

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 52 I Will Give You Five Million Leave Waylon Gray

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It is the first time that Mimi has seen such a handsome man. His indifferent temperament and proud eyes exude fatal attraction.

She gently shook Marx's arm, and asked in a low voice, "Daddy, who is he?"

Marx patted her arm and briefly introduced her, "Mimi, this is President Gray of the Monarch Group, next to his assistant, Miss Alena."

Hearing this, Mimi's eyes looked at Waylon shyly, and her long curled eyelashes kept trembling, "Hello, Mr. Waylon."

Waylon glanced at her with cold and indifferent eyes and then withdrew his gaze, completely ignoring her.

The atmosphere suddenly became a little embarrassing, Alena glanced at Mimi quietly, and saw that her smile had not changed a bit, she couldn't help but admire her a little.

Marx quickly stepped in to be the peacemaker, "Mr. Waylon, let's go to the private room upstairs to talk, please."

Waylon raised his foot and walked towards the elevator, Alena quickly followed, and whispered, "Ms. Alena, your beautiful blessings are not shallow."

Waylon glanced at Mimi with a cold expression, and said to Alena, "You know, you are the only one in my eyes."

Alena blushed and glared at Waylon, motioning him not to talk nonsense.

Marx and his daughter were a step behind, Mimi's eyes fell on Waylon, his eyes were on Waylon's left arm, his left arm was too stiff, it looked really strange.

For the sake of his own image, Waylon did not hang his hands around his neck with a bandage as before but hung directly on his side.

Alena also felt that Waylon's doing so was completely desperate to face and suffer.

But Waylon has already decided, and persuasion is useless.

After the group came to the private room, Waylon and Marx went directly to the negotiation time. Alena, as the 'assistant', was like a transparent person, who could only quietly watch to come and go between Waylon and Marx.

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It is said that working men are the most handsome, Alena looked at Waylon's cold profile and had to agree with this sentence.

Mimi, who was sitting diagonally across from him, also looked at Waylon obsessively, a pair of eyes wishing to stick to him.

Such intense gaze made Waylon frowned uncomfortably.

Alena lowered her eyes bored, and in the next second, a big fiery hand passed over and held her hand.

She froze suddenly and looked at Waylon in surprise, but she didn't expect him to make such an intimate action in front of others.

This scene happened to fall into Mimi's eyes. She couldn't help but clenched her hand on her side, staring at Alena with jealous eyes.

Alena was a little flustered trying to withdraw her hand, but Waylon held her tightly, even separated her fingers, clasped her ten fingers, very close.

She raised her eyes to meet Mimi's gaze that was too late to take back. Her eyes were stagnant, never expected, but for a while, Waylon erected an enemy for her.

Mimi looked at the clasped hands, only to feel extremely dazzling, and the tightly squeezed hands were faintly white due to excessive force.

Her eyes fell on the coffee cup in front of Alena, and a dim light passed through her eyes, and she placed her feet beside the coffee table, pretending to close her feet, she secretly kicked the coffee table.

The coffee cup in front of Alena fell directly from the edge, and all the water in it dripped on her pants.

The sudden situation interrupted the dialogue between Waylon and Marx.

Mimi looked at Alena with an apologetic look, and quickly apologized, "Miss Alena, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it."

How could Alena not know that she did it on purpose, but in this situation, she can only eat this loss, and smiled lightly, "It's okay, but you have to be careful, Miss Mimi. The coffee table is so hard. It will hurt your feet. This is going to be uncomfortable."

The expression on Mimi's face froze, and she forced a smile, "Thank you Miss Alena for your concern."

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The gleam of dark birds in her eyes was about to overflow.

Waylon shot Mimi with his cold eyes. It was a glance that made her freeze completely, unable to maintain the smile on her face.

How about Mimi, Waylon didn't care at all. He retracted his gaze, looked at Alena with a gentle gaze, and asked softly, "Alena, did it burn you?"

Mimi couldn't believe that Waylon, who seemed so indifferent and ruthless, had such a gentle side.

She lowered her eyes to hide the emotions in her eyes, and her heart became even more disgusting with Alena.

It's just a small assistant, so why can I be favored by Mr. Waylon?

Alena lightly glanced at Mimi, then faintly replied, "It's okay. Fortunately, the water is already cold."

"Should I accompany you to change clothes?" Waylon asked caringly, and directly let Marx dry aside.

Marx, who was ignored, did not dare to have any complaints.

She shook her head gently, "No, you continue to talk with Mr. Marx, I'll go to the bathroom."

"Well, pay attention." Waylon whispered.

Alena answered and got up and left the private room.

Mimi looked at her leaving behind and also found an excuse to leave the private room.

Just after Alena walked to the bathroom door, Mimi's voice came from behind, "Miss Alena."

She stopped slowly, looked back at Mimi with a gloomy face, and asked politely, "Miss Mimi, what do you want?"

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Mimi had a pair of apricot eyes full of jealousy, and a sneerful smile appeared at the corner of her mouth, "Miss Alena, you are really a good assistant, but I don't know if your assistance is also responsible for 'serving' President Waylon."

She bit the word 'Serve' very hard, full of ambiguous taste.

Alena heard this without any anger on her face. She glanced at her with a smile, "Miss Mimi, are you from the neighborhood committee?"

Mimi frowned slightly, "What do you mean?"

"There are so many things." Alena said with a smile.

Only the aunt of the neighborhood committee can care about other people's affairs.

"You..." Mimi opened her eyes angrily, almost crushing her silver teeth.

Alena sneered, her cold eyes glanced at her, "Miss Mimi, if you have nothing else, I will leave you now."

After the words fell, she turned around and was about to leave. Mimi grabbed her hand tightly in the next second, gritted her teeth, and said, "You are not allowed to go."

Alena tried hard to withdraw her hand, but she didn't want Mimi's strength to be so strong that she could not withdraw it for a while.

"What do you want to do?" She looked at Mimi coldly.

Mimi looked at Alena arrogantly, and said in a charitable tone, "Alena, I will give you five million. If you leave Mr. Waylon, you are not worthy to stay with him."

Five million?

Alena raised her eyebrows in surprise, and she sneered, "Miss Mimi, you are really generous."