

TMBA 601

### [Chapter 601 Coaxing Keith](#)

"Then, don't hold a scalpel. We can afford to feed a cripple." Keith wouldn't change his mind. He sat in a chair.

Baldwin took the ruler and sighed inwardly. He hadn't hit Niles for more than ten years. He wondered whether his son could take it. Knowing Niles was studying to be a doctor, Baldwin went for his butt first. If he injured his hand, Niles might not be able to hold the tools of his trade steadily enough.

He dragged Niles over and made him bend over a table. When his dad swung the ruler at his butt, Niles screamed, "Grandpa, Dad, I was wrong. I won't do it again. Ow!" He was more than twenty years old. He hadn't expected his grandpa to punish him like this. Luckily, they weren't having any guests over that day. That would be humiliating.

Cecelia wandered in the street after leaving the house. 'Niles isn't a child anymore. Being hit like that, what if he gets depressed? A beating is pretty harsh.' She was so worried she even forgot that trying to help him would only make things worse. She pulled out her phone and called Wesley. "Wesley, your grandpa is so ticked off. He's even beating Niles. Help him!"

'Beating him?' Wesley frowned. When Niles was little, he was very naughty and would cause a lot of trouble. Keith would punish him with a spanking, and Niles would run around the house like he was running from the Grim Reaper. But after he started junior high, Niles always behaved and was never hit again. But why now? "What's the matter? Why is Grandpa so angry?" asked Wesley.

"It's all about you, Niles and Blair." Cecelia told him everything, including how Niles had tricked Keith into buying him an apartment.

Wesley lit a cigarette, listening quietly to his mom. "Mom, I'll only call Grandpa to suggest he use the whip instead of the ruler," he said.

Cecelia was dumbstruck. It dawned on her that her firstborn was even worse than Keith. He had a moral code, and held everyone to those high standards. He'd probably be even harsher than his grandfather.

That was when she realized that she turned to the wrong person. "Never mind. I never said a word. Stay out of it.

'm in your area," Blair coaxed him gently, as if she was coaxing a child.

"I'd like that. You and Wesley should come visit me together," Keith said.

Blair knew what he meant. "Okay. Bye, Grandpa Keith," she replied with a smile. Even though he couldn't see it, he could hear it in her voice.

She was now covered in a sheen of sweat when she hung up. What made her bold enough to deal with a general on the phone?

That question didn't linger long in her mind, though. After a nice shower, she put on her nightgown and opened a book. Yet she couldn't concentrate. Her mind kept drifting, imagining visiting Keith with

Wesley. But not long after she sunk into her reverie, her phone rang again. Speak of the devil. She wondered what it could be about. Wesley almost never called her.

She picked up her phone to answer it. "Hello?"

"Did you call my grandpa?" he asked.

Blair blinked. "How did you know?"

"What did you two talk about?"

"Nothing. He asked me to visit him when I can. What did Niles do?" She couldn't figure out what could piss Keith so much that he had to beat his grandson.

She knew how harsh that could get. The Li family and the Ji family were well-known for their punishments. Hartwell had been a good boy when he was little. And now he was a successful man.

But even he had been punished by his father like this.

"Worried about him?" Wesley's tone got colder.

#### [Chapter 602 The Selfie](#)

"Yes," Blair replied with a nod. "I wonder how your brother's doing. Should I call him? Did you call him?"

Wesley's brows knitted. "No. He deserved it." He felt Niles had crossed the line when he lied to their grandfather.

"What? I heard him screaming in pain over the phone when I called your grandpa. Don't you care about him at all? He's your brother."

"He was asking for it. So he screamed. He's always been loud, anyway. If he could still scream, it means he didn't get hit hard enough." Sometimes, Wesley thought that Niles should become an actor instead of a doctor. He'd be a superstar.

Blair knew Niles. He could be melodramatic sometimes. Still, she said, "Listen to you! I'd like to see you take a beating and see how well you do. You should call him later to make sure he's okay. He probably needs a friendly voice."

"I don't want to. Niles is a grown man. If he can't take his lumps like a man, then he needs gender reassignment surgery. It was just a ruler," Wesley retorted stubbornly.

'A ruler? Was that what his grandpa punished Niles with?' Blair wondered. "Fine. Then I'll text him on WeChat. You still busy?" she asked quietly. It felt so good to talk to him on such a serene night.

It bugged Wesley that Blair worried about Niles. He couldn't take his mind off it. "I'm not. Don't worry. I'll call him. I'll tell you how he is when I'm done."

