

TSBMMOUS 141

Chapter 141: You'll Be Mine As Long As I Want You

As the elevator doors opened, Brian and Linda stepped out.

All of a sudden, she accidentally sprained herself while wearing her high-heeled shoes.

Luckily, he caught her before she hit the ground. Since he was already holding her, she decided to snuggle in his embrace.

"It's so painful! Ouch."

"Please be careful, Miss Linda."

Although he wanted to let go of her, Linda clung even more tightly to his sleeve. At that moment, her feet couldn't support her.

"Mr. Clark, it seems that I sprained my ankle. I'm so sorry."

With widened eyes, Brian looked down and noticed her swollen ankle.

"We should hurry to the hospital."

Immediately, they walked out of the company building as he supported her.

"Well, Mr. Clark, I already reduced the swelling of Miss Linda's sprain. As long as she doesn't push herself too much and applies her medicine, she'll recover in a few days," the doctor told Brian.

"I understand."

After nodding, Brian assisted Linda as they left the hospital.

"Thank you, Mr. Clark," she said with a smile.

"It's no big deal. Let me drive you back to your hotel."

When they got to the car, he helped her get to the passenger seat.

Then, he sat in the driver's seat and started the engine.

Soon enough, they arrived at the hotel.

"Mr. Clark, I'm sorry to trouble you. However, since you're already here, why don't you accompany me for a while. You still haven't eaten dinner. The restaurant downstairs can prepare something for you if you ask them," she told him as she sat on the couch.

With a glance, Brian gave an indifferent reply, "No, it's fine. You better go to sleep early. Since you're injured, you can take a few days off to rest. You can get back to work when you recover."

"Is there something wrong, Mr. Clark? Do I scare you? Despite my enthusiastic character, I don't casually flirt with any man. Moreover, I injured my feet. Even if I'm planning to do something, I won't be able to do it, right?"

Linda immediately stopped Brian when he was about to leave.

He seemed reluctant to enter her room. Nonetheless, she wouldn't give up so easily.

Finally, she succeeded in convincing him.

Hesitantly, he walked to the couch and took a seat beside her.

After coming back from work, Yareli noticed that Linda's door was open.

When she passed by, she recognized Brian's voice in the room.

She didn't expect that Linda would make a move so soon and immediately show him her affection.

After knocking on the door, Yareli called, "Linda."

When she stepped inside the room, she confirmed that Brian was also there.

"Hello, Mr. Clark. Am I bothering you guys?"

At that moment, she noticed how Linda anxiously clung onto Brian.

"Hello, Ms. Evans. Miss Linda accidentally sprained her ankle earlier. As such, I accompanied her back here."

Immediately, Brian pushed Linda's hand away from him and stood up from the couch. "Linda, you should take better care of yourself. Be careful, okay? It's only a few days since you started working."

However, Yareli already realized that Linda's injury was on purpose.

The latter just wanted to spend more time with Brian. Linda slowly nodded.

"Thank you for your concern, Ms. Evans. I'll be more careful next time."

Then, Yareli's eyes shifted to Brian.

"Mr. Clark, may I talk to you outside? I have something private to discuss with you."

"Okay."

It seemed that Brian was kind enough to accompany Linda.

Otherwise, he would've already left her alone in her room.

After all, it was a cooperation between two parties.

Since both sides would gain from the case, Brian didn't want to make the situation more awkward.

Soon, Yareli arrived in the cafe with Brian.

After taking their seats, she said, "Mr. Clark, our partnership will proceed rather smoothly. However, I hope you can forgive Linda's behavior."

He met her gaze and answered, "I understand, Ms. Evans. Don't worry. I'll take care of it. Are you going to stay here for a few more days?"

"Unfortunately, I can't stay for long. I have an urgent business in my company."

Yareli had dealt with some personal matters in the past two days.

However, she had to return to Italy due to some company affairs.

"Well, you should prioritize the business."

Brian grabbed his cup of coffee and took a sip.

The cooperation between them started two years ago.

The truth was, he always felt that there was some resemblance between Yareli and that woman.

When they finished their coffee, Brian stood up and left.

When he arrived at the company building, it was already ten o'clock in the evening.

As he rode the elevator, a thought came to his mind all of a sudden.

Brian pressed the button on the tenth floor.

Soon enough, the elevator stopped, and he stepped out. Meanwhile, Ayla was in her office. She was putting away her design drafts when she noticed that Brian was standing at the door.

Startled, she took a deep breath.

"What are you doing there? You scared me."

"I had no idea. I've been here for a while. Unfortunately, you didn't notice me."

She didn't realize that he had been standing there for some time. It seemed that she had no eyes for him.

But he was determined to make her unable to ignore him.

After picking up her purse, she gave him an awkward smile.

"I'm sorry. Well, I just finished my work."

"I understand. Let me drive you home."

Brian was willing to be her personal driver.

"It's alright, Mr. Clark. I can go home by myself. I think you'll enjoy Miss Anna's or Miss Linda's company better."

She wasn't interested in his affairs.

However, she overheard a group of women gossiping in the tea room when she went to get a cup of water.

It seemed that he went out with Linda and the two seemed relatively close. Ayla didn't want to pay attention to such rumors. However, she still felt sad when she heard them.

"Is there anything wrong? Did you hear something about me?"

Brian furrowed his eyebrows when he heard Ayla's remark.

It seemed that the employees didn't focus on their work but instead had time to gossip. He thought that he should discipline them soon.

"What I heard doesn't matter. You can do whatever you like."

After turning off the lights, Ayla stepped out of her office.

Brian also followed her. "What do you think I like? Do you have any idea who captured my eyes? I thought you already know who she is."

