

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 51 The Domineering And Naive Man

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Waylon has been in shopping malls for a long time, and he can be described as a master of concealing his expression.

Alena could not see any trace of lying in his eyes, but there was an illusion that she had really wronged him.

As long as she thought that she was sleepwalking and crawling into bed, she kicked Waylon down indiscriminately. She couldn't help feeling panicked. Two blushes rose on her cheeks, "Sorry, I... I don't know, I didn't kick it on purpose. You went down."

"Ouch..." Waylon yelled after turning his eyes, clutching his arm.

Hearing this, Alena hurriedly walked to him and looked at him anxiously, "What's the matter with you?"

Waylon clutched his injured left hand, frowning tightly, as if he was very painful, and said in a painful tone, "It must be when I fell off the bed just now, I touched my arm, and now I feel a little painful."

Alena wanted to touch his hand to see the situation and was afraid that she would hurt him, so she could only look at him guiltily, and apologize again and again, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, do you want me to accompany you to the hospital?"

Waylon waved his hand, "No, there should be no problem."

After all, he didn't really touch his arm anymore, just to make Alena feel distressed.

"Really don't need it?" Alena asked worriedly.

"Yes." Waylon nodded.

Seeing that the look on his face was no longer painful, the worries in her heart dissipated a little, and she couldn't help but exhorted, "If you have been feeling pain all the time, you must say it, don't bear it."

Seeing that she cared about him so much, Waylon felt a warm current in his heart and turned the subject away, "Alena, are you hungry?"

She didn't even feel that she was hungry, but when he said this, she suddenly felt hunger in her belly.

"I'm hungry." Alena said truthfully, her cheeks still flushed a bit.

Waylon nodded lightly, reached out, and rubbed her soft hair, "What do you want to eat?"

There are many delicacies in Alena's mind, but she has choice difficulties again, and she doesn't know what she eats at all.

Waylon seemed to see through her thoughts and directly took the initiative to make a decision for her.

As a five-star hotel, the service is naturally first-class, but in just ten minutes, breakfast is delivered.

Looking at the hot breakfast, Alena only felt that her saliva secreted vigorously. She couldn't help swallowing her saliva. She had just touched the bread with her hand and was about to put it into her mouth.

Waylon, who was sitting opposite, took a breath of cold air as if it were painful.

Alena's movements froze for an instant, and she subconsciously asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Waylon frowned and squeezed out two words, "My hand hurts."

His deep eyes looked at Alena pitifully, "Alena, you feed me, okay?"

Feed him?

As soon as Alena's refusal reached her throat, she saw his hand wrapped in plaster, and the unspoken words instantly got stuck.

Thinking of what she had done this morning, she felt guilt overwhelming her like a torrential river, and then said, "Okay."

After breakfast, Alena was busy feeding Waylon for dinner, but she didn't care about it.

On the contrary, Waylon would feed her some bread from time to time, and she would open her mouth to eat it subconsciously, completely unaware of what was wrong.

The feeling of feeding each other made Waylon a little greedy. If he couldn't eat it, he still wanted to continue feeding.

Alena leaned on the sofa contentedly and contentedly. She was doing nothing. She was about to find something to pass the time, when she heard Waylon's voice, "Alena, you accompany me to work."

There was a trace of surprise in her eyes, and she refused directly, "I don't want to go, I'm not your employee."

Waylon didn't want to leave her alone in the hotel, but he could see that she really didn't want to go.

He immediately covered his arm and yelled pain, "Alena, my hand hurts. If you don't accompany me, who will help me if I have something on the way?"

Alena turned a blind eye to his bitter tricks this time, "Don't you still have Assistant Bill?"

"Assistant Bill went back yesterday." Waylon lied without blinking his eyes, and his face was not flushed or breathless.

She looked at Waylon suspiciously, not sure if what he said was true.

Waylon didn't give her time to continue thinking, clutching her arms and continuing to cry out, looking at her accusingly, "Alena, I was injured for you, don't you want to be responsible?"

Hearing this, Alena sighed a little tired, "Okay, I'll go, all right?"

Whoever asked Waylon to save his injury, just wanted to refuse, and she couldn't find any reason for her refusal.

After the compromise, she became Waylon's assistant and accompanied him to discuss projects.

Silver Hotel...

Waylon had just stepped into the hotel and had been waiting for his partner Marx Winston, and he immediately greeted him, "Mr. Waylon, long time no see."

He gently nodded indifferently, "Mr. Marx, hello."

After shaking hands with each other, Marx's gaze fell on Alena, he looked up and down, and asked without a trace, "Mr. Waylon, is she your new assistant?"

It is not the first time that Marx and Waylon have cooperated. They know that Bill Clay is all by his side, but they don't know when there will be such a beautiful female assistant.

Waylon glanced at Alena with a slight smile, "This is my new assistant, Alena Wright."

"It turned out to be Miss Alena, hello." Marx smiled and greeted her.

Alena also served as Christiano Cohen's assistant for some time, politely raised a smile, and proactively reached out to shake hands with Marx Winston, "Mr. Marx, hello."

Marx retracted his gaze, and made a gesture of invitation, "Mr. Waylon, I opened a private room upstairs, and let's talk upstairs."

As soon as the words fell, a delicate voice came from behind them, "Daddy."

Alena looked back curiously, and a woman wearing a small pink dress and delicate makeup appeared in her sight.

Mimi Winston walked elegantly to Marx's side, then reached out and hugged his arm, and said coquettishly, "Daddy, why didn't you tell me when you came here today? It made me go everywhere. I'm looking for you."

Marx cast a look at her and smiled at Waylon with a slight embarrassment, "Mr. Waylon, I'm sorry, I made you laugh. This is my little daughter Mimi."

It was the first time that Mimi saw his father sullen like this and looked at Waylon curiously. When he saw his angular cheeks, dark eyes, and upright posture, everything was born with him. The nobility and elegance.

Her heart couldn't help but thump wildly, her white cheeks floated with a faint blush, her lips were pursed shyly, and she peeped at Waylon from time to time.