"Okay. Coming back any time soon?" She missed him and couldn't help scrawling his name over and over again on a notebook.

Then her name. Blair. Wesley. She imagined their names as they'd be printed on their marriage licenses.

"No, I can't make it. If you need anything, call those guys I told you about."

"Oh..."

She was disappointed. Then for a moment, neither of them spoke. Pouting, Blair doodled over Wesley's name. "Call Niles. Talk to you later."

"Okay."

"Bye."

"Bye."

Blair hung up reluctantly.

She sat at her desk, dispirited, reading the WeChat updates, waiting for Wesley's message.

The minute Wesley got off

parked, and they went chasing after Talbot like lightning. It seemed tonight wasn't Talbot's night after all.

It wasn't long before Blair got Wesley's message. "He's fine. Don't worry."

"That's good. Then I'll let you go back to work." Not wanting to disturb his work, Blair wasn't planning to send him any more messages.

But Wesley replied, "I'm not busy right now."

Blair wondered, 'So? What am I supposed to say back?' "Can you take some time off in the next few weeks?" she typed. But she deleted it. It didn't feel right.

"Then, take care of yourself," she said in the end.

"All right. Thanks," he replied.

Something suddenly struck Blair. After she talked with Wesley, she walked into her bedroom and found the lipstick he bought her, and put it on.

She looked in the mirror. It looked awesome. So she took a few selfies.

But she only kept the best one and deleted all the others.

She opened a photo editor and beautified the selfie. Afterwards, she sent it to Wesley. "I'm wearing the lipstick you bought me. You like?"

When Wesley's phone buzzed again, he was standing by the window, with a cigarette in his teeth. On the training field, Talbot was going through his calisthenics under the other soldiers' supervision.

A picture from Blair. Wesley clicked on it to get a clearer image. When he did, he froze.

[Chapter 603 He Missed Her](#)

The pic she sent was a selfie. She sat in front of her dressing table, in a strapless peach nightgown. Her dark, lustrous hair, which was usually tied up, fell loose around her shoulders. She wore no makeup except the lipstick Wesley bought her.

Wesley's hand shook a little, and the enlarged image snapped back to its normal size.

"You're quiet. That bad? Never mind. I'll take it down," Blair said.

Before she deleted the pic, Wesley saved it.

"I just wanted to let you know that not all lipstick is red. This one is buttermilk with a brownish tint. You can call it a Mocha lipstick shade."

Holding his phone in his left hand, and a cigarette between his fingers of his right, Wesley leaned against the wall with his eyes closed.

The only thing he could think about was Blair. She filled his head. Her smile, her voice... the gentle Blair, the mischievous Blair, the aloof Blair, the angry Blair... Every one of them was adorable.

His finger slid across the screen of his phone. He found the picture and stared at it, longer this time, mesmerized.

He missed her so much, he realized.

The silence from Wesley was like a slap in the face. Blair felt humiliated.

She regretted ever sending him the photo. Not even patient enough to get the makeup remover, she grabbed a cotton swab and started to remove the lipstick. She was frustrated, angrily wiping her face clean.

Afterwards, she tossed the lipstick into a drawer and buried it deep under the rest of the detritus in there. Behind the suntan lotion, underneath the loofah, mixed in with all the other shades she rarely touched.

Then she went to bed, leaving the desk lamp on.

But sleep seemed reluctant to visit. She tossed and turned in bed, wondering why Wesley never replied.

When her phone buzzed, she jerked up like a spring and reached for her phone out of reflex. It was a two-second message from Wesley.

She clicked on it excitedly and put her phone to her ear. "You look very nice," he said. He was breathing heavily, as if he was running.

'Not "nice" but "very nice."' Blair thought the world was bright and beautiful again.

'But why did it take him so long to reply? And I already deleted it. If he just saw my message, he shouldn't have been able to see the photo.'

To solve the puzzle, she asked, "Who looks nice?"

"You do. In your pic," he typed.

So he did see it. Blair didn't know what to say. She sent him an ellipsis and

Hearing the knock on the door, she didn't look up. "The guests are on their way, but my office is still dirty. The cleaning lady did a lousy job. You need to clean it again."

'Me? Cleaning? Yeah, you wish!' Blair refused, "I'm sorry, Filberta. I can't. The guests will be here in less than twenty minutes. I'm still working on the materials that need interpretation. Find someone else to clean!"

Filberta Wang, who was wearing smoky eye makeup, gaped at Blair and berated, "I'm your supervisor! When I ask you to clean, you clean! Besides, you're so brilliant. I think you'll do a better job cleaning."

