

# Nothing's gonna change my love for you

## Chapter 15 Don't Miss Other Men In My Arms

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Stay?

Impossible! Her divorce agreement had already been signed, and they would be officially divorced only after Waylon Gray would sign it.

Waylon Gray felt that she was in a trance, frowned slightly, and asked, "What are you thinking? Are you thinking of other men?"

In his arms, how dare she thought of other men?

Alena Wright was instantly pulled back to her thoughts, and she was relieved to see that he did not ask about the address anymore.

She glanced at his stern, handsome face and pursed her lips: "Whatever, I do not want to do anything with you. You quickly get out. I want to go home."

He sneered, stretched out his hand, and took her into his arms, and the bodies of the two people instantly touched each other, "You haven't answered my question yet."

A robust masculine aura enclosed Alena Wright, and her head was dizzy for a moment.

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She struggled to break away from his embrace but found that her strength was undoubtedly like a tree getting smashed, which was not worth mentioning.

On the contrary, Waylon Gray couldn't help but stiffened as he was rubbing his body with her, and his arms around her tightened, squeezed the slight gap between the teeth, "If you dare to move again, believe it or not, I will do it now."

Alena Wright felt something, and her pink cheeks instantly burst into redness. She looked at him helplessly and said, "You! Calm down! Don't be impulsive."

She just wanted to cry without tears. How could things become like that?

Seeing her shy appearance, Waylon Gray deliberately dabbled and rubbed a little and leaned in her ears and breathed out ambiguously, "Help me resolve it?"

Resolve?

How to deal with it?

Alena Wright reacted quickly. She gave him a bitter look and said coldly, "No, let me go now."

At that moment, Waylon Gray trembled all over. The drug effect that was finally suppressed swept once again, and it came even more fiercely.

Alena Wright saw him being tortured by the drug and was afraid that something would happen to him. A trace of worry flashed in her eyes, and she asked in a low voice, "How are you? How are you now? Are you okay?"

Waylon Gray met her gaze, saw a hint of care in her eyes, and a strange emotion flashed in his heart, deliberately teasing, "Since you care about me, why don't you help me solve the problem?"

"You!" Alena Wright gave an angry response.

He was so stubborn, and he was still interested in playing that set.

Her worries disappeared instantly, and she even had some itchy head. She shouldn't be passionate.

Waylon Gray raised his lips and smiled, felt the more substantial effect of the drug, clenched his fists involuntarily, and the scene in front of him was blurred for a moment.

He resisted the effect of the drug and squeezed out, "Help me to the bathroom."

Alena Wright was taken aback, watched the tolerance and pain between his brows, and helped him walk towards the bathroom without saying a word.

Waylon Gray opened the shower and poured the icy water down, and his whole body was flushed out in an instant, and his face suddenly stalked unhealthy blue and white, looked very scary.

"Are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital?" Alena Wright couldn't help asking again.

She was still a little worried, fearing that the drug would have a somewhat harmful effect on Waylon Gray's body, and there would be no way to explain it to Waylon's father at that time, so he had better go to the hospital to have a look.

At that moment, Waylon Gray couldn't see Alena Wright for a bit. She was acting like she didn't want to get involved with him.

But seeing that he was in danger, she also seemed to care about him.

Why was that?

What secret was hidden in her body?

Alena Wright met his curious gaze. Her heart tightened instantly, and she knew that she was suspected by Waylon Gray.