

TMBA 581

[Chapter 581 Thank You, Brother](#)

"Son, come here! Look who I am with!" Cecelia adjusted her phone and aimed the camera at Blair, who seemed to have something to say but didn't know how to do so. Right at that moment, Wesley walked out of the bathroom.

Niles didn't show up in the video until two seconds later when he turned on the light. "Hello, Mom. Oh, you're with Blair and Wesley."

"Right. It would have been so great if you were here too. But it's okay, dear. You focus on your studies, and I'll take care of Blair for you. Look at the dishes I had a chef prepare. They look yummy, don't they?"

As Cecelia and Niles began an animated discussion, Wesley sat opposite Blair and grabbed a bowl to ladle some soup.

Seeing that, Blair had an idea. She stood up and snatched the bowl away from him. "I'll do it for you," she uttered gallantly.

Cecelia was surprised to see this helpful effort. Wesley glanced at his mom, but didn't turn Blair down.

Afraid that Niles would get jealous on this sight, Cecelia covered the phone camera and scolded her older son, "Wesley, why did you ask Blair to ladle soup for you? Use your own hands!"

Actually, Niles had already seen what Blair was doing.

Finding it interesting, he asked deliberately, "Mom, is Blair ladling soup for my brother?"

Cecelia felt that the situation was getting awkward. She removed her hand from the camera and told him, "Yes, but she ladled soup for me too. She is really a thoughtful girl."

Niles couldn't understand why his mom was saying that, and Blair herself was left speechless. Wesley kept on eating, as if what was going on didn't concern him at all.

Blair kicked him under the table. He paused and looked up at her.

When she saw that Cecelia wasn't paying attention to them, Blair mouthed to Wesley, "Explain."

She had tried to clarify her relationship with Niles to Cecelia, but it had only caused more misunderstanding.

Wesley was puzzled. 'Explain what? She hasn't explained why she is suddenly with Niles. Now she wants an explanation from me?'

Cecelia turned her head and caught sight of Wesley's attentive gaze which was directed at Blair. She pointed the camera at the dishes and slapped him on the shoulder, hard enough to sting but soft enough for the camera to avoid getting shaken.

He looked at hi

o her apartment to cook.

Besides the resemblance in appearance, Blair now could see another piece of proof that Cecelia and Wesley were mother and son— their bad cutting skills.

"Eat fast and then go to sleep early. I am going shopping tomorrow and I would like you to come with me. I want to buy some shoes and clothes for Blair, and I need your opinion," Cecelia told Wesley.

"I hate shopping," Wesley declared. 'Going shopping with two women. That doesn't sound fun, ' he thought.

Cecelia rolled her eyes at him. "I wouldn't have asked you to tag along if Niles were here. Since he's not here, it falls on you to take care of us."

Blair screamed inwardly, 'Aunt Cecelia, can you just listen to me? I'm not Niles' girlfriend, and Wesley is not going to be my brother-in-law.'

But she could only look at Wesley expectantly, still hoping that he could explain things to Cecelia. Wesley looked at Blair and then shifted his gaze towards her belly. 'She is pregnant. She does need extra care, ' he thought. "All right. I'll go with you," he agreed with a nod.

Cecelia didn't notice the shift of Wesley's gaze, but Blair did.

She squeezed the chopsticks hard, trying to refrain herself from punching him. Then she told Wesley with a sarcastic smile, "Thank you, Brother."

Wesley sensed the hint of sarcasm in her voice.

Cecelia was happy to hear that. "Now, that is good. I knew you were only being shy just now. We'll be a family sooner or later, so from now on, just consider Wesley your brother."

[Chapter 582 I'm Not Pregnant](#)

"Okay, Aunt Cecelia," Blair readily agreed.

The dishes had all turned tasteless to Wesley. The meal was beginning to feel more like a torture to him than sustenance.

As soon as he was done, he went towards the kitchen to do the dishes, while Blair and Cecelia stayed in the living room chatting. After he had dried his hands, he walked out onto the balcony for a cigarette. This whole thing about Niles and Blair was bugging him so much. He leaned against the balcony railing, with the smoke swirling around him. Laughter was coming from the living room. He turned around to look at the two women. Cecelia had Blair's hand between hers. Wesley decided to give his brother a call.

"Brother, did you enjoy the meal?" Niles greeted him as cheerfully as ever.

Wesley frowned and then responded with a question of his own. "Do you know that she is pregnant?"

"Who is pregnant?" Niles was perplexed.

'So he doesn't know, ' Wesley thought. "You are such an idiot!" he reprimanded.

