

TMBA 591

### [Chapter 591 I Wont Come Over Again](#)

Blair raised her fists and beat Wesley's chest repeatedly. He didn't stop her, nor was he angry. He just sat there and let her.

This reaction from him only made Blair angrier. When she hit him, she was expecting him to get angry or throw her out of the car.

But he didn't.

He didn't love her, but he always acted as if he cared about her. It burned her up. So she kept hitting him.

After a while, Blair finally grew tired and dropped her hands. His chest was as hard as stone that her hands ached. 'Maybe pinching him would've worked better than hitting him, ' she thought.

"You don't need to drive me back. I'll go back home on my own," Blair said angrily. Not only had Wesley planned to invite Megan along for dinner, but he also tried to pair Blair off with his own brother. 'I might have been too submissive. That's why he's keen on treading on my feelings willy-nilly. What a jerk!'

Ignoring Wesley's dissuasion, Blair unfastened her seatbelt, opened the passenger door, and jumped out of the car.

Wesley immediately ran after her. They were in the suburbs, and although there were many cars, almost all of them were private cars. It would be extremely hard for her to hail a taxi. "Don't be so stubborn. Let me drive you home," he offered.

Blair gave him a scowl. "No, thank you. I'll move out of Niles' apartment tomorrow. Let's just stay out of each other's business from now on. I swear I won't love you anymore. If I break my promise, I'll be a cheating dog."

Wesley's face darkened. He grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her to his car.

Blair tried to break free, but her body wouldn't budge. Wesley pressed her against his car and tried to calm himself down. In the calmest voice that he could muster, he explained, "I was doing that for your own good. Niles is a doctor. His job is less dangerous than mine, and he is highly paid. What's more, he would be able to keep you company every day." Wesley's career, on the other hand, was full of danger. Blair would be living in constant fear and worry if they were together. He was always out in the field or carrying out classified missions from time to time, which meant that she had to stay alone most of the time. She would never feel secure with him.

Although Wesley's voice was calm, his grip had gotten tighter and Blair could not bear it anymore.

"Wesley Li! No one is crueller than you! Only you will be willing to pair the girl who loves you off with your brother!" Her voice shook and the te

me over in the future, if that's what you want," he said.

"No, thanks. This is your brother's apartment. I should be the one leaving. This is my choice." Blair returned to packing the rest of her belongings.

Wesley could only watch helplessly as she stuffed her clothes into her suitcase.

Blair then went to the bathroom to fetch her toiletries. Wesley took this opportunity to pull out a shopping bag from his pocket and stashed it under the clothes in her suitcase.

When Blair walked out of the bathroom, she did not find Wesley in the bedroom. She wondered if he had already left, but then she heard him talking on the phone in the living room.

She zipped her suitcase up and walked out of the bedroom. "I'm sorry, but I don't have time to clean the apartment. Mr. Li, would you be kind and hire some cleaning staff to clean the apartment for me. Thank you!" He almost winced at her extremely civil tone.

She then walked towards the door to the apartment with her suitcase. Wesley wore a rigid expression as he followed after her.

When Blair heard Wesley close the door behind him, her heart sank to her stomach. 'He didn't even try to make me stay,' she thought, somewhat disappointed.

"Let me help you," Wesley said and grabbed the suitcase from her. She didn't turn him down and followed after him wordlessly as they walked to his car.

Wesley put her suitcase inside the trunk. Blair then said, "Drop me off at the Angel's Love Welfare Center on Queen's Road. Thank you."

Wesley didn't respond. Blair was sure he heard her, so she didn't repeat it.

They got inside the car and drove off as the sky began to get darker.

### [Chapter 592 Sit On The Car Roof](#)

Inside the car, Wesley's phone rang. Though he was driving, he still answered it. "Uncle Wesley." Megan was on the other end of the line and she sounded like she had a lot of time on her hand.

"Hmm?" Wesley asked in an absent-minded tone.

"I'm ready. When are you going to be here to pick me up? By the way, I haven't had supper yet. Would you like to choose the menu tonight?" Her cheerful voice made Blair's face turn a sullen shade. She didn't want Megan intruding their time.

After some consideration, Wesley said apologetically, "Megan, I'm busy right now. Can you ask Wood to drive you to my apartment? I'll ask a chef to cook for you."

Megan seemed rather disappointed when she heard that. "But Uncle Wesley, you said you'd have supper with me. I don't wanna dine alone. Are you still busy working?"

