

TMBA 611

[Chapter 611 A Party Game](#)

All the other soldiers nodded in unison. They were one big well-oiled machinery. "Yes, Talbot's right, Chief. We did that only for your own good! We had no ulterior motives."

Wesley, however, was unfazed by their unanimous response and replied calmly, "All of you! Get out and get ready for a running exercise. If you delay for even a single second, your phone will be confiscated." He added in a warning tone, "For a month!"

"Yes, sir. We're leaving right now." They all responded in a similar way. Then one of them mischievously added, "Please do remember to check Blair's WeChat Moments." Before Wesley could retort, Talbot and the other soldiers turned around and darted out of Wesley's office faster than a scared rabbit.

When the office had quietened down, Wesley slowly brought out his phone and opened the WeChat app. He tapped on Blair's Moments.

Blair had posted a photo about half an hour ago. She was with a group of eight people, all holding a glass of beer and toasting each other. The caption caught his eye. "Warning! Whoever gets a phone call, has to chug down one glass!" Eight phone numbers were mentioned beneath that, as if inviting people to call!

Wesley knew at a glance that the last number was Blair's. He wondered if anyone had called her. Was she drunk?

The glasses looked quite tall, even though they were slightly narrow. Still, she didn't have a big appetite. Could she gulp one down?

Actually, by the time Wesley could check her WeChat Moments, Blair had already been forced to gulp down two glasses of beer. Of the two calls she had received, one was from a classmate she had in high school and the other one was from Orion.

Joslyn, the birthday girl, had already received five calls. Unfortunately, the calls weren't going to stop for her since everyone would want to wish her, oblivious of the rules of the game.

Just as the group had settled down after one of the calls, one of the boys received a call—from Hartwell!

The boy wanted to cry when he heard what the voice from the other end of the line was saying. "Hi there. I'm Joslyn's husband. Can you put her on the phone for me, please."

The boy replied in an anguished tone, "Sir! Come on! You could have called your wife directly!"

Hartwell nonchalantly responded, "Oh, please! I saw her post and know all about your little game. I wanted to talk to her so I just randomly picked up a number." It was obvious why. He didn't want his wife or Blair to drink too much, so he had deliberately chosen a random number.

The boy passed his phone to Joslyn, murmuring, "You know, your husband is such a sly fox. This one doesn't count."

"Doesn't count?" Everyone burst out laughing. "You wish! You know the rules! Whoever gets a call has to chug it down! We didn't have a restriction on the callers. Pop a glass down, now!" While Joslyn was busy talking to Hartwell on the phone, the boy was forced by the group to gulp a tall glass of beer in a single breath.

"Hey honey," Joslyn greeted her husband with a smile.

Sighing helplessly, Hartwell cautioned her, "What's this game you guys are doing? Take care, huh? I cannot be there, you know? Don't drink too much and keep an eye out for Blair too. Don't let

and I'm so happy. I want to drink another glass and make a toast to you, but I'm already full. I think my tummy will burst if I do that."

"Hmm...They haven't finished their own drinks. Hey you don't have to drink anymore either. Blair, I'm really happy with your cousin. I hope you can find someone to be your happiness soon." Joslyn knew about Blair's trouble in love affairs and in her work.

Blair smiled, rubbing her head against her friend's shoulder. It felt weirdly good and relaxing. Then she took the unfinished glass of beer and drank a swig. "Joslyn, I don't even know my own heart now. And you know what? I feel even more confused about Wesley's mind. When I decided to go abroad and study in England, I also swore to myself that I wouldn't love Wesley anymore for the rest of my life. He had turned me down so mercilessly. But when I came back and met him once more, I couldn't help falling in love with him all over again. He's such an attractive young man! But that jerk! If he doesn't love me, why does he keep me in his apartment? He told me that he will let me go when I have a boyfriend. Don't you think he's being ridiculous and a bit weird?"

Joslyn wrapped an arm around her shoulders and laughed. "Yes, he's being very ridiculous. If Wesley were a woman, he would be a manipulative and hypocritical bitch. Haha..."

Blair thought about her words. Joslyn was right. Wesley and the female gender were a dangerous combination. She laughed out loud too. "He thinks he's doing this for my own good, but he never asks me what I want. I don't want to have anything to do with him anymore, but I guess each time I see him, I get soft-hearted. He once told me very clearly that he doesn't love me. Why can't I have more self-respect and stay away from him? Do you think I'm a loser?"

