

TSBMMOUS 81

Chapter 81: Lucas Confessed His Love To Her

Brian's room was reeking of alcohol.

Did he drink again? She didn't smell the overpowering alcoholic odor coming from him when they ran into each other at the restaurant earlier.

"I'm home." Ayla timidly approached him.

"Hmm," Brian grunted.

Based on the look on his face, he was probably furious.

He had told her not to get too close to other men, and today, she had dinner with Lucas, but all Brian did was to grunt at her and nothing else.

Ayla moved her lips, but she ended up not saying anything.

Should she explain to him why she was late tonight? Or was it even necessary to do so? He saw it with his own two eyes.

An explanation probably wasn't needed at this point.

Just like her situation with Toby in the past, Brian believed what he saw, and there was nothing left needed to be explained to him. As soon as she turned around, he stopped her.

"Aren't you going to explain yourself?"

Was she not even going to try to defend herself? When Ayla turned back to the man, she noticed that he was no longer sitting on the sofa and drinking.

He was now standing close to her.

"If I tell you my side of the story, would you even believe me?"

"I won't know until I hear it."

If Brian was being honest, he wasn't going to believe her.

To him, being ignored was unacceptable, and so he wanted to hear an explanation.

"Then there's no need to speak."

Ayla saw it in his eyes that he wouldn't believe her, so she'd rather not waste her breath.

Holding her chin with his fingers, he asked, "Do you know who exactly this Lucas is?"

"I don't know."

She had never been one to pry into other people's private lives, not to mention that she considered Lucas as a friend, but no more than a friend.

"If I tell you that he's wealthy, would you go with him?"

Although the Collins family had fallen from grace, they still had several properties left.

That was why Brian was curious of the reason Lucas applied to be the vice principal of a school.

The salary of this position wasn't that big, and he didn't seem like he lacked money.

Upon hearing Brian's question, Ayla asked, "Did you have him investigated?"

"I didn't need to."

What he actually wanted to know was why Lucas approached Ayla.

"No matter who he is, I have nothing to do with him."

After saying that, she turned around and walked away.

Brian leaned against the sofa, holding a glass of wine.

Seeing Lucas hold her hand really made him jealous.

He couldn't stand the idea of anyone getting their hands on anything he owned.

Even if he had abandoned it, he still wasn't willing to give it to anyone else.

He would much rather see it destroyed than land into someone else's hands. The following day, Brian was sitting in his office.

Jaime said to him, "Mr. Clark, the leader of the TH Gang came to this city before on his private plane. He probably didn't want anyone to find out that he's back."

Leaning against the sofa, Brian answered, "He's finally going to make his move, isn't he? Last time, we interrupted his trade. He's definitely going to hit us back for that."

His expression didn't deviate from his normally cold face.

"Mr. Clark, he just visited here for one day and left right afterwards. He must've been here to see someone, not to do business."

Jaime believed that this person visited by the TH Gang leader must be so important, given that the leader came to see him personally.

"He's a greedy man. Are our goods safe?"

The TH Gang had never gotten along well with Brian's group.

However, if they hadn't provoked him over and over, he wouldn't have been so ruthless to them.

Jaime nodded.

"There seems to be no problems recently. Tayson is guarding the goods well."

But for some reason, Jaime was worried.

Brian didn't really care that much about the goods.

To him, money wasn't an object, but he was absolutely not going to let the TH Gang rob him if they tried to do so.

"As for Ayla, it seems that Mr. Hayden Smith still hasn't found out anything about her."

Jaime never imagined that there would be no traces about a woman's identity.

Clayton said that his dead wife adopted Ayla from an orphanage, but he didn't mention which orphanage she came from.

Moreover, Jaime had checked all the orphanages he could find, but there was no record of adoption on the exact date Ayla was adopted.

Perhaps Clayton had lied to him.

Or maybe her identity was just that mysterious.

"I see. I understand."

Brian nodded in response.

Someday, the truth would come to light.

He was Brian Clark, and there was no way that he would be defeated because of a woman.

Sitting in the library, Ayla was flipping through a book, but she wasn't actually reading.

She was restless because of Brian's behavior last night.

Why did she even give a d\*\*n? Was she starting to care for him because they had been together for a long time? When she gradually moved on from Toby, her heart was lost in Brian.

It must've been five or six minutes since Lucas stood before her, and yet she still hadn't noticed.

"Lala, do you happen to be thinking about me?"

He put the warm milk tea in front of her.

Ayla looked up at him and saw the gentle smile on his face.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to bring you a cup of milk tea."

He then pulled a chair and sat next to her.

Right now, the library was open.

The second he sat close to Ayla, they quickly aroused people's attention.

Immediately, she stood up, and stammered, "I...there's something I have to do."

“Oh, don’t worry about it. It’s not a big deal! Just sit with me for a while.”

Lucas held her hand.

“Drink some milk tea first.”

Ayla sat back down, and said, “Please try not to get too close to me.”

She was warning him to stay away because the image of Toby being tortured by Brian was still fresh in her memory.

And now, Brian had investigated every detail of Lucas’ background.

Cross-legged gracefully, Lucas looked at her and asked, “Lala, are you worried about me?”

Ayla wasn’t the only one who knew what kind of person Brian was, Lucas also knew him.

“You think too much,” she remarked.

Then, she held the milk tea and looked at him.

“Am I overthinking? Although, it’s not a lie that I have a crush on you.”

Lucas stared back at her with a piercing gaze that almost seemed like he wanted to know what was on her mind.

However, Ayla thought that he was jesting.

“Don’t mess with me. I think with your good looks and deep pockets, countless women will throw themselves at you.”

If she still had a heart, she might’ve fallen in love with him.

But now, it was highly unlikely.

“I’m not kidding.”

Lucas held her hands again; tighter this time.

His sudden transition into seriousness alarmed Ayla.

“Mr. Collins, need I remind you that we’re in the library?”

She was trying to tell him that there were a lot of people in here, and that he had to pay attention to his behavior.

Although this day and age was no longer ancient times, she was still a married woman.

This could ruin his image in other people’s eyes.

“I’m not worried about them. I’m telling you the truth, so please think it over.”

Lucas looked at her with a smile.

Ayla turned her head away.

Was he confessing his love to her? This man was far too excellent, and she didn't deserve him at all.

Besides, she was no longer capable of becoming a mother.

Her only choice was to be shackled to Mr. Clark for the rest of her miserable life.

"I will wait for you."

After saying that, Lucas walked out of the library.

Ayla felt the jealousy and disdain of the women who were watching them.

It was easy for him to win a woman's heart, but she didn't have those kinds of feelings for him.

The best that she could offer him was friendship. When Ayla walked out of the school gate, she saw a familiar red car in front of her.

If her eyes weren't deceiving her, then that car was probably Molly's.

Did Molly come to see her? But she hadn't gotten in touch with Toby for a long time, so Molly had no reason to see her. Seconds later, Molly got out of the car.

She was dressed in a light-colored fur and a pair of white knee-length boots with high heels, and her wavy hair made her look captivating as she strutted forward.

Her appearance was enough to make any man fall in love with her at first sight. "Miss Woodsen, I didn't expect to run into you here after such a long time."

Molly looked at her indifferently, as if nothing had happened between them in the past.

Ayla nodded at her.

"Neither did I."

Now that they had run into each other, she figured that Molly actually came here to see her.

She also wanted to know how Toby was doing, but after seeing the smile on her face, she gathered that they must've made up and their relationship was going steady.

Chapter 82: The Devil Incarnate

When Lucas came out of the school, he saw the two girls chatting.

"Molly," he called out.

"Lucas!"

Molly advanced towards him and hugged him affectionately.

Thereafter, Lucas wrapped his arm around Ayla's waist and said, "You two know each other? Come, let's have dinner together."

Molly was taken aback.

"Lucas, do you know her?"

'This coquettish woman! First she seduced my husband and now she is trying to sink her claws into Lucas!'"No!"

"No, thanks!"

Both women blurted out simultaneously.

Lucas smiled cunningly at Ayla.

"Do you want me to drag you into the car again?"

He was reluctant to force her. "It's already quite late. I should be heading back."

She was in no mood for a fancy dinner with Molly.

"It's okay. I'll drive you home. I don't see your driver around."

Lucas opened the car door and she seated herself.

Noticing this, Molly griped, "Lucas, she is a vixen! She seduced Toby!"

She reminded him. Lucas ignored her warning.

He said with a smile, "If I marry her, Toby will be out of her life. Besides, I'll take her abroad. Isn't that great?"

He patted her on her back. Stunned by his naivety, she said, "Don't get caught up in her web. She is also intimately involved with Mr. Clark."

"Just forget it! Let's go! Why don't you drive in front of us and lead the way? You decide what we should eat."

