

Chapter 325 Wayne Was Actually A Virgin

Brea's response was really slow. She sent Wayne a questioning glance and asked, "Do you know what you're talking about?"

"You can bet that," Wayne said.

He leaned down and kissed her ear before repeating himself.

Brea felt the heat on her face. She gave him a sour look and a pouty reply. "Who can say such a thing without feeling a little bit of embarrassment? Is there no shyness in you?"

"No, I'm no girl. So why should I feel shy?" Smiling, Wayne said, "Anyhow, one day you'll be my girlfriend. It's just a matter of time until we engage in sexual activity."

As a result, Brea had feelings of both timidity and anger. She argued in a hasty manner, "I have just said that I would consider being your girlfriend. However, I am not obligated to become your girlfriend. What kind of rubbish are you spouting?"

Smiling and snorting, Wayne said, "Do you really think I don't know you well enough already? Aren't you just trying to play hard to get? If you don't want to be my girlfriend, where can you find a kissing expert with a lot of money like I am?"

No words could come out of Brea's mouth. What he stated seemed quite sensible to her.

But she would never tell him that she shared his opinion.

"You are the most narcissistic guy I've ever seen," she complained.

Wayne, not to be outdone, grinned and said, "I'd say the same about you. We'd get along well since you share my narcissistic tendencies."

While rolling her eyes, Brea remarked, "Why do you suddenly want to be my lover after a sleep?"

Wayne flirted with her. "You are entirely to blame. I was sound asleep when you kissed me. You are really beautiful. I don't know how I can bear it when you kiss me first. I couldn't help but give you a kiss in return. What more can I do but assume responsibility for you?"

Hearing his remarks, Brea was uncertain of her emotions. They exchanged glares, and she said, "Have you ever been unable to control yourself from kissing a woman who wasn't your girlfriend before? Have you ever slept with a lady because you lost control? Have you ever desired to be accountable for other women?"

Her barrage of questions came at him like a hail of bullets. Wayne put up his hands in surrender and said, "Come on, what sort of guy do you think I am? I am not that kind of dissolute dude."

He rested his hands on Brea's shoulders. "I've told you before, my lady; I've only lost control of myself in front of you. Regarding the other women, I don't want to take a look at them."

Brea's expression brightened somewhat when she heard that. However, she was unable to emotionally let go of the assumption. She continued to ask, "Have you slept with another person? You are above twenty years of age. Have you ever slept with a woman?"

In reality, she had the answer to the question. There was no way a guy could still be a virgin at that age.

But she insisted on knowing, even if knowing the answer would infuriate her.

She cast her eyes on Wayne, not wanting to miss a reaction on his face.

Wayne did not respond right away because he was too humiliated to disclose that he was a virgin.

After all, he wasn't aware of any other attractive, wealthy young guy in his twenties who was also a virgin. Fearing Brea would dismiss him as a prude, he deliberated for a long time before responding frivolously, "Take a go at that."

"What?" There was no response, and Brea got the impression from his tone that he was making a fool of her. She balled her fists in frustration and hurled them at him.

"How should I guess that? Please, just tell me the truth." Brea's patience had run out.

"Let us have a civil chat. Don't hit me!" Wayne raced as quickly as he could, intentionally provoking her to chase him across the whole room.

