

Chapter 235 Sworn Enemies Became A Couple

Mr. Griffin's immediate fear caused him to blurt out hastily, "How dare I cause Mr. Evans any trouble? Clearly, there have been some miscommunications."

With a sneer, Dilan turned to Wayne and said, "Mr. Evans, how do we handle this?"

Wayne then asked Foley, "Are you Brea's agent?"

In typical Foley fashion, he nodded repeatedly. "If not for you today, I don't know how Brea would have escaped that situation."

"Brea is my sweetheart. I owe it to her to keep her safe," Wayne held Brea even more closely and said.

Then he glanced at the wounded bodyguards alongside Foley and said, "Did you bring these bodyguards?"

"Yes," Foley said.

"Great." After some thought, Wayne remarked to Dilan, "Help Foley and the bodyguards take care of the wounds.

Dilan, in shock, inquired, "Didn't you ask me to bring some fighters, Mr. Evans? When we arrived, I expected a battle. Wow, is this it? It seems my enthusiasm is completely unfounded."

Wayne snarled, "You talk too much," as he became impatient.

Dilan stopped talking and immediately noticed that Brea was in Wayne's arms.

His eyes almost flew out of his head from disbelief.

Were Wayne and Brea not mortal enemies? Brea's haughty nature made it hard to believe that she would let Wayne carry her without putting up a fight.

What the heck was happening? Did he not just miss a fight? What was their relationship now?

"How could you, Mr. Evans... You have Miss Duffy in your arms! Aren't you..."

Wayne gave him a sidelong look and admonished, "Don't poke your nose into my business."

Then, with Brea in his arms, he walked away, leaving everyone bewildered.

Dilan, unable to give up, inquired of Foley, "What's going on between Mr. Evans and Miss Duffy?"

Foley just shrugged and remarked, "I'm also perplexed."

Mr. Griffin was pleased to see Wayne and Brea go. "Take care, Mr. Evans and Miss Duffy!" he gushed.

As soon as he was done, he turned back with his men for fear that they might turn around and cause him problems once again.

Dilan and Foley exchanged glances before simultaneously cursing the man. The bodyguards were then taken to have their wounds treated.

Wayne took Brea straight back to her room in his arms.

Brea retrieved the key card from her purse, unlocked the door, and they went inside. The realization that Wayne had been carrying her dawned on her, and she found that she really quite liked it.

A profound shyness overcame her all of a sudden. Her heart was beating so much faster than normal that she nearly felt it leap from her chest.

This sentiment was in many scripts before.

She had a crush, but she didn't want to confess it to herself.

Wayne, are you intending to carry me like this forever?" Brea said to him and gave him an angry look.

"Really, you have no soul at all. A little while ago, I helped you. What gives you the right to be so horrible to me right now?" Wayne acted as though he were offended to get sympathy. "You took advantage of my generosity. What possessed me to come to your aid, I have no idea."

"I don't care the reason you helped me out. Can you please just put me down?!" Brea spoke louder, the nervousness in her eyes and her racing pulse belying her confidence.

Wayne stared at her for a second before he picked up the shift in her expression. To taunt her, he rolled his eyes and had a good idea.

Carrying Brea in his arms, he hurried to the bedside, where he dropped her before she could respond.

Brea slammed clumsily onto the bed with a loud thud.