

[Chapter 631 What Do You Think Of Cross-Cultural Love](#)

Blair noticed how Wesley walked on without saying a word. She sensed a brewing headache and wondered, 'Is he seriously giving me the silent treatment?'

They reached a crossroad; if they went right, they would reach the parking lot. The other led to the front gate. Wesley stopped in his tracks, hesitating for a few seconds. He gestured to the path that would bring them to the entrance. "I'll walk you to the gate," he said.

"Sure," Blair agreed as she let out a sigh of relief. He finally said something.

On their way to the front gate, Blair phoned Adalson. "Uncle Adalson, I have something to do and I'm leaving now. Yes, he's with me now. Okay. Bye."

Wesley escorted Blair on the way out. With him by her side, she got through the gate's heavy security without any difficulty. As soon as they got out of the base, a gust of cold wind hit her face.

It was dark outside, with only a few street lamps on. Blair jumped a few times to keep herself warm. She turned to Wesley and told him, "You can go back to your office. I'll just wait for Orion here. I won't go anywhere."

He put a cigarette between his lips and took out the lighter from his pocket. "Keep your distance from me, please."

Blair's lips twitched. Nonetheless, she took a few steps back and watched him light his cigarette.

"You... Are you a heavy smoker?" She'd seen him smoke more than a few times before.

He blew out a cloud of smoke opposite Blair's direction. He made sure his secondhand smoke would not reach the girl. "Not really." He only smoked heavily whenever he was annoyed.

'Not really?' Blair was not buying it. She tried her best not to nag, but she still ended up reminding him, "Don't smoke too much. It's bad for your health."

Wesley turned to look at her. He was puzzled by the girl's sudden concern for him. 'Is she worried about me?'

The way Wesley was looking at her made Blair uneasy. She was trying to make out what was going on behind his eyes. A few seconds passed and Blair finally started speaking again. "Well, it was not my intention to meddle with your business," she said quietly. "I purely meant what I said. Smoking kills, you know?"

Wesley pulled his gaze away from Blair and huffed another puff.

Blair sighed. She gave up trying to read Wesley's thoughts. Wesley seemed off to her. She just couldn't quite put her finger on it.

'Is it because of my poor singing? Is he disappointed in me? Did I let him down?'

But I don't think that's the case. The younger soldiers told me I sang well, ' she thought to herself.

Blair kept moving around to keep herself warm. She tried jumping up and down, and stomping her feet. Aside from Blair's minimal squirming, there was only silence. The quiet was instantly

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you should look around for a few options. Look around you," he said.

'Look around for a few options?' She stayed silent at Orion's suggestion. She didn't think she could easily replace Wesley with another man. Blair smiled at him. "Orion, I am happy with where I am currently," she said quietly.

She was not Wesley's girlfriend but she could take anything she was given: his company and his protection. She was satisfied with that.

Orion's face was painted with disappointment. He grabbed a glass of liquor and chugged it. "As long as you're happy. Anyway, when will you start working in my company?" It was clear that Orion no longer wanted to continue talking about love. Blair caught on when he switched the topic back to work.

"I originally planned on getting back to work after the Spring Festival, but since you're so busy and in need of more staff, I can start tomorrow or the day after." The Spring Festival was still a month from now. Blair had wanted to rest during that time and then go job hunting after the festival.

Orion nodded without hesitation, "That's great. I need your help. Get ready tomorrow and come to work from the day after. Okay?"

"Okay!" Blair agreed promptly.

After accepting the job, Blair started socializing with everyone in the room. Soon, it was 11:40, only twenty minutes until midnight. Everyone was still elated, ordering more and more drinks. It didn't look like they were planning to end the party soon, so she decided to bid everyone farewell. After all, she promised Wesley she would be home by midnight.

Before she got the chance to leave, Orion took a bottle of red wine and was ready to pour another glass of wine for her. "Come on, Blair," he told her. "Stay a little bit longer! We rarely get the chance to hang out together. I'll just drive you home later."

### [Chapter 632 Im A Man](#)

Blair was already through at least five glasses of red wine. She didn't want more, neither could she take any more, so she covered the glass with her hand to stop Orion from topping it off.

There was another thing that concerned her. "You drunk quite a bit too. How are you going to drive me home now? Don't bother. I'll just get a cab." She didn't like bothering people. Or, a more apt sentence would be that it was troublesome when she had to return the favors.

"Nah, it's no big deal. I have my driver. He'll drive us home." Orion insisted on helping her. Actually, he didn't want her to leave so soon.

Blair continued to try and take her leave. "No, no. I have to get back home before midnight. You have work to do tomorrow and besides, we'll be colleagues from the day after that. There'll be plenty of chances for us to talk, right?"

Orion sighed and finally gave in, putting down the bottle of red wine. "Fine. But I'll come with you. My driver and I will take you home first."