Suddenly, he embraced her in the dark hallway. His strong arms wrapped around her slender waist.

A loud sound echoed as Ayla's purse dropped.

She growled, "Unhand me!"

"No! You're the one I like! Do you understand how I feel now that I said it out loud?"

Then, he swiftly pressed his lips against hers.

"Hmmm..."

Despite trying to break free, Ayla couldn't step away from his tips.

Soon enough, her red lips felt his breath. His solid body remained unmoved against her continuous pummeling.

"You're mine, Ayla, forever," he said while passionately stroking her back.

"No! Get away from me! I don't belong to you! You never owned me. You forced me into doing those things!" She tried to turn around and walk away.

However, he was holding her so tight that she couldn't break free.

"I don't care if you accept it or not. You'll be mine as long as I want you."

Then, he kissed her lips again. All she could do was hug tightly on his shoulder. He was so passionate in his kiss that she almost suffocated.

Chapter 143: No Matter Who It Was, He Wouldn't Let Them Go

Brian continued knocking at the door and shouting, but Ayla still ignored him. She hadn't finished showering yet.

Once she was clean, she would definitely come out.

Why was he being so noisy? Why couldn't he just leave her alone for a while? Soon, Brian stopped knocking.

Just when he was about to kick it down, the frost glass door opened and Ayla appeared in front of him, naked.

Her body and hair were still dripping, and her face was red and strangely warm. Ayla smirked briefly.

“You’re so noisy. It’s annoying.”

Her remark displeased Brian.

Before he could respond, she collapsed and lost consciousness.

“Lala? Lala!” He quickly picked Ayla up and wiped her body with a bath towel.

As he stared at her body, he noticed that there were several abrasions.

It seemed that she wanted to erase the marks he left on her body, as if erasing his existence, but it was impossible! Brian wanted to stand before Ayla, be with her, and hopefully be in her heart.

Not long after, he found her another set of clean clothes, put it on her, and left with her in his arms.

Whether someone was watching her or not, living here was no longer good for her.

Ayla was having a high fever and she seemed to be in a trance because she kept talking in her sleep.

As Brian sat at her bedside, he stared at her closely.

The doctor had given her an injection and some medication, but she still looked like she was in pain.

He then held her hand, gently holding it in the palm of his hand.

Her wrists were so slender and fragile.

He had never imagined her to be so delicate.

Was he overestimating her? The only characteristics Brian saw in Ayla were her stubbornness and overwhelming strength of character.

He had never seen her this vulnerable.

She was always putting on a strong facade, and all the fragility and powerlessness she felt were hidden behind her toughness.

“Lala, what if you gave into me once?” he said to her, but she probably couldn’t hear him.

No words that came out of his mouth reached her ear.

“When you’re with Lucas you can rely on him. With Toby, you can cry and vent your frustrations. So why can’t you do the same when you’re with me?”

In Brian’s heart of hearts, he was so envious of both Lucas and Toby.

Maybe they never got Ayla’s body, but they did earn her love.

Even if Brian forced her into having s*x with him, he could never gain her love nor her heart.

“Ouch! Lucas.It hurts! Help me!”

In Ayla’s dream, she was back in Lucas’ villa.

And the only thing she felt was pain, coursing through her body and causing agony in her internal organs.

Brian put his hand on her forehead.

She was clearly suffering from a high fever, but why was her body cold and sweating all over? He sat on the bed, took off Ayla’s soaked pajamas and embraced her.

Afterwards, he picked up his phone and dialed a number.

“Kenzo, take Dr.Lloyd to Skiyton.Why did she suddenly become this ill? “Lucas, it hurts! What should I do? Am I going to die?”

Ayla held Brian’s hand tightly, her long nails digging into the back and the palm of his hand.But he didn’t even flinch.

As long as it alleviated a bit of her pain, he didn’t care anymore.

Ten minutes later, Kenzo arrived at the Skiyton with Dr.Lloyd, and then they waited in the living room.Brian put a clean night gown on Ayla before letting the doctor in.

“Dr.Lloyd, how is she?” He stayed with her the entire time.

Dr.Lloyd stood up.

“Mr.Clark, Miss Woodsen has a high fever.On top of that, she’s too weak to intake high doses of medicine.”

“Nonsense! Find a way to help her recover!”

Brian didn’t want to hear any excuses from the doctor.What did he even mean by saying that she was too weak to receive medication? Ayla was suffering from a high fever.Couldn’t the doctor do anything to cure her?

“Mr.Clark, I think it’s better to send Miss Woodsen to the hospital for a thorough examination.It seems that she hasn’t been well nourished for the past years.”

Dr.Lloyd gleaned that Ayla was very feeble right now.

With his years of experience, he gathered that she had taken medicine that she wasn’t supposed to.

“Then send her to the hospital!”

When Brian was about to carry Ayla in his arms, Dr.Lloyd stopped him.

“Hold on, Mr.Clark, I have something to say but I’m not sure if I should say it now.” Dr.Lloyd was hesitant to speak.

He had found something based on a hunch, but there was no evidence to support it.

“Just spit it out.Don’t hem and haw,” shouted Brian.

Glancing at Ayla, Dr.Lloyd said, “Mr.Clark, I believe that there’s some kind of rare poison in Miss Woodsen’s body.It’s a kind of injection drug that surfaced two years ago.It only takes one injection containing a few milliliters to make a person addicted to it.”

What he said made Brian petrified.

“Are you telling me that she might’ve taken drugs before?” Dr.Lloyd looked at him seriously.

“I’m just basing this all on a hunch, Mr.Clark.But that drug has a drastic effect on the body.It’s very easy to get addicted, and it’s incredibly difficult to get rid of it.But its most problematic side effect is that it causes pain to spread from the internal organs to the whole body.”

