

TSBMMOUS 21

Chapter 22: They Were Totally Different People

Next morning, Toby got up early.

Everything had changed last night.

He went to the window and looked at the beauty of nature.

Molly woke up soon after.

When she saw him standing in front of the window, she got off the bed and walked up to him.

Wrapping an arm around his, she said with her still sleepy voice, "Toby, I'm really happy to have you."

Last night he finally made her his.

Although she knew he didn't want to have s\*x with her before marriage, he had to because he couldn't deny the daughter of the Smith family.

Molly was determined to keep him at home every night and wouldn't let him see that girl again.

"Are you overwhelmed by the happiness, silly girl?"

Toby felt sorry towards Molly.

He only consented in this marriage because of the promise he had made to Hayden.

He needed the money and Smith family helped him earn.

But now, he was doomed for life.

He couldn't give Molly the love that she truly deserved.

He loved his Lala.

Did his Lala know about his relationship with Molly? What would she think realizing he was engaged to Molly and would marry her? She must be disheartened and have looked down on him.

"Toby, I don't need anything else. You are everything to me!"

Molly's face expressed nothing but happiness.

Toby caressed her back softly.

"Well, get changed. Let's go downstairs quickly. Dad and Mom must be waiting for us. Let's not keep them waiting."

In the living room on the first floor, Hayden was sitting on the sofa with a newspaper in his hand.

He was going to throw a grand party for his company's anniversary.

Besides, he had decided to announce the wedding date of Toby and Molly.

"Good morning, Dad."

Toby greeted him with a smile as he and Molly walked in.

Toby although had stayed in the Smith villa several times before, but he was still not used to living here.

After all, this was the Smith villa, and being a member of Brown family, he didn't belong here.

"Toby, I've decided the wedding date of you and Molly. I announce it at tomorrow's event,"

Hayden announced.

Toby didn't expect it to be so sudden.

In fact, it was still unbelievable for him to imagine himself as the son-in-law of the Smith family.

"Dad, why are you in such a hurry? Toby said we would decide about the marriage next year."

Molly noticed Toby's facial expression, and evidently he was not happy about the arrangement.

"Why should I not hurry? You have been together for long now. I don't want you to get pregnant before marriage."

Hayden said that as a matter of fact.

Even though Toby was present there, it was still up to the Smith family to decide about their marriage.

"Okay, Dad. We'll do as you say."

Toby held Molly's hand and gave her a small smile.

"That's right," Hayden said in a satisfied tone.

After breakfast, Hayden and Toby went to the company together.

Miley and Molly went to the garden to spend some time together.

They were served flavored tea and desserts.

"Molly, has anything happened between you and Toby? Why do I always feel that Toby is a little reluctant in the marriage?"

Miley always worried for her only daughter.

"Mom, don't think too much. I'm beautiful and our family is rich. He won't leave me and go anywhere. He knows that without me, he can't do anything," said Molly firmly.

Miley nodded, hearing her daughter's words.

If her daughter was so confident, she better not interfere in their personal matters.

In the beginning, Miley was against the marriage of Molly and Toby.

But Molly did not give up and persuaded him into marriage.

So, Miley couldn't help but let it be.

As a mother, she wanted nothing but her daughter's happiness.

Molly received a phone call and left the villa.

She had fixed an appointment at a cafe.

She needed to reach there on time.

When she reached the cafe, a man who probably was in his early thirties waved a hand at her.

She noticed him and went forward and joined him.

“Miss Smith.”

He smiled flatteringly.

“Have you found anything?”

She directly came to the point.

“Have you got any information about that girl?”

Molly ignored the man’s polite approach and asked haughtily.

She was a woman who only knew one thing.

If she was paying the money for something, she wanted nothing but perfection on that matter.

As long as she was satisfied with the result, she was willing to pay as much money as they wanted.

“Of course, I have gathered some information. How can I forget your demand, Miss Smith? But there is very little information about her.”

The man handed over a document, which only showed that she was the daughter of the Woodsen family and the name of her school.

But how could the daughter of the Woodsen family be so abject with no proper details about her background?

“Miss Smith, I have another interesting information about her.”

He gave her another piece of paper.

There were two photos of two different women.

But didn’t the Woodsen family have only one daughter? She could recognize Ayla.

But the other woman was very beautiful.

The two of them were totally different.

“Miss Smith, this woman...”

He pointed to Ayla’s photo.

“Her name is Ayla Woodsen and she was adopted by Clayton. Arlene Woodsen is his real daughter. But recently, Clayton sold Ayla to marry Brian instead of Arlene.”

Private detectives were really good at investigating.

They could dig out information that nobody knew.

While flipping through the documents, Molly found out that Ayla had married to Brian Clark of Clark Group.

The rumored most emotionless man.

“Okay. Very good. I’m very satisfied with your work.”

Molly took out a check from her bag, wrote the amount and held it out to him.

She paid him more money than she had promised.

The man took the check and left with satisfaction.

Molly studied the documents again.

That meant Ayla was a substitute for Arlene.

Did Toby know about this? Did he do all of that just to save her from this marriage? Or was he still in dark? But she and Toby would announce their wedding date tomorrow.

After that, Ayla would never have a chance to steal Toby from her.

After leaving the cafe, Molly went to the company.

Since Toby was attending a meeting, she waited for him in his office.

As she wandered around the office looking through his files, her eyes fell on a photo almost hidden under one folder.

Molly picked it up and saw it was Ayla.

Why did he still have that girl’s photo with him? She angrily picked up the photo, tore it into pieces and threw it into the trash can.

Fred watched her as she asked him not to tell Toby that she came here, and left thereafter.

Meanwhile, Ayla stared at her textbooks morosely.

It was no longer important whether she went to school or not.

Perhaps, her whole life was going to be wasted in the Clark villa! She sighed deeply, then went to the garden and looked up at the sky.

A small whisper left her mouth.

“Toby, are you happy? You will be happy without me, won’t you? You will be happy with your fiancee.”

At that moment, Jaime arrived at the villa and saw her in the garden, alone, gazing at the sky.

Seeing her quiet and pitiful face, his heart suddenly softened.

Ayla sensed someone's eyes were on her.

She turned around and saw Jaime.

She smiled politely at him.

"Mr. Turner, are you here for me?"

Jaime was slightly taken aback by her kind gesture.

He hesitated before saying, "Mr. Clark asked me to bring you clothes."

He stiffly held out an exquisite box, containing a delicate dress for her.

Looking at the box in his hands, Ayla said, "But I already have clothes."

"Mr. Clark asked you to wear this dress tomorrow and wait for him to pick you up," Jaime informed her simply.

He didn't think it was necessary to tell her anything more.

In fact, Jaime didn't like Brian's decision of taking her.

But once Brian made a decision, he never allowed others to object it.

Chapter 23: She Is My Wife

Ayla didn't know how to put on an expensive and elegant dress like this.

It was a pink-colored evening dress, with a deep cut V-neck and a shining first-class diamond lining on her left shoulder.

Under the light, it was shining brightly.

There were matching white high-heels, which were also decorated with pink diamonds.

After helping her change her dress, Maria regarded her beauty and praised her.

"Mrs. Clark, you look so beautiful."

Standing before the mirror, Ayla looked at her image and didn't know what to do.

She looked very different, and it was awkward for her to wear such an expensive dress.

She was afraid that she'd damage it if she became slightly careless.

After a few minutes, Brian's car drove into the villa.

A makeup artist and a hair-stylist got out of the car along with him.

"Sir, you are back. Mrs. Clark has changed her clothes."

Maria walked out to welcome him.

Maria whole- heartedly wanted things to go easy between him and Mrs.Clark.

Maybe after a period of time, Mr.Clark would realize that Mrs.Clark was actually a good girl.

Brian shifted his gaze at Ayla, who was standing aside, looking uneasy and eyes downcast.

