

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 32 With Me No One Can Bully You

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Not waiting for the man to ask, Waylon broke his two legs directly by breaking his hand, and cruelly threw a sentence, "Your hands and feet have touched mine. Woman, breaking is only a lesson, and there will be no hospitals to treat you, remember that this is the price of doing something wrong."

After putting down these words, he turned around and walked towards Alena, hugged her horizontally, and left the room.

Alena leaned against his chest, listening to his steady and powerful heartbeat, she couldn't feel any warmth, instead, she felt like she was in an ice cellar with a biting chill all over her body.

Waylon's handling of opponents brought her not only shock but also an indescribable fear.

If that day, her hidden identity was revealed, would he use the same method to deal with himself?

When she thought about it this way, she didn't even dare to tell Waylon that she was Amanda Quinston.

Waylon put her in the co-pilot and fastened her seat belt intimately. He accidentally touched her arm with his hand, feeling the cold temperature, and frowned, "Still afraid?"

Alena came back to her senses in an instant, a little unnaturally averted her gaze, and nodded in a panic. In fact, she didn't even hear what he asked.

Seeing that she was so disheartened, Waylon felt that he had punished the man too lightly.

He rubbed Alena's hair, kissed her eyebrows, and coaxed softly, "Be good... Don't be afraid. With me, no one can bully you."

"En." She pursed her lips and responded softly.

She didn't want to continue talking about this issue, and just changed the topic, "Waylon, can you send me back, please?"

Waylon said without thinking, "No, you will come back with me tonight."

Alena wanted to refuse, but before she could say her words, the car drove out like an arrow from the string.

Regardless of Alena's wishes, Waylon took her back to her apartment in the city center.

Here, he usually doesn't live very much, but there are people who come to clean it regularly. The house is clean and tidy, with a change of laundry and clothing.

He casually took a shirt of his own and stuffed it into her hand, and said softly, "Go and relax in a hot bath. I will call someone to send you clothes."

Alena nodded gently, turned around, and walked into the bathroom.

She lay in the warm water, closed her eyes slightly, the fear and fear in her heart seemed to dissipate little by little, and her mind couldn't help but think of the brutal scene of Waylon before.

They were married for three years, and she tried her best to like him for so many years, only to find that she didn't know him enough.

Perhaps, divorce is the best choice for them.

"Boom..." A sudden knock on the door interrupted her thoughts. She reached out her hand and wiped her face, then raised her voice and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Alena, it's late." Waylon reminded at the door.

She glanced at her hands and found that her fingertips were soaked and wrinkled.

Did she have been soaking for so long before she knew it?

After Alena came out of the bathroom, she saw Waylon wearing a house suit at a glance. His usual coldness had faded, and he looked a little more gentle, and his handsome face was even more heroic.

Waylon looked at Alena's peach-like cheeks, her eyes were sparkling, and her pair of slender and straight legs were looming under her white shirt.

He swallowed unconsciously, and his hand hanging beside him slightly clenched his fist as if trying to restrain something.

Alena lowered her head and glanced at her appearance. It was the first time she wore a man's shirt. Although it could grow to be a skirt, she still pulled the corners of her clothes awkwardly, trying to cover the exposed skin.

"Waylon, did the clothes arrive?" She asked with a little shame.

Hearing this, he regained his senses abruptly, coughed lightly, and pointed to the handbag beside him.

Alena quietly breathed a sigh of relief, quickly picked up her clothes, and changed them.

Seeing this, a trace of regret flashed through Waylon's eyes.

Maybe you can find another chance to let her wear it?

Fortunately, Alena didn't know what he was thinking at this time, otherwise, she would definitely slap him in the face.

Alena looked at the skins, body, clothes, objects, and pajamas in her handbag, her cheeks flushed slightly.

She didn't expect Waylon to be so careful, but as long as she thought of a man preparing underwear and clothes for her, her cheeks could not help but become red and hot.

Waylon looked at Alena who came out in her pajamas, feeling more regretful in his heart. Although this body is also beautiful, it is far less seductive and confusing than the white shirt.

"Me, where will I sleep at night?" She asked softly.

She took a closer look just now and found that this apartment has only one bedroom.

Waylon said lightly, "We will sleep together."

Alena's face changed slightly, and the gratitude from the bottom of her heart disappeared instantly, and she resolutely said, "No."

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There was a glimmer of light in his eyes, and he said with a smile, "You have also seen it, there is only one bed here."

She bit her lip and pointed to the sofa under his butt, "Then I will sleep on the sofa."

Waylon knows her temper too well, knowing that she is hard to eat, and he doesn't bother to spend more time talking with her. He directly hugged her and walked towards the bedroom, putting her on the bed gently, and covering her with a quilt.

Before Alena could react, she was hugged onto the bed by Waylon. The position beside her was slightly sunken. Waylon's familiar breath surrounded the tip of her nose. She couldn't help but grasp the quilt tightly, and her heart thumped and thumped wildly. There was no way to calm down.

She really couldn't lie on the same bed with Waylon and said, "Waylon, I'd better go to sleep on the sofa."

Waylon turned over and caught her wrist accurately, and said domineeringly, "No, you must sleep here."

Seeing that Alena had to refuse, he simply threatened, "Sleep obediently, if you dare to say one more word, I will kiss you until you are obedient."

Alena didn't take his words to heart at all, and opened her mouth and said, "I..."

She had just said a word, a warm lip pressed against her lips, kissed gently and let go, and didn't go any further.

She clutched her kissed lips, glared at Waylon in shame, and continued without believing in evil, "I'm going to sleep on the sofa."

Waylon said that he must do it, put her arms in his arms with one hand, bowed his head, and grabbed her red lips again.

After a long while, he slowly loosened Alena's lips and looked sideways at her delicate, gorgeous cheeks and charming, silky eyes. He gently bowed his head as if bewitched and kissed her eyelids.

Alena's heart trembled fiercely, and she obviously felt her hard atrium. Because there was a crack in the hotel and the kiss just now, she became more determined to go out to sleep, "Waylon..."