Brian raised his hand to stop the doctor.

“Stop.Don’t say another word.I know what that drug is.You can’t tell anyone about it.Never mention this to anyone else.Dr.Lloyd nodded.

“Don’t worry, Mr.Clark.I won’t.”

Brian drove Ayla to the hospital, but her condition hadn’t subsided yet.She still kept talking in her sleep.

“Can’t you do anything to help her?” he roared at the doctors, scaring the dean and the doctors into silence.

“Get out! Get the hell out!”

Brian drove everyone out of the VIP ward and sat down at Ayla’s bedside.She had been having nightmares the whole night, and he didn’t get a wink of sleep.

He had been contemplating on Dr.Lloyd’s words.

Had she been forced into taking the drug when Tatum caught her? Then how did she manage to get by all these years? Or maybe Lucas injected Ayla with the drug to keep her by his side?

‘D**n it! Brian cursed in his mind.’

No matter who drugged Ayla, I won’t let them go!’ Because he didn’t attend the morning meeting, he received a call from Anna.

“Brian, where are you? It’s time for the morning meeting.” Anna glanced at the attendees in the meeting room.

Linda had also arrived, but Ayla was nowhere to be found.Was Brian with her right now?

“I see.I’m in the hospital because Ayla has gotten hospitalized.You can begin the meeting.Just bring the meeting report to the hospital later, and bring some porridge and soup as well,” said Brian.

Anna wanted to say something more, but he had already dropped the call.

Linda noticed the change in her expression.

“Will Mr. Clark be able to attend this meeting? If he won’t, then we can’t have an early meeting this time, right?”

She didn’t want to stay in the hotel room. For her, the injury on her leg wasn’t that big of a deal. So, she came to work as usual.

Chapter 144: Landlord And Lodger

Anna cast a cold glance at Linda as she said, “Don’t worry, Miss Linda. Let’s continue the meeting.”

Linda was embarrassed.

Anna thought that she shared a special relationship with Brian, which probably gave her the courage to humiliate Linda in front of so many people.

But Linda wasn’t going to take this lying down. She would make Anna pay the price of this humiliation.

The meeting ended in half an hour.

Anna took all her notes and material for the morning meeting with her. She then bought the abalone porridge and some desserts, along with some of Brian’s favorite dishes.

Brian had remained with Ayla, but she showed no signs of waking up from her coma.

The doctor seemed to have tried everything in his arsenal but had come up short.

He looked helpless as he shrugged, indicating that maybe all they could do was wait for her to wake up on her own.

Anna spotted Brian sitting by Ayla’s bedside as she entered the ward.

“What’s wrong with her?”

Anna asked him as she glanced at Ayla, concerned.

Brian shook his head.

“Nothing serious. Give me the minutes of the morning meeting and you can leave.”

“You didn’t get any rest last night. You should go get some sleep. I’ll stay with her for a while,” Anna said, handing him the food and coffee she had bought.

“No, thanks. You can go back to office. I’ll stay here with her.”

Brian was worried about Ayla.

He couldn’t leave her side in this condition.

Anna knew that Brian was a man who, once he made up his mind to do something, would do it, no matter what.

There was nothing she could do to convince him otherwise.

And now that Ayla's condition seemed serious, she had no hope whatsoever.

"Brian, is she okay? She looks seriously ill!"

Ayla had seemed fine yesterday, but was now unconscious and unresponsive, causing concern to seep into Anna's words.

"She will be fine," he said, looking up at Ayla's unconscious form.

Nothing could happen to her.

He wouldn't allow it! So what if she had overdosed? She had once suffered from drug addiction but she was fine now, wasn't she? Ayla had been fine when Brian had first seen her in her studio.

She hadn't looked like a drug addict, despite the fact that she had used them for two years.

Anna didn't say anything.

Instead, she turned around and walked out of the ward, but didn't leave immediately.

She thought Ayla's condition was unusual, and that Brian was keeping something from her.

Later that morning, when Anna returned to the office, she came face to face with Linda.

"Miss Anna, you are fast! Did you leave as soon as the meeting was over to go see Mr. Clark? Why did you come back so soon? Didn't you keep him company? No intention of serving him well?" Linda sneered at Anna. She was itching to retaliate against the embarrassment that Anna had handed her that morning.

In Italy, Linda had been the director of a company and everyone had been obliged to listen to her.

But now, Anna made sure to walk over her at every step, leaving Linda seething. She would not let anyone bully her.

"Ms. Evans hasn't left yet. If you keep wandering around the office without working, know that the Clark Group doesn't pay people for doing nothing,"

Anna shot back.

Anna didn't like Linda's smirk.

Anyone could tell that Linda was here only for Brian and not for the fashion season.

Linda merely smiled, as if the other woman was just a child's joke.

"Don't worry about me, Miss Anna. I believe in myself and my abilities. It's just a few design drafts. Nothing difficult for me."

Saying thus, Linda turned around and left.

As Anna looked at her retreating back, she muttered furiously, "What overconfidence! Doesn't she realize this is my place?"

When Ayla woke up, it was already afternoon. She had been in a coma for more than 10 hours. She opened her eyes, feeling the weight of her drooping eyelids and the weakness plaguing her body. She squinted into the strange white wall in front of her, and last night's events gradually came back to her.

"You're finally awake," Brian said, relieved.

Ayla looked at him, confused.

"Why am I here?"

"You had a high fever last night," he said, sitting down by her side and stretching out a hand to touch her forehead.

Her fever had finally broken.

He had been afraid that she would never wake up and that her fever would drag on for ages.