"No, Megan. But I am driving right now."

Megan paused for a while and then continued, "Uncle Wesley, if you don't have anything urgent, will you please, please pick me up so I can stay with you. I swear I won't cause you any trouble. I'll be a good girl. I just don't want to be alone. None of my classmates is willing to hang out with me. I feel so bored. Please...Uncle Wesley." She began to play cute and sweet.

Blair couldn't bear it any longer. "Stop the car!" she demanded in a voice that cut across the hum of the engine and reached Megan's side.

Megan asked curiously, "Uncle Wesley, who is with you?"

"It's me, Blair," Blair responded coldly.

"Ah, I remember you. You are Uncle Wesley's neighbor. Uncle Wesley, I want to meet Blair too. Please come over and pick me up."

"Hmm," Wesley finally agreed, and Megan hung up with a cheerful ton of thanks.

Blair was really annoyed. 'She's a bitch!' she thought.

Wesley turned the car around and began to drive towards a high-class housing estate. When they were driving past a convenience store, Blair suddenly said, "You go and pick her up. I'm thirsty. I'm going to buy a bottle of water."

Wesley pulled over and watched as she got out of the car.

Buying the water only took a couple of minutes, but Wesley returned only after ten minutes, stopping the car beside Blair.

She reached out her hand to open the passenger door casually, but the window rolled down, revealing Megan's smug face.

"Hi, Blair! Uncle Wesley told me that you were sitting in the passenger seat. But I get carsick if I sit in the back seat. I'm sorry. Will you please sit in the back seat?" Megan asked in a soft voice and flashed an apologetic

fore getting out of the car, he told Blair, "Wait for me here. I'll be back after settling her up."

Blair didn't respond. In fact, she didn't even raise her head. Her brain was rushing, though.

As soon as the two of them were out of sight, she called Hartwell. "Hi Hartwell, are you busy right now?"

"No, I just finished. What's up?" From his voice, it was clear that he was tired.

"Umm, here's the thing. I want to borrow some money," Blair said with an awkward smile.

"No problem." Hartwell was as ready as ever. "How much do you need?"

"\$300, 000."

"\$300, 000? What's wrong? Is everything okay?" Hartwell felt worried for her.

"No, no. I'm fine. I'm just in urgent need of the money. It's fine if you don't have it right now. I understand." She wasn't going to tell Hartwell that she needed to pay it back to Wesley. He would only get angry.

Hartwell didn't want her to get involved with Wesley. She hadn't even told Hartwell that she had been living in Niles' apartment for a while now.

"Don't worry. I've got you covered. I'll ask Joslyn to wire it to you tomorrow."

"Thanks a lot, Hartwell. Hey, you need to go to bed early. Good night."

"Good night."

Just at that moment, Wesley came into view. Blair heaved a sigh of relief since Hartwell had promised to lend her the money without asking too many questions and before Wesley had come down.

She could now pay Wesley back as soon as she got the money. As for Hartwell, she could take her time to repay him.

When Wesley got into the driver's seat, he saw that Blair was still busy playing on her phone. Sure that she wouldn't talk to him anyway, he kept silent and started the car.

### [Chapter 593 III Live With You](#)

Wesley was still not headed for the Queen's Road this time. Blair couldn't help but ask, "Where are we going?"

Wesley was his usual self, and gave no response.

By now, Blair was fuming mad. 'The silent game, huh? Fine! We'll see who talks first.'

At long last, they pulled into an unfamiliar housing estate. Blair could tell that this was a high-class complex, and there was no way she could afford this. But it was close to her company.

Under her confused eyes, Wesley stopped the car and got out.

"Hey! Why did you bring me here?" Blair asked as she got out of the car as well.

With her suitcase in his hand, Wesley walked towards one of the buildings. A security guard came over. After hearing they lived on the 21st floor, he smiled and left.

When they were in the elevator, Blair stood in front of him and looked him in the eye asking, "What's going on?"

"Since you won't stay in Niles' apartment, you can live with me for now. You always get sick. I can't trust you to live alone. I need you close to keep an eye on you," Wesley answered.

"What? Then is this your apartment?"

"No. I borrowed it from Carlos. He has a lot of places he doesn't use. Don't worry. We can live here as long as we want." He wasn't wrong. Carlos had so many apartments that he had already forgotten about this one. If it weren't for Wesley asking, Carlos would never have thought of it.

