

Chapter 214 Anti-Fans

Hearing her words, Wayne froze in his tracks. He turned around and provided an explanation. "Flavia misunderstood the situation. You seem to be the one I like in her eyes. You shouldn't take it seriously."

"Okay," Brea said. Then, all of a sudden, she looked him in the eye and questioned, "What may have led to Flavia's misunderstanding? Have you been harboring any kind of hidden attraction for me?"

"What?" Her question shocked Wayne.

He remarked with rolling eyes, "Why are you so self-absorbed? It is the first time I've encountered someone who is more egotistical than I am. It's amazing if you ask me."

Because Brea had always known and appreciated her own attractiveness, she felt no anger.

In a snort, she said, "You know that's true, but you refuse to acknowledge it. Stay away from me. It's worth it. The two of us are sworn adversaries who have no chance of ever being together."

Wayne scowled and gazed directly into her eyes. "Miss Duffy, you need not worry. To put it bluntly, I couldn't care less about you! You are the most beautiful and alluring female I've ever seen, even though I've seen a lot of them. But I don't see anything remarkable in you. Looks are irrelevant to me."

Although he complimented Brea in disguise, she could not help but respond, "What a happy coincidence! For all the other wealthy young guys I've met, you stand out as the most wealthy and gorgeous."

Then, after exchanging puzzled glances, they both burst out laughing.

Brea then engaged in a few more sentences of straight-faced arguing with him, before she said, "I must now go. Tonight, I need to take care of something important. Have fun."

Wayne approached her and questioned her, "You're returning alone, right? Where are your agent and assistant?"

As Brea looked away, she added, "You're a pain in the neck, do you know that? Too inquisitive! You have no right to know!"

She headed out by herself, in fact, since she was in such a foul mood.

An anti-fan sent her an urn not too long ago. Being afraid and quite irritated at the time, she did not take her agent or assistant with her to the hospital. For a time, she yearned for privacy.

There was clearly something upsetting that she wasn't sharing with Wayne.

"You are so unyielding."

Sighing, Wayne questioned, "Do you really want to leave alone? I can get you back if you want. Since I want to be a gentleman, I'm willing to offer you a ride even if I'm not quite prepared to do so."

Brea gazed at him from head to toe with scorn. Then she said with disdain, "I know the way home. I think I'll call for a cab instead."

She then hurried off.

Wayne had no intention of sending Brea back, but when he looked out the window and saw that it was considerably darker outside, he thought that it might not be safe for her to leave alone.

In any case, she was an attractive lady, and any guy would be captivated by her.

After some deliberation, he decided to discreetly follow Brea since he knew she was too obstinate to let him send her.

He needed to watch her get into the vehicle, even if he didn't send her back, to make sure she was okay.

As a result, he carefully and slowly moved behind her.

Brea had no idea what was going on at her back. As soon as she left the hospital, she used her phone to call a cab. No cab came to get her, and she couldn't tell whether it was due to the area's relative isolation or the fact that it was already dark.

Right as she was debating whether or not to contact her assistant to pick her up, three guys burst through the hospital gate carrying a massive gasoline tank.

Brea, startled, retreated a few paces without realizing it.

"What are you after?"

They didn't answer her inquiry and instead inched closer to her.

As Brea opened her mouth to speak, they hoisted the gas tank and aimed it squarely at her stunning face.

The guy smiled savagely as he said, "Bitch, go burn in fucking hell!"

