to, but he couldn't protect her well on such an occasion like this.

Feeling helpless, he slightly sighed and walked to Molly's side.

"Molly, as you've said, today is our wedding. Don't make a scene."

"I'm making a scene? Are you saying that I'm causing trouble in my own wedding?"

Looking aggrieved, Molly looked at Ayla.

"For the sake of this woman, you are putting all the blame on me. Then why did you hug her just now?"

She deliberately invited Ayla not to ruin her wedding but to show Ayla the truth that Toby only belonged to her.

"Mrs. Brown, you misunderstood what you just saw. I accidentally tripped, and he only helped me not to fall to the floor."

Ayla still opened her mouth to explain, although she knew it was useless.

“And you did it on purpose, didn’t you?”

Molly glared at Ayla.

Obviously, she didn’t believe what Ayla said.

Did Ayla just fall into Toby’s arms coincidentally? Hayden also heard the unusual noise outside, so he immediately came out.

“Molly, what is going on here?”

“Dad, this woman is flirting with Toby.”

Molly seemed determined to destroy Ayla’s reputation in front of so many reporters.

She didn’t intend to leave her even a little dignity.

Hayden looked at Ayla and remembered her at once.

“Miss Woodsen, it’s you.”

“Dad, do you know her?”

Judging from the way Hayden spoke to Ayla, Molly felt that he was quite familiar with Ayla.

“She was the one who saved me the last time I had a heart attack.”

Hayden didn’t feel even the slightest hostility towards Ayla.

He had a good impression of her.

“Did Molly hit you?” he softly asked, looking at the red marks on her face.

Ayla was so stunned that she only stood rooted to the spot.

She didn’t even know how to answer Hayden’s question.

His attitude towards her really puzzled her.

Chapter 47: She Has No Choice But To Hide

Brian, who had already anticipated this scene to happen, just stood by.

Ayla stood there blankly, staring at Hayden’s hand which was about to touch her cheek.

She was so shocked that she didn’t know what to do.

She turned her head to look at Brian, hoping to get some help from him. However, he was just smoking some distance away from the group of reporters.

It was as if he didn’t see her. Was he deliberately ignoring her?

Hayden couldn’t take his gaze off Ayla.

He even looked at her closely, studying every feature of her face carefully.

She and the woman he couldn't take his mind off looked so alike that he couldn't help remembering some memories.

Seeing that even Hayden was on Ayla's side, Molly felt unhappier, and her resentment towards Ayla intensified.

"That b***h is indeed a temptress. She does not only seduce Toby but even my father" she thought angrily.

Molly glared at her and said disdainfully, "Dad, this woman is here to spoil my wedding."

She pulled Hayden away from Ayla.

"Molly, she is also one of our guests. How can you treat her like this in front of so many people?"

Hayden looked at Molly angrily. He didn't like her attitude towards Ayla.

Ayla bit her lip. She plucked up all her courage and finally said, "I'm sorry. I'm leaving now."

She couldn't stay here any longer and suffer more humiliation from Molly.

She tried to squeeze out of the surrounding crowd, but she couldn't.

Toby was about to take a step towards her when a cold voice was heard from behind.

"What's the problem here?"

Brian stubbed out the cigarette in his hand and slowly walked towards Ayla.

The aura he emanated was so majestic that the crowd automatically dispersed, making way for him.

As she watched him walk towards her, Ayla knew that he did it on purpose.

Before she could know it, his powerful long arms had already been wrapped around her waist.

"Didn't I tell you to wait for me? What are you doing here?"

She really wanted to stomp on his shoes.

He had been just standing there, watching her being bullied. He even turned a blind eye to what was happening.

Why did he have to wait for a long time before he came to her rescue? And he seemed to be blaming her for staying away from him just now.

"Mr. Clark"

Hayden immediately greeted Brian.

Looking at Brian, Toby finally realized that Ayla came here with him.

It was probably the reason why she immediately struggled to break free from his embrace just now.

Was the woman in front of him still the old Ayla he had known before? “

“What happened? Did my wife cause any trouble?”

Ayla felt so absurd.

What was Brian doing now? Was he pretending to be kind to her in public?

But what could she do? With his arms around her waist, she was totally dominated by him.

This time, Molly turned to look at him and said, “Mr. Clark, please take care of your wife. Don’t let her go around and flirt with other men.”