She indeed looked very different in these bright-colored, expensive clothes.

In fact, she looked more dazzling than he had imagined.

The light pink fine fabric stuck to her delicate body, which complemented her fair skin tone.

Brian averted his gaze to the makeup artist and the hair-stylist behind him and instructed them to do their job.

A while later, when Ayla appeared in front of him again, Brian couldn't recognize her.

He was stunned by how different and elegant she looked.

Although she wore a light make-up, and her long black hair was loosely coiled up, she looked graceful.

"Mr.Clark,"

Ayla said in a low voice.

Brian didn't respond.

His emotionless demeanor made her more nervous.

He led her quietly to the car and ushered her inside.

She sat in the car and kept quiet.

The car drove away from the villa and headed downtown.

Today, Toby wore a black suit, and Molly matched her red evening dress with a long tail.

They looked perfect beside each other.

"Toby, Dad asked you to preside over the party tonight, which means you have great importance to him.I also believe you can do well," Molly said with a smile.

She was in a good mood today.

She had asked someone to inquire about Brian, and learned that Brian would attend the party with his wife.

Molly would take this opportunity to end every chance for Ayla tonight.

If Toby got to know that she had married another man, he would never accept her again.

Molly would do everything to keep the man she loved to herself.

She wouldn't let anyone take him away.

As soon as Ayla got out of the car, she shivered because of the chilly wind.

Looking at the tall building in front of her, she felt nervous.

Standing beside her, Brian looked down at her and frowned.

“What are you thinking about?”

Ayla hurriedly shook her head.

Brian led her inside the building and took the elevator to reach the third floor where the banquet hall was.

Inside the hall, Ayla’s eyes were dazzled by the shining light and the guests’ luxurious clothes.

Although she had seen such parties in the Woodsen family, she had never attended them.

Every time the Woodsen family held such lavish parties in the villa, she would always end up in the kitchen to help the servants.

Now, standing here like this, she felt her legs tremble in nervousness.

If she hadn’t had her arm laced with Brian, she might have collapsed to the ground already.

“Are you nervous? Aren’t parties your favorite hobby, Arlene?”

Brian could almost feel her trembling beside him.

Was she pretending to be scared? Or was she really scared?

“N-no! I’m not nervous.”

Ayla didn’t want to run away because of fear at this point.

She clenched her fists to steady her nerves.

Her palms were sweaty.

She took a deep breath and pursed her lips tightly.

Brian only scoffed and stepped towards Hayden.

Brian’s presence at the anniversary of the Smith Group surprised Hayden and made him feel proud.

“Mr.Clark, you came.Please make yourself comfortable.”

Hayden greeted him with a smile.

A waiter immediately served him a glass of wine.

“Thank you, Mr.Smith.That’s very kind of you.”

Brian took the glass and continued, "You've arranged the party impressively. I didn't want to miss the opportunity to offer my congratulations to you."

Hayden glanced at the woman beside Brian and said, "Mr. Clark, your companion tonight is very beautiful."

When Brian and Ayla walked in, Molly had seen them, but Toby didn't as he was busy chatting with other guests.

"Toby, Mr. Clark is here. Let's go and greet him."

Holding Toby's arm, Molly dragged him towards Brian with a phony smile plastered on her face.

Ayla turned to look at Brian.

She was his companion for tonight. What was that supposed to mean?

"Actually, Mr. Smith, this is my wife."

Brian's introduction not only froze Ayla, but also made Toby, who was walking towards them with Molly, drop the wine glass from his hand.

The crashing noise attracted everyone's attention.

Finding Toby there, Ayla was stunned.

She opened her mouth several times, but words wouldn't come out.

His wife? Toby was sure that he hadn't misheard.

How did his Lala become this man's wife? Molly looked at Toby's shocked reaction.

He really cared about this woman.

How could he be so careless to drop the glass like that? It was so embarrassing.

She quickly grabbed his hand and pulled him aside.

She was sure, if she wasn't there, he would have done something reckless.

"Toby, what's wrong with you? Why are you so careless?"

Molly asked a waiter to clean up the floor as soon as possible.

Hayden also noticed Toby's unexpected reaction, but he regained his composure immediately.

"Mr. Clark, let me introduce my daughter to you. She's Molly, and this is her fiancée, Toby Brown. He is also the Deputy CEO of the Smith Group." Toby looked at Brian.

Of course he knew this man.

He was the owner of the Clark Group. Who didn't know him? But why was Lala with Brian?

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Brown."



Brian maintained his calm demeanor.

Toby nodded.

“Mr.Clark, nice to meet you too.”

Toby knew Brian was an elusive man and was capable of making great changes in the business world.

But how did he end up with Lala? Glancing at Ayla’s pale face, Molly was secretly pleased.

She also noticed the disbelief and the disappointment on Toby’s face.

“Miss Woodsen.Oh, sorry.Mrs.Clark.What a coincidence! We just met a few days ago! I didn’t know you were married to Mr.Clark.It’s a pleasure to meet you again.Toby? Don’t you know each other? Why don’t you greet her?”

Molly took the initiative to speak with a smile, while holding Toby’s hand intimately.

Toby was extremely disappointed.

He looked at her and asked, “Lala, should I congratulate you?”

Why didn’t she tell him anything when they met? Why did she keep him in the dark? Now it was difficult for him to cope with everything.

Brian was displeased to hear Toby call her intimately.

Her nickname was Lala?

Ayla only smiled faintly.

Why did she have to face him on such an occasion without any preparation? Her heart ached watching Toby’s sad face.

When she saw the doubts and disappointment in his eyes, she felt heartbroken.

Perhaps, she had lost her Toby forever..

“I..I need to use the restroom.”

Ayla turned around and left quickly.She staggered out of the banquet hall in her high heels.

Chapter 24: He Was Her Ruler

Everyone returned to their party mood once Ayla left.

Her leaving didn’t affect the party much.

The party was still lively.

Toby, however, looked at the way she went from time to time.

Did Lala run away? What if something happened to her? Although he was engaged, and she was married, he still cared for her.

What a ridiculous situation they were stuck in! They didn't even get a chance to explain things to each other.

Few minutes later, Molly went to the restroom to fix her makeup.

When she was about to enter the washroom, Ayla came out and saw Molly.

She nodded politely and greeted her, "Miss Smith."

"Mrs.Clark, you don't need to be so polite with me.You can call me by my name.Also, since you and Toby are friends, you must also call me Molly."

After applying the face powder on her face, she took out a red lipstick and applied it as well.

Then she turned to Ayla and gave her a disdainful smile.

"Miss Smith, you've misunderstood.The relationship between me and Toby is nothing like what you've interpreted," Ayla explained.

Perhaps she had a little hope in her relationship with Toby in the past, but after today's face off, it was gone.

"I could only hope so.Anyway, I'm going to marry Toby.You're also invited with Mr.Clark!" Molly smiled.

After Ayla smiled back with a nod, they both went back to the banquet hall, pretending to develop a friendship between them.

"Molly."

When Toby saw Molly and Lala coming back together, he felt uneasy.

However, Molly overlooked his reaction and smiled enthusiastically.

"Toby, Mrs.Clark just congratulated us! Shall we drink a toast to her?"

"Molly, Lala doesn't..."

Before he could complete his sentence, Molly already had handed a glass of wine to Ayla.

"Mrs.Clark, please.For good times' sake, let's drink.I heard that Mr.Clark is very good at drinking.You shouldn't have a low tolerance, therefore," Molly said teasingly.

Ayla being the polite girl that she was, couldn't refuse her.

"Miss Smith, Mr.Brown, I wish you a happy married life together!"

Ayla said then raised her glass and drank it up in one gulp.

"Mrs.Clark, wow.You really have a high tolerance.I'll join you too."

Molly also drank it up in one gulp.