Blair wasn't provoked. She retorted with a smile, "Yes, you're my supervisor. I'm wondering—will you take the fall if something goes wrong with the upcoming meeting? After all, I'm supposed to be preparing the materials. If you're preventing me from doing that, then do you want to do it? Or can you just tell the boss for me? Come on, I'm just a nobody. I don't think I can take on so much responsibility. So can you do it for me?"

Filberta Wang's face was dark as coal. "How dare you challenge me like that!"

"I'm just trying to do my job. The delegation is about to arrive. Need someone to clean? Grab a broom. I'm running out of time. So, if you'll excuse me..." With that, Blair left the office.

She was telling the truth. If she spent the time cleaning Filberta Wang's office, she wouldn't have enough time to prepare for the meeting. If she screwed up, she would get fired. Maybe that was her supervisor's intent all along.

At 7:30 a.m., Blair followed Percy Jin to the front doors to meet the guests.

#### [Chapter 604 The Barbeque](#)

As they stood outside, several stark black and shining Bentleys slowly came to a halt in front of the office building. Percy walked up to greet the guests and Blair followed him closely. She had to be ready for her job.

The chauffeurs opened the doors and some blond-haired men clad in drab business suits got out of the cars. Blair recognized a couple of faces, and she was agape in astonishment. One of those men, a young one, considering the age of everyone else, was smiling at her. He was her friend, Orion. They had met in England. The older man in the lead among the guests was his father, who was a business tycoon. Though they had been out of touch, it was still a pleasant surprise seeing a familiar face.

Blair waved secretly at Orion.

What a coincidence!

Since she had to stay close to Percy to interpret for him, she barely had a chance to catch up with Orion. Orion understood.

Percy showed the guests around the office, and then they proceeded towards the conference room. Before the meeting started, there was a short break for everyone to settle down. Blair and Orion talked in a quiet place. "Hey... Orion, are you working with your father in business now?" she asked.

"Yes. My father is getting on in years. He doesn't look it, but he is not in too good a shape this year. As his only son, I think it is my duty to continue his business. To be frank, though, I don't want to become a businessman."

Blair smiled. "I understand. It's a pity that you can't surf as much as before. I know how much you love it. But hey, you can still do it in your spare time." Orion was a surfing fiend. When they had been in England, he had spent almost all of his free time at the beach.

"That's all I can hope to do, huh?" he shrugged helplessly. "What about you? How are things at work? It looks like we're going to see each other more often in the future."

"Yeah, you guys are stuck with me!" She smiled, "I'm doing fine, thanks. I'm head of the interpreters now, and well-paid. I like my job."

"That's good to hear. Hey, the meeting is about to commence. Let's go inside. By the way, I'm staying in Y City for some time. I'm thinking of buying you dinner after work."

Blair patted him on the shoulder with a smile. "This is my hometown. Of course it should be me treating you to a dinner. But to be honest, the cooperation between our two companies has just started. I think we'll both be very busy in the next few days. Keep in touch?"

"Sure."

They walked into the meeting room together, followed by Filberta and another female employee. Seeing them together, Filberta sneered. 'The guests have just arrived, and there she is had bought her everything.

Blair drew a tissue and wiped her eyes. Then she started to eat, and the very first bite she took made her certain that it was the best barbeque she had ever had.

There was too much for one person, though. When she was done eating, she was so full that she felt like her stomach was about to burst. And yet, there were still some leftovers, enough to easily fill the stomach of a grown man! "This was too much. I couldn't eat it all," she messaged Wesley.

She wasn't expecting a reply. But he did respond. "Get some rest. I'll finish what's left when I get home later."

'Get home? He is coming home tonight?'

Blair stood up from the sofa. She tidied the living room and got dressed before sitting back on the couch to wait for him. She wanted to be up and about when he came back.

However, before she saw Wesley, she fell asleep.

When the man got home, it was already about half past three in the morning and when he turned on the lights, he saw Blair lying on the couch, deep asleep and undisturbed by the sudden glare.

He dimmed the lights and walked over to her. "Blair," he called softly.

But she didn't respond.

He also noticed that there was only a soft blanket covering her. Wesley took off his uniform and cap and hung them on the clothes stand. Then, he scooped her up lightly in his arms, taking care not to wake her up and carried her towards her bedroom.

The familiar softness and fragrance from her body turned him on. His breathing became heavy.

Muddleheaded, Blair felt like she was moving in her sleep. Feeling slightly uncomfortable, she twisted and turned restlessly. Wesley held his breath, not to disturb her as he looked at her.