She didn’t care about the occasion and the crowd anymore.

Today was her wedding day.

It was supposed to be the happiest day of her life.

But what happened just now only made her feel so humiliated.

And it was all Ayla’s fault.

She would definitely ruin Ayla’s reputation.

Brian’s cold voice, indifferent look, and overbearing aura made everyone go away.

As much as possible, he wanted to keep a low profile in this event.

But Ayla was really good at causing trouble for him.

She was so reluctant to come to this wedding.

But when she saw Toby, she immediately came to him.

After the tension, Ayla sat alone in a corner.

She was just an inconspicuous woman, after all.

Brian, on the other hand, was very popular.

Now, many people surrounded him, trying to start a conversation with him.

Obviously, they were all trying to make friends with him.

It was a wedding banquet.

But with the way they flocked around him, the event seemed to turn into an ordinary social gathering.

She wanted to go home, but she knew that she couldn’t leave without him.

So she had no other choice but to hide.

In such a big banquet hall, she was too ordinary to be noticed by the other guests.

“Are you Molly’s friend?”

A gentle male voice suddenly rang out in her ears.

When she raised her head, she saw a man in a black suit standing in front of her.

He handed her a glass of juice. He looked so gentle and warm.

“Do you mind if I join you here?”

The sofa was long enough to accommodate four people, so Ayla couldn’t possibly sit there alone.

But the man sat too close to her.

She slightly moved her body to keep some distance from him.

“Are you scared of me? I didn’t know I am that scary,” he said with a gentle smile on his face.

She turned to look at him.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t know you.”

She actually wasn’t used to talking to strangers.

“Oh, I’m so sorry. Well, let me introduce myself. My name is Lucas Collins.”

The man introduced himself proactively.

“I didn’t know that Molly has such an introverted friend like you.”

“If you only know, I am not Molly’s friend at all. In fact, I’m the person she hates the most”

she silently said in her heart.

But she didn’t think it was necessary to let this strange man know about it.

So she didn’t waste her time correcting his impression of her.

They wouldn’t see each other again anyway.

Lucas Collins felt a little embarrassed because of her silence.

“Are you really that shy? Why don’t you introduce yourself to me?”

He tried his best to be courteous.

However, Ayla just ignored him.

All she wanted now was to sit there quietly.

She didn’t want to have a chat with random strangers.

Much to Lucas’ surprise, she didn’t say a word for a long time.

She just gave him a faint smile.

Then he soon realized that it wasn't even a real smile.

She was just being polite.

Actually, Ayla felt a little aggrieved.

Brian took her to this event but left her alone.

She clearly understood that he only didn't want to lose face because of her.

Her inferiority and lowliness prevented her from taking the initiative to approach him.

So she could only stay far away from him.

Finally, the wedding ceremony officially began.

The emcee on the stage talked about the love story of the couple.

Ayla stood in the corner and listened attentively.

It turned out that she had missed a lot.

In the past years that she and Toby went separate ways, so many things happened to each of them that they didn't know.

That was why things ended up like this.

He was there on the stage while she was here below as only part of the audience.

He was so handsome today.

And she couldn't deny the fact that she was still attracted to him.

How she wished they could go back to the time when she could rely on no one but only him.

But it was too late.

Molly, the most beautiful woman in her white wedding dress, was now the one beside him.

Ayla was staring at Toby so intently that she didn't notice Brian's cold gaze and also another curious gaze from someone else.

When Toby and Molly put the shining diamond wedding rings on each other's fingers, they made a lifelong promise.

But as he spoke, Toby also glanced at Ayla.

He didn't expect that he would marry another woman in front of her.

Would she ever forgive him? Would she forgive him for breaking his promise to her? © Ayla understood the look in his eyes.

She knew that he was trying to apologize to her.

But for her, he didn't actually need to do it.

After all, she also betrayed him when she married Brian.

So she smiled at him, giving him her blessing.

Molly was still unhappy because of what happened earlier.

But now that the wedding ceremony was over, she felt elated.

Finally, she became the legitimate Mrs. Brown.

Ayla had totally lost to her.

Ayla didn't know why but Brian's face was as cold as ice the whole night.

She also smelled the alcohol all over his body.

She wasn't sure if he drank because it was a social gathering or something else.

She didn't dare to ask, nor did she want to know.

But she understood that both of them were looking for trouble for themselves that night.

"Stop drinking."

