

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 63 Women's Mood

Chapter 63 Women's Mood

Bill listened to Waylon's voice, making him instantly throw a sharp glance at the bodyguards. They no longer delayed the thing that should be done and stepped forward. They directly grabbed Mimi's hand to forcibly took her off, throwing her to the corner. Soon after, he didn't hesitate to stretch out his arm to break her hands.

Resonating into the air, there was a sound of broken bones that reached Alena's ears.

"Ah!" Accompanied by Mimi's screams, her cries and begs relentlessly echoed. She saw Mimi holding her broken arm, yelled with the tearing pain as sweat constantly seeped from her forehead. The delicate makeup on her face was completely vanished, replaced by tears that drenched her face.

Alena looked at her miserable gaze, glanced at her hands and legs subconsciously, and swallowed the lump on her throat. As she was lost in a trance, she vowed in herself that she'll be meticulous and must not let Waylon know that she deceived him. Otherwise, Mimi's fate might be her fate or worse than that.

Suddenly, the room's bell rang again.

Bill saw the people coming outside and turned around to report to Waylon. "Mr. Gray, Manager Winston came."

It is not surprising that Marx will come here. Waylon didn't stop him and directly asked Bill to open the door to let him in.

Marx, who hurriedly arrived, entered the room, saw Mimi lying on the ground groaning in pain. There was a trace of pity in his eyes, but he didn't dare to approach Mimi. Instead, he quickly walked up to Waylon, bowed deeply, and apologized in a low voice. "Mr. Waylon and Miss Wright, I'm sorry. I didn't know what Mimi did before and I apologize to you on her behalf."

Marx Winston, who is a prominent man in City B, has never confessed his mistakes let alone grovel on the ground. Alena couldn't help being a little envious of Mimi. No matter what, she has a father who loves her dearly and would easily humble himself to save his daughter.

As for her father, after divorcing her mother, Alena didn't know where he went nor what he is doing now. Thinking about her biological father, Alena lowered her eyes that masked a lonely expression and hid the emotions in her eyes.

Waylon glanced at Marx with emotionless eyes and said with a cold tone. "Mr. Winston, I'm sorry but it's not enough to nullify what Mimi did."

If you are not reading this book from the website: [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) then you are reading a pirated version with incomplete content. Please visit [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) and search the book title to read the entire book for free

Marx's face turned pale in an instant. He looked at Mimi with worry who was looking at him, too. He closed his eyes and his heart was full of regrets. "Mr. Gray, as long as you are willing to let Mimi go, I will share all the profits of our company as cooperation. I can give up the business that I built and care for how many decades in exchange for my child's safety. Please, let Mimi go." Marx, who was once a proud man, lowered his pride and humbled himself. He looked at Waylon, begging him silently.

Alena quietly pulled Waylon's sleeve and cast him a glance without a trace of emotion.

Breaking Mimi's hands and arms already taught her a lesson. There is no need to completely rip off Mimi's face since this has of benefit to her.

Instead of doing this cruel thing, it is better to give a favor.

Waylon understood Alena's meaning. His eyes flashed with helplessness but still heed to Alena's request. Waylon looked at Mimi in hesitation. After a long time, he pursed his lips and heaved a sigh in defeat. "Okay, but make sure that I won't catch even a glimpse of that woman. I don't want to see her again. President Marx, you know what to do, right?"

Hearing this, Marx let go of his breath that's been hanging for a while. He was forced to endure the pain and reluctance in his heart and nodded in defeat. "Waylon, don't worry. I will send Mimi abroad and never let her set a foot in here. From now on, she will not be allowed to return here anymore. I apologize again for my daughter's scheme, we are going home now."

When Mimi heard that Waylon was willing to let her go, there was a joy in her heart. But when she heard her father's arrangement, she suddenly froze in place. Sending her to a foreign country in disguise is tantamount to abandoning her.

Mimi didn't care about the pain on her body, got up from the ground with difficulty, and clutched on Marx's sleeves. Looking up at him as her eyes brimmed with tears, she begged bitterly. "Dad, I don't want to go abroad, I don't want to leave this place! Dad, you can't send me out, you can't!"

Marx looked at his daughter in pity. Because of Waylon's threats, he had to settle their problem even if it's hard for him, too. "Mr. Gray, rest assured that I will send Mimi away today. Can I take Mimi away now?"

Waylon nodded and didn't forget to exhort Marx. "Mr. Winston, after Mimi is sent abroad, you are not allowed to interfere in anything with her."

Marx hung her hand to his side, nodded hesitantly, and dragged Mimi who was crying. After they left, Alena looked at the backs of Mimi and Marx, and couldn't help thinking of her father's vague back.

"Alena, are you satisfied with this result?" Waylon asked softly.

She recovered and forced a smile. "Yes, I am."

After the words fell, she hesitated for a moment and continued. "Is it too cruel to treat a charming little girl like this?"

"Cruel?" Waylon sneered coldly. "When she wanted to kill you, she should accept all the consequences."

Waylon's reminder prompted Alena that she fell into the water and was drowned almost to death. Poor people must be hateful, and she doesn't want to plead for Mimi.

However, the culprit of these things is Waylon.

If it hadn't been for the seductive hormones that he exuded everywhere, or if he hadn't had to reveal the diamond ring himself, things wouldn't have happened to this point.

She gave Waylon a fierce look and said angrily. "I blame you."

After speaking, she turned around and walked into the bedroom, directly throwing the confused Waylon aside. Waylon touched his nose, looked at her leaving back innocently, and instinctively asked Bill. "Uhm, when did I provoke her?"

Bill lowered his eyes, thought for a moment, and slowly answered in caution. "Women are always moody, especially when they're menstruating. One time they're clingy, and the next moment they act like you're the most annoying thing in this world. I might say that their temper is strange."

He was subtle and euphemistic, and it took a while for Waylon to realize what he was referring to.

Waylon's gaze fell on Bill, thinking hard. "I remember you don't have a girlfriend? How come you understand women's affairs so clearly?"

Bill, who was surprised by his retort, was rendered speechless.

"Who is to be blamed for not letting me have a girlfriend? Who made me work overtime for three hundred and sixty-five days a year, three hundred and sixty days sometimes?" However, Bill's words remained unspoken and just complained silently.

On the other hand, his words inspired Waylon and waved to him to indicate that he would get out.

Soon after, Waylon walked into the room and saw Alena with a cold face.

When Alena heard the footsteps, she raised her eyes and glanced at him, then snorted slightly before turning her body to one side, not wanting to see him.

"Alena." He called her name flatly, trying to hold her hand but she avoided it.

He gently pulled Alena's sleeve and cooed like a purring kitten. "Alena, are you mad?"

Alena tugged her clothes and answered him coldly. "Don't bother me, I want to be alone."

Waylon couldn't help thinking of what Bill said just now. He thought about the recent events carefully and felt that Alena was similar to the women Bill explained. Bewildered, he couldn't help but softly test her. "Alena, are you physically...uncomfortable?"

She glanced at him strangely and didn't expect that it was the question he would ask. "Why did you ask this all of a sudden?"

He clenched his fist, coughed lightly to cover the smile on his lips, and looked away. "Bill told me that when a woman's period comes, their mood will be like a roller-coaster. Changing so fast and shifting up and down."

In the next second, Alena's angry gaze shot at Waylon. She gritted her teeth vigorously and squeezed a sentence from between her teeth. "What did you say, can you say it again?"