Lucas ran his fingers through Molly's hair dotingly.

Ayla sat silently in his car.

"Lala, I don't care about your past. I just want to share a beautiful future with you,"

Lucas said sincerely.

"The future...is all too distant."

The happiness she sought was gone.

So was the loving, affectionate family.

She didn't want to hurt Lucas and she knew that Brian would make their lives sheer hell.

"Are you willing?"

He systematically tried to break her defense.

She shot him a sideward glance but said nothing.

“Your silence means consent.”

He freed one hand to hold her hand.

She was icy cold to the touch. The car stopped in front of a restaurant.

He held her tightly.

“Mr. Collins, let go of me!”

She was not in love with him so the question of marriage didn't arise.

They wouldn't have a future together.

It was just too late.

“I won't accept defeat. Just call my name.”

He leaned closer to her.

“Call me Lucas.”

Ayla protested, “No!”

Before she could utter another word, he caressed her and planted a gentle kiss on her rosy lips.

His kiss oozed depths of pure love. She was overwhelmed as he continued to kiss her.

He wasn't like Brian, whose violent passionate kisses left her breathless.

Lucas' feather soft kiss touched her heart.

“I won't stop kissing you till you call my name.”

He grinned, flashing his pearly white teeth. She was still at a loss because of his sudden kiss.

It was not until he opened the door and carried her out, that she came back to her senses.

“Put me down!”

She kicked her legs furiously and he was forced to put her down.

“Lala, believe me. I'm serious.”

He then led her into the restaurant, holding her hand tightly.

As Molly gazed at the intimacy between them, she wasn't sure whether she should be happy or concerned.

Lucas fully assumed the role of her boyfriend at dinner.

He lovingly helped her select vegetables, poured her a drink of water and wiped the corners of her mouth with a tissue.

Brian could never treat her with such tenderness.

Every woman secretly wanted to be pampered like this. Molly, observing his devotion to her, quipped, "Lucas, you seem to be quite smitten by Miss Woodsen."

Ayla looked at her and remarked, "I didn't think that we would be able to have dinner together without any issues."

Lucas was responsible for the truce between them.

"I pray that we can finally get along with each other," Molly said.

She was seeking peace at any cost.

As long as she had Toby, nothing else mattered. But if Ayla was relentlessly stringing Lucas along, she would not spare her.

The trio bumped into Toby as they were leaving the restaurant.

He was still dressed in his grey suit.

When he saw Ayla, his expression changed but he said nothing.

Molly handed her car keys to the driver, instructing him to take the car back.

She then got into Toby's car.

"Honey, aren't you curious to know why I'm in Ayla's company today?"

Molly took the initiative to broach the subject.

She was happy that they had managed to maintain peace this long.

"No questions. I'm faithfully keeping my promise to stay away from her. Aren't I?"

His heart was filled with mixed emotions but he dared not show it.

Toby's indifferent tone pleased her.

She no longer feared any kind of entanglement between the two. Meanwhile, Lucas looked at the distracted Ayla and asked, "Are you going back? It's quite late now."

She nodded.

"Don't trouble yourself to drop me off. I'll take a taxi."

If Brian saw them together, he would be driven into a frenzy.

No amount of explanations would suffice. Lucas insisted on dropping her off.

He was unafraid.

Even if Brian confronted him, he would be prepared to take a bullet for her.

Brian sat in the living room sofa, waiting for the fun loving woman to return.



He resented the fact that Ayla and Lucas were growing closer.

Ayla knew that Brian was waiting up for her because the lights in the villa were on. She went straight to the living room.

“Oh, you’re at home?” she said timidly.

“You seem to be very busy these days! Do you prefer Lucas to me?”

He had treated her with such kindness recently, she had forgotten his callous side.

“Do you?”

He continued to interrogate her.

Her silence angered him even more. She looked up at him and replied, “We only had dinner together.”

She told him the simple truth.

“So you ignored my instructions, didn’t you?”

Brian stood up and advanced towards her.

He grabbed her by the chin.

“No, I didn’t.”

They glared at each other.

She felt helpless under his control yet she was telling the truth. They were just good friends and she had no intention of developing a deeper relationship with him.

Brian roughly grabbed her around the waist and forced her to the room on the second floor.

“You need to remember that you can only be mine!” He tortured her till she could no longer bear the pain.

‘Why am I even alive?’

“I will kill you if you ever sleep with that man!”

Standing by the bedside, he looked down upon her in a cold condescending manner.

She bit her lips in anger.

Blood poured forth.

“You are the devil himself! You beastly devil!”

She mustered enough strength to berate him.

“Yes, I am a devil! You’d better not provoke me or I’ll kill Lucas!”

His indifference pushed her further and further away from him.

“You can’t touch him!”

She stared into his murderous eyes.

Chapter 83: Lucas Was Hurt For Ayla

“There’s nothing in this world that I want to do but can’t do.”

How dare this woman defend Lucas? He walked away without even casting her a glance.

Ayla propped herself up.

‘What am I supposed to do?’ In school, running into Lucas was inevitable.

The following day, Ayla took the initiative to meet with him.

“You rarely make an appointment with me. Does this mean you’re agreeing to be my girlfriend?”

Lucas flashed her a bright smile. His pleasant expression made it difficult for her to respond.

After a long silence, Ayla indifferently said, “We can’t see each other anymore.”

Lucas’ smile quickly disappeared.

“Are you joking?”

He stared at her intently.

“I’m not,” she answered sternly.

The reason she did this was because she didn’t want anyone else to suffer what Toby went through because of her.

And so, the best way to prevent that was to stop seeing each other.

“Is it because Brian won’t allow you to hang out with me?”

Lucas couldn’t imagine that Ayla would be this obedient. Perhaps she was forced into doing this?

“The reason doesn’t matter.” She shook her head in dismissal.

“But what if I refuse?” Lucas was persistent.

“Mr. Collins, we can’t even be friends anymore,” said Ayla.

Since Brian had said something like that, it only meant that he was going to do whatever he pleased.

“I want to be more than just friends with you.”

The expression on Lucas’ face implied that he was determined to marry her.

Ayla looked him in the eye and thought, “Lucas, you stubborn fool.”

“I’m not as good a woman as you think I am. Ask Mrs. Brown, she should know that. I’m a vixen who entices men, and I’ve slept with many men. Knowing that, would you still want to marry a woman like me?”

Ayla degraded herself in front of him.

She knew that she wasn't a woman worthy of Lucas' love.

"And so what? I don't care about any of that!"

He held her hands as if he was never letting them go.

Ayla looked at him, and realized that he was more stubborn than she had initially thought.

"No, you do. How can any man marry a woman like me?"

Suddenly, she withdrew her hands, accidentally knocking down the hot teapot beside her.

When the hot water spilled, Lucas managed to pull her away and cover her with his body.

As a consequence, he was the one that got scalded.

The hot water seeped into this thin layer of shirt and onto his back.

Ayla was too startled to scream.

She didn't even react until a waiter came in upon hearing the loud noise.

"Mr. Collins."

"I...I'm fine."

Lucas' forehead was sweating. He hadn't removed his hand from Ayla's waist.

"Let me look at your back."

She was so frightened that she was having a hard time standing firmly. Her hands trembled as they covered his hands. The waiter immediately called an ambulance to send Lucas to the hospital.

"Let me accompany him."

Ayla stopped the doctor.

She noticed that his shirt was covered in tea, and she figured that he must've suffered first degree burns. Loosening his grip on her, Lucas said, "I'm fine, Lala. Just wait for me outside."

His voice was breaking, and his back was so painful.

Teary-eyed, Ayla shook her head.

"Let me stay with you."

It was all her fault.

Upon seeing her tearful eyes, Lucas nodded.

"Lala, you don't have to cry." He hadn't planned on using any gimmick to win her heart, but since this accident had already happened, he might be able to use it to his advantage.

She might feel heartbroken if she saw his operation, and it could make her feel so guilty that she would no longer leave his side.

Their conversation today led to no avail.

Perhaps it would only throw her into another unwanted situation.

In the operating room, Ayla held Lucas' hand tightly.

After receiving anesthetic, he lost consciousness.

She watched as the doctor cut off his shirt.

The original skin on his back had been burnt away, and it turned completely red.

Silently, she started crying again. She watched as the doctor dealt with his burns.

The anesthetic's effects hadn't dissipated yet, and he was still unconscious.

Ayla had been sitting next to him in his ward, patiently waiting for him to wake up.

As she looked at Lucas, who could only lie prone on the bed, she said, "I'm sorry. This is all my fault."

Her insistence, stubbornness, and her concessions.

No matter what she did, he would end up getting hurt.

