

## Chapter 241 He Couldn't Resist Her Temptation

Brea had successfully seen through Wayne's mind. However, he couldn't admit it. The corners of his mouth twitched, and he snorted coldly, "You are too narcissistic. I don't have any interest in you. Stop talking nonsense and go to sleep."

But Brea was still skeptical.

She was very confident in her figure, and it was hard to guarantee that Wayne would not fantasize about her. So she asked him again, "Did you see anything you shouldn't see just now?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Wayne hurriedly shouted, "No! I didn't. I didn't see anything!"

Wayne was like a child caught doing something wrong but refused to admit it.

Brea's suspicion got even stronger.

"Are you sure about that?"

He shook his head vigorously. "I really didn't see anything. Besides, you don't have a beautiful figure. What's so good about looking at it?"

Brea's face darkened at once. How could she have an ugly figure? She wanted to scold Wayne. But after thinking about it for a while, she realized that he was just stubborn.

She snorted coldly and said, "I'm telling you, if you saw something you shouldn't, I'll gouge out your eyeballs."

Wayne shivered. "Women are so scary."

"At least you know." After saying this, Brea yawned. After a day's toil, she was really tired and sleepy.

When Wayne saw this, he immediately said, "Go to sleep. I'll stay here to make sure you're safe. Sleep tight."

However, Brea glared at him. "Why are you so eager to make me sleep soon? Are you planning to do something to me after I fall asleep?"

Wayne was at a loss for words for a moment. "You are thinking too much. I'm not interested in you. But if you're really worried, I can leave now."

Brea thought for a while. "Forget it. You can stay. I think you are not that perverted."

Wayne rolled his eyes. "You are so doubtful. I saved you today, okay? I won't talk to you anymore. You should sleep now. Don't waste time."

Brea curled her lips, pulled the quilt, and closed her eyes.

She was really sleepy. But as soon as she closed her eyes, what happened today kept flashing in her mind.

Wayne walked to the bedside. There were no movements from him, but for some reason, she felt safe.

She didn't know if it was because he saved her twice in a row, but her mind was full of things related to him.

But she also knew that they couldn't possibly be together.

Brea clenched the quilt tightly, warning herself not to think about things related to Wayne and trying to fall asleep.

Wayne took out his phone, turned on the silent mode, and played a game. He glanced at her, and when he saw her sleeping, he couldn't help smiling.

She seemed lovelier when she slept.

Brea tossed and turned for a long time, but she couldn't fall asleep. She simply kicked Wayne lightly and said, "I can't sleep. Let's chat."

Wayne glanced at her. "What do you want to talk about?"

Brea was lost in thoughts. What did she want to talk about?

She thought for a while before she asked an unexpected question. "Have you ever been in love?"

Although Wayne felt that her question was a bit strange, he still answered truthfully, "Of course! I'm already more than twenty years old."

Brea suddenly felt a little awkward. She asked again, "How many girlfriends have you had?"

"Three... Or maybe four."

"You can't remember exactly?"

Wayne thought for a while. "Then three. One of them doesn't count. It was just a fling."

"You are really something. Did it feel good? Why didn't you end up together?" Wayne noticed that Brea's tone seemed a little jealous.

He put down his phone and looked at her. "Why? Are you jealous?"

Brea's face flushed at once. She snorted, "Why should I? I'm just curious."

Wayne contemplated for a while. "I discovered that she liked my money more than me. At that moment, I realized that maybe my family background makes me unable to find a person who will really love me. So I broke up with her."

As he spoke, he turned his head and looked at Brea. He didn't expect that she was already asleep.

He breathed a sigh of relief, thinking it was good that she finally fell asleep.

He reached out and poked her face. After making sure that she was asleep, he covered her with the quilt and sneaked out of her room.

Wayne returned to his room, immediately washed himself, and went to bed. He still had something to deal with tomorrow, so he had to take a good rest.

But he had been tossing and turning for more than an hour and couldn't fall asleep. His mind was full of what had happened today.

He realized that he was actually recalling his "accidental kiss" with Brea and how she argued with him.

Worse was, Brea's figure and face kept flashing in his mind.

Her naked back and her delicate face without makeup... All this was so vivid. It was as if she had moved in his mind, making it hard for him to fall asleep.

Finally, he felt so irritable being tortured by such a scene. He suddenly sat up and gritted his teeth. "I'm fucking crazy!"

