

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 61 Alena, Don't Be So Kind

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'So, it's better not to let him know.' Thinking of this, Alena blinked and said dryly before she could answer. "I-I don't know. That person...that person pushed me from behind that's why I didn't catch a glimpse of his look."

Waylon looked at her lowered gaze and evasive eyes, and it became clear to him.

He stretched out his hand and squeezed Alena's little nose with a little bit of annoyance at her merciful attitude. "Alena, you are so kind. What if you're bullied in the future again, how can it be good?"

Alena's corner of mouth twitched awkwardly. Tongue-tied and baffled, she wasn't prepared to answer this question.

It's not that she is kind, but Waylon's method of punishing people is too much!

Mimi indeed wants to kill her and the most appropriate way to punish her is by the law. The jurisdiction of the court and by the law is enough for her to view it as justice. Waylon doesn't even bother to use legal means and would solve the matter through his power. Alena knew that he will interrupt Mimi's hands and feet, caging her under his influence. Although this is still light, it would have a great impact on Mimi. Compared with this cruel way, Alena preferred Mimi to go to jail so that it would be the fairest and just course for the both of them.

Seeing that Alena didn't want to talk, Waylon sent a message directly to Bill. Without forcing her to confess, he decided to take care of the matter in the most efficient way that's in the vocabulary of a ruthless man like Waylon Gray.

Alena subconsciously thought that this matter should be left hidden, so she just left the question behind her. As for whether Waylon could find that Mimi's the culprit, she could no longer control what will happen next.

After returning to the hotel, Waylon casually found an excuse and went to the room next to Bill.

When Bill saw his boss, he directly took out the surveillance video from the investigation room. "Mr. Gray, the figure on the video is blurry but it can be seen that Miss Winston's the culprit. It was Mimi who pushed Miss Wright into the water."

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Waylon looked at the scene where Mimi pushed Alena into the water and narrowed his eyes slightly. He was right, it was Mimi as expected. In a cold voice, he dismissively told his assistant. "Go and bring that woman here."

On the other hand, Mimi stayed at home absent-mindedly. She kept on thinking if Alena is dead.

Sensing the odd behavior of his beloved daughter, Marx looked at her bothered expression and couldn't help asking. "Mimi, what's the matter with you? Since coming back last night, you have always been jumpy. Did something happen?"

As soon as she heard his voice, Mimi regained her senses and grinned reluctantly. "No, nothing." Several times did she wanted to speak and tell her father what she did last night. She thought that if Waylon learned about it, her father can help her. However, she didn't dare to confess.

Marx thought she was still angry because of the slap she received yesterday. Sighing, he can't help but feel obligated in appeasing her daughter's aggrieved heart. When he was about to coax her, Bill suddenly showed up and brought two bodyguards in.

Marx knew Bill. Seeing his indifferent look and the two fierce bodyguards around him, a bad premonition emerged in his heart. Quickly grasping that they were in a dire situation, he asked in disbelief. "Assistant Clay, what is the important thing you need to convey for you to brazenly break into my house like this?"

Bill glanced at Marx quietly and waved at the two bodyguards. The bodyguard who received the order stepped forward, each of them held Mimi's hand, forcibly nudging her to leave.

Unprepared and swallowed by fright, Mimi panicked and struggled. Looking at Marx with fear, she shouted in a shrilling voice. "Dad, save me! Dad, please! You need to help me..."

The moment that her daughter's voice sounded, Marx wasn't able to sit still and quickly stepped forward to stop the bodyguard. But then, he was blocked by Bill. Although their height difference wasn't that obvious, the fact that Bill Clay's domineering presence and that he is Waylon's subordinate, he can't help but be rooted on his spot. "Mr. Winston, Mr. Gray asked me to tell you something. If you don't want to be bankrupt because of your daughter's crime, you shouldn't interfere."

When he heard this, to say that Marx was shocked is an understatement. Looking at Mimi who was desperately struggling to free herself, his scrutinizing eyes darted at Bill. "Assistant Clay, what did Mimi do that made Mr. Gray so mad?"

Bill glanced at Marx indifferently. "Mr. Marx, Miss Mimi pushed Ms. Alena Wright into the water, almost causing her to drown. If you don't want President Gray to implicate the Winston Group, you'd better not get yourself involved in this matter."

Marx widened his eyes in disbelief, looked at Mimi who was still struggling, and skeptically asked. "Mimi, did you do it?"

Mimi didn't dare look into his eyes at all, but kept struggling and shouting: "Dad, help me! Save me from this mess. I didn't mean it, please believe me. I didn't mean to!"

"Mimi, how can you do that?" Heartbroken at her daughter's guilty confession, his fatherly love and heart wrenched in pain. He couldn't believe that his lively and kind daughter would try to murder someone.

Bill didn't have the patience to watch the affectionate appearance of the father and daughter and waved to the bodyguards to force Mimi to leave.

"Assistant Clay, don't!" Marx yelled, looking at him hesitantly but the corner of his eye was in the direction where Mimi disappeared.

Bill knew what he wanted to say and he was kindly advised. "Mr. Marx Winston, you should be aware of Mr. Gray's temper. If you rashly intervene in this matter, your Winston Group..." Trailing of his words, his unfinished sentence underlies a threat.

Although his words weren't finished, the meaning was obvious. Marx isn't a fool, nor would act impulsively. But then, Bill's unfinished words were stuck in his throat. Helplessly, he watched Bill take Mimi away.

Back in the hotel, Waylon leaned his back on the sofa lazily.

With soft light eyes that danced with tenderness, he looked at Alena who was cutting fruits by his side. Alena felt his intense and smoldering gaze. Under his hawk-like eyes and observation, she almost cut her finger. She couldn't bear it anymore, rolled her eyes, and gave him a harsh look. With a little shame, she said in an annoyed tone. "Waylon, can't you keep looking at me? Is there dirt on my face?"

Waylon nodded in agreement, his eyes focused, and his tone was serious. "Alena, you are more beautiful than a flower."

After being praised by Waylon, Alena's pale cheeks showed a faint blush. No girl doesn't like to listen to praise and admiration. Naturally, she's no exception. However, she doesn't want to show her giddy side in front of Waylon again, afraid that he'll be too proud.

Alena deliberately rolled her eyes at him and threatened him with her eyes. "Do you want to eat apples?"

"Yes." He said without thinking.

Alena gritted her teeth and squeezes a sentence from her pursed mouth. "Then don't disturb me."

Waylon deliberately moved her position and the two of them were intimately close to each other. He reached out and put his arms in her shoulders, and gently rubbed her head against her neck and arms. "Alena, I saved you twice in a row. Don't you have any gratitude in return?"

'What does he mean?' Confused, she deliberately furrowed her brows and looked at him questioningly.

She looked at the peeled apple in her hand, handed it to Waylon, and looked at him seriously. "Take it, this is my thanks to you."

Waylon looked at the ripened and sweet-looking apple before he took a bite in it. While chewing the apple, he said vaguely out of blue. "Alena, as the saying goes, life-saving grace should be exchanged by the body. I saved you twice. Count it, hon."

He glanced at Alena meaningfully and the intention in his deep eyes was unconcealed.

It's okay if he didn't mention it. Alena instantly remembered how she felt when she was pushed into the water. She gave him a stern look and complained. "If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be pushed into the water by Mimi. All that happened is your fault, I haven't asked you to settle the account yet."