Blair took her leave from the other guys and left with Orion. She wasn't that drunk and didn't want him to drive her but he couldn't be persuaded otherwise. The trouble was, as soon as she walked out of the pub, a sudden gust of cold wind made her shiver and suddenly, she began to feel a little dizzy.

The red wine's effects seemed to have been delayed on her. Back inside, she wasn't feeling drunk at all and easily gulped down a few more glasses. But now, the alcohol was beginning to take over her. Her legs began to stumble.

Seeing her red face, Orion wrapped his arms around her to support her and asked in a concerned tone, "Are you okay, Blair?"

She waved her hand at him airily. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. But looks like I really do need to go home now."

Orion then called his driver to bring the car around while they waited in front of the pub. Before the driver could even get to the parking lot, a tall person got out of a car nearby and strode towards them. Before they knew, his big hand was gripping Blair's wrist. "I'm taking you home," he told Blair.

Looking at the tall and strong man in front of them, Orion asked with a puzzled look on his face, "And who are you? How do you know her?"

Blair raised her eyes and squinted. Her vision was becoming a little blurry. "Wesley? You came?" As she said that in a pleasantly surprised tone, her body leaned itself towards the man, landing full support on him.

A strong whiff of red wine filled his nose and his face darkened up. Without hesitation, he scooped the woman up in his arms. She was in no state to walk!

Orion hastily stopped him from leaving. "Hey, hey, hey. Hang on! Put her down! Who are you? Why are you taking Blair away? How do you even know her?"

Wesley cast a cold glance at the blonde foreigner standing in front of him and told him in flawless English, "I know her. That's enough! What's the problem?"

Blair shook her head to sober up a little. It was getting harder for her to speak. "Orion, he's my friend. Don't worry. I'll go with him. You go bac

really hard to deal with when she was drunk. He pulled out his phone, thinking that he would call Hartwell and ask Joslyn to come over.

Blair shot to her feet like lightning, ran to him faster than he had ever seen her move, and snatched his phone away. "Are you going to call Megan?" She confronted him as if a wife had found out about her husband's affair. "Do you want to ask her to keep you company tonight? Wesley, I know you don't like me. But you shouldn't hurt me like this."

"Me, hurt you?" Wesley sighed heavily.

"You were going to call Megan, ask her to come over, and make me the third wheel. How is that not hurting me? If you dare do that tonight... I...I'll jump out of here." Blair pointed towards the window. She was blatantly threatening him, even though the window had bars. Anyway, she allowed herself to be unreasonable under such circumstances.

Wesley felt a little remorseful now. Why had he asked his men to track her GPS earlier? Things would have been so much easier if he hadn't. But there was no use crying over spilt milk. Still, why did he go to pick her up from the pub?

If he hadn't gone there, the foreigner might have been the one being tortured by the drunk Blair now.

She would have been hugging that foreigner and sharing a bed with him... But wait, he didn't like it when he pictured the scene in his mind. Damn, what did he want?

In the end, he silently walked towards the bathroom to wash his face. It seemed like the easiest path.

Taking advantage of this chance, Blair lay down on the bed with his phone in her hands. She wanted to check on him. His phone had been unlocked. She slid her fingers on the screen and tapped on his WeChat.

However, the topmost chat head caught her attention. The last person he had texted was Megan.

Now she was drunk... but just a little bit. She just felt a little dizzy and in any case, she was the boss tonight. So ignoring all kinds of manners and politeness, she tapped on the name she hated and scrolled through the chat logs.

### [Chapter 633 Making Fun Of Wesley](#)

Against all etiquettes, Blair kept nosing around and saw that Megan had sent a bit too many WeChat messages to Wesley while they were still at the army base. She had even told him that someone had been following her the whole evening; a later message said that she was scared and wanted him to keep her company.

In response, Wesley had told her that he was busy right now, but he would ask her bodyguard about it and also, he was going to visit her tomorrow. Megan, of course, did not seem happy with that. But instead of acting it out, she had tried sadness as a weapon. She had sent him a crying-face emoji and complained that he didn't care for her anymore, just like Carlos.

Wesley had denied the claim. But Megan had kept sending him messages even after that. What was worse, he had been very patient and replied to every message she had sent.

Megan had also asked Wesley why he hadn't answered her phone call, and he had told her that it was not a convenient time to talk. To be honest, most of the time, he had been trying to avoid her.

When Wesley finally walked out of the bathroom, he saw that Blair was playing with his phone. He didn't seem to mind at all and asked casually, "Are you sleepy?"

He was hoping that she was too sleepy to mess with him any further. Wishful thinking!