"Shh!" Joslyn raised her feeble arm and covered Blair's mouth, a bit loosely. "Don't look down on yourself like that. It's Wesley's problem. He doesn't like you but still keeps you around him. He's the one who said that he was doing it for your own good. But I can clearly tell that it's because he loves you. He just doesn't want to admit it!"

[Chapter 612 Why Are You Here](#)

Blair gestured with her hands as she spoke. "No, you are wrong. I don't think Wesley has feelings for me. He takes care of me for my uncle's sake. I often see that he's been fooling around with Megan." She took a pause and asked, "Hey Joslyn, do all men like fooling around with more than one woman?"

"Maybe! Men are unpredictable, dear. You are such a beauty, Bless. Men like beauties. Megan is not as pretty as you. But she knows how to pretend to be weak and helpless in front of Wesley. Men are unable to resist these types of girls. Hey, I have a great idea. Why don't you learn a few tactics from her

and show Wesley your weakness and feminine side?" Joslyn suggested naughtily. Ever since Wesley had turned down Blair's proposal, she had acted as if she wasn't interested in anyone or anything.

But whenever they talked about Wesley, she would feel a strange mix of emotions. She would feel angry, happy and sad, all at the same time.

Joslyn strongly believed that Blair should adopt some tactics when it came to dealing with Wesley. She needed to learn to discover ways to attract him by her beauty and tantrums.

"Show my weakness and femininity?" Blair propped herself up on one elbow and drank another glass of beer as she continued, "I wanted to, but he is such a blockhead when it comes to matters of love. He is always so slow in getting my point. Sometimes, I felt so mad at him that I wanted to beat him blue and black." She gave Joslyn a bitter smile.

"Why don't you try to seduce him? It could help you know if he's really not into you!" Joslyn was totally drunk and made a bold suggestion under the influence of the huge amounts of alcohol that she had consumed.

Blair rolled her eyes. "I did that too! But it didn't work. Last time, when Wesley, his mom and I went shopping together, he bought me a shade of lipstick and a bottle of perfume. For a moment, I thought he had feelings for me. I was so happy and desperate for him that I was ready to get laid. I strongly feel that an upright and honest man like him will not abandon a woman with whom he has slept, right? But before we got intimate together, we had a fight again. Well, it was not really a fight, but we disagreed and argued. At that time, I thought he didn't like me, and recalled Megan's words. That girl very openly told me that he had a thing for her."

Joslyn looked at her with a perplexed expression. She embraced her warmly, and her heart ached for her best friend. "I really feel bad for you. Why can't you just get over Wesley and move on? When you went to England and got engaged to Miller, I thought it was all over between you and Wesley. I didn't

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.

singing. She took a few moments to realize how the room had suddenly gone silent.

"Hartwell and Wesley!"

Blair still didn't get Joslyn's point. She shook her head and murmured, "Who knows? Maybe for work. Wait! Wesley? Joslyn, am I seeing things? I can see Wesley here."

Joslyn rubbed her eyes. "I see him too. That means we are not seeing things. They are really here!"

Her eyes were fixed as she saw Hartwell greeting the other guys along the way. The two men who had gotten into the room a few moments ago were now walking towards her and Blair.

Wesley nodded at Joslyn gesturing to say "Hi," and then stared at Blair, saying nothing. The two just looked at each other. Their gazes were so strongly engrossed in each other as if the others around didn't exist at all.

Although Hartwell wasn't happy that Wesley and Blair met behind his back, he still asked her, "So Blair, whose car are you riding in?"

Blair sat up and blinked her innocent eyes, her head in a mess. "Hartwell, Colonel Li, what a coincidence!"

"It's not a coincidence! I'm here to pick you up," Wesley said with a serious expression on his firmly set face. He was always so straightforward. There was not a moment when his expression would show his feelings.

Blair, Joslyn and Hartwell almost burst out laughing. 'Is he always so serious? Even before his family?' they wondered.

Blair tried her best to hold back her laughter. She didn't want Hartwell to misunderstand her relationship with Wesley, so she said in a flat tone, "Thanks for your kindness, Colonel Li. I think I'll go with Hartwell."

Hartwell, however, felt something wasn't right. He laid her lies bare for all to see. "Enough, Blair! Do you think I'm an idiot? Do you think you can fool me?" he snapped.

[Chapter 613 I Want To Drink Wahaha](#)

When she heard what Hartwell said, Blair was stunned. 'What does he mean?' She turned to look at Joslyn, but her friend just shook her head and looked back with innocent eyes. "I didn't tell him," Joslyn said with a shrug.

"Stop it! Whose car are you riding in?" Hartwell repeated his question. He knew Blair was playing dumb.