"We?" Blair couldn't believe her ears.

"Mmm hmm." The doors of the elevator opened, and they walked out. "Wait! So why here?"

Wesley took out a ring filled with keys. There was only one apartment on each floor. While changing the password of the lock, he said, "Joslyn's parents live next to me in the Hillside Apartments. I don't think you'd want to live there. Since you won't stay at Niles' place, this is the last place I can think of."

Blair was struck speechless. He made her feel like they were a couple living together.

Blair saw Wesley mess with the keypad and change the password to her birthday.

He opened the door, and the apartment was very clean. Carlos' assistant hired maids and such to clean each of his apa

d! Kiss her so she couldn't say anything hurtful!

'Again?

What is he thinking? I was always the one kissing him. But things have changed.

He's kissed me three times in two days!'

The wind rose and chilled them. Blair couldn't help trembling because of the cold. Wesley held her tighter and kissed her even more passionately.

As if her lips were magic, Wesley was unable to fight the urge. He couldn't even stop.

After a long while, he finally let go of her, panting. He rubbed her swollen lips with his rough finger. "Don't say that again, Blair. I've been hooked since you first kissed me. You kissed me once, I'd kiss you ten times. A hundred times!"

'Seriously? He used to be an idiot when it came to love.

But now, he's flirting with me. And doing a damn good job, too.'

"You..." Blair stammered.

"What?"

"Nothing..." 'Good job, Wesley! You always turn me around when I want to give up on you.'

"You should feel lucky we're not in the apartment. Blair, I'm not a nice guy. Piss me off again, and I'll bring you back to the apartment. Then..." His eyes reflected a mischievous side she rarely saw.

Blair took a step back and asked, "Then what?"

Wesley gave her a smug smile and answered, "I'll make love to you so much you won't be able to leave the bed for three days." He had long wanted to do this. But his logic always stopped him.

Blair's face was now as red as a tomato.

### [Chapter 594 Your Mom Is So Awesome](#)

When she heard what Wesley said, Blair secretly heaved a sigh of relief. She used to wonder if he was gay. Now she was sure he wasn't.

Her cheeks burning red, Blair turned around and broke into a brisk trot to hide her shyness. "What are you talking about? Sounds like you've given this a lot of thought. Like you'd worry about me no matter what."

"You're right." Wesley didn't deny it. He would worry about her if she lived alone or even if she lived with a female colleague.

'He just admitted it! He didn't try to lie or play it off!' Blair thought. "If Hartwell says anything, don't tell him we live together," she said.

"That depends,"

Wesley said with a shrug.

The two drove to a nearby shopping mall. They proceeded to the food court, and at Blair's suggestion, they went in on a three-sauce simmer pot—a shareable hot pot with herbs and juices from 10 different types of vegetables, seasoned with rice wine, sesame oil, and soy sauce. They got to choose the meats that went into it, and his selection was beef with enoki mushrooms, while she wanted frog legs. It all smelled so delicious they couldn't eat it fast enough. After that, they went to the department store to buy pans, dishes, scrubbies, detergent, lamps etc., to set up the apartment.

On their way home, Blair got a call from Cecelia. She touched down safely in her home country and Baldwin picked her up from the airport. "You must be tired now, Aunt Cecelia. Get some sleep," Blair said in a soft voice.

"Sure. Hey Blair, are you with Wesley now? Can you tell him I got home alright?"

Blair was at a loss for words for a bit, and didn't know whether she should tell her the truth or not. Then she looked at Wesley and answered honestly, "Yeah, we just had supper. I'll let him know."

"Thanks, Blair. Get him to take you back home. You need to go to bed early too. I'll call Niles and ask him to check on you tomorrow."

"No need for that, Aunt Cecelia. I'll call him myself," Blair said hurriedly. 'Maybe I should ask Niles to tell his mom the truth.'

"All right. Goodbye, Blair."

"Bye, Aunt Cecelia."

After hanging up, Blair called Niles. "Hi Niles!" she said.

Upon hearing

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

in there?

The lipstick was of the same brand as the one Cecelia had bought. The perfume's brand was Jo Malone London.

'These aren't mine. Maybe Cecelia forgot them?'

Cecelia was one of Blair's WeChat friends. Blair took a picture of the lipstick and perfume and sent it to her along with a voice message asking, "Did you forget to pack these, Aunt Cecelia?"

Cecelia was playing on her phone. Seeing the message, she replied immediately, "No. They're not mine. I didn't forget a thing. And I never use that fragrance."

