

Chapter 276 Hiding In His Room

Brea was half angry and half ashamed. With a flushed face, she stepped on Wayne's foot and said, "Hurry up and prepare for the press conference. The longer the delay, the more I will be scolded by those netizens miserably."

"You said you didn't care, right?" Wayne snickered and added, "Why are you urging me to prepare for the press conference now?"

Brea snorted with a cold face and rolled her eyes at him. "If you don't want to do it, it's fine."

"Okay, okay. I'll do it now," Wayne said, smiling helplessly.

As soon as he finished his words, there was a sudden noise outside the door.

Brea's body tensed up when she heard this. She hurriedly asked, "What's going on outside?"

Wayne was about to check what was going on when he saw a message from Dilan.

"Mr. Evans, hurry and find a safe place to hide. The reporters come for Brea again."

He looked at Brea with a frown and said, "The reporters are here again. Your room is not safe."

Brea was a little fluttered now. "What should I do then?"

When their eyes met, Wayne was stunned for a moment. Then he came up with an idea. He suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her out of her room. He quickly took out his key card, opened the door to his room, and entered with her.

Not long after they entered Wayne's room, Brea heard the door of her room next door being slammed hard.

She was upset by the noise, so she was a little harsh to Wayne. She frowned and said, "Why did you drag me into your room?"

Wayne knew she was upset. And surprisingly, he put up with her bad temper. "My room is relatively safe. I think the reporters only know your room number. They don't know I'm here."

Brea couldn't explain how she felt right now. The corners of her mouth twitched, and she snorted coldly, "Your room is next to mine. It's not as safe as you think."

From the very beginning, Wayne felt that she was strange today. But he thought that she might be in a bad mood because of the cyberbullying, so he deliberately teased her, "Since you don't know that I am doing this for your own good, how about I send you back to your room now?"

He walked to the door and pretended to open it. But what he did made Brea shiver with fright. She quickly pressed his hand and said, "No, I won't go back."

Even without those reporters, she still wanted to stay with him for a while longer. With him around, she felt much better.

When Wayne saw that Brea was really anxious, he stopped teasing her. Instead, he held her hand and said, "Don't be afraid. I'm just kidding, okay? Of course, I won't send you back to your room. Stay here for a while. I'll find a way to drive those reporters away."

Brea felt his temperature from the back of her hand, and it sent warmth to her heart. She curled her lips, smiled, and said, "You still have some conscience."

After saying this, she went to the living room, lay down on the sofa, and played with her phone as if she had taken this place as her own turf.

Wayne couldn't help smiling while looking at her carefree look.

When his eyes fell on her slender and long legs dangling on the sofa, he suddenly thought of something. He walked over, squatted in front of her, pinched her ankle with one hand, and observed her foot.

Brea felt that he held her foot. For a moment, a strange feeling surged up in her heart. Her face flushed slightly, showing a look of shyness and gentleness.

She covered up her shyness by playing with her phone. Then she deliberately said with a cold face, "Why are you holding my foot?"

But Wayne just ignored her. He checked her ankle carefully for a while, let go of her leg, and stood up. "Didn't you sprain your ankle last night? How is your foot now?"

Brea realized that he cared for her. She moved her ankle with a flushed face and smiled. "Thank you for helping me apply the ointment. It doesn't hurt now, but I may not be able to wear high heels for the time being."

She paused and thought for a while. Then she said with self-mockery, "But it's okay. I don't have any activities to attend these days, so I don't have to wear high heels."

Wayne's face darkened. "Let me check it again."

He squatted in front of her again and held her ankle.

"You..."

Brea's heartbeat went abnormally fast because of what he was doing. And she accidentally dropped her phone on her face all of a sudden.

