

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 38 You Will Regret It Someday

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Alena Wright rushed to the company as usual. As soon as she walked into the company's door, she obviously felt that her colleagues looked a little more in awe at her.

She sighed slightly, it was Austine Drew who caused trouble. It was estimated that the whole company now knew that Austine Drew's resignation was the reason for her.

After what Austine Drew did, she thought that she felt very happy again.

Alena Wright sat at the desk, her eyes fell on her fingers, and immediately remembered the ten sets of jewelry she hadn't finished designing.

That blue diamond was really beautiful, and it gave her a lot of inspiration. She was full of thoughts and felt that she could design a hundred sets of jewelry in one breath.

Waylon Gray had visited her several times and saw that she was addicted to set her, unable to extricate herself, and did not disturb her very well.

For a few days, apart from sleeping, Alena Wright was completely immersed in the world of design.

Five days later, when Alena Wright finished designing the third set of jewelry, she couldn't hold it anymore.

Her shoulders were stiff as if they were not her own. She realized that she couldn't do that anymore, otherwise, her body would be overwhelmed. She put away the three sets of drawings she had designed and prepared to show them to Waylon Gray to see if he was unsatisfied. Yes, she would make some corrections.

By the way, she just takes a break and relaxes.

She had just walked to the door of the company and was about to reach out to stop the car when a sudden voice called him. "Alena Wright."

Hearing that sound, her hands stiffened in the air, and her cold eyes looked to the right with some caution.

Then she saw Austine Drew.

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When she saw Austine Drew's appearance, she couldn't hide the surprise on her face.

At that time, Austine Drew was no longer as glamorous and beautiful as before. Her hair was messy and scattered. Even with makeup, there is no way to conceal the haggard and decadence on her face. A black suit skirt was even more wrinkled. It looks like the one just taken out of the washing machine.

Seeing Alena Wright, Austine Drew's unwillingness and hatred in her heart was like surging waves, but thinking of what happened in the past few days, she obviously graduated from a prestigious foreign university and worked as an executive in the Cohen Group for five years. Top talents were not afraid to find a job wherever they go, so she was so confident before.

However, the experience of the past few days had dealt a very heavy blow to her.

Not to mention she was searching for a promising job with a high salary, not even a handy job.

She still made good friends with her, and couldn't bear to watch her run into a wall everywhere, telling her that she had been blocked by Waylon Gray and that there would not be any company in City A that would want her.

She really can't do anything else, otherwise, she wouldn't be brazenly coming over to find Alena Wright.

Austine Drew had to hold back her emotions and lowered her posture and pleaded. "Alena Wright, I'm sorry! The previous incident was how much I offended, please lift your hands and let me go."

She looked at Austine Drew suspiciously. "Let you go? What do you mean?"

Hearing that, Austine Drew thought she deliberately pretended not to know, and deliberately wanted to humiliate herself.

She clenched her hand tightly on her side, and the blue veins on the back of her hand popped out, but she didn't dare to offend her again, she could only plead aggrievedly. "Waylon Gray let out a message in City A, not allowing any company to admit me. Alena Wright, since we are also a colleague, please help me."

Was it blocked by Waylon Gray?

No wonder Austine Drew looks so embarrassed.

But so what? There was no sympathy in her heart.

If Waylon Gray hadn't appeared in time that night, she was afraid that she would have died as well. She was not a Virgin Mary and liked to retaliate with virtue.

"I won't help!" Alena Wright said blankly.

Austine Drew's face became stiff. She didn't expect Alena Wright to be so difficult. She hated Alena Wright even more, but on the surface she looked annoyed and distressed, praying with tears. "I know I was wrong, I'm sorry, I shouldn't The ghost is obsessed with doing that kind of vicious thing."

After speaking, seeing Alena Wright still unmoved.

She was cruel, she then raised her hand and slapped herself fiercely. With great force, a red and swollen five-fingerprint appeared on her cheek instantly, and she continued. "I am a human, I should fight, and you have to pay for it. Please also beg to Mr. Waylon, raise your noble hand, and let me make a living."

For Alena Wright, her bitter tricks had no effect at all.

Alena Wright was not a fool. On the contrary, she saw very clearly that if Austine Drew hadn't been under Waylon Gray's pressure, she would never have come to apologize, let alone feel that it was her fault.

Therefore, Austine Drew does not deserve her sympathy at all.

"Austine Drew, it's useless for you to come here to beg me, it's Waylon Gray who blocked you." Alena Wright's tone was very indifferent.

Austine Drew looked at Alena Wright with a sincere and pleading gaze, with a gloomy face, and said in a low voice. "Alena, I beg you, as long as you are willing to beg Mr. Waylon, he will surely let me be merciful, and you will help. Will you help me? I beg you."

Alena Wright remained unmoved, looked at her indifferently, and said lightly. "Austine Drew, the world is so big, and it's not just a place like City A. Forgive me for being helpless and unable to help you."

When she spoke, she didn't want to be entangled in Austine Drew, turned, and left in the opposite direction.

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Austine Drew saw that she was so compelling, but Alena Wright was unwilling to say a good thing to her. She simply wanted to drive her to a dead end. She immediately became angry. She gritted her teeth and stared at her back, and screamed. "Alena Wright, if you don't help me today, you will regret it in one day."

After hearing that, Alena Wright sneered, and she knew that Austine Drew, who designed others to insult her and took videos and photos, was not a good person after all.

She only said that she was unwilling to help her, and she turned her face immediately, and it was indeed right not to help her.

Monarch International.

Alena Wright gave the design to Waylon Gray, and sat down opposite him, feeling a little nervous, wondering if Waylon Gray would be satisfied with her design.

Waylon Gray carefully looked at the jewelry on the drawing. Compared with the gorgeous and colorful set of rubies last time, that set of emeralds looked fresh and refined.

Even if he was as critical as him, he can't find a fault in it.

He said sincerely. "Very good."

Hearing these two words, Alena Wright slowly let go of her heart that had been hanging, her face showing a bit of joy, her bright eyes looking at Waylon Gray with anticipation, and asked again. "Really it is good?"

Waylon Gray nodded gently. "Yes."

Alena Wright's eyes curled up and smiled sweetly at him.

Nothing made her more happy than the recognition of her work.

It was the first time that Waylon Gray saw her in front of him with such a sincere and unconcealed smile. He also raised the corners of his mouth and encouraged him. "If you continue to work hard, I believe you can do better."

His gaze fell on her right hand, saw band-aids wrapped around his index finger, and asked. "What happened to your hand?"