"Wesley, I'm checking on your chat with Megan," Blair said in a matter-of-fact tone while scrolling through the chat log. "You know? Anyone who sees this will think these are the conversations of a couple. She even played cute and sweet." 'Damn! I've never played cute and sweet in front of him, ' she thought angrily.

Wesley walked towards her dressing table and picked up a facial mask without seeming to be angry, or in fact, anything. "Is it possible for you to leave her alone? Will you even choose her over your future girlfriend?" she asked.

In response, the man threw the facial mask back onto the dressing table and then stood beside her bed, reaching out his hand towards her.

Obviously, he wanted his phone back. Blair bit her lower lip, locked his phone, and gave it back to him.

He put the phone back into his pocket and told her, "It's late. You should get some sleep." Then he turned around and made his way towards the door without looking back.

"Wait! Are you mad at me because I saw the chat log?" Blair called out behind him. 'Humph! He always defends the bitch!' she thought.

"No," Wesley replied shortly without even turning his head. And it was true. There was no secret he shared with Megan that needed to be kept hidden from Blair.

Blair, however, had her own ideas. She fell down prone on the bed and pretended to sob. "Fine! Go away! Leave me alone! Do not come back to me ever again!"

Wesley felt completely helpless now. "It's late. You need to sleep."

Blair seemed to be in no mood to giv

al mask into the trash can. It had only been allowed to stay on her face for three minutes and then torn off.

Wesley shrugged nonchalantly.

He then sat back on the bed and told her, "Okay. In that case, I think I'll let it stay on my face a little longer."

That really brought her spirits down. Nevertheless, she didn't want to throw a tantrum just because of this event. After all, it was her who had started the lame joke. "Fine! I'll go wash my face. Just stay here and wait for me."

When she came back, Wesley saw that she did not seem so drunk anymore. So he got out of her bed and picked up his pillow and quilt. He was hoping she would let him leave.

"Sleep now," he simply said. "What? You are not staying?"

"You sobered up, so I'm leaving."

"No, I didn't. I'm still drunk." Blair blinked her eyes. "My head is spinning. What if I pass out when I go to the bathroom?"

Wesley pursed his lips and climbed onto her bed once again. It really was a roller coaster ride tonight.

After a while, Blair thought that Wesley was finally asleep, so she rested her head on his arm and put her leg on his, dozing off pretty soon afterwards.

But once more, just like last time when they had slept in the same bed, Wesley was unable to fall asleep. He had to take cold showers from time to time to cool himself down.

If she ever found out about this, she would not do it again. But she didn't know and seemed to be having a good night's sleep with his company.

On the third day, Blair started working in Orion's company. Just like in the Jin Group, she was once again given the position of head of the translation department.

Everything seemed to be okay here, though Blair thought that Orion was paying her a bit too much attention. Ah well, never mind. The salary was great!

Time went by fast. One day, when Wesley reached the apartment, he got a call from Niles.

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

#### [Chapter 634 Wesley And The Women Who Love Him](#)

"Bro, I saw this bomb-ass watch, but it's way out of my price range. Buy it for me?" Niles asked Wesley. He hadn't started working yet, and when he wanted to buy something that he could not afford, he would ask Wesley for money instead of his parents.

Wesley started to agree, but when he looked around the apartment, he decided otherwise.

In the past, he didn't have much use for the money he made. But now he needed to buy things for Blair. He sat on the sofa and said casually, "Sorry, I don't have it. Why don't you hit up Dad?"

"I did that the other day. It's too soon. Wesley, please! It's just 300k," Niles pleaded.

"I told you—what part of 'I don't have it' don't you understand?"

'What's wrong with him? He used to buy me stuff all the time. Why turn me down now?' Niles was puzzled. "If you don't have it, what did you spend it on?" he asked.

"I need to get an apartment." Wesley was telling the truth.

"What? You sold your room in the Hillside Apartments? You want to buy another one?"

"Yeah, I did. I'm planning on a longer stay, and the Hillside Apartments aren't as close as I like."

"I heard you also sold one of your apartments in A Country. You still don't have enough?" Niles was getting more confused by the minute. 'He's unloaded two apartments, and he still comes up short? Just how much is the new one he's looking at?' he thought.

"Nope."

"But you have a savings account!"

The last slender thread of Wesley's patience snapped. "No money! Get lost!" he spat. Then he hung up on his brother, not wanting to hear a reply.

'What did I do wrong? Why's he so mad at me?' Niles was shocked.

His hope of buying the watch crumbled to dust. 'I really want it. How can I afford it? Maybe sell my apartment? No! The housing prices aren't that good right now. It's a buyer's market, and I want my money's worth.'

It was the end of the year, and luckily, Wesley was able to take a few days off. He could go back to A Country.

Blair didn't think it was a problem. Even when Wesley was here in Y City, she couldn't see him very often. Not even once a week.