'Not hers?' Blair grew even more puzzled.

Cecelia, on the other hand, took a closer look at the picture and told her husband, "Blair found some lipstick and a bottle of perfume. She asked if they were mine."

"How come? Did you buy those for her?" Baldwin asked casually.

Cecelia shook her head. "I offered to buy her lipstick, but she turned me down. We didn't go to any perfume store."

After a pause, Baldwin asked, "You and Blair went shopping with Wesley?"

"Yeah. He could give us advice and carry our bags for us. By the way, I never knew my son was so generous. He paid for everything I bought. I got her clothes, shoes and bags, but he insisted on paying for them. My son is so considerate and caring. He treats me so well," Cecelia said cheerfully.

Baldwin almost chuckled when he saw his wife's happy face.

'That's funny. He bought them for Blair, ' he said in his mind. "What else did you buy?"

### [Chapter 595 Wesley And Blair](#)

"Wesley damaged Blair's phone, so he bought a new one for her. Blair bought me a silk scarf. Then I bought some accessories," Cecelia answered.

"Maybe Wesley bought the lipstick and perfume for Blair," Baldwin suggested.

"How'd he manage that?" Cecelia denied it without a second thought. "We didn't go to the perfume counter. Wesley was with us the whole time."

Baldwin cast a sideways glance at the picture on her phone and then looked at her own shades of lipstick. The lipstick in the picture was of the same brand. "Are you sure it was the whole time? When he paid for the lipstick, did you keep a close eye on him?" he asked doubtfully.

After some deliberation, Cecelia answered, "When he went to pay, Blair and I left the booth. I thought he was close behind us... No! He was gone a few minutes. Blair and I had to wait for him. Aaargh!" Cecelia yelled at the top of her lungs.

Baldwin patted his wife's back. "Hey hey! Calm down."

Cecelia dropped her phone and jumped to her feet. "How am I supposed to calm down? Why did that boy buy her anything? She's his sister-in-law! Wait! He paid for everything I bought for Blair. That means he bought her all that stuff." That was when Cecelia realized something was off.

Baldwin cast a casual glance at his wife and sighed inwardly, 'I think she's finally getting it. Blair and Niles aren't dating.'

Cecelia slapped her thigh. "Oh my God! Things are out of control now."

Baldwin shook his head helplessly. "Find anything else suspicious?"

"Yes!" Cecelia nodded vigorously. "I thought it was weird that Wesley went shopping with us. Then, Blair got nervous and accidentally dropped her phone into her glass of soybean milk. Wesley picked it up from the glass. But when she said it was from her ex-boyfriend, he dunked it again!"

Baldwin giggled. 'Who said that Wesley knew next to nothing about women? It's just that he hadn't met the right girl yet.'

"Last night, they went to the department store together, but then Blair  
hay."

Wesley, on the other hand, went to the army base. When he got out of his car, he suddenly remembered the desserts Blair made for him. So he took them out, went to his office and placed them on his desk before leaving the office.

Before long, a group of people came in. "Chief, you're finally back!"

"We have a meeting tonight?"

"Er? Where is he?"

"I just saw his car. He must be here somewhere," Talbot said in confusion and scratched the back of his head.

"Hey look! Food! Chief must have brought this for us!" Lenard found a disposable paper bag and took out two lunch boxes and a thermos.

The rest approached him. "Chief is so nice to us. He always brings food. But this is hardly a snack. There's not enough for us." Wesley always bought food or drinks for his men when he was off work.

"Don't complain. It's better to have a little than nothing." Bowman opened one of the lunch boxes and saw eight mung bean cakes. They looked rather inviting.

"Wow, there are also mooncakes! They look delicious! Give me one!"

Everyone grabbed a mung bean cake and a mooncake. There were only two mung bean cakes and a mooncake left. Talbot suggested, "They're still wrapped. I guess he hasn't eaten yet. We'll keep these for him. There's milkshake in the thermos. Want some? We've got disposable paper cups."

#### [Chapter 596 He Must Have Been Dumped](#)

The others shook their heads, declining the milkshake. Only Lenard nodded his head. "I'm thirsty. I'd like to drink some."

"Alright. Let's share it," Talbot suggested and poured half of the drink into two disposable paper cups.



At that moment, the door opened and Wesley walked inside the office.

