

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 37 A Gift From Waylon Gray

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Waylon Gray frowned, and his eyes were obviously displeased. "Just now you said you liked it, I just took it for you."

What did he say?

Alena Wright's expression became a little sullen, she was completely silent in her thoughts just now, and she didn't even hear what Waylon Gray was saying.

She rolled her eyes and said with a smile. "Beautiful things are liked by women, but this is too expensive, I really can't ask for it, you can give it to your future wife."

A trace of helplessness flashed in Waylon Gray's eyes, he was too lazy to talk nonsense with her, grabbed her right hand, and brought her the ring domineeringly, without giving her an opportunity to refuse.

Alena Wright hadn't reacted yet and the ring was already on her finger.

As she thought of the series of zero prices behind that ring, she felt that the weight of that ring was too heavy for her to lift her hand.

When she stretched out her hand to take off the ring and return it to Waylon Gray, she saw Vincent Mario approaching them with sharp eyes. Her face turned pale for an instant, she didn't care about the ring at all, she hugged Waylon Gray's arm, and smiled cutely. "Waylon Gray, I'm a little tired, will you send me home?"

Alena Wright's sudden change of attitude aroused Waylon Gray's suspicion, and she kept looking at her.

She then maintains the sweet smile on her face and shook his arm coquettishly. "Well?"

She looked behind Waylon Gray from time to time. Seeing Vincent Mario got closer, she ignored Waylon Gray's wish and forced him to walk outside.

When Waylon Gray got up and left, he saw his uncle walked towards them.

She took Waylon Gray to leave the auction quickly, and she seemed to be avoiding something in a hurry, which made Waylon Gray feel strange.

He couldn't help but wonder whether Alena knew Vincent Mario?

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Know as she knew, why should she hide?

After walking out of the hotel, Alena Wright's hanging heart was completely at ease.

Waylon Gray said, "It's getting late, I'll send you back."

She nodded gently, and now she wished to fly home quickly.

In just a few hours, Alena Wright felt like she was wandering between life and death again. She was exhausted physically and mentally and just wanted to go home.

Waylon Gray personally drove her home, and when he was about to get out of the car, he quickly kissed the corner of her mouth, patted her head, and said softly. "Rest early and remember to miss me."

Alena Wright's mouth twitched, and she didn't have the energy to care about that with him and said perfunctorily. "Be careful when driving safely."

She looked at the speeding car and touched the corner of her mouth involuntarily as if there was still a warm touch on it.

When she returned home, she fell heavily on the bed, the feeling of lingering heart palpitations still pervaded her heart, as if she had completed a bungee jumping, knowing that she would not fall to death, but she still couldn't help being afraid.

Only a little bit, the identity she tried to hide was revealed.

She raised her hand to cover her eyes but felt an icy temperature. Only then did she notice the ring that Waylon Gray forced to put on her.

Thinking of the price, Alena Wright felt heavy in her hands. She reached out and wanted to take off the ring, preparing to return it to Waylon Gray tomorrow.

As a result, no matter how she pulled it out, she could not remove the ring from her hand.

Alena Wright sat up from the bed with a nudge, and then slapped her back vigorously. Instead of pulling off the ring, she made her fingers flush.

She couldn't believe that she couldn't take it off.

Alena Wright ran to the bathroom, rubbed the shower gel on her hands, and squeezed it again, still motionless.

After working hard for a long time, the ring seemed to grow on her hand, and she couldn't take it off at all.

As a result, her hands were swollen, and she could only give up temporarily, looking at the blue ring with a headache.

What kind of broken ring was that? She could touch the porcelain, and she won't be able to take it off when she put it on.

When Waylon Gray returned to the villa, Alena Wright's abnormal reaction tonight was all in his mind.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized that Alena Wright seemed to know Vincent Mario and that Vincent Mario also knew her. Could there be any relationship between them?

He was more interested in Alena Wright now, and he wanted to explore everything about her.

Suddenly, a thought floated from the bottom of his heart.

He pondered for a moment, and he directly dialed the number of Vincent Mario.

Vincent Mario saw the call, subconsciously looked at the person sitting opposite, and shook the phone with a smile.

"Waylon, why call me so late, what's the matter?" He asked actively.

He smiled softly. "Vincent Mario, I was in a hurry just now, and there is still a question that I haven't had time to ask you. I want to ask if you know Alena Wright?"

"I don't know it, it means she looks like a junior of mine." He denied it directly and even helped Alena Wright conceal it.

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Hearing that, Waylon Gray's faint worries disappeared, and after a few more greetings with Vincent Mario, he hung up the phone.

After hanging up, he shook his head and laughed.

Isn't it when Amanda Quinston's eyes were a bit like Alena Wright when he was in the old house that day? How did he become suspicious?

Vincent Mario looked at the darkened screen, looked at Father Alfred helplessly, and asked very puzzled. "Father Alfred, why did you let me lie to Waylon? Alena Wright at the auction is obviously Amanda, and When did he change his name to Alena Wright?"

Faced with many questions from his friends, Alfred Gray did not answer, but smiled heartily, and said. "This is the taste of their young couple. Those of us who are the elders should not follow along."

That explanation was very reluctant. Vincent Mario did not continue to ask, he took the initiative to change the topic. "Father Alfred, you have always wanted to see the two of them. Now your wish has been fulfilled, and I believe you will be able to hold it soon. A Grandson."

There was a glimmer of expectation in the eyes of Father Alfred, and he smiled and agreed. "Then I will lend you auspicious words."

"Well, it's not too early, I'll go back first."

After Waylon's father sent Vincent Mario away, the smile on the corner of his mouth did not fade for a long time, but his heart was full of expectation.

Waylon, that stinky boy, kept saying that he didn't like Amanda, and ended up taking such an expensive ring for Amanda with him on his back. Had it not been for Pharaoh to come and tell him today, he didn't know when to hide him from him.

the next day.

When Alena Wright got up, she looked at the blue diamond in her hand with a headache, which was even more shining under the sunlight.

Wearing such a big diamond on your hand was simply a mobile ATM machine.

She can't take it off!

The more she thought about it, the more irritable she got, so she simply wrapped the band around the ring, even though it looked a little weird, it was covered up anyway, and she was not afraid when someone asked, the big deal was that her finger was cut.

Waylon Gray was really annoying, a nasty man!