

Chapter 212 Applying Medicine

Brea didn't think that Celia would leave all of a sudden, leaving her with a particularly annoying person.

After Celia left, she stood opposite to Wayne, glaring at him.

There was an indescribable weird atmosphere between them. Taking a look at Wayne who stood in front of her, Brea felt that he seemed like he wanted to say something to her, but was reluctant to speak.

After waiting for him to speak for a few minutes, she rolled her eyes at him and snapped, "Just say it."

Only then did Wayne clear his throat and ask, "Are you here to treat your wounds?"

Brea said angrily, "It's all your fault! Being a star, I have to pay attention to any minor injuries and make sure nothing leaves scars. I know that there is no need to come to the hospital to deal with such small wounds. But after thinking twice, I decided to come. If there is a scar on my hand, it won't look good on the camera."

Wayne wanted to mock her for making a fuss over something so trivial, but he swallowed it back. After all, it was him who hurt her.

He hesitated for a while and finally said, "Stretch out your hands. I will see if they are serious enough to leave scars."

As soon as he said that, he regretted.

Brea hated him so much. Why would she show him her hands obediently? She would even ridicule him for saying that.

But now that his words had been laid bare, he had no choice but to grit his teeth and wait for the blow.

However, what he expected didn't come. On the contrary, Brea reached out her hands for some reason.

"See?"

Wayne was shocked by her action, but he didn't miss a beat as he quickly held her hands and examined them carefully. He didn't want to make the situation awkward.

"In fact, you don't need to see a doctor for such small wounds. I have an ointment that can prevent these types of wounds from leaving a scar."

With a frown, Brea asked doubtfully, "Is it really that useful? Are you trying to mess with me?"

Wayne looked at her and complained, "What kind of person do you think I am?"

He rolled his eyes the way Brea did and said, "Because I like playing basketball and boxing, I occasionally get injured. I've been applying that ointment since I was a child. And now, I have been using that for more than ten years, and there's almost no scar left. It's absolutely useful! Besides, I'm not in the mood to mess with you.

Wait here for a moment. I'll go to the parking lot and find the ointment for you. I remember I keep it in the car."

It seemed that Wayne really wanted to help her as he turned around and rushed out as soon as he finished speaking.

Brea wanted to say that there was no need, but he ran away so fast that she had no chance to stop him.

After a while, Wayne rushed over with a bottle of ointment in his hand.

He looked so tired that he was sweating and panting. Seeing this, Brea had a complicated feeling. She didn't know that there was this kind of caring side in him.

Although they had just had a big fight, she suddenly felt that he didn't seem to be so annoying anymore as he ran out to fetch the ointment so eagerly for her.

Wayne took a deep breath and handed the ointment to her. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting. It took a long time for me to find it."

Drops of sweat fell from his forehead and chin which slid down along his Adam's apple. This sight of him was inexplicably sexy.

This sight of him running over with sweat all over his face made him look discomposed unlike how he was normally. However, Brea felt that this side of him looked greater than ever before.

Nonetheless, she still turned her face to the side and said with composure, "I don't need your help."

"What?"

Wayne was confused as he said, "I've already brought it here for you. Why do you suddenly change your mind?"

After saying that, he seemed to sense that his tone and wording were a bit provocative, so he hurriedly added, "I mean, since I hurt you, it's natural that I have to be responsible for you. You don't have to feel bad about it. Besides, you said that you have insurance for your hands. If there is a scar on them, you would most likely ask me for compensation. Although I don't lack money, if my family knows of this matter, they will think that I'm making trouble everywhere outside. It's more or less troublesome, so I want to avoid paying for it as much as possible.

The point is, I have the responsibility to take care of your hands anyway."

After saying this, he didn't wait for her to answer as he unscrewed the ointment bottle and directly held one of her hands. "Let me help you apply the ointment."

At that moment when Wayne held her hand, he unexpectedly felt his heart skip a beat.

His hand which was touching Brea's felt like there was an invisible current flowing through his fingertips. He was both shocked and surprised by this reaction.