When Lucas opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was Ayla crying beside his bed.

"Lala."

"You're awake! Does it hurt?" she asked with concern, ignoring the fact that she was just crying.

"I'd be lying if I said that it didn't hurt. But your tears hurt me more."

Lucas wiped away the tears on her face.

Ayla continued sobbing.

"I'm sorry. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have gotten injured and you wouldn't be lying in a hospital bed."

The heavy sense of guilt in her heart caused her to blame herself.

"No, no, this didn't happen because of you. It's because I love you, and I didn't want you to get hurt."

Lucas' love for her left her dumbfounded.

Never had she felt the feeling of being taken care of.

But Lucas, someone she had only known for a short time, had already done so much for her, and it touched her heart.

However, she would much rather see herself get hurt than let someone else suffer.

On the other hand, he would rather lie bedridden in the hospital than see her get hurt.

“Why are you still crying? I’m fine, aren’t I?”

He hardly cared about his injuries.

The Collins family’s downfall was much more painful than this.

But if it hadn’t been so painful, he wouldn’t have been this numb today.

Ayla pressed her lips, preventing herself from bursting into tears again.

“But the doctor said that you were seriously scalded.”

“I’m strong enough to take it. It’s not a big deal! I would be much more worried if you were the one who got burned.”

He smiled weakly at her. Ayla stared at him in a daze. Why wasn’t he taking his injuries seriously?

“Lala, can you please stay with me today?”

Lucas looked at her with pleading eyes.

“Do you still have the heart to refuse me again? I’m a patient now.” He was easily able to grasp her soft spot because based on Ayla’s personality, she wasn’t going to leave him alone like this.

“He wants me to stay with him? After a moment of hesitation, Ayla nodded.

“Fine. I’ll stay.”

Whatever he ate, she fed him herself.

“What about during the night?”

She couldn’t accompany him at night.

“Aren’t you gonna stay with me?”

When Lucas saw the hesitation in Ayla’s eyes, he believed that he could win her over this time.

No matter who owned her heart right now, whether it was Toby or Brian, she would surely be his in the future.

“I’ll come back tomorrow.”

Although Ayla was worried about Lucas, she was more worried that if Brian found out that they were together at night, he might inflict a far worse injury on Lucas.

At last, Lucas agreed to employ a nurse to take care of him.

Lost in thought, Ayla went back to the villa.

To her surprise, Brian, Anna, and Jaime were all there.

They had never talked about business within the premises of the villa before.

Jaime stared at Ayla.

He was aware that she was with Lucas today, so he thought that she would feel guilty about it.

However, he could only see the worries and anxiety in her eyes; she didn't seem to have any nuances of guilt.

Anna sat next to Brian, holding onto his arm. Upon seeing this, Ayla quickly felt uncomfortable.

Chapter 84: It's Not Going To Be That Easy To Die

"Ayla, don't you think I'm too lenient to you?"

Brian walked up to her, firmly gripping her neck with his large hands.

Ayla neither resisted nor showed any signs of struggling. She just stared daggers at him and said, "He got hurt because of me."

She gave him a simple explanation.

"Did I give you permission to see him? Huh?" Her words only served to infuriate Brian further.

"I wanted to see him," she said indifferently.

She wanted to see Lucas so that she could tell him that they couldn't see each other anymore.

However, the accident with the boiling pot of tea interrupted their conversation.

Unfortunately, explaining to Brian was a lost cause.

Whatever she said, he wouldn't listen to it.

Anna's presence served as a reminder that Mr. Clark had no shortage of women in his life.

She was expendable and he owned her life.

"Do you want to kill me?"

Slowly, a smile appeared on Ayla's lips.

To him, she was always challenging his authority.

"Do you have a death wish?" Brian asked.

Looking at her, he thought, 'If you want to die, then I won't give you that satisfaction.'

Gradually, his grip on her neck became tighter.

Ayla looked him in the eye, and saw the anger behind his dark eyes.

Soon, it was getting harder and harder for her to breathe, and his face was becoming more and more blurry by the second.

Was she about to die? It was the most painful thing she had ever experienced.

The feeling of having her life squeezed out of her neck little by little was overwhelming.

And just when she was about to lose consciousness, Brian loosened his grip on her neck.

“So you do want to die! It’s not gonna be that easy!”

As he watched Ayla catch her breath on her knees, he said, “You’re not allowed to die until I’m satisfied!”

She supported herself up using her hands, unable to say a word.

After that heated argument, Brian had someone lock her up and left.

Meanwhile, as Lucas rested in his ward, he received a call, saying that Brian had locked Ayla up.

That didn’t come as a Surprise to him at all.

It only made him want to take her away from Brian even more.

Seconds later, Molly walked in and asked, “Lucas, how did you suffer those injuries?”

She noticed that he could only lie prone on the bed.

“How did you get scalded?”

Lucas just smiled at her.

“It doesn’t matter.It’s not a big deal anyway.”

“You’re seriously injured and you’re saying it’s not a big deal?”

In all honesty, Lucas had no plans on telling Molly if she hadn’t called because he wanted to protect Ayla.

“Uncle Hayden doesn’t have any idea that I’m here in the hospital, does he? Don’t tell him.”

“Dad already knows.And you’re injured because of Ayla, aren’t you?”

Molly couldn’t understand why he had to protect that woman.

If it weren’t for her, he wouldn’t have gotten hurt.

“This isn’t her fault.”

At that time, Lucas willingly used himself to shield her from the boiling water.

“It’s definitely because of her, Lucas! Why do you have to be so kind to her? That woman doesn’t deserve you.You got seriously injured because of her, and she didn’t even visit you to look after you.She’s probably with another man right now.Don’t be a fool.”

Molly grew up with Lucas, and she thought of him like a real brother.

Although they had been separated for several years, their relationship never wavered.

Enduring the pain, Lucas propped himself up.

"I'm fine. You don't have to blame her," he said.

On Toby and Molly's wedding, Lucas saw Brian's cruelty and the way Ayla avoided him.

He believed it was only a matter of time until they got divorced.

The more Brian imprisoned her, the sooner they'd get divorced.

Ayla was isolated in the warehouse, shivering from the cold.

Brian had been keeping her there for several days, leaving her with nothing but a thin blanket.

Every day, Maria brought her food, but she didn't dare to turn on the heater, nor could she give Ayla a better blanket because there were always two bodyguards watching over her at the door.

"Lala, why won't you eat anything? Your body will collapse if you don't eat."

Maria walked in, only to find that Ayla still hadn't eaten anything. Her face was as pale as a ghost.

Shaking her head, she replied, "I don't want to eat. Take those away from me."

All she wanted to do was to leave this place.

She refused to die in a place like this.

Lucas was still in the hospital, and she wanted to know how he was doing.

Maria held her cold, trembling hands.

"Ayla, you're getting colder. You might get sick."

'Unfortunately, Ayla is a stubborn lady. She would've been fine if she just gave into Mr. Clark's demands,' Maria thought, sighing. Brian had been staying in the villa for the past two days, seemingly ignoring Ayla's existence.

However, Maria knew that he still cared about her.

Otherwise, he wouldn't stand outside the warehouse in the middle of the night.

"Leave me alone! I'm fine. Just take a break!"

In truth, Ayla was starving, but she didn't have any appetite.

When she saw the food, she felt nothing but nausea.

Noticing that Maria came out with the food, Brian approached her, and asked, "Does she still not want to eat?"

"Yes! Mr. Clark, please just let Mrs. Clark out! She can't stand this any longer!" Maria replied.



Without saying a word, Brian entered the warehouse.

In the cold, gloomy warehouse, Ayla was huddled in a corner.

Her face was deathly pale, as if she no longer had any blood.

“How long are you going to be this stubborn?”

He was capable of cruelty against anyone except her.

Ayla stared daggers at him.

“And how long are you going to keep me locked up in here? Do you want me to die?”

“You just want to go out so you could visit that man, am I right?”

That was the whole reason he wouldn't let her go.

He was willing to free her if she forgot all about Lucas.

All he wanted was for her to promise that, but she would rather abstain from eating for three days than say a word.

Ayla didn't deny the fact that she wanted to know how Lucas was doing.

She didn't care about anything else, but it seemed as though she had underestimated this man's possessiveness.

“Then you can stay locked up in here forever!”

After saying that, he stormed out. Both of them were stubborn to their very core.

If they carried on like this, they would be driven further and further away from each other, and lose each other in the end.

The next day, when Maria brought food into the warehouse, she found that Ayla had lost consciousness.

With the help of the bodyguards, she was brought into the servants' house.

The family doctor came in to give her an IV drip and she was allowed to rest for a few days.

When Ayla opened her eyes, she realized that she was in her room.

There was a slightly painful feeling on the back of her hand.

