

Chapter 213 Animated Heartbea

A strange feeling inexplicably arose in Brea's heart as her hand was being held in Wayne's. At that moment, even her face felt so hot.

She couldn't help but recall the accidental kiss she had with Wayne before. At that time, she felt the temperature on his lips. It was as hot as the hand that was holding hers now.

For some reason, she suddenly had an imagination of the scene where the back of her hand was kissed by those lips.

She violently shook her head in her mind. She must have gone crazy to imagine it!

Brea immediately scolded herself in her mind.

How could she have such a strange idea about Wayne? After all, he was her sworn enemy!

"Come here and sit."

On the other hand, Wayne didn't notice what Brea was thinking at all. He just pulled her to sit on the bench in the corridor of the hospital and squeezed some ointment in his hand.

When he was about to apply it, Brea suddenly withdrew her hand and asked alertly, "What are you doing?"

He blinked and replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "I am going to apply the medicine of course. What do you think I am doing?"

Brea bit her lip. "Are you thinking of taking this opportunity to feel me up? How dare you grab my hand however you want? I have the insurance of one hundred million dollars on my hands. How dare you touch me carelessly?"

Wayne was at a loss. He reasoned patiently, "You think too much. I'm not interested in you in that way. I just want to help you apply some medicine. Besides, this is a hospital. Even if I really have any feelings for you, do you think I would act recklessly in public?"

After saying this, he held the hand of Brea again and pressed the ointment on her wounds with his fingertips. Then, he spread the ointment evenly on her wounds.

Brea's whole body was uncomfortable as she felt that the temperature of his fingertips was unusually high, causing her to feel as if she was burning inside.

She wanted to struggle to withdraw her hand, but Wayne's grip was strong as he held it carefully.

"Did I hurt you?" after applying the medicine, Wayne closed the lid and asked with concern.

Brea's face was already very red, and this concerned tone of his made her heart beat faster than ever.

She suppressed the strange feeling and glared at him, saying fiercely, "No, I don't feel any pain. But I won't forgive you for touching my hands!"

What surprised her was the calm reaction of Wayne as he didn't argue with her. Instead, he threw the ointment to her and said, "Take it back and apply it regularly. Remember to apply it every day in the morning and at night respectively. Your wounds should heal properly after a few days. I promise there will be no scar left."

Brea felt indignant by the fact that he didn't quarrel with her. She felt like she was the only one who was so troublesome. Feeling bad, she took the ointment and stuffed it into her bag angrily.

"I didn't expect you to have a little conscience as a man." She gave him a side glance.

As soon as she finished speaking, she suddenly noticed that there were also several tiny bloody wounds on Wayne's face.

They were just red marks before, so they were not obvious. Now that blood was oozing from the wounds, she felt that they were much more serious than hers. Moreover, the wounds on the face should be attached more importance than other areas.

All of a sudden, Brea felt a little sorry. She felt that she might have overreacted, but it was still difficult for her to express her care towards him. She only asked coldly, "How are the wounds on your face? Do you need me to help you apply the ointment back?"

Unexpectedly hearing this sudden concern, Wayne was stunned, but soon, he grinned cheekily.

"Do you want to take this opportunity to touch my handsome face with the excuse of applying ointment? You women are really cunning. It seems like you can do anything to chase after me."

Brea looked horrified as she angrily retorted, "Who wants to chase after you? Also, I haven't asked you what nonsense you have said to Cece and Flavia! Why are they suddenly trying to make a match between us?"

Brea wanted to give him some harsh remarks, but on second thought, she didn't want to fuel the conflict. Besides, she didn't want them to go back to the state where they hated each other to the core. After all, such a moment of peace was rare between them.

But after a long time of waiting for his response, she realized that he didn't mean to explain at all. She felt embarrassed and irritated, so she gritted her teeth and said, "Forget it. Who doesn't know that you are the most shameless person? Anyway, you'd better shut up your bluffing mouth to avoid the misunderstanding, or else no one knows what annoying words you can say!"

In fact, Wayne was about to explain that he didn't say anything, but hearing her remarks, he wanted to snap back, only to pause when he saw her slightly bulging red cheeks as a result of anger. His heart inexplicably started to beat fast.

He forgot what he was about to say and couldn't help praising, "In fact, you look adorable when you curse."

Brea didn't expect him to compliment her in return. Her face turned even redder as she cursed, "Damn it! You are talking so much nonsense!"

Wayne didn't know Brea was feeling flustered. In order to avoid another fight, he had to admit defeat first. "Well, I won't make fun of you anymore. Don't mind about my face. I can apply medicine by myself."

Then, he stood up, tidied up his clothes and was about to leave.

Brea hadn't gotten her answer and couldn't hold back her curiosity. So, she asked him again, "What did you say to Flavia? You haven't told me yet! Why did she tell us to cherish each other? She made it sound like we are dating! What made her think that way?"