Niles was unable to make head or tail of this insult and anger. 'Where is this coming from? What did I do wrong?'

He wanted to ask more, but Wesley had already hung up by the time he could recollect his wits. He called back; Wesley didn't answer. Neither did he reply to Niles' WeChat messages.

Niles was pissed, but he could only try to comfort himself.

When the cigarette burned out, Wesley returned to the living room. "Mom, I need to get going," he told Cecelia. He didn't feel like staying anyway.

"Okay. Drive safe. Blair and I will sleep late tomorrow morning, so you don't have to come and pick us up too early," Cecelia told him. Wesley got up before 5 a.m. every morning, even on rainy days. Cecelia was afraid that he would come get them at six.

"No problem." Wesley walked towards the door to change into his shoes.

The moment he opened the door and stepped out, Blair said to Cecelia hastily, "Aunt Cecelia, I just remembered that there isn't an extra set of toiletries in here. I'll go out and buy some for you."

"I am coming with you."

"There's no need for that. The supermarket is a bit far. You just stay here and rest." Blair put on her shoes quickly.

"Then let Wesley take you there. Wesley, wait f

So he turned the wheel and parked the car at the roadside.

Once the car had stopped, Blair rained down pinches on his arm. Wesley wanted to say something, but she spat, "Shut up and listen!"

Wesley shut up. Knowing that he could endure pain, she pinched as hard as she could. So, tough as he was, it still hurt.

Wesley nodded to her. "In case you don't hear me clearly, I am going to repeat this thrice for you: I'm not pregnant! I'm not pregnant! I'm not pregnant!" she bellowed. She almost blurted out that she was still a virgin.

Wesley nodded as he said calmly, "Hmm."

Seeing how calm he was, Blair suddenly wasn't angry anymore. She let go of his arm and said, "That's all I wanted you to know. Drive."

Before Wesley could step on the gas, she added, "No! Wait a minute."

Wesley turned towards her. Blair tried her best to speak in a calm tone. "There's nothing going on between your brother and me. Explain this to your mom tomorrow."

'Nothing going on?' Wesley smiled. "Why don't you explain it to her?"

"I did, but she didn't believe me. She barely even listened to me." Blair felt frustrated on thinking about it.

After a moment of silence, Wesley agreed, "Okay."

Blair was relieved. "One more thing, now that you know I'm not pregnant, can I move out now?"

Wesley grabbed her phone in her hand and typed something on the screen. "I've just saved my number on your phone. Call me if you need anything," he told her when he handed back her phone.

[Chapter 583 Shopping Together](#)

Blair stole a glance at Wesley's face as she took her phone from him. Somehow she felt that he didn't want her to move out. But since he hadn't said anything otherwise to make her stay yet, she was afraid that she might be wrong. "I might never need it. After I move out, most probably, I won't have a reason to trouble you anymore," she reminded him in a sad, low voice.

It wasn't impossible that such would be the case. She had been out of touch with Wesley for a long time after she had moved out of the Hillside Apartments, just like she had been out of touch with him after she had gone abroad.

Silence fell inside the car. She was waiting for him to say something.

But Wesley didn't. He started the engine, and the car ran through the exit of the apartment complex with only its engine to break the silence. Even that hum felt like silence in the awkwardness of the situation.

Sadness took hold of Blair, as if something was clutching at her heart. She couldn't look at him, nor did she want him to see her sad, so she turned to look out the window. For the first time, she really didn't feel like talking even though she was around him.

They arrived at the supermarket pretty soon. It wasn't that far through car. Blair unbuckled the seat belt and was about to get out of the car when Wesley grabbed her arm and stopped her. "There's an umbrella in the trunk. Wait here. I'll get it."

He got out and brought the umbrella from the trunk. Then he opened the passenger door and carried Blair out of the car.

"Are you coming with me?" Blair asked, looking at him longingly. She wanted him to.

"Yeah. I can help you choose. I know her likes and dislikes," Wesley answered.

That made sense. As Cecelia's son, he sure knew her better than Blair did.

They walked towards the supermarket with him holding the umbrella for the both of them. There was one second when Blair was one step behind. Only then did she find out that most of the umbrella was over her. Wesley's left shoulder was all wet. What was this man doing!

Blair was moved. But since he had already made it clear that he didn't like her, she thought that he was doing this only because he was a gentleman.

She looked up at the umbrella and moved closer to him so that it could shield both of them.