She raised her hand and saw the needle.

Immediately, the blood flowed back, and the infusion tube turned red.

“Lala, don't move.”

Maria came in, asking her to stay in bed.

The doctor mentioned that if she had been found any later, her life might've been endangered.

“Why...why am I here? Did he allow me to come back?” asked Ayla.

Reluctantly, Maria answered, "Lala, just rest! We'll talk about that later."

Brian had kept silent about this matter, but he hadn't agreed to let Ayla go.

And so, this was all Maria could tell her.

This matter should be resolved between the two of them after all.

Bitterness and resentment were written all over Ayla's face.

She shouldn't be asking about his feelings.

He never understood how she felt for him, and she didn't really want to tell him.

Their separation was inevitable, wasn't it? What if she just told him? Would it change anything? Upon seeing the look on Ayla's face, Maria sighed helplessly and felt sorry for her. Ayla didn't look better until she ate some porridge.

At night, Brian appeared before her, wearing a grim expression. Silently, the two of them stared at each other for a long time.

Chapter 85: Lala Was Missing

Ayla turned her face away.

"I'll return to the warehouse later."

Sitting by the bed, Brian asked, "Are we really just going to stay at an impasse?"

"Well, what can I do? You never believe nor listen to me," she growled.

"Fine. Go ahead. Say what you want to say," he muttered.

Ayla sat upright, and said, "I've promised to stay by your side, and yet you deprived me of everything I had. My mind says that I should just walk away and leave, but my heart tells me to stay." When he heard that, Brian was too astonished to respond but he understood what she meant.

You once told me that falling in love with a man like you who has no idea how to love is a sure path to destruction, so I guess we can safely assume that my demise is inevitable. Does hearing that make you happy?

Ayla's voice was weak, but it could be seen through her eyes that her resolve was strong.

"Enough!"

Brian shouted.

He tried to hide the fact that he felt something in his heart.

The following second, he got up, and said, "If you want to leave, just go!"

Ayla watched as he stormed away.

In the end, he told her to leave despite her sincere confession of love.

It turned out that receiving his love was nothing but a pipe dream.

She was fated to get nothing in return.

Once he had left the villa, Maria walked in and asked, "Did you make Mr.Clark angry again?"

"Maria, I'm fine.Help me pack my things.I'm leaving."

In the days to come, Ayla was going to live by herself.

However, her heart now belonged to Brian, and it should always remain with him.

"Lala, do you really have to leave? What are you going to do from now on?"

Maria was worried about her.

However, Brian said that Ayla could leave if she wanted to.In the cold night, Ayla dragged heavy steps out of the villa, carrying her luggage all alone.

As she stood at the gate, she thought, 'I wanted to leave here when I couldn't, but now that I'm permitted to leave, I don't want to go.

Sadly, I don't have a choice anymore.' After all, she didn't belong here.

She hadn't recovered all of her energy yet, but there were no taxis that passed through this place at night.

Her only choice was to walk.

Soon, a car light shone on her face, blinding her eyes, and causing her to lose consciousness.

Brian was sitting next to Anna in the entertainment club.

"At last, you finally let her go."

"Yes.It was time for her to leave anyway."

His voice sounded indifferent.

Ayla's affection for him made him want to drive her away.

No matter how much she loved him, he wasn't going to let her stay with him.

"Are you really willing to just let her go like that?"

Anna could tell by the look in his eyes that he had already fallen for Ayla.

Brian didn't respond but kept drinking.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

"Hello?" he said.

"Mr.Clark, Miss Woodsen disappeared right after she left the villa."

Brian had asked one of the bodyguards to follow her, and now, that bodyguard said that she was missing.

“Where did she go?” he shouted.

“I don’t know, sir. All I know is that a car passed by, and when I tried to follow it, the car was gone, and so was Miss Woodsen,” the bodyguard replied in a trembling voice.

“You good-for-nothing son of a b\*\*\*h! Hurry up and look for her!”

He put his phone away and stormed out of the room.

Quickly following him, Anna said, “Brian, don’t worry. She doesn’t have anywhere to go. Maybe she’s—”

“She has a lot of lovers. How come she doesn’t have any place to go?”

The mere thought of someone picking Ayla up was getting on his nerves.

He immediately regretted letting her go.

Even if she had developed feelings for him, he shouldn’t have let her go. Taking the key from his hand, Anna said, “Allow me to drive. You drank too much today.”

She wasn’t capable of stopping him from looking for that woman, so she might as well come with him.

But in her heart, she was hoping that something terrible had happened to Ayla.

Maybe she was dead or maybe she wouldn’t be able to show up again.

And if either of that happened, she would be the only woman beside Brian.

This was Anna’s selfish motive.

However, when she saw how anxious Brian was, she wondered if it was wrong to have such selfish desires.

He was the only man she had ever loved, but he always had so many other women around him.

In the end, she could never be the only one he would keep by his side.

Anna must’ve driven around the entire city Antawood, but she never saw Ayla.

It was already dawn when she finally drove Brian back to his villa.

“Maria, make Mr. Clark some breakfast and a cup of coffee.”

Anna helped Brian get to his room upstairs and helped him onto the bed.

Nodding, Maria quickly prepared the food and coffee.

Then, Anna went back downstairs and walked into the kitchen.

“Maria, what time did Ayla leave last night? Did she tell you where she might be going before she left? Or maybe she called anyone?”

Maria shook her head.

“Miss Woodsen didn’t tell me anything, and she didn’t contact anyone. All she took with her were a few sets of clothes and then she left.”

She had also heard of Ayla’s disappearance, so she was also worried about her.

Afterwards, Anna walked out of the kitchen, carrying the cup of coffee.

“I see. Mr. Clark has been in a terrible mood for the past two days. Whatever you do, don’t mention Ayla in front of him,” she said to Maria.

It would be better not to talk about Ayla, so that Brian would forget about her easier.

Meanwhile, he was on his bed, leaning against the headboard and smoking.

Compared to how angry he was last night, he looked much calmer now.

Jaime called him and he had searched all the hospitals he could reach.

Unfortunately, he didn’t find any leads on Ayla.

Anna came into the room and gave Brian his cup of coffee.

“Don’t worry, Brian. I’ve already asked people to look for her. As long as she’s still in Antawood, there will surely be news about her.”

However, a week had passed since Ayla’s disappearance, and there was still no news about her.

Jaime walked into Brian’s office, and said, “Boss, Lucas is in Central Hospital right now. Are you going there in person?”

“Let’s go.”

Brian grabbed his coat and walked out of his office without hesitation.

In the Central Hospital, Lucas’ burns still hadn’t fully recovered.

He had been confined to the hospital all this time, and he was being taken care of by the nurses.

Occasionally, the Smith family would come to visit him.

“Mr. Clark, are you here to see me?”

Lucas stared at the man who appeared in his ward out of the blue.

Brian appeared to him later than he had expected.

“Where did you take Lala?” Brian said as he stood by the bed.

“Lala? Didn’t she go home? Why are you asking me? I’ve been in the hospital this whole time. How would I know anything?”

Although Lucas was able to leave his bed now, leaving the hospital was still out of the question for him, not to mention taking a woman away.

“Don’t lie to me. Who else could it be besides you? Haven’t you always wanted to take her away?”

Brian was aware that Lucas was in love with Ayla and that he had always desired to take her away.

“Mr. Clark, I’m afraid you have the wrong suspect.”

Lucas looked him directly in the eye.

“Why are you blaming me when you’re the one who failed to protect your woman?”

Chapter 86: Ayla The P\*\*n

“Did you say that you didn’t take her away? You are a liar!”

Brian firmly believed that Lucas had kidnapped Ayla.

“I couldn’t care less whether you believe me or not. I am detained in this hospital bed like a prisoner. Do whatever you want!”

Lucas said to Brian as he struggled to sit up. Brian was aware of the fact that the chances of Ayla being around here were remote even if Lucas was the one who took her away.

He turned around to leave.

Lucas was consumed with mixed emotions.

As a parting shot he said, “Brian, you are doomed to lose her!”

Brian had left no stone unturned in his quest to find her.

Ayla had simply vanished into thin air.

Jaime followed Brian out of the ward.

“Mr. Clark, do you believe Lucas?”

“Keep an eye on him!”

How could he believe his words? She couldn’t have disappeared without reason.

Someone had premeditated her kidnapping. Jaime nodded and instructed two bodyguards to keep watch.

As Lucas watched Brian’s figure become smaller, he hid his emotions with downcast eyes. Meanwhile, Ayla awoke in a luxurious but unfamiliar villa.

The room was tastefully decorated.

She sat up in surprise, wondering where on earth she was.

Suddenly, the door opened and in walked a servant.

