

Nothing's gonna change my love for you

Chapter 47 I Like You

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"Alena, eat more, you are thin, these are what you like to eat, eat it!" Waylon Gray kept filling her bowl with vegetables.

She looked down at the bowls that had been piled up and twitched the corners of her mouth speechlessly. When she saw the dishes inside, she couldn't be surprised.

Because these dishes were really what she likes to eat.

She raised her eyes and glanced at Waylon, her fork tightened slightly, thinking of the afternoon phone call, her heart became more nervous.

"Alena, if you keep looking at me, it will give me an illusion." Waylon suddenly said.

Alena met Waylon's smiling eyes, her eyes filled with doubts, and asked, "What illusion?"

She didn't understand what he meant.

Waylon leaned forward slightly, looking at her with a faint smile, his thin lips lightly opened, "You already like my illusion."

She blushed, and immediately said excitedly, "You, what are you talking about? Who likes you? I don't..."

Her performance at this time was completely different from the last one, and she couldn't deny it.

"Don't like me?" Waylon asked charmingly.

Alena has slowly calmed down. She sullen her face and snorted, "I don't like it, don't be passionate."

Waylon's mouth widened, and he looked at it with a smile without saying anything. Alena was flushed with his eyes. She bit her lip tightly, took a bitter look at him, she ignored him, with her hand in the rice unconsciously, as if the rice was Waylon.

Seeing this, Waylon let out deep laughter in his throat.

Hearing his shameless laughter, Alena's depressed mood relaxed a lot.

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She quietly raised her eyes and looked at him. Several times she wanted to ask, but she was afraid to ask, and her brows couldn't help but frown.

"Alena, are you uncomfortable?" Waylon looked at her worriedly.

She shook her head subconsciously, eating grains of rice one at a time, completely wasn't herself.

Seeing her look like this, Waylon's worry deepened, got up and sat next to her, reached out, and touched her forehead.

The temperature was normal.

Alena doubtfully tilted her head and avoided his palm, "I'm fine."

"Really all, right?" He asked suspiciously, not believing her rant.

Alena nodded lightly, raised her eyes, and met his gentle watery eyes. With a slight movement in her heart, she tentatively asked, "Waylon, I have a question to ask you."

Seeing Alena's seriousness, Waylon glanced at her and asked, "What's the problem?" Alena Wright bit her lip, she didn't dare to look at his eyes at all, and she whispered said like a mosquito, "I said if someone has been cheating on you, and finally, you find out, what will you do?"

Waylon Gray's expression became gloomy with naked eyes, and his eyes were slightly narrowed, and he said gloomily, "Dare to lie to me? He... I will first pull out his teeth, cut off his tongue by the way, and then cut his limbs. Destroy it, Alena you should know my talent best." Waylon replied while stuttering.

Alena Wright instantly remembered the two scenes where Waylon punished others, a chill rose from the soles of her feet, her body was agitated, and her limbs seemed to be frozen.

Waylon's abnormal reaction caught his attention. A trace of deep thought passed through her eyes, and she gave her a meaningful look, "Alena, are you hiding something from me?" He asked.

Hearing this, the blood on Alena's face faded, and the hand holding the fork couldn't help tightening, and the fingers were faintly white due to excessive force. She smirked and said coldly, "What can I hide from you?"

"Really?" He asked lightly.

Alena Wright nodded again, looking at him sincerely, to show her sincerity, "Really, you are so smart? There is nothing I can hide from your eyes, right?"

Alena's words successfully pleased him.

He withdrew from the cold breath, smiled and squeezed her little nose, and said softly, "That's good, the food is cold, hurry up."

Before he finished speaking, Bill Clay came over.

Knowing that his arm was injured, Bill wouldn't find him if there was no emergency, so he immediately got up and took his assistant to the study.

Seeing this, Alena quietly let go of her hanging heart and let out a sigh of relief, shocking.

Originally, she had planned to break the jar, but when he knew her identity, she knew it. When the time comes, Waylon would protect her, and he couldn't do anything about her.

But after hearing Waylon's words just now, she suddenly became less assured.

For someone who was

cold as Waylon, Alena must report, unless she could always follow Alfred Gray's father, otherwise, when she was alone,

would definitely not let her go.

What should she do?

After Waylon Gray and Bill Clay arrived in the study, Bill immediately said, "Mr. Gray, there is a problem with our project in City B. Mr. Winston now points out that he wants to see you. If you don't go, I'm afraid..."

Bill Clay's words weren't finished, and the meaning was self-evident.

He lowered his eyes and thought for a moment and said indifferently, "You arrange it and go to City B tomorrow."

"Yes." Bill replied.

Bill Clay nodded and went to make arrangements.

After Bill left, Waylon frowned when thinking of tomorrow's plan. It seemed that he had to be canceled.

But it didn't matter. When he comes back from a business trip, he would ask Amanda again.

Waylon Gray returned to the restaurant. Alena Wright saw his brows frowned, her expression a little dignified, and curiously asked, "What's wrong with you?"

He didn't hide Alena, and said directly, "The company's project in City B has a problem, and I will be on a business trip tomorrow."

Business trip tomorrow?

If he was going on a business trip tomorrow, wouldn't it be impossible to go back to the old house for dinner with her?

Thinking of this, Alena's heart was filled with unspeakable joy, but her face was still silent, and she also pretended to be concerned, "Your arm is still not well, can you be on a business trip?"

He met Alena's caring eyes, his heart warmed slightly, and he bent over to get close to her cheek, "Alena, are you afraid to bear me?"

She stretched out her hand and pushed Waylon's cheek away, and snorted softly, "Who can't bear you anymore? Don't be passionate."

She was now anxious for Waylon to leave quickly.

In this way, she could go back to the old house without accompanying Waylon, and her Amanda Quinston identity wouldn't be dismantled.

She became happier as she thought about it, and even at the end, she couldn't help but laugh.

Seeing the smile on her face, Waylon Gray narrowed his eyes slightly, revealing a bit of coldness, "Why? Knowing that I'm going on a business trip, are you happy?"