"I see," Ayla said.

"I'm fine now."

She had seemed to run fevers with increasing frequency over the past few months. Her health was getting worse with each passing day.

"You are fine? Did you know you had such a high fever you were in a coma? Even the doctor was unable to do anything to bring you back,"

Brian barked, irritated with Ayla's complacency.

Ayla sat up gingerly and looked at him, "Why are you so angry? This is normal. Anyone can get a fever."

She had taken herself to the hospital because of the constant high temperatures she had been running. But the doctors hadn't found anything wrong with her body.

"You! How did you survive all these years? Is it because of Lucas that you wanted to live on? And now that I'm with you, you're indifferent to your own health? Is that it?"

If it weren't for the fact that her body was riddled with weakness, Brian would have punished her now.

Ayla looked askance at him and said, "I'm sorry to trouble you again, Mr. Clark."

"Don't talk about trouble!" Brian gritted out angrily.

It felt like Ayla was made to annoy him!

"But I still need to thank you, Mr. Clark," she said, glancing at the box of food at her bedside.

"I'm a little hungry. Did you buy that for me?"

Before she could reach for it, Brian had pulled out another thermal container.

“You’ve just recovered. Have some porridge first!”

Ayla took the bowl and said, “The abalone porridge smells good.”

She didn’t want to needle Brian even further. She was just recovering from a bout of fever, which meant that anything she ate felt tasteless to her.

Brian looked knowingly at Ayla. He knew that she meant the exact opposite of what she had said.

After a quick examination, the doctor pronounced her recovery and told them that she could be discharged and could go home.

But Brian insisted that Ayla stay at the hospital.

“Mr. Clark, you are just my boss. You shouldn’t care so much for me. Whether to stay here or not is my decision,” Ayla said tiredly.

She didn’t have the strength to quarrel with Brian, but she also didn’t want to stay in the hospital.

He agreed, but on the condition that Ayla should stay with him in his apartment.

“How can I stay in your apartment?” she exclaimed.

“I’m afraid it will cause unnecessary talk and misunderstanding.”

If she went to live with him, she would be in his trap, in surroundings that would be under his control.

“A misunderstanding is just a wrong perception. It’s not real. But some are facts that can’t be changed.”

Two years had passed and a lot of people knew about the relationship that Brian and Ayla shared.

It would be stupid of her to want to hide it.

Ayla nodded hesitantly but said, “You are kind, but you must regard it as a rented arrangement for me.”

Brian had made the decision, irrespective of whether or not she would accept it. Her condition made sure that Brian was the landlord, and Ayla, the lodger.

The lodger had the right to prevent the landlord from entering her room to disturb her life.

But Ayla was forgetting one small fact: Brian always did what he wanted.

Chapter 146: An Embarrassing Situation

When Ayla looked at Brian, she could see the satisfaction on his face. He kept on acting like he didn’t know what had happened, then so be it. But she wasn’t going to play along with him.

Ayla wanted to say something.

But before she could speak, Brian suddenly pulled her into his arms.

“Lala, stop being naughty,” he said.

He kissed her cheek, and then his lips moved to her mouth. He gently licked her lips and said, "Don't lose your temper again."

Ayla pushed him away and grimaced.

"I didn't lose my temper! It's just I'm still not done talking yet," she said.

However, Brian didn't give Ayla the chance to speak whatever she wanted to say again. He knew that all she would say was just about her going to leave. And he wouldn't let her leave him.

It hadn't been easy for him to get Ayla and bring her back to his side.

So why would he let her go so easily? Would Brian be kind enough to let Ayla go back to Lucas? There was no way! She'd better stop thinking about it! Brian held Ayla's arms and pulled her again into his arms.

"You should stay here until you fully recover," he said.

Ayla shivered when Brian's lips touched her lips again.

"Hmm..."

His lips covered hers, not giving her any chance to refuse. He was domineering again, and he was not giving her the authority to leave.

"Mr. Clark."

Suddenly a voice came from nowhere.

The two who were kissing passionately in the living room quickly distanced their face from each other.

Ayla came back to her senses and realized how she was intoxicated in Brian's kiss just now. She couldn't deny how his kiss, lips, and tongue were so charming that they had deeply attracted her.

This man's superb kissing skill had made her senses fly away unconsciously.

Brian turned his head at the servant, who was quite ignorant.

"The dinner is ready, Mr. Clark."

Looking at the two in a daze, the servant realized that she just did something wrong.

Maybe she shouldn't have disturbed them. She should have gone back to the kitchen and just ignored them.

While holding Ayla in his arms, Brian stood up and said, "Let's eat our dinner first!"

Surely, the things they wanted to talk about could wait after dinner.

Besides, whether Ayla would have her chance to speak it out was also a question.

Ayla looked down as she felt her face heated. She was so embarrassed that the servant had seen them kissing just now.

It started to bother her that she might be ill at ease in this house.

Though, suddenly, Ayla stopped thinking about the things that might happen in the future.

Why would she think about the future? Would there be a future? She planned to leave here and finally separate ways with Brian after the dinner.

Ayla didn't want anything that would be concerned with him anymore, or their entanglement would never end.

Brian and Ayla walked to the table and sat in their seats.

The dinner that the new servant prepared looked so rich and delicious.

Brian had let Kenzo make the arrangements for him this time.

When Jaime was around before, he was the one who ran these errands for Brian.

Ayla just kept on eating the rice in her bowl and didn't give any attention to the food from the serving dishes. She was acting like this to protest against Brian.

However, Brian just let her and didn't mind her at all. He just watched her eat the rice in a big gulp.

So this was what she meant by a protest? She just kept on doing things that would make her suffer.

