

TSBMMOUS 61

Chapter 61: Willing To Go Back With Him

Brian stood aside, watching Toby guarding Ayla against him.

He looked at Toby and asked, "Mr. Brown, you seem to be very protective of her. Is it possible that the child in her belly is yours?"

Ayla's eyes widened in shock upon hearing Brian's words. She shook her head and replied, "No, it's not his."

She had made things worse now.

If Brian continued to misunderstand the situation, Toby would be involved.

He was already married, and she didn't want him to be in big trouble just because of her.

But much to her surprise, Toby suddenly said, "Yes, Lala's child is mine, so let her go now. I'll give you anything you want as long as you let her go."

Seeing Ayla in such a miserable situation made Toby decide to take her away even if he lost everything.

"No! I want her," Brian retorted.

His eyes darkened as he stared at Toby.

"Do you know how she is when she is in my bed, huh?" Toby's face turned deathly pale.

Brian's words were like a knife that pierced through his heart, and he felt so uncomfortable.

Indeed, Ayla was pregnant with Brian's child.

"Come home with me,"

Brian ordered, looking at Ayla "No! I don't want to go back to your villa anymore,"

Ayla refused at once.

If she went back with him, he would definitely get rid of her baby.

She'd rather be alone outside than have an abortion. "Do you want to go with him then?"

Brian asked.

His eyes moved back to Toby and continued, "This man is married. Do you want him to divorce his wife, or do you want to be his mistress? Do you think the Smith family will allow you to do that?"

His every word tore her heart apart.

What he said was true.

Toby had a wife and couldn't be with her. But what else could she do?

"Mr. Clark, this is none of your business. I'll take care of Lala. Don't worry about it."

Toby held his chin up and met Brian's eyes.

Brian stole Ayla from him.

If she continued to stay with this demon, she would only suffer more.

But Brian just ignored Toby.

He turned to Ayla and said, "Do you want to go with him? I want a clear answer now. Are you going back with me, or are you going with him?"

He stared at her with his dark and sharp eyes.

Ayla bit her lip, lowered her head, and said, "I'm not going back with you."

But she wouldn't go with Toby either.

She could live by herself as long as she kept her baby.

"That means you're choosing him over me, right?"

Brian bent over and asked again.

Ayla glanced at Toby.

Then she forced herself to nod and answered, "Yes, I'm choosing him. I want to go with him."

Brian looked at his men, and they immediately rushed towards Toby.

They pulled him, punched him, and kicked him heavily.

He tried his best to fight with them, but his strength was nothing compared to Brian's burly bodyguards. Ayla jumped out of her bed and screamed, "Stop it! Let him go! Don't hurt him!"

But no one paid attention to her scream.

Even the family from the other bed didn't dare to interfere.

So she turned to Brian and begged, "Mr. Clark, please let him go. I beg you...please..."

"Aren't you going with him? If he dies, will you still go with him?"

His words made her face turn paler.

Was he going to let his men beat Toby to death here? A trace of panic flashed across her eyes.

"No! Mr. Clark, I'll go back with you now. Just please, tell them to stop hurting him. He has nothing to do with this."

Ayla knelt on the floor and held Brian's trousers tightly.

"Mr. Clark, please. I'm willing to go back with you now. Don't hurt him again."

She had no other choice but to give in.

If she continued to resist, it might cost Toby's life.

She didn't want him to suffer because of her, so she had to go back with Brian.

No matter what happened, she had to stay with Brian from now on.

"Think it over first. I don't have time to play hide-and- seek with you."

Brian's expression was still cold.

Actually, if Ayla continued to be stubborn, he had more means to make her yield.

"I've thought it over, and I'm very decided now. I won't run away from you again. Please, tell them to stop beating him. He will die."

Ayla sobbed helplessly.

Brian pulled her up from the floor and held her in his arms.

He then turned to his men and shouted, "Stop."

Toby was beaten black and blue, with a bruised nose and swollen face.

But he could feel from the pain all over his body that his injuries were just superficial.

Still, he didn't expect that Brian would deal with him and Ayla this way. "Jaime, ask someone to drive Mr. Brown back to his house. Then tell Mr. Smith that he has to stop his son- in-law from meddling in other people's business. Otherwise, I can't guarantee that Smith Group will continue to be safe,"

Brian said and walked out of the ward with Ayla.

It was very cold outside, but he didn't mind it.

He still went out of the hospital with her, although she was only wearing a thin hospital gown.

On their way back to the villa, Ayla squeezed herself in the corner of the car, not because she felt cold but because she was afraid.

As soon as the car stopped in the garage, she opened the door and ran inside the villa.

Jaime glanced at Brian and asked, "Mr. Clark, are you really going to get rid of the child?"

"Don't worry about it. But I won't have a child,"

Brian replied. Ayla went straight to her room and locked the door.

She thought that Brian wouldn't be able to get in there.

But she was wrong.

He had a spare key for every door of the villa.

And even if he didn't, no one could stop him from smashing the door and doing anything to her. Maria saw that Ayla had returned.

She was so worried, and she wanted to talk to Ayla.

But when she saw Brian's cold face, she didn't dare to go upstairs.

Ayla was curling up on the bed when her room was opened from the outside.

Brian walked in, sat on the sofa, and said, "You are quite bold. Do you still want to be with that man?"

"I just want my baby."

She pulled the quilt and covered herself tightly. "Do you really want to have a child?"

He lit a cigarette and took a deep drag.

She knew that even if she insisted, he would still force her to abort the baby.

He didn't want a child.

What should she do? She lowered her head and didn't say anything.

She had no right to speak.

After all, he always had the final say in everything.

"I'll give you one night to think it over carefully. I need your decision tomorrow morning. If you dare to run away again, I won't look for you anymore. But I assure you that Clayton, Arlene, Toby, and Smith Group will all be destroyed."

With such a threat, Brian didn't think that Ayla would have the courage to run away again.

And he was right.

Indeed, she didn't have any plans of running away again.

When she saw that Toby was almost beaten to death, she got scared.

It was all her fault.

If she didn't call him, he wouldn't have gone there, and he wouldn't be hurt.

If he returned to the Smith family's villa with all the bruises he had on his body, he would find it difficult to explain himself to them.

Maybe he wouldn't be able to live a good life there in the future.

She couldn't help blaming herself for everything that happened today.

So even if she didn't want to be with Brian, she had no other choice.

Otherwise, Toby would continue to suffer. Brian gave her one night to think about it.

But for her, it was useless.

What did she need to consider? Even if she told him that she wanted to keep her baby, he would still not listen to her.

After a while, Maria brought some food to Ayla's room.

"Mrs.Clark, whatever happened today, you still need to eat."

Staring at the food in front of her, Ayla realized that she hadn't eaten anything yet.

But she still had no appetite until now.

"For the sake of your baby, force yourself to eat something.You have to stay strong and healthy."

Maria could now guess that Brian would never keep the child.

"Okay."

Ayla nodded and sat on the edge of the bed.She picked up the chopsticks and started to eat.

But in the end, she only threw up everything she had eaten.She squatted in front of the toilet and retched.

After taking out everything, she sat weakly on the cold floor tiles.

She felt like she had vomited even the digestive juices inside her body.

"Baby, what should I do? I don't want to lose you.Please tell Mommy what to do."

