

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 26 Don't Try To Refuse

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However, these have nothing to do with her, Alena Wright, has already decided to get a divorce.

Yes, did Waylon Gray, have anyone he likes and has nothing to do with her.

After Alena Wright, persuaded herself, she took a deep breath, suppressing the emotions that flooded her heart, and asked in a dry voice. "Mr. Waylon, can you tell me what kind of personality your beloved woman is like? Do you have any special preferences for colors and gems?"

Waylon Gray has been observing the changes in her expression, the temporary fatigue in her eyes didn't escape his eyes at all.

The corners of his mouth couldn't help but raise slightly, he directly held her wrist, pulling her to a mirror.

He stood behind Alena Wright, holding her shoulder with one hand, pointing at the mirror with the other finger, and smilingly said. "Did you see it? The woman in the mirror is my beloved person. You can ask her what she likes."

Hearing the words, Alena Wright was stunned. She blinked her eyes slightly dumbly, carefully looking at Waylon's expression in the mirror, her heart trembling hesitantly.

She recovered quickly and quickly lowered her eyes to cover the emotions in her eyes without answering for a long time.

"Can you design now?" He asked deliberately.

Alena Wright was silent for a moment and said calmly. "No!"

She still had her eyes down, she didn't dare to raise her eyes to look Waylon Gray in the mirror, and continued on herself, "Waylon, if you are designing for others, I am happy to accept this task. In the end, you just want to give it to you in disguise. I will not accept, nor will I ask for your things."

Waylon Gray held her shoulders, turned her body directly, and said in a bossy tone, "Even if you don't want it, you have to design it for me. Don't forget. Now, our two companies are cooperating. If you don't listen to me, it is in breach of contract, and breach of contract will have to pay breach of contract fees."

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She raised her head suddenly and her eyes opened angrily, "You do you have any other means besides threatening me?"

Waylon Gray looked at her angrily and desperately, with a smile flashing under her eyes, slowly bending down, her eyes full of anger, and quietly said, "As long as I can make you obedient, I don't care what means use."

Alena Wright was so angry that her cheeks were red and her eyes were gleaming, she reached out and was about to push him away.

As a result, he was pulled closer to his arms instead, and the bodies of the two people instantly pressed together as if they could feel the temperature of each other's body.

Waylon Gray hugged her waist tightly, pillowed the head of her neck and shoulders, and gently rubbed. "Alena, don't try to reject me, otherwise." He didn't finish what he said.

After the words were finished, Alena Wright felt a sense of crisis from inside. If she wanted to refuse again, she could only swallow it back into her stomach.

Seeing this, Waylon Gray smiled with satisfaction and gently kissed her white face with his head sideways, and said, "This is good!"

Alena really hated Waylon's habit of using her hands and feet, but it happened and there was nothing she could do with him.

She grinds her teeth secretly, the hand against his chest pushed hard, and said, "I promised to design for you, can you let me go now."

Waylon Gray knew that he would take it up when he saw it and let go of her. At the same time, taking advantage of her carelessness, he quickly pecked on her lips.

The warm touch of spring on her lips made Alena Wright stunned for a moment. The next second, her eyes widened suddenly, her eyes burning with angry flames, Alena Wright stared fiercely at Waylon Gray, and cursed. "Stinking criminal."

Waylon Gray saw that she was about to become angry with a pufferfish. He couldn't help but smile at the corner of her mouth and stretched out her hand to rub her hair forcefully, "Don't be angry, if you feel that you are at a loss, then you can come back kiss."

Alena Wright spits and suspiciously said, "Who is rare?"

"Really not rare?" Waylon Gray looked at her closely with a smile.

Her heart trembled slightly. After all, she liked the man in front of her for so many years. Although she was determined to divorce and let go, she couldn't remain indifferent.

Waylon Gray saw her hesitate for a while, the corners of her mouth became deeper, and she jokingly said. "Alena, when will you still be dishonesty?"

A trace of panic flashed through Alena's eyes and she pretended to say calmly, "Who is right?"

At the same time, diligence begins from the bottom of her heart, she couldn't continue to get along with Waylon Gray like this. Otherwise, there would be problems sooner or later.

Alena Wright quickly turned off the topic, "I already know your request. I will now go back to the company to work and design for you."

Hearing this, Waylon Gray's eyes flashed a touch of disappointment and he decided to get it back elsewhere. He pointed to his face and said, "You kiss me, and I will send you back."

Alena Wright laughed at his cheeky and refused without hesitation. "Don't think about it."

Waylon Gray raised his eyebrows indifferently, turned around, sat on the sofa aside, looking lazy and laid back.

Seeing this, Alena Wright's anger almost couldn't help but burst out, her hand hanging by her side couldn't help but clenched.

On the face, she wasn't as thick as Waylon Gray, on the arrogant, she wasn't as unreasonable as Waylon.

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After tangling for a while, Alena Wright exhaled a sulky breath, and said in a bad breath, "Is it because I kiss you and you promise to send me back to work?"

"I promise." Waylon Gray knew Alena Wright had compromised and showed an evil smile.

Although she wasn't willing to believe Waylon's promise, she has no choice now.

She closed her eyes and walked closer to Waylon Gray, step by step with the pace of seeing death as home.

Long-term pain wasn't as good as short-term pain, early death, and early birth.

Alena Wright lowered her head and quickly kissed Waylon's side cheek gently. When she was about to retreat, he suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Waylon Gray pulled hard and she fell onto Waylon's thigh and legs.

He directly lowered his head and kissed Alena's red lips, clasped his hands behind her head, and threw a hot breath on her cheeks.

Alena Wright gritted her teeth tightly, refused to let him take a step further, and didn't listen to pushing his chest with both hands, trying to break away from his kiss.

Waylon Gray was no longer satisfied with such a simple kiss, and the hand on her waist gently pinched. The tickling sensation from her waist made her laugh. Waylon Gray, took advantage of this to pry open her teeth, looting and robbing her sweetness crazily.

After a while, he slowly loosened it. Looking at Alena Wright, slightly red and swollen lips, he couldn't help but lightly pecked it again. The sweet taste was like a poppy that made him greedy.

Alena Wright stared at him angrily. "Waylon, are you enough?"

He gave a low chuckle and said in a slightly hoarse voice. "Hey, sit with me for a while, and I'll send you back later, otherwise, you will be at your own risk."