

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 45 Great Pretender

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Alena Wright pulled Ron Andrew next to the door, with a silly expression on her face, she directly changed the subject, "Ron, why are you here?"

Although Ron Andrews was puzzled, he replied, "I just heard that the young master had his arm hit by a car and Mr. Alfred was very worried about him, so he asked me to come here to have a look. By the way, how is the young master doing?"

The hospital where Waylon Gray went happened to have shares in the Gray Family. It happened to be Alfred Gray's examination that day, so he naturally learned the news about Waylon Gray's injury.

After that, he sent Ron Andrews over to take a look. If only Alfred Gray was capable of checking on Waylon Gray, then he would visit him in person, but that was not the case.

Upon hearing that, Alena Wright sighed and she said softly, "Waylon's arm was hit by a car and his bone was cracked. The doctor put plaster in his arms, and he had to wear it for two months. You can go back and tell dad about it. Besides, I'm here to take care of Waylon, and you can rest assured that he will be safe."

Ron Andrews naturally believed her words, so he nodded and said, "Young lady, I can see that you might have a hard time caring for the young master. If you need anything, remember to call me."

After speaking, he paused slightly, as if he was thinking of something, "Young lady, where is the young master? I'll go over and say hello to him."

Alena Wright became very nervous. She couldn't help but clench her hands as she tried to calm herself. She then said, "Waylon is still resting in his room. I'm afraid that he hasn't got up yet. Ron, you do know that Waylon just got injured, right? And because of the injury, he needed to rest, so let us not bother him for now. After he wakes up, I will tell him that Dad had asked you to come over."

Ron Andrews nodded in agreement, "That's right, young lady. I will let the young master take a good rest."

Alena Wright noticed that Ron Andrews didn't have any doubts, so her tight nerves eventually relaxed a little, but the fear and panic in her heart did not disappear yet.

She was afraid that Waylon Gray would suddenly come out, which would make everything more complicated.

She bit her lip before she squeezed out a smile, and said, "Ron, can you please accompany dad to his check-up in the hospital? I am not at ease knowing that he was alone there. You know that his heart condition is not good. Maybe, you should go back and look after him. You can just leave Waylon to me."

Seeing that the young lady was there to accompany Waylon Gray, Ron Andrews felt more relieved, so he said, "Young lady, take good care of the young master, but don't tire yourself. You should call me if you need anything."

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Alena Wright nodded obediently as she was very eager to send Ron Andrews away.

She was afraid that Ron Andrews could see something, so she could only continue to say with patience, "Ron, don't worry, I can handle Waylon. Please look after Dad, alright?"

Ron Andrews responded with a smile, "I believe you. Alright, I'll go back first."

Alena Wright was about to accompany him outside but Ron Andrews stopped her, "Young lady, you can go back to take care of the young master. You don't need to see me off."

She did not force herself, so she just stood at the door, and watched Ron Andrews's car leave.

Her heavy heart had now calmed down and she heaved out a heavy sigh.

She had almost exposed herself, but fortunately, she was smart enough to make Ron Andrews leave. Otherwise, she would almost be exposed again.

Alena Wright turned around and she walked into the room. She just stepped into the door, when she saw Waylon Gray. The expression on Alena Wright's face instantly froze, as if she had fallen into an ice cellar. Her hands and feet were instantly cold.

Waylon Gray looked at her pale face, frowned slightly, and a trace of worry flashed through his eyes, "What's the matter? What's with that face? Is there a problem?"

Alena Wright was a little relieved as she noticed Waylon Gray's calm look. He did not seem to hear her conversation with Ron Andrews earlier.

A gleam of light flashed under her eyes as she slowly shook her head, and said, "I'm fine. Anyway how

long have you been standing there?"

Waylon Gray just casually replied, "I just arrived here. Is there something wrong?"

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He just arrived there?

That means he heard and saw nothing, right?

Alena Wright breathed a sigh of relief.

Alena Wright didn't want to dwell on the matter again, so she quickly changed the subject as she saw the chicken soup, "The chicken soup is about to be cold. You should eat the soup quickly. It won't taste good when it's cold."

Waylon Gray nodded lightly, and he said nothing.

As soon as he sat down, Alena Wright had already brought the soup over and she put it in front of him. Alena Wright was looking at him expectantly.

Waylon Gray's heart melted by the sight of Alena Wright looking at him.

He didn't know what he was thinking, but he suddenly clutched his arm and yelled in pain, "Alena, my arm hurts. I don't think I can lift up the spoon. Can you please feed me? Will it be okay?"

At that moment, Alena Wright did not refuse Waylon Gray's request since she was still a little guilty from her encounter with Ron Andrews.

She took a spoonful of the chicken soup and she slowly sent it to Waylon Gray's mouth.

After seeing him eat the chicken soup, she couldn't help but ask, "Is it good?"

"It seems a bit sweet," Waylon Gray frowned as he commented.

It was sweet?

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Alena Wright looked at the chicken soup, and her eyes were filled with doubts as she subconsciously said, "How can it be sweet? Could it be that I misplaced the seasoning?"

"It's really a bit sweet. If you don't believe me, then you can taste it," Waylon Gray said in a serious manner.

Upon hearing that, Alena Wright took a strange look at the spoonful of chicken soup, and she hurriedly ate it. However, there was not a sweet taste to it at all, "Did you have a problem with your tongue? I don't taste anything sweet at all."

"It's really sweet. You are just eating it wrong," Waylon Gray said.

Before Alena Wright could react, he took a sip from the bowl, and then he quickly held her cheek and kissed her on the lips, passing the soup to her from his mouth.

Alena Wright was caught off guard and she subconsciously swallowed some of the chicken soup from Waylon Gray's mouth.

Waylon Gray gently sucked on her lips before he let go. He looked at her with a smile and he said in a tender voice, "Does it taste sweeter to eat it like this?"

Alena Wright stared at him blankly as she was still unable to react.

Waylon Gray could not help but pecked her red lips when he saw that she was still dumbfounded, "Alena, as long as it is the food you cook, it will always be the best food I will ever try."

Alena Wright returned to her senses at that time, and she subconsciously covered her lips. She took a step back, and she stared at Waylon Gray accusingly.

How dare he kissed her?

Waylon Gray didn't seem to see the flames burning under her eyes as he continued to eat the chicken soup. Then he said softly, "Alena, this soup is so delicious."

After he said that,

he licked his lips lightly, and a sly smile appeared in his mouth.