Brian shook his head and said, "Are you hungry? You can fill the bowl with more rice if you want."

Brian's voice was not loud nor low. But when Ayla heard it, she turned so mad that she was even choked on the rice and kept on coughing.

The servant immediately approached her and handed her a glass of water.

"Miss Woodsen, here. Please drink some water."

Ayla took the glass and sipped some water. Her breathing had finally turned to normal.

"Lala, what's wrong? Are you okay? Drink more water." Brian asked as he walked to Ayla and sat beside her. He patted her back gently.

'What a hypocrite!' Ayla was not dumb to not realize that Brian was just pretending to be nice.

If only he hadn't kissed her like that in the living room, or if he hadn't spoken to her, then maybe she wouldn't have choked.

Even a scoop of rice could also choke a person to death! Not to mention that it was a big gulp.

When Ayla looked down, she saw that the rice grains were scattered on the clean floor. She flushed when a deep embarrassment hit her. She felt ashamed of herself.

"Of course I'm fine. It was just a gulp of rice. I'm not choked to death. Don't you know that you shouldn't talk while eating?"

Now that Ayla had lost her face, she couldn't let him be happy.

But Brian just looked at her and didn't get mad at all. Then, he immediately nodded and apologized, "Okay, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I should have kept silent while you were eating. But I'm really worried about you. You just ate such a big gulp of rice. I hope you won't get a stomachache."

Brian cared about her.

However, in her eyes, he just did it on purpose. He wasn't angry at all.

Also, he thought that her angry face was way cuter than her plain expression.

Ayla was left speechless.

Why did she feel that it was her fault again? She could never win an argument over him, could she? ©) Brian took some food and put it into her bowl.

He looked at her and said, "You can take your time, Lala. No one will take away your food from you."

Ayla rolled her eyes when his words rang in her ears.

Why did it sound like she was a hungry ghost? Even though it was hard for Ayla to submit, she just didn't talk back to Brian and remained silent.

She knew that she would only give him an advantage by talking back, but she wouldn't get any benefit for herself.

Brian was pleased when he saw that Ayla was now eating slowly. She didn't need his help to pick up some food for her.

He could really make her compromise.

For Brian, he was sure that Ayla would never have her chance to escape from him.

While she was busy eating her rice, he took a small bowl of chicken soup and put it in front of her.

"Lala, take this bowl of chicken soup."

She just took it without saying anything.

Anyway, she should at least have the strength if she would dare to compete with him.

After they finished dinner, they decided to go back to the living room.

Brian sat on the left side of the sofa, while Ayla sat on the far right side.

It looked like a big negotiation would happen between the two of them.

The servant brought the fruit plate and immediately went back to the kitchen.

As an outsider, the servant had felt a different atmosphere that surrounded the living room.

So, how could Brian not feel it? However, he just pretended like there was nothing unusual in the atmosphere.

He crossed his legs naturally while elegantly holding the newspaper that he hadn't finished in his hand.

Ayla looked at Brian, who was casually reading the newspaper.

She took a deep breath and said, "Mr. Clark, I want to move out."

She came straight to the point and didn't sugarcoat her words.

But Brian just hummed slightly and didn't even glance at her.

No one could understand what he meant.

Did he agree or not? However, it didn't matter to Ayla anymore.

She had already told him what she wanted, and she had been polite enough.

"Have you forgotten when you said that you would pay the rent?"

Brian put down the newspaper and turned his gaze to Ayla when he saw her stand up.

Was she so naive to think that he would agree to let her move out just because she said so? Ayla was stunned for a moment. Then she finally asked, "What do you mean?"

She did have said that. But it was only on the premise that she would live alone, not with Brian.

"Since you will pay the rent, then what are you afraid of?" Brian stared at her deeply and spoke calmly.

She shook her head and said, "I'm not afraid of anything. I just don't want to live with someone or with anyone."

She just thought that she didn't have to explain herself at all. Did Brian not get it, or did he not have a clear self-awareness?

Chapter 147: Was She Forcing Him

Brian looked up at Ayla.

"You're not allowed to leave right now."

'Was she planning to go back to her apartment?'

"What? Are you going to force me again?"

She looked back at him, thinking that he couldn't do whatever he wanted.

There were several rooms in this apartment, which were much better than her previous apartment. But this man was much too dangerous, so she couldn't afford to stay here. He embraced her.

"I don't want to force you, but if you keep forcing my hand, I'll do the same to you."

Was he trying to twist the story? What did he mean by saying that he didn't force her, and that Ayla was the one who actually forced him? Was she even capable of doing so? What a joke!

"Did you not understand me?"

Staring into her confused eyes, Brian grinned and kissed her lips.

Ayla quickly pushed him away.

“You _ b*****d!”

Afterwards, she rushed towards the bedroom, but before she could close the door, Brian had already come in.

“Lala, are you really going to be like this all the time? Honestly, it doesn’t matter to me, but do you want the servant to mock us all the time?”

Brian thought of how ashamed Ayla was while she was in the living room and the dining room just now.

That was what she feared the most. She was a bashful person.

Looking back at him, she said, “I don’t have the energy to argue with you right now. Do whatever you want.” Brian walked to the bedside and sat down.

“I don’t plan on doing anything. Anyway, just take your medicine.”

Glancing at the white pill in his hand, she refused, “I don’t need any medicine.”

There was a reason why she refused to ask the doctor to prescribe her anything.

Every medicine had its own side effect. She knew her body well.

No matter how high the dosage of medicine was, it wouldn’t take effect.

“You...”

Brian saw that Ayla was firm on her decision.

If she wasn’t going to take medicine, did she want to collapse again?