But

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he woman flushed at Blair's words, and adopted an angry tone to cover up her embarrassment. "Wow! You're a piece of work! Wesley doesn't like you. Can't you see that? Don't bother him again. He's busy. He doesn't have time for girls like you."

Of course, Blair knew Wesley didn't love her. But it hadn't come up in so long, she'd forgotten.

But now this woman clearly told her Wesley didn't love her. She had to wake up from her sweetest dreams.

"Are you implying that you are the love of his life?" Blair asked in a low voice.

"I'm not implying anything. I'm telling you. Wesley and I grew up together, went to military school together and graduated together. We are going to be engaged soon. Romantic, huh?"

This hurt Blair worse than she had first thought, her face pale as a ghost. "Then who does he really want, you or Megan?" she pried.

"Huh? You know Megan? He wants me. Megan went to New York to celebrate the New Year. She doesn't stand a chance. You don't either. Time to go. Wesley and I have a date. Don't call him again. Otherwise, I'll put a bullet in your head! I'm a crack shot, bitch!" Then the video call disconnected.

Blair's heart broke as well.

In A Country

Wesley was helping his grandpa plant a flower, hands covered with mud. Garnet Jiang came over and said cheerfully, "Hey, let's grab a bite to eat. I've been drooling just thinking about that restaurant."

### [Chapter 635 I Shooed Her Away](#)

Without raising his head, Wesley answered, "Three more minutes."

"You greedy pig," Keith said with a smile.

"I haven't had a decent snack since basic training," Garnet said with a cute smile, helping Wesley arrange the flowerpots.

Keith nodded. "Wesley will take you out to grab some snacks. You free tomorrow?"

"No. Mom and I will be visiting relatives," Garnet complained with a pout. She didn't want to go along, and just wanted to hang out with Wesley.

"Oh, I see. I just wanted you to meet someone. Since you're busy tomorrow, maybe next time." Blair's plane was due in tomorrow, and Keith thought that maybe she and Garnet could be good friends.

Garnet was confused. "What? Who? Boy or girl?"

"A girl. Tell you more about her when you have time." Keith and Wesley looked at each other and then looked away. Wesley wondered what was on his grandpa's mind. Why did he want to introduce Blair to Garnet?

"All right." Garnet didn't devote much of her attention to it, and went back to what she was doing. She lined up all the flowerpots precisely, spacing them evenly. Wesley finished up his part there too.

While Wesley was washing his hands, Garnet swept the soil off the walk and smoothed it down around the flower beds before saying goodbye to Keith. Keith looked at her retreating figure with an amiable smile.

Wesley led Garnet to his car and they both climbed in. He gave her a ride, driving downtown as the Li family's house faded into the distance.

"Wesley, any news on my transfer?" Garnet asked with a hopeful expression. She wanted to stay by his side.

After some deliberation, Wesley answered, "There is a chance. Just wait a while, okay?"

Garnet was elated when she heard a positive answer from him. "Great! Keep that in mind!"

They went to a snack bar, and Garnet bought the perfect winter dish—a bowl of oden. She savored the smell, taking a huge whiff of it and just holding it there, closing her eyes. The smells filled her nostrils;



the light, soy-flavored dashi broth, the boiled eggs, radish, fish cakes, konnyaku and beef. She dipped her chopsticks in, pulled out a piece of fish cake and popped it in her mouth.

The oden reminded Wesley of Blair. She liked it too.

He grabbed a cup of instant noodles and went to the hot water dispenser to fill it with steaming liquid. He used the chopsticks to mix it all up.

"How does it taste?" he asked Garnet. She was shoveling it into

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o she would defuse an argument by running away from it.

Now that he knew what was wrong, he hung up on Garnet. Since Blair wasn't taking his calls, he called Hartwell instead.

Hartwell had just gotten home and didn't know about this. "Hi Wesley. Happy New Year."

"Happy New Year, Hartwell."

"You didn't call just to wish me a happy New Year, did you?" Hartwell said with a laugh.

"I'm looking for Blair. Know where she is?"

"Blair? She was at the family reunion dinner on New Year's Eve. I haven't seen her after that. Anything wrong?"

"It's nothing. Sorry to take up your time. Bye, Hartwell." Hartwell looked at his phone in confusion.

'What happened between them?' The next moment, he saw his wife and forgot about this.

Joslyn was quite pregnant, and this was obvious to everyone. She'd gained some weight on top of that. She walked down the stairs to greet her husband. "Honey," she called out cheerfully.

Hartwell pulled her into his arms and planted a kiss on her forehead as if their housemaid weren't there. "Sorry I'm home late. Feeling okay?"

"I'm feeling great. Don't worry." Joslyn knew her husband was super busy, so she never bothered him with trivial matters.

At Eastern Coastal Apartments

Blair watched as her phone rang again and again. She was fighting the urge to answer it.

