

Chapter 278 Wayne Personally Cooked For Her

Brea heaved a sigh and cast a downcast glance toward the door. "Even though I'm hungry, I can't do anything about it. Reporters are gathered outside. I don't dare to go out to eat, and it's not convenient for me to order takeout."

Wayne tapped her on the head gently and said, "Really, you are an idiot. You should have told me sooner that you are hungry. I can cook. This is a presidential suite, and it comes with its own kitchen. Yesterday, by chance, I made a grocery run. Count your blessings, for you're in luck."

As a result, Brea felt a little shocked. "Your family is very wealthy. I don't see how you could ever cook. All of the young guys I know who are wealthy are beneficiaries of the toil of others. They have a large number of servants on staff. They can't even take care of themselves, much alone cook meals, without their servants."

Wayne beamed a smug grin and merrily stated, "Clearly, you misjudged my abilities. I'll demonstrate my culinary prowess today."

Brea looked forward to it, not because she was curious about his cooking talents, but because he cooked for her personally.

Wayne, clad in a disposable apron, walked into the kitchen to start preparing food.

Following him, Brea leaned against the kitchen door frame. She watched him deftly retrieving ingredients from the fridge and then meticulously cleaning and chopping veggies.

Brea teased, "Holy cow, you've got some serious talent. What I really want to feel is how the meal tastes."

Wayne grinned at her, his expression casual, and continued, "Practice some patience. You'll think this is the best cuisine you've ever had."

"Oh! Really?" Brea's lips were pursed.

Wayne, though, paid her no attention and continued to cook meticulously.

Brea found a sense of calm contentment as she stared at his active back. She thought, for some reason, that she and he were leading a rather mundane existence.

She shook her head and told herself not to overanalyze things.

Why would Wayne even like her? And a woman like her was not someone the Evans family would be willing to welcome into their fold. As the Evans family was among the wealthiest, there was a distinct divide between them and the Duffy family. She also belonged to the entertainment community, and there was a lot of gossip about her. Surely she was not held in great regard by the Evans family.

For some reason, Brea didn't snap out of it until Wayne had completed preparing the meal and brought her a plate.

"You're done already?" she inquired, surprised.

Wayne lifted his chin to the kitchen while holding fried chicken breasts, spaghetti with black pepper, and beef. "A bowl of clam soup is also there. Go fetch it."

Brea rushed to the kitchen, took the soup, and placed it on the table.

Brea gulped down her saliva as she saw the delectable spread before her.

Wayne put the dishes in place, then offered her a seat, saying, "Let's eat."

He picked up food for Brea when she sat down, like a nice husband who cared for his wife. He also poured her a bowl of soup.

After thanking him, Brea scooped up the clam soup and took a sip.

"Well, do you love it?" Wayne inquired in anticipation.

Brea's surprise was palpable. She hesitated for a while, then lifted her head and said, "It tastes so nice."

She didn't anticipate Wayne's soup to be as good as or better than that of a five-star restaurant. It was quite something to her.

She downed the whole soup bowl in one swallow and then gave Wayne the bowl. "I'll take another bowl."

Wayne poured her another bowl of soup and advised her affectionately, "Hey, take it easy. Be cautious not to burn yourself."

Brea agreed and slurped her soup.

She eventually got enough of the soup and turned her attention to spaghetti.

Instead of eating, Wayne observed her eating in silence. When he saw that she was enjoying her food, a strange grin creased the corners of his lips.

Observing that Brea only had noodles and no meat, he placed a piece of chicken breast onto a fork and presented it to her.

"Low-fat chicken breast. Weight growth is impossible after consuming it.

Get that mouth open and have some." Wayne gave her a caring glance.