“Where am I?” she demanded.

The servant just stared at her but remained silent.

As Ayla proceeded to venture out of the room, the servant shook her head and stopped her.

“Where on earth am I?”

Why was she brought here? The servant remained silent.

‘Did she not understand me or is she forbidden from communicating with me?’ Ayla wondered.

With all the strength she could muster, she pushed the servant away and tried to make a hasty exit.

But the two bodyguards posted at the door prevented her from leaving.

“Miss Woodsen, you cannot leave,” said one of the bodyguards in broken Chinese.

“Where am I?”

She suddenly felt all alone in a strange, foreign land.

Nothing at all seemed familiar.

Although the bodyguards still wore black suits, the environment felt alien.

“Miss Woodsen, step back into your room!” the bodyguard commanded.

She went back into the room and flung herself onto the sofa.

Helplessly, she tried to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

“What happened after I left Brian’s villa?”

Instinctively, she knew that she had been kidnapped and had no freedom. She stared out the window at the lush green grass.

For two days, she had no visitors.

The only sign of life was the change of bodyguards and a servant who served her three meals a day.

The Chinese meals didn’t taste authentic.

She stopped the servant and enquired, “Is this china? The servant looked at her quizzically and said nothing. In a fit of rage, Ayla smashed the plates to smithereens. The shattering sound immediately alerted a bodyguard.

“Miss Woodsen!”

“Let me out of here!”

Ayla shouted at the bodyguard.

“Miss Woodsen, you cannot come out till our boss comes back.”

The bodyguard then spoke to the servant and went out.

Ayla didn't understand what they were talking about. She collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"Am I going to be trapped here?"

Brian stood in front of the French window. He looked at the symbolic cloudy weather. He was getting increasingly uneasy as there was no news of Ayla for days. Jaime came in bursting with news.

"Mr. Clark, TH Gang is taking action!"

'TH Gang?'

"Where is Tatum Green now?"

"He came to Antawood a few days ago. He has since returned to Thailand," he told Brian.

"Now I'm sure that Ayla has been kidnapped by TH Gang."

'Did he kidnap her in order to threaten me?' Brian wondered.

Well they were sadly mistaken because he was not so easily threatened.

Jaime searched his face and asked, "What are you going to do, Mr. Clark?"

"Whatever needs to be done! We can't let Tatum Green get his hands on that merchandise."

A cold glint flashed in his eyes.

If Tatum kidnapped Ayla only to threaten him, then she would be safe.

He felt a small sense of relief.

Tatum had no inclination towards women, so he would not hurt her.

His only fear was that Ayla's unpredictable and stubborn nature could irk Tatum.

"Mr. Clark!"

Actually, Jaime was still worried about Brian.

The latter had been restless since Ayla's disappearance. But if TH Gang's threat was really serious, what would he do?

"There is nothing to order. You may leave now."

Brian lounged on the sofa.

As he introspected, he realized that he had gradually driven Ayla away from him.

'D\*\*n it! How dare she provoke me? I wouldn't have asked her to leave if she hadn't said those words!' he thought angrily.



Lucas showed signs of healing so he was discharged from hospital.

The scars from the scald remained, though.

As he relaxed in the apartment sofa, he made a telephonic call to his subordinate.

“Aldo, How is she?”

“Miss Woodsen is gravely ill. She has a high fever but refuses to take any medication. She is troubling to leave,” replied Aldo, Lucas’ bodyguard, helplessly.

“What happened? How did she fall ill? Didn’t I ask you to take good care of her?”

Lucas shouted out of genuine concern when he heard that she had taken ill.

“The doctor diagnosed incompatibility with the climate. Besides, she was sick before she came here. Mr. Collins, when will you be back?”

Aldo had been anxious for the past two days.

She was so sick that he dared not leave her side. Lucas frowned.

“Ask a doctor to see her at once! If anything happens to her, I’ll kill all of you!”

He had to think intelligently before making his next move as he was being monitored by Brian’s bodyguards.

Ayla’s illness pained him.

He knew that she would get kicked out by Brian but he didn’t bank on her becoming so sick.

He desperately needed to visit her.

Meanwhile, Ayla lay quite still in bed.

She didn’t have a drop of energy to move.

“How can I escape? Who is holding me prisoner here? Why?”

Of what use would she be to her captor? She had always been a p\*\*n in the game of life.

Couldn’t she escape her fate even after leaving Brian?

“Brian, do you know that I’m being held prisoner here now? Will you come and save me? Or have you ended all relations with me since I left the villa?” Deep down, she still cared about him.

After six months of togetherness, she became more affectionate towards him.

Resistance had blossomed into tenderness.

This gentleness was sincere.

“Am I destined to be abandoned?” She had confessed her love for him and he had rewarded her by throwing her out.

She knew that falling in love with him would be devastating but she was willing to risk it.

After all, she was a typical woman, blinded by love.

The servant served her dinner at the table.

The very sight of the food angered her.

She flung the bowl onto the floor and screamed, "Take it away!"

The sound of leather shoes pounding on the floor drew her attention.

Ayla turned to face a middle-aged man.

"What's wrong?" the man asked.

"Mr.Green!"

Everyone stepped aside to let him through.

Tatum walked up to her and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Woodsen.I didn't expect you to be so beautiful...and stubborn.What seems to be the problem? Have I failed to entertain you?"

He looked at her solemnly but she was not intimidated.

"Who are you?" she asked him.

Although she still felt ill, she spoke with optimism.

He looked at her then burst into laughter.

"Didn't Mr.Clark tell you?"

'Is she really the woman Brian Clark cares about?' Tatum thought to himself.

'Brian? Does he have anything to do with this?' Ayla no longer had anything to do with Brian and this man spelt trouble.

Chapter 87: Another Predicament

Ayla drew herself up to her full height and said, "I have nothing to do with him."

Had this man brought her here on purpose?

"So there is nothing between you two? How is that possible? Mr.Clark is looking for you all over Antawood, but he doesn't know that you are here," Tatum said, smiling.

"Where am I now?" Ayla asked, suspicious eyes darting around her.

She knew she was right.

The unintelligible language and unfamiliar environment meant that she was far from her city.

Tatum said from the sofa, "Miss Woodsen, you don't have to know where we are.All you need to know is that I gave this villa to you.Do you like it?"

“No! Let me go!”

“Brian is looking for me? Would he really do that? Didn’t he drive me out of the villa the other day? Then why is he looking for me? Will I be locked in here forever if he doesn’t find me?” Ayla thought frantically.

“I’m sorry but I can’t let you go now,” Tatum said, a hint of apology in his voice.

“It will let you go only when Mr.Clark agrees to give me everything I want.”

It had been difficult to get Ayla here.

He wasn’t about to let her go so easily.

Even if she were to die here, he had to get whatever he wanted from Brian.

Ayla sneered, “I didn’t think you were this naive.I’m just a woman he doesn’t want.How will you take advantage of me to achieve your goal? This is ridiculous.You won’t succeed even if I die.” She had barely finished speaking when a bodyguard slapped her.

“How dare you be so rude to our leader!” he growled.

Ayla was already weak.

At this assault, she tumbled backwards and hit her forehead on the low cabinet.

Tatum’s jaw twitched.

He waved a hand and said, “Don’t do that.Miss Woodsen is our distinguished guest.We need to treat her well.”

“I don’t need your hypocrisy.Besides, you won’t succeed,”

Ayla bit out fiercely.

She was dizzy from the fall but she wasn’t about to admit defeat.”We shall see,”

Tatum said, getting to his feet.

“Keep an eye on her.If anything happens to her, you know what will happen to you.”

All the men left with a last glance at her.

Ayla leaned against the wall, helpless.

Why was she hearing all of this from someone else, now that she had left Brian? If she had known that Brian would look for her, she would have cried and begged him not to drive her away back then.

But she had left and he was out there looking for her, desperately, if she were to believe Tatum.Her affection for him and the love that she had finally expressed, had disgusted him, resulting in her being kicked out of the villa.

They couldn’t go back to what they were before.

Brian was sitting in his office when Anna entered the room saying, "Brian.No information about her yet?"

"She is no longer in Antawood."

Brian knew that Ayla's disappearance was not an accident.Anna paused for a long second before saying, "You seem to have clues of her whereabouts.Why not go looking for her?"

Over the past few days, Anna had realized the place that Ayla held in Brian's heart.

It had rattled her mind and had exceeded her imagination, but somehow, it seemed inevitable.

Brian hadn't slept well ever since Ayla had disappeared.

He was jumpy and nervous.

He was now telling her, rather calmly, that Ayla was no longer in Antawood.

It was obvious that he knew something.

"She will show up."

He was waiting for the man who had kidnapped Ayla.