She couldn't help but think of the woman on Wesley's phone. He didn't like to let others use his stuff. Apparently, the woman was close to him. What was more, the woman threatened her!

'So, is it true?' she wondered. 'Are they getting engaged? Even if it isn't true, she's still close to him.'

### [Chapter 636 Come With Me](#)

Blair stared at her phone for the hundredth time today. It sat on the desk not far away, while she idly doodled on her notebook. She was in no mood to work.

'The meteorologists say snow is on the way. I wonder if it's snowing already.'

She stood up, walked toward the window and opened it. A gust of cold wind blew in, threatening to freeze her into an icy stump sticking out of the permafrost.

It was snowing! Outside, a bitter east wind was accompanied by flurries of snow.

It was the New Year holiday, and pedestrians and cars were out in force. The moment the snowflakes landed on the ground, they melted. So at least the snow wasn't sticking.

Blair boiled some frozen dumplings for supper. After that, she cleared the table and washed the dishes, drying them and putting them all away nicely.

'God, I'm bored! I need something to kill time. Maybe it's time to bundle up and read.' She figured that was better than going out in the streets and turning into a snowman. So she did just that, thumbing through Mo Yan's "The Garlic Ballads" until she found her place. Eventually, boredom gave way to sleepiness, and she drifted off.

At almost half past midnight, someone opened her bedroom door, which jarred her awake. Freaked out, she sat up in bed and her hand shot to the switch on the bedside lamp.

In the dim light, she saw Wesley standing at the door, staring at her with his usual deadpan face.

She rubbed her eyes, wondering if this was all a dream. It took her a couple of minutes to realize that it wasn't. He was here!

Wesley heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Blair safe and sound.

The puzzled expression on her face made him want to pull her into his arms and kiss her on the lips. But he couldn't—they weren't a couple...yet.

"I thought you were in A Country, visiting your family," Blair said. Her heart pounded faster with each word she spat.

"I was. I came here to pick you up."

'Pick me up?' Blair's jaw dropped. "I...I didn't say I wasn't going. I'll be out there in three days."

Despite the cold winter, the bedroom was quite warm. The investment in central air paid off. Wesley was too hot and undid three buttons on his shirt. "Thought you were flying out tomorrow."

"I...I changed my mind..."

He walked up to the bedside and demanded in a cold tone, "Pack your stuff and come with me now, or we go in the morning."

"Now? How?"

"I'll drive." He had driven all the way here.

Blair couldn't belie

ng the articles away, letting them fall where they might. He then grabbed her hand and led it to his member. The head tingled unbearably; it was hot and swollen. As he moaned, her name escaped his lips. "Blair..."

When Blair dried her hair and laid in bed, it was already almost 1:20 a.m.

She raised her sore arm and covered her hot cheek. Her face was as red as a tomato. 'Wow! How long did it take? 30 minutes, maybe more.

I never knew it would take so long...'

Next time she saw Niles, she would tell him that his brother was not bad in bed. On the contrary, he was amazing.

She made up her mind that she wasn't going to make fun of him like that. If she did, she risked him doing it again.

At 6:55 a.m., Blair carried her small suitcase into the living room.

Wesley had already made breakfast. As there were few restaurants opening during the New Year's holiday, he made a simple breakfast—boiled eggs, milk and sandwiches.

The moment Blair saw him, she remembered his hard member. She lowered her head to look at her hand, her face burning hot.

Wesley didn't notice a thing. While peeling an egg, he said casually, "Come and have breakfast."

He acted like he usually did, as if nothing happened.

Blair put her suitcase aside, took off her woolen hat, washed her hands and sat down at the table.

While eating, she played on her phone to hide her embarrassment.

When Wesley lowered his head, she took the chance to take a quick glance at him. 'He doesn't look embarrassed at all!

Well, I wonder if this happens to him every day.'

"Eat your breakfast!" he commanded. He finished his breakfast quickly.

### [Chapter 637 Visiting The Li Family](#)

Seeing that Wesley had already finished his breakfast, Blair decided that she shouldn't make him late. She swallowed the egg inside her mouth hurriedly after a few furious chews, and slid her phone back

into her pocket. "We don't want to be late. I can bring the sandwich with me and eat it in the car," she told him.

But the man stopped her. "You may get sick if you try to eat in the car. The road is a bit bumpy. Just take your time and finish your breakfast at leisure. We're in no hurry." He brought his plate with him into the kitchen.

"All right." If that was the case, then why worry? Blair began to eat her sandwich at an easy pace. To her surprise, it tasted good despite the fact that Wesley was not known to be a good chef. He couldn't even chop vegetables or salads properly.

After the breakfast, Wesley grabbed her suitcase in his hand and they left the apartment together. What worried her was that she was dressed for the weather while Wesley was not.