Upon seeing him, Talbot waved at him. "There you are, Chief! We've left you a few cakes. Oh my! The cakes were so delicious. Where did you buy them?"

Wesley's face darkened once he saw the scattered lunch boxes on his desk. "Who ate them?" he asked rigidly.

Talbot didn't see the sullen look on Wesley's face as he proceeded to drink a mouthful of his milkshake before answering, "We all ate them. But don't worry. We've left some for you."

"Who opened the boxes?" Wesley asked.

"I did, Chief. Why? Is something wrong?" Talbot pursed his lips in confusion

Wesley cast a cold glance at him before saying, "You'll get fat after eating all those desserts. Go out and do sit-ups. No less than a hundred sit-ups in one minute. Talbot, you'll do additional thirty push-ups for every sit-up missed. As for the rest of you, additional twenty push-ups for every sit-up missed." He then caught sight of the cups of milkshake that Lenard and Talbot were holding. "Since you two drank the milkshake, you get more exercise too. It will help burn off the calories. Go run two kilometers with five-kilogram weights. Finish it in ten minutes. You'll do additional thirty push-ups for every minute excess."

Everyone in the office fell silent, not quite understanding what was going on. It was the first time that Wesley had given them punishments for such a seemingly harmless reason.

Nonetheless, they didn't dare protest. They were soldiers, and soldiers must obey orders. They exchanged a few stumped glances at each other and then rushed out of the office posthaste.

On the training grounds, while they were doing sit-ups, Talbot gazed at the office building with his brows knitted together in confusion and murmured, "What exactly did we do to piss him off? Where was he before he arrived at the office? Did someone snitch on us to him?" He paused to consider it. "But we haven't made any mistakes recently," he continued.

Lenard was also confused by Wesley's behavior. "Beats me," he replied with a shrug. "I caught a glimpse of his face as we walked out of his office. Seemed like he was in a bad mood. Did we unknowingly piss him off somehow? Or was he perhaps just taking out his anger on us?"

"Of course we pissed him off! Our chief isn't the kind of man who would make things d  
that kind of sum upfront. Besides, why do you have to do this for me?"

'Is he an idiot? I guess he doesn't know anything about the housing price at all, ' she thought. 'The apartment belongs to the Eastern Coastal Apartments, easily one of the most expensive apartment complexes in Y City. It costs at least twenty million dollars.'

"This apartment is close to your company," Wesley simply said. Carlos had a couple of apartments, but Wesley preferred this one as the office of the company that Blair worked for was only a few hundred meters away. He knew that the selling price was high. But other than the apartment in Hillside Apartments, he also had two other apartments in A Country that his parents and his grandfather gave him. He could sell one of them.

"This is one of Carlos' apartments, but he has never lived here once. It's almost as good as new. The developer of the Eastern Coastal Apartments works for him. Carlos promised to give me a fifty percent discount," he told Blair. Carlos had initially offered to give Wesley the apartment as a gift, but Wesley turned it down. Left with no choice, Carlos offered to give him a fifty percent discount instead.

The apartment was valued at about 26 million dollars, so now, Wesley only needed to pay just a little over 10 million dollars.

'He wants to buy the apartment just because it's close to my workplace!' Blair opened her mouth, but didn't know what to say. 'Why is he going out of his way to do this for me? The apartment would still cost at least 10 million dollars even with the fifty percent discount. Does this mean he actually has feelings for me?'

"Wesley..." Her voice was soft and carried a hint of affection.

Wesley looked her in the eye.

### [Chapter 597 Im The Cheating Dog](#)

Tears welled up in Blair's eyes. "If you don't like me, then you should stop taking care of me."

It had been a long time since Wesley said that he didn't like her. He pursed his lips and said, "My mom likes you. A lot. So I need to like you too. She'll be happy to see you live in a safe and comfortable place." 'As long as Mom is happy, I'm happy too, ' he thought.

But as soon as he said the words, he realized how lame of an excuse it was.

The softness on Blair's expression instantly vanished and turned into a scowl. 'So he's being nice to me only because his mom likes me? Nothing else? If I didn't know any better, I'd probably just think he's a mama's boy.

Ugh! I feel so tired!' She forced a smile and waved at him. "Good night."

Without saying another word, she turned around and walked back into her bedroom.

Wesley silently watched as she closed the door behind her, and then entered his own bedroom.

