

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 65She's Mine

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This answer is what Waylon expected.

He held Alena's hand tightly and intensely stared at her. "Alena, if you encounter the same situation next time and I couldn't arrive in time, at least you can save yourself."

Alena was silent, pursed her lips, and fell into deep thoughts. What he said is indeed reasonable.

"Alena, if you are afraid of something, you can't just avoid it all your life. You must learn how to conquer your fears. Swimming is not that scary. As long as you learn it, it means you have one more self-protection skill. What's wrong with that? I know that I'm making sense, right?" He persuaded earnestly.

She raised her eyes to look at the sea, still a little hesitant in her heart. She had to admit that what Waylon said is logical.

After a while, her ruddy lips lightly opened. "Okay, I'll try to learn."

She looked around, looking at Waylon suspiciously. "But who will teach me?"

Waylon raised his eyebrows in disbelief. "Who else? Of course, it's me."

She looked suspiciously on Waylon's arm and hesitated. She stares at him with worry and concern in her eyes that she wasn't aware of. "How can you do it if you're like this?"

He frowned and his squinted eyes revealed a hint of danger. Gloomily, he said with great pride. "How will I do it? You'll just know later."

For some reason, Alena felt a dangerous element in the tone he gave her.

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She hurriedly smirked. "I'm just worried about your injured arm. I didn't mean anything else."

Waylon smiled and twitched the corners of his mouth without a smile. Alena, who looked at his taunting smile, was frightened and immediately didn't want to learn to swim anymore. Feeling worried, she went to the locker room to change her swimsuit.

She languished and rubbed for a long time before she mustered up the courage to come out of and saw Waylon. At a glance, she saw him wearing black swimming trunks that hugged his mouth-watering built and physique.

His olive skin gleamed in the sun. Looking at his broad shoulders, strong waist, perfect abdominal muscles, and the v-line, Alena thought that it was enough to compete with a Greek God.

Alena was stunned. She didn't expect that Waylon's figure hidden under his clothes would be so good.

Waylon seemed to feel her strong gaze. When he turned around, he saw Alena wearing a light blue striped swimsuit, with a slender strap around her neck tied behind her. Her long black hair tied into a ponytail revealed her smooth and delicate face, looking youthful and ethereal, captivating, to say the least.

Her white skin is like a snowflake that fell on the ground like a white duvet. Her exquisite curves and seductive slender legs exude a fatal attraction that could make any man go crazy.

Waylon suddenly felt his body burned with desire. He looked back in embarrassment and rubbed his nape. As soon as he looked up and saw the men on the beach, he regretted bringing Alena to this place. He wanted to hide her and show her body only to him.

Alena didn't notice his unusual reaction, walked towards Waylon, and patted his shoulder gently. "Didn't you say that you'll teach me how to swim? When will we start?"

Hearing that, he recovered his senses. He looked around, saw a quiet place with few people, and pointed towards that direction. "Let's go there."

Alena looked at the place he was pointing and saw that the scenery inside was pretty good. So she nodded in contentment and smiled. "Okay, let's go."

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They walked side by side, attracting a lot of attention along the way. The combination of fatal body, handsomeness, and beauty, no matter where they are placed, Alena and Waylon are noticeable.

Waylon saw the stunned gaze and admiration in those men's eyes and his face instantly darkened, pressing his thin lips tightly. As if flaunting his possession, he hugged Alena's waist domineeringly and silently told everyone to fuck off.

'This woman is mine!'

Alena was used to him holding her randomly, completely unaware that there was a problem brewing right now. He marked Alena as his and those men's hungry eyes can't help but see this scene with a regretful look.

In unison, they can't help but sigh and thought. 'It's a pity that she's already taken!'

When she arrived at the destination, Alena noticed that Waylon's face was as dark as the bottom of a pot, and his whole body was full of cold air. Puzzled, she asked curiously. "What's wrong with you?"

Waylon remembered the gazes the men gave her again and squeezed a sentence from his greeted teeth. "I hate the way they look at you. I don't want to hide you but damn, those bastards' hungry eyes make me want to tie you in my bed."

"Pervert! What are you talking about? Eyes? What look?" Alena was confused, too lazy to pay attention to the inexplicable Waylon, and trot to the sea. Smiling like a kid, she stretched her foot and touched the sand lightly.

She felt the cold temperature and the heat all over her body instantly dissipated a lot. She increased her courage and took a step forward until the seawater submerged half of her calf. She didn't feel any discomfort and continued to take a few steps forward.

"Alena, come here." Waylon beckoned to her.

Hearing his voice, Alena looked up and found that he had already walked in front of her. The clear water directly reached his waist as the sharply curved abdominal muscles him were looming in the water.

She slowly approached Waylon and the cool temperature of the sea slowly surrounded her. Abruptly, it reminded her of the fact that she was almost drowned that night, and a trace of panic and fear flashed in her eyes.

Waylon carefully sensed her emotions and stretched out his hand to hold her wrist. "Don't be afraid, I am here."

She pursed her lips and smiled, nodded lightly, thankful that he was there. Even if the tension and doubt in her heart didn't disappear, she mustered up her courage and slowly reached for his hands.

As the tide came, Alena felt as though she was about to be swayed, held Waylon's hand tightly, and refused to let it go. Feeling the contrasting temperature of her body to the cold water, a ray of desire flashed across his eyes as Alena fell into his embrace with a slight force.

"Ah!" She exclaimed and quickly circled her arms around Waylon's neck. Tightly locking him, she couldn't help but hang like a koala on him.

With the help of the buoyancy of the water, Waylon easily picked her up in his arms with one hand. He lowered his head, smiled, and leaned on her ear. "Alena, you're not so reluctant in hugging me, huh?"

After Alena calmed down, she realized that she was hugging Waylon like an octopus and a rush of heat instantly rushed to her cheek. She bit her lip and wanted to let go, but she was afraid of drowning and said forcefully. "What the hell? I'm just afraid! Don't think that I'm being affectionate!"

"Really?" Waylon stretched out his hand and acted like he wanted to release her.

Alena felt his movements, and the hands around his neck tightened even more. She desperately clung to him and said with a trembling voice. "Waylon, don't let go! I...I'm afraid!"

Waylon looked sideways and saw that she was really scared, so he didn't continue to tease her, but coaxed her instead. "Alena, don't be afraid, I'm right next to you. Let me go slowly and try swimming, okay?"

Alena replied softly with a hum and tried to release Waylon. However, she still held his hand and refused to let go, letting the buoyancy of the water slowly float her up.

Seeing that she was almost used to it, Waylon let go of her hand and instructed her to move slowly. Seeing her easily cope up with his instructions, he would correct her mistakes from time to time. Every time he corrected her, Waylon let himself be a little greedy for her delicate and soft skin under the guise of teaching Alena. Surreptitiously, he was rubbing her body.

"Waylon, I can swim now!" Alena squealed in surprise as her eyes beamed with happiness as she looked at him like a little sun.