She was wearing a pink down coat, a white woolen hat that was complemented with a bit of fur at its ends, and a white scarf.

Wesley, however, was wearing only a simple shirt and a coat matching his pants. Although he looked quite handsome in this dress compared to some people who became plump and awkward after putting on too much, he still would have been cold in that. The coat wasn't nearly enough.

Blair was getting the feeling that they were living in completely different seasons. When they entered the elevator, she couldn't help it anymore and asked with concern, "Aren't you cold?"

"No," he replied shortly and cast a casual glance at her, who was clumsily dressed in lots and lots of clothes and looking like a cuddly bear. "There is heating in the car."

"Mmm. As you wish." Blair shrugged. Maybe he really didn't get cold. She already knew there was heating in the car; what car wouldn't have a heater in it? But there was no heating on the way to the underground car park and it was chilly outside.

Blair continued to play with her phone after getting into Wesley's car. Before long, they left the city behind them and the car rumbled onto the expressway, breaking out of the bounds of city speed limits. She looked out the window, lost deep in thought.

Today, she was going to his home to visit his family, but not as his girlfriend. 'Is it possible that I'll go to visit his family as his girlfriend one day?' she sighed inwardly.

"Are you sleepy?" Blair suddenly asked, stealing a glance at him.

"No. You get some sleep if you want," Wesley answered with his attention still focused on the road. He knew that she must be sleepy. She slept late last night and got up early this morning.

"Okay. But if you do get sleepy, just wake me up. I can drive," she offered.

'A petite girl like her drives my jeep? Hell no!' Wesley was not sleepy at all, and after hearing her proposal, he became even soberer. There was no way he was letting such a heavy-duty vehicle into her hands. "Don't worry. I never drive when I'm tired."

"Okay."

Blair really was sleepy since she hadn't slept well because of what had happened last night. Plus they were on a freeway and the road

was peeling, which meant cherries and blueberries in her opinion were the best. Her remark had been laid out in kindness, but she had blissfully made the mistake of not thinking that maybe Blair had different preferences than her.

Niles cast a burning glance towards Wesley. "They weren't for Blair, were they? You wanted them!"

"Mmm." Wesley didn't deny the accusation and leisurely picked up a mangosteen.

Cecelia, on seeing that the girl in front of her wasn't reacting, reached out and put a few blueberries in Blair's hand, urging her to try some. The latter sadly looked at the mangosteen in Wesley's hand, drooling. She liked mangosteens a lot. And the grapes looked inviting too.

It was only Baldwin who noticed that and was amused. He stood up and slid the bowl that Niles had brought in front of Blair. "Blair, don't listen to them. You can eat whatever you like."

Only then did Cecelia realize what she had said was not proper. "No, no, no. Blair, don't get me wrong. I just thought you might not want to peel the grapes and mangosteens," she explained hurriedly in a flustered tone.

Blair gave her a reassuring smile. "Aunt Cecelia, I knew what you meant."

Wesley placed the mangosteen that he had already peeled in front of Blair. Then he decided that he would help her settle in, and took her suitcase upstairs, leaving her in the living room with his family.

By the time they were done with supper, it was still quite early. Cecelia suggested that Blair and Wesley go take a walk. Niles wanted to hang around with the two, but Keith made up an excuse, saying that he was not feeling well and the poor man was forced to stay. To be honest, the old man was feeling chipper than ever but wanted to create more chances for Blair and Wesley to bond. They all liked the girl.

Instead of taking a walk, the two got in his car, and Wesley drove off. "Are you full?" he asked.

"I'm stuffed," Blair responded. The Li family members had all been very kind to her, to the point that they had stuffed her beyond her limit. Cecelia had placed some food onto Blair's plate even after she was full.

### [Chapter 638 I Need To Take Care Of You](#)

Wesley said nothing more. After a moment of thought, Blair said seriously, "How about I stay at a hotel tonight? There's one not far from where you're living." It would be improper to stay at the Li family's villa. Especially given what happened between her and Wesley.

"No need for that. We have tons of space."

"But I hate bugging you..." 'I'm not Wesley's girlfriend. It's pretty embarrassing to stay with him,' she thought.

"Don't think like that. My family loves you. They love having you around. Please. Stay," Wesley said earnestly. He could tell that his grandpa was more than thrilled because Blair was there. There was a

spring in the old man's step and a light in his eyes. He wanted his grandpa to be happy. More importantly, he wanted to spend more time with her.

Rather than argue any further, Blair gave in. "All right then. Hey, where are we going?"

It was freezing outside, and Wesley knew that she was not used to the cold. He planned to take her to a mall. "Let's go shopping."

"Okay." Actually, as long as she was by his side, she was fine wherever Wesley wanted to go.

He stopped at a red light, looked out the window and said, "My alma mater."

