

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 41 You Saved My Life

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The car that failed to crash twice in a row did not want to just give up. When the other party started the car again and was about to rush over, a few security guards ran over.

Seeing this scene, the other party hammered the steering wheel severely and finally gave up the idea of continuing to hit them. The stranger stepped on the accelerator and drove off at a very high speed.

It was as if Alena Wright just woke up from a dream, and she crawled towards Waylon Gray's side. She shook his body slightly, and her voice trembled, "Waylon, hey. Waylon, how are you? Can you hear me?"

Waylon Gray came to the Cohen Group early in the morning to investigate Amanda Quinston's affairs personally. However, he was not expecting to see a car crashing into Alena Wright.

His face turned gloomy in an instant, and he ran towards Alena quickly with his leg pulled out. When the car was about to hit Alena, he didn't think at all. He almost instinctively pushed Alena away and put himself in danger.

This has never happened before.

Waylon suddenly moaned in pain, and slowly shook his head. He reluctantly squeezed out a smile and responded, "I'm okay."

Then, squinting his eyes, looking in the direction of the fleeing car, he secretly wrote down the license plate number.

When Alena saw Waylon's pale cheeks, she remembered calling 911 for an ambulance.

She clung to Waylon's hand tightly, her bright eyes were covered with mist, and she forcibly endured the fear in her heart. She comforted him and said, "Waylon, you hold on, alright? Nothing will happen to you."

Waylon saw that Alena was really worried, so he shook her hand back and spoke softly, "Please calm down. Don't worry, I'm fine."

Seeing Waylon's face turned pale, Alena still comforted him and couldn't hide her worried expression. Her mouth slumped, and big tears rolled out of her eyes.

Knowing that Waylon was hit by a car because of her, she couldn't seem to calm herself down and pretend that everything's okay.

If he hadn't pushed her away at that time, it would have been her who was hit by that mysterious driver.

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The ambulance came quickly, and Alena got into the ambulance with the medical staff.

Along the way, her tears kept falling, and she had to pretend to be strong and calm. Waylon couldn't help but feel distressed, but the pain in his arm also took away half of his attention.

After finally getting to the hospital, Alena stepped aside and gave way so they could rush Waylon inside the hospital.

She watched him being pushed into the Emergency Room. She wanted to go and be with Waylon. However, a doctor stopped her and advised her to just wait outside.

Alena walked over to the door of the Emergency Room, her eyes looked at the closed door from time to time, and she couldn't calm down at all.

Just as she was trying to pierce her eyes, the door of the Emergency Room slowly opened.

There was a hint of joy on her face, she hurriedly walked over, grabbed the doctor's hand, and asked, "Doctor, how is the patient?"

The doctor quickly comforted her and said, "The patient is fine, but the arm has been hit, and there is a bit of bone fracture. Now that the plaster has been placed, it is enough to go back and repair for a period of time."

After hearing this, Alena breathed a sigh of relief and said gratefully, "Doctor, thank you so much."

She then felt quite relaxed after her conversation with the physician. But her body felt weak, and her legs almost couldn't standstill. Fortunately, she held the wall next to her to stabilize her body.

When Alena came to the ward, Waylon was lying quietly on the bed. She saw his arm with a bandage which the doctor mentioned earlier.

She couldn't help but feel his pain. All of her emotions of pity for him rushed in and the tears in her eyes almost fell out again.

Waylon seemed to have sensed something, so he raised his eyes and saw the worried face of Alena. A helpless and petting smile flashed under his eyes, and beckoned to her, "Alena, come here."

Alena walked over and sat next to him, just about to ask him how he was. A big hand with a thin callus gently wiped away the tears on her cheek and scraped her nose affectionately and said, "Are you crying?"

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She sniffed, and muffled, "I... I was too afraid that something bad will happen to you!"

Waylon's eyes were slightly taken aback, and the smile on the corners of his mouth grew thicker.

It was the first time that Alena confessed something like that. It was something he didn't expect. It seems that this time he really scared her.

After Alena confirmed that he was okay, she soon calmed down and looked at him gratefully, and said, "Waylon, thank you for saving me. I owe my second life to you."

If it weren't for him to save her in desperate moments of crisis, she was afraid it would be bad luck.

Waylon curled up the corners of his mouth, and his dark gilt eyes flashed a little bit, "Thank you? Isn't it too insincere?"

After speaking, he also pointed to his plastered arm and said, "Look, I was injured in order to save you. So how can you prove to me that you are sincere and grateful?"

Alena thought about it, too. The word thank you were indeed too light. So she asked him directly, "What do you want me to do then?"

Hearing that, the smile in his eyes deepened, and his face was calm more than ever. Then he said, "I have been injured. It might be inconvenient for me to do a lot of things. So you should at least take care of me personally until my arm recovers."

She then wondered what personal care he needs.

Upon hearing this request, Alena was silent.

Waylon saw the hesitation in her eyes, so he deliberately took a breath of pain. He frowned tightly, and appeared in pain as if it was too unbearable and cried, "Alena, my arm hurts! If you don't take care of me, I don't know what will happen to me."

Seeing this, Alena's guilt deepened in her eyes, and she didn't even dare to look at his eyes.

He saved her regardless of his life, and it was all right to take care of him. Even if she wanted to refuse, of course, she couldn't say it to him. That would be so rude and she might appear too ungrateful.

After so much consideration, she immediately promised, "I promise to take care of you. But only up until your arm recovers."

"Okay." Waylon didn't care about this. He promised to talk about it first, and talk about the future things later.

He didn't like the environment and smell of the hospital very much, so Alena immediately went through the discharge procedures for him.

As soon as they walked to the entrance of the hospital, Bill Clay greeted them and looked at Waylon with so much concern. Then he asked, "President, are you okay?"

"I'm okay." Waylon replied lightly.

When Bill received the news that Waylon had entered the hospital, he was so frightened that he immediately left his tasks and rushed all the way to the hospital. He was too worried that he might have had an accident. Fortunately, it was nothing serious and there was no danger anymore.

"President, do you need me to send you back so you could rest?" Bill asked softly.

Waylon did not answer right away. Instead, he looked at Alena who was standing beside him, and asked, "Alena, how about moving your things to my house first?"

"Move my things? W-why would I do that?" Alena looked at Waylon with a puzzled look. Her words stammered in disbelief.

Waylon's face collapsed immediately, and his eyes looked at Alena very resentfully. He expressed disappointment and said, "Alena, didn't you say that you would take care of me personally? How can you take care of me personally if we don't live together? Do you regret it now? Just like that you immediately change your mind?"

Alena knew she promised to take care of him. But she didn't expect him to say something about living together.

The situation was out of Alena's control and didn't know how to respond to any of it.

Waylon saw through her thoughts at a glance. He rolled his eyes, clutched his arm, and looked at Alena pitifully as if accusing her of her ruthlessness.