

The Substitute Bride Making Memories Of Us

Chapter 8: Your Beautiful Face Is Your Asset

Ayla's high fever never dropped for once, which made Maria worried.

Although Mr. Clark didn't give her any order, she had no choice but to call the doctor.

"She needs to have an injection to bring down her fever. Otherwise, she might catch pneumonia," the doctor said while preparing the injection.

"Is Mrs. Clark's fever too bad?"

Maria was anxious because she knew Mr. Clark was short-tempered.

If anything happened to his newly wedded wife, he might get furious.

"Well, it's somewhat serious. She is too weak right now. She needs to have a good rest."

The doctor gave Ayla the injection then wrote the prescription.

Although, her temperature dropped after taking the injection, she was still unconscious.

When Brian came back, it was almost dawn.

As he entered the hall, he found no one there.

"Maria!" he called out.

"Sir, you are back,"

Maria answered from his room.

Brian grumbled and went upstairs just to find out Ayla was still unconscious.

He quickly ordered, "Send her downstairs! And clean up my room!"

He hated when others touched his belongings.

Maria and Ruben took Ayla to the first floor in her room.

Next day when finally she got her senses back, it was almost noon.

She eyed the familiar room and slowly recalled what happened last night.

But how did she return to her room? She clutched her aching head.

She felt extremely weak.

Maria pushed open the door and came in.

“Oh! Mrs.Clark, you’re awake.I’ll get you some porridge then.”

A while later, she brought a bowl of porridge.

“Thank you, Maria.Thank you for taking care of me last night.”

Ayla was more concerned about her school than her health.

If she didn’t regain her strength, she couldn’t go to school.

“Never mind.But be careful in the future.How can you take a cold shower so carelessly?”

Maria was so scared when she was suffering from the high fever.

Ayla smiled helplessly.

“Okay, I’ll remember that in future.”

Ayla somehow managed to go to school even with the weakness.

Lyle dropped her there.

She always preferred to sit in the front row, but today, she chose the back row.

She was afraid that if she kept coughing, it would affect other students.

However, the whispers of her classmates’ gossip didn’t escape her ears.

“I saw Ayla came here in a luxury car this morning.I heard that she got herself a rich old man,” one of her classmates said.

“Really? How can she be so shameless as to sleep with an old rich man? She is so beautiful.But it turns out, she’s a gold digger too,” another one said.

“What’s the use of being beautiful?” someone asked mockingly.

“If you don’t have money, your beautiful face is your asset!” someone else answered.

Ayla was surprised to see that her classmates thought such lowly of her.

It was only the second day, she had been dropped by the luxury car.

But so many students had seen that and given her strange looks.

It was evident that her future held a lot of rumors.

During the lunch break, Ayla felt uncomfortable and had no appetite.

So she went back to her dormitory to have a rest.

One of her roommates, Veronica Keating, saw her lying on the bed with a pale face.

She worriedly asked, "Ayla, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I was just feeling slightly queasy. So I came to take some rest." Ayla smiled weakly.

Veronica poured a glass of water and gave it to Ayla.

"Drink some water."

"Thank you."

Veronica had always been very kind to her.

"Veronica, you don't have to worry about her. She might have had a rough night yesterday. That is probably the reason why she is feeling tired," Lisa Williams said with disdain.

She hated women who used their beauty to take things, just like Ayla.

"Lisa, how can you say that? Ayla is sick." Veronica glared at Lisa.

Lisa scoffed, "Of course. Who knows what kind of disease she has received from that man. She is indiscreet about her private life. You'd better stay away from her."

Lisa let out a snort after saying that and left the dormitory.

Seeing that Ayla's face turned paler, Veronica walked up to her and comforted her, "I believe in you. You are not that kind of person."

"Thank you for believing in me."

Ayla was introverted and unsociable.

She never had many good friends at school.

Veronica was the only one who talked to her.

It was already noon when Brian went downstairs.

“Where is she, Maria?”

“She went to school,” Maria answered honestly.

“Oh?” Brian’s jaws clenched.

That meant she was just playing with him last night.

She had enough strength today to go to school? Did she go to see that boy? Toby?

“Sir, Mrs.Clark left this morning in a hurry and forgot to take the medicine.Should I send it to her?” Maria asked cautiously.

She was afraid that Mr.Clark would be angry.

But if Mrs.Clark didn’t take the medicine, she’d fall ill again.

“No,” said Brian, with a dismissive hand gesture.

She already had a man to care for her.

No need to pay her extra attention.

This woman dared to break his rules again and again.

So far he had been good to her.

But now, he had had enough.

“But, sir, Mrs.Clark…”

Maria wanted to say something more, but gulped down the rest when Brian glared at her.

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