Luckily, once she became comfortable, she was quiet again.

### [Chapter 605 Getting Together](#)

One knee on the bed, Wesley carefully laid Blair down and tucked her into bed, covering her with the beautiful patchwork quilt. When he was about to draw his arms back, she suddenly opened her eyes a little.

Wesley froze, wondering if he woke her.

Blair closed her eyes again, but then she wrapped her arms around his waist and mumbled, "Wesley? You visited me in my dreams."

She buried her face in his chest, yawned and continued mumbling, "Wesley, I missed you so much!"

He lifted his hand to caress her smooth cheek, and planted a kiss on her forehead.

Fascinated by her murmuring lips, full and colorful, he couldn't help but lower his head to kiss them.

The next morning, when Blair woke up, she remembered her dream. Wesley hugged her and kissed her. But the passionate kiss felt so real that she could even feel her lips hurting and her breath ragged at that moment.

And she dreamed of Wesley running his rough hands all over her body.

As she remembered what happened in her dream, Blair buried her face in the pillow, scratching her messy hair in shame. 'Oh, my God! I can't believe I had such a sexy dream. That's not like me!' she thought, shocked.

But at least, she felt lucky no one had the supernatural power to see her dream. No one knew her little secret.

She then sat up. Her eyes went wide and she jumped out of bed, rushing towards the bathroom. She felt a large amount of menses gushing out.

However fast she ran, it was too late. Her pants were red; some even dripped on the floor.

She grabbed a rag, got it wet and went to town on the carpet. She kept herself busy cleaning and totally forgot about her dream. She didn't even have the time to think about how she got from the sofa to the bed. Someone had moved her, but she didn't stop to wonder about that.

When she walked to the living room, she was surprised to find there was no food on the table. She remembered she had put the barbecued dish on the table. But where was the food? No skewers or bits of food in the bin, either. So where did it go?

'Did Wesley really come back last night? Did he eat the rest of the food?' she wondered.

But still, she didn't stop to ask herself a very vital question. Who moved her from the sofa to the bed?

Blair turned to look at Wesley's bedroom. The door was open.

She walked over to his room and peeked inside. He wasn't there. His room wa

ogether. Blair decided that discretion was the better part of valor. She wasn't going to get involved in this lover's spat, so she turned Debbie down.

After Debbie was rather forcibly removed from the club by Carlos, Blair also left the nightclub with Wesley.

Shortly after they left, Wesley's phone rang. Blair caught a glimpse of the screen and saw that the caller ID said Megan.

Blair sneered. Megan couldn't bug Carlos tonight, so she decided to bother Wesley instead.

Wesley picked up the car phone. "Uncle Wesley... I'm sad. Boo...hoo..."

Megan's crying echoed inside the car. When Wesley said nothing, the girl continued, "Do you and Uncle Carlos hate me now, Uncle Wesley?"

"No," Wesley replied simply.

"I know Debbie Nian has always held a grudge against me. Uncle Carlos doesn't care about me now... Uncle Wesley, if you hate me, please tell me straight up..."

A hint of impatience flashed in Wesley's eyes. But he tried to comfort her, "You're sick. Don't cry. It'll make it worse."

"I know..." Megan's sobs continued to come from the other end of the phone.

Blair felt so annoyed to hear Megan going on like this. Her good mood was dampened. Although the line was still connected, she looked at Wesley, expressionless, and demanded coldly, "Wesley, can you stop the car?"

Megan stopped crying in an instant. Wesley shot her a confused glance and asked, "Why?"

'Why? Isn't it obvious?' Irritated by the stupid man, she didn't care that Megan could hear their conversation and said as calmly as she could, "Either hang up the phone now, or let me out."

### [Chapter 606 Im Pregnant](#)

Wesley found himself stuck in the same situation. Last time he answered Megan's call in the car and Blair got angry with him.

"Uncle Wesley... Are you still with your neighbor Blair?" Megan asked on the other end of the line.



Blair sneered, "Not just neighbors, anymore, little girl. We're roommates."

Wesley was surprised by how Blair needled Megan.

Silence engulfed them as Megan went silent. The only sound was the muffled roar of the engine.

Wesley couldn't figure out what was going through Blair's mind. Finally, he decided to minimize the drama. "Megan, just don't worry about this. Get some sleep. Take care of yourself. Don't stay up late. Don't..."

"Drop me off now!" Blair furiously interrupted his repeated nagging to Megan. It was obvious who was important to him, and it wasn't Blair.

