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Chapter 4 Compromise

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Ayla got changed and walked out of the bathroom. Brian was waiting outside. He took a quick glance at her as his jaws clenched. Without another word, he turned and stormed out. She followed him obediently.

The car ride was the most awkward. The air inside the silver Bentley was so tense that Ayla could only look out of the window and pray it'd end soon.

The temperature of the air always seemed to drop whenever Brian was, which made her shiver.

The car ride was mostly silent. An hour later, they reached Brian's luxurious villa. The elegant villa had an exquisite layout which only Brian could afford.

The car slid into the garage and came to a halt. Brian got off of the car and ordered her in a bitter tone, 'Get out!'

The Woodsen family also owned a villa, but it was incomparable to Brian's. She timidly followed behind Brian, taking each step cautiously.

‘Sir, you are back.’ The butler, Ruben, greeted them and glanced at the beautiful woman behind Brian, but said nothing.

Brian went straight to the living room and sat down on the sofa. Maria came out shortly and served him coffee in a delicate and expensive coffee cup. ‘Sir, here is your coffee.’ Brian had a habit of drinking coffee at this time.

Brian smelled the strong fragrance of the coffee, made from top class Jamaican coffee beans. It was his favorite.

Ayla, meanwhile, stood aside uneasily. The serious ambience inside the villa reminded her again that she didn’t belong here. But, the fact was that she couldn’t escape either.

Suddenly, the coffee cup fell to the ground and broke into pieces with a bang. ‘Sir!’ Maria exclaimed and immediately went to clean up the mess, but stopped midway when Brian held up his hand.

‘You, come here and clean this up!’ he gestured to Ayla and ordered cruelly.

Ayla was stunned for a moment. She looked up at him, flabbergasted.

‘What’s wrong Miss Woodsen? Oh, I think it should be Mrs. Clark now. Didn’t you hear me? Or, do you want to defy me?’ Brian asked sarcastically.

Ayla blinked and averted her gaze. It didn’t matter to him if she was reluctant to do it, he’d make her do it anyway. Besides, she had done such things in the Woodsen family before.

For her, it was an easy task.

Ayla quietly bent down, picked up the pieces one by one and threw them into the trash can. Maria gave her the duster cloth, which she used to clean the floor after picking up the pieces.

Her eyes fell on the coffee stains on his shoes. She carefully wiped them with tissue, fearing he might kick her if he disliked the act.

But her cautiousness didn't prevent him from despising her. To the woman he hated the most, he would show no mercy.

Howe

ver, Brian couldn't understand why Arlene was being so compromising. He never expected her to obey him without questioning anything.

Suddenly, he withdrew his feet, slightly unsure of how he should react. Ayla looked up at him, half scared, half confused. Was it something that she did? Was he not satisfied?

Brian leaned forward and grabbed her chin forcefully. 'From now on, you'll stay in here without making any fuss. You're not allowed to go out without my permission. Also, you'll have to take care of everything here. I won't this place to remain crystal clean. Am I understood?' he questioned with an authoritative tone.

She understood that he wanted her to live here as a servant and not as Mrs. Clark.

'Yes.' Ayla nodded.

'Good girl!' He acknowledged her answer before standing up and walking away.

‘Hold...Hold on.’ Seeing that he was about to leave, Ayla stopped him in a hurry.

Brian turned towards her. ‘If you need anything, just ask Ruben or Maria.’ He didn’t want to talk to her anymore.

‘No! It’s not that.’ Ayla reached for his hand and held it hesitatingly before saying, ‘I’m willing to do whatever you ask me to do, but I want to go to college.’

‘She wants to go to college?’ Brian was taken aback. ‘You want to go to college? You can’t be serious right?’

You were Arlene Woodsen, now Mrs. Clark. You can get whatever you want. Why would you need to go to college? Besides, as far as I know, you never were a good student.’ He snorted.

Ayla didn’t know what to say. Arlene might have never cared about anything, but Ayla was different. She wanted to be independent. She had her own dream.

‘Don’t bother me anymore!’ He pushed her away, turned back and left thereafter.

‘Mr. Clark.’ Ayla, however, didn’t give up so easily. She wanted to follow him, but was stopped by Maria. ‘You can’t go upstairs! You can’t go up to the second floor without permission!’

‘How come?’ She could do anything he asked, all she wanted was to keep going to college. It took her a lot of effort to get into the college. She had worked throughout the summer vacation to earn the course fees. She wasn’t going to give up that easily.

She ran upstairs when Maria was a little distracted. When she barged into Brian's room, Brian yelled aloud, extremely infuriated, 'Who allowed you to come upstairs?'

Ayla flinched and realized, she had been reckless. She shouldn't have come upstairs without his permission.

'Get out!' Seeing that Ayla was still standing at the door, Brian roared again.

Ayla flinched again at the intensity of how he spoke. She quickly looked down and didn't dare to look up at him again. She just wanted to run and hide from him.

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