The two women found it a way to express their inner turmoil.

So they continued drinking glasses after glasses.

A silent war broke between them.

Toby realized this would not end soon, and in the worst case, Molly might try something stupid.

In order to prevent Molly from hurting Lala, Toby took a hold of Molly's hand and excused themselves from there.

Ayla felt thankful when Toby took Molly away.

But she felt too weak to stand anymore.

Fortunately, she saw an empty chair beside her and immediately held the back of it to steady herself.

Her alone time was short-lived as someone came and stood before her right at that moment.

She raised her head and saw the familiar handsome face with cold eyes staring right at her.

"Mr. Clark."

"Did I ask you to leave me and do whatever you want? Huh? Answer me! Were you waiting for the chance to throw yourself into your childhood sweetheart's arms?"

Brian had been witnessing their interaction from not afar.

They were really attentive to each other.

If she was so drawn to this one man, what about her relationships with other men?

"No, I was just..."

Ayla wanted to explain, but she knew it wouldn't make any difference to Brian.

He didn't even want to listen to her explanation.

He was indifferent and sarcastic towards her from the beginning.

Just like Molly always misunderstood her.

To Brian, she was nothing but a harlot.

Brian grabbed her wrist tightly.

"You better chastise yourself, Arlene. Don't embarrass me here."

Ayla's wrist hurt because of his vice grip, but she didn't show it.

Maybe, if Toby saw her with Brian, he'd know that she was actually living a good life and feel relieved.

Looking at her wrist, which was tightly held by Brian, Toby felt a pang in his chest.

His heart ached for his Lala.

Brian would never be a good husband to her.

He would find out why she agreed to marry him.

How could Clayton do this to her? Even if she was not his biological daughter, he couldn't just let her suffer like this.

With a forced smile on her face, Ayla followed Brian everywhere.

She didn't get the chance to pay attention to what others were doing or talking about. When Hayden announced that Toby and Molly would get married next month, Toby was stunned.

He wasn't expecting Hayden would fix a date that early.

But when his eyes shifted to Ayla to see her reaction, she remained expressionless.

Molly observed that Toby's entire attention was on Ayla.

Although that b\*\*\*h couldn't anymore destroy her life, she still had his full attention.

Molly glared at Ayla.

She hated that b\*\*\*h! Ayla, however, didn't notice any of this as she was feeling too dizzy from the alcohol she consumed earlier.

Her face flushed as she suddenly felt hot.

Her limbs became heavier, and footsteps became unsteady.

She squeezed Brian's arm that she was holding.

Brian noticed that.

He didn't want to stay at the party any longer either.

He had learned the relationship between her and Toby, so there was no need to stay any longer.

Ayla tripped as Brian led her towards the exit and almost fell to the ground.

Toby saw that and was about to step forward when Molly pulled him back.

"Toby, she is Mrs. Clark now. Mr. Clark is there to help her."

Yes, Mrs. Clark! She was Mrs. Clark. She was married now.

Toby froze in his place and watched Brian holding her waist and pulling her close.

The two of them then left together.

"Thank you. I can walk by myself."

As soon as Ayla walked out of the banquet hall, she wanted Brian to release her.

They acted intimate only for others to see.

Now that they left the party, they needed not to continue their fake intimacy.

Wasn't that what he wanted? Brian already knew something like this would happen.

He wanted Toby to realize that Arlene was his legal wife now and he should stay away from her.

So, he forced Arlene to act intimate with him to prevent others from approaching her in the future.

No one would dare to get close to her after tonight.

Ayla didn't know how she should feel.

But, she had no choice but to listen to him.

Brian loosened his grip on her.

Due to the high heels she was wearing, she stumbled forward only after taking two steps and fell on the ground.

If it weren't for the carpet on the floor, she would have hurt herself severely.

"Are you really bad at drinking?"

Brian bent over and studied her.

Her face flushed while her eyes became blurred.

He watched her drink only three glasses of wine.

That shouldn't affect her considering her consumption reputation.

Without looking at him, Ayla said, "You won't believe me no matter what I say."

He would only think that she was pretending and acting to gain his sympathy.

Brian put his arm around her waist and lifted her up, without stretching the conversation.

As they got into the car, Ayla leaned against the seat and closed her eyes.

"I don't want to go back to the villa. Can you please let me go?"

Was she drunk? She collected courage to request him after drinking the alcohol.

Brian didn't answer until the car stopped at the red signal.

He turned towards her.

"If you tell me the truth, I will let you go. But of course, someone has to pay the price."

There was no trace of consideration in his voice.

He was literally the ruler of death.

If anyone would p\*\*s him off, death was the only consequences that could be expected from him.

Of course, she couldn't tell him the truth that she was the adopted daughter of the Woodsen family, and that she was a substitute bride.

“You have nothing to say? Then don’t expect me to let you go. Because you are not qualified to request me that!”

As soon as the green light turned on, the car continued to drive forward. She had no right to live free! Ayla was not qualified to control her life. Whether it was Clayton, Arlene or Brian, they all thought so.

Ayla kept silent all the way until they returned to the villa.

Brian got out of the car and left her alone.

She opened the car’s door and fell on the cold ground.

A terrible pain erupted in her stomach as she trembled, then she vomited all over the ground.

Chapter 25: Don’t Cry Again

Maria found Ayla in the parking lot and brought her back to her room. She held Ayla by her shoulder and comforted her.

“Mrs. Clark, please lie down for a while. I’ll get you some food.” Ayla nodded.

“Thank you.” Her voice sounded so weak, and it was not only from the drink she’d had. It was because she was too depressed and grieved and had lost all her enthusiasm.

After that party, things never got better. Ayla fell seriously ill.

Over half a month passed until her condition was better.

All the while she stayed locked in the villa.

Besides, Brian disappeared soon after that night and hadn’t returned home yet.

However, it was better for her to live here alone than to face him.

The doctor who was treating her, had advised her to get rid of the depression she was suffering from.

Otherwise she would end up with incurable depression.

But how could she stop her depression? She had lost her everything. Even her enthusiasm to live. She was now just waiting for death.

Was she so desperate to die? She glanced at her phone on the bedside table and pressed the power on button.

As soon as she did so, dozens of messages kept coming in and all of them were from Toby.

She didn’t want to read them.

If she could, she would have deleted them all. But she could not. She still had feelings for Toby.

Even though they were separated from each other for several years, they grew up together and were close to each other.

She had been waiting for him all these years when they were apart, because he was her only hope. He was her future. But now everything was meaningless.

She reluctantly opened the messages and read them.

It turned out he had found out how she had become Brian's substitute bride.

She had no choice but to take Arlene's place.

Her phone suddenly buzzed.

She read the number but couldn't recognize it.

"Hello?" Ayla softly said.

"Lala, finally! I have been trying to catch you on the phone for so long. You got me so worried. How are you doing? Where are you now? How's everything? I want to see you!" Toby bombarded her with a long chain of questions.

"Toby, I'm fine."

She was really fine.

As long as Toby was happy, she would be fine.

"Nonsense! I don't believe you. I absolutely know what kind of person Brian is! He can make your life worse than death, Lala! I'm worried."

Toby couldn't even imagine the various ways Brian would torture her.

He couldn't endure seeing her suffer like this.

Brian would see her as Arlene, who was the real daughter of the Woodsen family and hate her.

"Toby, he is not that bad."

Ayla didn't know why she said that.

Brian had never treated her well.

He had tortured her by having s\*x without her consent and restricting her freedom.

Then why did she say he wasn't a bad person? Toby could tell from her voice that she was trying to be strong.

She had always been like this.

She always endured pain without complaining once.

"Lala, tell me, where are you now? Let's meet and talk."

He needed to see her.

Without seeing her personally, he wouldn't believe what she said.

“But...” Ayla hesitated.

Brian made her promise that she wouldn't leave the villa again.

