

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 39 Don't Call My Wife

Chapter 39 Don't Call My Wife

Alena Wright lowered her eyes to look at her hand, pursed her lips slightly, and smiled uncomfortably: "Well that diamond ring is too conspicuous, so I will use a bandage."

She said more novels afterward until finally, she couldn't hear her.

Waylon Gray suddenly felt a little bit dumbfounded and reached out his hand to tear off the band-aid on it, revealing the huge diamond ring inside, feeling very happy.

She didn't take it off. Did it mean that she like the gift?

Waylon Gray held her hand and clasped her fingers together, which looked very harmonious.

"Wife." He couldn't help crying, a glimmer of light flashed under his eyes, watching Alena Wright's reaction expectantly.

Wife?

When Alena Wright heard that name, her body froze in shock, her eyes widened in shock, and she looked at Waylon Gray.

Waylon Gray called her wife?

To die, he knew she was Amanda Quinston?

When did he know?

Alena Wright changed her thoughts and felt something was wrong.

If Waylon Gray really knew that she was Amanda, he would have stretched out her hand to choke her to death.

She tried her best to calm down, quietly lifted her eyes to look at Waylon Gray, and met him with a smile in his eyes, which was still somewhat ambiguous.

In an instant, she understood what Waylon Gray was doing on purpose.

Alena Wright quietly breathed a sigh of relief, took a look at him fiercely, and said in a bad mood. "Don't call me wife, I'm not your wife."

She married him for three years and never saw him call her a wife. She had already signed a divorce agreement and was called a ghost wife.

Waylon Gray squeezed Alena Wright's hand tightly, shook it as if showing off, and said with a smile. "You have even put on your ring, and you haven't taken it off. Don't you admit that you are my wife?"

Alena Wright spits out secretly, but her face was calm.

She drew her own hand, not only did not pull it back but also made him hold him tighter, she stared at him angrily. "Don't let go."

Waylon Gray directly held her hand, put it on his lips, and kissed it gently. "Don't let go, you will be mine if you wear the ring, and I won't let you go."

By the way, Alena Wright suddenly remembered the ring. She was very depressed and said. "What kind of broken ring did you wear to me? I can't take it off after wearing it."

Can't take it off?

A suspicion flashed in Waylon Gray's eyes. He didn't believe her words and smiled at the corner of his mouth. "Don't be angry, I'll pick it for you."

Alena Wright generously stretched out her hand in front of him. If Waylon Gray had a way to take it off, of course it would be the best. She didn't have to wear such a big diamond ring to flamboyant everywhere as if she was stupid with a lot of money.

Waylon Gray held Alena Wright's hand and wanted to remove the ring, but the ring didn't move. He increased his strength a little. Alena Wright had already called out pain, but the ring still showed no signs of loosening.

She really can't take it off!

Alena Wright withdrew her swollen hand and took a closer look at this weird diamond ring. She complained a little bit. "I blame you, it's all right now. I can't take it off when I put it on. If it's such a big diamond, what should I do if I get robbed?"

If you're loving the book, [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) is where the adventure continues. Join us for the complete experience—all for free. The next chapter is eagerly waiting for you!

The most important thing was that this ring can't be taken off!

To snatch it, she could only chop off your fingers!

Damn, it's so unlucky.

The more she thinks about it, the more terrifying, Alena Wright urges. "I don't care, this matter is caused by you, you should quickly find someone to help me take off the ring, I don't want to wear it all the time."

Alena Wright and Waylon Gray had seen a ring that can't be taken off after putting on it, which was indeed strange.

Waylon Gray thought for a moment and took Alena Wright to find the organizer of the last auction.

After listening to the whole story, the organizer said with surprise: "Mr. Waylon, there has always been a legend about this ring. It is said that this ring was made by an angel for his beloved wife. The angel was afraid that he would not find it in the next life. My beloved wife cast magic on it. As long as the person destined to wear the ring will not be able to take it off. I originally thought it was just a legend, but I didn't expect it to be true."

As he said, when the organizer looked at Alena Wright, he couldn't help but feel a little ambiguous. "Mr. Waylon, this ring has had several owners, but it has never appeared to be unable to take it off. I think you and this Miss, I am very destined for this ring."

Waylon Gray didn't doubt the organizer's words, he had no guts, and there was no need to lie to him.

However, he did not believe in that legend, after all, the legend was just a legend.

Although the legend was false, it did not prevent him from teasing Alena Wright. He smiled and said. "Alena, did you hear that? You are my destined person. It means that you are destined to be my woman. You still don't recognize you. Is it my wife?"

Alena Wright is silent, destined?

Was it really?

If it was really destined, she would not divorce Waylon Gray.

Seeing Alena Wright's eyes down, Waylon Gray got up and walked to her to stretch out her hand, bent over, and took the chair into her arms, resting her head on her neck and shoulders, napping gently, the subwoofer's voice asked. "Alena, what are you thinking about?"

Alena Wright was completely numb to Waylon Gray's practice of taking advantage from time to time and was too lazy to fight back. Instead, she raised her hand and asked, "Is it really impossible to take it off?"

"Isn't it good to wear?" He asked rhetorically.

She sighed softly and explained patiently: "This ring is so precious."

Before she could finish her words, Waylon Gray nodded her lips and refused to let her continue.

Waylon Gray approached her ear, blew a breath of heat, and whispered in a low voice. "No matter how valuable the ring is, it is a dead thing, and it is not as important as you."

Hearing that, Alena Wright's calm heart was like, throwing a small stone in the unwavering lake water, making a wave of ripples.

She stretched out her hand to push away Waylon Gray's cheeks, and started a little uncomfortably, turning off the topic abruptly. "It's getting late, I'm going back."

Waylon Gray knew that the point was up, so he said, "I will send you back."

Alena Wright wanted to refuse, thinking about the result of each rejection, and silently swallowed her words back into her stomach.

Before leaving, she said to the organizer unwillingly. "Thank you for helping to figure out a way. If you find a way to remove the ring, I hope you can contact me."

The organizer agreed immediately.

Alena Wright breathed a sigh of relief.

Soon, the car arrived.

Alena Wright looked at the door of the apartment, stretched out her hand to unlock the seat belt, and was ready to get off.

As a result, she couldn't open the door no matter what, she couldn't help but look sideways at Waylon Gray, and saw him looking at him with a smile but a smile. His dark eyes, reflected by the dim light, seemed to flash with a ray of light.