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Chapter 5 Her Promise To Him

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Brian narrowed his eyes and walked up to her. ‘As far as I have heard, they call you brave. Then why are you afraid now?’

‘I... I just want to go to college,’ Ayla stuttered, lowering her head.

‘If you’ve come here to talk about going to college, then stop where you are. Because that’s not happening.’ Brian had never thought that Arlene would beg for his permission to go to college. He believed she was trying to fool him, so that she could hang out with her friends.

Ayla was crestfallen when he denied her request. She wasn’t allowed to go to college ever again? She would graduate in two years. Was she going to give up just like that?

Seeing that Ayla stood there flabbergasted, Brian ignored her and walked into the bathroom, expecting she would just leave. But when he came out, she was still stood at the door. She was indeed a stubborn woman.

When he didn’t acknowledge her, her head hung low. Heartbroken, Ayla turned around to leave.

‘Wait!’ But Brian stopped her.

Ayla immediately turned around and looked at him expectantly. He was now sitting on the sofa and smoking.

Their eyes met as she waited for him to say something. However, he didn’t speak until he finished his cigarette. His gaze was so intimidating that it made Ayla feel scared instantly. The events of last night was like a nightmare and she didn’t want that to happen again. She just wanted to run and hide from him.

When she saw he wasn’t going to say anything, she turned to leave. ‘That’s all you got for your patience?’ Brian mocked her slowly. His voice made her stop again.

This time Ayla walked up to him and asked, ‘So do you agree?’

Brian arose and stood right in front of her. He lifted her chin on his fingertip and made her look into his eyes. ‘How many men are waiting for you outside? Why are you so eager to leave? Hmm?’ he asked her in a cold and harsh tone.

‘What are you talking about?. I just want to go to college! I swear!’ No matter how timid her response sounded, she was willing to give it a try.

She knew what kind of person Arlene was. The reason why she married this man for Arlene was to protect the Woodsen family and her foster father, Clayton.

All she did until now was to repay him for his kindness, but she wasn’t going to give up her dream doing so.

‘You know I hate it when people lie to me,’ Brian stated in a harsh way.

Ayla gave a stiff nod. Everything except her identity was not a lie.

‘If I ever find out that you’re lying to me, you know the price you’ll have to pay!’ Brian would like to see how far Arlene could go. He wanted to catch her red-handed.

‘I understand. I will only go to college and come back home. I won’t go anywhere else.’ She promised him. He gave her permission to go to college. But by not going anywhere else, she wouldn’t be able to afford her tuition fees.

‘Leave now!’ Brian ordered. He didn’t want someone like her on the first floor, in his room specifically.

Ayla bowed. ‘Thank you, Mr. Clark.’ She didn’t dare to get close to the devil and left quietly thereafter.

There was no difference between living in the Woodsen

family and living in Clark family. Her biological parents abandoned her at birth. So, Ayla had this strong belief that she was destined to be lonely all her life. That was why she always focused on fulfilling her dreams and being independent.

Brian said nothing. He just glanced at her coldly as she disappeared.

Ayla was given a small room on the ground floor. There was a small bed and a desk. A window was there to fill the room with daylight. It was in fact, better than what she had in the Woodsen family. The only disadvantage was she had lost her freedom.

‘Mr. Clark asked me to tell you that you cannot leave the mansion unless he gave the orders. If you need anything, you can come and find me,’ Maria politely said.

‘Thank you, Maria. I’ll remember that.’ Standing in the room, Ayla eyed around. She had nothing here that belonged to her. Most of her things were still in her previous house, and some of them were at college. She needed to buy some necessary items, clothes for example.

But she wasn’t allow to leave the house.

After a while, Maria brought some daily necessities along with some new clothes. Ayla wasn’t expecting that. She was greatly relieved after seeing them. She hoped, living here wouldn’t be as bad as she had thought.

Having nothing to do in her room, Ayla went to the kitchen to help cook. Maria was surprised to see her in the kitchen. She had heard that Mr. Clark had married a spoilt and arrogant woman. But Mrs. Clark hadn’t yet shown anything that could match that description.

Noticing that Ayla was an expert in washing and cutting vegetables, Maria asked, ‘Mrs. Clark, can you cook?’

Ayla answered with a smile, ‘Not everything, just some simple dishes.’ Ayla had learned cooking from the servants of Woodsen family.

‘Would you like to prepare the lunch for Mr. Clark?’ Maria asked suddenly. She was wrong in perceiving that Mrs. Clark was just a rich and spoilt lady with a hot-temper. Maria could see now, she was very different from that.

Ayla stopped washing the vegetables and turned towards her. ‘Wouldn’t that make Mr. Clark angry?’ It was true that she was very scared of him. Besides, she didn’t want to lose the chance to go to college because she cooked his meal for him.

‘No, he won’t be angry. Mr. Clark doesn’t talk too much and might look intimidating, but in reality, he is easy to get along with. Besides, he is

not too picky about food. He won't even notice.' Maria had been working in the villa for many years. She knew how Brian quite well.

Ayla considered Maria's words carefully. She said he was easy to get along with. But Ayla had to disagree. One intimidating look from him could make her tremble all over. She just knew they would never get along with each other.

His cold gaze always made her feel like she was in a world of ice and darkness.

However, as long as he didn't deliberately make things difficult for her, she would stick to her own duties and mind her own business. To avoid his wrath, she would listen to him no matter what he wanted her to do. After all, she was his wife whom he bought with money.

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