“Lala, you must come and meet me. I have something important to tell you. Tell me, where do you live? I'll go and pick you up.”

Toby had investigated that Brian had many villas and apartments, but he didn't know which one Brian had arranged for Lala.

Ayla hesitated for a while, but then agreed.

The two of them agreed to meet at a cafe in the city.

To her fortune, she realized Maria had gone to shop downtown with the driver, Lyle.

There were only the housekeeper and other servants in the villa.

After changing into a set of clothes, Ayla went out quietly.

At the pre-selected coffee shop, Toby didn't go inside.

He stood by the entry, waiting for Ayla.

An hour later, a taxi stopped before the cafe and Ayla got out of it.

“Lala.”

Toby stepped forward and took her hand in his.

Ayla got confused when he didn't lead her inside the cafe, instead he walked her towards his car.

“Get in my car. Let's talk somewhere else.”

Before Ayla could object, Toby pulled her hastily inside his car.

“Toby!”

Ayla looked at him in confusion.

Why was he behaving so strange? What did he want? But Toby turned to her and smiled, then stepped on the accelerator and the car rolled by.

After an almost quiet ride, they stopped in front of a building.

“Let's go upstairs.”

Looking at the new building in front of her, Ayla asked, “Toby, why have you taken me here?”

“From now on, you can live here, Lala. I won't let you go back to Brian. No one can torture you here.”

Toby had taken her to his new apartment. He led her upstairs.



“Toby, I can’t stay here.”

Sitting on the sofa, Ayla eyed around the place.

She didn’t expect that Toby would take such an unexpected decision. She couldn’t stay here.

If Brian learned about it, he would turn Toby’s life in a living hell.

Toby suddenly pulled her into his arms.

“Of course you can, Lala. Why not? I promised you that when I came back, I would give you the best life. You deserve happiness, Lala. Now, I can give you the best and comfortable life.”

Toby’s generosity made Ayla emotional. She leaned against Toby’s chest and put her arms around his waist.

Their close proximity was so familiar and warm to her, that she didn’t want to let go. But she knew she couldn’t enjoy it forever. She’d have to let go.

Brian was her foremost obstacle. If she made him angry again, not only she but also Toby and the whole Woodsen family would suffer his wrath.

“I’m sorry, Toby. I’m not the same person as you used to know.”

Tears welled up in her eyes and streamed down her face which soaked his shirt. Toby patted her on the back and comforted her.

“Don’t cry, Lala. It’ll be alright. You should only smile in front of me. You should be happy.”

Ayla shook her head.

She couldn’t anymore smile as cheerfully as she used to when she was a child. Happiness was such a simple thing when they were young. She could smile brightly just because of a candy or a chocolate, but now things had changed.

“Lala, no matter what happened to you, you are still the one I love most in my life,” Toby said firmly.

He loved her.

No matter what Brian had done to her, he didn’t care. He would love her for the rest of his life.

“I, I have had s\*x with him.”

Ayla choked out the words while a bitter sob erupted out of her.

Even though she was reluctant, she lost her virginity to Brian.

Her words stunned Toby.

Ayla pushed him away.

“I think I’d better go back!”

She could feel that he wasn’t expecting that.

“No! You can’t go!”

But Toby stopped her immediately and said, “I don’t mind that. I really don’t. From now on, you will be mine, only mine. I will still love you.”

He loved her, and this fact would never change. Did she not love him anymore? Ayla looked at him questioningly.

“Toby?”

Toby pulled her in his arms again and gently pressed his lips on hers.

“You’re mine, Lala. You can only be mine.”

Even if he was late, he would keep her in his life forever.

He kissed her again, this time it was more passionate.

His kiss aroused the love and helplessness in Ayla’s heart.

Brian had never kissed her like this.

He had only forced himself on her.

Chapter 26: He Was Her Nightmare

Toby knew only one thing.

The woman in front of him was the one he had loved for so many years.

No matter what kind of relationship she had with Brian, he still wanted her.

If he hadn’t left Ayla and come back late, she would have been his woman instead of Brian Clark.

However, that changed nothing.

He didn’t know what Ayla was thinking, but he still wanted her to be his woman.

Maybe he was being selfish, but didn’t they say everything was fair in love and war?

Toby caressed Ayla’s face. She looked nervous and scared.

Seeing her trembling in his arms, he asked softly, “Are you afraid, Lala? Don’t be afraid. I’m here.”

Toby placed another kiss on her lips and said, “Lala, no matter what had happened before, you are mine today. You are mine.”

Ayla looked up at Toby with teary eyes and touched his face.

“I’m scared, Toby. What if he finds out about us? I don’t want to return to him. I want to be yours. I really love you.”

Her tears, those who had blurred her vision, rolled down her cheeks.

Toby pulled her against him.

“I love you too, Lala.”

Toby wanted her to forget every hurt Brian had imparted on her.

He wanted to make her feel secure.

She had lost her enthusiasm to live until Toby made her feel secure again.

If Toby didn't mind whether she had been sold to Brian, then she would spend the rest of her life with the man she loved.

Toby wanted to be intimate with her.

But when Ayla sensed he was trying to get close to her, she looked up at him with blurred vision and saw Brian in place of Toby.

She screamed aloud.

“Ah! No! Get off me! Let go of me! Leave me! Don't touch me!”

Ayla clawed at him and pushed him away.

Whenever she reminded herself of Brian, she felt her body shaking painfully.

She was so scared of Brian.

Toby worriedly noticed her cowering away from him in fear.

“Lala, I'm sorry.I-I didn't mean to scare you.”

Toby brought a warm blanket and covered her with it before pulling her close to him and comforting her.

Ayla sobbed quietly in his arms.

She couldn't get out of the trauma of Brian's torture.

“Toby, I don't want to return to the Clark villa.I'll stay here.Even if it's for just one day, I want to stay away from him.”

She didn't want to stay locked up forever.

The Clark villa was like a cage for her.

No matter how comfortable her room was there, staying there was nothing but a nightmare for her.

“Stay here as long as you want.You can live here from now on and no one will know.”

Toby wanted to protect her from every evil.

But Ayla wasn't confident of her fate.

She didn't know how long she could live here.

Toby had a fiancée, so she couldn't be a burden to him for a long time.

She had been a burden since her childhood.

Her biological parents abandoned her.

Even if the Woodsen family adopted her, she was still redundant.

In order to repay Clayton for raising her up, she listened to him and married Brian.

While going through these thoughts, Ayla fell asleep at one point.

Toby softly tucked her in the bed and kissed her on the forehead before he got off and put on his clothes.

He went out to buy a few necessities for Ayla.

From now on, she would live in his apartment.

He earned money to buy his own apartment so that he could give it to Ayla.

He was happy to have her, finally.

When Brian returned to the villa, he was told that Ayla had gone missing.

No one knew where she had gone.

She didn't even take her phone with her.

She had been out for an entire day and hadn't come back.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Can't you do your duties properly? Have you forgotten what I had ordered?"

Brian yelled at Ruben and Maria in front of him.

"Sir, Mrs. Clark will be back. Don't worry"

Maria said in a low voice, "Maybe she had missed the bus and couldn't come back on time like last time."

Brian was taken aback by what Maria said.

Last time, it was a coincidence to meet her on the road.

This time, he knew that she had escaped.

That woman actually dared to escape from his control.

Well! He would find her and show her, her real place.

Brian sat on the sofa and pondered on the last few days' events.

Toby.

She must have run away with that man.

But Brian would never let her escape from his control.

He'd make her come back to him.

He would make her obedient to him.

Three days passed by after this incident.

In Toby's apartment, Ayla stood in front of the window and looked outside.

Since she came to live in Toby's apartment, days went by like a dream.

Now she was afraid this would end too.

Every day before going to work, Toby would prepare breakfast and lunch for her.