He knew that Ayla's sudden disappearance was related to Lucas, but he had still let the bodyguards retreat.

Fate would arrange everything.

He didn't need to look for her.

She would appear on her own.

Anna grabbed his arm and asked firmly, "Will you bring her back?"

Brian didn't say anything.

He regretted driving Ayla out of the villa.

He was the one who had done that, but the moment she had disappeared, he became worried and nervous.

"Bring her back? It depends on whether she is willing to come back to me," he thought.

"Are you both inseparable?"

Anna continued to ask.

Ayla was kind and softhearted.

She was too humble to show her love, and would often find herself in tricky situations because of her tenderness.

Anna didn't care for Ayla.

What was happening to Ayla showed Anna that Brian's care and affection for her had changed.

But to be fair, Brian was the one who had really hurt her.

The cold-blooded, ruthless man who had gone and fallen in love with Ayla.

Brian remained silent.

It didn't matter if he and Ayla were inseparable.

She had shown him her affection and he hadn't wanted to fall into another pickle.

So he had let her leave, only to find himself in the depths of misery.

He didn't want to admit his love for her, nor did he want Ayla to be his weakness.

Little did he know that she was already there.

If he as much as admitted it, he would fall into a different kind of pain.

Jaime entered the room with a fax.

"Mr.Clark, Tatum wants to meet you."

Brian looked at the fax that Jaime had brought in.

Now that Tatum wanted to meet him, would he try to cut a deal or s\*\*\*\*h whatever was presented before him? Whatever it was, he wouldn't satisfy Tatum that easily.

"Reply to him and ask him to decide the time and place, " Brian said to Jaime.

Their meeting was only a matter of time.

Anna looked at Brian.

"Is it something to do with Ayla?"

She had a feeling he knew everything about this.

There was no reason for him not to.

"Anna, go back and get some rest," Brian said, looking fixedly at Anna.

She knew everything about him and there was no one he trusted more.

But he didn't want her to get involved this time.

Jaime and Brian settled down on the sofa, sipping on their respective coffee.

"What will you do if Tatum uses Ayla to threaten you?"

That woman would eventually hurt Brian, which was also what Jaime worried about.

Brian hesitated before saying, "I will bring her back."

Money and goods weren't a problem for him.

He would give some up if it meant they would bring her back.

And he wanted this so badly, it hurt his heart.

He would take what she had said that day seriously.

But Ayla had disappeared for no reason, and this made Brian testy.

He had driven her away, sure, but he had the right to know where she was at all times.

They were still a legal couple, no matter what was happening between them.

"Mr. Clark, please think it through. She will only hurt you. That woman doesn't deserve you!"

Jaime had grown up with Brian like a brother, love and respect between them.

This was probably why he didn't think Ayla was the right woman for him.

Brian, however, was in no mood to listen to Jaime.

"I won't let her leave me," he said fiercely.

As a man who had been in power for so many years, his words silenced Jaime.

"Since you've made up your mind, I'll go back to work," Jaime said, left with no choice.

He knew that if Tatum were to really threaten him with Ayla, Brian wouldn't hesitate to compromise.

Meanwhile, Lucas sat in his office, tense and edgy.

All he could get was news of Ayla. He couldn't see her.

Tatum, his adoptive father, didn't allow him to return without closing the deal with Brian.

But Lucas was still worried about Ayla, whom Tatum was controlling at every level.

In the beginning, he had approached her for the task that his adoptive father had assigned him.

But he had gotten along with her so well that he had ended up falling in love with her.

She was such a pure and innocent girl.

Just a few words from him were enough to move her.

And now, all he wanted was to have her in his life forever. Ayla had been locked in the room for more than a week.

She stood at the window every day, watching the sun rise and set.

A week was not that long, but she felt as if she had been through a year in these few days. She realized that she missed Brian to no end. Her heart was full of him, and she didn't think of Toby anymore. She hadn't even known when this had happened. The domineering and ruthless man, the man who only

cared about his own desires. She was now thousands of miles away from him, which made even thinking about him a painful extravagance. The door opened at noon, the servant bringing in trays of food.

Because of Tatum, nobody had dared make things difficult for her since the first day.

But she knew she was just a p\*\*n in the game he was playing.

She would rather die than surrender.

All she wanted was to meet Brian again and say something to him, thus quelling the only regret in her heart.

"Brian, do you still remember me? Will you look for me?" she sighed.

She looked out of the window, hope gleaming in her eyes and heart.

Chapter 88: Make Her Have Hard Time Surviving

Ayla looked at the servant. She didn't have an interlocutor here.

So instead of going to the coffee table, she went to the door and said, "I want to go out for a walk."

The two bodyguards guarding the door exchanged glances.

Afterwards, one of them went downstairs.

A few minutes later, Aldo came up, and said, "Miss Woodsen, please!"

Ayla glanced at the bodyguards behind her.

As a matter of fact, she had no plans of running away, because she wasn't capable of doing so.

All she wanted to do was to go out for some fresh air and admire the scenery.

Not long after, she sat in the garden.

The afternoon sunshine's warmth instilled her with a sense of comfort, and she enjoyed this feeling.

The atmosphere in this area was far different from that of Antawood.

The weather was so warm that it hardly seemed like it was winter.

As such, she knew she was far away from Brian.

Later, she found out why she had been comatose for several days.

She had been injected with a drug that could make her lose consciousness for a long time.

In her heart, she wanted to see Brian again, but her mind was saying otherwise.

Because if they met again, both of them were fated to make a choice.

It hadn't been long since she had lived such a peaceful life, and she was already about to face what she feared the most.

One day, before dawn, someone opened the door to her room.

Tatum barged in accompanied by several bodyguards.

Their striking figures were quite terrifying in such a dark room.

“What are you doing here?”

Vigilantly, Ayla got up.

Ever since she lived here, she hadn't slept well.

“Miss Woodsen, I'm here to take you to Mr.Clark.Don't you miss him after being away from him for so many days?”

Tatum stood there, watching as she huddled in the corner.

Even though she was horrified, she pretended to be calm.

“I don't want to see him! You can either let me go or just shut me down forever! No matter what, I never want to see him again!”

Tatum's motive was obvious.

He wanted to use her to blackmail Brian into giving him what he wanted.

However, she wasn't going to let him succeed.

“It's not up to you! Mr.Clark has promised to see you, and if you don't agree now, he will be disappointed,” Tatum said with a smile.

“He's worried about a beautiful woman like you staying with me.”

His face was obscenely horrifying.

Frightened, she shrank back, but she still shook her head.

“You don't have to.I've already said that I don't want to see him, and I have nothing to do with him!”

“Aren't you supposed to be his legal wife? The almighty and dignified Mr.Clark wouldn't allow his wife to live all alone, would he? He'll definitely want to take you back.”

Tatum gave his bodyguards some sort of signal, and then two of them pulled her up.

Looking at her neat clothes, he said, “Don't be afraid.Right now, you're still useful to me, so I won't let anyone lay a hand on you.”

He had ways to deal with women, but he would never dare to rape a woman.

Besides, he had no need of doing that.

He didn't want to ruin his familial affection with Lucas just because of a woman.

'Useful?'



All he wanted from her was her value, but she wouldn't let him get what he wanted.

While the bodyguards were looking away, she broke free and ran forward.

When her forehead was about to hit the edge of the table, someone pulled her away.

"Do you want to die? I won't let you. If Brian disagrees with my conditions, you'll have a hard time surviving."

Ayla failed in her efforts to commit suicide this time, and surely, she wasn't going to get another chance.

With a wave of his hand, a man came in, carrying a small iron plate.

There was a syringe on it, which contained a suspicious light blue fluid.

"This is a newly produced drug. I'm sure you'll love it."

As Tatum spoke, one of the guards grabbed the syringe and walked up to her.

Ayla would know what was in that syringe even if she was a fool.

There was no way she would get injected with that!

"No! Don't!"

"So, are you going to do what I say now?"

Tatum didn't really want to hurt her, but he needed to control her.

"I won't go with you."

Although she wasn't sure whether Brian would agree to Tatum's demands or not, she couldn't allow herself to be used by him.

"Then don't blame me for doing what I'm about to do! Inject her with the syringe!"

Tatum commanded.

Ayla didn't even have the chance to struggle.

All she felt was a chill on her arm and she immediately fell unconscious.

"Boss, Mr. Collins will be furious if he finds out!"

Aldo wanted to stop this from happening, but he failed.

Tatum turned his head to look at him.

"Don't forget that I'm still in charge of the gang. She is just a woman! If we complete this negotiation successfully, Lucas won't have any problems with it."

To him, women were nothing.

What mattered more were riches and goods.

The unconscious Ayla was taken to a private plane.

