

Chapter 507 Show Me A Photo Of Tyson

"How dare you catch me off guard with a kiss like that?"

It took Brea a while to react, but when she came to her senses, she pushed Wayne away from her to maintain some distance between them.

"Do you want to get beaten up? Why did you kiss me? Shame on you!"

Although Brea was scolding him, he felt in his heart an indescribable sense of happiness.

He leaned in towards her again and put his arms around her shoulders. He whispered in her ear, "I just love surprises. I like seeing your confused expression and seeing you get all shy. Every time I see that expression on your face, it occurs to me that I wouldn't mind handing my whole life over to you."

Brea had been distracted by his words, but when he finished talking, she pushed him away again. "Stop it. Can you just please be on your best behavior? We're in public. Aren't you worried about being seen?"

"Why would I be worried? I wish the whole world knew how much we love each other!" Wayne didn't let her break away from his tight embrace.

He gently kissed her ear, and whispered, "Besides, with a stunner like you by my side, I can't help flirting with you. Anyway, Brea, now that Cece and her friend have seen us on a date together, you can't run away from me."

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Brea wanted to disagree, but she knew she wouldn't win the argument. She just glared at him. "Look at that smug look on your face. You don't even know just how bad you are."

Wayne grinned and reached for the wine bottle. "I don't need to look at it. All I need to see is that beautiful face of yours. So, how about we just enjoy our date tonight?"

He held out the bottle, and began filling her glass, but she reached out to stop him.

"I'll just have a little," she said decisively.

Wayne was curious. "Why? Don't you enjoy drinking wine?"

Brea rolled her eyes before glaring at him. "Drinking leads to mistakes! I drank too much last time and let you take advantage of me. From this point on, I will have to be more careful to not drink in front of you. I won't let you take advantage of me like that again. The problem is that you don't use protection. My career is going really well at the moment. If I accidentally get pregnant, you will be in big trouble!"

Wayne was stunned, lost for words for a moment. He quickly composed himself, and tried to reassure her, "Brea, you don't have to be this cautious. If you don't want me to, I will never touch you again."

The image of the kiss they had just shared filled Brea's mind. She gritted her teeth. "Oh, come on, didn't you just touch me now?"

Wayne quickly tried to explain himself. "That didn't count. You didn't refuse."

Anger bubbled inside Brea. He had kissed her suddenly and gave her no chance to resist or refuse.

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She bit her lower lip and snorted at him. "Well, I'll keep that in mind next time. Besides, drinking less is better for my health."

Wayne had no choice but to concede. "Well, if that's the case, okay."

They clinked their glasses together, and Brea took a sip of wine. "Oh, by the way, you're a good friend of Cece's husband, right?"

Wayne nodded. "The friendship between the Shaws and the Evans goes way back. Tyson and I have been good friends since we were kids. Him leaving the Shaw family didn't affect our friendship."

Brea nodded and took another sip. "So, you must know Tyson pretty well? Do you have a photo of him? I'd like to see it."

She still had concerns about Tyson.

Her instinct told her that there must be some connection between Tyson and Nolan Reyes.

Why else would she have such a sense of familiarity with a man she had never seen before?