

Chapter 327 My Prospective Girlfriend

Brea believed something significant had occurred, so she swiftly recovered from her musings and said eagerly, "What went wrong? Did I miss something?"

However, Wayne grinned and gently pinched the tip of her nose while saying, "Do you ever stop worrying?"

He pointed at the door and said, "Actually, it is not a major issue. Dilan informed me through text that the news crew hasn't yet departed. He's tried a lot of different strategies to get rid of them. However, this group of reporters are unmanageable. When you successfully drive away one bunch, another will soon arrive. It's possible that we won't be able to check out of the hotel until tomorrow, which means that we'll have to spend the night here."

When Brea heard the news, her first emotion was neither worry nor rage. She was completely focused on a single concern.

After a while, she glanced up at Wayne, blushing. "So, I'm limited to sleeping in your room?" Brea questioned in a quiet voice.

Wayne, though, failed to pick up on the peculiarity of her reaction. He merely nodded and added, "Don't fret. I won't use the opportunity to try and feel you up. It's a presidential suite, after all. There are several bedrooms for you to choose from. Let's just settle with it for the night. I'll take you out to face those reporters first thing in the morning if they don't leave after the night. Put it out there that I share a room with you. Then they'll know for sure that you're my genuine girlfriend. In addition, we may then warn them about spreading rumors."

With each word he said, his enthusiasm grew. "We can skip the press conference and just go out with it: you're my girlfriend. In any case, there are a lot of reporters here. They blocked us for a whole day; we might as well exploit them for publicity purposes."

There was humor in him for Brea. She said after she jabbed his sturdy chest twice with one finger, "You're fantastic at executing subtle manipulations like this. If you're so smart, why aren't you using it to make some more money? Perhaps the Evans family would now be the most influential in all of Hosworth, surpassing even the Shaws, if you had utilized it correctly. You won't have to accept being second-best to them forever."

Wayne sneered haughtily and said, "You've never done any work for me before. Who are you to assume that I lack commercial acumen? You made it sound as if you've seen it firsthand."

"I haven't seen it myself, but I've heard firsthand accounts about it." Brea lifted her chin and continued, "An investor got a little tipsy at a cocktail party previously and stated that the president of the Evans Group, essentially your father, was quite displeased with you."

Wayne seemed anxious after hearing her remarks. Like a young man anxious to demonstrate his competence, he explained, "You got that all wrong. My father is displeased with me, not because I am not successful in business, but because I am not in a committed relationship.

I am the finest among the younger generation of the Evans family. I've generated more revenue for the company in one quarter than my cousins had in three years."

With a determined expression, he said, "Whether you believe it or not, as long as I bring a girlfriend home, my father will be really pleased with me."

Brea experienced a sudden shift in emotion. She inquired on purpose, "Haven't you been in a relationship before? Why didn't you take your girlfriend home with you to make your father pleased? Even if you take your girlfriend to meet your dad, you don't have to tie the knot with her. Isn't it annoying to be harried about it constantly?"

"You don't get it..." Wayne intentionally sighed, "I won't just bring a female to meet my family. My girlfriend and I did not start off expecting to spend the remainder of our lives together. How could I take her to my dad?"

Frankly, I knew she was only with me because of the money. I don't imply that she was evil. However, since she didn't love me, I couldn't give her my undivided affection. Her dream of marrying into a wealthy family would be dashed if I took her home and then left her. After all, she hoped to one day marry a wealthy guy."

Brea was still having trouble grasping what he was saying. "I don't get it."

"How many organizations, for instance, would dare to recruit former Evans Group workers who were fired? Dating is a whole other ballgame. Things will change after I introduce my girlfriend to my folks. If I took the girl home on a whim and then split up with her, people would speculate why she could not marry into the Evans family. They would wonder if it would be rude to the Evans family if some other man proposed to her. Wouldn't this crush her hopes of marriage to a wealthy man?"

At last, Brea grasped his meaning. With a wry grin, she poked fun at him, saying, "You are pretty nice to ladies."

Wayne stroked her head and said, "Miss, you have never been impoverished. You have no idea how it feels to risk everything for a monetary reward. In fact, the woman I dated in the past comes from a poor family."

Brea rolled her eyes and said, "You make it seem as if you've been impoverished in the past."

"I've never been impoverished, but I'm generous!" Wayne approached her, snickered, and breathed in her ear. "We've had a lot of in-depth conversations. Time to be serious now. How about I take my prospective girlfriend home tomorrow?"