Lying in bed, Blair turned and rolled. She forced her eyes closed, but sleep still wouldn't come. She wasn't really in the mood to read a book either, so she just lay there, awake. When it was already past midnight, she suddenly sat up. She stared at the package of perfume and lipstick on the nightstand and then got out of bed.

'I wonder if Wesley is already asleep, ' she thought.

She picked up the perfume and lipstick and left her bedroom. Standing outside Wesley's bedroom, she knocked on the door once, but there was no response.

She knocked again. Still nothing.

'Is he asleep? Or maybe I should just knock on the door harder?' she mused.

After a short pause, she knocked on the door for the third time. This time, the door opened.

Wesley was not asleep; he was just taking a shower. 'Did he just finish showering? Or was he still in the middle of it when I knocked?' she wondered. He had a towel wrapped around his waist, and his hair was still dripping wet.

Blair was suddenly dumbstruck. This was the second time that she had seen Wesley wearing nothing but a towel. She had previously told herself that she would be a cheating dog if she still held any sort of attraction towards him.

Apparently, she was indeed a cheating dog.

Against Blair's better judgment, her gaze landed on Wesley's toned and muscular body. She had started to develop feelings for him when she was sixteen. It was more than just a schoolgirl crush and had deepened over the past few years. She could never forget Wesley's warm embrace as he comforted her the day her parents died when she was nineteen. He had a beautiful body on top of his caring  
tes.

When the morning came and Blair finally woke up again, Wesley had already gone.

A couple weeks passed and Wesley still had not come back. And so, Blair's life went back to normal; she went to work and got off from work regularly. She was willing to work over time, but she always wanted to be home by early evening or as soon as possible. She was constantly thinking that Wesley might come back at any time.

One day, while she was working on her computer, her phone buzzed. She glanced at the screen and saw that Miller's mom was calling. She sighed and answered it immediately. "Hello, Auntie!"

"Hi, Blair. I need to talk to you. Could we meet at a cafe somewhere?" Gertrude said in a calm voice.

After some consideration, Blair agreed. "Sure. You name a place."

Gertrude then suggested they meet at a restaurant near Miller's apartment later in the afternoon. They said their goodbyes and hung up. Blair looked at the time and went back to work.

A few hours later, she headed down to the meeting place that they had agreed upon. When she arrived at the restaurant, she was surprised to find that Miller was also there.

She walked over to them and said hello politely.

She hadn't seen Miller for a long time and was somewhat alarmed to see that he appeared haggard and gloomy. Gertrude, on the other hand, put on a warm smile and said, "Hi, Blair. Busy at work?"

Blair settled her bag on a chair and sat on the one beside it. She smiled back at Gertrude. "Hi, Auntie. I'm not that busy these days. It's the off season."

Gertrude nodded and asked a waiter to serve the dishes.

Miller poured a glass of water and handed it to Blair.

"Thanks," she said and offered him a warm smile.

[Chapter 598 Theres No Way](#)

"Blair, I didn't know that you and Miller had broken up until recently," Gertrude continued. At this point, she sighed and glared at her son who was looking out the window. "Miller told me what happened. He was wrong, but you were too. You'd been engaged for two years, but you wouldn't sleep with him. Why do you think he cheated?"

Blair took a sip of water and said nothing.

Gertrude went on, "I heard that you were sweet on a soldier, but he didn't like you back; and that you got with Miller to make that guy jealous. That was also wrong. Now Miller has admitted his mistake. You can too. Give him a second chance, get married, and be happy. How about that?"

Her words made Blair feel sad. It was like the whole world knew Wesley didn't like her.

Gertrude secretly tugged at Miller's sleeve. Miller turned to look at Blair. "I'm sorry, Blair. I hurt you, and I regret it. Can we get back together? Can you take me back?" he said.

Miller would do anything his mom told him to. Blair knew that. His mom probably arranged the meeting, and ordered him to apologize.

Blair pursed her lips and said, "You're both right. I liked someone before I got engaged to Miller, and I got engaged to get back at him. But did Miller tell you I decided to forget that guy and spend the rest of my life with my husband-to-be?"

Hearing this, Gertrude glared at Miller. The son turned his head to look out the window again sheepishly.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that he made it all Blair's fault when he had told his mom why he and Blair broke up.

"You know that I went to England after I got engaged to Miller. I never saw the soldier afterwards. I was out of the country and he couldn't see me unless he was deployed over there. I never called him, not even once," Blair said.

She did see Wesley during the Spring Festival, but that was an accident. She didn't

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e to him.