Ayla couldn't help taking the goblet in his hand.

He loosened his grip, but she was not able to catch it.

It fell to the floor with a crisp cracking sound.

It attracted everyone's attention, so all the guests turned their heads to look at them.

She froze, but he remained expressionless and calm.

It was as if everything had nothing to do with him.

Chapter 48: His Words Touched Her Heart

Ayla squatted down and picked up the pieces of broken glass carefully.

However, she still cut her finger.

She hissed and bit her lower lip as she saw the red blood starting to ooze out.

The wound was a bit deep, and it must be painful.

But much to her surprise, she seemed not to feel the pain at all.

Maybe it was because her heart was hurting more.

The pain of seeing Toby being married to another woman outweighed the pain caused by her wounded finger.

The crowd just watched her in a daze.

Perhaps they didn't expect her to do such a thing.

Brian just looked at her with his cold eyes.

Lucas kept staring at her with curiosity in his eyes.

And Toby could only look at her with concern, fighting the urge to come over to her.

Finally, Hayden recovered from the shock.

He stepped forward, called the waiter, and said, "Clean this up."

He then squatted down and asked her, "Are you okay?"

Looking at the blood still oozing from her finger, he held her up and said, "Come with me. Let me clean your wound and bandage it."

Ayla shook her head.

"It's all right, Mr. Smith. Don't bother. It's just a small cut."

Brian's eyes were emitting a very cold aura that could freeze people to death.

She knew it wasn't a good sign, so she didn't want to cause any more trouble.

Even if he didn't say a word, she could understand what he was thinking.

It was strange.

But her heart seemed so close to him that it could feel him.

Despite his being cold and heartless, she still couldn't help paying attention to him.

Perhaps she was really destined to be with him, and she could never escape from his control.

Brian suddenly took Ayla's hand from Hayden and pulled her out of the banquet hall.

In front of so many people, he didn't even bother to explain.

Well, he had always been egotistical after all.

And it was because he was Brian Clark.

Ayla's wrist felt sore because of his grip, but she didn't even complain.

She quietly followed him, staggering on her high heels, almost tumbling down.

On their way back to the villa, their car was galloping at an astonishing speed.

She would be a liar if she said she was not scared.

In fact, her stomach had been churning.

She tried to speak several times, but she still couldn't say a word.

She just closed her eyes until she felt that the car had finally stopped.

However, they were not in the villa.

Instead, they were outside a leisure club in the suburb.

Ayla didn't even bother to look around.

She immediately pushed the door open, got out of the car, and retched.

She knelt on the ground and threw up everything she had eaten.

Brian stood beside her and watched her closely.

She was not even aware that her innocence, helplessness, and compromise made him very angry.

He wanted to make her suffer.

But every time he saw the expression on her face, a strange feeling surged up in his heart.

Jaime received a call from Brian, so he immediately walked out of the club.

"Good evening, Mr.Clark."

"Arrange a room for her,"

Brian said coldly before he turned around and walked inside.

A luxurious room was arranged for Ayla.She had already rested for half an hour, but she still felt dizzy.Inside the bathroom, she nestled in the bathtub and let the warm water slide over her cold body.In the other room, Brian lay in bed with an enchanting woman clinging to his body."

"Mr.Clark, it's been a long time since you last came here," the woman said in a coquettish voice, pointing her slender finger at his chest.

"Really?"

His voice was still cold.

He held her tightly in his arms but without much affection.

"Yes.And I've missed you, so let me accompany you tonight."

She moved, and her red lips were about to kiss him, but he dodged her.

He didn't like women touching his lips, and all the women around him knew it.

Brian walked into Ayla's room wearing only a night robe.

He frowned when the bed was empty.

Did she go out? When he went to the bathroom to check, he saw her lying in the bathtub, unconscious.

She might have been soaked in the warm water for a long time because her skin was red and wrinkled.

Her face was also horribly pale.

His brows furrowed.

Was this all she could do? He almost yelled at her.

He stretched his long arms to pick her up, grabbed a bath towel, and wiped her body casually before throwing her on the bed.

Ayla curled up in bed the whole night while Brian leaned against the sofa.

She had an endless dream.

It made her feel like she was shuttling through a black hole that had no way out.

“Toby...help me...Help me...” she cried softly.

She tried to grasp his hand.

But the more she stretched out her own hands to reach him, the farther she moved away from him.