Ayla felt even more helpless now.

Was she going to lose her baby this time? All of a sudden, she felt like her vision started to in ate .When Maria walked into the bathroom to check on Ayla, she found that Ayla was lying on the floor, unconscious.

Chapter 62: Abortion

Maria stayed in Ayla's room the entire night.Seeing Ayla's miserable look, she felt sorry.But she was just a servant.She couldn't do anything to help Ayla.

When Ayla opened her eyes, the sky was already bright outside.She didn't know what happened after she vomited in the bathroom last night.

But how she wished morning didn't come.

Because today would be the most painful day of her life. Brian sat on the sofa in the living room.

As usual, he was drinking coffee while reading the newspaper.

Ayla went downstairs in a white shirt.

As soon as she saw him, she greeted him.

"Mr.Clark."

"Have you thought it over? I'm waiting for your answer now."

He didn't even raise his eyes to look at her.He expected to hear the answer he wanted.

“My answer is still the same. The baby in my belly is innocent. Besides, it’s really yours. You just don’t trust and believe me. Why do you have to be so cruel?”

She stood in front of him and gathered all her strength to yell at him.

Brian put down the newspaper and finally looked at her.

“I’m cruel? Yes! I am a heartless person. So do you think I will want this child? Whether it’s mine or not, I still don’t want it.”

In his heart, he clearly knew that the baby in her belly was his, because Ayla was always under his control and he knew every move of hers.

It was just that her sudden pregnancy really enraged him.

He didn’t like anyone to challenge his authority.

“You know that you’re the only man who has ever touched me, so you know that this baby is yours. Although the baby has not been born yet, it’s your own blood. How can you say you don’t want it?”

Ayla knew that Brian was cold-blooded and ruthless.

But she still believed that he couldn’t possibly harm his own child “What do you want me to do then? Let you do whatever you want?”

What he said made her feel hopeless all of a sudden.

Her words didn’t change his mind at all. “Mr. Clark, please, just let me give birth to this child. After that, you can let me leave, or you can take my life. You can do whatever you want. I just don’t want to deprive the child of the right to see the world.”

Since she couldn’t persuade him, she thought that perhaps she could bargain with him.

After all, she was willing to give up her own life just for her baby to live and see the world. Brian stared at her.

“Why would I take your life? You seem to be so firm with your decision. But don’t worry. I will make you agree willingly” he said lightly.

Panic surged up in Ayla’s heart. She didn’t know how to react.

What was he planning to do? Was he going to force her again? She was already in a desperate situation.

Did he have to push her into hell? This thought scared her.

If she kept defying him, she and her baby might both die.

It didn’t matter if she died.

She had nothing to miss and to lose.

But if she lost her child, her life would be useless.

No one loved her, and she didn't own anything.

Her baby was the only one she had. Half an hour later, Jaime arrived in the villa with Arlene.

Ayla was shocked to see Arlene so weak.

She wondered what happened to her.

And what was Arlene doing here? Did Brian know that she was not the real Arlene? She looked at him and asked, "What are you going to do?"

Brian stood up from the sofa.

"What do you think? Are you surprised? You still think that I don't know the tricks you are playing in front of me, right?"

Ayla slumped on the sofa.

It turned out that he already knew everything.

She was the only one who had been kept in the dark.

"Now, I'll give you two choices. Abort the child and stay in my villa as Mrs. Clark, or keep the child, and I will do something to her that you can't imagine."

As soon as he finished his words, two men pressed Arlene to the floor and tore off her clothes.

"Mr. Clark, what are you going to do?"

Ayla's eyes widened in shock.

Why did Brian let his men humiliate Arlene like this? How could he be this ruthless?

"See it yourself," Brian replied while sitting on the sofa.

Actually, whatever she said wouldn't change anything.

The result would still be the same.

One of the men put a pill inside Arlene's mouth.

And within a few minutes, she took the initiative to seduce the men in front of her.

"No! Stop it! Don't do this to her!"

Ayla stepped forward and tried to pull the men away.

"Don't touch her. You can't touch her."

This was crazy! Why did this have to happen?

“Mr.Clark, what do you really want? How can you treat her this way?”

She felt like she was about to break down.

Her eyes were already blinded by tears.Arlene was totally controlled by the drug.

She had lost her sanity.

Regardless of how many people were in the living room right now, she didn't care at all.

It seemed that only the man in front of her mattered to her.

She took the initiative to get close to him and kissed him with her coquettish red lips.

Ayla tried to pull Arlene away, but she was only pushed away.

She couldn't believe what she was seeing right now.

Arlene was being humiliated and abused by several men in front of her.

Such a scene made her heart ache.

“Mr.Clark, please stop them.It's okay now.I'll let you get rid of the baby in my belly.I'm willing to have an abortion.Just don't do this to her again,” she helplessly turned to Brian and begged.

What else could she do? He was really pushing her into a desperate situation.

Her hand subconsciously touched her belly as she thought inwardly, “Baby, I'm sorry if I can't protect you anymore.I want to keep you alive, but I have no choice.But don't worry.Mommy will accompany you.I will go with you.You won't be alone.I will always stay with you”

But it was too late for her willingness.

Everything that should happen to Arlene had already happened.

Ayla turned to look at Arlene.

But Arlene didn't seem to recognize her.

Maybe it was because of the effect of the drug.

Arlene wasn't herself anymore.

This was all because of Brian's cruelty.

“Why does this have to happen? Do I really deserve this?”

Ayla murmured through clenched teeth.

“You are so cruel.You are not a human at all.”

“Now that you know, you'd better behave yourself.Be obedient and don't upset me.”

Obviously, what happened in the living room just now didn't matter to Brian.

He would do everything to get what he wanted even if he had to do it in an unscrupulous way. Tears streamed down Ayla's face.

She was full of regret.

"This is my fault. This is all my fault."

Because of her, many people around her had been hurt. She shouldn't have expected that she still had hopes.

She should have accepted the fact that she was destined to face all the pain in her life alone.

How did she even want a child to accompany her? It was only now that she realized that the child would only suffer the same pain as her.

"Take that woman away,"

Brian ordered his men emotionlessly.

Ayla didn't say a word.

She just dragged herself and followed Brian's steps.

The smell of disinfectant made Ayla feel sick.

She leaned against one of the chairs in the corridor of the hospital, vomiting continuously.

She tried her best to bear such a bad feeling, but she couldn't stand it anymore.

Brian sat in the corner and didn't even spare a glance at her or say anything.

Then the door of the operating room was opened.

The doctor came out and took her inside. Ayla's face turned deathly pale as she lay down on the cold operating table.

And when she heard the sound of the instruments, her body felt so feeble.

"Don't be afraid. It won't hurt after you get anesthetized,"

the nurse said when she saw that Ayla clenched her fists and beads of sweat streamed down her forehead.

"Can you not use anesthesia on me?"

Ayla could bear the physical pain.

But her heart was so painful that she couldn't breathe.

All she wanted now was to leave the world with her baby. She had lost the will to live.

At first, the doctor insisted on giving her anesthesia.

But she firmly refused, so he finally gave in. During the operation, she had heavy bleeding, but she still smiled.

The doctors and the nurses felt strange upon seeing it.

In the end, the pain made her fall into a coma.

