

### Chapter 395 A Woman's Emotion Is Hard To Predict

Brea didn't expect Wayne to ask such a question. She was so shy that her face turned red and hot. She glared at him and snapped, "No! I don't want to make out with you. You must be daydreaming!"

However, Wayne didn't get angry. He just grinned and said, "Well, maybe it is my wishful thinking. But I want to make out with you. Will you agree?"

"No, I won't!" Brea refused. But her body couldn't lie. She got closer to him and buried her head in his arms.

She didn't know why, but she only wanted to be close to him.

Wayne gently stroked her long hair and planted a kiss on the top of her head. "You have the sharpest mouth, but your body is honest. You took the initiative to lean into my arms."

He snickered, stretched his hand to her chest, and kneaded her breast a few times.

Brea was aware of Wayne's intentions, so she immediately slapped his hand and glared at him. "Stop it!"

Wayne didn't dare to continue, but he looked at her aggrievedly. "Why are you treating me so bad? You have already let me taste the beautiful feeling of having sex with you, and now you don't let me have it again. Do you know how uncomfortable I am? You're making me suffer."

Brea turned her pretty face away and didn't look at him. She didn't want to see him like this.

"It's your business that you feel uncomfortable. Don't mess with me. I'm not a whore that anyone can touch randomly."

Wayne couldn't help sighing. "They say a woman's emotion is hard to predict. Indeed, it's true. Your mood changes fast. When you lay under me yesterday, you enjoyed it. I saw it on your face. But now, you won't allow me even to touch you?"

Brea remembered what happened last night, and she was shy and angry at the same time.

She was angry not at Wayne but at herself. How could she always lose control of herself after being touched by him? She felt like she was at his mercy now. At times, she even wanted to take the initiative to cater to him.

"Don't mention what happened before. I only slept with you because I was drunk. I told you, it was a mistake. Again, a mistake. I assure you, it won't happen again. Don't even think about it," Brea said firmly. Wayne looked sad at once. It seemed that he was really hurt.

"I didn't expect you to be so heartless."

At this moment, Brea returned to her usual tough self. "Yes, I'm so heartless. If you can't accept it, you can go out. The door is over there."

As she spoke, she pointed in the direction of the door.

The sadness on Wayne's face immediately vanished. He smiled cheekily and said, "You are deliberately provoking me, huh? Sorry, I won't listen to you. How can I go out? I can only do that after you become my girlfriend."

The essence of pursuing women was to become thick-skinned and pester her.

Since Wayne planned to chase after Brea, he decided to carry out this plan to the end.

Actually, Brea didn't want Wayne to leave. So when she heard him find an excuse to stay, she didn't say anything more. In fact, she secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

She sat up straight, picked up the remote control, and turned the TV on. She watched a drama while eating some snacks.

Wayne sat beside her. He secretly looked at her from time to time, yearning to make love to her.

His mind was full of images of the crazy moments they had in bed last time.

If such a hot beauty like Brea sat next to a man, how could he still hold back such thoughts? If he could, it was either he did not like this woman, or he had a physiological defect.

But Wayne liked Brea, and he was healthy. So it was normal for him to want to have sex with her.

He thought he should have done well in bed last time, and Brea had enjoyed it so much. She even had several orgasms, right? Didn't she want to do it again with him?

Brea was eating snacks, and she looked calm on the surface. But the truth was, she was panicking inside. Her heart was telling her that she was eager to respond to him.

Actually, she wanted it when Wayne held her just now.

But she had been enduring the urge all the time. She reminded herself that she must be reserved and couldn't let him get her so easily.

If she catered to him every time he wanted it, as time went by, he might think that she was no different from the other women who were easy to get.

Brea was born proud. Even if she liked Wayne, she still had her pride. She wouldn't give in to him just like that.

