

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 16 Domineering And Conceited Man

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Fearing that Waylon Gray would discover her secret, Alena Wright quickly smiled and explained dryly, "I'm just afraid of you, and I don't want to be implicated by you."

"Really?" Waylon Gray asked faintly.

She replied without even thinking about it, "Yes, I do good deeds, so I can't get a bite back, right?"

Waylon Gray listened to her, insinuating that she was a cold-hearted, cruel person, but he didn't feel anger in his heart. Instead, he glanced at her with a smile and teased, "Don't you want to go back? Why are you not leaving? Do you want to stay? We could spend the New Year together?"

The expression on Alena Wright's face instantly stiffened, and she subconsciously saw the tall and majestic man, glared at him angrily, and fled there with her leg pulled out.

After a while, there was a loud door closing sound, and Waylon Gray's constricted nerves instantly relaxed.

Alena Wright, who escaped from Waylon Gray's residence, breathed a sigh of relief.

Very risky, she was almost exposed.

She suddenly regretted that she ran back to save Waylon Gray. She had let him fend for himself if she knew it earlier. It almost aroused Waylon Gray's suspicion just about then. She had to be more careful in the future.

In the future, she should stay away from Waylon Gray. He was too dangerous.

Alena Wright went back to her place exhausted and fell heavily on the bed without taking a shower.

Getting along with Waylon Gray was simply more tiring than fighting. It seemed to be fighting wits and courage all the time. Anyone who would not be careful will be forever regretful.

Alena Wright was so tired that she slept until noon as soon as she slept and was finally woken up by the phone ringing.

Looking at the caller ID on the phone, she subconsciously wanted to hang up. Then she thought of Waylon Gray's method, and she could only press the connect button.

Waylon Gray's lazy voice reached her ears, "Little fox, how did you sleep last night?"

Little Fox?

Your whole family was the foxes.

Alena Wright thought indignantly and smirked without a smile, "Mr. Gray, you called to ask me if I was sleeping well?"

He chuckled, "Of course not. I also want to invite you to the scene."

"I'm not free." She refused directly.

Waylon Gray's eagle-like eyes narrowed slightly, and he said in a low and magnetic voice, "Are you coming by yourself, or am I coming to pick you up?"

"I've said it, and I'm not going." She snarled.

She wanted to prepare, and she would be going to the old house for dinner with her father.

"Alena Wright, I am giving you another chance. Would you come in person, or should I let someone come over and pick you up?" Waylon Gray threatened directly and imperiously.

Alena Wright knew that she had no right to refuse, and Waylon Gray was a domineering and arrogant man.

She bit her lip and retorted, "I'll come by myself."

After speaking, she hung up the phone directly, without giving Waylon Gray a chance to speak again.

Because there was a traffic jam on the road, she was more than an hour late when Alena Wright came over.

"Get in the car." Waylon Gray saw Alena Wright and ordered directly, without asking her for being late.

Alena Wright did not dare to challenge his endurance anymore. She got into the car obediently and sat down to the farthest distance from him.

Waylon Gray saw her actions, snorted coldly, leaned back on the seat, and closed his eyes to rest as if he was not ready to pay attention to her.

Alena Wright couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief, but it was strange that Waylon Gray was quite generous that day.

Along the way, she had been observing the route of the car. When she came to a villa area in the suburbs, she couldn't help but glance at Waylon Gray in confusion.

Why did he bring her there?

Alena Wright hadn't figured out why, so the car stopped in front of a unique villa.

Waylon Gray opened the door of the car and walked on. She was taken aback for a few seconds and quickly followed.

"Waylon Gray, where are you taking me?" Alena couldn't help but ask.

Waylon Gray did not answer her question and continued walking on his own.

Alena Wright curled her lips secretly, without asking anything, obediently followed him into the basement of the villa.

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The air in the basement was very humid, and there was a faint smell of blood in the air.

Alena Wright's heart hung in mid-air instantly raised her throat, involuntarily clutching her bag tightly.

"What---"

A sudden scream directly frightened Alena Wright. Her face was instantly pale, her eyes looked at Waylon Gray in shock, and she couldn't help but wanted to escape.

But Waylon Gray stretched out his hand to embrace her waist, and half forced her into a room.

Entering the room, Alena Wright saw a woman who was hung up at a glance, with blood all over her body, her fingers twisted at an abnormal angle, blood dripping down her clothes to the ground.

"You! Why did you bring me here?" Alena Wright's voice couldn't help but tremble.

Waylon Gray saw her look scared, and he was instantly happy and explained, "This woman was my secretary, who gave me the drug last night."

She became even more confused, so she looked at Waylon Gray confusedly, "What does this have to do with me?"

So, why did he show her such a bloody scene?

Waylon Gray glanced at Alena Wright with an unfriendly expression and said, "After a while, you'll know."

Alena Wright's face pales in fright, and she didn't dare to answer.