Tatum and Brian's meeting place was an uninhabited island, which was more favorable to their conversation being undisturbed.

Brian was wearing a black windbreaker.

He pressed his lips tightly, wearing a stern expression.

Then, he put a small pistol in his pocket.

Following him, Anna said, "Brian, take me with you."

"No, it's gonna be dangerous."

Although it was agreed to be a peaceful negotiation, everyone knew that Tatum Green never lived up to his promises.

"I'm not afraid! For you, even death doesn't scare me!"

Every skill that Anna learned, she learned from Brian, including self-defense.

Although, the only reason she learned them was for him.

After a brief silence, he said, "Anna, just wait for me here."

He wasn't going to let her risk her life.

Meanwhile, Jaime was waiting at the door with five of Brian's best men.

Brian came out, nodded at Jaime, and walked towards the parked private plane.

Powerless to do anything, Anna watched as they left.

He was risking his life for Ayla, but that woman brought him nothing but trouble.

'I'll wait for your safe return' she shouted in her mind as she watched the private plane take off.

As long as he was safe, she didn't mind who he ended up with.

By the time Ayla woke up, she realized that she was in a plane.

She looked out the window and saw the clouds.

"Where are you taking me?"

The strange place and even stranger ambiance felt familiar to her.

Perhaps, this was how she was taken out of Antawood that night.

"You'll know when we get there," a man said coldly.

Ayla struggled and found that her hands had been tied behind her back, and her feet had also been shackled.

Then, she felt dizzy, uncertain if this was caused by the drug or not.

But hopefully, it wasn't.

Sadly, her hope was destroyed right away.

Not long after, she suffered a splitting headache.

She broke into cold sweat, and an unprecedented pain swept throughout her body.

The bodyguard responsible for keeping an eye on her also realized that something was wrong with her.

"Mr.Green, the drug we injected her is taking effect."

Tatum came over.

He saw that she was sweating, her body was trembling, and her face was ghastly pale.

Still, his eyes remained fierce.

"I didn't expect the drug to be this powerful."

"You are so despicable!"

Ayla remarked, enduring her pain with great effort.

"Despicable, you say? No, you're wrong.The most despicable person in this world is Brian.He uses his power and influence to undermine me, spoil my deeds, and hinders me from making money time and time again!"

Now, Tatum had abandoned everything.

He was not backing down anymore.

"There's no way that he'd do that!"

Ayla was well aware of Brian's cruelty.

He only ever cared about the results but never the process.

However, she refused to believe Tatum.

Shaking his head, Tatum said, "So it seems that you don't know him at all.But don't worry, I'll reveal his true self to you clearly."

Seconds later, Ayla's vision became blurred, and the throbbing pain was becoming worse.

Fortunately, she managed to bite her lip, preventing her from losing consciousness.

No matter what, she wouldn't surrender to Tatum's will.

"Does it hurt? Do you want more?"

He took out a syringe and deliberately showed it to her.

"It can relieve your pain."

“No! I don’t want it!”

Ayla didn’t need it. She must bear the pain herself. Otherwise, it could ruin her life. She wasn’t going to let them inject her with another dose, but the pain was far too great that she eventually fainted.

Chapter 89: She Didn’t Want To Be His Weakness

Brian stood on the island, the sea breeze blew across his back.

He had been waiting for over an hour but Tatum still hadn’t shown himself.

“Mr. Clark, do you think he’s not coming?” Jaime asked, walking up to him.

Tatum didn’t mention to Brian that his bargaining chip was Ayla.

“He’ll come. I’m sure of it,” Brian said calmly.

There were several cigarette butts at his feet, implying that he was a bit anxious.

Since Tatum had asked to negotiate, it seemed like he had a bargaining chip that could force Brian into giving him whatever he wanted. Meanwhile, Ayla had lost consciousness after the drug had been injected to her body.

Tatum sat in front of her, waiting for her to wake up.

When she finally opened her eyes, he asked, “Miss Woodsen, how do you feel now?”

“Are you planning to control me with drugs?”

She could feel that her body was in a terrible condition.

Looking at her, Tatum said, “I just want you to live.”

Even though she managed to endure the drug addiction, she could still die.

Glaring at him, Ayla said, “I don’t need it. And you’re not helping me, you’re only helping yourself.”

If she died right now, all his efforts would go in vain.

“If that’s what you think, it’s fine. Look, we’re almost there, and Mr. Clark is waiting for you. Don’t you want to see him?”

Tatum saw the hesitation in her eyes.

He could tell that she had feelings for Brian.

And the reason Brian was so willing to meet him was because he was hoping to see Ayla.

Brian watched as the plane landed and Tatum disembarked first.

“Mr. Clark, I’m sorry to have kept you waiting.”

“Mr. Green, it seems that you’re a busy man these days.”

Brian and Tatum stood one meter apart; there was a Strange tension on their faces.

“No, no. I’m not that busy. I just brought a special gift for you, Mr. Clark. I’m certain that you’ll like it.”

Tatum clapped his hands, and immediately, two bodyguards took Ayla out of the plane.

Brian looked at her pale face.

In such a short time, she had turned like this.

Just as he had expected, Tatum had kidnapped her and was now using her to get what he wanted.

Ayla looked back at Brian. She noticed that he had lost some weight. Was he miserable because of what happened?

“What do you think, Mr. Clark? Do you like my gift? Miss Woodsen told me that she’s been dying to see you, so I brought her here.”

Tatum walked towards Ayla, untying her shackles.

“So, what do you think? Am I a good friend to you or not?”

Brian glanced at her and said to Tatum, “Mr. Green, if there’s something you want to say, just spit it out! Don’t you think it’s a bit underhanded to use a woman as a bargaining chip to negotiate with me?”

He then turned to Tatum.

No matter how careful he was, this b\*\*\*\*\*d could take Ayla away whenever he wished to “All I want is to achieve my goal. I hardly care about the process. Miss Woodsen had a good time at my villa, but she didn’t seem to be accustomed to the environment.”

The smile on Tatum’s face was infuriating.

“What do you want?” Brian asked frankly.

All he wanted to do right now was to take Ayla away from here as soon as possible.

“It’s easy. As long as you give me the goods that I want, stop competing with me in my \_ business endeavors from now on, and sign an agreement, you can take her away and I won’t do anything to stop you,” said Tatum, dragging Ayla towards Brian.

Brian understood the gist of the agreement without even skimming through it.

Tatum’s ambition was becoming more apparent.

Was Brian really going to give everything up for Ayla? At once, she snatched away the contract, tearing it to shreds.

“You can’t agree to his demands!”

At this point, Tatum’s subordinate pressed his gun against Ayla’s temple, and shouted, “Shut up!”

A faint smile appeared on Brian’s lips.

“Do you think I’ll agree to your demands for a woman?”

He then turned to Ayla.

It was easy to tell that she must've suffered a lot during her stay with Tatum.

"If you won't agree, then forget it. Frankly, these things don't seem to matter to you, Mr. Clark. You have a successful career, and you hardly care about those goods, yes?"

As soon as Tatum heard that Brian wasn't willing to agree, he felt a bit anxious.

He was impulsive, contrary to Brian's calm demeanor. For so many years, Lucas had been by his side, supporting him through everything.

"Indeed, I don't care about those goods. Do you still not understand what kind of person I am, Mr. Green?"

Brian hated being threatened.

If it weren't for Ayla, he wouldn't have come here in the first place.

"Of course, I do. You don't like receiving threats from anyone. However, this specific situation is unique, isn't it? Your woman's life is in the palm of my hands. Don't you want to take her away from me?"

Tatum noticed that Ayla was backing away little by little.

It was beyond his wildest imaginations that a woman like her would be this bold.

She looked at Brian, shaking her head. She was silently telling him that she wasn't worth giving everything up.

Since he had already chosen to drive her out of the villa, there was no need for him to give in to Tatum's demands now.

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, Mr. Green."

It didn't seem like he would agree to any of Tatum's demands.

When he came here, he had no intentions of compromising, but he was determined to take Ayla back. She wasn't the least bit flustered, but she was surprised. She believed that he had a reason to say that.

Never had she wanted to be Brian's weakness.

But now that she heard what he said, it kind of felt good.

At this point, it didn't matter what would happen to her.

"Mr. Clark, are you really cruel enough to let this woman die here?"

Tatum pulled Ayla back to him, took out a gun, and pressed it against her head.

“Can you really kill me with that gun? Didn’t you drug me earlier? That changes nothing. In the end, I’ll die, and there’s nothing anyone can do to save me.”

With a faint smile, she looked at Brian and said, “I made you a promise, and I never broke that promise. But unfortunately, I won’t be able to keep that promise anymore.”

The following second, she pushed Tatum away.

“No!”

