

Chapter 335 A Romantic Meal

Brea gulped the wine from the glass with a flushed face.

When Wayne looked at her, he thought she was even more beautiful than before. The intrigue got the better of him, and he finally had to inquire, "Brea, how does the wine taste?"

Brea raved about it, and she used almost all the kind phrases she had ever known.

"I've had my fair share of pricey red wines, but never have I tasted anything like this. The flavor is light and subtle, while also a little complex. There is a scent of baked vanilla and a trace of rose aroma. But the whole flavor is harmonious, which is an achievement not many wines achieve."

She stopped talking, and her already flushed cheeks became much more so. "However, the wine doesn't make you less annoying."

There was amusement on Wayne's face. "What prompted you to make such a comment? Obviously, I'm a lovable man. You still drink with me even though you think I'm annoying? I think you are actually pleased when you drink wine with me."

He set the wine glass down and cradled Brea in his arms. "Anyhow, we're getting married eventually. I'll give you enough time to drink with me and know me better. What do you think?"

Brea, her expression a mix of embarrassment and rage, gave him a firm stamp and said, "Will you please wake up? You're dreaming! How can you even consider getting married right now? I have not officially declared myself to be your girlfriend just yet."

And yet, her pulse raced even as she objected. She had already planned out the wedding ceremony in her head, complete with Wayne.

However, she swiftly dismissed the thought.

Because she was fully aware that their social circles did not overlap. It was challenging to have a positive outcome even though they fell in love easily.

How could such a large family as the Evanses allow her to marry Wayne? The two families came from quite different backgrounds. In addition, she was a female celebrity who was often mired in unfavorable press. The Evans Group's standing could suffer if Wayne tied the knot with her.

Unless Wayne was, like Tyson, an unimportant illegitimate offspring. Nonetheless, he was the rightful successor to the Evans Group. His bride had to be carefully chosen from among the wealthy women.

Brea pondered for some while before lowering her head.

When Brea stomped on Wayne's foot, he didn't lose his cool. He continued to look at her with a grin. He assumed she was bashful because of the way she lowered her head. He kissed her on the cheek and hugged her close. "It's adorable how bashful you are."

Brea shot him a look and scoffed, "What makes you think I am bashful? Please stop talking nonsense. Or else I'll rip your lips apart eventually!"

Wayne recognized this to be Brea's precise personality. He was not upset with her, but rather pleased. He knew Brea cared for him too, but she was simply denying it.

"Your tongue is quite sharp. However, now that tasty food is available, you should make some other use of your tongue." He forked a piece of cake and fed it to Brea.

For a second, Brea deliberated, and then she swallowed it.

They kept drinking and talking. Wayne sometimes gave her cake and fried fish, and whenever the latter was given to her, he took great care to remove the fish bones.

Brea was unable to resist Wayne's adoration.

Right now, she was completely focused on the guy in front of her.

They were both feeling really upbeat and happy. Brea felt lightheaded after consuming several glasses of wine.

She seldom attended drinking parties due to her poor drinking skills.

On the other hand, Wayne was the best alcoholic in his close circle of friends. But for some reason, after a couple of glasses of wine today, he felt a bit tipsy.

Brea's illogical discourse gave him the impression that she, too, was imbibed.

"Wayne, you jerk! I have been quite fortunate recently. Why did you appear out of nowhere and disturb my life?"

Then, after reprimanding Wayne, she embraced and kissed him many times. "Exactly why are you being so kind to me? In the future, how can I possibly do without you? Do you intend to seduce me and then hurt me because you detest me? To make me feel down, I assume you want me to get used to your generosity before suddenly withdrawing it."