“I can take the medicine, but on one condition: you’re not allowed to touch me tonight!” she said.

“Fine.” Brian did want to have s*x with her again.

But he refrained himself from doing that for the time being.

After what had happened last night, he intended to keep his desires at bay until she recovered. He kept Ayla by his side because he wanted to know if she was still dependent on those drugs.

And if she were, he was the only one who could help her get rid of it.

But if not, he would nurse her back to health.

This was what he wanted to do for her. He was only keeping her around for her own good.

Ayla took the medicine obediently to prevent him from having s*x with her tonight.

When Brian lay on the bed, wearing only a night robe, he held her in his arms. She thought that he was breaking his words again.

“Don’t worry, I won’t do anything bad to you. I just want to hug you.”

Seeing how nervous Ayla was, he added, “It’s getting late. Will you be able to sleep well if you keep your guard up? Don’t you have to go to work tomorrow?”

She took a deep breath. It was true that she needed to get some good rest.

Yareli was scheduled to go back to Italy tomorrow afternoon, so she wanted to see her off. It was only when Ayla had fallen asleep that Brian finally got out of bed.

Afterwards, he went into the study beside the bedroom.

Jaime had been waiting for his call.

“Boss.”

“Have you found any leads regarding the matter I asked you to investigate? Was Tatum Green the culprit?”

Brian wanted to know if Tatum had gotten ahold of that kind of drug two years ago.

Back then, Lucas was staying in Antawood.

However, Brian wasn’t sure if Lucas had injected that drug into Ayla during the past two years. But it was highly unlikely that he’d do it.

Brian inferred that Ayla was just too naive or stupid.

If Lucas had drugged her, she probably was oblivious to it, “Boss, there has been a numerous supply of this drug in the TH Gang, and it’s true that they’ve gotten ahold of this drug two years ago. Moreover, Tatum had been making a huge profit from selling this drug.”

Jaime found out that this drug was very rare, and there was nothing like it in China.

Although, it was found in many different bars abroad, and the one who held the most supply was Tatum.

Looking out the window, Brian said, “I see. Get me a dose of that drug.”

He needed to know just how powerful this drug was.

Although he was also involved in this kind of business, he didn’t want Ayla to be roped into it.

“Boss, why do you want to have one of those drugs? It can kill people.” Jaime was bothered by his order.

“Don’t worry. I’m not planning to take the medicine myself.”

Brian had never indulged in such things.

Jaime was relieved to hear him say that.

How many doses of that drug had Ayla taken? When she was trapped in Tatum's residence, just how badly did he torture her? On top of that, she jumped into the sea after getting shot.

Was it because she couldn't bear that kind of torture anymore? Perhaps the drug was much more painful than any other wound.

Brian sat at her bedside, looking at Ayla's peaceful sleeping face and listening to her steady breathing.

At last, she had gotten some well-deserved rest today.

When Ayla woke up and was about to turn over, she found that her waist felt heavy.

Upon turning her head, she saw that Brian was sleeping soundly beside her.

Naturally, she wanted to remove his arm from her waist. But by doing so, it would be difficult not to wake him up.

The slightest movement from Ayla caused Brian to wake up.

He had always been a light sleeper, not to mention she was incredibly foolish to push his arm away.

Unfortunately, she didn't even get to remove his arm.

Instead, he embraced her even tighter.

"You're finally awake," he said nonchalantly, not even bothering to open his eyes.

"Yep. Good morning, Mr. Clark!"

Ayla still couldn't get away from him.

Brian just gave her a faint grunt.

Seeing that he had no plans of letting her go, she blurted out, "Mr. Clark, can you please let go? I have to get up!"

"Isn't it still early?"

He was still feeling a bit sleepy. He then pulled Ayla into his arms, restricting her movement further.

She kept kicking him away, but it didn't help.

"Lala, you'd better behave yourself during the morning. If you dare to move again, I don't know what I'll do to you."

Brian couldn't bear Ayla's shenanigans anymore.

And if it continued, she'd probably be unhappy, wouldn't she? She didn't dare to move again, but she really had to get up now.

Otherwise, they'd both be late for work.

Besides, she had no plans of going to the company together with Brian in the first place. If she went with him, it would only arouse people's suspicions.

Moreover, she didn't want to cause greater trouble for herself at work.

She might earn displeasure from both Anna and Linda.

Having prepared breakfast, the servant knocked at their bedroom door.

"Mr. Clark, Miss Woodsen, breakfast is ready."

"Are you hungry?" Brian whispered.

"What do you think?"

His questions were so nonsensical.

Moreover, whether she was hungry or not, the best way to make him stop was to say "yes."

At last, Brian got up.

"Alright! Get ready. Eat breakfast and then we'll go to the company. If you don't want to go, you can stay here and get some more rest. You're still not in good health. Don't even think about going outside!"

It was obvious that he meant something else.

Chapter 149: She's Not Here, Neither Is She Planning To Come

As soon as it was lunch break, the secretary took Ayla to the ground floor.

"Mr. Gates, what's going on?" Mr. Gates shook his head.

"Mr. Clark told me to escort you downstairs. He said that you had to wait here for a while."

Ayla waited in the company hall with Mr. Gates by her side.

About five minutes later, Brian came in and strode towards her.

"Let's go! Ms. Evans is waiting for us in the car. Let's have lunch and then go to the airport together."

Worried that Ayla would refuse him, he took the liberty to bring Yareli with him, so that he could have lunch with her.

When she heard that Yareli would have lunch with them, she didn't object at all.

"Mr. Clark, please take good care of Lala," said Yareli.

She had faith in both Ayla and Brian.

He nodded in response.

