

Chapter 268 Are You Going To Be Popular

Brea was in a bad mood, so she shouted at the door, "Who is it?"

She waited for a long time, but no one responded. However, the knock on the door continued, and it really annoyed her.

Brea covered her ears, not wanting to open the door. But the knock got louder and louder, so she had no choice but to change her clothes and open the door. But much to her surprise, more than a dozen cameras flashed in front of her as soon as the door opened.

Never did she think that there were reporters outside her hotel room. What were they doing here? Why were there so many of them?

Brea had never seen such a scene before. She was so frightened that she immediately closed the door.

Although she closed the door in time to block the reporters, the fear still lingered in her heart.

She didn't know who disclosed her room number in Westin Hotel and let the paparazzi deliberately come to take photos of her.

Brea took out her phone, wanting to call Foley for help. But what she saw on the screen was another piece of news.

It was detailed news of that incident when her haters splashed gasoline on her, and Wayne came to the rescue like a knight in shining armor. The comments below the article all said that the haters did a good job.

"Her haters splashed gasoline on her? Good job!"

"Haters nowadays are not competent enough. Why didn't they succeed in burning this shameless woman down?"

"Does anyone know Brea's address? I want to humiliate this bitch face to face."

These comments really pissed Brea off. She scratched her head, and her hair was in disarray. She didn't want to see these brutal comments anymore.

Actually, this was not her first time experiencing such large-scale online abuse. But for some unknown reason, she felt particularly sad this time.

At this time, there was another knock on the door. The reporters outside shouted, "Brea, can you come out to respond to the statement that you are the other woman? All the netizens are very concerned about this matter now. When did you hook up with Wayne? Do you really like him or you only want to marry into a wealthy family?"

No matter how much Brea covered her ears, she could still hear those words. She was so angry that she yelled at the door, "I'm not the other woman! Damn you! I'm not!"

After shouting, she ignored the reporters. She went back to the bedroom and covered herself in the quilt, holding her phone in a daze.

These rumors and unscrupulous reporters made her angry. But what made her even angrier was the news that Wayne was actually dating Keira.

Brea couldn't overcome the sadness in her heart. She kept on comparing herself with Keira from head to toe, and finally came to a conclusion.

Keira couldn't compare to her in anything, not even her hair.

Moreover, Keira was not a clean woman. She was known in the entertainment industry for selling her body in exchange for resources. Did Wayne know these things?

If he didn't know, wasn't he cuckolded?

But if he knew it and didn't mind, how much did he love her for him to tolerate her throwing herself at other men?

Brea kept thinking about it for a long time. But she still couldn't understand why on earth Wayne had fallen for Keira. What methods did Keira use to make him fall in love with her?

Anyone with discerning eyes would choose Brea over Keira. How could there be such a fool who chose Keira?

The more Brea thought about it, the angrier she became. If she had known they were a couple, she would have stayed away from Wayne.

The knocking on the door continued. Brea tucked her head directly under the pillow. After a while, her phone rang. She subconsciously picked it up and checked, only to find that the jerk Wayne had sent her a message.

He didn't seem to know what was going on. The content of his message was ordinary greetings.

"Are you awake now? What are you doing? It's very noisy outside. It seems that there are many reporters in front of your door. Are they here to interview you? Are you going to be popular?"

