

Chapter 366 They Did It Again

Brea's face turned crimson from embarrassment.

She never imagined Wayne was like this.

All the while, she thought he was a decent man.

Could it be that he was not really drunk last night? He deliberately used alcohol as an excuse to have sex with her.

Brea was at a loss for words for a long time. She could only struggle and wriggle in his arms. Then she snorted coldly, "You're daydreaming. You don't deserve me at all."

However, Wayne didn't seem affected at all. He just smiled wickedly and pinched her plump butt. "Didn't I already have you? I had you several times last night, remember?"

Brea was again speechless for a while. With a flushed face, she explained, "I was drunk and disorderly. I didn't even realize what was going on. Everything was just an accident. Totally unexpected! If I was sober, I wouldn't want to have sex with you."

But unfortunately, her explanation didn't convince Wayne. Instead, he raised his eyebrows and asked, "You really wouldn't want to?"

"I wouldn't want to!"

Wayne reached out and raised her chin. "If you didn't want to have sex with me, why did you beg me to fuck you last night? And why did you keep saying you were enjoying it? Why did you keep on telling me to fuck you harder?"

Brea hastily covered his mouth and snapped, "Can you shut your mouth up? You are so annoying!"

Wayne held her hand, raised it in front of his mouth, and kissed the back of her hand. "I know you are just shy. But you'll soon get used to it. After doing it a few more times, you won't be shy anymore. You will even become proficient."

Brea was so shy that she shrank her body into a ball and quickly hid in the quilt.

But as soon as she lifted the quilt to hide, what she saw was Wayne's naked body under it.

She saw his strong chest, the fine lines of his muscles, and something that made her blood rush.

The size was ridiculously large, and she couldn't help screaming in horror.

She immediately got out of the quilt and beat Wayne's chest. "You bastard! You're shameless!"

Wayne allowed her to hit him a few times before he reached out and pressed her hand on the pillow. Then he turned over and pressed on her. "Be gentle. Do you want to murder your husband?"

Brea's face became even redder. She said in an aggrieved tone, "You're not my husband. Don't flatter yourself."

Wayne smiled. "Not now, but in the future. Believe it or not."

"You're talking nonsense!" Brea looked away. "Can you put on your clothes first before you talk again?"

"I don't want to." Wayne pressed his body down and turned her face to him, making her wandering eyes look at him.

"I want to have sex with you first before getting dressed." This time, he sounded very serious. He wasn't joking at all.

Brea put her hand on his chest to stop him from pressing her down again.

"I don't want to. Stop, will you?" Of course, she was dying to have sex with him. But how could she admit it to him face to face?

Wayne didn't argue with Brea this time, which she found unusual. Instead, he reached his hand down and then raised it in front of her, which had become wet now. He said with a smile, "Honey, look. You're so wet down there. Are you sure you don't want to have sex?"

"I don't..." Brea's face was like a delicate rose, red and attractive.

"You don't what?" Wayne stretched out his hand under her again and gently thrust his fingertip into her vagina. Then he twitched his finger lightly.

Looking at the expression on her face, he smiled and said, "You are so wet and shaking. Don't you really want it?"

Brea felt powerless. And ecstasy began to slowly devour her reason.

She buried herself in his arms in shame and said in a trembling voice, "You are such a bastard..."

Wayne took his finger out and wiped the fluid on her nipple. Then he kissed her cheek and coaxed her patiently, "Honey, this is all your fault. You're so hot that you immediately turn me on. What will I do? I feel so uncomfortable now."

Brea was about to raise her head to refute when he lowered his head and kissed her.