"I want to come with you," Blair said in a low voice.

Hartwell took a deep breath and fought off the impulse to roll his eyes. "You asked Wesley to pick you up. Why ride with me? Just take his car."

Wesley was confused. 'Blair didn't call me to pick her up! Sounds like she didn't call Hartwell either. And he's only here to pick Joslyn up.'

Blair nodded her head obediently. She was so tired her eyes kept closing involuntarily. She was micro-napping and wanted nothing more than a bed. "Fine, I'll go with him. Have a safe drive." She grabbed her purse and got to her feet.

A moment later, she regretted it. Her head spun, and she was so drunk she couldn't feel her legs. She staggered and fell forward.

Luckily, Wesley was quick. He pulled her into his arms, preventing her from falling to the floor.

Blair held onto Wesley's arms and tried to get her footing. After all, Hartwell was still here. But her efforts were for naught. She was like a fawn, trying to stand for the first time. Her legs were shaky, and couldn't hold her.

Wesley had no choice but to scoop her up in his arms. He nodded at Hartwell and said, "Don't worry. I'll get her home safe."

Hartwell hesitated. It was not that he didn't believe him, but Wesley was a man, and Blair was drunk. People get stupid when they're drunk. Hartwell suggested, "How about you drive Blair to my place?"

Joslyn tugged at Hartwell's sleeve. "What does Blair think?"

Blair struggled to open her eyes. "Muh-my place," she slurred. She was so tired and drunk she could barely manage speech.

Hartwell still wanted to say something, but Joslyn nudged him. They could stay there all night arguing, or just let them go.

Although the other guys in the room didn't want to let Joslyn and Blair leave, they didn't speak up. Hartwell and Wesley were pretty domineering, and it was not the time to get in between them when they were buttin

ed in, straining against the limits of the seat belt. "Wesley..." she murmured in an alluring voice.

He trembled and almost lost control of the car.

"Y-yeah?"

"Wesley," she called out again.

"What?" He was growing rather bored with this. He needed to get her home.

"I want to sleep with you tonight."

"Hmm? Oh my!" The car almost hit the curb, and Wesley was fast enough to pull it back. The tires protested his quick action with a squeal.

Blair closed her eyes and rested her head on his legs. "Wesley."

"Hmm?" This was getting dangerous.

"How did you know that I was at the club?" she asked.

After a pause, he answered honestly, "You posted on WeChat."

"Why pick me up? I'm not your girlfriend." She breathed in his unique scent floating in the air as she spoke.

Wesley adjusted his position. "I was afraid you'd need a ride."

'So Hartwell didn't ask him.' Thinking of this, Blair was elated.

"Wesley, you have feelings for Megan?" she asked.

"No," he answered without hesitation. She curled her lips and smiled sweetly without him seeing.

"Wesley..."

He answered her every question patiently until she suddenly said, "Can we stop and get some Wahaha?"

"What?" Wesley didn't get her point.

"I just want Wahaha!" Blair yelled as she sat upright and looked at him. Fire was in her eyes.

Wesley looked out the window and saw some grocery stores as he passed. But there was no place to park, so he kept driving. "Okay. Hold on," he said.

[Chapter 614 Would I Lie To You](#)

"Why should I wait? I want it now!" Blair complained, pouting her lips.

"Calm down. I'm finding a place to go," Wesley answered, searching for a store.

"Liar! You just don't want to buy me what I want!" she spat. 'Store? We're still on the road!' she thought angrily.

"Help me out, then. You see someplace, you tell me!" He was driving in the inside lane, so he had to change lanes to get closer to a store and find a place to park, all of which required some time.

Blair was too drunk to be reasonable. 'He's going to drag his feet on this one, so maybe I'll forget the idea. Well, it won't work, mister!

Joslyn did that more than a few times. Wesley's doing it too! What a jerk!

"Boo...hoo..." Blair sniffed and then burst into tears.

Wesley cast an anxious glance at her and asked worriedly, "Hey! What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"You are such a jerk. I just want some Wahaha and you won't buy it for me. You probably think I'm annoying, huh? Fine! I won't bug you anymore. Stop the car and let me out!"

Wesley wasn't even sure what she was ranting about. Why was she so angry? He was just trying to find a convenience store! 'Yes, she's annoying,' he thought. 'But I never said that to her!'

He stopped at a red light and took a quick glance at the light. About 30 seconds to go. He turned to look at her and said seriously, "I didn't say that I wouldn't buy it. But I can't conjure it out of thin air. We need a store."