Distracted, she didn't notice the puddle on the ground. "Be care

felt embarrassed. But then Wesley added, "You know what? You can ask Mom to take it with her. She will love it." His father spoiled his mom. So, despite her age, Cecelia was still childlike in more ways than a few.

'He said "Mom" instead of "my mom."' Blair was happy. Women were sensitive. The checkout assistant heard everything Wesley said. When she heard him say "Mom" to Blair, she cast one more look at Blair.

Then she saw that it was a beautiful woman standing beside Wesley. They didn't look alike at all. They couldn't be siblings, so she assumed that they were a couple.

The checkout assistant felt her heart shatter into pieces. She continued working with her head lowered.

Blair felt great when she saw how a potential rival to her love had been crushed. To be honest, she wasn't much of a rival! After all, it was only an assistant's crush on Wesley and not the other way round. She volunteered to carry one of the bags and made her way to the exit.

Wesley was carrying a bigger carrier bag. But even so, he tucked the change into his pants pocket hastily, caught up with Blair, and offered to take the bag from her.

But Blair declined. "Mine is not heavy. The one you're carrying is full of beverages. It's already heavy enough."

Wesley looked at her and retorted, "Maybe! But you're so frail. What if it triggers your fever?" Before she could refuse, he had taken the bag from her.

Blair didn't know what to say. 'I'm not as fragile as he thinks.' She was a bit defensive. 'I was sick only once when I was in England, ' she thought.

[Chapter 584 She Felt Warm Inside](#)

However, there was one thing in particular that hit on Blair only when the topic was brought up. It suddenly dawned on her that whenever she was close to Wesley, she would easily get injured or sick. However, when Wesley wasn't by her side, her physical health remained beyond very good. She couldn't understand why.

Together, they made their way towards the exit of the supermarket. A worker was standing there, checking the purchase receipts before letting anyone exit with a shopping bag. Wesley's hands were full, so he had to ask Blair, "Get the receipt from my pocket."

"Okay..." Without thinking much, Blair walked up to him and reached her hand inside his coat-pocket. It seemed like the most logical place to start.

Wesley lowered his head to look at her with a sidelong glance. "No, it's inside the pocket of my trousers."

"Oh." Blair then moved her hand down and put it into one of the pockets of his trousers. While she was groping around for the receipt, she could clearly feel his hard muscle through the thin clothing.

Both of their facial expressions changed subtly. "Not this side. The other one," Wesley said in a low voice, sounding a little hoarse and trying to ignore the soft hand roaming around his pockets.

"Oh well... Got it." 'The wrong pocket again?' Blair pursed her lips. 'What is going on with you, Blair?' she scolded herself inwardly.

She then moved to the other side and carefully reached her hand inside the pocket again. She felt a wad of cash. To avoid more trouble, she drew them all out of his pocket and finally saw the receipt embedded within the hurried roll.

She withdrew the long, white piece of paper and put the money back into his pocket.

Without turning her head around, she walked straight to the worker standing at the exit. She felt embarrassed to make eye contact with him. She tried to comfort herself by saying that it was inevitable and anyone would be if they touched someone's hard muscle.

The rain hadn't stopped yet. Blair took the umbrella and tried to hold it for the two of them.

But Wesley was too tall for her to reach. Even with her arm lifted vertically straight, the umbrella was touching his hairs.

Wesley gathered all the shopping bags in his right hand and grabbed the umbrella from her in his left hand, holding it up for the two of them.

The heavy weight on his right hand made the blue veins in his right arm pop out. Blair saw that and she couldn't take it anymore. She reached out for the lighter bag that she had held a few moments before. "Let me carry this one. I can hold it. It's difficult for you to hold the umbrella this way," she told him with concern in her voice.

However, instead of listening to her, Wesley gave the umbrella back to her and walked into the rain straight p breath to adjust his breathing. After he felt a little better, he pulled his buzzing phone out. "Mom."

"Why haven't you two come back yet? It's raining outside. Did you take an umbrella?" Cecelia had only found out it was raining when she had gone out to hang some clothes in the balcony.

Closing his eyes, he leaned against the seat and told her, "Yes, we did. We'll be back in a few minutes." He breathed in Blair's fragrance floating in the air as he spoke.

"Okay. Be careful. Drive Blair back before you leave since it's raining now," Cecelia demanded. She didn't know her phone call had interrupted her son's intimate, romantic moment.

"Will do."

After ending the call, Wesley fired up the engine and drove away. They both kept silent on their way back. Both of them were half filled with desire and half with confusion.