Chapter 64: Am I Still Alive

Hiding in a corner, Ayla watched as Maria brought her meal into her room. She stared at the food blankly, with no appetite at all.

"Mrs. Clark, please eat now. You haven't eaten the whole day, and your health condition is getting worse. If this goes on, your body will not be able to stand it," Maria said, holding Ayla's hand.

"No, don't touch me!"

Ayla withdrew her hand and said, "You are a bad person. Don't touch my baby and me."

Seeing the horrified look on Ayla's face, Maria couldn't help asking, "Mrs. Clark, why have you become like this?"

But Ayla just ignored Maria. She held the pillow tightly and didn't let anyone touch it.

Brian walked into the room and looked at Ayla.

Her hair was in disarray, and her face was pale and haggard.

He had already asked a doctor to come and give her a checkup.

The doctor said that she seemed not to accept what had happened to her.

Her mind escaped from reality because of the blow.

She would recover, but it needed time.

"Mr. Clark, you are back," Maria greeted him.

"Mrs. Clark's condition seems to be getting really worse. She hasn't even eaten anything the whole day. Have you found a doctor to check on her again and treat her?"

She then looked at Ayla worriedly.

He walked over to Ayla and said, "Wake up, Ayla. If you go on like this, I'll kill you!"

But Ayla's face didn't show any fear or horror at all. She just opened her eyes wide and looked at him in confusion.

But there was also no focus in her eyes.

He didn't know where she was looking at, but he was sure that she didn't see him.

It was as if she was looking at something through him.

"Mr. Clark, with your behavior, you may scare her," Maria said, shaking her head helplessly and looking at the food in front of her that had gone cold.

“Get out of here now. If she doesn’t want to eat, take all the food with you.”

Maria picked up the food tray and walked out of the room.

When Brian heard the door closed behind him, he looked at Ayla, who was continuously muttering something.

“What do you want? Is this your way of protesting against me?”

He grabbed the pillow from her slender arms and threw it away.

There was no reaction from Ayla at first.

Even if he held her arms tightly, she still didn’t say anything.

But when her gaze landed on the pillow on the floor, she pushed him away forcefully and stood barefoot on the floor. She didn’t mind if she was only wearing thin pajamas. She picked up the pillow and said, “Baby, don’t be afraid. Mom is here.”

She then patted the pillow as if coaxing a baby.

Brian dragged her up.

“Do you want a baby so much? Okay then. I will give it to you as long as you can give birth to a baby.”

With her current condition, he knew that she couldn’t get pregnant.

And he didn’t want to give her a chance either.

But seeing her like this made his heart burn with anger.

He pulled her pajamas. When she still didn’t react, he pushed her.

“Do you want a baby? Do you think you are qualified?” Ayla looked at him in a daze.

She touched his face with her cold hand and said, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it. I really didn’t mean it.”

Brian didn’t know if she was talking to him.

Her emotionless face that looked like a dead fish made him lose his patience.

So he stood up, turned around, and left.

When he was gone, she put on her pajamas, held the pillow in her arms, and hummed a lullaby as if she was coaxing a baby to sleep.

In the entertainment club, Anna saw Brian walked in so she approached him.

“Brian, why are you here?”

“Bring me a bottle of wine,” he ordered as he walked into a VIP room and sat on the sofa.

“Are you in a bad mood because of Ayla?”

Anna asked as she walked into the VIP room with the bottle of wine.

She had also heard about what had happened to Ayla, and she thought that Ayla only deserved what she had become.

Ayla knew that Brian didn't want a child, but she still dared to get pregnant.

Whether it was his child or not, he wouldn't accept it.

She even tried to escape foolishly.

Had she forgotten how powerful he was? No one could hide from him.

Brian didn't say a word and just drank the wine Anna handed to him.

Ayla had seriously affected his mood.

He became so irritable for no reason.

Anna sat beside him, poured wine into his glass, and drank with him.

"Won't it be better if you let her go?"

He turned to look at her and said, "It's none of your business."

Letting Ayla go would actually save him from so much trouble.

He didn't need to spend so much effort on her. But no matter what, he wanted her to stay by his side for the time being. He didn't care even if she had gone insane.

"I know that it's none of my business. I don't want to interfere, but I don't like seeing you like this. You are not happy at all."

Anna took the glass from his hand and looked at him.

"Brian, I'll accompany you tonight, okay?"

Since the last incident, Brian had been accompanying Ayla. She was very unhappy about it, but she couldn't show it in front of him.

All she could do was accept it silently and continue helping him manage the club.

"I'm going home later."

It seemed that he didn't want to leave Ayla alone in the villa.

Seeing her like this always gave him a strange feeling in his heart.

If it was in the past, he would definitely kick her out and let her live and die by herself.

He never lacked women after all.

It had been a few days since the last snowfall.

And tonight, it was snowing heavily outside.

In the past two days, Ayla still didn't say anything, but she started eating.

The whole villa was very quiet.

It was already midnight, and Brian wasn't home yet.

Actually, she didn't know if he would come home, and she didn't care.

It didn't stop snowing until three o'clock in the morning.

Still awake, she looked at the vastness of white outside her window.

Then wearing a white night robe, she ran downstairs without even putting on her slippers.

She walked barefoot on the snow without even feeling cold.

Soon enough, the whole garden was filled with her footprints.

Brian arrived home at six o'clock in the morning.

As soon as he got out of his car, he saw a petite figure in the garden that blended in the white snow.

If it weren't for her long black hair, he could hardly see her.

He strode over, and he frowned when he saw Ayla lying on the snow, unconscious. He had tried his best to come home every day recently.

But he just didn't come home for one night, and she became like this.

Maria went out of her little house behind the main villa.

She saw Brian walking into the main villa with the cold and unconscious Ayla in his arms.

"Mr. Clark, Mrs. Clark fainted. Shall I call the doctor?"

She was also startled when she saw that Ayla's face and body had become blue and purple.

Ayla must have been outside in the cold for a long time.

Fortunately, Ayla was still breathing.

Otherwise, she would think that Ayla was already dead.

"No need."

Brian took Ayla back to her room, took off her pajamas, and soaked her cold body into the bathtub with warm water.

Maria followed behind him with a bath towel in her hand.

"Mr. Clark, let me help warm Mrs. Clark up."

'My God! Why has Mrs. Clark become like this now?' she thought.

These days, she always felt like Ayla would die at any time.

Brian took the towel and wiped his hands.

He then walked out of the bathroom and sat on the sofa.

The sky was still a little gloomy, and he felt like it was heavily pressing him down.

Ayla had been soaked in the bathtub for half an hour, but it seemed that she still didn't get warm enough.

Maria raised the temperature to make the water warmer and rubbed her body for a long time.

It was only then that Ayla slowly opened her eyes.

When she saw the familiar bathroom, she asked, "Am I still alive?"

Chapter 65: Her Life Should Have Ended

Maria was startled when she heard the words that came out of Ayla's mouth.

"Mrs. Clark, why did you say that? And why did you go outside alone last night? It was snowing, right? It must be freezing. Didn't you feel cold?"

Ayla looked out of the window and answered, "I'm fine. Help me up."

"Okay," Maria said with a nod.

She was so happy because it was her first time to hear Ayla speak after so many days. She supported Ayla to get up from the bathtub and led her out of the bathroom.