Wesley stopped talking and hung up the phone. He pulled over, but he didn't unlock the car doors to let her out. "What's wrong with you?" He had to find out the reason. She made a scene the last time he talked to Megan. It was happening again. And it was at night this time. What would she do if she left the car at this hour?

"Nothing. I'm all right! So tell me—is Megan the reason why you don't date?"

Wesley gave her a long look, confused by her words. 'What does Megan have to do with me having a girlfriend or not?' he wondered.

Blair's mind was a mess. Every word that Megan said haunted her. Whenever she was around Wesley, she tried her best to forget about Megan.

God knew how much she wanted to let it all out, to tell Wesley that his poor, innocent Megan was really a hypocritical bitch and a drama queen. But she couldn't.

Suddenly, a scene at the airport replayed in her mind. Why did Wesley think she was pregnant? Megan told him that. And Blair did say she was pregnant in front of Megan.

She met Megan at her departure gate when she was about to hop a flight to England.

Blair had already finished her studies there. But there were still some things she needed to be there in person to wrap up, so she had no choice but to fly to England again. Hartwell drove her to the airport and she got there way too early. To kill the time, she chose to sit in a quiet corner, playing on her phone.

A few minutes later, a couple sa

essing his feelings. You know him. I figured it out by listening to him..."

Megan paused. Blair tried to process her words. Indeed, Wesley wasn't the type of man to confess his love to others.

"He said that he was nice to you when you were neighbors because you're Lieutenant General Ji's niece. He had to show respect to his superior," Megan added.

Her secret exposed, Blair could hardly keep her composure. She wanted to end the conversation as soon as possible. "Miss Lan, why are you telling me all this? I'm engaged. I have nothing to do with Wesley anymore. I don't want to hear anything about him."

"Well, okay. I wish you could just stay in England, Miss Jing. Without you around, no one would get in the way. Then Wesley and I could get married, and he wouldn't have to be confused."

'Confused? Get in the way?' Blair frowned at her words. "How did I get in the way?" Blair felt Megan was being ridiculous. Ever since she started her studies in England, she hadn't called Wesley at all.

They met once when the Ji family and Li family had a dinner together. But it was Wesley who talked to her first. She had tried her best to keep her distance.

"Anyway, I like Uncle Wesley too. Please don't call him anymore," Megan pleaded, feigning innocence. 'She should have been an actress,' Blair thought.

Blair looked at her. "I repeat—I'm engaged. My fiance loves me, and I didn't call Wesley."

A bright smile broke on Megan's face. "I trust you, Blair. Thanks. I have to go now. Bye!"

### [Chapter 607 We Arent Suitable](#)

As Megan walked away, so did Blair's mind. It began to roam about far and wide and then she could hardly focus on the posts she was browsing on Weibo.

'So Wesley really loves Megan...I should have known!' She didn't know why, but the thought pained her heart, even though she had her suspicions a while back.

On boarding the plane, Blair had bumped into Megan once again when she was walking towards the economy class, located in the back of the plane. Megan was adjusting herself in the first-class cabin. She was surprised to see Blair and asked with a smile, "Blair, are you in first class too? What a coincidence, huh? Uncle Wesley booked a first-class ticket for me too. Are we sitting together?"

Wesley had booked a first-class ticket for Blair when she had first flown to England to begin her studies there. Now she realized it wasn't any special treatment he had given her. He had done the same for Megan. Blair remembered forcing a polite smile and pointing to the crowded economy class, most of the passengers over where, were still unsettled. "No, my seat is in economy. Goodbye, Miss Lan," she said honestly.

During the entire flight, Blair's mind had remained preoccupied with the words that Megan had uttered. 'Wesley said no to my proposal without hesitation because he loves Megan,' she finally realized.

So he wasn't a good man. If he had Megan in his heart and loved her truly, why had he so actively kissed her?

On coming to know about this side of him, Blair had decided that she would forget Wesley and fall out of love with him.

However, things had taken an unexpected turn. Later on in the South Mountain, she was trapped by the flash floods. When she was facing death, the only name that had popped up in her head was Wesley. In her desperation and potentially, her last moments, she couldn't control herself and had sent him a message, which she had thought would be her last words in the world.

But beyond her expectations, there had been a miracle. He had come to save her life, like a hero falling from the skies. He had brought life back to her, and her love for him was rekindled, crazier than ever.

