

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 53 Waylon's Invitation

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After speaking, she paused slightly and said slowly, "It's a pity... I don't care about your five million."

She didn't have the thought of continuing to spend with Mimi, she shook off her hand hard and was ready to leave.

"How much do you want? Make a price!" Mimi's angry voice came, "I warn you, you'd better not toast or eat fine wine, I have some ways to drive you away."

Alena didn't stop her footsteps. She didn't even have the mood to go to the bathroom, and turned around and went back to the private room.

As soon as she walked into the private room, she heard Waylon's voice, "Mr. Marx, The Winston Group has been cooperating with us for two years. You should know the rules best. I will not back down this time."

When Marx heard these words, the expression on his face instantly stiffened, and his eyes were full of entanglement.

At this time, Mimi followed Alena back to the private room, and instantly felt the faint sense of suffocation in the air.

She sat next to Marx obediently, and her cold eyes shot at Alena from time to time.

"Mr. Waylon, can you..." Marx also tried to fight for it.

Waylon's cold eyes glanced at him faintly, silence is better than sound.

After listening to Waylon for a long time, she roughly understands the reason for their argument.

Marx was dissatisfied with the previous profit-sharing, more greedy, Waylon was unwilling to regress, and after stalemate, Waylon said that.

After a long silence, Marx sighed heavily in his heart, and reluctantly responded, "Mr. Waylon, we will continue in accordance with the previous contract, but I want to add a condition, and I hope you can agree to it."

Seeing him so witty, Waylon didn't mind giving him sweetness, and the practice of hitting a stick to give sweet jujube would make people more loyal and surrender, "You said."

"The contract period is extended for two years." Marx's expression seemed calm, but his heart was very disturbed.

Waylon lowered his eyes and remained silent. As time passed, Marx's heart rose higher and higher, and he almost jumped out of his throat.

"Good." Waylon spits out a word slowly.

As the word fell, Marx's heart finally fell back to where he was, and joy appeared on his face, "Mr. Waylon, happy cooperation."

"Happy cooperation."

Back at the hotel, Waylon took off his suit for the first time and asked Alena to help him hang her hands around his neck again.

Alena looked at his frowning brows and snorted softly, "I know it hurts? This is the end of the face and suffering."

Listening to her similar lessons, Waylon didn't feel angry at all. On the contrary, he still had a bit of freshness. He looked at her with a smile, "Do you feel bad for me?"

Alena paused for a moment, rolled her eyes silently, and denied directly, "Who cares about you? Don't be affectionate."

"Is it true that I am passionate?" He asked rhetorically with a smile.

Alena lowered her eyes to hide the annoying emotions under her eyes. She couldn't wait to slap herself. Why should she say such a word?

Suddenly, there was a doorbell outside.

The two looked at each other, and there was a trace of doubt in each other's eyes.

Alena dropped the gesture in her hand, "I'll open the door."

She just opened the door and saw Mimi's cheeks. The moment the two people looked at each other, lightning flashed and thundered.

Mimi's eyes widened and asked angrily, "Why are you here?"

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Seeing her angry look, Alena couldn't help feeling happy, and deliberately stimulated, "I am General Waylon's assistant, what is strange about me here?"

Mimi took a deep breath, gritted her teeth secretly, stretched out her hand, and pushed Alena away. Without Alena's consent, she walked directly into the room, looking for Waylon's figure.

Waylon, who heard movement in the bedroom, walked out and saw Mimi.

"Mr. Waylon..." Mimi showed excitement and joy on her face, walked up to him quickly, and looked at him greedily.

When she saw the white cloth band around his neck, there was a trace of doubt in her eyes. Mimi looked down and saw his hanging hand, and asked worriedly, "Mr. Waylon, your hand... What's this? Up?"

She remembered the strange way Waylon walked before and guessed at least that his hand should be injured.

Waylon directly ignored her question, with impatience between his brows, "Miss Mimi, are you okay?"

Hearing this, Mimi remembered her purpose. She quickly took out a red invitation card, handed it to him, and looked at him shyly, "Mr. Waylon, my daddy is going to prepare a celebration party. This is an invitation for you."

Originally, Marx was going to send it personally. After Mimi learned about it, she just acted like a baby and got this opportunity just because she wanted to get in touch with Waylon.

Waylon stretched out his hand to take the invitation, glanced at it casually, and put it aside.

Seeing his reaction, Mimi bit her lip unwillingly, and plucked up the courage to ask, "Mr. Waylon, I... May I be your female companion?"

Alena came over at exactly this time, and Waylon stretched her hand directly and put her arms in his arms, "Miss Mimi, I already have a female companion."

The smile on Mimi's face froze instantly, her eyes looked at Alena jealously, and she didn't want to lose face in front of Waylon, so she could only force herself to smile, "Then... Then I won't bother."

Abandoning these words, she left in a panic, looking very embarrassed from her back.

After Mimi left, Alena glanced at Waylon in a weird manner, and said in doubt, "What female companion?"

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Waylon pointed to the invitation card next to her. She picked up the invitation card and looked at it. Only then she did realize what was going on.

She deliberately glanced at Waylon, and subconsciously asked, "Waylon, did you deliberately bring hatred to me?"

Waylon looked at her, smiling.

"Can I not go?" Alena asked knowingly.

"What do you mean?" Waylon asked back.

Alena dropped the invitation at will, the answer was expected, there was still a trace of loss.

For Alena, this banquet may be a mere banquet, but to her, it is like a banquet at a Floodgate.

Before Mimi left, her unwilling and jealous eyes were like a thorn stuck in her heart.

Waylon said, "Clean up, let's go shopping."

Alena blinked, "What to buy?"

Waylon smiled and squeezed her nose affectionately, "As my female companion, do you want to dress like this and go to the celebration party?"

If he is in City A, he has a lot of ready-made things for Alena to choose from.

In the rush this time, he basically didn't prepare anything, let alone women's things, he thought about taking Alena to buy it herself, and he still had some expectations in his heart.

After all, he has never been shopping with a woman.

But Alena is a rough nerve, has no taste, and refuses without thinking, "No, I want to sleep."