The room was filled with smoke, so she imagined that Brian, who had been sitting on the sofa, had smoked a lot of cigarettes.

Ayla didn't say anything. She just glanced at Brian and hid under the quilt. She didn't know what to say to him. Her heart still hurt until now.

Every time she closed her eyes, the scene in the operating room that day flashed across her mind.

It was so cold, and she felt how her baby was taken from her belly.

She wanted to die with her baby, but why was she still alive?

"Mrs. Clark, what do you want to eat? I'll c**k it for you," Maria said while adjusting the heater.

"It's all okay. I'm fine. I just feel so hungry now."

Ayla had dinner last night, but she threw up everything after. So she was hungry and wanted to eat.

Brian watched her lying flat in the bed, breathing lightly.

It was as if she would disappear all of a sudden.

“When are you going to stop behaving like this?” he asked coldly, walking to the bedside.

Ayla rolled her black eyes, and the corner of her mouth twitched slightly.

“I won’t do it again in the future.Never.”

Because she would never have a future anymore.

“I hope so,” he said before walking out of her room.

“Everything should be over.It’s time to end my life.I should have no regrets now.I’m not expecting anything either, “ Ayla thought to herself.

She ate up the meal that Maria prepared for her.

“Mrs.Clark, you need to take a good rest.Your health condition is not good.You have to take care of your body from now on.”

After eating, Maria asked her to lie down again.

She just had an abortion, and her body soaked in the snow the whole night last night.

These two incidents might do a lot of harm to her body.

Maria was afraid that she would find it very difficult to get pregnant again in the future.

Besides, losing her baby was a big blow to her.

Because if not, she wouldn’t be like this.

“All right,” Ayla replied with a nod.

She pulled the quilt up to her chest, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.She didn’t sleep all night, so now that her body was warmed, and she was full, she slumbered so soon.

When Maria went downstairs, she saw Brian sitting on the sofa in the living room.

“Mr.Clark, what do you want to eat? I’ll prepare it for you now.”

“Did she eat?” he asked indifferently.

“Yes, Mr.Clark.Mrs.Clark seems to be in a good mood today.She should be fine.”

Maria then walked into the kitchen and began to prepare Brian’s food.

“I have a business dinner tonight, so I’ll be home late.Stay here and make sure that she doesn’t come out again,” Brian said to Maria while eating his breakfast.

“Okay, Mr.Clark.I will sleep in the living room,” Maria replied and nodded.

She was also afraid that Ayla would run out of the villa again like last night.

At noon, Ayla went downstairs for lunch.

She sat alone at the dining table and ate almost all of the food.

“Mrs.Clark, I think you have a good appetite today.Are you feeling better?” Maria commented.

She was glad to see Ayla eating a lot, but she didn’t know why she felt strange in her heart.

“I’m fine.I’m going upstairs now.”

As soon as Ayla returned to her room, she sat at her desk and looked at all the books there.

She then put all of them away.

Her dreams and life pursuit had all become nothing to her now.

The sky was dark outside.

Maybe it was going to snow again.

She hesitated for a while before she took her phone and dialed Toby’s number.

Toby was in the study, and he left his phone in the bedroom.

Molly had just walked out of the bathroom when she heard it ringing.

Although no name showed on the screen, she could guess that it was Ayla.She gritted her teeth in anger.

Ayla was really shameless.

How dare she call Toby at this time! Wasn’t it enough that Toby was severely hurt because of her?

“Toby...”

When the call got connected, Ayla was stunned for a while before she finally uttered Toby’s name.

Molly didn’t say anything, but she clenched her fist.

How dare Ayla call Toby so intimately! Now that he was her husband, she wouldn’t allow Ayla to call him that way again.

“Toby, how are you?” Ayla asked.

She was worried that because of her, he must be in a very difficult situation now.

“He is not good.You shameless b***h! Because of you, my husband was hospitalized.You still have the nerve to call him now? Are you trying to destroy our family? Do you want to h**k up with my husband? You’re such a shameless vixen!”

Molly was so furious that she cursed Ayla on the other end of the line.

Ayla smiled.

She had extravagant hopes.

Without her, Toby would have lived well.

Molly must really love him so much.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to happen,"

Ayla apologized to Molly.

Although she didn't mean things to happen, she still hurt Molly unintentionally.

"You are so ridiculous! You seduced my husband, and now you're apologizing to me, telling me you didn't mean it? Do you want me to forgive you so easily? Dream on! And don't you dare to call Toby again! My husband hasn't recovered yet, and he needs rest," Molly said.

In her heart, she kept on wishing that Ayla would never show up in front of Toby again.

Ayla pursed her lips and said, "Don't worry, I won't bother him again. I hope you will always love Toby and make him happy."

"You don't need to say that to me. Toby is my husband, and I love him so much. Just don't call him again. If there is nothing else, I will hang up now."

Molly directly hung up the phone without waiting for Ayla to respond and deleted the call log.

At this time, Toby walked into the room with the help of the servant.

"Molly, what's wrong? Did someone call me?"

He wondered why Molly was holding his phone in a daze.

"No."

Molly shook her head.

"Your phone is out of battery, so I'm going to charge it for you. Aren't you going back to the company officially tomorrow? I want to check on you at any time, so I don't want your phone to run out of battery."

"Oh, I can charge it myself. It's getting late. Let's have a rest now."

Toby lay on the bed and said, "Molly, I'm a little thirsty. Can you get me a glass of water?"

Molly nodded and went out of the room.

She would go downstairs to get him a glass of milk.

Toby took the phone and looked through it.

But he didn't see any new messages and call log, so he put it back down.

"Honey, I got you a glass of milk instead. This can help you sleep better," Molly said, smiling at him.

"Thank you."

Toby stretched out his hand and took the glass from her.

He wiped out all the thoughts about Ayla in his mind.

Ayla turned off her phone and went downstairs to drink a glass of water.

Seeing Maria spreading a quilt in the living room, she couldn't help thinking that Maria must be very tired because of her.

"Mrs. Clark, what do you need? Let me get it for you." Maria followed her into the kitchen.

"I suddenly feel thirsty, so I want to drink some water. Maria, I'm sorry. I've been bothering you all this time."

Even to Maria, all she could say was sorry.

"No, don't say that. You're not bothering me at all. And you are Mr. Clark's wife. No matter how many conflicts occur between you, they will always pass."

Maria wanted to comfort Ayla.

It was just that Ayla's heart seemed to have died, and she also lost hope in life.

Chapter 66: She Doesn't Deserve To Be A Mother

After drinking water, Ayla returned to her room. She then changed her clothes and lay on the bed.

The lights in her room were off, so she could clearly see the vast whiteness of snow outside the window.

Her lips curved into a bitter smile as she took out a silver knife.

It gleamed in the dark.

Without hesitation, she heavily slid the sharp blade on her wrist, making blood gush out in an instant.

Did it hurt? She had been through a lot of more painful experiences than this one.

Her body was already numb to feel pain.

As her eyelids got heavier, she murmured to herself, "Baby, Mommy is about to see you. We will be together soon. Wait for Mommy, okay?"

After losing her baby, she didn't see any reason to continue living.

And she always thought that her baby must be alone in the other world, so she must be there.

On such a cold day, she had to stay with her baby.