With red eyes, Blair pointed to the outside of the window and spat, "You're lying! I saw a couple of them already. See! Another store there!" There was indeed a convenience store not far away.

Wesley saw it too. "But I can't just pull over. I need to find a parking space first. I'll stop the car and buy it if I can find one, okay?"

However, his words didn't help. Blair began to sob again. "I always knew you didn't like me. Seriously? It's just some Wahaha. Fine. I'll go find a boyfriend and he'll buy me whatever I want. I'll never bug you again."

Wesley rubbed his aching temples and sighed helplessly. "I'll buy ten bottles, okay?"

Blair nodded with

beat. He didn't want to forcefully pull her hands away for fear of hurting her. "This won't look good. People will talk."

"Let them!" They were already living under the same roof. It didn't matter what they did—people would think they had an affair.

Left with no choice, Wesley had to agree with her. "All right. Just get some rest. I'll go to the parking lot and grab your drinks."

"No! You'll just leave!" she protested.

"I won't," he promised.

"No! I don't believe you. Get the drinks tomorrow."

Wesley was on the brink of a meltdown. "Okay, okay. You need a bath. I'll fill the tub for you," he whispered as their foreheads touched.

Blair didn't let him go. "No way!"

Wesley rubbed her hair and said softly, "Would I lie to you?"

"All right." Blair finally let go of him and watched as he went to the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom

While drawing water into the bathtub, Wesley rubbed his face with profound resignation. 'Women! They're a lot of trouble! Dealing with her is just a pain! I should be working right now instead of drawing water for her bath.

Wesley, what is wrong with you? She didn't call you to pick her up, but you did anyway. You'll have to sleep with her later. Oh God!' Wesley sighed the umpteenth time.

He carried Blair into the bathroom, and after confirming that she could bathe on her own, he left. He went to his own bathroom to take a quick shower.

[Chapter 615 Im An Easygoing Person](#)

After taking a shower, Wesley walked out of his own bedroom and knocked on Blair's door. For some reason, even after he had kept knocking for a long while, there was no response. He decided that she hadn't finished bathing yet and was still in the bathroom.

He fished out his phone to give Hartwell a call. 'The man must be sick with worry right now!' he thought. But right before he was about to press the big green button, he changed his mind and sent him a text message instead. He thought that Hartwell might be asleep at this time of the night. "Blair is home. She is okay. You can rest now."

Little did Wesley know that he was not the only one who had to suffer a drunk woman this evening. Hartwell himself was having quite a headache because of his drunken wife. In fact, he was in a double

whammy since his day had been long and tiring at the office and now, Joslyn was drunk beyond the bounds of consciousness. When he received Wesley's message, he had just managed to coax Joslyn into falling asleep.

In no mood for a long discussion, he simply wrote, "Take good care of her."

"Sure."

Wesley pounced on the sofa, waiting for Blair to come out. Half an hour later, when he still didn't hear any sound from within her room, his face changed shade slightly. He walked over and knocked on the door again. Still no response.

He could feel that something was not right. 'It usually takes her forty minutes to bathe and a couple more than ten minutes to dry her hair. But she has been in the bathroom for almost seventy minutes now. Even for a drunk girl, that is too long.' He unlocked the door, and saw that she was not in the bedroom. What was worse, there was no sound coming from the bathroom. No running water, no nothing! Just an eerie silence.

He knocked on the bathroom door. "Blair?"

He called out her name several times, but she didn't make a sound. Finally getting too anxious to handle the pressure, Wesley pushed the door open and barged in.

It was both relieving and infuriating to see the woman inside, sound asleep with her head leaning against the bathtub. Her face was even redder than before because of the warm water, and she looked like she had been in that position for a long time now. Wesley immediately looked away when he saw her naked body. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down and called out with his face looking the other way, "Blair...Blair..."

She still did not make any response, so he had to go up and pat her face softly. Blair moved slightly, and the next moment, she slid down into the huge bathtub.

Luckily, before she could drown, Wesley pulled her out like a flash of lightning. He then grabbed a towel from the stand on the other side of the bathroom and wrapped it around her.

Only then did she wake up, most probably due to the sudden splash of water. In her sleepy and hazy state, she saw Wesley. She pulled out her arms from inside the towel and held him tightly

She turned over on her stomach, making her curves on the back even more significant, and looked at him with a smile. "Some of my clothes must be washed by hands. Colonel Li, I've washed your clothes twice. Will you please help me wash mine today?"

Wesley's face twitched at her words. Wash her clothes by hands?

It was not that he didn't know how to do so. As a soldier, he almost always had to wash his clothes by himself. But Blair's underwear?

