

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 64 Waylon Kisses and Ask For A Hug

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Waylon looked at her, feeling guilty. "Alena, I only care about you."

She was so angry that she couldn't laugh or retort and gave Waylon a fierce look instead. Bracing herself, she said in embarrassment. "I don't have one, it's not my date yet."

Waylon doubted what she said. If not, why did she have such a big temper?

It is rare for Alena to understand the meaning in his eyes. She only felt a rush of heat directly above her head. She can't help herself but felt so irritated that she stretched out her hand and smacked him. It just so happened that this slap hit Waylon's injured arm.

"Ouch!" Waylon's painful cry made her eyes widened in guilt. He clutched his injured arm, frowning tightly as if it were painful to the extreme.

Alena's eyes panicked and she worriedly asked. "Hey, are you okay?"

Waylon clutched his arms tightly and kept breathing in the air-conditioning: "It's okay, I'll be fine in a while."

Seeing him like this, Alena suddenly felt guilty: "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

Hearing this, Waylon's eyes glowed with a glimmer of light and looked at her pitifully. "Alena, my hand hurts, kiss me, okay?"

For a moment, she felt that Waylon was pretending to be in pain. However, it was true that he had just hit him and his pained appearance wasn't looking like a fake at all. Suddenly, she became a little embarrassed.

Waylon saw her hesitation and deliberately sighed. Like a pained puppy, he clutched his arm and whispered. "Alena, are you unwilling to satisfy this little wish of mine?"

"I-.." She opened her mouth and didn't say her refusal.

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After hesitating for a while, she quickly kissed the corner of his mouth. With a flushed expression, she resisted the panic in her heart and said hastily. "Now, is it all right?"

Waylon stretched out his hand and touched the corner of his mouth. It seemed that there was still a warm feeling on it that burst on his heart and soul. He stretched his arms and snaked them around her waist, tugged her into his arms with a light force, and kissed her red lips when he lowered his head.

Before she recovered, Waylon already kissed her lips and explored every corner inside, as if to imprint his mark, deeply possessing her.

Alena slapped his shoulders with both hands, trying to break free from his shackles but was also afraid of touching his injured arm, so she could only let him do whatever he wanted. Gradually, she was absorbed and beguiled by Waylon's gentle movements. As the sensual fire burned her body, she opened her ruddy lips and responded softly.

Her response made Waylon even more excited. His arms around her slowly tightened, as if to rub her into his bones and blood, constantly plundering and robbing her breath.

After a long while, the two separated breathlessly, touching each other's foreheads lightly. They exhaled their breath almost at the same pace as their hands were intertwined and entangled at their warm touch.

After recovering, Alena remembered her actions just now and felt a burst of fire and heat in her cheeks. She was angry at herself for being a slave of his touch. She was also angry that Waylon deceived her again, making her tempted and turned on. She raised her foot and kicked his legs as she cursed angrily. "You big liar, scumbag, rascal! A bastard who plays a woman's weakness!"

She turned over and over again as she fired those words. Hearing her curses, Waylon felt uncomfortable listening to it. In the end, he couldn't bear it anymore and held back. Although amused by her tantrums that resemble a child whining, he didn't dare to laugh and let Alena vent.

Alena glared at him angrily as her chest rose and fell at her ragged breath. She couldn't wait to hammer him but her eyes turned into a discouraging ball when she saw his bandaged hand.

"Waylon, you're using your injured hand to bully me, right?" She gritted her teeth.

Waylon blinked innocently and looked at her sincerely. "Alena, I'm so wrong. When did I bully you? You are the one who always bullies me." He said pouting.

"I'm bullying you?" She asked with widened eyes in surprise. Her cheeks flushed with anger and her teeth almost broke as she gritted it hard.

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"Why is the wicked once complaining? How astonishing to receive a backlash from him!"

She learned his tricks now.

Seeing her puffed cheeks, Waylon couldn't help but raise the corners of his mouth. He looked at her indulgently and said softly in defeat. "Alright. I'm the one who's bullying you, okay? Don't be angry, or else you'll easily get wrinkles."

Alena sneered from the bottom of her heart. Strangely, she began to say. "You said that my feelings wronged you, isn't it?"

"No, absolutely not! I bullied you, definitely, I'm the whose at fault. I'm the one who bullied you, not the other way around." Waylon said repeatedly as his eyes glowed with sincerity. Although he loves teasing her, he's afraid that her anger would skyrocket. Waylon doesn't want to experience a cold war with Alena.

She didn't want to be affected by him but can't help but be aggrieved. For the time being, there wasn't anything she could do to him, so Alena could only secretly cursed him under her breath.

'When his hands are healed, I'll beat him hard.'

Waylon still didn't know how Alena was already calculating how to get back after his hand injury healed.

He looked at Alena who was almost like an angry pufferfish and thought about what Bill had told before. Waylon tentatively hooked her little finger. Seeing that she didn't reject him, he held her whole hand tightly. "Alena, tomorrow can we go out? I would like you to join me out for fun, is that okay with you?"

Upon hearing this, Alena's eyes fell suspiciously on him, not believing that he would be so kind.

Waylon's forehead wrinkled in curiosity. 'What on earth did I do before that made Alena realize that what I did was always with ulterior motives? Damn.'

He coughed slightly and cleared his throat. "Alena, we can finally come out. Don't you want to go out for a walk?"

Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) for the full experience. You won't find the next chapter anywhere else. Happy reading! Of course, she wanted to go for a walk but she didn't want to be with him.

Alena lowered her eyes to cover her thoughts and said indifferently. "I don't want to go out."

"No, I won't go if you don't want to. I'll just be a lazy bug and stay here unless you'll go out with me." Waylon said undoubtedly with an overbearing tone.

She twitched the corners of her mouth coldly and rolled her eyes out of anger. "Tyrant."

Waylon hugged her in his arms, bowed his head, and kissed her on the cheek. With great pride, he fired back. "If I were a tyrant, you would have a dreadful face right now because of my kiss."

Alena choked silently. She once again understood Waylon's shamelessness, not having an ounce of hesitation, even more, tactless and brazen as days passed by.

The next day, as soon as the sun rose, Waylon dug Alena out of the bed and forced her out regardless of her vehement refusal.

'We'll just go out to play and I'll apologize for her afterward.'

Alena dozed off all the way to the destination. When she suddenly woke up because of the rough road, she rolled down the windows and smiled at his musky scent. Looking at the blue waters and golden beaches that were because of the sun's rays, she felt a lot more cheerful.

She looked at the disabled Waylon next to her with pouting lips. "What are we doing at the beach? You can't swim if you are injured! I can't swim."

Waylon took Alena's hand and walked towards the beach. Only when her feet were on the soft and warm sand, she felt a tickling sensation. Alena's mouth lips couldn't help but rise slightly as her bright eyes revealed happiness.

"Alena, do you want to learn how to swim?" He asked suddenly.

Alena glanced at him sideways and met his deep and star-like eyes. It was as if she understood his purpose for bringing herself here. She looked at the vast and endless sea as her feet felt the cool water, and remembered the feeling of being submerged and here that day. Remembering that traumatic experience, the bright smile that was plastered on her face instantly vanished. Her hand hanging by her side couldn't help clenching and she refused in an affirmative tone. "I don't want to learn."