

Chapter 240 He Saw Her Naked Back By Aciden

While lying on the bed, Brea felt embarrassed. Later, her tongue protruded from her mouth as she grinned. "I haven't even taken off my makeup or showered yet. For that reason, I just can't go to sleep right now."

Wayne exhaled. "To put it bluntly, women can be a pain. Amazing beauty radiates off of you. Why do you still apply makeup?"

Even though he couldn't hold back his grumbling, he still escorted Brea to the restroom.

Brea felt the warmth from his touch and bit back any reaction. She kept her lips shut as she contemplated the fact that he had already rescued her twice.

She had taken only two steps before the pain in her ankle caused her to grimace and show visible distress.

"Has the pain returned?"

Wayne questioned with worry, "How are you able to walk under this condition?"

He gave it some consideration, then lifted her up once again. In response to the look of astonishment on her face, he said, "I don't want you to misunderstand. The only reason I'm carrying you is because of the injury to your ankle."

Brea's cheeks became flushed. She was compelled to allow him to carry her to the restroom.

As he assisted her to stay on her feet, he watched her washing her face and removing her makeup with great care.

A steady stream of water trickled down her skin and into the sink, as though each drop had also landed on his chest.

Wayne remained perfectly motionless until she had finished drying her face off and turned around. She was being intentionally menacing. "Taking photographs is forbidden! All the photographs of female celebrities without their makeup are private. If you take pictures, I will not be lenient."

"I..." Wayne was about to express his distaste at doing so, but upon seeing her attractive face, he bit his tongue.

He could not comprehend why there was such a significant difference in her appearance with and without makeup.

After putting on her makeup, Brea transformed into the most stunningly gorgeous lady any grown guy had ever seen. She appeared incredibly clear and delicate when she didn't put on any makeup, like a man's first love from high school. This would make anyone want to take extra special care of her.

He was again awestruck by her, but as Brea's mesmerizing eyes turned to gaze at him, he realized his error and immediately talked to cover it up.

"You really are rather unattractive. I'd rather not photograph you." Wayne's thoughts were a jumbled mess, and he was on the verge of babbling incoherently.

As soon as he finished speaking, he looked aside and waited for Brea's response.

The surprising thing was that Brea didn't reprimand him. With a sigh, she only remarked, "My energy levels are too low right now to do anything. I'd rather just avoid an argument. This will definitely be something I remember. I'll save our fight for another time."

This phrase sparked something in him, and he turned back to face her. He lifted her up horizontally and brought her back to the bedroom when she completed washing up.

She gave him a little nudge on the arm and whispered, "Don't put me back on the bed!" as he was going to lay her back on the bed "Please go to the restroom while I change into my nightgown."

Wayne considered telling her that she was being a nuisance but ultimately agreed in a hushed tone, set her down, and went to the restroom.

Behind him, Brea said, "Don't be a snoopy boy!"

After Wayne had closed the bathroom door, she hastily took her nightgown and started changing into it.

She had worn a dress that was form-fitting for tonight's meeting. However, it proved challenging to take off. She had to work really hard to remove it.

As she prepared to hang the dress in the closet, her foot was accidentally tugged, causing her to scream.

When Wayne heard the scream, he came running out of the restroom to see whether Brea was all right. "Is everything okay, Brea?"

Before he could continue, he heard Brea let out an even more piercing scream.

"Ah..."

Brea yelled and exclaimed with urgency, "Return to the restroom! Please don't take any action!"

At that point, it dawned on Wayne that Brea was naked!

Even though she was facing away from him, her alluring form nevertheless aroused his libidinal desires. Even though he was not a teenager, he still felt as if he were confined in a hot chamber. The overwhelming sensation of heat made it hard for him to take a breath. Only the feel of her silky skin could perhaps cool him down.

Wayne's body had a genuine reaction, though his thoughts scared him.

"Get the hell out!" There was clearly anger in Brea's voice.

Wayne didn't start making rational decisions till that point. With lightning speed, he covered his eyes with his hands and said, "I didn't see anything! I'm out of here!"

As if to warn his body, he almost went backward on all fours and slammed the restroom door.

"I locked the door behind me. Now is a good time to change," he informed Brea loudly.

After making sure the bedroom was empty, Brea let out a sigh of relief. She changed into her nightgown hastily and hung up the clothing she had removed. She took some time to collect herself and then said to him, "You can come out now."

Before he dared to return to the bedroom, Wayne rinsed his face with cold water to be sure his desire had been completely subdued.

Upon entering the bedroom, he unconsciously peered at Brea's skin through the sheer nightgown. It was then that a memory of the incident just now sprang into his head.

Even as Wayne tried to deny it, he knew that this experience would leave an indelible mark on his memory.

Brea's exquisite form was likely to be etched in his consciousness for the rest of his life. Brea's allure was enough to captivate any regular guy, he had to acknowledge.

Brea scowled when she saw the peculiar expression on his face and the water drops on it. So she inquired, "What exactly are your thoughts at the moment? Are obscene thoughts crossing your mind?"