It was almost as if he were holding a hot potato; he didn't know whether he should just throw the darned clothes away or act like a bomb was in his hands.

Blair clearly saw Wesley's tanned face become red bit by bit. When he didn't respond, she rolled on the bed once more and murmured, "Ah, my head is killing me now. Colonel Li, please just do me this tiny favor. Please."

Wesley gave in once again, and under her watchful eyes, he walked out of the room. He put her outer clothes into the washing machine, added some laundry detergent and pressed the "start" button. Then, with her bra and panties in his hand, he walked back to her bathroom again without uttering a single word. Already a silent man, he looked even more taciturn now.

When she heard the running water in the bathroom, she smiled smugly and thought to herself, 'Humph!

It seems like he will do whatever I say when I'm drunk. This is a good opportunity. I should do this more often. I believe he'll surrender to me one day.'

The sound of the running water coming from within the bathroom stopped pretty soon, but Blair was in no mood to let him off so easily. She raised her voice and reminded him, "Wesley, women's panties need to be washed a little longer. Otherwise, we get sick."

Wesley didn't respond.

He really wanted to grab a gun and take as many pot shots at the clothes as possible.

Nevertheless, he turned on the tap once again. This time, he stayed in the bathroom for so long that Blair began to feel sleepy.

[Chapter 616 Hes So Considerate](#)

Blair yawned for one whole minute and was about to get out of bed and check on the man inside the bathroom when Wesley walked out himself with a blue plastic basin in his hands, his face deadpan. It looked so comical she wanted to laugh. He walked past her bed with his eyes looking straight in front of him like a car's headlights. He reached the balcony and hung her bra and panties on the rope.

After that, he walked back to his own bathroom and took a shower. This woman was proving to be quite a lot of work for him. He waited until the washing machine had finished working. Then he hung the remaining clothes as well on the balcony and then returned to Blair's bedroom.

She lay prone on the bed, bored out of her wits. At the sight of Wesley, her eyes lit up and she threw back the blanket. "Time to sleep. Come on!"

Wesley frowned and turned around like a scared cat. Before long, he came back with a blanket of his own in his arms. He first tucked her in tight and then covered himself with his own blanket.

Finally ready to sleep, he switched off the lights and the room plunged into darkness.

'Yes!' she exclaimed inwardly and flashed a quiet smile.

Now was the time! Though she was physically exhausted, she just couldn't fall asleep. Maybe it was because Wesley was sleeping right next to her. In fact, this was the first time that Blair had ever been sleeping in the same bed as a man. And she was totally smitten by her current bed-mate.

She moved closer to him, and put her arm on his belly, trying to inch herself as close as possible.

Wesley didn't move.

After a while, she pressed her head against his shoulder and placed her leg on his. 'This should work!' she thought.

He didn't respond, nor did he speak. It looked like he was asleep.

'So he's asleep. Ha-ha! Still a great chance for me!' Blair took his arm and put it beneath her neck so that it looked like he was holding her in a hug. She adjusted her position until she felt comfortable, and then held his waist tightly. This made her feel safe, and she dozed off pretty soon.

Little did she know that Wesley wasn't asleep at all. Drops of sweat had begun to form on his forehead the moment she had put her arm around him. He was trying to suppress his desires. Her fragrance was continuously reaching his nose, and he unconsciously swallowed. Her body was so soft and his penis was equally hard. What to do?

Wesley was beyond doubt an excellent soldier with superb fighting skills, endurance, and self partment. He decided to do it when he was free.

He got out of his car when he arrived at the army base. Staring at the trunk, he decided not to let anyone else drive this car today.

After the morning exercise, Talbot came up to him since he needed to use his car to go to the urban district. Wesley grabbed his car keys and was about to toss them to him. But then he remembered the milk boxes. "Find another car!" he ordered shortly.

Talbot was puzzled. But he didn't ask why. He nodded and left to find another car.

When he finally managed to get the car keys for some other vehicle, he went to the parking lot and decided to check on Wesley's car first to see if there was something wrong.

His eyes widened in disbelief when he saw what the reason behind the whole shenanigan was! There were so many boxes of milk inside the car trunk.

'Why did he buy so many boxes of milk? For some kid?'

Talbot thought for a long while, but had no clue why his chief wanted so much milk. He didn't dare ask Wesley about it, though. With a shrug, he walked towards the car he was going to drive and left the army base.

In the evening, when Blair came back home after work, she saw numerous boxes of milk sitting in the living room.

That was when she remembered what had happened after she had gotten drunk and Wesley had come to pick her up.

