

TMBA 661

[Chapter 661 Too Naive](#)

Wesley sat Blair on the toilet seat. Her face flamed with embarrassment. She was wearing the hospital pants. Her injured hands were close to useless and she couldn't take them off by herself. How was she supposed to pee with her pants on? By now, Wesley also realized the problem. He and Blair looked at each other. The air was thick with awkwardness.

"Um... Maybe I should send for the nurse," she remarked quietly, breaking the silence.

Wesley thought it was a good idea. But then his eyes landed on her bandaged feet. It occurred to him that one nurse wouldn't be enough to help her out in that situation. At least two nurses were needed—one to help her with her clothes and the other to support her.

But he could do both by himself.

He quickly made up his mind. He held her with one arm and lifted her a little to make sure that her feet were off the floor. Without saying anything to her, he started to take off her pants with the other hand.

Blair was too shocked and embarrassed to utter a single word.

A few minutes later, she was carried out of the bathroom, her face on fire.

After placing her gently on the bed, Wesley went back to the bathroom. When he walked back into the room, he turned the lights off. Blair thought he was leaving, but instead, he sat on the bed.

He took off his boots, lifted the blanket, and slid into the hospital bed.

'What's he doing? Is he spending the night here?' Blair wondered, her eyes wide.

In the dim light streaming through the window, she could see his tanned profile.

"Wesley?" she called, poking his strong arm with her pinkie.

"Yes?" he responded. Even lying in bed, he looked serious and stern. Everything about him was military.

"The nurse said that visitors are not allowed to spend the night in the ward. Orion was asked to leave," she reminded him. She didn't want Wesley to be asked to leave too. He was a military officer after all. It would be embarrassing if he were to be thrown out.

"I'm not a visitor. I'm a patient."

'Oh, right. He is hospitalized here too,' Blair thought, sighing. 'But, wait...' Something dawned on her.

"When your mom and I were taking care of you in the ward, we had spent the night, and no one said anything about it. Why is it not allowed now?"

Wesley didn't answer.

Blair poked him again. "Do you know why? Is it a new rule?" she prodded.

"Yes, I do

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and snuggled closer towards him. Wesley felt like he was about to lose the last bit of his self-control.

"Behave yourself!" he said.

"Oh, okay!" she said. But she didn't. She kept moving and holding and touching him. "Are you seriously not going to take up my offer?" she asked.

Wesley's body went stiff. "Don't think I'm not aware that you're doing this on purpose," he warned her without looking at her. 'She is doing this just to torture me. She's probably thinking that with her hands and feet injured, I won't be able to make her do stuff.'

Although he had seen through her, Blair didn't feel embarrassed. "You're not interested in women, right? So, what are you worried about?" she asked with a smirk. 'I'm injured now. I can't help him the way I did last time. Let him suffer, ' she laughed inwardly.

All of a sudden, she felt his hand on her lips. "You're being too naive," he said in a low voice. 'She has so many things to learn yet, ' he mused.

"What do you mean?" she asked him.

There was a sinister gleam in his eyes. With his hand still on her lips, he finally turned to her and whispered, "If you don't go to sleep right now, I'll teach you all the different, interesting things that a woman and a man can do together in bed."

Wesley was a man of his word. Blair held her breath as she stared into his dark eyes.

"Wh...what things?" she stuttered, curious, afraid and excited. He continued to guide his hands on her lips. She felt turned on. But he didn't kiss her. What was he trying to do?

He gave a wicked smile and asked, "Care to give it a try?"

[Chapter 662 I'm Sorry](#)

"Not until you tell me what it is," Blair said.

"You're kidding, right? You really don't know? You never did that with Miller?" Wesley asked. He remembered that she and Miller were together for quite a while, and figured they probably tried lots of sexual positions. His hand balled into a fist at the thought of it.

"Miller? What does he have to do with any of this? Why did you have to bring him up? Buzzkill!"

His hand which had been rubbing her lips grabbed her chin. "He ever let you..." And he leaned in close to whisper to her.

Blair got what he meant. That even though her hands were injured, she could use her mouth. Not only was he assuming she and Miller had sex, but was also asking for a blow job.

