

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 40 A Goodnight Kiss

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"Alena, I worked so hard to send you back. Shouldn't you send me a goodnight kiss?" Waylon Gray's voice was a little aggrieved.

With that, Alena Wright frowned lightly and thought that Waylon Gray was indeed a scumbag. Whenever he gets an opportunity, he always thinks about taking advantage of the situation.

"What if I don't want to?" Alena deliberately asked. Her voice sounded indifferent.

The corners of Waylon's mouth showed a little bit of his devilish side. His eyes were hooked, and he approached her slightly, "Then we will do it here. Anyway, I have a lot of time to do so."

Alena bit her lip lightly, not wanting to compromise like this.

She sat quietly and maintained her position, silently refusing. But she was a little worried, too. After all, Waylon's method was placed there.

Sure enough, things were just as she expected. He leaned over, cupped her cheeks with his both hands, and looked at her intimately, "Alena, if you are shy, I don't mind taking the initiative."

Hearing this, Alena's eyelids suddenly trembled, and her hands pressed against Waylon's chest. She pushed him away forcefully and she uttered angrily, "I... I will do it myself!"

Alena finally realized that she's trapped and couldn't do anything. Although she tried to fight for some initiative, she still couldn't escape that situation.

With that submissive line from Alena, Waylon quickly let go of his hand, and turned his cheek slightly, as if waiting for a kiss.

Alena closed her eyes. Her heart froze as if she died prematurely and was reborn. She quickly dropped a kiss on Waylon's side cheek, and when she was about to push away, a hand suddenly appeared on her waist. With a gentle hard hook, she fell in the arms of Waylon Gray.

She was startled by his sudden movement and subconsciously exclaimed.

In the next second, his meager and cool lips blocked her lips, and he kissed all of her unbridled words.

Waylon took advantage of her half-opened mouth, and every movement from him was full of domineering and plundering gestures. She was caught off guard and now she couldn't resist his kisses.

Gradually, his kiss began to become gentle. It was so gentle and so tender like a kiss between lovers. Alena's body seemed to be flashed by an electric current, and she trembled slightly, causing her to sink and degenerate inexplicably.

That unexpected kiss seemed to last forever until Alena felt that she was about to get suffocated. Waylon slowly let go of her lips, and they were both slightly out of breath. Alena's heart was pounding and she couldn't understand herself at that time.

Alena leaned against Waylon's arms. She calmed her breath, then opened her eyes for a while. Her moist eyes were then charming and so pretty. A sheepish smile reflected on her face.

When she got back to her senses, she straightened up and glared at Waylon fiercely. Her voice was slightly hoarse and asked, "Can you let me go now?"

Waylon looked like marrow and knew her so well. Seeing that she was like a cat with fried hair, he decided to tease her and said, "I don't want to let you go, what should I do?"

"You..." Alena sneered in an instant. She glared at him angrily and said, "You really have nothing good to say."

Waylon curled up the corners of his mouth wickedly and said, "You kiss me again and I promise to let you go, okay?"

Alena bit her lip and didn't believe what he said, fearing that he would fool her once again.

She realized that the car door was locked, and she couldn't do anything to fight against him.

After thinking about it, again and again, she looked at Waylon warily and asked, "You promise?"

Waylon nodded lightly and looked at her with a smile without urging.

Alena took a deep breath, leaned forward, and pecked again on his cheek.

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This time, Waylon didn't make any small gestures. He smiled contentedly and thoughtfully opened the car door for her. Then he said, "Take a rest early and remember to miss me."

Alena snorted badly, ran off the car as if fleeing, and disappeared from his sight after a while.

Seeing this, he couldn't help but chuckle, and at the same time, his cell phone rang.

When Waylon saw the number on the caller ID, he suppressed the smile on his lips and responded, "Hey."

Hearing this, Bill Clay knew that he was in a good mood at that moment, and his tight heart was slightly relaxed. So he quickly said, "Mr. Gray, where the madam goes to work has already become clear."

His brows frowned slightly, and a dim light flicked across his eyes. Then he asked, "Where?"

Bill was silent for a moment and slowly said, "Things were a bit weird. I have found that his wife is now working in the Cohen Group. But upon checking the entry information of the Cohen Group, there was no wife's information."

Then Waylon suddenly remembered that Cohen Group was where Alena was working.

"Have you been investigating this matter for so long?" Waylon's voice was full of chills.

Bill's heart twitched. He swallowed deeply, and cautiously explained, "Mr. Gray, I have been investigating the matter for a long time but found no clues. But one time, I met the Chairman's driver and got that information from him. Only then did I learn that Madam works in the Cohen Group. But I couldn't find Madam's entry information. I wouldn't dive into thoroughly checking everything and won't waste my time for nothing."

If he hadn't repeatedly confirmed that Waylon's father's driver had not lied, he couldn't help but wonder if the other party had deliberately lied to him.

Waylon knew Bill's ability to do things. The fact that he has been investigating something yet no results were shown, was enough to assume the weirdness of the situation. He then understood where Bill was coming from.

He squinted his eyes slightly as if thinking of something. Then a trace of darkness flashed across his eyes. With that, he said, "This is the end of this matter. I will go to Cohen and spend the rest of my day there."

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He wanted to see what tricks that bitch Amanda Quinston was doing.

"Alright, Sir." Bill couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, the President did not hold him accountable for his disadvantages.

The next day, Alena Wright got off the car and walked towards the company not far away.

That day, Alena couldn't understand why she was so uneasy. She couldn't focus too well, as if something's bothering her. Her mind was afloat as if something bad was about to happen.

When she was just about to cross the road, a white car parked on the side of the road suddenly started its engine. Just like a flying arrow, it came rushing towards her frantically.

Alena's face turned pale, and she subconsciously wanted to jump onto the barricade next to her. She was too hasty and tripped. She rolled to the side with an unsteady center of gravity. Although she escaped the impact of the car, she unexpectedly hurt her feet.

When the driver of the car realized that Alena was able to avoid the crash, he instantly changed his course and quickly drove towards her again.

Seeing this, Alena suddenly realized that the other party had come to hit her deliberately and was not ready to give up. When she was just about to escape, the pain from her ankle made her unable to move. Looking at the approaching car, her face was as pale as paper, her body trembled faintly, and finally, she closed her eyes in fright.

Then all of a sudden, a pair of mighty hands pushed her away, letting her avoid the impact of the rushing car.

The pain of anticipating the impact did not come, which made Alena realize that something was wrong.

She opened her eyes and saw not far away, a man fell to the ground. When she saw the man clearly, she was taken aback, and it was actually Waylon Gray.

She couldn't believe it at first. She couldn't understand how Waylon ended up saving her.

At that time, Waylon was still on the ground and she had no idea if he was still alive or not.

All she knew was that he saved her from a frantic car.