When a black shadow suddenly appeared, she felt more hopeless.

Her world had gotten even darker.

“No! No!”

She exhausted all her strength to run away from the black shadow, but she couldn't.

It was so overwhelming.

Ayla suddenly opened her eyes.

Finally, she woke up from her nightmare.

Her gaze swept over the strange room, and she frowned upon remembering everything.

She was drenched in sweat, and she felt so weak.

The room was dark inside.

But through the faint moonlight seeping through the window, she could see Brian leaning against the sofa with his arms crossed over his chest.

Ayla sat up and leaned against the headboard in a trance.

She was so afraid to close her eyes again, so she stayed awake for the rest of the night.

Brian was a light sleeper, so he was awakened when she moved.

But he pretended to be asleep, although it was not easy for him to endure being stared at by her until dawn.

Ayla was naked, so she could only cover herself with the quilt.

Brian opened his eyes and just glanced at her before walking into the bathroom.

Not long after, he came out neatly dressed.

“You...are you leaving?” she asked after hesitating for a while.

If he left her here, what would she do? She didn't want to follow him, but she was more scared of staying alone in this strange room.

Her head was in a mess.

He was really making her crazy.

Brian turned around and saw the horror on her face.

There was also a trace of panic in her eyes.

Much to Ayla's relief, he finally gave her a set of clothes.

“Go change and follow me.”

Those simple words touched her heart.

She, who had always been independent, seemed to have someone to rely on all of a sudden.

She grabbed the clothes from his hand and put them on quickly.

Then she quietly followed him into the car.

She didn't dare to ask where they were going and just let him drive.

Brian took Ayla to his office, so she got the opportunity to witness how busy his day was.

Many of his clients thought that she was his new secretary.

Some of his close clients even teased him for changing his secretary into a woman.

It was her first time to know that all of his assistants and secretaries were men, except for Anna. Maybe Anna was very special to him, right?

Ayla was not good at socializing with people, but she made sure that she kept a decent smile on her face.

In the evening, Brian didn't drive Ayla back to the villa.

Instead, he took her with him to the entertainment club.

Anna was so stunned to see Ayla.

She knew that Ayla was with him at the wedding, and she also saw them on TV when the reporters broadcasted the scandal that happened during the event.

But she didn't expect that he would take Ayla here right now.

Actually, Brian didn't stop the reporters yesterday.

He also did not tell the newspaper and magazine companies not to write articles about it.

But Anna knew that someone from Smith Group took the initiative to block the news.

But it wasn't that helpful.

As long as Brian didn't personally stop those companies, they would still release the news even if Smith Group forbade them.

After all, it was their way of making money, and Smith Group was not that powerful.

Anna thought that perhaps Brian didn't care even if the news spread.

Ayla smiled at Anna.

Even if they were not familiar with each other, she couldn't just give Anna a straight face.

Besides, she was not as arrogant as Brian.

She preferred to be amicable to others.

"We have something to discuss. Just stay here and don't run around."

It was late at night, and there were all kinds of people in this place.

Brian wanted to tell her that if she still dared to run around and got herself into trouble, he wouldn't care to help her out.

She nodded obediently and waited at the door while he was doing business inside the private room.

While standing there, all she could do was watch Brian and Anna walk into the room intimately.

She didn't notice that a figure had been staring at her at the other end of the corridor.

Chapter 49: Can't Pay Off The Debts

Arlene stood at the other end of the corridor and watched Ayla standing in front of a private room.

From what she had seen just now, she could tell that Brian had different feelings for Ayla.

She clenched her fists, and her eyes darkened.

She was the real daughter of the Woodsen family.

But here she was, no freedom at all.

Brian had imprisoned her here and forced her to serve the guests.

She also had to drink with them and entertain them.

While Ayla was enjoying her life.

She was even wearing delicate and expensive clothes now.

Squinting her eyes at Ayla, Arlene made up her mind.

She would take back everything that belonged to her.

Ayla didn't have the right to take advantage of the things that were supposed to be hers.

Ayla kept her head down all the time, so she didn't notice that Arlene had been staring at her fiercely for a long time.

She had been waiting in front of the private room and didn't dare to go far.

This was an entertainment club, after all.

Aside from its strange atmosphere, she was also afraid that she would bump into some random strangers and get herself into trouble.

The experience she had here last time still gave her the creeps.