"Don't worry, Ms. Evans. I also attach great importance to this coming fashion season. I hope you can come by when the time comes.

"Certainly."

Yareli clinked her glass with Brian's, and exchanged smiles with him.

After nearly an hour's drive, the car finally stopped at the airport's gate. They waited in the cafe together.

He had already asked someone to deal with the necessary formalities for Yareli.

All she had to do now was wait for the time to board the plane.

Ayla hugged her and watched as she walked to the departure gate.

Meanwhile, Hayden was also in the airport to send his daughter off abroad. When he turned around, he saw a familiar face.

Even though he only saw a portion of the face, he was shocked and certain that he knew the person.

"Hayden, what's on your mind? Our daughter is about to board the plane." Miley looked at him, wondering why he was staring blankly into the distance.

Hayden finally came to his senses and answered, "Nothing."

When Ayla turned her head, she noticed that Hayden and Miley were there. He also noticed that she was looking at them.

"Lala? Are you here to see someone off? Or are you perhaps departing?"

Actually, what he wanted to hear was the former one and not the latter. But since she didn't seem to have a suitcase with her, she was probably not leaving.

"Uncle Hayden, I'm here to send someone off." Ayla smiled at Hayden.

On the other hand, Miley didn't seem friendly.

"When did you two become so close?" Miley wasn't deaf.

She found it ridiculous that Ayla was calling her husband "Uncle Hayden"!

"Hello, Aunt Miley," she greeted.

She knew that Miley had never been fond of her, but that was her business. She was younger than her, so she must respect the elders.

"Miss Woodsen, I'm afraid we're not that close. You better call me Mrs. Smith instead."

Miley wasn't going to stand for it.

Brian had only stepped away for a few minutes to take a phone call but Ayla had already gone off to bother the Smith family.

"What's going on, Mrs. Smith? Did Ayla do something to displease you?"

As soon as he appeared, Miley's face became friendlier.

“Mr.Clark! No, Miss Woodsen didn’t do anything.We’re not that close anyway.I just thought it was weird that I ran into her here.”

“Is that so? There are numerous people coming and going into this airport every day.It’s not strange to see someone familiar.”

Brian looked at them and wrapped his arm around Ayla’s waist.

Hayden nodded and interjected, “Anyway, Lala, I have to leave.”

Since Miley was there with him, no matter what the topic might be, she would still cause an unwarranted awkwardness.

Nodding back in response, Ayla called out, “Uncle Hayden.”

When he turned to look at her, she continued, “Take good care of yourself.”

Hayden smiled at her before he walked away.

As they strode forward, Miley turned around to stare daggers at Ayla.Ayla pulled Brian’s arm away and said, “It’s time for me to go back to work.”

“You used me just now, and now you don’t need me and push me away.How heartless you are.I stood up for you just now,” he said to Ayla as they walked side by side.

“I didn’t ask for your help.Besides, your words won’t be able to solve the misunderstanding between Mrs.Smith and I.Didn’t you see the resentment in her eyes when she looked at me?”

She had gotten used to their cold confrontations.

“You’re so stubborn.” Brian glanced at Ayla.

When it came to Hayden, she showed so much care and compassion, but when it came to him, she was so indifferent.She always wanted to be as far away from him as possible.She was completely different from who she was two years ago.

In the past, she never dared to hide nor go against him.She was submissive to him in every way After returning to the company, Ayla went back to her office.

Just as she sat down at her desk, the assistants began to whisper amongst themselves, save for Linda.

Since Brian had dragged her away in the hall on the ground floor openly, it was only natural that she would be the center of gossip in the company again.

Previously, she was in another studio with Ellie.But she suddenly got transferred here.

In addition, Linda was the kind of person who drew people over to her side.

And so, with the exception of Ellie, everyone else had a bad impression of Ayla.

They probably hated her now.But she couldn’t care less.She didn’t give a d**n about their attitudes.

The only thing that mattered to her was the completion of her work.

However, little did she realize that in such a big company, despite the fact that she didn't care, others would still try to cause trouble to her.

When Lucas arrived at Ayla's apartment, he found that she was no longer there.

In addition, the security guard of the apartment complex told him that she had moved away.

Where could she have gone? Did she go back to the Clark family's villa? Lucas drove his car to the gates of the Clark family's villa.

He waited for Brian the whole afternoon. He wanted to know whether Lala was with him or not.

Moreover, he knew that there was something that she still couldn't let go.

Ayla had once mentioned that she might go back to the villa for the sake of their unborn child.

Unfortunately, Lucas didn't see any car going into the villa even when the sun began to set. He then stepped out of his car to smoke a cigarette.

Anna drove towards the villa. She knew that Brian had no plans of coming home to the villa.

Kenzo mentioned that he had moved into Skiyton, so maybe Ayla was staying there, too.

From a distance, Anna noticed that Lucas was leaning against his car.

She pulled her car over next to his, and asked, "Lucas, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here for Lala."

He didn't beat around the bush regarding his relationship with Lala, because Anna had long known about it when she was in Italy. She shook her head.

"You'll be disappointed to know that she's not here, and neither is she planning to come by. This place brings her nothing but sadness. Even if she was left with no other choice, she wouldn't come back here. But perhaps she might be willing to reconsider if she had forgiven Brian."

Chapter 150: Clipping Her Wings

Lucas was anxious as he asked Anna, "Do you know where Lala is?"

He understood what Anna was saying.

The more hurt Ayla was, the more afraid of coming back to this villa she would be. And she would feel the heartache multifold if she returned here.

Anna shook her head.

"I can't tell you where she is because I don't know either."

She couldn't tell him. If Brian came to know that she had told Lucas, he would hate her for the rest of eternity. She was still the same as before, always turning a blind eye to the women around Brian.

