

Chapter 365 Baby, Let's Do It Again

Brea wanted to say that what happened last night was a mistake. But before she could finish her words, Wayne spoke first. "I had a great time last night. I didn't expect you to be so thirsty for sex that you couldn't get enough of me. You were so horny."

After saying this, Wayne smiled mischievously. Brea got so angry that she screamed, punched him hard on the shoulder, and scolded, "Bastard! You're such a jerk! A shameless jerk! You are so shameless!"

"Okay, I'm a jerk. I'm a bastard."

Wayne smiled and pressed her under his body. His slender fingers slid into her hair and he teased her, "Baby, what are you doing? Why are you being so reserved now? But last night, you screamed so loudly under me. You even begged me to fuck you harder and deeper."

Brea hurriedly covered her ears, her face flushed with embarrassment. "Shut up! Don't talk nonsense! I don't want to hear anything you say."

Wayne grabbed her hand and put it on his chest. Then he tilted his head and looked into her eyes. "I'm not talking nonsense because I'm telling the truth. If you don't believe me, I'll help you recall it."

Brea was so helpless that she felt like crying, but no tears. She kept pushing him away from her. "Why am I so unlucky? Why did I sleep with someone like you?"

"You consider yourself unlucky?" The corners of Wayne's mouth twitched. He propped himself up on his hands, stared at her with deep eyes, and asked, "Why do you think you're unlucky? Was my performance last night not enough to make you happy? Did I let you down?"

Brea was rendered speechless. She could only glare at him, at a loss for a long time.

When Wayne saw her like this, his lower abdomen suddenly tightened. He lowered his body, kissed her lips, and snickered, "It seems that you really forgot what happened last night. How about I help you recall the details?"

Before Brea could react, he lowered his head and kissed her.

Brea had just woken up, and she looked very cute and innocent. She was totally different from the Brea in the outside world.

But anyway, no matter how she looked, the fact remained that he couldn't control himself in front of her.

Even after he had sex with Brea last night, Wayne's penis remained uncomfortably hard when he saw her delicate appearance.

He even wished to stay inside her for the rest of his life and never come out again.

Before Brea could recover from the daze, she was kissed by Wayne again. They were so close that she felt like she was filled with lust.

Although she wanted to push him away, the wetness in her vagina shamefully reminded her that she felt thirsty and eager to have sex.

She couldn't help recalling the crazy things she did last night. And when she thought of how Wayne's penis moved freely inside her, she couldn't help trembling and felt a warm liquid flow out from her vagina.

Was she already addicted to sex?

Otherwise, why did she lose control of herself by just experiencing that feeling once?

While those scenes flashed in Brea's mind, she suddenly felt something poking her mouth. It turned out it was Wayne's tongue.

He held her face and kissed her seriously. His tongue moved flexibly in her mouth, and his burning breath sprayed in front of her, making the blood all over her body boil.

Brea was almost aroused by this kind of stimulation again. But she tried her best to use her remaining sanity to force herself back to reality.

Wayne let go of her lips and his mouth traveled towards her neck.

Brea took this opportunity to bite her lower lip hard to calm herself down. She then patted his handsome face and said, "Get out of here."

She finally pulled away. She gasped for air and moved to the side.

However, Wayne was unwilling to give up. He leaned over and hugged her. The two naked bodies clung to each other, rubbing each other. "Baby, let's do it again."