In the evening, he would come back and make dinner with her.

Ayla had longed for this kind of life since long.

But it was a useless hope for her.

When Toby returned to his apartment, he saw Ayla standing in front of the window, deep in thought.

"Why are you standing here like that, Lala? Are you feeling bored staying at home all day long?"

"No, it's not that. I've been waiting for you!"

Ayla turned around with a smile and threw herself into his arms.

Her biggest dream was to be a full-time homemaker and c\*\*k for her beloved man.

Now, it'd been coming true.

"What do you want to eat for dinner? I'll make it for you."

Toby kissed her lovingly on the cheek.

The day he brought her here, he had lost control. But these days, he had been sleeping on the sofa and left the main bedroom for her to sleep comfortably.

"I will eat whatever you'll c\*\*k," Ayla said with a smile.

She would be satisfied with whatever he would give her. She only cared for Toby and his happiness.

Nothing else mattered.

They made dinner together and ate while talking and laughing.

After dinner, Ayla leaned against Toby's chest and asked, "Toby, you come here every day. What about Miss Smith?"

She had wanted to ask this question for a long time.

It was inevitable that one day his fiancée would become his wife.

Toby kept quiet.

He didn't know how to answer that.

Lala had no choice when she became Brian's wife, but what about him? What was he doing? He also needed to give her an explanation.

"Lala, do you trust me?"

Toby held her tightly in his arms and asked quietly.

"Yes, of course I do."

He was the only man she could trust, and the only person close to her.

Toby briefly explained how he met Molly and ended up as her fiancé.

He knew he should be responsible towards Molly when he promised to marry her.

But he couldn't take responsibilities for two women.

"She is very beautiful and she loves you very much," Ayla said to him.

If she hadn't loved him, she wouldn't have been afraid, thinking Ayla would steal Toby away from her.

"Lala, but I only love you."

Toby was afraid that Lala would misunderstand him and think he was deceiving her.

Ayla nodded.

"Yes, I know. I always knew this. You know what? I'd spent these past years waiting for you in a hope that you'd return and take me away with you. You had promised me that you would celebrate my eighteenth birthday with me. But you didn't come back, and it'd hurt me so much."

She only survived these past years with this one hope.

"I'm sorry, Lala. I'll celebrate your birthday with you tomorrow. Although it's too late, I'll celebrate it with you as long as you don't mind it, okay?"

Toby didn't return earlier because Molly had fallen sick at that time and he had to stay with her.

"Okay. As long as you are with me, everything is better for me."

Ayla smiled at him.

It would never be too late if the man she loved was beside her.

Everything would be beautiful as long as she felt loved by him.

Suddenly, Toby took out a new phone and said, "Lala, this is for you. Do you like it?"

The white cellphone was of the latest model.

Ayla remembered that she had left the phone given by Brian back in the villa.

That was why he hadn't found her yet.

She could only hide from him for a while but not for a lifetime.

"I like it.Thank you."

Ayla nodded and accepted it with a smile.

For the first time in a while she felt content.

Chapter 27: What Else Could She Expect

Brian was sitting on the black leather couch while Jaime and several men in black were standing towering over Clayton, who was kneeling on the ground.

All the men had weapons in their hands.

On the ground, Clayton looked like a mouse caught by a fierce cat.

Several bruises were on his face.

"Mr.Clark, I promise I'll pay you back.I'm trying to find a way.Please give me a few more days."

He begged and hoped Brian would spare him a little mercy.

"Clayton, have you forgotten the conditions we made?" Brian asked in a harsh voice.

Did he think that he could escape from Brian's reach after he fled abroad?

Clayton made a big mistake by underestimating Brian's power and contact all around the world.

"No- no.I didn't forget.Believe me, I'm trying my best to collect the money.I can pay you some amount right now, but I don't have the full amount."

Clayton was about to get up from his position when he was hit down on his shoulder and he fell on the ground again in front of Brian.

"Clayton, your daughter is very cunning.She ran away from me.Do you think you still have the chance to leave? You don't deserve to live, Clayton," he leaned forward and whispered in a deadly tone.

Ayla ran away? That b\*\*\*h! Clayton couldn't believe the news.

Now he understood why Brian had captured him and brought him here.

It was all her fault.

He wanted to live the rest of his life in peace, but because of that b\*\*\*h, it seemed impossible now.

“Mr.Clark, don’t worry.I’ll find her and bring her back to you soon.You can then do anything to her, and I’ll support you,”

Clayton promised, grabbing Brian’s legs.

“Tomorrow.I’ll give you only one day.If you can’t bring her to me by tomorrow, your life will be in danger.Don’t forget that you sold your daughter’s life to keep yourself alive.”

Brian could have killed Clayton directly, but he didn’t want to.

He wanted to see Clayton suffer, and he wanted to keep humiliating his daughter.

He would torture her all the way possible.

“Mr.Clark, do you really think that Clayton will bring her back? What if he runs away too?”

Jaime thought that Brian shouldn’t let Clayton go because he was not trustworthy.

So, he asked Brian as soon as Clayton left.

“He can’t run away.He doesn’t have the guts.If he really dares to run away, he knows he’ll die.”

Brian gazed at Clayton’s back as he fled in a hurry.

After living in Toby’s apartment for so many days, it was the first time Ayla went out.

Toby had bought her many new clothes.

Today, she chose a light pink chiffon dress with long sleeves, and left her long hair down casually.

“You look so beautiful, Lala.”

Toby took a white coat and put it on her.

“It’s slightly cold outside.You’ll need it.I don’t want you to catch a cold.”

Standing in front of the mirror and looking at her image wearing these expensive designer clothes, Ayla felt uneasy.

But as Toby assured her, she nodded and followed Toby out of the apartment.

Toby drove her to a restaurant.

However, they didn’t notice a specific car following them all the time.

“Miss Smith, Mr.Brown is in the restaurant.Shall we go in?”

The driver turned to ask Molly, who was sitting in the back of the car.

“No.Not yet.”

When Molly noticed Toby had been behaving strangely in these past few days, she started to keep an eye on him.



He didn't attend a lot of social engagements and remained punctual at work, but didn't go back to the Smith villa or his original apartment.

Eventually she found out he bought another apartment to hide his mistress.

That b\*\*\*h dared to pester her man again and again! Molly wouldn't spare her this time! As soon as Toby and Ayla sat down in the restaurant, Toby's phone buzzed.

Toby answered the call and immediately Molly's voice flew in.

"Toby, this is Molly. Where are you now? Dad wants you to come home now."

"I'll come later."

Toby hung up the call after saying this briefly.

Ayla sensed his dilemma and realized it was because of her.

"Toby, if you have something urgent to deal with, you can go! Don't delay your things because of me."

Ayla was really thankful to Toby for whatever he had done for her these days.

"It's alright. I have promised to celebrate your birthday today. We'll celebrate it, then I'll go,"

Toby said with a smile, trying to make her feel at ease.

Toby had ordered a big birthday cake for her.

When the waiter brought the cake and placed it on the table, Toby exclaimed, "Lala, congratulations! You're a grownup now."

When she was eighteen years old, he wanted to say these words to her on her birthday, but he couldn't.

Today he'd make it up to her.

"Thank you." Ayla blushed.

Back then, she celebrated her birthday alone with a small cake and spent the entire night crying.

She was truly grateful to Toby that he celebrated her birthday today like this. What else could she desire?

"I hope you won't blame me anymore, Lala."

Toby felt that he owed her too much.

He loved her, but couldn't give her what she truly deserved.

He couldn't even give her the status of his legal wife.

The Smith family had helped him a lot, so he couldn't refuse Molly.

But what about Lala? What should she do? Where would she go? The Woodsen family wouldn't let her in, and Brian, he'd make her life a living hell.

"Don't worry, Toby. I'm very happy." Ayla smiled.