After that day, their paths had crossed a few more times. And finally, they had even moved into the same apartment. There had been times when Blair had pondered over Megan's words at the airport. She had a feeling that Megan was just trying to drive a wedge between Wesley and her, forcing them to misunderstand each other and draw apart. She had even boldly guessed that maybe Wesley had feelings for herself.

Coming back from the retrospect, Blair smiled bitterly. Such kind of ups and downs and twists and turns in her love life had made her suffer. When she finally calmed down, she looked at Wesley and told him, "Wesley, it took me all this time, but now I know that we're not suitable—" She paused. To make it sound a bit ambiguous, she added, "—for living under the same roof."

t he had told her many times he was born to serve the country and its people.

However, when she was saying the second sentence, she felt sad for her own self. He had saved her life twice—her parents' incident and the flash floods. It looked like she was just one of the many people he had saved. And they both knew it: he would spare no efforts to save anyone regardless of who it was.

It made no difference to him whether the person in danger was Blair or a complete stranger. It was his duty to dive into death headlong and protect others. This realization upset her very much.

"You're right," he answered. That was the worst part. He didn't try to deny her claim.

At that moment, Blair's heart broke.

After a moment of silence, Blair took a deep breath. She wanted to clarify things. She asked him in a calm voice, "Colonel Li, can you tell me what exactly our relationship is now?"

She was thinking, 'We're not neighbors, we're not friends, and we're not lovers. Then what are we to each other?'

Wesley was concentrating on driving the car and didn't answer; she didn't press him. After a while, he finally seemed to come to a decision and told her, "Good friends."

'Good friends? Screw you! What kind of good friends will kiss each other so passionately? Pressing me up against a car!'

Blair was nearly angered to death by this idiot and his idiotic response.

Oblivious to their problems, the car sped smoothly along the city road. Blair closed her eyes and leaned back against the seat. She decided against speaking to him before they arrived at the apartment. The longer they were on the road, the slower would be his responses because his mind would be on the car.

She soon felt the car slow down. She opened her eyes to look at the road and there weren't any traffic lights in front of them.

She tilted her head to look at Wesley. The man kept throwing glances at the front right while maneuvering the car carefully.

[Chapter 608 Please Be Safe](#)

Blair followed Wesley's gaze. She saw that a crowd had gathered around an apartment building. They were all looking up at something.

Before she could figure out what happened, Wesley suddenly sped up, heading straight into the parking lot in front, and yanked the wheel to get the car to stop faster.

He was there in no time flat.

"Wait for me!" he told Blair. With that, he unfastened his seatbelt, opened the car door and sprang out in one swift move.

Before she knew it, he had left the car and disappeared into the crowd.

Once she unbuckled, she was able to get to a better vantage point. Watching from the car window, Blair realized that it must be something urgent.

Instantly, she opened the door and jumped out of the car as well. But... "Ouch!" She almost sprained her ankle. His car was really high off the ground. She paused a moment to make sure she was okay. It dawned on her this was the first time she had gotten out of Wesley's car without his help.

But she didn't have the time to care about that. She slammed the door behind her and rushed towards the crowd.

People there were talking about what was going on, and that was when she finally knew. She raised her head to look at what was causing all the fuss. In the dim lights, she saw a little kid sitting on the balcony of the thirteenth floor, crying. The neighbors said it was a two-year-old boy.

The neighbors had knocked on the boy's apartment door for several minutes, but no one answered. They guessed that the kid was home alone. The boy walked to the balcony to look for his parents and then climbed onto the windowsill. It was dangerous since the balcony had no bars, nothing to stop him from falling. The kid could fall at any moment.

Someone had already called the police, but they hadn't arrived yet. Blair looked around, scanning for Wesley, and saw him rush inside the building.

Blair wanted to follow, but the crowd was thick, and they weren't interested in letting anyone through. After all, everyone had a hard-won vantage point, so naturally they weren't going to let anyone else take it. Not that she would stay there...but they didn't know that.

She knew Wesley was hard at work saving people again.

She decided to wait for him in the crowd. He needed to concentrate or someone would die.

Before long, Blair saw a figure appear on the balcony of the fourteenth floor, right over the boy. Her heart leapt to her throat. The crowd erupted in cheers when they saw a man in a military uniform jump onto the windowsill above the boy.

It was evening, and the fact that no lights came from the windows on either side of the boy made it worse. Apparently no one lived there. The onl

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.

uncomfortable in all sorts of harsh environments.

They got in the car. Blair asked tenderly, "That was pretty intense. Were you scared?" If she were to hang off such a tall building, she couldn't even bear to open her eyes. That was just one difference between her and him.