Blair sneered when she heard his words, "So what about when you slept with your boss? Did you think of your mom?"

Miller's lips hung apart, but he couldn't find anything to say. After a while, he changed the subject. "Why did you come home early that day?" Blair was a newbie employee. She needed to make a good impression on her boss and colleagues. She wouldn't ask for leave or be absent from work unless she had to. He couldn't figure out why she had come home so early that day.

Hearing his words, Blair flashed back to that day. Someone called her saying Miller had an accident.

She had rushed home, worried, only to find he was in bed with someone else. It was Wesley who took her away from there.

'Wait! Wesley! Why was he there?'

Blair's eyes widened. 'Could it be that he found out Miller was cheating on me, and then got one of his men to make up that bogus excuse?'

"It couldn't be," she murmured.

"Couldn't be what?" Miller asked in confusion.

"Nothing. Someone told me you were in an accident that day," she replied quietly.

"Accident? Why?" His confusion grew.

But Blair wasn't in the mood to talk more about it. She shook her head and said, "Doesn't matter. Let's move on. We can still be friends."

### [TAKE MY BREATH AWAY](#)

#### [Chapter 599 Come To Blair's Rescue](#)

"Friends? Are you kidding me? Hell no! I don't want to be friends with you. The only thing is, my mom likes you, so I will get back together with you no matter what."

Blair didn't know how to respond to this. Her head had spun for a moment after hearing this remark.

Miller had just said almost the same thing to her that Wesley had once said. "My mom likes you, which is why I'm nice to you." "My mom likes you, so I have to be with you."

Though sad in a way, this remark was also highly infuriating. Blair blurted out angrily, "So you want us to get back together just because your mom likes me. What the hell! Should I marry your mom then? She likes me so much, na?"

"Why are you yelling at me? Of course I want you to marry me, and not my mom!" As far as Miller could recall, Blair had always been a calm and sweet person. In fact, she looked even more composed than him when faced with a problem. During the time they had been a couple, he had never seen her cross swords with anyone.

But now, seeing just how mad Blair was, Miller was seized by numerous complex emotions. But to save his face, he chose to put on the mask of a tough guy. Not that it was doing him any good.

Blair had had enough now. She ignored him, turned around, and began to walk towards the bus stop.

But Miller picked up his pace and gripped her arm once again, refusing to let her go. "Blair, if you don't want to start over with me, fine. But please come inside and finish the meal with my mom. Then we will go our own ways," he pleaded.

Actually, that had been Blair's plan all along, but Gertrude's remarks had infuriated her. Now she wasn't in the mood to do that. "I have another appointment. Maybe next time," she replied, trying to release her arm from his grip.

Sensing her reluctance, he insisted, dragging her a bit closer, "Blair, please. Don't let my mom down."

Blair felt that she was about to flare up. God knew what would happen if she lost control on the road.

Just then, a couple of cars pulled over near them with their blinkers flashing. They had just passed by the building, and when the people in the cars had seen Miller badgering Blair, they had turned the cars around and driven back.

The two vehicles were eye-catching and very high. One glance, and Blair already knew who had come.

It had been half a month since she had last seen Wesley. But being forced to dinner by a man was not how she had expected to meet the guy again.

Wesley stepped out of the car with a furious stride and almost rushed over to Blair and Miller. Talbot and his co-workers got out too.

The sight of Miller holding Blair's arm made Wesley seethe. He could see that the woman didn't like it. "Let her go!" he d

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

afraid to express his feelings. He was just afraid that he couldn't promise her the forever she deserved. He was also afraid that if they were together, she would live in fear every day, worrying about him. He believed that if a man really cared about a woman, he would do everything to make her happy and never let her live a life in the shadow of doubt and fear.

And a good life wasn't something that he could give her right now.

Inside Wesley's car, Blair was sitting quietly in her seat, reflecting on what had happened a few moments ago. She wondered whether she would have agreed to take Miller back if she weren't living with Wesley.

After thinking about it for a while, she got the answer—no. There was no way she could do that.

Not that she was unforgiving; she could forgive all of his mistakes, but not cheating. She wanted a faithful husband. And even if she chose to forgive Miller and take him back, she would never forget his betrayal. It would always remain an ugly scar in their marriage and would only lead to further tensions.

"I have to take care of a few things tonight. I'll drop you off and leave. You will have to fix yourself something to eat later," Wesley told her, breaking the silence of the car.