'Asshole!' Blair found his arm and bit into it.

Wesley didn't make a sound, but the sharp pain made him grit his teeth.

Blair let go. Her teeth weren't sharp enough to draw blood. She shoved his arm away and raged, "Get out!"

Touching the bite mark on his arm tenderly, Wesley asked calmly, "When did you turn into a dog?" She had bitten him more than once.

"I turned into you!" she stormed.

If she wasn't injured, she would have kicked him—hard. Maybe even punched him too.

Wesley was not happy, either. But he could only blame himself. It was his fault that Blair ended up with Miller. If he hadn't turned her down, she wouldn't have gotten engaged to that cheating scumbag.

He did have regrets. Every missed opportunity with Blair was a regret.

He took her into his arms ruefully, kissed her hair and apologized, "I'm sorry."

Blair thought he was apologizing for what he said to her. "Don't ever talk about that stuff," she snorted. She had never had sex with Miller. They never even shared a passionate kiss.

"I won't. Ever." He stroked her cheek. "Don't see Miller again."

Because of his apology, her anger vanished. What wafted in the air now was affection and romance. There never was a sweeter scent.

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"Of course. You didn't happen to run into him on your way here?" Blair wondered when he left.

"No. The nurse said he left after taking a phone call," Joslyn told her.

"Oh, but he shouldn't be at work. He hasn't recovered yet." Hartwell heard what she said.

"Wesley's job is special. If he were paralyzed, he'd have to find a way to get to work. Besides, he is almost recovered," he said.

"Sounds cruel." Blair felt bad for Wesley. "Not at all.

I assume he'll be back to work soon and will be super busy." Because of the information on the SD card, a new operation concerning more than one hundred human lives was being put together.

Even if Wesley wasn't part of the mission itself, he still was in command.

Hartwell put the warm food on the table by the bed and wheeled it over to her. "Focus on getting better. Don't worry. Wesley will be fine."

"Yeah." Blair hoped everything would be okay. She was about to grab a spoon when Joslyn picked up the bowl and said, "Sit still. I'll feed you." By instinct, Blair wanted to decline. Then she looked at her hand, and opened her mouth.

Before putting the spoon in her mouth, Joslyn blew on the congee patiently. "Mrs. Ji is feeding me personally, and she's pregnant. She take care of you like this?" Blair joked, looking at Hartwell.

[Chapter 663 Cecelia Had An Idea](#)

Hartwell rolled his eyes at Blair. "That's because I've never been laid up in the hospital like you."

Blair retorted, "Humph! It is what it is."

Hartwell frowned. "How'd it happen, anyway? Wasn't Wesley supposed to be protecting you?"

"Nothing he could have done. Someone handed me a micro-SD card. Some guys were after it. They knew Wesley was in the hospital, so they figured they could do what they wanted." Blair never blamed Wesley for what happened. In fact, she was grateful to him—he saved her again.

She still remembered how, surrounded by a dozen armed gangsters, Wesley had insisted the leader carry her out. And the man walked into an ambush set up by the soldier.

"So, you're defending him now? I can't say anything bad about him? Let me remind you, young lady, you're not dating him. He won't even admit you're his girlfriend." Hartwell got mad every time he thought of it.

Blair shrugged. "Not his fault either. I just have to be more persistent."

"Stop defending him! Wise up! There are so many fish in the sea. Why him? Can't you live without him?" Hartwell was deeply disappointed.

Sensing his anger, Joslyn wasn't happy. She glared at him. "Hartwell! What is wrong with you? Blair is hurt. Quit stressing her out."

Hartwell made no retorts.

Blair touched Joslyn's hand and said quietly, "It's okay. I know he means well. You should chill too. Stress is bad for the baby."

"I'm not mad. I guess I was pretty easy to date, so he doesn't know what it's like. I should have played hard to get. Then he'd have a better idea of what you're going through. He wouldn't talk to you like that." Joslyn rolled her eyes at Hartwell.

Hartwell didn't say a word.

Blair was amused by Joslyn's reactions. "Pah! You were so infatuated with him. Someone was so excited after they were asked out that they couldn't get to sleep. I wonder who that was."