She had pestered him for milk for so long that he had bought ten boxes for her. She rubbed her temples and thought, 'Really? Ten boxes? How long will it take for me to finish them?'

God! I should give up this bad habit.' She sent a message to Joslyn saying, "If I get drunk and ask for milk again, just beat me!"

[Chapter 617 Blair Quit](#)

Joslyn giggled when Blair mentioned the milk thing. She replied, "Tell Wesley that. It's not my problem. It's his now."

Promptly, Blair sent a "wow" emoji, mouth shaped like an "O."

After the morning meeting, Filberta told Blair her bonus would be canceled because she didn't include the title of the program her group was going to perform at the company's annual gala.

Blair was so irritated.

She sent a WeChat message to Joslyn complaining, "Ugh! What a bitch! What did I do in the past life that was bad enough to be stuck with her? I quit! They won't have to worry about me after the Lunar New Year, cuz I won't be there."

Joslyn's message came soon. "Calm down, girl. Take a few deep breaths. She wins if you quit. Remember the movie we saw a while ago—'You're Next?' What would Erin do?"

After some deliberation, Blair had a sadistic smile on her face. She wrote, "She'd kill everyone and let God sort them out."

It was Joslyn's turn to send a "wow" emoji.

Blair added, "I want to be strong like Erin. But I don't want to cause trouble for my uncle and aunt. So I have to just keep hanging on. Erin is the female lead, and I'm not. If I were, I would ring Wesley right now and have him slap Percy around. Then Percy would take it out on Filberta." She had stars in her eyes at that point.

"And?" Joslyn replied.

"And then he'd exile the bitch to some godforsaken land and never let her come back! She pisses me off so much! Why is she targeting me? She even asked me to do a stripper dance at the annual gala! She's so disgusting!" Blair was unable to hold back her anger and continued complaining.

But there was no reply. Blair waited for what seemed like forever. 'Maybe she's busy. I guess I should start my letter of resignation,' she thought.

Her friend was busy. Joslyn was scrolling through Blair's text messages and taking screenshots. As Blair's friend, she decided to do something for her.

Joslyn sent the screenshots to Wesley and wrote, "Colonel Li, ever since Blair started at the Jin Group, she was assigned a supervisor who makes her life hell. That supervisor is the CEO's

have a problem, ask Percy Jin to call me. I'm Wesley Li, and I'll be waiting for him."

'So that's Wesley Li! The crime-buster!' The workers were all shocked.

Filberta's smile froze on her face. 'How does a man like him know Blair?' she thought. "Mr. Li, I'm afraid that's against the rules. We need to do this through proper channels. First, the resignation process takes a month, so she can train her replacement..."

Fury lived in Wesley's eyes. He tried to suppress his anger and said in a firm voice, "The execs withhold bonuses and make their employees do things outside their job descriptions. Now you're talking about rules? Looks to me like the Jin Group only cares about rules when the higher-ups benefit."

Filberta was so embarrassed the rest of her face now matched the red of her lipstick. But then, panic took over, and she went sheet white. This looked bad, and the fallout could be unimaginable. She stared at Wesley's rank insignia, and didn't say another word.

The office was once again deathly silent. Before long, a group of execs came over quickly, led by Percy.

Percy flashed a broad smile when he saw Wesley. "Mr. Li, sirs, I'm really sorry for getting here so late. I'm Percy Jin, the CEO of Jin Group. Is there a problem?"

When the employees saw that the CEO, the vice president and the general manager were all here, they realized that Wesley was not the guy to mess with.

[Chapter 618 III Take Responsibility](#)

Although Percy was extremely deferential, Wesley's sullen face didn't change. He cast an icy glance at the senior executives and said coldly, "We're leaving. Blair is going with us. Rest assured, you'll be held accountable for what you put her through."

Of course he referred to what Filberta had done to Blair. Filberta knew quite well what she did, and her heart raced wildly in her chest.

Percy's face changed dramatically. He had heard of Wesley before—Wesley himself was a man of influence in the military circles, and his family was very powerful in A Country. Carlos ran Y City with an iron fist, and Wesley wasn't shy about who his best friend was. Percy was pretty well scared of Wesley. "It's all my fault, Mr. Li. I promise you that I'll look into it personally."

No one in the Jin Group had thought that Blair had ties like that. She kept such a low profile all the time, kept her head down, and didn't rock the boat.

"It's too late for that!" Wesley grabbed Blair's hand and declared, "Blair's my friend, and I don't allow anyone to mess with her. Give her everything owed her, including bonuses. Now!"