She would never want it to happen again.

It was already early in the morning when Brian and Anna walked out of the private room.

Actually, they did not only talk about business but also had s*x.

It was their habit and tacit understanding every time he came here.

His marriage to Ayla had not changed their relationship.

Following behind Brian, Anna was still tidying up her clothes.

When she raised her eyes, she was stunned to see Ayla squatting beside the door and sleeping.

Her long black hair fell to the front, partly hiding her beautiful sleeping face.

Brian stared at her.

Although the heating system in the entire club was sufficient, he knew that she still felt cold.

After all, she was only wearing a dress without a coat.

That strange feeling welled up in his heart again.

Did he feel sorry for her? How could that be? If he really felt sorry for her, he could have just let her enter the private room or arranged another room for her. But he didn't, right?

Instead, he let her stay outside until she fell asleep while he and Anna were having s*x inside.

He was indeed a heartless man.

And to him, every woman was the same.

But sometimes, Brian also felt that Ayla was different.

They had been together for quite a while now, but she had never taken the initiative to seduce him.

It seemed that she didn't even care about him.

Other women would do everything just to climb into his bed.

But in her case, he was the one who always came to her to have s*x.

She was only good at giving him an innocent and helpless look all the time.

Perhaps she was trying to soften his heart, so he could easily give in when she made a request.

“Brian?”

Anna gave Brian a questioning gaze.

She wondered what he was thinking.

Actually, she didn't expect that Ayla would really stay at the door the whole time.

Ayla's submissiveness made her feel a little strange and uncomfortable.

She was just one of his women with no title at all.

But Ayla was the legitimate wife.

For so many years, Anna had never cared about her status in Brian's life.

But ever since Ayla appeared, she started to have a sense of crisis.

“Miss Woodsen?”

Brian didn't say anything, so she took the initiative to wake Ayla up.

Calling Ayla “Miss Clark” was her only consolation.

At least, no one addressed Ayla as Mrs.Clark in public yet.

Somehow, this made her feel that Ayla was just one of them—his women.

When Ayla woke up, she felt cold and stiff all over.

She was still in a daze.

But when she saw Anna and Brian in front of her, she stood up at once.

“Did I fall asleep?” she asked inwardly.

Upon realizing that she had really fallen asleep, she apologized.

“I'm...I'm sorry.I didn't mean it.” She thought that he was angry.

“Let's go!”

Brian just said those two words coldly, then walked towards the other end of the corridor.

Ayla's legs were both numb, but she ignored them.

She staggered to her feet and quickly followed him.

He drove her back to the villa.

When she entered the living room, she saw a newspaper on the table.

The news was about the incident at Toby's wedding yesterday.

There were even some photos of them on the page.

"Mrs.Clark, you are finally back.Did something happen to you and Mr.Clark?"

Maria's voice was full of concern.

When she read the news, she was worried that Brian might misunderstand Ayla.

And she got more anxious when they did not come home last night.

Ayla shook her head.

"Nothing."

Brian didn't get out of the car.

He only sent her home then drove away.

Of course, she still didn't dare to ask where he was going.

It had been a few days, but Brian hadn't come back home yet.

The last time Ayla saw him was when he sent her home from the club.

He didn't go on a business trip, so she thought that he was either staying in the company all the time, he was with Anna, or with another woman.She sat in front of the French window and looked outside.

What was she waiting for? It was her winter vacation, so she only spent her time at work and at home.

She went to the studio during the daytime and directly went home in the evening.

It was getting colder and colder day by day.

And it was even snowing right now.

Wearing a thick coat, she stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window after getting tired of sitting for a long time.

Before leaving the main villa, Maria went upstairs to bring Ayla a glass of hot milk.

"Mrs.Clark, it's too cold.You'd better go to bed early."

In the past two days, she noticed that Ayla didn't turn off the lights in her room even it was already late at night.

She didn't need to ask to know that Ayla was waiting for Brian to come home.

Ayla took the glass of milk from her and said, "Thank you, Maria."

In less than five minutes, she was all alone in the entire villa.

And only the lights in her room were on.

She couldn't understand herself.

Was she waiting for Brian? Should she really wait for him? At this moment, Brian was in the club, sitting in a private room and drinking one glass after another.

He had not come home for a few days, but Ayla had never made trouble for him.

Although he didn't see her, he still knew her whereabouts every day.