Joslyn blushed. She rolled

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mom's phone, he raced to the hospital.

It was already the dead of night by the time he got there. The hospital was very quiet.

Niles had already asked the security guards on duty at the entrance to let him know as soon as they spotted his brother. Once they reported him on Wesley's arrival, Niles rushed to Blair's ward and told her, "Hurry. Get ready. Wesley's here."

Blair put away her phone quickly. Niles helped her into bed, and left the ward stealthily.

When Wesley walked in, he saw Blair in the ward, alone, eyes glassy, staring at the ceiling.

Seeing him, she didn't move. She tried to cry, but the tears wouldn't come. So she pinched herself. A little too hard, though. The floodgates opened immediately. "Wesley..." she sobbed.

Wesley quickened his pace and pulled her into his arms.

Before this, Niles had told her Wesley was very perceptive. It was pretty hard to pull the wool over his eyes.

She figured if she talked too much, she might give it away. Thus, Blair spoke as little as possible, only wailing in his arms.

Wesley glimpsed a medical examination report placed on the table, which read, "Blair Jing, 24, terminal liver cancer."

'Terminal?' Wesley was shocked. He looked at her and asked, "...I didn't know. Any symptoms?"

[Chapter 664 Will You Be My Boyfriend](#)

"Yes, there are," Blair replied. "I often feel this pain in my liver in the evenings. I never took it seriously, that is, until my digestive tract bled this morning. After checking the test results, the doctor told me that it was terminal liver cancer." Niles had informed Blair about all the symptoms a patient with terminal liver cancer would have, and had asked her to memorize all of them. So, she had no trouble answering his question.

Wesley held the medical report tightly in his hand. His brow furrowed. This was too sudden and too harsh, and it was hard to believe. How could a young girl like Blair possibly develop terminal liver cancer out of the blue? He stroked her cheek gently and soothed her, "Don't cry. There must have been a mistake. I'll go ask the doctor myself."

"Don't go! The doctor said that I only have a few months left. I want nothing more than your company in these last few days of my life. Don't go anywhere. Stay with me, will you?" Her weeping was muffled as she buried her face into his chest. He patted her head slowly.

"I'll keep you company. But let me just talk to your attending physician. There is no way that your days are numbered. It must be a mistake. Trust me." That a perky girl, who was always smiling, developed cancer and had only a few months to live was unacceptable, even to a tough guy like Wesley.

Cecelia had threatened Blair's attending physician into cooperation, but even so, Blair was worried that the doctor might give their plan away. Besides, it was never easy to slip one over on Wesley. She wrapped her arms around his waist and mumbled, "Okay. But can you wait until I fall asleep? I want to be with you."

"Sure," he agreed without any hesitation. He put the medical report back on the table.

With one hand holding onto Blair, he dialed Niles' number with the other. "Wesley, what's up?" Niles asked once he got through.

"Do you know a Dr. Zaria?" queried Wesley without any greeting. Blair's heart leaped at his question. But it didn't seem like he doubted her.

"Of course. She is an expert hepatologist. She was the one who did the medical examination on Blair. Wesley..." Niles choked. "I can't believe this. This can't be true, right? Blair is so lovely and pretty. She doesn't even have a boyfriend yet. How could such a horrible thing happen to her? This is so sad..."

Then he cried out into the phone loudly. Wesley felt as if he we

t couple of days off. She won't be here until two days later."

'What?!' Wesley couldn't believe the nerve of that doctor. 'Her patient is going through the darkest moment of her life, and she decided to take a vacation? This lady is the most irresponsible doctor I've ever heard of.'

He fished out his phone from his pants pocket and called Carlos. "I need a favor."

"Shoot," said Carlos. He was just about to get on a plane for a business trip.

"Find me the best hepatologist you know."

"What's wrong? Who's sick?" Carlos asked.

"Blair. Terminal liver cancer,"

Wesley replied after a pause. Carlos was silent for a moment. "I'll put Emmett on it."

"Thanks."

Both Blair and Cecelia were surprised to know that Wesley would go to such lengths to find the best doctor in the world to cure Blair.