"Toby, you can go. I'll be fine. I can go back by myself. You just go!"

Toby cut a piece of cake and gave it to her.

"First, eat it! I'll go after you finish this."

Ayla didn't want to waste his time, so she finished the cake in a few big gulps.

"This cake is really delicious. Can you buy another one for me?"

"If you want, I'll buy it for you every day."

Toby wiped off the cream from the corner of her mouth with a tissue.

Molly, who was sitting in the car outside the restaurant, saw everything through the big glass window.

She clenched her fists in anger.

She would not let that b\*\*\*h go so easily! When Toby left, Ayla stared at the cake in front of her.

It was big and beautiful.

It must be very expensive.

She was reluctant to eat it and destroy its beauty forever.

If there wasn't any chance of it becoming sour, she would have kept it for a lifetime.

Toby left a red brocade box in front of her.

He said that she could look at it after he left. He hoped that she would wear it, if she liked it.

She opened the box and saw a diamond ring in it.

Was this his proposal to her? But she couldn't accept it.

"B\*\*\*h!"

As soon as Toby left, Molly barged into the restaurant and saw the diamond ring in Ayla's hand.

All hell broke loose as she angrily slapped Ayla in front of everyone.

"Miss Smith?"

Ayla was stunned to see Molly there.

Her face burned from the sudden slap.

"Shut up! You have no right to call me like that! B\*\*\*h!"

Before Ayla could say anything, Molly slapped her again.

"I'm sorry."

Ayla knew that it would be meaningless, but she could only apologize to her.» Molly hollered, "Sorry? You have been harassing my fiancée since he came back. Do you think you can just say sorry and I'll forgive you?"

She hated the word 'sorry' the most. Could a 'sorry' solve all the problems?

No! Problems like this couldn't be solved with a 'sorry'! She couldn't anymore let this woman be closer to her man.

Molly was done being a generous woman.

"Don't misunderstand us, please," Ayla said.

She just didn't want to cause any unnecessary misunderstandings between Toby and Molly because of her.

She knew eventually this day would come.

If Toby didn't belong to her by fate, he would never be, no matter what. Everything was predestined.

Chapter 28: She Had Nowhere To Go

"Misunderstanding? How ridiculous! Do you think I'm stupid? I should have caught you in bed with him. Only then would you have admitted, right? B\*\*\*h!" Molly sneered.

"You're even flirting with each other in public. How could you tell me that I'm misunderstanding you after seeing that? Anyone who has eyes can clearly see that neither of you is innocent, and here you're, busy eating cake?"

Molly's eyes darted towards the cake on the table.

"I'll let you eat it then!"

As soon as she finished her words, she picked up the cake and smashed it on Ayla's face.

All the cream got stuck on Ayla's face, making her embarrassed in front of everyone.

Ayla didn't know how to react after this.

She just sat there in a daze.

"B\*\*\*h, don't let me see you again!"

Molly pushed on her chest hard, then turned around and left.

There was cream all over Ayla's face.

She quietly stood up, painfully aware of everyone's gaze on her, then left the restaurant.

Walking on the road in a daze, she felt so alone in this whole world.

She couldn't go back to Toby's apartment, so where would she go now? She had nowhere to go.

Despite the world being so big, there was no place for her to stay.

Her life was so pathetic.

Her eyes welled up, but she stubbornly didn't let her tears fall.

Crying couldn't solve her problem.

Meanwhile, Clayton went to her school to ask about Ayla.

But both the school authority and her friends couldn't give any information about her.

After that, he began searching for her on the roads.

Where was she? While Ayla was walking aimlessly on the Melody Road, keeping her head down, Clayton found her.

"You're such a b\*\*\*h!"

Seeing her, Clayton immediately came over and pulled her hair.

"Dad? What are you doing here?"

Ayla grabbed his hand and endured the pain, but winced when she saw the bruises on Clayton's face.

No wonder that he would vent his anger on her.

"What am I doing here? I am here because of you! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have to face these dire consequences!"

Clayton harshly pulled her towards the taxi by her hair and pushed her inside.

She didn't need to ask because she knew where they were going.

She cowered in a corner of the car's back seat and waited for her inevitable punishment.

She was going back to that hell.

Yes! Clayton had sold her to that devil.

Where else could she go? She couldn't escape from that cage.

The car finally stopped at the gate of a luxurious entertainment club.

As it was daytime, the club was much quieter than in the night, but there were still some guests.

As soon as Clayton got out of the car, he pulled his daughter into the club by her hair, ignoring the surprised gazes of others.

Upstairs, in a private room, Brian was waiting for them with a glass of wine in his hand.

The room was dimly lit by floor lamps only.

He watched quietly as Clayton pulled Ayla in.

“Mr.Clark, I’ve found this b\*\*\*h.”

Clayton pulled Ayla down along with him as they kneeled in front of Brian.

There was no dignity in his action.

Brian didn’t respond.

He drank the wine lazily, then put down the glass, and focused on the two people in front of him.

“Arlene, Mrs.Clark, you are really daring!”

He stood up from the sofa and walked up to Ayla.

Observing the red mark on her cheek and the cream stains all over her face, he asked, “Whom did you h\*\*k up with this time? Perhaps, his partner didn’t like it.”

“I didn’t h\*\*k up with anyone.”

Ayla lowered her eyes.

The hateful gaze of him made her not want to face him.

She had escaped, maybe which was wrong.

But it wasn’t all her fault.

Longing for freedom was her right, which he was reluctant to give her.

“Really?”

Looking at the cream on her face and hair, Brian asked, “What is this all about then? Do you think I’m a fool?”

“Mr.Clark, it’s all her fault.Please let me go now.She won’t run away again,” Clayton promised.

Ayla looked up at Brian and said quietly but in a firm tone, “I told you I want to be free.Give me some time and I’ll make up for what I owe you, but give me freedom.That’s all I want.”

She didn’t want to go back to his prison.

She didn’t want to lose her self-esteem anymore.

Brian grabbed her arm and pulled her up.

“Clayton, your daughter wants her freedom, what do you think?”

“No, she won’t.Her life is yours, Mr.Clark.”

Clayton glared at her, hinting to stop talking nonsense.

Freedom? What freedom she was talking about? They had lost all their money, and they were lucky enough to be still alive.

How could they be longing for freedom!

“You want to be free? Okay then.”

Walking to the sofa, Brian looked at Ayla and said, “But your freedom depends on whether you are willing to sacrifice your father’s life.”

“No! No! Mr.Clark.”

Clayton panicked.

As soon as he finished his words, two men came over with thick wood sticks and began hitting him mercilessly.

He couldn’t help but scream in pain.

“Mr.Clark, Mr.Clark, please forgive me!”

It was the first time that Ayla had seen such a cruel scene.

How could he be so cruel? Brian poured himself another drink and drank calmly as if nothing was happening.

“Mr.Clark, please let him go.Let my father go.Okay! Okay! I will listen to you.”

Ayla saw Clayton’s condition with horror-stricken eyes.

He was covered with bloodied wounds everywhere.

“I have decided to set you free, but Mr.Woodsen must die.You will be free when he dies.Isn’t it what you want?”

Without shifting his eyes from Ayla, Brian ordered her men coldly.

“Don’t stop.Keep hitting! Arlene, I will let you go when he breathes his last.”

“No!”

He was a devil, a complete devil! How could he treat a person so cruelly? How could he take someone’s life just like that? Ayla stepped forward and grabbed his leg.

“Mr.Clark, please stop.”

She bent her knees and knelt down to him.

Brian looked down at her.

If she was so scared, how could she leave him? She could never escape him! He wouldn’t let her!

“Are you sure that you still want to be Mrs.Clark?”

Brian bent over and lifted her chin with his finger.

“You must be aware of what you should do and what you shouldn’t do. I’ll give you food and clothes, and you’ll be satisfied and thankful for that without complaining.”