"Huh?" Blair followed his gaze and saw a school—F City No. 1 Primary School.

The school gates were closed, and there was only one old guy on duty in the reception office. Wesley started the engine, so Blair looked away. "You haven't been there in a long time, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah. More than ten years." He hadn't been there since he had graduated from primary school.

"Which junior middle school did you go to?"

He chuckled. "No. 1 Junior Middle School. Just down the road a ways."

"What about senior middle school?"

"The same middle school. I skipped two grades, and when I was 15, I attended the University of National Defense in G City." After graduation, Wesley had a pretty nice rank in the army. Not high, but definitely higher than most recruits. That was why he was now much younger than his colleagues of the same rank.

"Did she go to the same schools?" Blair suddenly asked.

"Who?" Wesley was puzzled.

"That girl with short hair... I tried to video chat with you yesterday, but she answered." Her uniform

'Seriously? Why does he have to ruin my holiday like this?' she thought.

He let go of her and step backwards. "I don't want Mom and Grandpa to be unhappy."

"I see." She was still smiling, hiding her emotion deep inside.

She was already used to Wesley turning her down. It was not the first time he had done this.

'Fine. Since you fucked up my holiday, you can't have a good holiday either.

I have lots of ways to make you mad, ' she thought angrily.

Wesley felt something was not right judging from her expression. "Penny for your thoughts?" he pried.

"Mind your own business!" She adjusted her hat. "You can just wait here or look around. I'll go shopping myself. When I'm done, I'll come back here and we'll go back to your house. Sounds like your family will be upset if we don't."

Wesley sighed helplessly. "You don't know this city."

Blair rolled her eyes at him. "Okay. And?"

"I brought you here. I need to take care of you," he insisted.

"No need for that, Colonel Li. I'm not a little girl. And I have my phone. If I really get lost, I can use Google Maps." He cocked an eyebrow. Blair put her hands inside her pockets and walked towards the elevator.

Wesley followed after her. But she turned around and yelled, "Hey!"

"Hmm?"

"Don't follow me! Otherwise, I'll call the police and tell them I have a stalker!"

Wesley stood there, open-mouthed, silent.

Seeing his sullen face, Blair felt better. She turned around and kept walking.

### [Chapter 639 Sounds Good](#)

Blair didn't hear Wesley coming up behind her. She rolled her eyes and decided to say something to make him jealous. She turned around and asked the man leaning against his car, "By the way, there's a guy I'm talking to on WeChat. He lives around here. He's good at taekwondo, so he can definitely protect me. Don't worry about me."

Wesley, who was about to light a cigarette, decided to call her bluff with a barrage of questions. "What's his name? Where does he live? How old is he? What does he do? How did you two know each other? Why date him? Did he ask you out? He knew you were in A Country?"

There were so many questions that Blair only remembered some of them. "He's 31, a taekwondo coach. We met at a party and started talking. He asked me to look him up when I was in town. I'm texting him that I'm here. I'm sure he'll ask me out." After saying that, she took out her phone.

Turning around, she walked to the elevator without looking at Wesley's face.

She opened the WeChat and clicked a dialog box. She wrote, "Hey, you up?"

The reply came soon. "Yeah. Free now, Bless?"

Blair typed, "Mmm hmm. I'm in your town, actually. Wanna get a cup of coffee?" She was about to click the "send" button.

Before she could do so, her phone was snatched away. Giggling in her heart, she pretended to yell, "Help! Thief!"

Wesley was stunned into silence by her reaction.

Some people in the car park looked at them to figure out what the commotion was. Blair immediately waved her hand and cried, "He...he robbed me... Mmmph..." Wesley quickly covered her mouth.

With a deadpan face, he told the others apologetically, "Sorry, guys. She's my friend. She's mad at me, so..."

Seeing Wesley's military uniform, the onlookers immediately believed what he said. One of them even looked at Blair with an amused smile, saying, "That looks like a fun game. I'll have to try it sometime. Maybe my wife would be into it."

Blair's jaw dropped. She didn't know how to retort.

Wesley deleted what she had typed and typed a different message to the guy she was trying to message. "Or I'll tell your mom you bullied me and disobeyed her."

Wesley pulled her into his arms, lowered his head and looked at her red eyes. "What am I going to do with you? If I weren't a soldier, I'd marry you and ground you. You wouldn't be able to talk to a soul."

Blair knew what he meant and offered, "Marry me and ground me now. You can come home to a good meal and some sexy time. Then we'll have a baby. Our baby and I will stay at home and wait for you. Sounds good, huh?"

Yes. The scene Blair described was attractive. He had to admit that it melted his heart and turned him on all at the same time.

But soon he realized that he was a soldier. He was in danger every single day. He could die without warning. He couldn't let her go through that.

