

## Chapter 282 Staying With Brea

Wayne was an accomplished baker in addition to his other culinary skills. In a hurry, he baked a cupcake and took it to Brea.

"Hey, here we go..."

When Wayne entered the dining room, he discovered Brea fast asleep on the table, having already devoured everything.

A helpless sigh escaped his lips as he reluctantly refrigerated the freshly prepared cake. Then he tenderly carried the sleeping Brea to the bedroom.

He carefully laid her on the bed and covered her with the blanket. He remained motionless beside the bed, staring at her. He smoothed her wild hair back and touched her cheeks softly.

Because he did not want to wake Brea up, he was extremely gentle.

"Get some rest. As soon as you wake up, every trouble will be gone. The end of harm at the hands of others has come. I promise that I will guard you," Wayne said in a low voice. These were very heartfelt expressions of emotion. With his best efforts, he would remove any barriers that stood in her way.

For some moments, he looked straight at Brea. When he saw that she was sound asleep, he got up to go, but she grabbed his hand.

He just caught her muttering, "Don't leave," as he cast a suspicious glance her way. She grimaced, clearly distressed.

Wayne assumed she was awake. Thus, he quickly said, "I have no intention of leaving. As long as you want me here, I will be here."

He turned around and saw that she had not opened her eyes. She had been talking in her sleep, it turned out.

It broke Wayne's heart to think that she wasn't even getting a good sleep.

Sighing, he sat down on the side of the bed and looked pitifully at her.

Brea was holding his hand and said abruptly, "I am not the other woman. I did nothing improper. Why do you have to smear my name?"

Wayne couldn't help but feel bad for her when he saw that these things haunted her to her dreams.

Even though he knew she was dreaming and couldn't hear him, he still calmly answered, "I know, Brea, you are not the other woman. You're the greatest. I have always liked you, Brea, and always will."

It seemed as if Brea had heard his remarks because she suddenly smiled in a way that was reminiscent of a toddler and then went back to sleep.

Wayne was glad to see that she had fallen asleep again and was going to get up, but she still held on to his hand. He was confined at the side of the bed.

He figured that since he had nothing better to do, he might just stay here with her.

To pass the time, he pulled out his phone, but Brea was having trouble sleeping well. She not only twisted her body but also said a few words here and there, sometimes mentioning Wayne by name.

Wayne tossed the phone aside and reached out to stroke her face, a grin playing at the edges of his lips.

He just couldn't keep it together, that was all! His pulse pounded faster with each inch of her smooth skin that he caressed. But then, like a kid who had just done something bad and was scared of being caught, he withdrew his hand.

He concluded that he must be insane. He was powerless against Brea's attractiveness.

He was pondering the issue when his phone rang.

He didn't want to wake Brea up, so he pressed the phone's mute button fast.

Dilan had sent a message.

"Mr. Evans, it seems like there are more journalists hanging around the hotel. The hotel's security staff have been unable to remove them. I have driven away a bunch of reporters with some of our guys, but there are still a lot of reporters coming forward. I'm sorry, but you and Miss Duffy can't go out just yet."

Wayne made the decision after taking a look at the sleeping Brea that he would never again allow these individuals to even slightly hurt Brea.

With a pout, he texted back.

"Take care of them before sending me another message. Get moving!"