This woman had been away from him for only a few days, but he felt bothered, which was odd for him.

He wasn’t willing to let her go.

However, what was up with Clayton? How could he treat his only daughter like this? Wasn’t she the beloved daughter of the Woodsen family?

“I understand. I won’t leave you again.”

Ayla agreed, wasting no time.

She couldn’t watch Clayton die in front of her.

Brian helped her up and signaled his men to stop.

No other sound except Clayton’s groan and Ayla’s whimpering from fear could be heard in the room.

Ayla’s phone rang suddenly, and she froze.

Toby! She had forgotten about him completely.

Brian stared at her and ordered, “Answer the phone. Why aren’t you answering?”

Ayla feared the way Brian would react when he’d see the phone Toby gave her.

She didn’t use the phone he gave her, but she was using a phone given by another man.

She took out her phone and on the screen, two words flashed.

‘My Toby.’ Ayla raised her head to look at Brian.

He was looking at the screen as well.

She was doomed right now.

She didn’t know how she could explain this to him.

She feared the devil in him and didn’t want it to emerge again, which probably would anyway, soon.

Chapter 29: Please Help Me

Ayla clenched her phone tightly. She couldn’t answer it in front of Brian, nor could she keep the phone with her.

“I’m sorry, Toby,” she apologized silently in her heart.

Before Brian could understand what she was about to do, she threw the phone towards the wall.

It crashed on the wall and fell on the cold marble floor.

The phone stopped ringing at once.

She had broken the phone! Along with their relationship! She stared at the broken phone with teary eyes. She had no other choice.

“Good.”

Brian then turned to his subordinates. He waved his hand dismissively.

“Let him go.”

Ayla asked Clayton with a wavering voice, “Dad, are you okay?”

“What do you think? Do I look okay to you? If you hadn’t run away, I wouldn’t have ended up like this!” Clayton snapped sharply.

“Dad, let me take you to the hospital!”

Ayla walked up to him to help him up, but Clayton pushed her away. He glanced at Brian and denied her immediately, “No, I don’t want to go to hospital. You don’t have to do anything for me. You’ve already done enough. I won’t die, so just leave me.”

It was his great fortune that he was still alive.

Brian pulled Ayla back towards him and ordered Jaime, “Jaime, ask someone to take him to the hospital.”

Jaime obliged immediately.

He and the other men left the room taking Clayton with them. Then there were only Brian and Ayla left in the room.

“Mr. Clark, thank you for letting my father go,” she mumbled to him, looking downward.

“I won’t let him go so easily in the future. You should be careful about my warning, otherwise you can’t even imagine the dire consequences that you’ll have to face.”

Brian let her arm go then walked back to the sofa and sat down.

“From today on, you will stay here.”

Ayla looked at him stupefied. Did he want her to be a barmaid here?

“Mr. Clark, why do you want me to stay here?” Ayla was scared.

She knew that she had to pay the price for her escape, but she didn’t know what cruel way he’d punish her.

“Aren’t you good at serving men?”

Brian taunted her.

“If you want to repay the money your father owed me, you’ll have to work here. Otherwise, there’s no other way you can do that.”



Ayla couldn't help but just accept his decision.

After that, he called Anna and asked her to arrange for Ayla to start to work tonight.

Anna nodded then went and sat down beside Brian.

"Mr. Clark, do you really want her to be a barmaid here? Are you really willing to do that?"

Anna wanted to confirm his decision. She thought that Brian wanted Arlene to have s\*x with him whenever he wished. Then why was he letting her stay here?

"She is not that important," Brian said firmly.

He just wanted to vent his hatred.

The more humiliated this woman would be, the happier he would feel.

Anna entangled her fingers with his and leaned towards him.

"That means, I don't need to take special care of her, do I?" Brian said nothing.

He lit a cigarette and smoked.

Ayla changed into a tight barmaid dress before Anna led her into a luxurious private room.

"Please take good care of the customers here. If they are unhappy, you will be the one to suffer,"

Anna reminded her sharply, though she believed that her words were unnecessary for a woman like Arlene.

It shouldn't be difficult for a social butterfly like her to smile and drink with others. However, Anna was surprised to see Ayla was struggling to do so.

Anna thought it was ridiculous.

Why did Arlene keep pretending her innocence everywhere? Even in the club too, which was in fact her expertise.

"Mr. Hamilton, you haven't been here for a long time. Have a good time today. I'm sure you'll be satisfied."

Anna pushed Ayla towards Mr. Hamilton.

"Oh, is she new here? She is pretty, but I don't know if she'll be able to satisfy me."

Mr. Hamilton put his hand on her cheek and caressed it.

Anna smiled seeing that and left the room.

Ayla bit on her lower lip, almost drawing blood.

The strong smell of smoke and alcohol coming from the man made her stomach churn in disgust.

"Get me some wine,"

Mr.Hamilton put his glass on the table and said to her.

Ayla nodded then picked up the wine bottle and filled the glass obediently.

Then she handed it back to him.But Mr.Hamilton didn't take it.

Instead he ordered her, "Drink it!"

"I...I do not drink."

Ayla looked at the glass of wine uncomfortably.

She couldn't drink it.

If she consumed alcohol, she'd end up falling sick again.

"Really? I don't believe that! You just don't want to drink with me.Isn't it?"

Mr.Hamilton pinched her chin, held the glass in front of her mouth and forced her to drink it.

Ayla struggled and instinctively pushed his hand away causing the glass in his hand to be thrown away to the ground.

The glass broke and the wine spilled all over.

"You're such a b\*\*\*h! How dare you refuse to drink? It's your honor that I'm letting you drink with me.You're a shameless, pathetic s\*\*t!"

As he humiliated her by those words, he slapped her hard across the face also.

Blood oozed out from the corner of Ayla's mouth as she was pushed to the other side of the sofa.

"Drink it!"

This time, Mr.Hamilton gave her a whole bottle of wine and poured it directly into her mouth.

Ayla didn't even get the chance to refuse.

Her throat burned as the wine ran past her throat to her stomach.

The strong wine made her feel sick.

More than half bottle of wine was poured into her mouth, while she lay there helplessly and coughed violently.

"It doesn't matter if you can't drink.As long as you stay with me, I will make you drink all kinds of good wine."

Mr.Hamilton pulled her up and close to him once she had downed the wine.

"Tell me, which kind of wine do you want to drink?"

His voice suddenly turned less vicious.

He pointed at different kinds of wine on the table.

Ayla felt her stomach twisting and she felt nauseous and dazed.

She sensed the unfamiliar touch all over her body.

The man beside her was touching her and a sense of fear spread through her.

“Don’t...Don’t touch me!”

Ayla pushed the man’s hand away.

“There is no woman here that I can’t touch!”

Mr.Hamilton smirked as he said so before he tore her clothes and pressed himself on her.

Ayla struggled under him.

No! No! This couldn’t happen! She couldn’t let this man touch her! As he forced himself on her, she bit his arm hard.

Mr.Hamilton let go of her in pain.

Ayla quickly collected herself and went to the door.

But Mr.Hamilton grabbed her waist and pulled her into him as she tried to open the doorknob.

“How dare you bite me! I’ll teach you a lesson!”

Mr.Hamilton pushed her to the ground and pressed himself on her again.

He kissed her forcefully and held both of her hands above her head.

Ayla felt sick from the bottom of her heart, but she couldn’t let this happen to her.She raised her leg and kicked him hard in between his legs.

This was the only way she could escape from his claws.Ayla got up and ran towards the door.

But as soon as she opened the door, she bumped into a person.

“Help me, please help me.”

She hastily called for help.

Jaime looked down at the disheveled woman in front of him but couldn’t see her face clearly.

Only her voice sounded very familiar.

“Mrs.Clark?” Ayla looked up at Jaime.