'My friend...' Blair looked at Wesley with adoring eyes. She was really touched by his words. Although he just said that she was his friend instead of his girlfriend, she believed that it was just a matter of time before he called her "Hon." She had to believe that.

Filberta just stood there, frozen, mouth open. The woman thought that all Blair was good at was seducing men. She had to admit that Blair worked very hard, but this didn't make her likeable.

She flashed back to a time when Blair wore a certain dress—a limited edition from Tiffany and Co. Very high-priced, and Percy refused to buy it for her. Filberta was so jealous back then that she mocked Blair, spreading rumors that she was wearing a copycat brand, a knockoff version of the original. More cheaply made, and overall cheaper. A woman like Blair couldn't afford something so expensive. Now she knew she was wrong. Blair had Wesley behind her, and by extension Carlos. Blair could probably easily afford anything she wanted to wear.

Percy mopped sweat from his forehead and looked at Blair with a hopeful expression. "Blair, if you want to quit, we can be quite generous. Stock options, medical insuran

bot immediately stood up straight.

Wesley cast a sidelong glance at him and demanded, "Back to base! Now! And report to me when you get there. If you take longer than 20 minutes..." He didn't have to say anything more.

"Yes, Chief!"

Though Talbot was totally confused, he left without further ado.

Blair was also confused. Wesley had just showed up, handed in her resignation, forced the Jin Group to give her money to her, and taken her away. Unreal!

When they got into the car, Blair asked Wesley, who was driving, "So, Joslyn told you everything?"

"Of course." Wesley wasn't lying.

Blair rubbed her temples and said, "Actually I already wrote a letter of resignation. You didn't need to do this." She was very grateful to him, and meanwhile felt a little embarrassed.

Wesley cast a casual glance at her through the rear-view mirror. "You saying I should mind my own business?"

'What? I didn't say that.' "Of course not. I'm very grateful to you. But won't you get in trouble?" Blair asked honestly.

"No one will do that."

"Do what?"

"No one will say I abused my power," he said firmly.

Blair was speechless again.

They rode in silence for a while. Then the car stopped at a red light. "Don't worry about work. I'll take responsibility," Wesley said.

Blair sighed inwardly. 'He can be responsible for my safety. He can be responsible for my work. But he can't be responsible for my happiness.'

She shook her head. "No, thanks. I can handle it myself. I've gotten you in enough trouble."

[Chapter 619 You Might Love It](#)

Wesley thought a minute and said to Blair, "I called up Carlos. He has arranged a job interview for you at the ZL Group. I think you should give it a try. ZL Group provides its employees with more benefits than the Jin Group."

Before heading towards the premises of the Jin Group to pick up Blair, he had considered finding her a new job. He wouldn't make her quit her job and stay unemployed.

'The ZL Group?' The name struck Blair. She was surprised. "Do you mean Carlos Huo's ZL Group?"

There was joy visible on her face. Wesley became hopeful and thought she would agree to go to the interview. "Yes. Carlos now works in Y City," he informed her.

Once again, Blair was moved by his gesture. She felt that he was being so good to her. It was not easy to have an opportunity to work in ZL Group. All those thoughts and opinions were contrary to the decision she made. It was totally unexpected when she announced her stand to Wesley. "Thank you for your concern, but I don't want to work in such a big company."

The signal changed and green lights were on. Wesley cast a confused glance at her and started the car.

Blair sounded apologetic as she continued, "I'm afraid my free spirit doesn't fit a big company like ZL Group. They must have tons of strict rules and regulations to be followed rigidly. I don't think I'd like to work in that kind of working atmosphere and ambience. It will be depressing for me. So, I think it will be much better if I find a job myself."

"What kind of company would you like to work in? Surely, I can help you find a good job." Wesley didn't persuade her to join ZL Group. Once she said she wasn't ready to work there, he decided to help her find another job.

"Thank you for your concern and offer. But you're always so busy. I don't want to trouble you with my problems. If I can't find a job myself, I'll ask for your help. Is that okay?" She didn't want to bother him with such a trivial matter. She knew how busy he usually was.

Wesley didn't say anything further. Blair took his silence as acquiescence.

The drive was a couple of minutes from her former workplace to the apartment complex. He silently drove the car into the underground parking lot.

As soon as he parked the car in a vacant spot, Blair got out and closed the door behind her. Wesley held the two boxes which contained her stuff and was about to step out too when she walked around the car, took the boxes from him, and said, "I can go home myself. You should get back to work."

Wesley glanced at her, got out of the car and walke

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.

But Wesley took one stride forward, stretched out his arm and pulled her into his arms.