She was determined to end her life, so she didn't care about anything else anymore.

As time went by, Ayla felt that her body got lighter and lighter.

It was as if she was about to float in the air.

It was already very late when Brian came back to the villa.

As soon as he came in, Maria got up to greet him.

“Mr.Clark, you’re back.Would you like some coffee?”

“No,” he answered.

Then he asked, “How is she?”

He had always been a sensitive person.

The moment he entered the villa, he felt something strange, so he couldn’t help asking about Ayla.

“Mrs.Clark went downstairs on her own for dinner earlier.She seemed to be fine today.She went downstairs just now to drink water, then went back to her room.”

Seeing the improvements in Ayla’s condition, Maria thought that she was gradually forgetting those unhappy memories as time went by.

Brian’s thick eyebrows wrinkled when he suddenly smelled a strong scent of blood in the air.

Without saying a word, he strode upstairs and went straight to Ayla’s room.

As soon as he opened the door, he saw a pool of blood on the floor.

And Ayla was lying on the bed, unconscious, with pale face and lips.

Maria, who followed behind him, screamed in fright when she saw the scene.

“Get the first aid kit!” Brian ordered.

He knew that Ayla was stubborn.But he didn’t expect that she would reach this far.

He actually thought that she would return to normal soon.But he was wrong.

She even tried to kill herself now.

As soon as Maria handed him the first aid kit, he took out gauze and wrapped Ayla’s bleeding wrist.

Her wound was quite deep.

She really hurt herself so badly.

If he didn’t come back tonight, she would definitely die.

After he stopped the bleeding, Brian drove Ayla to the nearest hospital.

The doctor immediately treated her wound, and she had a blood transfusion before she was transferred to the ward.

Maria was so frightened.

She thought that Ayla was fine.

Who would expect that Ayla would commit suicide? She had lost so much blood.

It was really shocking.

“You go back and clean the villa.I’ll stay here with her.”

After sending Maria home, Brian sat on the sofa in the ward and waited for Ayla to wake up.

Ayla's eyelids fluttered.

When she slowly opened her eyes, she saw that everything was white.

She wondered, 'Will one see white after death?'

She turned around and saw a man standing by the window.

His tall and handsome figure was familiar to her.

It was Brian. Why was he here?

Ayla sat up in a panic, so she accidentally touched the needle on the back of her hand. She hissed in pain.

Brian turned around and looked at her.

"You know so many ways to court death. Do you really want to die?"

"Yes, I want to die. Why do you keep on saving me? You hate me, right? Don't you think it would be better if you just let me die? You won't be bothered or displeased by me anymore. Both of us can be happy," Ayla shouted at him.

She had nothing.

No one loved her.

So she should die.

But what about him? Without her, he would be happy.

He would never be upset again.

Wasn't it great? But why did he send her to the hospital again? Brian sneered.

"How considerate of you to think of my happiness. You really want to die? Do you want me to grant your wish?"

As he spoke, he took out an exquisite black gun and aimed it at her.

"I'll let you die. But, I'll make sure that many people die with you," he said.

"Think about it. If you don't value your life anymore, it's fine with me. But, are you ready? While she looked at the black gun pointing at her, Ayla's body trembled. Brian didn't let her freeze to death in the snow.

He didn't let her die from the wound on her wrist.

But he wanted her to die in his hands? He could either kill her with a single shot or torture her to death by one shot after another.

“What now? Are you scared?”

Brian’s marksmanship was very accurate.

And yes, she guessed it right.

He wanted to torture her with gunshots.

But not only her but also the people around her.

Ayla couldn’t just die as she wished.

“No, I’m not afraid at all. I don’t want to live anymore, so just kill me. Only me. You can’t hurt others.”

Ayla had nothing to miss in this world, so she wanted to end her life.

But she didn’t want to implicate innocent people.

She didn’t want Arlene or Toby to be afflicted.

All her sufferings were hers alone.

Her life was superfluous.

“Who do you want to protect with your life? Toby Brown, Arlene Woodsen, or Clayton Woodsen?” Brian asked coldly.

She smiled bitterly.

Why would she protect them? Did they protect her? What they did to her was the same as him.

They had no love for her.

All they did was torture her and use her cruelly.

“I want to die alone. But if you can’t give me that, then I’ll continue to live. But I just have a request. Don’t do anything to them. Let them live their lives the way they want.”

Ayla had no choice but to give in.

Brian pulled the trigger and approached her step by step.

“You really dare to bargain with me, huh!”

Actually, he had already decided to grant her request.

But since he had taken out his gun, there was no reason not to shoot.

So with a bang, the bullet broke the vase in the ward.

The loud sound made Ayla slump against the bed.

She had never imagined dying this way, so she couldn’t deny the fact that she got scared. Her body even trembled. But then, she realized that she was still alive.

She sat on the bed and said, "I really miss my baby. I let him lose the right to live and see the world. This is what I owe to him. In the future, I will have to compensate him with everything I have."

Maybe making it up to her child was futile, but she still wanted to do it.

Brian didn't say anything. He just stood aside and listened. But his heart was not moved even a little.

Ayla continued, "I didn't mean to get pregnant. It was really just an accident. But in the future, I will never let it happen again."

She looked up at him and said, "You don't want a baby, neither do I. But you still have the right to change your mind. For me, I don't want it anymore. I don't deserve to be a mother, so I will ask the doctor to do the ligation procedure on me."

Brian was slightly stunned by her words, but he still did not say anything.

"Mr. Clark, I don't want to be Mrs. Clark anymore, so let's sign a divorce agreement. But don't worry, I promise not to leave until you let me go. I will stay in your villa. And you don't have to be afraid that I will get pregnant because I will undergo a ligation procedure." Ayla had made up her mind.

After losing her baby, she would never have another one. She didn't want to make herself an unqualified mother all her life if "Don't think about divorce. I won't give it to you. But if you want to undergo ligation, I will arrange a doctor to do it for you."

Brian didn't want to let her go. No matter what, he wanted her to stay with him.

Ayla clutched the quilt tightly. She swore to herself that she would never become a mother. She gave up this right by herself, and she wouldn't regret it.

Chapter 67: She Is Desperate

With Brian's arrangement, the doctor immediately performed the ligation procedure on Ayla.

A week after her operation, she was discharged from the hospital and went back to the villa.

As soon as she entered the living room, there was no expression on her pale face.

For her, even though she was still alive, her heart had died.

And she would never return to her old self.

Maria helped her to go upstairs.

But when they reached her room, she stopped at the door.

"Maria, help me pack my things. I'll move to the servants' house," she said.

Brian just stood behind them and didn't say a word.

Maria turned her head and glanced at him, hoping to hear his objection. But since he didn't, she went in and started packing Ayla's stuff.

During the entire week that Ayla was in the hospital, Brian stayed with her.

But the two of them hadn't spoken a word, so they never talked about the divorce she requested before.

Now that she wanted to move to the servants' house, it only meant that she was not interested in the title of Mrs.Clark anymore.

She probably even disdained it.

So he didn't object or force her to stay in the villa.

But it didn't mean that he would let her go.

The condition of the servants' house of course was not as good as that of the main villa.

Her room in this house was small and not as warm as the room Ayla used to live in.

"Mrs.Clark, are you sure you want to stay here?" Maria asked.

