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Chapter 2 He Hated Her Hypocrisy

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‘Arlene, why are you pretending to be all innocent?’ Brian was still sitting on the sofa. He threw an unrelenting stare at her.

When she didn’t responded after a while, a man shouted aloud, ‘Didn’t you hear what Mr. Clark said?’ His voice boomed across the room, making her jump in fear. The next moment, he was in front of her, roughly raising her chin. Everyone present in the room now could clearly see her face. Ayla also settled her eyes on the man sitting in the center for the first time.

‘It’s him! Brian Clark! The man who is to be my husband.’

‘Well Brian, looks like your bride really is a beauty. No wonder she’s so popular amongst men.’

Ayla was indeed a real beauty. She had a delicate figure with doe-like eyes which were as black as kohl. However, due to panic, her eyebrows were knitted together.

She had the aura of attractiveness around her that any men could fall for her easily. She could make a man be obsessed with her in just one glance.

‘Are you afraid?’ Brian stared down at her and asked in a menacing tone.

Afraid? Yes, she was indeed.

‘Say something! Don’t play dumb with me!’ He yelled at her angrily.

‘I... I...’ She stuttered. She wanted to say something but no words came out. She didn’t know what exactly to say. Especially in front of someone like Brian.

‘As per your previous reputation, you’ve dated a lot of men. Then, what are you playing at today?’ Brian hated women who changed color like a chameleon. Especially the woman in front of him. If he hadn’t heard about her past, she’d have actually deceived him.

‘Teach her a lesson Brian, so that she will be obedient and won’t dare cheat on you,’ one of Brian’s men said with contempt.

‘I’m not pretending. And I won’t cheat on you.’ Ayla finally opened her mouth to speak.

‘I sure hope so! Otherwise, the Woodsen family will be no more!’ Brian warned her with a harsh voice.

‘All right, all right. Let’s go! Let’s not disturb Brian.’ Although it was a wedding without a ceremony. All she did was sign her name, but this meant that she had sold the rest of her life to this devil.

All the people left the room when they saw the look in Brian's eyes. The originally lively room instantly became empty, leaving only the two of them, with the smell of cigarette and alcohol that had not yet dissipated.

'Get up!' Brian was still sitting on the sofa with his legs gracefully crossed.

Regardless of the pain in her body, Ayla finally managed to stand up. The wedding dress was a little burdensome. It had a long tail. She pulled the dress tightly with her hands,

revealing the white high heels on her feet.

'Come, sit by my side.' Looking at her coldly, Brian wondered why she was so pretentious tonight. She used to be bold.

As soon as she sat down, Brian handed her a cigarette. 'I don't smoke,' she said in a low voice.

'You don't?' Brian snorted. The famous girl of Woodsen family didn't smoke?

Brian then immediately forced a wine glass in her hand. 'Drink it!'

'I don't drink either.' Ayla refused again. She was afraid that she would pass out if she drank what's in the glass.

Brian frowned. But, this time he didn't let her off so easily. He cupped her face with his big hand and poured the wine in the glass into her mouth.

Ayla choked on the wine. She coughed. The strong taste of alcohol made her tear up.

‘Arlene, are you kidding me?’ Brian burst into laughter.

‘From now on, you are Mrs. Clark. Such a title is not something ordinary people can have.’ Brian wanted to make it clear from the very beginning that he wouldn’t tolerate her bad behaviors.

‘I don’t want that title at all,’ Ayla almost said that aloud but refrained herself.

Mrs. Clark? She didn’t care about it at all. She just wanted a normal life. She wanted to wait for her beloved Toby to return. But all her dreams had been shattered.

‘What’s wrong? You don’t like the title?’ Seeing the displeasure in her eyes, Brian said, ‘Oh yes. You are Miss Woodsen, you can have any kind of man you want. Am I right?’

Ayla pursed her lips and didn’t say anything. It was not that she didn’t want to speak, but her stomach was aching. She covered her mouth and saw a glass of water on the table.

To soothe the uncomfortableness in her stomach, she reached forward and took the glass and gulped it down. But, she couldn’t swallow it. She sputtered it out. Because, it wasn’t water, it was Spirytus.

‘Oh! So, this is what you like.’ Brian was starting to believe maybe she was telling the truth. But maybe she was just putting on a good act.

‘No. I just...’ Before she could finish her words, she clutched the sofa beside her and threw up. As she didn’t have anything to eat, all that came out was stomach acid.

Brian helped her up after that and threw her on the king-sized bed in the room.

Ayla's head was already heavy and Brian's actions made her hit her head on the bedside table. Her forehead immediately swelled up. She felt dizzier as the pain made her wince.

Brian, however, didn't show any mercy for the woman in front of him. He just stared at her with a fierce look.

Things were only just getting interesting.

[Previous](#)

[Next](#)