Blair could sense that his mood changed suddenly. She pretended to cough. "Ahem! Let go of me! You trying to strangle me?"

When he heard that, Wesley immediately let her go. "Get your act together," he warned.

"I cried for such a long time I think I turned thirty," Blair complained, pouting her lips.

Wesley sighed helplessly and asked, "What do you want to drink?"

"Are you going to buy me whatever I want?"

"Of course."

"An ice coke!"

He wanted to argue it was winter, but he also promised that he would buy her whatever she wanted to drink. "You can only take a sip," he finally said.

## [TAKE MY BREATH AWAY](#)

### [Chapter 640 Patient Boyfriend](#)

"One glass, nothing less or more!" Blair insisted, haggling the amount with him.

"Then forget it!" Wesley declared in a final tone.

"Come on! Look, it would only be wasting the drink if I took just a single sip from an entire glass," she argued stubbornly as they walked out of the parking lot, haggling over the amount like a needy child. As they came out of the warm building, the cold air blew on their faces, and Blair felt a chill. She clutched her clothes tighter and moved closer to him.



Wesley noticed her movement and could see her shiver too. He grabbed her hand to keep it warm. "I'll drink the rest of it," he promised, still in no mood to budge.

"You're taking the fun out of it. Forget it. I don't want to drink it anymore," she complained.

"Okay" was all he said. He didn't try to convince her otherwise anymore.

Blair felt tricked now. Was this what he had wanted all along? In any case, Wesley took her to a beverage bar and ordered a cup of milk tea for her.

When she was served the warm cup of tea, she held it in her hands and asked before taking a sip, "Does this taste good?" She had no idea about it because she scarcely drank it. Her usual preference was fruit tea.

Wesley himself had no idea about the taste, and he merely shook his head. "I don't know."

"Then why did you buy this for me?" Blair rolled her eyes.

"I just heard that girls like it," came an honest reply. Wesley was wondering if she would be any happier if he also bought her some oden. Thinking that it might be worth a shot, he decided to go ahead anyway.

As Blair sucked the pearls greedily through the straw, Wesley took her to a snack bar selling oden.

"Want some?" he asked her, deciding that it would be better if he asked her first.

Blair rubbed her belly, whose fully occupied volume could be seen from a certain angle. "Yeah all right. But just a little. I'm still quite full."

"Okay," he responded simply.

Blair picked out a few snacks and checked them out.

After that, they continued to wander on the streets; Wesley was holding her tea for her while she ate her oden. "How did you come to know about this place?" she asked.

"I came here with Garnet yesterday," came another short and honest response.

Blair's hand was midway to her mouth and stopped in the air when she heard that. "You brought her here too?"

"Yes."

"You bought milk tea for her too?"

"No. The line was too long. I didn't have the time to wait."

"So, would you have bought it for her if you hadn't been in a rush?" She stopped to look at him.

"Yes," he replied bluntly.

'Listen to him. He is so...Aargh!' Blair ran out of words she could use to describe him. He really knew little about girls. She was pissed at him now. But he wouldn't understand things through anger. She would have to explain like a primary school teacher. "Wesley," she began after taking a moment to calm herself down.

"Hmm?"

"Wo

nt boyfriend, and went into a corner to wait for her, still holding her milk tea in one hand. After she walked out of the ladies' room two minutes later, Blair began dragging him towards the men's section of one of the stores.

"Can you switch your razor for a new one?" she asked.

"It'll be wasteful." The one Megan had bought him was still new and working perfectly.

"You can give it to one of your colleagues," Blair suggested. This way, both she and his colleague would be happy. The perfect solution involving three people but no Megan! Blair found herself brilliant.

Maybe Wesley also thought that it was a good idea, because he nodded and agreed, "Okay."

Blair happily picked out an electric razor for him. After paying for it, she put the receipt into her pocket and declared, "I still owe you \$300, 000. When I've earned enough money, I'll pay you back."

"You..." Wesley wanted to tell her that she really didn't have to pay him back, but then he remembered how stubborn and adamant she had been about it, so he agreed, "Okay, take your time."

"I'll pay you as soon as possible." Blair was aware of the fact that Wesley always worked hard. His money was hard-earned and well-deserved. That was why she had been so insistent on paying him back.

Wesley didn't respond to that promise. 'Does she really have to draw a line between what's hers and what's mine?' he thought.

As they passed by a watch store, Blair thought of Niles. She hadn't bought anything for him. "I want to buy a watch for Niles. I lived in his apartment for a long time but never paid the rent. I feel bad about it."

"Don't. He doesn't need a watch."

Wesley was rather quick to respond this time. "But he always wears one after work!"

"He has too many watches already. Even if you bought him a new one, he probably would never wear it. It would be a waste of money. So don't bother." With that, he took her hand and dragged her out of the men's section.