Ayla had not fully recovered yet, so she was worried that it wasn't suitable for Ayla to live in this house.

Ayla smiled at the older woman and said, "Well, it's pretty good here. And from now on, don't call me Mrs.Clark anymore. Just call me Lala."

After everything that happened, she wanted to let go of everything that Brian gave her. They didn't belong to her in the first place.

Maria nodded and said, "Okay, Lala. Go to bed and have a rest now."

She knew that Ayla was a stubborn woman.

But after what she had witnessed, she didn't know if Ayla was lucky or not to meet Brian.

Ayla had been through a lot.

And to help her feel at ease, Maria agreed to her request.

From now on, she was just Ayla Woodsen.

Brian looked at Maria, who was standing in front of him.

He then said, "If she wants to stay in the servants' house, let her.

Just continue taking care of her daily life, but let her clean up the main villa."

"But Mr.Clark, Mrs.Clark still needs rest."

Maria realized that Brian was also a little softhearted.

Although he didn't admit it, she knew that he also cared for Ayla.

These two people actually had a chance to be happy together.

But now that something like this happened to Ayla, she might already find it difficult to have feelings for him.

“Okay, let’s wait until she recovers.”

Brian then turned around and went upstairs.

Ayla had been staying in her room for three days now. She didn’t do anything, not even sleep.

“Lala, time for dinner.”

Maria walked into the room with a tray of food in her hands.

Although Ayla moved to the servants’ house, she still prepared food for Ayla just like before.

Ayla took the bowl of soup and drank a few mouthfuls.

Then she said, “I’m full. Take them away.”

“Lala, you need to eat more. You have to keep your good health. Otherwise, you will suffer a lot in the future.”

Seeing that she only drank a few mouthfuls of soup, Maria tried to urge her to eat more.

“No, I’m alright. By the way, I want to go out today.”

Ayla took a coat.

Maria could only watch her helplessly. She didn’t want to eat, and Maria couldn’t force her.

Ayla could still go out because Brian didn’t restrict her movements.

In fact, he let Lyle drive for her and take her wherever she wanted to go.

Maria accompanied her this time.

They went to a baby shop and bought several baby clothes.

After that, she didn’t go anywhere else, so they just returned to the villa.

In the evening, Ayla borrowed a small shovel from the gardener, dug a pit next to the servants’ house, and buried all the clothes she bought today.

She also erected a wooden tablet in the middle, but she didn’t write anything there. Her heart still felt so heavy.

This was the only thing she could do for her unborn child.

Maria, who had been standing aside, offered to help her.

However, she refused.

When Ayla went back to her room, she said to Maria, "You can go back to your room and have a rest. You don't have to always stay with me. I have promised Mr. Clark that those things won't happen again, so you don't have to worry about me."

When she buried all the baby clothes just now, she also buried both her baby and her heart.

From now on, she was nothing but just a living dead.

Brian returned to the villa more often than usual.

But Ayla tried her best not to see him.

Every time he was home, she stayed in the servants' house or in the garden.

Sitting on the sofa in the living room and reading the newspaper, he asked Maria, "What is she doing?"

"Mrs. Clark is in the garden. But she has cooked today's lunch."

Maria was aware that Ayla was deliberately avoiding Brian.

That was why Ayla left before he went downstairs.

"Okay."

He then stood up and walked towards the dining room.

In the garden, Ayla looked at the withered flowers and plants that had been covered by thick snow.

Without any trace of emotions on her face, she cut them off little by little.

Her hands had already been red.

If she stayed longer in the cold, her hands would get frostbite.

But she seemed not to care at all.

Today was Saturday, so she knew that Brian was at home. She actually didn't want to see him, but she remembered that she had something to tell him.

Brian was in the study, sitting at his desk.

His slender and clean fingers were tapping on the keyboard at a fast speed.

He looked very busy.

Ayla went back to the villa and personally made coffee for him.

Then she went to the study and knocked on the door.

"Mr. Clark, may I come in?"

"Yes," he replied in a low voice without raising his head.

Ayla entered and said, "Your coffee."

She stood beside his desk and put down the cup of coffee.

“What’s the matter?”

He knew that she wouldn’t want to see him, let alone take the initiative to see him if it wasn’t something important.

“I want to go back to school next semester,” Ayla directly said.

It was only then that Brian raised his head and looked at her.

“Well, you can go if you want. But there are some things that I don’t want to happen again.”

“I understand. You can rest assured. Well, that’s all I want to say. I won’t bother you anymore.”

Just as she turned around, she was surprised when her slender waist was suddenly clasped by a strong arm.

“Mr. Clark...” She already knew what it meant.

Alas, there were really some things that she couldn’t escape.

“Come to my room tonight.”

Brian had given Ayla enough time.

He never stopped her from doing what she wanted to do.

Now it was time for her to repay him.

Ayla reluctantly nodded.

“Okay.”

He let go of her and continued with his work. He didn’t look at her again.

It was a cold winter night, and a gust of cold wind blew outside.

Ayla took a shower, put on her nightgown, and walked to the main villa.

She went straight to Brian’s room.

The door was ajar, and in the dim light, she saw him standing in front of the French window, smoking.

She walked in and stood behind him.

The room temperature was just right, so it was comfortable.

She took the initiative to take off her thin silk nightgown and wrapped her slender arms around his waist.

“I’m here, Mr. Clark.”

Brian opened the window and tossed the cigarette b**t outside.

“You came on time.”

He turned around and looked at her.

Compared to before, he could tell that she had lost a lot of weight.

She didn't have much flesh in the past, but now she had become bony.

"I can only obey you, can't I?"

This was Ayla's fate. And since Brian wanted to keep her alive, and she had to live such a humble life, she had no choice but to accept it. Brian raised his hand, held her chin, and said, "You are too thin. It doesn't look good."

"Then don't touch me if you are not satisfied with me."

He knew that she took the initiative to get close to him, not because she loved him but because she hated him. So he chuckled lightly and said, "Do you think I asked you to come here just to check on you?"

He then picked her up and threw her on the big bed.

Resisting the urge to throw up, she smiled at him and said, "Please hurry up then."

She hoped that he would have s*x with her quickly.

Anyway, it didn't mean anything to her now, so she wouldn't feel anything.

"You can't wait, huh?"

Brian pursed his lips as he wrapped his slender and fair arms around her shoulders.

Chapter 68: She Doesn't Want To Leave

After having s*x with Brian, Ayla didn't want to stay with him any longer. So when he let go of her, she immediately got up from the bed, picked up her nightgown from the floor, and put it on.

"Can I leave now?" she asked coldly without even looking at him.

Brian propped up from the bed, leaned against the headboard lazily, and looked at her.

Obviously, she didn't want to have anything to do with him.

But she still came to his room when asked and had s*x with him.

Now, he couldn't tell what was in her mind.

Ayla didn't hear any response from him, so she didn't move yet.

She called him, "Mr. Clark?"

Brian stood up and walked up to her. Then he pulled her into his arms and kissed her again.

He was confused.

Did he want her to stay with him? Didn't he want to completely destroy her? For the first time, he felt like his mind seemed to be in a mess.

Ayla pushed him away and asked, "Isn't it enough yet?"

Did he want to have s*x with her again? Just now, she tried her best not to throw up. But if they did it again, she probably couldn't stand it anymore.

