

Chapter 275 A Kiss

When Brea agreed, Wayne snapped his fingers happily. "That's it. It's a deal."

He put his arms around her shoulders, leaned over, and whispered in her ear, "But I want to get some benefits first. After all, I will do you a big favor by doing this. If you want to solve this issue by yourself, you will definitely have to spend a lot of money in paying the public relations team."

Brea's face darkened at once. She snorted coldly, "Look at what you are doing! I don't want to owe you anything, okay? I will give you whatever you want."

Wayne slowly stretched out a finger.

Brea smiled and raised her eyebrows. "One million dollars?"

He shook his head but didn't say anything.

"Ten million dollars?" she asked again.

This time, her tone of voice was a little unpleasant.

Brea didn't care about the money. But she didn't expect that Wayne would really take the opportunity to extort money from her.

He still shook his head.

She was really confused now. She couldn't help saying tentatively, "You won't ask for one hundred million dollars, right? No, you can't do that."

Wayne suddenly snorted, stretched out his hand, and pinched her cheek. Then he said dotingly and helplessly, "Why do you always think of money? I am the dignified prince of Evans Group. Do I look like someone who is short of money?"

He looked into her eyes and said word by word, "I don't want your money."

Brea was rendered speechless. She could only roll her eyes at Wayne.

"If you don't want money, what do you want then?"

As soon as she asked, he suddenly pressed her against the wall.

Then he said, "What I want is..."

Wayne's voice deliberately trailed off. And while Brea was distracted, he bent down and kissed her lips lightly.

Brea was shocked when she felt his warm lips. When she realized that he had kissed her, he had already pulled away quickly.

Wayne smiled broadly, and his eyes were shining brightly. He continued his unfinished sentence. "A kiss."

Brea's eyes widened. She couldn't help reaching out and touching her lips.

She was in a daze for a while. Then she rubbed her lips hard, glared at Wayne, and said, "You attacked me sneakily. You are despicable and shameless."

On the surface, she was blaming him. But deep inside, her heart almost jumped out of her chest.

Brea even wondered why Wayne stopped after just a quick kiss.

Every time they kissed, it was only very short. Before she could even feel the touch and temperature of his lips, they already parted.

Wayne didn't notice her emotions at all. He just teased her, "I was a shameless person the first day you met me, right? Now that I have gotten my benefits, I'll start preparing for the press conference."

Brea's hand was still on her lips. She gently caressed them as if she didn't want to stop touching every place that Wayne had touched.

But she didn't want him to see through her true feelings, so she deliberately put on a disgusted look and pretended to rub away the traces he had left. Then she said coldly, "Why did you kiss me without my consent?"

Wayne tilted his head and looked at her like a ruffian. "If I had asked for your permission, would you have agreed?"

Brea was stunned by his words. She thought for a while and said awkwardly, "Actually, if you had begged me sincerely, I would have considered agreeing. After all, you are good-looking. It won't be a big loss if you kiss me."

Wayne leaned over with an amused smile. "Beg you? Forget it. I prefer doing it sneakily to begging you. You looked very surprised after I stole a kiss from you. And you don't know how beautiful you looked at that moment. It makes me want to kiss you again."

