

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 25 Be Waylon Gray's Woman

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Alena Wright rolled her eyes silently, her eyes calmed in anger, and squeezed out a vicious sentence, "Do you think this is interesting?"

If she was not afraid that Waylon Gray would kill her, she would definitely tell Waylon Gray of her identity, and he should die.

"Of course, it is!" Waylon Gray answered confidently.

Alena Wright had nothing else to say to him, so she just sat in the passenger seat and sulked. She still felt a little flustered in her heart. She always felt that if she would be entangled too long with Waylon Gray like this, the identity she had concealed would be exposed sooner or later.

The more she thought like this, the more impatient she looked at Waylon Gray, "Waylon Gray, I said I don't want to play games with you. There are some women in this world who are willing to play with you. Would you please just go bother someone else?"

"I don't want to and I won't!" He refused very decisively, leaning close to her slightly, strong male hormones surrounded her, and a low and persistent voice sounded in Alena Wright's ears, "Alena Wright, there is no woman I like who can escape the hands of Waylon Gray, you... will be in my bag sooner or later."

She sneered and the corners of her mouth raised slightly, the disdain and ridicule between her eyebrows and eyes were undoubtedly revealed.

In the future, if he would find out about her hidden identity, and then thinks of what he said to her today, he would probably slap himself in the face.

Waylon Gray stretched out his hand and raised Alena Wright's low head, forced her to look at him, and slowly said, "Alena Wright, now you have two options. First, just get off the car and go back to work. In this way, you will directly violate the regulations. Must compensate me for the high breach of contract costs; second, follow me obediently, maybe I am happy, maybe I can let you go back sooner."

"Despicable." Alena Wright gritted her teeth and uttered this word.

Hearing her say this, Waylon Gray was not ashamed but proud, and laughed softly, looking at her a little bit more spoiled reaction, "If you can calm down by saying this, you can just scold me."

In his work, Waylon Gray always doesn't care about the process, only the result.

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As long as the result would be good, it didn't matter whether his ways were open and honest or mean.

Waylon Gray paused for a moment and said in a low and sneer voice, "Alena, you see, as long as I promise to cooperate with Cohen, those old antiques in your company can betray you without hesitation. And Christiano Cohen is basically just that. Without the ability to protect you, if you are my woman, as long as you are unwilling to do things, I will never force you."

Waylon Gray calmly instigated the divorce, just to tell Alena Wright that there was no future with Christiano Cohen so that he could start digging the wall quietly.

Alena Wright knew that what Waylon Gray said had ulterior motives, and she would not be fooled. She retorted coldly, "Waylon Gray, you are arguing. It is clear that you are using the board of directors to suppress Christiano Cohen, but now you are here to beat him. Is it really mean for you to do this?"

Waylon Gray's eyes narrowed slightly, and a dangerous light appeared in the deep eyes, "Despicable?"

He snorted disdainfully, "What if I am despicable? Alena Wright, my patience is also limited. It's up to you to choose to be obedient and be the person in charge, or to pay compensation for breach of contract."

Alena Wright was not able to say a thing. She knew she had no other choice for now.

She gritted her teeth and stared at Waylon Gray, wishing she could poke two holes in him.

She worked hard for a month before officially entering the design department. She didn't want to give it all up like this. She could only endure the anger from the bottom of her heart and squeeze a sentence from her teeth, "Okay, I promise, are you satisfied now?"

Waylon Gray looked at her puffed little face, couldn't help but stretch out his hand and squeezed it lightly, and coaxed in a soft voice, "Don't be angry, I'll take you to see something, I promise you will like it."

Alena Wright sneered at his practice of hitting a stick and then giving sweet dates, and the most hateful thing about it is that she was forced to accept it, and she became more upset when she thought of this.

Soon, the car stopped.

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Waylon Gray said, "Here, get off!"

Hearing this, Alena Wright returned to her senses in an instant, only to realize that Waylon Gray had already driven to a villa without knowing when.

Subconsciously, she remembered the scene she saw last time in the basement of another villa, her face turned pale, and she sat in the passenger seat without moving for a long time.

Waylon Gray knew what she was thinking just by looking in her eyes. He was a little helpless. Last time he just wanted to warn Alena Wright and tell her not to do anything beside her.

He just didn't expect that the shadow it brought to her was so deep.

In order to appease Alena Wright, he said softly, "Don't worry, I won't deliberately scare you anymore, I just want to show you something."

Alena Wright expressed doubts about what he said, but she got out of the car obediently, followed him into the villa, and wanted to see what tricks he wanted to play.

Waylon Gray took her straight to the third floor. There was only one safety door on the third floor. After he entered the password and fingerprint, the heavy door slowly opened.

As the door slowly opened, Alena Wright saw the jewelry in the room.

Her pupils suddenly widened, and she glanced at Waylon Gray beside her in disbelief.

These jewels were all treasures. As long as you were a jeweler, you couldn't stay unmoved when facing a ton of jewels like this, and Alena Wright was the same.

But she restrained it!

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Waylon Gray walked in with her hand and said calmly, "Alena, do you like it? I can give you all of these if you like."

"Are you willing?" Alena Wright teased softly.

Waylon Gray raised his eyebrows, without a trace of distress, and waved his hand, "As long as you like it, these can be yours, including...me!"

In the first half of the sentence, Alena Wright was still a little moved. In the second half of the sentence, her face collapsed, and she really couldn't have any expectations of Waylon Gray.

"Reactive merits will not be rewarded." She directly refused.

Her refusal was something that Waylon Gray expected. He glanced at these jewels, and suddenly a flash of light came to his mind, and suddenly thought of a good way, "Alena, I know you are a jewelry designer, as long as you help me design, you can choose one piece of jewelry here as a reward, how about that?"

Alena Wright thought for a moment, and finally succumbed under the sugar-coated shells, "Okay, is it going to be a design for you or someone else?"

Waylon Gray's black gilt eyes looked at her quietly, his eyes were full of soft light, and his gentle tone slowly said, "Of course it is for someone else. I just want you to design ten sets of jewelry for my beloved woman."

Beloved woman?

Her heart twitched fiercely. Although she was restrained, there was still an uncontrollable bitterness spreading in her heart. Although she didn't want Waylon Gray anymore, she didn't let it all go so easily. After all, she liked Waylon Gray for so many years.

Then, she laughed at herself from the bottom of her heart. No wonder he ignored her like that after three years of marriage. Did he have someone he likes in his heart?