

Chapter 375 Are You Serious

Wayne's question made Brea totally forget her anger. He didn't make a fuss about him stealing a kiss from her anymore.

She began to seriously think about where to go to relax.

But unexpectedly, Dilan suddenly said, "Mr. Evans, you have a meeting with a client today."

Wayne glared at him at once. "You're talking too much."

Dilan realized that he might have ruined Wayne's plan, so he immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Evans. I shouldn't have said that."

But Brea had already heard what Dilan said. She looked at Wayne and said, "Send me back to my house. I'll go home and rest. You go meet that client and deal with business first. Don't worry about me. I'm fine."

Wayne held her hand. "But I want to take you out to relax."

Brea shook her head firmly. "I don't need you to accompany me. What you should do now is focus on your career. Don't let the other people in Evans Group look down upon you. You want to be my real boyfriend, right? I like men who have a successful career."

Her insistence left Wayne with no choice but to obey her.

He took a deep breath of regret and said, "Okay, I'll send you back first."

Wayne gave Dilan a complicated look, and the latter couldn't help but shudder. He immediately made a detour to delude the reporters. Brea told them where she lived, and Dilan drove to her residence.

"Your family live here?" Wayne asked, looking at the delicate villa in front of him. He was a little surprised when the car entered a villa district.

Although the house and lot in this area were very expensive, the Duffy family was big. How could they only live in a two-story villa?

Brea guessed what Wayne was thinking, so she explained, "This is a small villa I bought with my own money. It's close to Semshy Group, so it's convenient for me to stay here. Besides, our relationship hasn't reached the point where you can meet my parents."

Wayne curled his lips and got out of the car with her.

"Okay, I'm home. You can go meet your client now." Brea said goodbye to Wayne and was about to turn around to enter the villa.

However, it seemed that Wayne didn't have a plan to leave. Instead, he snickered and said, "Why don't you invite me in?"

Brea rolled her eyes at him. "No, I can't invite you in. You still have work to do, so you should leave now. Go ahead. Don't delay any longer."

But Wayne still refused to leave. Instead, he leaned closer to her and said, "Kiss me before I leave."

Brea was muddled. She knew that if she didn't kiss him, he wouldn't leave. But she was too embarrassed to kiss him, especially since Dilan was there.

When Wayne saw her embarrassed look, he pushed his intention even more. "If you don't kiss me, I won't leave. I'll stay here with you."

"Why are you so unreasonable? You're acting like a child," Brea said with a frown. But her heart felt inexplicably sweet.

"Men become unreasonable when they are in love," Wayne replied with a complacent look.

"But we are just pretending, right? Our relationship is fake. How can you say you are in love?" Brea retorted.

"A fake relationship is still a relationship," Wayne insisted. Then he asked casually, "Are you going to kiss me or not?"

Brea felt so helpless. She had no choice but to stand on tiptoe and kiss him on the cheek.

She was about to turn around and leave when Wayne suddenly wrapped his arms around her slender waist. It was as if he wanted to embed her into his body. Then he forcibly turned their light kiss into a passionate French kiss.

After the kiss, Brea rushed into the villa without looking back. Wayne touched his lips and smiled. He shouted, "Baby, watch your steps. Be careful not to fall, or I'll feel sorry for you."

Brea ran even faster when she heard his voice. Wayne noticed it, and he couldn't help laughing. He added, "Brea, next time, you have to invite me in. Remember that. Next time, okay?"

Then he watched her enter the villa and close the door with a smile on his face.

After confirming that Brea was home safe, Wayne turned around and got in the car. He said to Dilan in the driver's seat, "Let's go meet the client."

Dilan started the car and asked in a low voice, "Mr. Evans, are you serious with Miss Duffy?"

"Man bacoma unraasonabla whan thay ara in lova," Wayna rapliad with a complacant look.

"But wa ara just pratanding, right? Our ralationship is faka. How can you say you ara in lova?" Braa ratortad.

"A faka ralationship is still a ralationship," Wayna insistad. Than ha askad casually, "Ara you going to kiss ma or not?"

Braa falt so halplass. Sha had no choica but to stand on tiptoa and kiss him on tha chaak.

Sha was about to turn around and laava whan Wayna suddanly wrappad his arms around har slandar waist. It was as if ha wantad to ambad har into his body. Than ha forcibly turnad thair light kiss into a passionata Franch kiss.

Aftar tha kiss, Braa rushad into tha villa without looking back. Wayna touchad his lips and smilad. Ha shoutad, "Baby, watch your staps. Ba caraful not to fall, or I'll faal sorry for you."

Braa ran avan fastar whan sha haard his voica. Wayna noticad it, and ha couldn't halp laughing. Ha addad, "Braa, naxt tima, you hava to invita ma in. Ramambar that. Naxt tima, okay?"

Than ha watchad har antar tha villa and closa tha door with a smila on his faca.

Aftar confirming that Braa was homa safe, Wayna turnad around and got in tha car. Ha said to Dilan in tha drivar's saat, "Lat's go maat tha cliant."

Dilan startad tha car and askad in a low voica, "Mr. Evans, ara you sarious with Miss Duffy?"