By the time they arrived at the apartment complex, the rain had already stopped. As usual, Wesley would not let Blair exit on her own and carried her out of his huge car. Affected by the kiss earlier, he didn't let go of her even after putting her to her feet. With his arms wrapped around her waist, he whispered softly, "Don't go out with Niles. You two aren't meant for each other."

Blair was rendered speechless. When had she even said that she would date Niles? And why did Wesley care about this? She deliberately provoked him, "Niles and I aren't meant for each other? So does that mean if I find a suitable man, I can go out with him?"

Wesley answered her with a deeper and more imperious kiss this time. Blair felt uncomfortable so she kept stepping backwards. However, even after her back was pressed against the car door, he still didn't let go of her.

Meanwhile, some distance away from the romantic pair, a group of men were whispering to each other. "Wow! Who said that our chief loves men?"

[Chapter 585 Chief Has Discovered Us](#)

"A lot of people said that. Everyone doubted our chief's sexual preference after he turned down Blair's proposal. We all thought he was gay. But, look at what the man's doing now? Tsk, tsk, the girl's scared by his passionate kiss," one of the men remarked, smiling mischievously.

"The girl he's embracing right now is Blair, for your information. She was trapped by the flash floods which came in South Mountain. You know, our chief rushed to save her himself."

"Hey I heard that story too. They said that our chief risked his life and jumped into the rushing river current to rescue a woman. Once he had carried the woman to a safe place, he himself was washed away by the flood. So was the woman Blair too?"

"What's our chief thinking? He loves Blair. We all can see that. But she had proposed to him once in a high-profile manner, and he said no at that time. Why? You know, if I were Blair, I wouldn't even give him a single glance now, not to say let him kiss me."

"You only say that because you have no idea how much Blair loves our chief."

"Tsk, tsk, listen to you! Do you think you are an expert at love?"

Lenard touched his chin and concluded amidst their fervent discussions, "Our chief is the typical breed of man: aloof on the outside, but soft as a squishy brain on the inside."

This group of gossiping men were Wesley's subordinates. They had come there to find Wesley and ask him to join a get-together. They hadn't expected to witness such a romantic and thrilling scene.

Wesley treated them like good friends in private, so they all knew everything about Wesley's estates in Y City, including this apartment. They also knew that it belonged to his brother.

Before Wesley had left the platoon, he had told his men that his family had come, and he was going to go to his brother's apartment that night. That was why Lenard and the other soldiers had come to this apartment to wait for him to show up.

They thought that they'd hidden themselves well and wouldn't be found easily. But suddenly, Wesley opened his eyes and let go of the woman in his arms. He tilted his head to look in a direction, a dangerous look in his eyes. In the dark, Talbot felt like Wesley's eyes were staring right at him, merciless and cruel. If he were to take them as robbers, god help them!

He held his breath and hissed to the others, "Don't move. Chief has discovered us!"

"Normally, our leader should've discovered us the moment he stepped out of the car, but he's a few minutes late this time. Seems like he's overly tempted by the beautiful girl," a soldier whispered in a husky voice.

When Blair finally opened her eyes, she saw Wesley staring in some direction. She followed his gaze and f

d child." She sighed, "He saw how much I had to suffer to give birth. I told him many times I wanted a daughter, because daughters are always warm and considerate.

Then he told me that I would have two warm and considerate daughters-in-law in the future, so why do I have to give birth to a daughter and suffer pain myself?"

After a pause, she looked at Blair and continued, "You know, there are always problems between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law. I'm worried that the young aren't usually willing to live with the elders, or we may have difficulties communicating with the young."

Blair nodded in understanding. Indeed, the relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law could be sensitive sometimes. It was social phenomenon that occurred more than often. "But you're a nice person. I think you'll surely get along with your future daughter-in-law. There won't be a problem in your case," she comforted the anxious mother.

On hearing her words, Cecelia was thrilled. She turned her body around and looked at Blair. "You said the same things as my husband. He always says that my personality is like a child. I'm good with people, so I won't have problems getting along with anyone. If I treat my daughter-in-law like my own daughter, she will surely treat me as a real mother. Blair, is that what you think too?"

Blair suddenly felt baffled. Why was she asking her that? She wondered if she should take this opportunity to explain her relationship with Niles. But then she decided against it. She'd better off finding a more suitable opportunity to tell the happy mother. If Cecelia knew the truth now, she might end up having a sleepless night. So she nodded, "Yes, I think so too. People should have mutual respect towards each other. Heart to heart, that's the basic rule."

[Chapter 586 A Good Mother-in-law](#)

Cecelia suddenly held Blair's hand and said with much emphasis, "Just be yourself. Don't hold back."