The door of the private room was pushed open all of a sudden.

He thought that it was Anna, but he was wrong.

"Mr.Clark,"

Arlene called out his name softly.

Brian turned his head and saw her approaching him.

She looked so enchanting.

The smell of alcohol and her pungent perfume immediately mixed in the air inside the private room.

"Who said you are allowed to come here?" He pushed her away.

"Oh, Mr.Clark.Of course, I'm here to serve you."

She knew that he had been here and hadn't left these days.

But she couldn't approach him just like that.

She needed to find the right time and opportunity to make him her man.She had gotten along well with many men.

And she knew that as long as he spent one night with her, he wouldn't be able to escape from her palm again.

Especially now that she still had the drug that fascinated men the most.

"I don't need your service."

Brian didn't like women to get too close to him unless he needed them.

"How can that be? Mr.Clark, you are a man, aren't you?"

A normal man would definitely need a woman by his side.

When Arlene thought that Brian was not paying attention, she picked up a glass of wine and secretly sprinkled the white power she had been hiding in her hand.

She then slightly shook the glass to melt it quickly.

“Mr. Clark, I don’t like serving the guests here and drinking with them. But still, I want to thank you for giving me the chance to live. To show my gratitude, I want to offer this glass of wine to you.”

Looking at the glass in her hand, he asked, “Why are you here? Are there no guests in the bar tonight, Miss Woodsen?”

“Oh, no. We have lots of guests tonight. But I’ve declined all my guests so I can have a drink with you. Don’t you want to drink? Don’t you know that I am now the best bar girl here?”

Arlene tried every means to make him drink the wine she offered him.

Brian sneered, “Should I feel honored then?”

“Of course, Mr. Clark. Don’t you think so?”

She put down the glass on the table and wrapped her arms around him. She would do everything to get him tonight.

“Then you should also know that what your father owes me is far more than this.”

He believed that she could never pay off her father’s debts in whatever ways.

“I know. That’s why I’m so obedient to you now. So can I propose a toast?”

Arlene picked up the glass again and took a sip.

“Please, Mr. Clark?” Brian took the glass from her and said, “I’ll drink this glass of wine, but you can go out now.”

He then drank it up in one gulp, put down the glass on the table, and asked her to go out.

While watching him drink the wine, Arlene’s lips curved into a very charming smile.

Chapter 50: He Doesn’t Have A Fever

After drinking the wine, Brian noticed that Arlene was not moving yet.

“Leave now,” he said coldly.

“No, Mr. Clark. I can’t leave because you will need me,” Arlene said confidently.

She then raised the glass in her hand and drank up the wine coquettishly.

In less than two minutes, Brian felt something strange in his body.

The drug was already taking effect.

As heat surged up all over his body, he frowned.

“How dare you drug me!”

“Well, it feels wonderful, isn’t it? Don’t you want to experience such kind of feeling, Mr. Clark?”

For many years, Arlene had taken all kinds of drugs, both forced and voluntary.

And she knew the effect of each drug on people.

That was why she didn't hesitate to use the drug to get Brian.

After tonight, he would be hers.

Then she would take back the crown as Mrs.Clark and return Ayla to where she should belong.

She would live a perfect life in luxury.

He would definitely give her everything she wanted.Brian suddenly pushed her away.

"Don't you want to live anymore?"

All his life, he never forced a woman, and no woman had ever fooled him.

Arlene must be courting death for tricking him.

"Mr.Clark, I'm still young.Of course, I want to live.I want to live life to the fullest.But I don't want to live alone.I want you to be by my side for the rest of my life.Don't you like it?"

Arlene wrapped her arms around his hot body and said, "Mr.Clark, let me help you."

The kind of drug she used on him was very strong, and she put a lot of it into his wine.

How could he not need her? She always believed that no man could escape from her, not even Brian.

After she had s*x with him, she would drive Ayla away, and she would become the only Mrs.Clark.

Brian's frown deepened.

No matter how strong the effect of the drug on him, he would never let her succeed.

He knew what she wanted from him.

Arlene was totally different from Ayla.

She was indeed Clayton's daughter.

Both of them were equally unscrupulous.

They could use all means to exploit the people around them.

When Arlene felt that Brian was about to compromise, she thought that she had succeeded.

However, she was shocked when he suddenly pulled her hands away and snapped, "I will never touch a woman like you."