Wesley said casually, "It was only the thirteenth floor. I once climbed sixty-three stories."

Blair was utterly shocked. 'Sixty-three?!' She could hardly believe her ears.

He added, "If he hadn't gotten overexcited, I would have been able to save him more easily. But the boy was careless." Before he left, he saw the boy's mother rush back home. He found out that mom snuck out to play mahjong while the boy was asleep. She was so engrossed in the games that she forgot about the time. A small mistake can lead to disaster. The mother learned a good lesson today.

Blair felt her heart still pounding. "Is this what you usually do?"

"No. It's not what we do. In fact, it's not even our duty. We're supposed to leave this to emergency teams." He just happened to come across this. He knew very well the boy would be in more danger if they just waited for the rescue team to come. His sense of responsibility drove him to take action at once.

Blair sighed inwardly. She knew his job as a soldier was much more dangerous than this.

She felt sorry for fighting with him earlier that night.

After they returned to the apartment, Wesley sat down and started texting someone. "Take your clothes off," Blair requested.

He raised his head to look at her, confused. "Why?"

She grabbed the coat from his hand and said naturally, "They're dirty. I'll throw a load in the wash."

"No, thanks. I'll take care of my laundry myself." He turned down her offer, not wanting to bother her with such minor details.

### [Chapter 609 I Never Lie](#)

Blair glared at Wesley. "It's not like I'm washing it by hand. The washing machine will do it. You're impossible! Just give me your clothes!"

Being harangued by someone else for the first time, Wesley wanted to retort but her angry look zipped his mouth. He turned around and walked to his bedroom.

As he opened the door, he paused. "Let me get a shower first." He meant to say that he would shower first and bring his dirty clothes to her afterwards.

Blair nodded.

Wesley walked inside the bathroom, and turned on the shower. Steam floated from the water, settling on the mirror and fogging it up.

After a moment, when Blair heard nothing from his bedroom, she pushed open the door and found his dirty clothes in the hamper. She removed them and left quickly.

Despite the sounds of the shower, Wesley could hear Blair futzing around outside the bathroom. He finished rinsing the soap off and cut the water. The stream terminated quickly, leaving a dripping Wesley behind in the tub.

When he came out, he found that his dirty clothes in the hamper were really gone. He put on his pajamas and walked out of his bedroom. The washing machine was going, and it was already on the second cycle.

He was going to knock on Blair's bedroom door but then he heard noise from the kitchen.

Blair was making noodles. Hearing him come in, she turned and told the man, "Wait a minute. Almost done."

"Okay."

He leaned against the door, watching her busy figure. A smile formed on his lips.

In no time, she brought a bowl of delicious-smelling noodles to the dinner table. "Go ahead and eat. My turn for a shower."

Wesley took a look at the noodle dish. Topped with tomato slices, scrambled eggs, mushrooms, and chopped green onions, the look and smell made his mouth water. He grabbed her hand as she turned away. "You don't want any?"

Blair lowered her head to look at her hand in his. She smiled and said, "No. I don't usually eat this late at night."

He let go of her and nodded, "Okay."

Wesley then sat at the table and ate the noodles himself. He was hungry after his adventure, and those noodles really hit the spot.

When she came out of her bedroom dressed in pajamas, Wesley was nowhere to be found. The washing machine was off, and his clothes were all hung up, drying.

The kitchen was clean; the dishes washed and stacked in the right cabinets. Wesley had taken care of all the chores.

She stood outside his bedroom, thinking, 'Forget it. He needs to get up early. He's prob

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.

shared some shortcuts to translate German into Chinese. Blair stared at Wesley with gratitude. "Thank you so much, Colonel Li! You saved my life again."

'Saved your life?' Wesley was stunned by her exaggeration. Surely this couldn't be a matter of life and death.

Blair lowered her head and began taking notes. Wesley walked around the desk and stood next to her.

Under the light of the desk lamp, Wesley was like a parent helping his child with homework. Whenever he saw a mistake, he pointed it out and made sure she corrected it.

A half hour later, Blair finally finished translating all the documents. She stretched as she asked casually, "So what other languages do you know?"

As she began to clear the desk, he replied, "English, French, German, Korean, Russian, Spanish and Arabic. But I've only earned high-level certificates for English, French and German. As for the rest, I know enough to get by."

Blair marveled and suggested, "If you retire from the military one day, you should be a high caliber translator for the government or some multinational corporation. You could earn a fortune."

'He's a friggin' genius. He knows martial arts and eight languages. There's nothing he can't do,' she marveled in her mind.