"What?" Blair was confused.

"I heard from your uncle that you used to be upbeat, outgoing. Cheerful, even. You're a lot quieter now, maybe because your parents died. Blair, you're like my own daughter. Do what you want to do. Be who you want to be. Okay?"

The kind mother's warm words touched Blair's heart. Tears sprang to her eyes and they flowed down her cheek. "Okay..." she sobbed.

'Cecelia is so great. I wonder if she really could be my mother-in-law.' Blair felt a little sentimental, uncertain about her future. 'If Wesley and I can make it work.'

The night grew deeper. The two women didn't stop chatting until the small hours. At that point, Cecelia had to give it up and close her eyes to sleep.

Listening to Cecelia's steady breathing, Blair stared at the ceiling, pondering what had happened earlier that night.

She wondered if Wesley also had feelings for her. Otherwise, why would he keep snatching every chance he had to kiss her? Or was it just how men act around women?

Before she closed her eyes to take some sleep, she checked the time on her phone. It was already 4:10 in the morning. No wonder she was tired! She lay back, closed her eyes, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

Not even three hours later, Wesley opened the door to the apartment. It was quiet inside. It seemed like the two women weren't awake yet.

He put the breakfast he'd bought in the kitchen and then walked back to the living room, dialing a number.

A sleepy voice mumbled, "Hello... Who is it?"

"It's me." Wesley's voice jarred Blair awake. She abruptly opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was Cecelia's sleeping face.

"I'm in the living room," Wesley said.

Blair checked the time. Way too early. 'Why is he so eager to go shopping with us?' she wondered.

She quickly got out of bed, put on her slippers and quietly opened the door. Then she made sure to close the door behind her after walking out.

Seeing her come out, Wesley hung up. He was curious of her careful movements.

Meeting Wesley's eyes, Blair suddenly realized that she hadn't freshened

ly typed the message with one hand. "I need some money. I'll pay you back when I get my paycheck."

"No problem. How much?"

Blair paused for a while. "How much can you afford?"

Joslyn rolled her eyes. "Your cousin has given me quite a lot. What are you going to do? Twenty large enough?"

"Um... probably not. Maybe fifty thousand? Can you?" Blair stole a glance at Cecelia. Every item on the noble lady's body was luxurious.

"Don't tell me you owe someone money."

Blair's lips twitched. "No. Wesley's mom is with me. We'll go shopping soon and I think I should buy her a gift. What if she wants something expensive?"

"So are you and Wesley in a relationship now?" Joslyn asked outright.

Blair replied, "No. It has nothing to do with him. His mom is awesome. I simply want to get her something."

"Okay, okay. I'll wire fifty thousand to you in a minute. But what if she picks out something worth five hundred grand? Will you buy that too?"

"No. I can't afford anything like that. I've got limits, and I won't overspend." Blair had a monthly wage of more than ten thousand dollars. She could return fifty thousand to Joslyn within half a year.

Joslyn wired the money to her and added a message. "Okay, as long as you know what you're doing."

Wesley's eyes had been glued to her the whole time. But oblivious to his intent gaze, Blair texted her friend, drinking soybean milk. "Thanks, my friend. Oh, right. Don't tell my cousin."

[Chapter 587 It Slipped Off My Hand](#)

Although Hartwell deeply appreciated Wesley's abilities, which he had witnessed in the military, he disliked Blair getting too close to him. He had sternly warned the girl to stay away from Wesley once. That was particularly why Blair didn't want Joslyn to tell Hartwell anything. If he found out about the two of them, there was going to be too much fuss for her to deal with.

Joslyn wrote back, "Alright, got it. Just use the money. It's from your cousin, so you don't owe me anything. If I am short of anything, he'll give me more. You worry about yourself."

Blair sent a thumbs-up emoji and replied, "Wow! You lucky girl! I envy you so much. Don't show off to me so early in the early, huh?"

"Who are you texting?" A man's voice suddenly cut in her ears and it was so loud that she almost jumped. Startled, her hand shook violently for a moment and the phone slipped off, dropping right into the half-finished bowl of soybean milk.

Wesley hadn't expected this to happen. He quickly shot to his feet and rushed towards the bowl, snatching her phone out of the bowl with one hand, and pulling a tissue with his other hand. He began to wipe her phone, whose screen was still functional.

Accidentally, his eyes fell on the transfer record on the chat log. Joslyn had just transferred fifty thousand dollars to Blair.

