

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 42 Taking Care Of Him

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Bill Clay understood what was happening, his eyelids twitched fiercely, and he hung his head quickly as he couldn't bear to look straight.

Alena met his eyes, and finally gave in to her conscience and said, "Okay."

With that, Waylon won again and the situation was in favor of course of Waylon.

She glanced at him with a bit of joy between his eyebrows. She always felt deceived. He looked like a wounded person and he got hurt because of her. Of course, she couldn't complain about anything.

Then they finally arrived at the Villa.

Waylon felt her gaze, glanced at her sideways, and asked, "Alena, do you like that room?"

"Whatever." She faintly replied, just staying temporarily. It doesn't matter which room she lives in.

A gleam of light flashed through Waylon's eyes, and he bent slightly close to her ear. With a magnetic voice that was a bit tempting, he uttered, "Alena, do you want to stay in my room? The bed in my room is very large and comfortable."

Alena stretched out her hand and pushed his face away. She deliberately refused and said, "No. I know that you have a huge bed. However, I also know that I will suffer from insomnia if I sleep in somebody else's bed.

Hearing this, Waylon thought of the scene of them sharing the same bed. He looked at her with deep eyes, and a wicked smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, "Alena, last time you slept with me, why didn't you..."

Before he could finish his words, Alena was so embarrassed so she interrupted him and said, "That last time was just an accident. Forget about it."

Looking at her watery eyes, pink cheeks, and small angry eyes, the arc of Waylon's mouth couldn't help but rise, and he wanted to tease her even more. So he said, "Alena, I actually like sleeping with you very much."

She angrily looked at him and couldn't believe that he uttered those words.

Waylon saw her cheeks puffed up slightly, like a little squirrel who had stolen something. He couldn't help but squeeze her cheeks. The smooth and tender feeling made him love it.

But Alena slapped off his hand angrily, gently rubbed her face, and said, "Don't touch me!"

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Waylon gently rubbed his fingers, as if the gentle touch still remained on them.

"Which room do I live in?" Alena was afraid of what Waylon would do to her, so she changed the subject directly.

Waylon pointed his finger at his next room. His purpose for arranging Alena there was completely understood by everybody.

Alena frowned slightly and was not satisfied with his arrangement.

She opened her lips slightly and was just about to tell Waylon his complaints. Just when she wanted to change the room, she heard his aggrieved voice saying, "Alena, I'm hungry."

When Alena met Waylon's complaining eyes, she could only hold back her words, and said dryly, "I'll buy food for you."

Waylon's eyes drooped slightly. He was rather picky with his food. So he uttered, "I don't like to eat food that was bought outside. I want to eat something that was personally prepared by your own hands."

After the words fell, he deliberately clutched his injured hand, which made him appear to be in excruciating pain.

Alena told herself that he was injured because of her, and she must now show lots of gratitude towards him.

So she swallowed all her reluctance back into her stomach and said, "Okay, I'll do it for you."

When Waylon saw her turn around and walked into the kitchen, he hummed a little joyfully.

It was another favorable situation for Waylon.

He will always take down this little fairy.

Soon, Alena was able to prepare Waylon's food.

Waylon looked at the porridge in front of him, frowned in dissatisfaction, and said in disgust, "Just this? You wanted me to eat this?"

Alena looked at what she had worked so hard to make, and it was only criticized by Waylon. Her mood suddenly became very bad, and she said in an upset tone, "Just eat it. If you dislike it, then don't eat it."

"Alena, I'm not disgusted by what you've prepared. But I just don't like eating porridge." Waylon saw Alena's angry face. His deep eyes looked at her sincerely to show his innocence.

Seeing this, her anger dissipated a little bit, her face still a bit upset, and her tone of voice was faint, "You are injured, it's better to eat lightly."

Seeing that she was just doing it for his own good, Waylon tried to ignore the fact that he doesn't like porridge and just tasted a little.

The moment the taste spreads on the tip of his tongue, his eyes lit up. Although the taste was better than that made by a five-star chef, it was rare for it to be so appetizing for him. It has the warmth of home and it was delicious.

Waylon took a few sips and praised Alena, "It tastes great."

Seeing that her cooking skills were affirmed, Waylon couldn't help but lift up her mood slightly, and the expression on her face softened a bit.

"Alena, your cooking skills are so good. Whoever marries you in the future will definitely be happy." Waylon looked at Alena meaningfully.

He really enjoyed the cooking skills of that little fairy.

When Alena heard these words, her face that had just turned bright sank instantly, and there was a bit of bitterness and sarcasm between her eyebrows and eyes.

If Waylon knew that she was Amanda Quinston, she wondered if he would still be happy about it.

Before marrying Waylon, she didn't know how to cook at all. At that time, in order to please him, she also wanted to ease the relationship between each other, so she deliberately learned to cook.

She still remembered the first time she was scalded by oil and cut her hand. No matter how difficult it was, she clenched her teeth and persevered.

However, Waylon has never eaten any of the meals she prepared before. Not even once. After marrying Waylon, she was just ignored by him for three years. When she met him again, he could not even recognize her. Now he actually said that whoever marries her will definitely be very happy. She wondered if he really meant those words.

His words were really ironic.

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Thinking of this, the sadness in Alena's heart hit her all of a sudden. She deliberately raised her eyes and glanced at Waylon, who was unaware that he was about to consume all of his porridge.

She could hardly suppress the raging anger in her heart, almost out of control.

She brushed it off her mind and got up from the chair, and gave him a cold look. Then she said, "I'm tired, and want to go back to my room. I want to rest now."

She knew she needed to calm down.

Waylon raised his head and saw Alena's expression. Her frowning brow seemed to be able to trap a fly, so he said, "What's wrong with you?"

Waylon couldn't understand what happened to Alena.

She glanced at him coldly, snorted softly, turned around, and walked upstairs. She was stepping heavily to show her anger at that moment.

Waylon was totally inexplicable and didn't know why she became angry all of a sudden.

Suddenly, he was not in the mood to eat anymore, and the originally delicious porridge in front of him became dull and tasteless.

Alena, who returned to the room, slammed the door heavily and sat down on the bed. Thinking of the years that he had ignored her, the bitterness and resentment in her heart unwillingly rushed to her heart again.

As much as she wanted to forget about it, there would still come a time wherein she'll get affected and be reminded of that painful event of her life back then.

She wanted to give up but couldn't.

She couldn't help but feel so much grievance from the bottom of her heart.

Waylon didn't take Alena's anger to heart. He thought it was nothing so serious. As time passed bit by bit, until night fell, he didn't see her coming out of the room. He couldn't help but worry about her.