Wesley gave her a long look. "I'm not planning on retiring anytime soon." Or anytime later, for that matter. He was dedicated to his career.

Seeing his serious look, Blair shut her mouth.

They went back to their own bedrooms. It was then that Blair noticed a message from Joslyn. She'd sent it an hour ago. "Bless, your cousin booked a room for me. Room 616 at Orchid Private Club. 7 p.m. tomorrow. Be there or be square."

#### [Chapter 610 Check Blairs WeChat Moments](#)

Blair suddenly remembered that it was Joslyn's birthday the next day. She quickly sent back a text to her. "I saw the message just now. So, who else will attend your party tomorrow evening?"

"Only a few old friends and classmates. Hartwell will take me out and celebrate my birthday at noon, because he can't make it in the evening. We can enjoy ourselves without any disturbance in Room 616 tomorrow." Joslyn hadn't slept yet. It was clear that she was extremely excited from the detailed message she sent back.

Hartwell was always as busy as Wesley. That was the reason why Joslyn couldn't see her husband every day. Yet he always made it up for his absence in different ways.

"No problem then. I'll be off work at 5:30 p.m. I can reach there before 7."

Joslyn sent her the emoji with a flying kiss. "Sleep tight. Don't stay awake overnight."

"Will do so. Good night then. See you tomorrow!"

After sending the message, Blair put away her phone. She turned off the light and closed her eyes as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Every night before she slept, her thoughts would drift off to Wesley—to everything he said and did. Sometimes she would imagine how their future would be. Tonight was no exception.

The next morning, Blair handed the translated documents to the manager of the German cooperative partner in the conference room. They were satisfied and spoke highly of her capability. She heaved a sigh of relief. Of course, she thanked Wesley's help in her mind.

After the meeting, Blair was called into Filberta's office. Her superior requested her team to perform a show in the company's annual gala next month. Filberta even gave a specific suggestion, asking them to present a dance on the stage.

Blair was surprised. She asked in confusion, "Dance? But why?"

Wearing bright red lipstick on her lips, Filberta flashed an evil smile. "Well, as you already know, most of the staff members in our company are men. It'll help to enliven the atmosphere of the party. Just learn some steps of modern dance and practice it with your team members. Besides, you aren't married yet, right? It's a good chance that will help you find a boyfriend. Do remember to put on the shortest skirt, put on heavy makeup and move your body as sexily as you can."

Blair seethed in anger. She didn't know how to dance. It was late winter now, and Filberta was asking her to wear a miniskirt. Did this vicious woman want to freeze her to death? But Blair understood the actual intent of her words. She knew that Filberta wanted to humiliate her and was going to use this opportunity to do so. "Ms. Wang, I'm afraid I have to disappoint you. Since childhood I've not been good at dancing. And sadly I have no other talents. It will bring shame to our department if I perform on the stage. So I think it is better if you do

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r one. "Blair, I heard you are working in the Jin Group now. Is that true?"

"I heard you had studied abroad for two years. Have you been working in that company since you came back?"

"Blair, do you remember me? I was your deskmate at middle school."

Blair maintained her polite smile while answering their questions. When she was on the brink of a meltdown, Joslyn pulled the girl to her side and warned the boys, "Hey, hey. Spare Blair. She's got a boyfriend."

Aby Lin, one of the boys who was present there, snorted and said brazenly, "So what? As long as she hasn't gotten married, we all have a chance to win her over."

"Yeah, I agree. Blair, dump your boyfriend and start dating Aby," another boy teased.

Blair said nothing; she just had a soft and calm smile on her face. She moved away from the group and sat among the girls.

In the military area of Y City, Wesley had just finished his work and returned to his office.

Talbot and a few other soldiers knocked on the door one by one and stormed into his office.

Seeing the mischievous smiles on their faces, Wesley knew these guys must be up to something.

"Well, now that you are here. Tell me what's bothering you!" Wesley asked with a smirk on his face.

In a low voice and sounding very serious, Talbot asked Wesley, "Chief, do you know Blair's phone number?"

Wesley squinted at him. When he spoke, his voice was full of threats. "You want to do sit-ups or push-ups?"

"No, no! Chief, please check Blair's WeChat Moments now. Don't hurry in your decision to punish us. We mean well," Talbot said, feigning fear on his face. But he wasn't really scared of his leader. Ever since he saw Wesley and Blair kissing each other last time, Wesley never punished him again even when Blair's name was brought up in a conversation. That itself meant there was something between them which was undeniable.