Brian chuckled lightly.

"Well, it's not up to you whether it's enough or not. But anyway, go now."

Finally, Ayla heard what she had been waiting for.

So she quickly ran out of the room even though she had not put on her slippers yet.

Brian stood in front of the window and watched her running back to the servants' house. He knew that she was still afraid of him.

She only pretended to be strong in front of him.

But the truth was, she was still weak.

As soon as Ayla entered her room, she rushed to the bathroom and washed herself over and over again.

She wanted to wash away all the traces Brian had left on her body.

In the following days, Ayla tried her best to avoid Brian.

In the daytime, when he went to the company, she went to the villa to clean up the rooms and cooked dinner before he came back.

However, he would still ask her to go to his room at night, and she could not refuse.

But the two of them never said a word while having s*x.

It seemed that there was already a tacit understanding between them.

They both knew that she only allowed him to have s*x with her because it was her obligation.

But in her heart, she detested him.

Tonight, Ayla was in Brian's room again.

But after having s*x, she put on her night robe and walked out of his room without saying a word.

"Ayla Woodsen!" He called her when she was already at the door.

It was his first time to call her by her name.

"Is there anything else, Mr. Clark?" she asked without even turning around.

She didn't want to look at him or see his face.

"Are you still not willing to move back to your old room in the villa?" Brian walked up to her and asked.

She shook her head.

"No!"

“Then what can I do to make you move back?”

He held her shoulders, turned her around, and stared at her face closely.

“You don’t have to do anything. I just don’t want to move back. I don’t have any problem in the servants’ house now. Besides, isn’t it good for us that we are like this now? Things won’t be complicated. Anyway, I can come to you anytime you need me. If you still don’t want to let me go in the future, let’s just do things this way.”

Ayla sighed slightly. She didn’t want to change anything now.

After all, she was not capable of changing things in her life.

Brian held her slender wrist, looked into her eyes, and said, “Move back here. I’ll let Arlene go.”

He didn’t know why but the more stubborn she was, the more he wanted to force her.

Hearing his words, Ayla suddenly realized that she had not turned on her phone or contacted anyone these days because she thought that she would die at that time.

She hadn’t heard anything about Toby, Clayton, or even Arlene now.

So when he mentioned Arlene, she couldn’t help asking, “How is she?”

“She should be doing good.”

Brian didn’t give her a definite answer.

She frowned and asked, “What do you mean?”

Ayla could still vividly remember what happened that day when Jaime took Arlene to the villa.

How could she believe that Arlene was doing good? If it was her, she actually didn’t know if she could still survive after being hurt and bullied by those men.

“Well, she cannot live without men, so she seems to be doing good in the entertainment club. It’s what she wants. But you are different from her because you can only have me.”

For Brian, Ayla was his woman. And he didn’t allow his woman to have relationships with other men.

Of course, even though he knew that she didn’t care about him.

As he had said, she was different.

Other women out there would do everything just to climb to his bed when they saw him, but not her.

Ayla gently shook his hand from her wrist and said, “I’m leaving now. But if possible, I want to see her.”

After that night, she didn’t think too much about her request. She thought that Brian would not grant it anyway.

But a few days later, he drove her to the entertainment club.

The night was deep, and it was very dark outside.

But with the bright lights that were all on, the entertainment club was dazzling.

It was festive and full of excitement.

When Brian and Ayla walked in, they saw a lot of people dancing and drinking.

Actually, it was not her first time to be there.

She had stayed there for a long time, so she had gotten used to the noisy surroundings.

He glanced at her and asked, "Are you sure you want to see her?"

"Yes. Regardless of what has happened to her, I want to see her."

She just wanted to feel at ease because until now, she still felt guilty.

At that time, she did not think about anything else but her baby. Her determination to save her baby had implicated some people including Arlene. So now that she had made a deal with Brian, she wanted to set Arlene free.

Arlene was inside a spacious and luxurious VIP room. She looked so seductive in her tight dress.

When Ayla entered the room, she saw how Arlene clung to a man. Their posture was so intimate that she could hardly look at them. As soon as the man saw Brian, he stood up.

"Mr. Clark, why are you here? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing. We just want to see her," Brian replied, looking at Arlene.

He then turned to Ayla and asked, "Do you want to say something?"

Ayla walked up to Arlene and asked, "Arlene, do you want to leave this place? I can get you out of here if you want."

Arlene looked at Ayla with disdain.

"Leave? And why should I? It's so good here. Besides, how can I make a living if I leave this place? Are you going to give me money? Do you have any money now? Ha-ha! Ayla, we are just the same. We both have to rely on men to live a good life."

She didn't want to leave the entertainment club anymore.

Brian wasn't deliberately making things difficult for her now, and she had her drug regularly.

She had everything she needed here.

Ayla looked at Arlene in disbelief.

How could Arlene think that staying in this place was a good thing? Why did she have to make herself so lowly? For the sake of money, she had to please different men every day.

She had to hug, kiss, satisfy them, and do whatever they wanted her to do.

After Ayla talked to her sister, Brian took her into another VIP room.

It was way too different from the previous one.

The VIP room where she saw Arlene was full of the pungent smell of alcohol and cigarette.

While this room was full of specially made scented candles that filled it with a pleasing fragrance.

“Do you still want me to let her go? She doesn’t want to leave this place at all.” Brian looked at Ayla.

Since she met Arlene, she seemed to be in a bad mood.

Ayla looked at the bottle of wine in front of her.

She then picked it up, poured herself a glass and, drank it in one gulp.

The liquid felt hot in her throat and flowed down to her stomach.

“This is all your fault.”

She drank one glass after another, and he didn’t stop her even if he knew that she could get drunk easily.

He lit a cigarette, took a drag, and said, “It’s her fate.”

Then he took another drag.

Since Ayla had drunk too much, she started to feel dizzy. She looked at the man next to her and asked, “Is it fate? Yes, that’s right.

I think we’re just the same. I don’t want to accept my fate, but you make me accept it.”

She was blaming him.

She had been blaming him in her heart all the time.

But she didn’t dare to tell him, and she would never tell him.

“Why are you forcing me? Why do you have to force me like this?”

Ayla poured another glass.

But this time, she didn’t drink it.

Instead, she handed it to Brian and said, “You drink too.”

He took it and drank it in one gulp.

Then he said, “You eat.”

He pushed the plate of snacks to her.

She shook her head and leaned against him.

“You eat it. I don’t want to eat. I am not happy. I am sad. Very sad.”

“You’re drunk.”

Brian did not push her away, and he just listened to her voice.

After all, it was the first time that she leaned on him like this and poured out her heart.

Chapter 70: She Was Always Forced Into Situations Like This

Brian’s gaze made Ayla uncomfortable, so she just shook her head reluctantly.

“No, I won’t drink that much anymore.”

Only when she gave him a satisfactory answer did he finally let her go.

“It’s almost Chinese New Year. Pack up your things from the maids’ house and move back in here. Don’t make me say it again.”

Since he had allowed her to meet Arlene, she must uphold her end of the bargain and move back in.

Stunned, Ayla asked, “Didn’t you say that you wouldn’t force me to do anything?”

Why did he change his decision overnight? She wouldn’t agree to his request even if she was drunk.