In the ward

Blair leaned against Wesley's chest, immersed in his tenderness. "Wesley, will you be my boyfriend for the next few months?" she asked expectantly.

Wesley looked at her with mixed emotions. But he remained silent, giving her no reply.

Blair got nervous. "If you don't want to, it's fine. I'm already used to your rejection anyway."

He gave her a comforting kiss on the forehead. If she really had only few months to live, then he would spend all those days making her every wish come true.

In the following days, Wesley, who usually tended to be busy all the time, stayed in the ward every day to take care of Blair. She felt ecstatic the first two days, but on the third day, guilt overwhelmed her. This was just a trick. She didn't want it to cost Wesley's career.

[Chapter 665 She Is My Woman](#)

"Wesley," Blair said.

"Yeah?" Wesley was texting someone. When he heard her, he put away his phone and walked over to her. "What's the matter? You in pain?" he asked.

Blair shook her head. "No, not anymore. I'm fine now. Why don't you go to work?"

"I'm out on leave. Are you thirsty?"

asked Wesley. Blair nodded. Wesley held the water glass for her, tipping it to her lips. Blair sipped at it. After a bit she cupped the water glass and told him she'd had her fill.

Blair was upset. As time went by, guilt and anxiety gnawed at her heart. Wesley was doing everything he could for her. He even asked for leave so he could stay at the hospital. All this because he was told that she was sick and dying. And he believed it. It was really a ruse to get her and Wesley together. What if he got behind at work? What if he was needed on base? Blair felt really bad. Soldiering was his life. She had to try and persuade him somehow. "How about this? I'll call if I need you."

Wesley put the glass on the table and announced, "I'm not going anywhere. Get some rest."

His tone had a finality to it. There was no room for argument.

After helping her lie down, he sat on the edge of the bed. The anxious look on her face aroused his suspicion.

'Something is off, ' he said to himself. Blair was too nervous to look him in the eye.

The next morning, Orion came by. It had been only a few days since his last visit. When he got to the ward, Wesley had gone to buy breakfast for Blair.

The soldier came back with a bag of takeout just as Orion walked out of the restroom. The latter had a basin of warm water with a towel draped over his shoulder.

The look in Wesley's eyes was coated with gloom. The two men exchanged perfunctory greetings, and Orion immediately turned to Blair. "Don't worry. I'm just cleaning your face. You're not supposed to get your bandages wet—doctor's orders. So I'll do it for you," he persuaded.

Wesley fumed. He used to be the one who helped Blair with these things. Now another guy took his place. There was no way he would stand for that.

Orion dipped the towel in the water without waiting for an answer.

Blair looked at Wesley's stony face,

point. "Mr. Li, if it's a whooping you're wanting, I can dish it out. Come get some!"

Wesley looked up while brushing Blair's teeth. "Gladly!" he replied with a wicked smile. That was exactly what he wanted.

He had even beaten up his own brother for getting too close to Blair. Of course he wouldn't mind kicking the sorry ass of someone he barely knew.

Blair realized what was going on. 'A fight? Orion versus Wesley? This is bad!' She rinsed her mouth and said hurriedly, "No, no! Orion, stop! You can't beat him. No one can!" Niles told her that Wesley never lost a battle and he had almost never met his match.

Orion was a boxer, Golden Gloves champ and all that. But Blair was sure he would lose to Wesley.

Her cries only made him more determined to fight Wesley. He took off his suit jacket, tossed it onto the sofa, and started warming up, doing a quick stretch of his limbs, throwing punches into the air, and jumping around.

Wesley calmly took Blair's toothbrush, the cup, the towel and the basins to the bathroom, arranged them in order and then returned.

But still, he wasn't in a rush to start the fight yet. He placed the breakfast in front of Blair and helped her hold a chicken pancake with her injured hands.

"Eat the pancake first. I'll get you some congee in a minute," he assured her. 'In a minute? Is he actually going to fight Orion?'

"Wesley, Orion was joking. Don't hurt him," Blair said, looking at him anxiously.

[Chapter 666 You Have Cancer](#)

Wesley took off his hat and put it next to Blair. He threw a sidelong look at Orion who was limbering up, and said, "Don't worry. I'll make this quick."

