

Chapter 237 Fortunately, You Met Me

Wayne really cared about Brea. He couldn't help holding her foot to check her injury.

Seeing that her ankle was red and swollen, he felt distressed. He quickly asked, "How could you be so careless and hurt yourself like this? Come on, I'll take you to the hospital. Your sprain can be serious."

Brea was startled by his nervous look. Her face unconsciously flushed. She shook her head and said, "No, thanks. It's too late now. Don't bother to take me to the hospital."

She paused for a moment and added, "Besides, if we are photographed again, the reporters will certainly make a fuss about it. The netizens will probably think that I'm pregnant and you accompany me to the hospital for a prenatal checkup. I'm on the rise now, and I don't want to be exposed to this kind of weird news."

Wayne stared at her for a while. Then he suddenly laughed and said, "Damn it! What are you worried about? You are just a C-list star. Those paparazzi are too busy taking pictures of the A-list stars. They have no time to care about you. Besides, the public doesn't pay much attention to you."

Just now, Brea was a little moved. But his words made that feeling instantly disappear in her heart. She glared at him and showed a fierce look again.

"I really wonder if your mother taught you how to speak. Why every word you say is always so annoying? Yes, I'm not very famous. But you are the young successor of the Evans Group. We carry a lot of clout with us together. After all, reporters like to report about the affairs of female stars and rich men."

Wayne thought for a while. He must admit that Brea was right. Every time his friends from rich families fell in love with female stars, they would be chased by reporters until they broke up.

But he was still a little worried about her foot injury, so he asked, "Are you really okay? Are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital? I can take you to my uncle's hospital. You've been there before, right? Rest assured that we can keep everything confidential there."

Brea was stunned for a moment. Then she frowned. "My haters almost splashed gasoline on me at the gate of the hospital today. That's your uncle's hospital?"

"Right." Wayne suddenly felt a little embarrassed. He turned his face away and said, "I'll call the front desk of the hotel and ask them to bring some medicine for you."

After saying this, he ran away to make a phone call. Soon, the receptionist brought a bottle of ointment over.

Wayne opened the door and took the ointment. Then he walked back to Brea and knelt in front of her. While massaging her ankle with the ointment, he muttered, "The security of this hotel is too poor. Mr. Griffin had gone too far today, and there was no security guard to interfere."

Brea listened to him attentively. She didn't know if it was because of the pain or something, but she couldn't say a word. She felt like she wasn't herself.

But Wayne didn't seem to notice the difference in her. He continued, "Fortunately, you met me. Otherwise, you would have been raped."

At this moment, Brea broke her silence. She said lightly, "Maybe it's because it's late at night. Or maybe Mr. Griffin had ordered the hotel to neglect his acts in advance. After all, the hotel won't dare to offend someone like him that easily."

Wayne sighed, "I can't blame them. It's not their fault. They have a lot of things to worry about. But what happened to you today was too dangerous. You are a female star. Can you be more careful next time?"

There was a hint of tough love in his tone. He reached out and poked her between her eyebrows.

"You are such a beautiful woman. How can you be so stupid?"

What if something bad really happened to you?"