“I’m making you do this for a good reason. If you want Arlene to have a good life, you need to come back.”

He remembered how she went to his room every night like she was making a report recently.

At the thought of it, Brian felt very unhappy.

“I don’t believe she’s living a good life right now. Do whatever the hell you want, I’m not going to move back in.”

She went into the bathroom and put on a bathrobe.

Upon hearing her words, Brian realized that he had given her too much freedom.

When Ayla went downstairs, she ran into Maria, causing her to tighten her garb because she felt abashed.

“Hi, Lala! You’re awake. Do you happen to have a headache?” Maria asked.

“Would you like some water with honey? Allow me to make one for you!”

“No, thanks. I can do it myself. But I’m going to change my clothes first,”

Most of the servants would jump to conclusions if they saw Ayla wearing a bathrobe and coming out of the main villa this early in the morning.

When she went back to her room, she stared at herself in the mirror.

How much did she drink last night that she ended up losing consciousness? She didn’t even have a clue if she vomited or not.

After changing into a more appropriate set of clothes, she walked out of the room, and soon went to her baby's grave in the backyard.

Her heart was torn.

She still couldn't forget her unborn child.

This place was exclusive to her, and nobody not even the servants were allowed to touch it.

As Brian sat at the table, staring at the dishes, he suddenly lost his appetite.

That woman disobeyed him out of the blue.

"Where's Ayla?"

Since she left early in the morning, he hadn't seen her yet.

Maria glanced at Brian.

"Mr. Clark, during this time of day, Mrs. Clark is usually in the backyard," she said vaguely.

Understanding what she meant, he didn't say anything else.

Meanwhile, Ayla had been standing there for an hour already. She felt so cold that her body was becoming numb. She was afraid that her baby would get lonely, so she stayed with him every day.

On a snowy day like this, it should be very cold.

Tears streamed down her cheeks.

It was cold, and she could taste her salty tears at the corner of her lips.

Up until now, she still hadn't recovered from this pain, and maybe she never would.

She was the most heartless and useless mother in existence. She couldn't even give her child the chance to see the light of day.

Ayla heaved a sigh.

Now that she had undergone an operation, she might not be able to have a child for the rest of her life.

Every day, to lessen the pain, she told herself that what she did was right and that she wouldn't regret anything.

Over the following days, Ayla kept herself busy by preparing for the New Year.

It had been almost six months since she started living in this villa.

Time fluttered by quickly.

The driver, Lyle, drove her to the shopping mall.

Brian told her that it was up to her to decide what to buy, and how she was going to decorate the villa.

Meanwhile, Molly and Miley were holding each other's arm intimately.

Their chauffeur followed them around, carrying every bag of clothes that they had bought.

“Mom, I want to buy some clothes for Toby. He’s been so busy working overtime lately. He seems to be hard at work every day. He deserves a nice gift.”

Molly had been getting along with Toby recently, and it hadn’t changed because of what happened to Ayla.

Although Hayden never said anything, he was always suspicious of Toby’s motives.

Even though Ayla had left a good impression on him and he had a sense of familiarity with her, Hayden didn’t want to see his son-in-law getting too close to another woman.

It could end up hurting his beloved daughter.

Miley glanced at her daughter.

“Don’t be so spineless! You’re still in love with him after what happened last time? You don’t even know what’s on his mind right now.”

That day, Toby was dropped off at the front gate of the Smith family’s villa, half-dead.

The members of the family were frightened by his state.

After figuring out why he had been beaten within an inch of his life, Miley didn’t talk to him nor visit him at the hospital for several days.

“Mom, I love him with all my heart. As long as he stays by my side, everything will be fine. There’s nothing else that matters to me. Besides, he’s been very good to me lately, hasn’t he?”

When Molly turned to the elevator at the corner, she accidentally bumped into Ayla, who was carrying a large bag at the time.

She had a large bag of fruits and vegetables that she had just bought from the supermarket, and she fell to the floor after bumping into Molly.

The bag was torn and her fruits rolled all over the floor.

Molly wasn’t happy to see Ayla here.

“What bad luck I have! Why do I run into you everywhere?”

Ayla propped herself up with her hands and stood up.

“Hello, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown,” she greeted them with a smile.

Miley rolled her eyes at Ayla, and sneered, “Are you the tramp? You’re so shameless! How can you even show your face outside? If I were you, I’d just kill myself!”

“Mrs. Smith, I think there’s been a misunderstanding.”

Ayla had no idea why she was able to face them so calmly now.

But she believed that she didn't do anything wrong.

"A misunderstanding? Tell me, why did Toby have to suffer for you? How dare you say that we misunderstood you? B***h!"

Miley stepped forward and slapped Ayla across her face. She had been wanting to slap this woman for a long time now.

And now that she did, Ayla was taken aback.

Their voices were so loud that it was attracting attention at the vast shopping mall.

Blood seeped from the corner of Ayla's lips.

Lately, she had been getting slapped a lot, but she hardly felt any pain.

"Shame on you!"

Even Molly stared daggers at her.

Coincidentally, Toby was coming over to pick Molly and her mother up.

However, he didn't expect that this was what he would see when he arrived.

Ayla's face was red and swollen, and blood was dripping from her mouth.

She was picking up all the fruits and vegetables that had been scattered on the floor.

She just ignored all the onlookers because she didn't give a d**n anymore.

"Lala."

Toby crouched in front of her, helping her pick up the oranges.

"How are you doing?"

Before Ayla could speak, Molly pulled Toby away from her.

"You're my husband! How dare you flirt with this b***h in front of me? Do you still not take me seriously?"

Every single time Ayla showed up, nothing good ever happened.

That woman still wouldn't admit how much of a b***h she was.

With all her strength, Molly shoved Ayla, and pulled Toby away from her.

"Don't you dare pester my husband again, and don't even think of showing your face to us! I'm begging you, just stop, okay?"

Ayla stood up and picked up her shopping bag.

“Mrs.Brown, we’re in a shopping mall.It’s not a crime for me to come here, and you did nothing wrong by doing the same.Can’t you just pretend that you don’t know me?”

She didn’t want to meet them either.

In fact, she had forgotten them.

However, the world was small, so running into them at a shopping mall wasn’t unlikely to happen.

If she had known that she would run into them today, she would’ve asked Maria to do the shopping instead.

“You...”

Molly wondered how Ayla had the gall to speak to her like this in front of Toby.

The other woman wanted to destroy her image to him.

She had cursed Ayla, and her mother had slapped her, but so what? With a stern expression, Ayla gave Toby a look, and walked past the others.

It seemed that she was about to leave.

She was allowed to leave whenever she wanted, right? She never wanted to see them again.

From now on, they were strangers to her.

“Lala.” Toby stopped her.

All he wanted to do was to ask her how she was doing.

“Mr.Brown, let me go.”

He was tightly grasping Ayla’s wrist, and she felt a bit of pain from it.

Upon seeing them behave like that, Molly scoffed, and interjected, “Miss Woodsen, please.”

Regardless of the occasion and her dignity, she knelt before Ayla.

Even Ayla was startled by her action.

“Mrs.Brown, you don’t have to do this.”

She was always getting forced into situations like this, and she had no way of turning back.

Brian had forced her into doing his bidding, and now Molly was doing the same.

At that moment, Toby loosened his grip on Ayla’s wrist.