Blair was worried.

The ward wasn't large by any sense of the word, but Wesley was certain that it was big enough for him to take Orion down without breaking anything.

"I'll show you one of China's main exports—kung fu." Wesley stretched his knuckles, then held out his right hand toward Orion and curled his fingers, gesturing for him to make the first move.

Orion couldn't stand the provocation. Swinging his fists, he charged towards Wesley and aimed his punches at his face.

Orion blinked his eyes, lying on the floor. "Anyone get the number of that truck?" he joked.

He winced in pain, but made no other sounds. He rolled over and sprang to his feet, eager to continue the fight.

Things didn't go as he expected. Orion came at Wesley once more, hoping for a body blow that would take his rival out. That didn't happen. Instead, Wesley leaned away at an angle as the fist traveled past him. Then, he grabbed Orion's arm, and used his other fist to pummel the man, striking his temple, his jaw, and his ear in quick succession. Then, Wesley switched to kicks, the sole of his foot smashing into Orion's hip. As Orion staggered, Wesley kicked him again in the floating ribs. He crumpled.

While Orion lay groaning on the floor, Wesley calmly sat on the edge of the bed and picked up the bowl of congee. He took a spoonful and put it to Blair's mouth. "Here. It's still warm," he said.

Orion's two bodyguards, who had been waiting for him outside the door, rushed into the ward when they heard the scuffle. They helped him off the floor, and then they both attacked Wesley to avenge the guy who signed their paychecks. Orion wanted to stop them, but every part of his body ached.

In too much pain to finish a sentence, he could only watch as Wesley dispatched his finest bodyguards with an elbow smash and a roundhouse kick to the head. Amazingly, the soldier held the bowl the whole time, and didn't spill a single drop.

Blair's eyes sparkled as she watched. She had always thought he was handsome and cool, but now her admiration for him had reached a new level.

When Wesley was done with them

to be discharged?" she asked urgently as soon as she saw him.

The nurse walked into the room behind Wesley. She walked up to Blair and comforted her, "Miss Jing, your feet and your hands are all healed now. But... your liver... Be strong. It's only cancer. You'll beat it."

'What?' Blair was perplexed.

The nurse continued with a sympathetic expression, "Your cancer is curable. You'll be healthy again. You just need to go to another country for the chemo."

Blair's heart skipped a beat. She turned to Wesley nervously. "I...I'm hungry. A snack sounds good about now. Buy me some?"

"Sure," Wesley replied without hesitation.

He turned and left the ward, but he didn't go far.

Once he was out of sight, Blair smiled at the nurse and said, "You scared me. What you said sounded pretty convincing." After the phone call with Cecelia, she was sure the nurse was on her side.

However, the nurse looked at her and said in a compassionate tone, "Miss Jing, I meant it. You really have liver cancer."

"That's impossible! I'm fine. I feel good. Niles told me the symptoms, and I have none. Hahaha!" Blair laughed.

The nurse walked closer to her and grabbed her hand anxiously. "That foreign doctor is one of the foremost liver specialists in the world. He's the best in his country. If he says you have cancer, then you have cancer. Thank God we caught it in the early stages... That's why you don't feel anything yet."

What the nurse said and the anxious look on her face freaked Blair out.

[Chapter 667 Now, Were Breaking Up](#)

To convince Blair, the nurse took out her medical examination report, which was different from the one Blair had previously received. "See for yourself. I'm telling the truth. Your disease requires immediate treatment. I came here to ask whether you want us to inform your family about the examination result or if you want to do this all by yourself. To be honest, Mrs. Li and Dr. Li knew that you had cancer from the beginning. They only played along with you, hoping that it would help you accept the truth as you go through this dark phase of your life. Colonel Li is already aware that the three of you were working together to trick him."

Blair was dumbfounded. She just stood there for a moment, staring at the nurse. "Even if I... Even if I do have cancer, why do I have to go to another country for the chemo?" Chemotherapy was available in her country. Blair didn't understand why she had to go abroad for the treatment. She didn't want to leave the country again. She didn't want to go away from Wesley again.