Before she could react, she had already been pushed to the floor.

"If you need men, there are many outside."

He then strode out of the private room wearing only a thin shirt.

Brian drove his Lamborghini at full speed with the windows down, even though the cold winter wind was freezing.

He didn't even seem to notice that it was snowing.

The heat inside his body was getting more and more intense.

Ayla had just turned off the lights and lain in bed.

However, she only kept on tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

Then all of a sudden, she heard the screeching of tires downstairs.

Her heartbeat went abnormally fast. Had he returned?

She didn't even bother to put on her coat.

Wearing thin pajamas, she ran downstairs only to bump into Brian, who had just come in.

A mixture of hot and cold breaths hit her and made her tremble.

"What's wrong with you?" she couldn't help asking.

She noticed that he was unbuttoning his shirt randomly.

"Do you have a fever?"

Ayla touched Brian's face and forehead.

Her mouth gaped open when she felt that he was surprisingly hot. And why was he wearing such a thin shirt on a snowy evening?

She was still lost in thought when he suddenly pulled her closer to him.

And as soon as he touched her soft and slightly cold body, the heat in his body flared up again.

Before she could react, he had already picked her up and strode upstairs.

He took her to the master bedroom and threw her heavily on the bed.

"What...What are you doing?"

Ayla couldn't help but feel scared.

His behavior and his temperature were both terrible tonight.

Just now, she tossed and turned in bed, wishing for him to come back.

But why did he have to come back like this? Brian pressed his body against hers.

"What do you think I am going to do?"

Since Arlene drugged him, Ayla should cure him.

“Kiss me,” he ordered in a cold voice.

Ayla was stunned.

Brian never wanted to be kissed.

Why was he asking her all of a sudden? Her eyes widened in shock when she found out that her pink lips were tightly covered by his.

His lips and his body were burning. It sent a strange sensation on her.

Was she going crazy? Why did she feel like she also longed for his body? It was such a torrid night for both of them.

And when the heat in his body finally dissipated, and they were both exhausted, they fell asleep.

The next morning, Ayla’s beautiful sleeping face was the first thing Brian saw when he opened his eyes.

He frowned when he suddenly felt a sharp pang in his head.

Then he gradually recalled everything that happened last night.

He clenched his teeth, and his expression darkened.

Arlene had put so much drug in his wine.

When Ayla woke up, she saw Brian’s handsome face so close to her.

Usually, she would immediately go back to her room after they had s*x.

But this time, she slept soundly beside him on his bed.

And now, she still had no strength to get up.

Brian stood up, turned around, and walked into the bathroom without even looking at her.

While listening to the sound of water coming from the bathroom, she couldn’t help wondering if he was angry.

Ayla propped herself up.

But before she could get out of the bed, the bathroom door opened.

Brian walked out wearing a black robe and tossed a medicine bottle to her.

“This is what you deserve.”

If Arlene hadn’t drugged him, he wouldn’t treat Ayla like this.

Ayla didn’t understand what he meant by saying that she deserved this.

But she was familiar with the medicine because he had given it to her several times.

While putting on his clothes, Brian said, “Don’t go anywhere today.”

"Of course I won't go out today. Do you think I still have the strength to go out after such a crazy night?" Ayla sighed in her heart.

She nodded without hesitation.

She then took a thin blanket, wrapped it around her body, and walked towards the door.

But before she could go out, she turned around and said, "Don't take that drug again. It's not good for your health."

Brian was stunned upon hearing what she said.

It turned out that she knew that he was drugged last night. But why did she still let him do whatever he wanted?

Ayla had been muddled for several days now, and she spent most of her time lying in bed.

It was too cold outside, so she felt lazy to go out.

And now, even if she wanted to go out, she didn't have the strength anymore.

After that intense night between Brian and Ayla, Brian left again and did not come back.

In the entertainment club, Arlene had been locked up in a narrow and dark room for several days.

She had been confined here since that night she drugged Brian.

And every night, she was forced to take the aphrodisiac, but she was being tortured alone.

This evening, Brian came to check on her.

He walked into the room, stood beside the door, and said coldly, "How's it going?"

"Mr. Clark, I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. I'll never do it again," Arlene begged.

She didn't expect that he would be this ruthless.

He was a devil, and she was so stupid to offend him.

"You'll never do it again? Do you think there will be another time?" Brian was not a fool to give her a chance to trick him again.