He knew it was wrong to peek at other people's chat logs. But it was Blair's phone and he felt overwhelmed by the urge to know more about her. Besides, who wasn't going to be curious after seeing a transfer log of fifty grand?

He stole a glance at Blair. She was pulling some more tissues. Silently and quickly, pretending to wipe the phone, he scrolled up and down the chat log, fast reading her messages with Joslyn. Before she could shift her eyes back to her phone, Wesley already had a general idea of what was going on.

Cecelia was talking with Baldwin over the phone at that moment. When she saw that Blair's phone was completely soaked in the soybean milk, she comforted the girl, "Don't be upset, Blair. Your phone is old. I'll buy you a new one soon." She had already noticed the previous night that Blair's phone was an old model worth only about a hundred dollars.

Blair shook her head. "Aunt, don't bother. It's still functional. I am not that interested in phones and I'll buy a new one when it really stops working."

Her words caught Wesley's attention. He had just witnessed another side of Blair. According to what he could read from the chat log, she was going to buy Cecelia a gift using the money Joslyn had transferred. Fifty thousand dollars was a large amount for Blair. However, she wasn't even going to buy a new phone for herself. Even if she were to spend a thousand dollars on Cecelia, she could easily have afforded to buy a good phone for her own self. But she didn't want to!

'She's so generous to my mom but mean to herself. What a strange girl, ' Wesley thought to himself.

"Why not buy a new one today? Do you like this phone very much? How long ha

"

Called out specifically, Wesley raised his head to look at Blair again. "Good," he nodded. Then his attention was on his phone again.

'That's so perfunctory, ' Blair thought unhappily.

She changed into the second dress. It was a long, black dress with a knot on the shoulder that looked like a cute bow. She thought that it was quite fashionable but Wesley had the same, tacit response.

Cecelia asked her son again, "Wesley, what do you think?"

He again gave Blair a quick glance and repeated, "It's nice."

Then Blair tried on three more sets. Each time Cecelia asked Wesley's opinion and the man gave the same answer—"good."

Finally, when it came to the sixth dress, Cecelia couldn't help but get irritated. She complained in a slightly angry tone, "Hey, what the hell are you doing? Is your phone that attractive to you? Pay attention and give an honest response, will you?"

Wesley put down his phone and stared at Blair, with an innocent look in his eyes. He didn't mean to make a casual comment. He did think that Blair looked good in each of these dresses. The only problem was that Blair was too thin. She would look so much prettier if she could put on just a little weight.

At that moment, Blair was wearing a short, pink-colored jacket and with a matching skirt. She looked sweet in this outfit.

Suddenly, Wesley remembered the night when they were out of electricity in Hillside Apartments. Blair was changing her clothes in her bedroom. She had gotten scared by the shadow that the light show outside her balcony was casting. The shadow was quite similar to a human and she had thought that it was really an intruder outside her window. Hearing her shriek, Wesley had broken into her bedroom at once and accidentally saw a little of her body.

As the memory of that night flooded his mind, the look in his eyes began to change. Blair noticed his eyes again and felt embarrassed by the way he was looking at her. "Do I look that bad?" she asked uneasily.

He said nothing.

[Chapter 588 Leave Blair To Your Brother](#)

When Wesley didn't say anything, Blair asked, "That bad, huh?"

Wesley merely stared at Blair, lost in some wild thought. Cecelia kicked the dazed man and scolded, "What's wrong with you? Say something."

Snapping out of his reverie back into reality, the soldier shot to his feet and told the saleslady, "Please pack everything she tried on, including what she's wearing."

Blair was shocked by his generosity. Cecelia was stunned too. 'What does he mean by doing this?' she thought.

Ignoring the two women's surprised gazes, Wesley made his way to the checkout counter. Blair returned to the fitting room to stop the saleslady from packing anything up. "I'm sorry. Please wait a moment."

The saleslady said confusedly, "Miss, the gentleman said he would pay for everything."

"I know, but... Please just put them here. I want to change back first."

The saleslady was puzzled. Nonetheless, she nodded and left the fitting room. Blair closed the door and changed, wondering what was going on in Wesley's head.

'Is he getting impatient?' That was the only reason she could figure out. After all, she had spent half an hour in trying on six sets of clothes and Cecelia had kept asking his opinion on every outfit. Men got impatient easily.

After putting on her own outfit, Blair came out of the fitting room, holding six sets of new clothes in her hands. Cecelia and Wesley were waiting for her at the front counter.

With a happy grin, Cecelia said excitedly, "Over here, Blair. Wesley will pay, and Niles can reimburse him."

