



Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 43 The Soft Side Of Mr. Gray

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Chapter 43 The Soft Side Of Mr. Gray

Waylon wandered at Alena's door for a while and tried to knock on the door several times. But he chose to give up.

Finally, he simply took out his cell phone and called Bill Clay.

Bill Clay, who had already gone home and was about to rest, was still a little puzzled when he received a call from Waylon Gray that evening. After hearing his request, he was even more stunned.

He even wondered if Mr. Gray was really tempted.

Alena leaned against the bed, still sulking with herself.

Obviously, she's already divorced from Waylon. It's just that she couldn't control her emotions.

She wondered if it was because of how he treats her.

At that moment, there was a loud noise outside the door, like the sound of something that landed.

Alena came back to her senses in an instant, and Waylon's injured hand could not help appearing in her mind.

She immediately wondered if something happened to him.

With this thought, Alena couldn't sit still at all and immediately walked out of the room.

When she opened the door, she saw pitch black in the hallway. She couldn't see everything clearly, and the feeling of anxiety in her heart was gradually magnified.

She couldn't help but worry about Waylon.

Alena hurriedly walked out of the room, and when she was about to go down the corner, she saw the scene in front of her, and she was stunned.

She saw pink candles on both sides of the stairs, leading to the outside of the house.

Alena's eyes were intertwined with emotions such as shock, doubt, and curiosity.

She followed the path and walked slowly going outside.

The huge front yard was filled with love hearts made of candles, red roses paved in the middle, and star-like balloons were floating in the sky.

Faced with such a scene, her eyes were full of surprises, and she couldn't return to her senses after looking at the scene in front of her for a long time.

She suddenly remembered Waylon and looked around for his figure.

Then suddenly, a sound caught her attention. When she looked to the side, she saw a white remote-controlled plane with a long red note tied to the bottom of the plane.

As the plane slowly approached, she finally saw clearly the words written on the note.

The note says, "Alena, stop getting angry, okay?"

In the end, there was a version of a boy who was begging for mercy. He looks very cute.

Alena couldn't help but laugh. Seeing this, she still couldn't understand what Waylon did.

She wondered if he just wanted to apologize. If so, then on what grounds?

"Alena..."

Behind Alena, Waylon's deep and sexy voice suddenly came.

She suddenly looked back and saw him in a black suit, so tall and so handsome. He was holding a bunch of red roses in his right hand.

Even though his left hand was tied with a bandage, it did not reduce the grace of his body in the slightest manner.

He walked towards Alena, handed the flowers to her, and said, "Alena, I'm sorry. I'm not angry anymore, okay?"

It was the first time in his life that Waylon apologized to a woman, and when he had done nothing wrong, this was something he had never dared to think about before. It was far from anybody's imagination. Before, he simply wanted to conquer Alena. But at that moment, it was more than that. His actions meant something deeper.

Alena looked down at the delicate roses in her arms, her eyes flickered slightly, her lips pressed, and she was silent.

Seeing that she was not speaking, Waylon directly stretched out his arms around her waist and tightly trapped her in his arms. His deep eyes looked at her tightly and said, "Alena, don't get angry, okay? It was you who made me do it. Is there anything else you want me to do?"

Alena gently lowered Waylon's chest with both hands, her whole body was surrounded by his strong masculine aura. Hearing Waylon apologizes to her in a low voice, was an experience she had never had before, and her cheeks couldn't help but feel a hot glow. She was quite lost for a moment there.

She didn't know how to respond to him at all. Sooner or later, she would fall into his tenderness and influence.

Seeing that she had been silent, Waylon couldn't help but threaten her, "Alena, if you don't speak or say anything, I'll kiss you."

Hearing this, she suddenly raised her head, and her wondering eyes looked at him. Her eyes revealing a bit of complexity that he couldn't understand.

"I... I'm uncomfortable. I want to go back to my room and rest." Alena uttered, her eyes afraid to look into his eyes.

She was afraid that if she would look at him again, she would fall for him.

After the words fell, Alena pressed her hand against his chest, and the next second she froze and couldn't move.

Waylon frowned and shouted in pain, "It hurts... My hand hurts!"

Alena heard him say that his hand hurts, and when she thought that one of his hands had been fractured because of saving her, she was shocked and dared not to move anymore.

Waylon saw Alena with a trace of resistance on her face. He didn't know why and suddenly felt very uncomfortable. It was obvious that Alena had been like this since the first time she saw him.

He sighed slightly in his heart, bent over and put his head on her neck and shoulder, and said, "Alena, I have never coaxed a woman like this in my life. You are the first and the only one, so don't be angry. Okay?"

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The seemingly tough persona of Alena was then softened by Waylon's humble words. Her heart eventually gave in.

Alena was afraid that her determination to divorce would be shaken, and she was ready to reach out and push Waylon away.

He saw the struggles and fear in her eyes, and couldn't help feeling a little bit puzzled. So he asked, "Alena, are you afraid? What are you afraid of?"

Alena's eyes were stagnant, and a little embarrassed. She was still avoiding him so she just said, "No, no. I'm not afraid of anything. I'm just really touched by this gesture of yours."

Waylon looked at her with vast eyes like stars and asked, "Really? Are you sure?"

Alena just wanted to escape the situation quickly and didn't listen to what he was talking about.

He saw her absent-mindedness in her eyes. He was frowning slightly and was dissatisfied that she ignored him as if there was no shadow of himself in her eyes. He then stretched out his hand to pinch her chin and forced her to look up at him.

Alena, who tried so hard not to look at him, met Waylon's deep and affectionate eyes that seemed to melt anything that it sees. For a while, she forgot all the struggles and resistance.

The two looked at each other quietly, Waylon seemed to be bewitched, slowly lowered his head, and grabbed her lips. His kiss was domineering but gentle as if he was the kind of person who would willingly submit himself to her.

Alena's brain was in chaos, slowly forgetting the struggle, and fell silent in his gentle kiss.

At the end of the kiss, both of them were a little out of breath.

Alena lightly leaned against Waylon's chest, listening to his strong heartbeat in her ears, and the speed seemed to be lost.

Her charming, silky eyes were a bit shy.

Just now, she seemed to unknowingly respond to Waylon.

As long as she thought that she would be addicted to his kiss, Alena couldn't help feeling a little flustered. With that thought, she quickly reached out and pushed him away, and withdrew from his arms.

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