

Chapter 277 Staying In The Same Room

Brea cried out when her phone hit her face. Wayne quickly leaned over and asked concernedly, "Are you all right? Does it hurt?"

He was so worried that he reached out and touched her face. He checked it carefully, making sure that she was not injured. Then he breathed a sigh of relief. "Fortunately, you're not hurt. It will be a pity if your face gets injured."

The concern in his words stirred up Brea's heart. Her face flushed. And when she looked at his deep eyes, it took her a long time to react. "You... You touched my face without washing your hands."

Wayne was stunned for a moment. Then when he realized why she said so, he said with a smile, "It doesn't matter. Anyway, it's your foot I touched, not someone else's."

He turned around and held her ankle again, his fingertips stroking every inch of the skin on the back of her foot.

Brea felt strange again. She suddenly hoped that Wayne's hands could touch her a little longer. Every time he touched her gently, she was overwhelmed with emotions. And she couldn't control herself.

But unfortunately, he let go of her foot soon.

"The swelling has subsided. It should recover soon," Wayne murmured.

Brea was immersed in the romantic atmosphere when she was suddenly interrupted. She retracted her foot, bit her lower lip, and said, "Hasn't your mother ever told you that women's feet can't be touched casually?"

Wayne looked at her, smiled helplessly, and said, "You should be thankful that I don't mind your stinky foot. How can you still say something like that?"

Brea was immediately annoyed by his words. "Whose foot is stinky, huh?"

She kicked him on the shoulder lightly, pretending to be angry. Wayne was fine, but she almost sprained her ankle again.

"Ahhh! It hurts!"

Brea cried out in pain, which made Wayne frown. He pinched her foot and rubbed it, hoping to ease her pain. His movements were so natural. It was as if he was used to doing this kind of thing.

"Can you stop making a fuss just at this moment? The reporters are still outside. Do you want them to know you are here?" As he spoke, Wayne looked at her helplessly. But there was a bit of doting in his tone.

Brea calmed down and let him massage her ankle to relieve her pain. But she still glared at him.

His handsome face was so close to her that she couldn't help staring at him and scrutinizing his face carefully. Suddenly, she remembered the slogan of the jewelry she was endorsing, "The elaborate and unparalleled beauty."

She thought that they were the exact words that best described Wayne.

At this moment, Brea felt like Wayne's hand was not massaging her ankle but touching her heart.

And she couldn't help falling for him.

When she felt that she was about to lose control of her emotions, she quickly withdrew her foot and said, "It doesn't hurt anymore."

Then she lay back on the sofa and watched videos on her phone, not daring to look at him.

Wayne stood up and said, "Then I'll go to the bathroom first."

Brea didn't say anything. But when he turned around, she secretly looked at his receding back.

Actually, her mind was not on her phone at all. She just played the videos to distract her attention because she feared losing control of her emotions.

Her mind was full of the scene when Wayne massaged her ankle just now. She really hoped that such a warm scene could continue forever.

Brea was so startled by her absurd thoughts that she quickly turned her attention back to the videos. But after watching a few, she felt bored. So she threw her phone aside and picked up the remote control on the coffee table, intending to watch TV.

When she turned on the TV, the drama series where Keira played the second female lead was showing. She was so upset to see Keira's disgusting face that she immediately turned it off.

At this moment, Wayne had finished washing his hands and walked out of the bathroom. When she saw him, she asked coldly, "What kinds of TV programs do you watch?"

He was confused by her question, so he said, "I don't like watching TV at all. Why? What's the matter?"

Brea's pretty face flushed with anger. "As soon as I turned the TV on, I saw Keira's TV series. It really pisses me off!"

Wayne was amused by her words. He walked up to her and looked at her face. "Are you jealous again? Do you know that you look so cute when you're acting like this?"

Brea was exasperated at once. "What are you talking about? I just can't stand seeing Keira's face. That's all."

Wayne patted her shoulder and said to comfort her, "Don't be angry, okay? It's not good for your health."

Brea enjoyed his comfort very much. But of course, she couldn't show it. So she still snorted coldly with a straight face and ignored him.

But when her stomach suddenly growled, she felt very embarrassed.

It was only then that she remembered that she hadn't eaten breakfast yet. But there were so many reporters outside. How could she go out to eat? She sighed and reached out to touch her belly.

Wayne noticed her predicament, so he approached her and asked, "Are you hungry?"