"Your doctor works there. He is the best in the world," the nurse replied softly. She stared sympathetically at Blair, who was on the brink of tears.

"I don't believe this!" Blair blurted out, grabbing the nurse's collar. "This can't be happening. I need to hear the truth from my attending physician." She was desperate.

"All right, okay. I'll go and get her. Wait here," the nurse said, freeing herself from Blair's tight hold. She rushed out of the ward to get the doctor.

A while later, Zaria walked in. She looked at Blair and sighed deeply as she said in a sad tone, "It's true, Blair. But please don't worry too much about it. The cancer is still at an early stage. There is a huge probability that you will be completely cured."

Blair cried, for real this time.

She was dying...

She would be forever separated from Wesley.

In the hallway, Wesley silently listened to her crying. After a minute, he dialed a number and ordered, "Ask Garnet to come to the in-patient department of the military hospital."

When Garnet arrived huffing and puffing, Wesley

ce, Garnet held Wesley's arm. Clearing her throat, she said, "Wesley has been waiting for me. Now that I'm here..."

Blair got her point without her having to finish. She watched the two of them standing together. Dressed in their uniform, they looked like a couple in matching clothes.

That day, when they had saved her from those kidnappers, they had worked together as a perfect team. Back then, Blair had realized what kind of woman deserved Wesley—a strong-willed and capable heroine, like Garnet.

When Garnet had first walked into the ward, Blair had wanted to thank her for saving her life. But the cold situation deprived her of that chance.

Blair fumed at the pair. She grabbed a pillow and tossed it at Wesley. "You are such a cruel man! Get out of my face! I don't want to see you anymore!" Her relationship with him had lasted only a few days.

She was being dumped and also had to digest the fact that she had cancer. Blair felt her world collapsing.

Wesley and Garnet made their way towards the door. Blair added in a cold tone, "If you break up with me, I'll go to the army base and let everyone know how you toyed with me!"

"Whatever," was all he said.

They left without turning back. Blair wailed, burying her face in the covers.

When they were in the hallway, Garnet let go of Wesley's arm and sighed, "If you really like her, you shouldn't be doing this."

[Chapter 668 Youll Have A Hard Time With Her](#)

Without saying anything, Wesley took a cigarette from the pack and a lighter from his pocket. He was going to have a smoke after he led Garnet to the ground floor.

"She has cancer! Her parents passed away a long time ago. And now you make her feel like dog-doo. What if she commits suicide? What then?" Garnet continued to confront Wesley since he stayed silent. Strangely enough, she never expected herself to be a good girl. Why should she be on Blair's side? She loved Wesley, but she was now persuading him to care about Blair.

"She doesn't have cancer," Wesley said simply and walked into the elevator first.

Garnet was stunned by his words. Quickly following him into the elevator, she asked, "Okay, I'm confused. If she doesn't have cancer, does she know? And if she does, why lie about something like that?"

"That's my point. I'm teaching her a lesson. She's still recovering, but decided to play the pity card. I'm not falling for it." He talked to the nurse who told Blair she had cancer, and Zaria, the doctor. It was then that he found out Zaria was actually a friend of his mom's.

Blair had gone too far this time. He had to teach her a lesson. Did she know how worried he was? She probably raised his blood pressure a few points.

Garnet sighed helplessly. "You both deserve each other. Did you see how angry she was? You'll have a hard time with her."

"Not really," he announced with determination. He had almost lost it when he was told about Blair's cancer. She'd never know what a monumental effort it was to act as normal as possible. He was close to the edge, and only through his willpower was he able to keep it together.

'Not really?' Garnet wondered in disbelief. She threw a glance at the expressionless man. That man was impossible. She knew he liked Blair, so what had he planned? He wouldn't go too far, would he? It would probably break his heart to see Blair sad. Even Garnet herself felt her heart ache for Blair. If it were bad for Garnet, it had to be far worse for Wesley.

In the following two days, Blair hadn't seen Wesley even once. Adalson and Natalia came to pick her up the day when she was discharged.

Before she left the hospital, Cecelia called her. "Blair, how's everything between you and Wesley? Did our plan work?" the mother asked excitedly on the other end.