Blair broke out of her reverie and nodded. "Okay. No problem."

"If something like that happens again, just give me a call. I am going to be there." He would drop everything and rush to her rescue as soon as he got her call.

"I know. Thanks." She smiled.

"You know what? I'll give you several guys' numbers. If you can't reach me, call them. Any of them will help you out." Wesley started to recite the numbers from his memory.

Blair quickly typed them and saved the numbers on her phone along with the names of their respective owners: Damon, Curtis, and Carlos.

#### [Chapter 600 The Domestic Discipline](#)

Wesley went on explaining a bit more about his associates. "Curtis is the principal of a university. Among the three of them, Damon is always idle and Carlos is always busy. That leaves you with an interesting choice. Damon is lazy too. If it is not urgent, you can call him. If it is important, call Carlos because he likes to be prompt. Even if he doesn't have time, he will have someone else help you."

"Okay, sure," Blair replied shortly. To be frank, it didn't matter who, among the three of them, was there for her. She only wanted Wesley's help.

Since wherever Wesley needed to be was urgent and he had to get back to base as soon as possible, he stopped the car in front of their apartment building and nodded at Blair. After watching her walk inside, he turned his car around and drove away.

It had been such a brief meeting...

#### In A Country

Baldwin waited ten-odd days before he went to Keith to talk about Niles. His initial plan to see Keith the day after he and Cecelia had talked had been waylaid by unforeseen circumstances. Out of the blue, one of Keith's comrades-in-arms had passed away; Keith had gone to the man's hometown to attend the funeral.

The man had been a good friend to him, so when Keith came back, he was very sad. For the next few days, he had been moody and down.

One day, while they were having dinner, Cecelia brought up Niles. When his name was mentioned, it reminded Baldwin of what had happened between Blair and Niles, so he remarked to Keith, "Dad, Niles seems to have been rather quiet lately."

Keith was busy piling some food onto his plate. When he heard that, he paused and turned to Baldwin. "Isn't that normal for him?" The old man was under the impression that Niles might be still overjoyed with the property ownership certificate.

"No, it isn't. He doesn't like Blair, and Blair doesn't like him. But Cecelia made a mistake and tried to force the two of them together. In fact, she even scolded him unfairly. But what's surprising is that as far as I know, he hasn't been sad at all lately. Instead, he has been in quite a good mood. That's what I find strange," Baldwin explained. He hadn't exactly meant "quiet" in the literal sense.

Keith put down his chopsticks and asked him calmly, "What did you say? Repeat your second sentence."

Baldwin was confused. "What? Which sentence? The one about Niles not liking Blair?"

"Yes," Keith responded flatly.

Baldwin and Cecelia exchanged puzzled glances. Baldwin then explained what he had meant. "Cecelia and I talked about Niles and Blair and concluded that they didn't like each other. But we have a feeling that Blair an

an imbecile!"

Niles thought about it and got a clue. "Wait. Grandpa, tomorrow... No! Today only, I'll register the house in your name. Please don't be mad at me," he pleaded. 'Come on! Has Grandpa found out so quickly?' he thought.

Keith snorted and ignored his pitiful plea. By that time Baldwin was back in the study with a surprisingly thick leather whip, a ruler, and a stick.

"Pick one!" Keith ordered.

Niles looked at the whip. The sight of it made him tremble. "Grandpa, a single strike from that whip will kill me!" He shifted his eyes to the stick.

He then continued, "Grandpa, the discipline stick used to be called an inhuman tool. It's barbaric. We live in a civilized society now. We should adopt civilized methods to discipline the children. Shouldn't we?" The discipline stick and ruler had never been too far away from Niles' childhood. He knew clearly how much they hurt. And they were bad!

"Shut up! What a load of crap! I am disciplining my grandson. What do I need civilization for? Now then. You don't think the first two are good choices? No matter, it will be the ruler then. Baldwin, hit him so he won't lie to me again."

Niles covered his head with both his hands and pleaded, "Grandpa! You're my biological grandfather! Do you really have the heart to beat me? It's only a house. I'll give it back to you. I didn't do anything else wrong. So can you please forgive me this time?"

"Mmm, what you say does make sense. All right, Baldwin! A hundred times on the palms and another hundred on the butt, and skip the mouth," Keith ordered.

Niles did the math in his head. 'Two hundred?' The realization almost gave him a heart attack.

"Grandpa! Please! My hands are important to me. They are supposed to hold scalpels."