Leaning against his sturdy chest, with his strong arms holding her by the waist from behind, Blair flushed. "You... All right...I promise... I won't do it again."

Having taken control of Blair, Wesley turned her around. They were facing each other now. Her face was a few inches away from his. "Well, I suddenly realize that the drink tasted delicious."

"Huh?" Before she could make out what was going through his mind, he shocked her.

He slowly lowered his head. His face got closer and closer to hers until they seemed to breathe in each other's breath. Softly he sealed her slightly parted lips with his to savor the taste of the milk.

As seconds passed, their kiss turned more passionate. Wesley pressed her against the wall. Blair wrapped her arms around his neck and stood on tiptoe as she responded to his fiery passion.

Their kiss could have continued till eternity. But two minutes later, the ringtone of his mobile phone intruded their moments of passion, inappropriately.

Forced to stop, he lifted his lips from her swollen lips. But his grip on her waist tightened. Gasping, Blair was short of breath.

Wesley let her go gently. After glancing at the caller ID for a moment, he steadied himself in a second and took the call. His voice deep and magnetic as ever.

Seeing it as an opportunity, Blair ran into her room.

She sat on the corner of the bed and fell into a reverie.

The various thoughts lurking on her mind stirred up a storm of emotions in her. One moment she was smiling and the next she was sad. After a while, she was bored and decided to have some fun on her phone.

[Chapter 620 Crystal Sugar Heart](#)

Night had fallen, and the town was covered in a velvety darkness. Someone knocked on the door to Blair's bedroom. She sat up immediately. "Coming!"

She opened the door to see Wesley standing there calmly. "We're eating out, right?"

"Oh, right. Give me a minute to change." It would look a bit weird to go to a restaurant in her uniform. She closed the door and entered the walk-in closet.

Wesley sat on the couch, waiting. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. And then a quarter. Twenty minutes later, Blair finally opened the door again.

From the amount of time she took, he expected that she'd be more made-up. But she had only changed her clothes. Nothing more. He didn't understand how a simple outfit change could have taken so long.

Just then, something dawned on her. "One more minute," she said.

'I don't think she could do anything that only took a minute.' Wesley felt defeated, wondering why it was so hard to get ready.

In her bedroom, Blair found the perfume Wesley had bought her, and applied some of it to her neck and wrists.

Ten more minutes later, they finally left the apartment. This took way too long, at least as far as the soldier was concerned. Wesley only had a few outfits. The patterns of his clothes varied, but he always wore the same color.

Blair wore a long white turtle neck with a slim waistline. It set off her slender figure and fair skin.

When she walked beside Wesley, there was a distinct contrast between the colors of their skin.

A long azure coat hung from her arm. She rocked a pair of fashionable, black-laced martin boots.

They went to Shining International Plaza, which was close to the apartment.

On the way, Wesley asked Blair what she wanted to eat. She actually was in the mood for steak but figured that it might not be his cup of tea, so in the end she said, "I don't know. Anything, I guess. I'm not a picky eater."

Just like him, she wasn't particular about food either.

Wesley looked at her and asked, "Really? I know someone who doesn't eat cabbage, carrots, towel gourd, pork, or duck. I wonder who that might be?"

'Sounds familiar. Oh, right. It's me.' Blair blushed when she realized that.

his job was dangerous, but she never asked him if he was alright after work.

Now even she herself couldn't believe she was like that. How could she expect Wesley to believe that she loved him? Guilt overwhelmed her. She felt like weeping. She took a drink to try and cover her emotions.

Holding a glass of water, she stared at his phone, motionless, her mind elsewhere. Wesley noticed the change in her mood. 'Her eyes are red and glassy from tears, ' he realized.

He was curious what was going on, so he followed her gaze and looked at his phone. The screen was displaying the records of the conversations between him and Crystal Sugar Heart.

Wesley's heart tightened. He cleared his throat and said, "Blair."

She didn't respond, barely moving.

"Earth to Blair," he called again.

"Huh? Yeah, I'm here!" She came to her senses. Her heart was aching, but she tried her best not to show what she was feeling. She set the glass of water back on the table and looked at him with wide eyes.

Wesley was amused by her reaction, tilting his head to smile secretly. Then he began, pointing at his phone, "I don't know her. She was a hostage I saved in a mission."

"What?" Blair blinked. 'Is he trying to explain?'

"It's true." Without saying anything more, Wesley deleted the woman's WeChat records from his phone. Blair watched as the messages vanished before her eyes.

She was stunned. A thrilling feeling of joy flooded her heart.

