

Chapter 329 Prize

Wayne said with a grin, "You smelled them, didn't you?"

"What?" Brea was confused. "Smell what?"

Wayne grinned and softly touched her forehead. "I have several bottles of red wine in my room. I asked someone to put them there before. Those bottles of La Romanee-Conti are the finest around. Why the sudden thirst if you didn't smell them?"

Brea flushed as she placed the cake on the table. "What is wrong? You offered to give me a gold mine, yet you seem hesitant to share the wine with me!"

"I see no reason why I shouldn't share it with you. Just now I realized that I normally drink the wine by myself. Drinking it today must be much better since you're here with me," Wayne said with expectation.

Brea's cheeks flushed even more at the thought of the idyllic setting in which they were sharing a bottle of wine together. Then, she said, "Quick, get the wine!"

On the contrary, Wayne was in no rush. Rather, he reached out without warning and pressed Brea against the couch. He said with a snicker, "Why don't you give me something for my efforts first? After baking you a cake, I'm about to take out my finest wine to share with you. A prize is in order, wouldn't you agree with me?"

The words he spoke made sense to Brea. However, she just couldn't swallow her pride yet! She could only cling to his neck and leave a short peck on his cheek. "Do you think that is a fair reward?"

How could Wayne possibly sit well with not receiving the "reward" he had hoped for? With a grin on his face, he embraced her and added, "To put it simply, it is not enough. I'll have to take it myself."

He leaned in to give her a passionate kiss.

Brea, though, shied away from him and her face reddened. "Are we still drinking? You already kissed me several times. Your kiss has made my lips puffy!"

Wayne encircled her again, this time pinching her waist affectionately as he flirted, "Your lips taste so good. I'm addicted to them."

Brea had heard such flirtatious words from him before, yet it still made her feel hot all over. She pushed him away, this time more firmly, and urgently urged, "Go and bring the wine!"

Wayne grabbed her cheek and said, "Next time, you won't get off so easily!"

A provocative smile crossed his face, and he didn't turn to retrieve the wine from the cabinet until she bent her head timidly.

Brea waited for Wayne to get out the red wine, wine decanter, and wine glasses.

He then filled the wine decanter with red wine, examined the cake, and stated, "Having merely cake is not enough. Also, aerating the wine is essential for maximizing its flavor. Now, I shall prepare some tasty food for you."

"I can't remember the last time I had a midnight meal. I must be fortunate tonight," said Brea with a smile.

Wayne was unable to resist teasing. "If you marry me, who knows? You may have a midnight meal every single night. If I fail to get you to put on ten more pounds, it shall be my responsibility."

"I won't! In the event that I gain weight, you will have a valid reason to look for another lover. No way am I so dimwitted!" Brea huffed.

Wayne leaned forward to whisper in her ear, "Don't stress about it. Many members of the Evans Group are playboys, but neither my grandpa nor my father has cheated on their spouses after they tied the knot. The ladies that hurled themselves at them were not wanted. Both my grandpa and my father are devoted to their spouses. I was blessed with the best of their DNA. So cheating won't be an issue if we get married."

When he finished, he headed toward the kitchen.

Brea wanted to laugh at him once more, but he was already in the kitchen. At this time, she was unable to decipher her emotions. In her opinion, the scene was simply stunning, to the point that she wished time would stand still for all eternity.

Clicking noises could be heard coming from the kitchen. When she turned back, she saw Wayne hard at work in an apron. She pulled out her phone and snapped a few shots, including one of the cake and red wine. She wanted to remember the night.

A notification appeared on the screen just as she was about to record her thoughts in the memo.

She completely missed the message. All she could see was the sender.

It was a message from Keira, with whom she had held deep-seated bad blood ever since they were children.

At the moment, she had no idea why this woman messaged her.