'Niles can reimburse him?' Blair then got what she meant. Cecelia still thought she was Niles' girlfriend.

Blair gave the clothes to the saleslady and went over to hold Cecelia's arm. "Thanks, but I have enough clothes at home. When I got my first job, my friend went shopping with me and I bought a lot..."

"But you bought those. These are from me... Um...from Niles. What's more, these are the latest styles. You know, you can't have too ma

m busy. Busy getting my ass chewed by my mom. Busy keeping my anger in check." That was true. He was indeed feeling angry and gloomy.

Keith cut to the chase. "Leave Blair to your brother. I'll make it up to you some other way." After some careful analysis, the old man was certain that Wesley had feelings for Blair.

Niles was lively and outgoing. His EQ was higher than his brother's. If the two brothers fell in love with the same girl, Wesley would lose.

It wasn't easy for Wesley to have a thing for someone, but now Niles took Blair away from him. Keith felt sad for his elder grandson.

'Make it up to me?' Niles' eyes lit up. 'Leave Blair to my brother? Of course no problem. I'm not her boyfriend in the first place.' However, he pretended to be sad and retorted, "I get what you mean. But... That's not fair. I don't have a girlfriend either. I..." He deliberately paused with a sob.

Keith sighed helplessly. "I know how you feel. I know it's not fair. But Niles, you know your brother. He's an idiot about love. I tried to set him up, but his bad temper frightened his dates away..." The old man let out a heavy sigh again.

Niles played along and replied in a sorrowful voice, "Yeah, Grandpa, I know my brother. Fine, if he loves Blair too, then I'll give up on her. After all, I only have one brother."

[Chapter 589 Cheated By Niles](#)

Keith was stunned for a moment when he heard Niles promise so quickly.

He was suspicious. Although the Li family always kicked him around, Niles was actually a very cunning guy. The boy's voice sounded a little sad, but Keith could see right through him. He didn't sound sad enough. Nonetheless, he replied, "Well, I'm glad you like your brother so much."

Niles had an idea. After a pause, he said, "I'm still sad, Grandpa. Could you try and be more upbeat? Okay, never mind. You're not good at that. So if I give up Blair, what's in it for me?"

It seemed that the young man had figured out exactly what he wanted. "What do you want?" Keith asked outright.

"How about a new apartment? I'll feel much better," Niles suggested. He could make a fortune by conning his grandpa.

"A new apartment? Why? Didn't your mom buy you one already?"

"Yeah, but Blair is living there now. Since I've decided to back off and let Wesley have Blair, I can't live with her. That's not appropriate. She has no parents. I'm not going to kick her out, either," Niles said, pretending to be virtuous and upstanding.

"Okay! Deal!" the old man announced. The poor grandfather was completely taken in by his grandson. Eventually, he would find out Blair had always loved Wesley, and that Niles had never dated her.

After hanging up the phone, Niles felt like he was on cloud nine. His gloomy mood, caused by Cecelia's tongue-lashing, vanished into thin air.

Meanwhile, in the Shining International Plaza, Cecelia, Wesley and Blair moved on to a new store. Now they were shopping for shoes. They had no idea that Niles lied to the old man. Sitting on the sofa, Blair tugged at the hem of Wesley's shirt and said, "Don't let your mom buy anything for me again. I'm not dating you or Niles. Tell her. Don't spend money on me."

Wesley replied indifferently, "She's rich."

Blair was speechless. That was not the point.

Cecelia asked a saleslady to show a pair of shoes to Blair. "Blair, try these on. They look good."

Blair didn't budge. "Aunt Cecelia, I've tried on three pairs. I think it's your turn."

"That's not for women my age. It's for young girls. Besides, the pink matches the last outfit you tried on."

Blair found it hard t

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that Blair had tried on just now, and told the saleslady, "This shade, please bring me a fresh one and I'll pay for them together."

"Yes, sir. Please wait a minute."

After checking out, Wesley took out the Mocha lipstick shade and put it in his pocket, then put Cecelia's lipsticks in the shopping bag. He then picked up his pace to catch up with the two women.

But when he walked past a counter, he happened to hear a conversation between a woman and her boyfriend. The woman requested, "Honey, buy me this bottle of perfume. Every woman loves this brand."

Her boyfriend said impatiently, "Look at the price. It's a small bottle that costs a few thousand dollars. Find another brand."

Wesley caught a glimpse of the perfume bottle that the woman was holding. He stopped and turned around.

