

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 23 You Are The Woman I Like

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Waylon Gray saw Alena Wright getting out of the car, smiling at Christiano Cohen, her face instantly darkened, her hands were holding the steering wheel, and couldn't help but tighten her grip, and her fingertips were faintly pale due to excessive force.

Good, good, good!

Alena Wright was always stern every time she would face him but could smile so sweetly to other men.

She's so bold!

It seemed that he had to teach Alena Wright, this little fairy. As for his real purpose in this community, he had already forgotten.

After watching Christiano Cohen leave, Alena Wright stood there for a while and then walked upstairs with joy.

It's great that she could enter the design department tomorrow.

Alena Wright was happy, at this moment...

A hand suddenly came from behind her, grabbed her arm directly, and yanked her backward, making her scream in shock.

Alena Wright wasn't able to react because the person pushed her against the cold wall beside her.

She looked up subconsciously and met a pair of deep eyes. The dark tide under her eyes was raging and surging, as if she was trying her best to endure something.

"Alena Wright, did you forget what I said?" Waylon Gray's cold voice revealed endless danger.

Alena Wright looked at Waylon Gray who suddenly appeared, thinking that the soul that was scared by him was almost gone today, she couldn't help but glare at him, gritted her teeth, and said, "Waylon Gray, why are you crazy?"

Looking at how angry she was, Waylon Gray remembered that she was smiling like a flower at others, and this made him tighten his grip, and the suppressed anger in his heart was like a volcano about to erupt.

The pain in her arm made Alena Wright frown. She resisted the pain was feeling in her arm and squeezed a word from her teeth, "If you want to go crazy, please go bother someone else. Now please let me go. I want to go back and rest."

Waylon Gray's repressed anger completely broke out in her impatient look.

As soon as he grasped Alena Wright's shoulder, he bent down slightly, their eyes were now level, and they were breathing each other's breath at this moment.

"Alena Wright, you have to remember that you are the woman I like, and you are not allowed to have any involvement with other men." Waylon Gray swore domineeringly.

Hearing this, Alena Wright couldn't help but sneer and pressed her hands against Waylon Gray's chest hard. He pushed him strong enough to put a distance between the two of them.

Waylon Gray was caught off guard and took a step back suddenly.

She looked at Waylon Gray with indifferent eyes and said solemnly, "Waylon Gray, not everything you see will belong to you. I tell you, Alena Wright is a human being, I only belong to myself, not to you. Or anyone."

She had decided to divorce him because she didn't want him anymore.

Waylon Gray felt ridiculous when she saw how much she wanted to separate herself from him, and thought of the absurd idea when he saw the bitch Amanda Quinston in the old house today.

How could there be any connection between the little fairy and the bitch Amanda Quinston?

Alena Wright saw that he was silent and didn't bother to pester him down, turned around and was about to go upstairs.

Waylon Gray thought of Alena Wright's completely different attitude towards him and Christiano Cohen, and sudden bursts of sourness appeared in his heart.

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He didn't hold back the violence in his heart, he stretched out his hand to embrace her waist, and with a strong hook, she fell into his arms, and before she could even react, he bowed his head and kissed her red lips.

He directly pried Alena Wright's lips open, constantly plundering and diving into a deep kiss, completely giving her no chance to react, and greedily sweeping every corner of her mouth.

Alena Wright opened her pupils sharply, and she kept beating Waylon Gray's shoulder with her hands, anxious and furious, but she was helpless.

"Woo..."

Waylon Gray clasped the back of her head tightly, not allowing her to dodge in any way, and the hand around her waist gradually tightened, wishing to rub her into his own bones and blood.

After a long time, he slowly loosened Alena Wright's lips, and a strand of silver thread slipped from the corner of his mouth.

With a crisp, a sound of pop came roaring in the air, Alena Wright slapped Waylon Gray severely.

She could no longer entangle Waylon Gray, and if this continues, Waylon Gray will discover her identity sooner or later.

She should be more determined and not set her body on fire.

"Waylon Gray, I'm not a casual person, don't use the tricks you always use with every other woman you meet on me. I'm not falling for your deceptions." She scolded angrily.

Waylon Gray rubbed his cheeks, feeling the hot pain on his cheeks. There was no anger in his heart. On the contrary, he felt a strong sense of wanting more. The more she resisted, the more he wanted to get her. He wanted to smooth out her edges and corners even more.

Alena Wright saw him fell silent and it was as if he was a hunter looking at his prey. Her heart was very in panic and she couldn't wait to escape.

She took a deep breath, "Waylon Gray, please don't show up in front of me ever again. I don't have time to play games with you, and I don't want to play boring games with you."

Hearing these words, Waylon Gray slowly raised the corners of his mouth, pulled out a sly smile, and said with a strong attitude, he said, "Impossible, as long as I am still there, your wish will never be recognized or granted."

He paused for a moment, deliberately stimulating, "From now on, I will tie you to my side until you become my woman."

Alena Wright snorted. As long as she ignored him, he would not be able to stand it for a long time, and his interest would fade. Naturally, he would not look at her again.

She didn't believe that Waylon Gray would fall in love with her and pester her forever.

Seeing Alena Wright, Waylon Gray didn't seem to take her words to heart and didn't mind. He would use his actual actions to show his determination.

"Alena Wright, let's wait and see." Waylon Gray lay down these words, turned around, and left.

He has completely forgotten about sending soup to Amanda Quinston.

Alena Wright looked at his distant back, bit her lip lightly, the rage of irritation in her heart raised.

She wanted to escape Waylon Gray, how on earth did she get involved with him again?

The next day, Alena Wright came to the design department to report with excitement.

Design manager Austine Drew looked at the transfer letter she handed over and thought that when she came for an interview before, she didn't have any work experience, but in the end, Mr. Cohen was exceptionally fond of Alena Wright. She was extremely disgusted in her heart.

What she hates most were these people who walk through the back door.

But thinking of Mr. Cohen's instructions, she could only suppress the dissatisfaction in her heart, and said indifferently, "Everyone who enters the design department is selected through layers. If you suddenly insert and join the design department like this, it will inevitably cause some Colleagues' dissatisfaction, so you help with the chores first. Do you have any comments?"

How could Alena Wright not notice what she really wanted to say? This sentence showed that she seemed to be thinking about her, but it was actually beating her in a disguised form.