“Please help me.”

Brian and Anna were coming from the other end of the corridor.

Their eyes found Jaime and Ayla when Ayla threw herself into Jaime's arms.

"Today is only the first day, and you've already messed up!"

Brian's voice boomed across the corridor.

Ayla flinched at his voice and looked at his way.

She lost her virginity without her consent on the first day of their marriage.

But if she had to bear this forceful s\*x every day in the future, her life would be a living hell.

"Mr.Clark, you didn't say that I need to use my body for pleasuring the customers!"

Ayla put one of her hands on the wall to support herself.

She felt too weak from the alcohol she consumed earlier.

"Do you think this is a place for children to play games?"

Brian countered harshly.

The entertainment club was a place for the customers to have fun.

They spent money here to find pleasure in alcohol and the barmaids.

"I won't give away my body to please others."

It was enough for Ayla to get sold to Brian for a lifetime.

She didn't want to be insulted by everyone else.

Chapter 30: She Was Willing To Do That

Brian glared at the disheveled woman in front of him.

"Do you think you have a say in this?"

Brian still couldn't understand why was she pretending to be innocent?

"I know this is not up to me to decide anything, but you can't do this to me."

Ayla felt nauseous as the effect of alcohol kicked in.

Her stomach twisted as she leaned against the wall.

"Then what do you want? Are you not satisfied with one man? Do you want several men at one time? Huh?" Brian gritted his teeth.

He was now frustrated with her.

She was the only one who dared to touch his tolerance limit. She was testing his patience over and over.

"I can do anything for you, but I don't want to stay here. I will do other jobs and make money to repay you."

He just wanted money, didn't he? Then he should not care how she made money.

"Mr.Clark!"

Anna opened her mouth.

She looked at the stubborn woman named Arlene and wondered what if she was scheming a plan to escape.

But why was Brian so furious with her? Brian always remained calm in situations like this.

But now he was bothered by this woman's condition, maybe a little concerned too.

"Let me do something about it!"

Anna held Brian's arm and led him away from the scene.

"Mr.Clark!"

Ayla mumbled his name before collapsing on the ground.

She watched them leave arm in arm, as the nausea she had been suppressing hit her suddenly, making her throw up.

Jaime frowned, then said, "You better listen to Mr.Clark."

He put his coat on her shoulder and helped her up.

Ayla thanked him quietly.

Jaime watched her staggering away.

She finally got rid of those men.

She didn't have to entertain the guests of the club anymore.

Anna assigned her in the kitchen.

She helped in washing the bowls, dishes and cups.

Every day she washed so many dishes that her hands became rough and her skin started to peel off.

Even she wasn't allowed to sit while working.

Her legs ached constantly, but she didn't complain.

Anna noticed this behavior of Arlene and wondered how strange it was of her.

She stood at the kitchen door and watched her silently washing the dishes.

When they asked her to drink with the men, which was practically her forte, she desperately begged for mercy.

But now, even if she was so tired that her limbs were cramped, she didn't say a word. Meanwhile, Brian was in a meeting inside his private room.

Several men fawned on him for getting the new project.

A middle-aged man handed over a check.

"Mr. Clark, are you satisfied with this?"

"Mr. Willis, you are so generous, but..."

Brian raised his eyebrows as he took the check and read the amount written on it.

Of course, everyone was after the big project he was launching currently.

He knew that the Smith Group also wanted this project. So, it was time for him to meet Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Clark, do you think it's not enough? Please tell me how much you need and I will try negotiating." Mr. Willis had been trying to meet Brian for several months.

He must get this project.

This project was worth millions of dollars.

If this project succeeded, they would meet a grandiose profit.

This was why everyone wanted to get their hands on this project.

"I'm more concerned about the work plan than the amount this time. I want to pick the best plan and for that I'll have to make a decision by discussing with the board of directors."

Although Brian said so, everyone knew that it was just an excuse.

However, no one dared to object Brian's decision.

"Sure. I'll try my best in making the work plan." Mr. Willis nodded and bowed at him.

"Then I won't disturb you until the plan is prepared." Brian nodded at them before the men vacated the room.

Everyone was aware of Brian's bad temper.

Once he was annoyed, the consequences were always severe.

Anna came in after the men left.

"Mr. Clark."

"What do you want now?"

Brian put down his wine glass and stared at Anna.

“Mr. Brown, the Deputy CEO of the Smith Group, is here. He has been waiting for you for over an hour.”

Brian said nothing but nodded once Anna sat down beside him and asked, “Are you still going to leave Arlene here at the club?”

“What’s wrong with her? Is she making any problems?”

For so many days, Brian hadn’t seen her. She also hadn’t come to him to negotiate.

If she could do that difficult work, then let her continue.

She was more stubborn than he thought.

“No, she’s not arising any problems, and that’s why I feel strange about her.”

Anna said seriously, “As the daughter of the Woodsen family, the social butterfly in people’s eyes, she is not willing to drink and entertain those men, but willing to wash dishes in the kitchen. Don’t you think, it’s kind of strange?”

“It’s none of your business. I have noticed that already,” Brian said calmly.

“Okay fine. Then do you want to see Mr. Brown now? Should I send him in?”

Anna reached for his wine glass and poured wine in it.

“I’m not going to see him, yet. Ask Arlene to bring a bottle of wine to Mr. Brown.” Toby was waiting along with his personal assistant Fred in another room.

“Mr. Brown, do you think Mr. Clark will meet us? We have been waiting for over an hour.” Fred suspected that Brian was playing with them.

“Don’t worry about that. I’m willing to wait.”

Toby was drinking.

In fact, he wanted to know where had Brian taken Lala since she disappeared after that day.

What had he done to her? He wanted to tell Brian that she was Ayla, not Arlene.

He had to let her go.

4% Fred didn’t say anything after that and waited with him silently.

Of course, this new project would be a big project for the Smith Group.

When Anna handed her a bottle of wine, Ayla stared at her, puzzled.

Anna ordered, “Send it to Room 2808.”

“Miss Anna, I was already told I don’t have to drink with them.”

Why was she asking her to do that again? Ayla would never do that work of entertaining guests.

“Don’t worry. We won’t stop you if you want to pleasure the guest willingly this time.”

Anna's words confused Ayla.

What the hell did she mean by that? Why would she willingly pleasure the guest?

"Miss Anna."

Ayla held the bottle and looked at Anna in confusion.

"Go ahead! Don't make Mr.Clark angry."

Ayla glanced at her.

She had been safe these days from Brian.

So, she should not make him angry again.

I She was wearing a white and red dress of a waitress with an apron.

Her ponytail was a little messy.

She looked dirty and disgusting. But she had no choice. She walked towards that specific room and knocked on the door before pushing it open.

Toby raised his head when he heard the noise.

As soon as he saw the person entering, he froze in his place.

"Lala?" Ayla froze at the voice as well.

She was so shocked that her grip on the bottle loosened and it fell to the ground.

It crashed and wine spilled everywhere.

"Toby?"

"Lala! What are you doing here? How did you end up like this?"

Toby immediately arose and stepped forward before pulling Ayla in his arms.

"Don't. Don't do this, Toby."

Ayla pushed his chest, but Toby held her more tightly.

"Lala, tell me. Did Brian make you do this?"

Toby took her rough hands in his and studied them furiously.

Ayla smiled sadly.

"I'm fine. It's alright, Toby. I am willing to do this job to pay him back."

As long as she wasn't getting insulted, she was willing to stay in the kitchen for a lifetime.

"It's alright? How is this alright, Lala? Look at yourself. What's wrong with you?"

Toby looked at her hands then at her pale face.



He felt sorry for her.

His heart broke into million pieces seeing her like that.

Ayla stepped away from him and said, "I have work to do, Toby. I should leave now."

How could she stand before him looking like this? Didn't she decide to stay away from him and not become his burden?