

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 50 Alena Is Angry

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No matter how desperate Alena is, she was already on the plane, and she beat Waylon to no avail.

He also knew that she was still holding her breath and didn't dare to provoke her along the way, allowing her to vent at will.

"President Gray, the plane will land soon." Bill's voice came from behind.

He nodded lightly, looked at her sideways, and said softly, "Alena..."

Before he finished speaking, Alena interrupted him with a sharp eye: "Shut up, I don't want to hear your voice now."

Waylon didn't say anything.

He touched his nose lightly, his eyes a little bit jealous.

This time, this little evil was really anxious.

But her angry look was so cute.

Bill Clay saw him who was deflated, and his eyes were unconcealed confusion. He was with Waylon Gray, and he had never seen Waylon accommodating a woman in this way.

After the plane landed, Alena took the lead to get off the plane and was angrily ready to go to the ticket window to buy a ticket back to City A.

When she walked to the window and stretched out her glove and purse, she found that her two pockets were empty and there was nothing.

No money, no ID card.

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It means she couldn't buy a plane ticket.

She became more angry as she thought about it. With completely angry, her whole body felt hot and she turned to follow him, staring at him furiously, "Where is my ID card?"

"No." Waylon Gray spit out one word directly.

She snorted and looked at him angrily, "You don't bring it? You don't have an ID card, how do you make a plane? Do you think I am as pure as a three-year-old child?" Waylon showed an aggrieved and innocent expression, and said quietly, "Alena, I came here as a private jet. Don't you pay attention?"

Private plane.

She was stunned; she was busy getting angry all the way, where did she observe this?

She grinds her teeth secretly and didn't know that he did it on purpose, but now that she has arrived in City B, she had no choice but to follow him to the hotel for being penniless

"Check in a room."

Alena Wright, who was standing in front of the counter with a dark face, heard Waylon's words, and her eyes fell on him like a knife, "Open two rooms."

Waylon sighed softly, his petting eyes were like looking at a girlfriend who was a little tempered, and coaxed, "Alena, you don't have an ID card, you can't open the room, you can only temporarily wrong you to live with me."

The lady at the front desk heard Waylon's gentle and magnetic voice and couldn't help showing an obsessive look. She peeked at Alena, her eyes seemed to say that she was in the blessing.

Alena Wright just saw this look, her eyelids picked up fiercely, and she closed her eyes to endure the anger in her heart.

Without an ID, she could only live in a house with Waylon Gray.

In the room, she occupies the living room, her face was somber all day as if someone owes her millions.

He was in the bedroom, dealing with official duties in front of the computer, and from time to time he must look out of the door distractedly.

During this period, every time he spoke to her, she seemed to be unable to hear her and ignored him at all.

This situation continued until night fell. Waylon Gray put aside his work, got up, and walked to Alena, with a very careful expression, "Alena time is late, do you want to go into the room to rest?"

Alena Wright glanced at him lightly, then retracted her gaze and snorted heavily.

Refused to talk with him.

"Alena, you have been angry for a day, this time I was wrong, you are no longer angry, okay?" Waylon Gray said in a low voice.

Alena's eyes looked straight ahead, without blinking her eyelashes, her voice said coldly, "I don't want to see you now."

Waylon's lips moved, but in the end, he didn't say anything. After looking at her quietly for a while, he got up and returned to the room.

Her ears moved lightly, and when she heard the sound of closing the door, her straight back was slightly bent. The anger in her heart was gone for a long time, and she wanted to teach him a lesson.

He shouldn't go back about what you promised her, or he shouldn't promise her at the beginning, she might not be so angry yet.

She relaxed and lay on the sofa, thinking about a lot of confusion in her mind. She didn't know when she went to bed. She felt so cold in her dazed state. She involuntarily curled her body together, trying to give herself some warmth.

She doesn't know how long it took, she had the illusion that she was in the clouds, and when combined, she fell into a ball of cotton that she thought was warm. The feeling of warmth made her feel comfortable and let her involuntarily loosen her brows.

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Waylon put Alena on the bed and looked at her stretched brows. The corners of her mouth couldn't help but raise. He lowered his head and kissed her brows gently, and said to himself, "You, your temper is really stubborn."

He glanced sideways at his left hand, really suffering from it.

He stretched out his hand and hugged her into his arms, feeling her soft, soft body, the vacancy in his heart seemed to be filled, he closed his eyes comfortably and fell asleep deeply.

The next day.

The moment she opened her eyes, she saw her broad chest.

Her eyes were slightly stagnant, and she suddenly raised her head to see Waylon's chin with a slight beard.

After the bewildered head was refreshed, he immediately remembered what happened yesterday, but the anger in his heart didn't strike at a moment, and he kicked Waylon off the bed when he lifted his foot. The was a sound like a bomb.

He snorted in pain, opened his eyes, and saw the ceiling of the hotel, and the edge of the bed when he opened his eyes, thinking of the hard kick in his sleep.

He doesn't need to think about it, but she must have kicked him down.

He rubbed his aching shoulders, sat up slowly, and looked at Alena sadly, "Alena, why are you kicking me down?"

"Why?" She asked with gritted teeth, glaring at him with round eyes, "I obviously slept on the sofa last night, how did I get to bed?"

He lowered his eyes to cover the emotions under his eyes, and said innocently, "Alena, have you forgotten? Last night, you were like sleepwalking. When you climbed onto the bed, you deliberately got into my arms. I slept on my arm all night, and my arm fell asleep."

"Impossible, you lied!" Alena Wright retorted directly.

Waylon stood up and pointed to his injured left hand specifically, "Alena, you think I am such an injured patient, can you carry you in from the outside sofa?"

Hearing this, Alena Wright was stunned. She looked at his arm and then met his eyes, hoping to see traces of lying in his eyes.