He rearranged the shopping bags so he held them all in one hand. A saleslady with a huge smile on her face came over and greeted him. "Please bring me a bottle of this perfume," he said while pointing to a perfume brand. It was the same one the man was unwilling to buy for his girlfriend.

The saleslady nodded happily, "Yes, sir. Which fragrance would you like?"

'Which fragrance?' Wesley felt baffled. Women's items were so complicated to him. He paused and then said, "I'd prefer a light fragrance." 'Strong perfume doesn't suit her,' he thought.

The woman, who was badgering her boyfriend to buy the perfume, watched Wesley pay the bill. Her eyes glimmered with admiration.

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Wesley took the bottle of perfume and walked away from the checkout counter. After he left, the woman turned around and glared at her boyfriend. "We break up! I want a handsome and generous soldier to be my husband too!" she shouted.

Meanwhile, Blair and Cecelia had been looking for Wesley. They were just about to call him when he finally came into sight.

Cecelia asked, "Where have you been? We thought you lost your way or something!"

"I didn't. Let's go now." Wesley shrugged, not planning to offer an explanation.

Blair narrowed her eyes at Wesley, growing suspicious and a little confused with his behavior. She wondered if he had been smoking in a corner somewhere.

Wesley chose not to acknowledge Blair's suspicious gaze and continued to walk towards a phone store and walked inside. The two ladies exchanged confused glances and eventually followed him inside the store. Wesley browsed the store's glass racks and picked out a rather expensive phone for Blair. She was about to decline his choice, but Wesley stopped her before she could protest, saying, "I broke your phone. It's the least I could do."

Holding the brand new phone in her hand, Blair discreetly pinched his arm so Cecelia would not notice, and hissed in his ear, "What are you doing? You idiot. This phone you bought me is worth almost ten times of my old one. I don't even dare to take out my new phone when I'm on the streets. I'm afraid of being robbed." More importantly, Blair knew that the phone Wesley was currently using was much cheaper than the one he just bought. The screen even had a crack on it, but he refused to have it repaired or buy a new one. Blair did not find it reasonable that he bought her such an expensive phone.

"If you get robbed, tell me immediately. I'll help you track the robber down and get your phone back," he said confidently as if it was just a piece of cake for him.

Blair sighed inwardly. She was getting the feeling that Wesley was trying to overindulge her.

The three of them had lunch at a Western restaurant at noon, and then went back to Niles' apartment in the afternoon. While Cecelia took her afternoon nap, Blair busied herself with making some desserts in the kitchen.

Wesley offered to help, but Blair rejected it. He had no choice but to sit in the living room and watch her go back and forth in the kitchen.

Two hours later, Blair was done with the cooking.

She divided the desserts into two portions, one for Wesley and the other for Cecelia, so she could eat on her plane ride.

She neatly packed the dishes into two separate bags. She called out to Wesley to inform him. "This bag is for you. Inside is a box of mooncakes and mung bean cakes. There's also a cup of strawberry milkshake. Rest assured, it's a new cup. This bag"—she patted the other bag—"is for your mom. I didn't pre

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What that had to do with her question. She stared at Wesley's resolute face, which she couldn't deny was an attractive look for her.

"Niles may be a little immature at times, but he's around the same age as you. Maybe it would really be better if you go out with my brother. He's a doctor and he has my parents' support. Even if he doesn't work hard to earn money, it won't affect the life quality of you two."

Wesley remembered the time when Blair was sent to the hospital because of a high fever, Niles asked him for his opinion on pursuing her. Wesley reckoned that Niles also had feelings for Blair.

He wouldn't be able to give her a bright and stable future, but his brother could. Being a doctor was not as dangerous as being a soldier. Niles would be a better choice for Blair.

It stung Blair's heart to hear his words. "And so?"

Wesley looked at her intently. "I've been thinking that you'd be better off with Niles. My mom likes you, so maybe you can date my brother."

Blair didn't know whether she should cry or laugh. She wondered how she fell in love with such an idiot. 'My mom likes you... You can date with my brother...' She curled her lips in exasperation, repeating his words in her mind.

She suppressed the anger and bitterness, and said, "If I become your sister-in-law one day, what will you think about your behavior now? You've kissed your future sister-in-law. Do I need to confess to Niles that you've hugged and kissed me, his 'wife?'" 'Not to mention that you've even explored my body.'

Wesley's face darkened. "That kind of thing won't happen again in the future," he assured her.

Blair raised a fist and hit him in the shoulder as hard as she could. "Who do you think you are? Do you think I can't leave you on my own accord? Why do I have to listen to you and tell me who I should date?" she shouted as hot angry tears welled up in her eyes.