

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 31 Don't Touch My Woman

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The man's patience has come to an end. He turned around and pushed Alena Wright to the ground, clutching her clothes with both hands and pulling her clothes with force. The clothes that were originally torn were torn to pieces.

"Ah..." Alena exclaimed in despair.

Her fair skin was exposed to the air, and her slender waist did not have a trace of excess fat.

A trace of fire and heat appeared in the man's eyes, and he looked at her greedily.

She clasped her chest tightly with her hands, trying to isolate the man's obscene gaze, tears constantly gushing from her eye sockets, bewildering her sight.

The man grabbed her arm and pulled it hard and pressed it to the floor completely immobile, while the other hand pulled her skirt.

"Let me go ... Let me go... Waylon Gray... Save me..." She shouted in despair, her body twisting constantly, trying to break free from the man's control.

Her intense struggle hindered the man. He had wasted too much time. He frowned impatiently and slapped her severely when he raised his hand. He cursed, "Bitch, if you move again, I beat you to death."

Alena's head buzzed after being beaten, but she was still struggling weakly: "Waylon, come and save me..."

The man gave a smirk and stretched out his hand to pat her cheek, "You won't call for help in a while to save you, you will only beg me to satisfy you."

After speaking, his hand fell down to Alena's slender neck.

Alena was desperate, at this moment...

There was a loud noise at the door, and the originally closed door was kicked open from the outside.

Waylon kicked open the door and broke into the room. He saw Alena approaching him and the man pressing on her. Waylon's terrifying eyes were full of tyrannical emotions. He rushed up quickly with a kick. Kicked hard on the man's chest.

The man fell heavily to the ground, clutching his painful chest, and tumbling constantly on the ground.

Waylon quickly took off his clothes and wrapped his embarrassed Alena in his clothes, put her in his arms, and calmed down softly, "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, I'm here."

Alena was buried in his arms, clutching his clothes and clothes, and finally couldn't help crying bitterly, as if to vent all the helplessness and fear.

Her desperate cry was like a sharp blade, poking hard in Waylon's heart.

He had no way to imagine, if he came one step later, would she just...

As long as you think about it all here, there is no way to suppress the anger in Waylon's heart.

He suppressed the overwhelming emotions in his heart, lightly patted Alena's back, and patiently coaxed, "Alena, don't cry, don't be afraid, no one will bully you if I'm here. Be good, don't be afraid."

After Alena cried, the fear in her heart gradually dissipated. She leaned on his chest and kept sobbing, her body trembling from time to time.

Waylon saw her emotions slowly calm down, and the heart that had been hanging down for a while.

He directly hugged Alena and put it on the bed. He took the quilt and wrapped her tightly. He lowered his head and kissed her gently between her eyebrows, "Hey, wait for me here. I'll take revenge for you."

She nodded lightly, staring at him with red and swollen eyes, for fear that he would disappear in the blink of an eye.

Waylon looked at the man lying on the ground, stepped on the back of his hand with one foot, crushed hard, and asked coldly, "Who asked you to do this?"

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"Ah!" The man let out a painful low growl. He wanted to withdraw his hand, but he was afraid of hurting himself, so he could only hold back his body stiffly, his face turned red and purple.

Seeing him so stiff, Waylon laughed coldly, and gave up the idea of continuing to inquire, raising his foot and stepping heavily on his arm.

With a crisp click, accompanied by the man's roar, his arm was trampled off.

There was no sympathy in Waylon's eyes. The chill radiated from his whole body was like a tyrant. It was not enough for him to step on the man's arm.

The men's painful cry one after another, both hands were limp on the ground, his forehead was already covered with cold sweat, and the big sweat slipped to the ground one by one.

Alena, who was sitting on the bed, saw the cruel scene in front of her, her hands involuntarily grasping the quilt, her eyes dropped unbearably, and she dared not take another look.

Waylon's eyes were cold and indifferent. He is really angry. He glanced at the man like an ant, kicked it hard, and messed up the man's ribs.

What he was about to start with him again was after the meeting, the man painfully squeezed out a sentence, "I... I said, forgive... Forgive me."

He sneered at the corners of his mouth, opened his mouth coldly, and uttered two words, "It's late!"

Upon hearing this, Alena's heart trembled, and she opened her mouth and called to him, "Waylon."

He looked at her sideways, faded from his eyes indifferently, and looked at her tenderly, "Alena, what's the matter?"

She unconsciously tightened her hand holding the quilt, her fingertips were faintly white because of excessive force, and she said softly, "I want to know who sent him."

Waylon looked at her quietly for a while, how could she not know that she was actually soft-hearted.

He didn't continue to do it anymore, looking at the man condescendingly, "You only have one chance, honestly explain clearly."

The man nodded in a hurry, endured the sharp pain in his hands, and slowly said, "I am a publicist in a nightclub. Someone paid me to come and let me... Let me sleep this lady while she was drunk. Now, take photos and videos again."

"Who is it?" Alena asked quickly.

She has never complained of others, who is it, deliberately trying to murder her, or using such cruel methods.

Waylon saw the man's pleading eyes, and said coldly, "As long as you say who it is, I will spare your life."

The man quietly breathed a sigh of relief and honestly confessed, "It's a woman named Austine Drew. As for her identity, I... I don't know. We always do things with money in our business. As for the identity of the guest, it is not we can intervene."

Upon hearing the name Austine, Alena's eyes widened in disbelief, and she was speechless for a while.

She never thought that it would be Austine. She suddenly remembered the warning given to her by the female colleague in the car. She asked why the manager was not pleasing to her eyes because of the position of the jewelry designer. She drank a few more glasses and then provoked the relationship between her and her colleagues.

But she didn't expect that Manager Austine was even more poisonous than she thought.

She wanted to use this method to completely ruin her. She really couldn't imagine what the outcome would be if Manager Austine's plan succeeded.

When Waylon saw her suffering, he didn't say anything to comfort her.

These things are commonplace in the workplace, and sooner or later she needs to get used to it, taking the opportunity to make her remember.

"Can I go now?" The man asked cautiously.

"Yes." After he finished speaking, he paused for another second and continued, "You still need to leave two things."