What else could she do when she knew Brian so well? Lucas grasped Anna's hand.

“Are you lying to me?” he said angrily.

“Are you helping Brian? Do you want Brian to be with Lala? In that case, you won’t get what you want either.” Lucas also understood Anna.

If a woman loved a man, she wouldn’t let other women lay claim to him.

Ayla might be a special case, but she didn’t belong to Brian in the first place.

Anna shook off Lucas’ hand.

“I think you will find her if you put your heart to it. You don’t need me for that.”

That was all she could say and do.

Brian hardly paid attention to the love she felt for him, ignoring it as if it was something cheap. But she couldn’t give up so easily! Lucas watched Anna get in the car and drive into the villa gates.

This was, perhaps, no longer the place that Brian wanted to live in.

Lucas got in his car and drove back downtown, stopping only at the gates of the Clark Group’s offices. He waited for evening to come and for the lights to come on.

Ayla continued to stay in office in order to avoid going home and being in the same room as Brian.

Moreover, she wanted to finish the designs in advance.

Suddenly, the landline phone on her desk rang.

“Hello, this is the Design Department.”

“Is that Miss Woodsen? This is the guard downstairs. Aman called Lucas Collins is looking for you. Can you come down? Mr. Clark doesn’t allow outsiders to enter the company after office hours.”

The security guard seemed willing to help Lucas.

Ayla shot out of her chair the moment she heard that Lucas was waiting for her and made her way downstairs.

“Lala!”

Lucas exclaimed the moment he spotted her and rushed forward, taking her into his arms and gripping her tightly. His relief at her being safe and sound was palpable as he looked her over and hugged her again.

“Lucas, I can’t breathe!” Ayla said, gently pulling away from him.

Lucas’ hands were still on her shoulders as he asked worriedly, “Where have you moved to now, Lala? Are you with Brian?”

His questions seemed to have no end, but Ayla didn’t know how to answer him.

Although she had indeed moved to Brian's apartment, she had planned to live on her own at the beginning.

However now, how could she tell Lucas that Brian also lived there and that they even shared a bed? If Ayla told him, he would be worried and sad, and might whisk her away again. But the situation was such that she couldn't leave.

"Why don't you say something, Lala?" Lucas urged her.

"He forced you again, didn't he? You don't have to be afraid of him. I can get you out of here!"

Lucas would go to any lengths to protect her.

Ayla shook her head and said, "No, I work here now. And don't worry. I've moved to an apartment nearby."

Lucas didn't believe her.

"Are you punishing me, Lala? You are punishing me for ignoring you. Am I right?"

If Lucas and Ayla had still been in Italy, they would have been together and everything wouldn't have turned out like this.

Ayla put a finger up against Lucas' lips.

"Don't talk nonsense. I have never blamed you," she said softly.

"I'm very happy with my current job and have promised Ms. Evans that I will stay until this cooperation project is completed. We can leave once it is done," she told him.

She believed that she would leave this place one day. She felt she didn't belong here.

Lucas looked mollified as he nodded.

"Okay, I believe you. Let's go have dinner," he said, took Ayla's hand, and turned to leave.

When she didn't budge, he turned to look expectantly at her.

It took Ayla a long pause to decide and shake herself out of her thoughts.

She finally said, "Okay."

Ayla didn't ask him about the woman he was with these days. He would tell her the truth when he wanted to.

They had just stepped out of the lobby when they came face to face with Brian, who looked down at their tightly grasped hands.

"Where are you two going?"

Brian's tone was calm, but Lucas and Ayla knew that he was fuming from within.

“I’m taking my fiancée out to dinner. Do you have a problem with that, Mr. Clark?”

Lucas said, tightening his grip on Ayla’s hand. He wanted Brian to know that he was the only one that Ayla liked, not Brian.

Brian looked searchingly at Ayla.

When she remained stoic, he said, “Of course not. I have no objection to it.”

He gritted his teeth as he said it, making it obvious that he did object to it.

Ayla was a little frightened.

Brian was turning into someone horrible, more than he was before. But she decided to go ahead and have dinner with Lucas. She figured that she was just an employee of the Clark Group and didn’t want to lose her freedom.

Whether she made friends or fell in love with someone, it had nothing to do with Brian.

Lucas and Ayla walked out of the company hand in hand.

They got into the car and drove away.

Brian watched the car turn a corner before going back to his office. He settled down on the sofa, legs crossed.

As he looked at the design draft that Ayla had last handed to him, he had to admit that it was gorgeous, elegant, and unique.

She obviously had great talent in design.

But Brian didn’t like this fact. Her talent in design was like a pair of wings that would help her move away from him.

If he wanted to ensure that a woman stayed by his side, he had to cut off her wings so that she could not fly high, no matter how much she struggled. She would always live under his protection. Maybe his thoughts were veering towards becoming hateful.

His method of bringing harm to somebody through the hands of another was also despicable.

But he wouldn’t hesitate to use sneaky tactics if that meant Ayla would remain by his side.

Brian lit a cigarette and took a long drag, but he couldn’t get rid of his restlessness.

The thought of any intimacy between Lucas and Ayla seemed to dump a mountain on his heart, robbing him of his breath.

Meanwhile, Lucas took Ayla to a high-end western restaurant where they sat in a private room, listening to the melodious violin music floating in the air.

He smiled softly and said, “It’s been so long since we had a good meal together, don’t you think, Lala?”

Haley hovering over him every single day meant that Lucas couldn’t take a single step without her pestering him.

He didn't eat well, and had been worried about Ayla. Now, seeing her sitting opposite him, safe and sound, finally filled Lucas with relief.