Blair paused for a moment. She didn't want to worry her, so she lied, "Yeah. It's working."

Cecelia glowed with joy as she heard the good news. "I knew it! I'm a ge

led and teased, "Blair, just keep that in mind. I can't leave you, and my company needs you. So, don't go accepting any strange offers, okay?"

Blair took in his meaning. After a pause, she assured him, "I don't want to work at a big company like TS Group. You know that."

Orion heaved a sigh of relief. "Okay, I trust you. Take care. Call me if you need anything."

"Will do. Bye."

At the Orchid Private Club

Just as Wesley stepped into the club, a familiar woman standing in front of the elevator caught his attention. With the help of a waiter, she walked into the elevator with a well-dressed man.

The elevator stopped at the eighth floor. Wesley's eyes darkened.

'Why is she here? And who's that guy? Why is she with him?' he wondered.

He entered the VIP elevator and pushed the button for the eighth floor as well. Just as he stepped out of the elevator, he saw the woman enter Room 822 with the stranger at the other end of the corridor.

Wesley stood rooted to the spot.

Last time when he knew she was at another hospital to get a second opinion, he sent a message to her, telling her that she didn't have cancer. He had expected her to call and throw a tantrum, or even come straight to him to make a scene. But she didn't. She didn't even try and call or text.

That was not like her. What was going on? Unable to read her mind, Wesley had been very annoyed at this.

Gripped by anxiety, he turned to the waiter who had ridden the elevator with him, and said, "I want to know who booked Room 822. It's a matter of national security." It was a lie, but it motivated the waiter to override any privacy concerns.

"Yes, Mr. Li!"

[Chapter 669 Because Shes Cray](#)

The assistant from TS Group led Blair into the private room. There were two people already there. One was York Kuang, the general manager of TS Group; the other was a woman who Blair didn't know.

As soon as she stepped into the room, a whiff of strong perfume assaulted her nostrils. Blair frowned. The air was so thick with the odor she felt she was being suffocated.

Seeing Blair come in, York Kuang greeted her enthusiastically, "Hi, Miss Jing. Welcome!"

Holding her breath, Blair maintained a polite smile and shook hands with him. "Good evening, Mr. Kuang."

"And let me introduce you to the daughter of our CEO—Stella Zhuge." York Kuang led Blair over to the woman dressed in a light-green stylish outfit.

She looked just like one of those Instagram models. Her skin was fair, and she wore delicate makeup on her face. It was cleverly applied so that she wouldn't look made up. The look in her eyes was arrogant and condescending.

Blair was confused by the presence of the CEO's daughter. 'Why is she here?' she thought. Nonetheless, she greeted her graciously, "Nice to meet you, Miss Zhuge."

Stella Zhuge nonchalantly shook hands with Blair. She didn't even bother to stand up. After casting a cold glance at Blair, she turned to glare at York Kuang and grumbled impatiently, "She's here. Can we eat now, finally? I'm starving!"

She thought angrily in her mind, 'I don't understand why York invited this woman along. She's hot, but that's all she has going for her. Probably hired because of her "ahem!" assets. Humph!'

Blair knew what she was implying. The CEO's daughter was complaining that she was late.

But Blair wasn't late. She was there at the agreed-upon time—7 p.m. In fact, she was ten minutes early. It was just that York Kuang and the woman had come too early.

York Kuang immediately asked the waiter to bring out the food. Then, he pulled a chair for Blair in a gentlemanly way. "Please sit down, Miss Jing."

"Thanks!"

Blair began to chat with York Kuang since she had no idea why Stella Zhuge was even here.

In Room 888

Damon noticed the gloomy and contemplative look on Wesley's face. He actively sat down next to the officer, clapped him on the arm, and asked in a playful voice, "Hey, Colonel Li, what's up? You look seriously down. What's the matter? Maybe I can help."

Wesl

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

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

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ew each other. Classmates, huh?"

"Yes. We were in the same class for three years."

"Well..." York Kuang asked tentatively, "So if there's a job with double your salary and better benefits waiting for you, would you consider changing companies?"

