

Chapter 187 Physical Contac

With a frown, Brea said impatiently, "No, I don't want you to marry me! You have a very high opinion of yourself! Who do you perceive yourself to be? You think you're the most gorgeous guy to ever walk on this earth?"

Wayne was utterly powerless in the face of this situation. "Then what is it that you want? Tell me, I'm paying attention."

Brea was at a loss for words as a result of his change into a more laid-back disposition.

She froze for a second before realizing she was helpless against him.

Ultimately, Wayne was backed by Evans Group. She was not powerful enough to make him suffer. Then again, she couldn't just look the other way!

Driven up the wall, she grabbed Wayne's sleeve and said, "Come on, let's fight again. As of right now, there is no obvious winner."

Wayne was taken aback.

Even Foley was rendered speechless.

His attempt to convince Brea otherwise was foiled by a throng of enthusiastic fans.

The zeal of the fans had increased. With their boards in hands, they said, "Brea, you are such a bold and wonderful girl. I really adore you!"

"Brea, mutilate that miserable guy. We're all behind you!"

Even Foley groaned when he saw Wayne's blank stare at the crazy fans. Foley, on the other hand, couldn't engage in a direct confrontation with these fans.

After all, there weren't many people who liked Brea. If he angered these individuals and pushed them away, Brea would gain little support.

After checking his watch, Wayne realized that he had no time for Brea and her adoring fans. He removed the business card from his pocket, grabbed Brea's hand, and pressed it into her palm.

"To dispute with you would be a waste of time for both of us. I must first address the issue of collaboration. You now have my phone number. If you ever want to get into a fight with me, I'm always available."

Then he turned around and wanted to go.

This made Brea extremely angry. She had the impression that she was being treated like a helpless bystander.

He'd done her wrong, she felt. And suddenly he wanted to leave? She couldn't just let him leave like that!

She seized his arm and said, "Don't go!"

She yanked Wayne back, and he collided with her.

His chest was touched by Brea's chest, causing him to shiver.

As soon as Wayne felt the warmth of her body, his rage vanished. He impulsively extended his hand to Brea's delicate and slim waist, oblivious to his own thoughts. He bent over and murmured in her ear with a wicked smirk on his face, "I didn't think that you had such a wonderful figure."

Brea flushed when hearing what he had said. She stomped on him and pushed him away. "You shameless bastard!"

Wayne's lips twisted into a mischievous smirk. "Didn't you fling yourself at me? I was almost ready to depart, yet you were still eager to hug me. I suppose you don't want me to go."

Brea wanted to hit him because she was so upset. She yelled, "You are disgusting! Why would I want you to stay? What do you think of yourself? You should take a good look in the mirror!"

Wayne first found her to be abrasive, but now he thought of her as beautiful when she lost her cool. He did not get furious but instead grinned and said, "You've scratched my face. And I do not want to see it in the mirror."

To make Brea even more nervous, after saying that, he purposefully came closer and blew into her ear.

"Despite your ferocity, you've got a nice physique." Brea's ear was softly caressed by his lips, whether he meant to or not. "In truth, I'm doing a wonderful job in bed. If you'd want to give it a go, I am down for it."

Brea flushed even more. Then she smacked him in the face after she pushed him away.

"Get the fuck out of my face, Wayne!"

