

Chapter 281 Brea's Life

Brea, who was in Wayne's arms, continued to whine about how terrible her time as a celebrity had been.

"All males in the entertainment industry, no matter what their status, are reprehensible. The only reason they're always around is to take advantage of me. When I go to social gatherings like cocktail parties or birthday parties, the guys there are like wild animals; they have no shame in laying hands on me, no matter who else is there.

You have no idea how many scatological phrases I get exposed to during the parties. And if I don't drink with them, they won't speak about the projects with me. One day, they locked me in the center of them and threatened to do it to me before I got drunk. I got to my feet and smacked them all across the faces. The crew were instructed to swap me out for another celebrity the next day. Also, I lost several endorsements. They even went so far as to publish a report claiming that I was a snob who rose to power by sleeping with relevant people.

Despite the fact that I'm not well-known, I'm always accompanied by a bunch of perverted surrogate photographers. Either my breast or my hemline gets in the camera's focus. My mom always warns me that the entertainment industry is not an easy path to walk. Wouldn't it be better if I could work for our own business as a director, she asks?

No one has to be taught how to live an easy life. I've been living a rich life ever since I was a kid. Not that I haven't experienced what it's like to have a carefree and joyful existence. But as for me, all I want is to act. Every individual needs at least one thing to strive towards, right? For financial reasons, some individuals have no choice but to settle for professions they despise, rather than follow their passions. However, I don't have to worry about meeting my basic needs. I just need to make sure that I don't ever regret having been born into this world."

Brea was confused as to why she was so chatty with Wayne. She felt terrible about sharing the details of her ordeal with others. With him, though, the words came out of her lips automatically.

"Is it true that I'm obnoxious, Wayne? I simply want to be an unadulterated female celebrity. Can't I? Do all people make it a requirement that you sleep with them to become famous?"

Wayne stared at her blankly, feeling an overwhelming emptiness within. He soothed her with a strong embrace as he wiped away her tears, "No, they are completely wrong. Simply insist on being really you. Ignore other people's opinions.

Those who aren't your admirers are heartless fools who are blind to your greatness. I'm taking on the role of your personal bodyguard immediately. I will single-handedly destroy all of the scums who get the balls to touch you, discreetly photograph the underneath of your dress, or reprimand you on the internet. How about that? "

Wayne stated that in a solemn voice. Through her sobs, Brea smiled. "You come from a privileged background. It's impossible for you to serve as my personal bodyguard. To put it bluntly, I don't have the money to employ you."

Wayne cracked a happy grin. "In that case, consider me your guardian."

An emotional response occurred in Brea. She glanced at him with skepticism, remembering how he had treated her previously. She remarked, "Do you not see that you are someone else at the moment? Are you suddenly not as hateful of me as you were before? For what reason are you now being so kind to me?"

"That is due to the fact that I did not know you very well then." Wayne mirrored her gaze with a softness that was clearly intended for her. "Right now I feel like I know you quite well. I don't believe you're as terrible as others say you are. On the other hand, you are really excellent; in fact, you are better than many other females."

Brea was so affected by his remarks that she rubbed against his chest several times. After a few moments, she dried her eyes, and returned to her meal.

"I really appreciate the consolation. This is something I've never shared with anybody before. It felt much better saying things openly just now."

For a moment, Wayne was silent. He wanted her to know that what he said was not intended as a consolation, but rather a sincere statement of fact.

But after giving it some thought, he decided not to say it.

Many things had irritated Brea already. He didn't want to imagine her mind racing because of it too.

Brea started devouring the meal again and added with a grin, "I want to transform pain into appetite." She was unaware of what was going through Wayne's head at the time.

Likewise, Wayne repressed his feelings and smiled. "Are you forgetting about watching your diet?"

In between bites, Brea said, "After this meal, I'm going to get back on my diet. I'm going to forget for the day that I'm an actress and just do things casually."

After giving a nod, Wayne questioned, "Is this enough for you? Is there anything else you'd want to eat? I'm going to be the one to prepare it."

With a palm on her chin, Brea responded, "Yes, please, cake. Almost two years have passed since I last ate it. I have nearly forgotten how good it tastes."

"Okay." After placing a hand on her head, Wayne assured her, "I'll make it right away."

Once he finished talking, Wayne got up and walked into the kitchen to use flour and an oven to bake a cake for her.

Brea, while looking up from her plate of spaghetti, caught a glimpse of Wayne hard at work in the kitchen.

They were together, and she had the immediate impression that it wasn't bad.

Suddenly, she appeared to grasp the concept of typical joy.