Blair didn't show much interest in the offer. But nothing got past Stella Zhuge. She eyed Blair up and down while thinking, 'She's just a translator. What's so good about her? Why does the general manager of TS Group have to wine and dine her? He even offers to double her salary?!'

Blair took a sip of the red wine. She pretended she didn't know his true intention. "No, I don't think that's a good idea. I'm really happy working with Orion. And being happy every day is much more important than having a high-paid job. I love my job."

"Sure, you have a point." York Kuang thought it was unnecessary to beat around the bush anymore. Tapping the table with his fingers, he looked at Blair and said sincerely, "Miss Jing, what about a salary of a million a year, and a swanky apartment downtown? Come to work for us, and we'll offer you bonuses, dividends, on-site healthcare, a gym and restaurants in the building, travel insurance, and all sorts of other benefits. What do you think?"

Blair felt flattered. She was just a translator. Orion had already offered her a good salary and benefits. She didn't expect the TS Group would be even more generous. However, she didn't want to work for them. Putting down her glass of red wine, she looked at him with gratitude and declined, "Thank you, but..."

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Stella did not let Blair finish her words. She snarled at York venomously, "York Kuang! She's a mere translator. She doesn't deserve the salary you're offering her! And what's with the special treatment? Does my dad know anything about this?"

York smiled timidly and tried to explain, "Miss Zhuge, please calm down. Miss Jing graduated from a very prestigious university. She has an edge compared to the other candidates. Her background is impressive as well. She has the prerequisites and other certifications suited for the position. The TS Group is in need of a talent like—"

"Oh, is that so? If she's so competent and so perfect, why not put her in the public relations department?" Stella sarcastically said, abruptly cutting off York's words.

Blair remained silent as she studied Stella's face.

York massaged his forehead as he tried to reason with his boss's daughter. "Miss Jing used to be the head of the translation department in the Jin Group. Her verbal skills made her famous in her field. Aside from translating, she's also good with handling other company matters."

"Okay, are you done buttering her up? Do you know what the average price of a house in Y City is? Not lower than a few million! You promised her a house in the city! Are you kidding? Will you pay it yourself? But if you want to hire her so badly, I guess it's only fair that we deduct her house fee from your salary. It doesn't look too good, no?"

York was at a loss for words.

Blair was still speechless as before. She couldn't figure out how York was able to deal with a woman as ridiculous as Stella. Blair stood up from her seat and politely said, "Miss Zhuge, I don't know the reason you're here. I just hope you mind your words from now on. Mr. Kuang has a wife. You should know that your words, when heard by the wrong people, might affect his reputation negatively. It would look bad for the all of us."

"I can say whatever I want. Who do you think you are? Who are you to police what I can and cannot say? Do you feel bad now?" Stella pointed a finger at Blair. She was seething in anger. She had never been opposed in her whole life.

Blair took her purse and made her way t

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s their eyes met and headed towards the elevator.

Stella didn't want Blair to go though. "Blair, why did you trip me?" she called out.

Her voice sounded really weird. She was trying so hard to sound nice since Wesley was around, but her anger seemed to be resurfacing.

Blair turned around to look at her. Instead of answering her question, she asked, "Did it hurt?"

Stella raised her wounded knee and said in a pitiful voice, "Of course, it's very painful."

Everyone was watching them. "Serves you right!" Blair responded coldly.

Stella was appalled at this reply. Despite Wesley's presence, she still raised her voice at Blair. "What do you mean?"

Blair sneered. "I meant what I said, Miss Zhuge. Next time, please watch your mouth. Didn't your parents teach you it's not proper to insult people you barely know? If you still haven't learned your lesson, come. Let me trip you once more. Learning is more effective if you get both your knees wounded,"

Blair said as she approached Stella who had never wanted anything more than to slap Blair across her face. But Stella knew Wesley was watching them. She broke free from York's arms and dashed towards Wesley. "Colonel Li, please help me!"

Blair watched as Stella lunged at Wesley.

Wesley was frowning at the strong scent of Stella's perfume. She was about to throw herself at him, but to everyone's surprise, Wesley suddenly took a few sidesteps. "Sorry, I don't know you."