

Chapter 322 Feeling Her Up Openly

Brea didn't anticipate Wayne to kiss her in such an overt and passionate manner.

She felt dizzy as his lips lingered on hers for a while. She slumped into his arms and subconsciously moaned with pleasure.

Her entire body seemed unusually numb and squishy. This kiss resembled a conflict between opposing armies. She was eventually defeated and subjugated by Wayne's plan.

She could not resist drawing circles with her fingertips on Wayne's chest, lost.

Wayne, however, seized the chance to grab her hand and smiled while teasing her, "Are you touching me in this way in an effort to make me want you? Do you wish to sleep with me? I can make you feel good if you'd want for the sake of your lovely face."

Brea shoved his face away in both embarrassment and outrage, saying, "You disgusting, vulgar man! You are feeling me up!"

Wayne moved back on top of her, grasped her waist, and remarked in a casual tone, "I bet you're having a good time, aren't you?"

He touched her body with his fingertips after saying that.

Brea felt her body become supple once again, and she was consumed by the yearning that he had stirred.

She had acted in several love scenes with very attractive guys in the entertainment industry, but she had never experienced anything like this before. In fact, she questioned if anybody but Wayne could really satisfy her.

Just as she was anticipating the next step, Wayne abruptly stopped, lifted her chin, and gazed into her lust-filled eyes. "Your body speaks the truth far more than your lips, my lady."

Brea's mind was quickly dragged back to the present by his remarks. She pushed him away and quickly changed the subject. "You... What's wrong with you? Weren't you taking care of me? How did you end up in the bed?"

Sincerity infused Wayne's explanation. "A while back, I baked you a cake. Unfortunately, I discovered that you had fallen asleep when everything was done, so I ended up having to carry you to bed. However, you gripped me strongly and didn't let go. I was trapped with no other option but to remain with you. I was so tired and eventually slept off."

Brea was rather dissatisfied after hearing his detailed explanation. She had assumed he did that on his own initiative, but he was really only doing it because he had no other option. Her lovely face became icy. "Did you secretly feel me up?" she snorted.

Laughing, Wayne said, "Should I go about it in secret? I'm comfortable doing it openly. You want it and enjoy it anyhow, don't you?"

While frowning, Brea quickly put her hand over his lips. She added, "If you utter rubbish again, I'll chop off your tongue!" in a nervous and embarrassed tone.

"Then I guess you'll just have to go ahead. You'll be the one who is suffering anyway."

Brea questioned incredulously, "What do you mean I'll be the one who is suffering?"

Wayne reached for her hand and licked it absently.

"How can we kiss, my dear, if you sever my tongue? You risk losing your joy if we can't kiss. Tell me, who'll be suffering?"

Brea was first taken aback by this, but she quickly recovered. She became red in the face from embarrassment and said, "Wayne, you're some dirty creation!"

Wayne found her more endearing when she was upset and quiet.

His arms naturally went around her, and he kissed her passionately once again.

"True, what you say. I am a dirty person, but just in front of you."

He reached out and put his hand on her slim waist, stroking it softly. His breath was seductively warm. "Should I be liable for you because we have shared a bed and accidentally kissed?"