Brian saw that the back of her hand had been injected with a drug.

As soon as he shouted, Ayla had made her way towards the seaside.

It didn’t take long before Tatum shot her from behind.

After a splash, she fell into the sea.

When Brian ran to the seaside, all he saw was the blood dyeing the sea red.

Just as he was about to jump into the sea, Tatum shot his arm.

“Mr. Clark!”

Within mere seconds, the whole island fell into chaos.

Men from both sides fought against each other.

Fortunately, Jaime managed to stop Brian.

“Mr. Clark, let’s go!”

“She’s injured and she fell into the sea!”

Blood gushed out of Brian’s arm.

“Mr. Clark, we can’t save her anymore.” Jaime looked at the chaos unfolding before them.

If they didn’t leave now, everyone’s lives would be in danger.

He and two other bodyguards had to drag Brian away.

On the other hand, Tatum didn’t come out on top either.

If Ayla had cooperated and didn’t run away, he would’ve gotten what he wanted.

“Jaime, let me go! I’m going to find her!”

Despite the fact that his arm was bleeding, Brian still wanted to go back to save her.

“Mr. Clark, enough! Don’t even try to look for her. Didn’t you see the bruise on the back of her hand? Tatum drugged her.”

Jaime didn’t have to make it clear because Brian understood what that meant.

It was a new kind of drug that could make people suffer.

Once the drug was cut off, hardly anyone could survive it.

Ayla was injured and she had gotten injected with the drug, so her life was as good as forfeit.

“Send someone to look for her at once. We must find her!”

No matter what price he had to pay, Brian was determined to find her.

Left with no choice but to obey, Jaime searched for Ayla on the island along with five other men, while their boss was sent back to Antawood.

As soon as Anna saw that Brian was injured, she drove him to the hospital, accompanying him throughout the journey.

“Brian, you’re gonna be fine.”

Chapter 90: Was The God Playing Games With Her

The bullet was removed and Brian would be just fine after a good rest. He lay in the hospital bed, carefully attended to by Anna.

“Brian, would you like to tuck into some delicious fruit? Here, let me peel some for you.”

“No, thanks.” Brian stared into the distance.

Three days had passed and there was still no news of Ayla.

He was consumed by restlessness.

“Brian, are you still concerned about her?”

Anna was aware that Jaime had instructed his men to search for Ayla.

But it was all in vain.

She secretly wished she could ask Brian to give up the search but she remained quiet. She was deeply saddened to see the pathetic state he was reduced to.

“There is still no news about her,” Brian said calmly.

Then he stood up and said to her, “Please help me with the discharge procedure.”

He wanted to confirm it personally.

Anna could read his mind. She accompanied him to the uninhabited island.

“Mr. Clark, what are you doing here?” asked one of his subordinates.

“Hmm.”

Brian acknowledged him with a nod and examined the surroundings.



If only he had acted quicker then, she would not have been shot.

The search and rescue team had combed the length and breadth of the sea, but there was no trace of her.

For five hours he waited with anxious patience.

Darkness enveloped them.

“Brian, if you continue to torture yourself like this, it will impact negatively on your health.”

Anna was genuinely worried about his wellbeing.

“Anna, ask them to stop!” Ask them to stop the search!

“Brian felt as helpless and as desperate as a penniless beggar. He cursed. If she was courageous enough to confess her love for him, couldn't she also believe that he would save her? He would save her from Tatum even if he had to give up everything. Even if she had been forcibly injected with drugs, he would help her overcome her drug dependence.

Jaime came over.

“Mr. Clark.”

Finally, all of them, as well as the rescue team, left without finding anything.

Lucas looked at Ayla who was still in a coma.

Thanks to Aldo for having secretly called him, otherwise he would have been deceived by Tatum for the rest of his life.

He knew that Tatum would stop at nothing to get everything from Brian.

Aldo knocked on the door and entered.

“Mr. Collins, the doctor is here.”

The doctor followed him into the room and said, “Mr. Collins, let me examine Miss Woodsen.”

Although the bullet had been removed, she remained in a coma for more than a week.

She was on her deathbed when she was rescued at sea.

After a thorough examination, the doctor declared, “Mr. Collins, Miss Woodsen is physically fine, but she has lost all will to live.”

“What do you mean by that? Do you mean that she willfully has no desire to wake up?”

On hearing the doctor's words, he violently grabbed the doctor by his collar and spat venom.

“I command you to find a way to wake her up now!”

She had been in a coma for so long.

Although her vital signs were stable, there was no indication of her regaining consciousness any time soon.

He needed some reassurance that she would awaken soon.

“Mr. Collins, please calm down. Miss Woodsen was not seriously injured. But she was injected with very harmful drugs. As long as she is in a coma, she will not have an attack. However, the minute she awakens, the attacks will recur. This can be life threatening,” the doctor said to Lucas.

He wanted him to be mentally prepared.

“I understand,” he said, letting go of his collar.

He returned to the room.

How he wished for Ayla to awaken so that her pale cheeks would glow with roses again.

No matter what happened, he would never leave her side.

Finally, Tatum called, “Lucas!”

“Father.”

Lucas proceeded to the study to answer the phone.

“Father, what can I do for you?”

“Where have you been? I heard that you didn’t go to work. Is that woman the reason?”

After the head-on collision between Tatum and Brian on that day, he was suppressed and suffered in silence.

After a short pause, Lucas thought, ‘Apart from Aldo, no one else knows that I secretly saved Ayla. Neither will Tatum know.’

“Father, I have no wish to go back to school. With things being the way they are, it’s pointless for me to go back.”

The only reason he went on to become the vice principal was so that he could get close to Ayla. Now that she was by his side, there was no need to stay on.

He never truly cared about managing the affairs of the gang in the past. Neither would he be interested in the future.

“Okay! Then come back whenever you are free.”

Tatum needed Lucas’ help.

He wanted to make Lucas a formidable right hand man by manipulating the feud between him and Brian.

Whilst standing in front of the window, Lucas said, "Father, I need to rest. I won't go back so soon."

He disobeyed Tatum.

When his family came down in the world at his tender age of ten, Tatum had taken him in.

Over the years, he had worked hard, but life brought him much suffering and hatred grew within him like a malignant tumor.

But after meeting Ayla, all the hatred dissolved.

He discovered that he was capable of loving intensely.

Tatum was obviously dissatisfied, but didn't show it.

He must not push Lucas too hard.

If pushed too far, Lucas would not hesitate to leave.

He had grown into an arrogant and independent man.

Besides, he knew what Tatum had done to Ayla, so he needed to tread carefully.

It would be sensible to give Lucas some time and space.

When Lucas was over that woman, he would come back like a puppy looking for his master. Lucas went back to the room after hanging up the phone.

Looking at Ayla he pleaded softly, "You should wake up now. You've been sleeping for too long."

How he longed for her company in the future!

Then, in the middle of the night, Ayla slowly opened her heavy, droopy eyelids.

As she gradually came to her senses, she tried to remember where she was.

The room appeared strange amidst the dim light.

'Where am I?' She turned to face a man.

With outstretched hands, she stroked his hair.

Sensing some movement, Lucas woke up.

"Lala, you are awake! Are you all right?"

She had finally woken up! He summoned Aldo and asked him to pick up the doctor.

Now that she had regained consciousness, she needed a full examination.

"Why are you here? And why am I here?"

She awoke as from a deep trance.

Was she alive? After confessing her love to Brian, she felt no regret even if she died. She felt greatly indebted to him and was prepared to sacrifice her life for him. But now she was alive! Was the God playing games with her?

“Don’t worry about anything. Just rest. Does the wound still hurt?”

Lucas asked the servant to prepare chicken porridge for her.

Now that she had woken up, she needed to regain her strength by eating nutritious, wholesome meals.

After examining Ayla, the doctor nodded and proclaimed, “Miss Woodsen, you will be as good as new after a few more days of rest.”

Reassured by the doctor’s words, Lucas relaxed.

Ayla, however, remained morose.

She had to lie on her side.

Over the past few days, the wound on her back had neither improved nor deteriorated.

She had to take greater care of the wound.

Lucas sat her up and fed her the porridge one bite at a time.

“Please eat more so that you can recover sooner.”

However, Ayla had no appetite. She only took a few spoonfuls.

Lucas then fed her the medicine prescribed by the doctor and helped her lie back down on the bed to rest.

Ayla stared through the window at the cold moon.

Her heart was filled with sadness.

She would never be able to erase the memories of what had happened on the uninhabited island on that fateful day.

No matter how unfeeling Brian appeared to be, he always had a soft spot for her.

But even when she had heard him shout, she didn’t turn around.

Was it because she didn’t have the courage to or because she no longer wanted to be a burden to him?