

TMBA 671

### [Chapter 671 Come Back With Me](#)

Wesley moved aside in a flash. Stella couldn't stop her momentum and fell into the arms of the man behind Wesley. Niles had heard the noise outside the room and had decided to take a look.

He didn't expect a woman to throw herself into his arms as soon as he opened the door. The strong perfume from the woman hit his nostrils hard. "What the hell?! Who are you? Some kind of perfume witch? Ugh! Get away from me! The smell is suffocating!" Niles struggled against her hold. He turned to his brother with the woman still clinging on to his arm. "Wesley, who is this? Please release me from her grip! Throw her into the hospital wing and have her disinfected."

Stella's face darkened. Holding Niles' arm, she finally managed to steady herself. "Who the hell are you?! How dare you talk about me like that? Do you know who I am?" she snarled at him.

Ignoring her rant, Niles pinched his nose and continued, "Brother, please. Take this woman away! I can't breathe!"

Stella's face immediately flushed with embarrassment when she heard Niles call Wesley "Brother." She stammered, "Oh...so, you're... Colonel Li's brother."

Niles stared at her in irritation. It was then that he noticed Blair not too far away from them. In an instant, the disdain on his face was replaced by surprise and joy. He called out excitedly, "Blair! My dear sister-in-law! You're here too."

'What? Sister-in-law?' The crowd in the corridor looked between Wesley and Blair. They were shocked by this new revelation.

Stella's eyes widened in disbelief. She stared at Blair, wondering if she had heard him wrong. 'Sister-in-law? Why did Niles address her that way?'

Blair felt embarrassed by all the unwanted attention. She forced a smile and said, "Hi Niles. I was just about to leave. I have some work to do. Enjoy yourself. Bye." With that, she walked towards the elevator.

Niles threw a glance at the emotionless Wesley. Seeing that his brother hadn't even budged a little, Niles sighed helplessly and thought, 'Looks like I need to put in a lot more effort to help my stupid brother gain his lifelong happiness.' He then quickly caught up to Blair. "Blair, why not join us? Carlos, Damon and some other friends are here too. Come on, it'll be fun."

Blair would've readily agreed to Niles' invitation if she hadn't had a quarrel with Wesley. But she and Wesley were giving the silent treatment to each other, so she didn't have any good reason to stay. "I'm sorry,

ub witnessed the scene in shock, their mouths agape. But they knew who Wesley was, so they didn't dare say anything and just watched him walk to his car with the woman struggling on his shoulder.

Wesley quickly opened the car door, stuffed Blair into the passenger seat and fastened her seat belt. She didn't even have the chance to protest.

As she struggled to get out of her seat, he gripped her chin to make her face him and said sternly, "I'm just driving you to the hotel. Don't shout, don't struggle. The more you struggle, the more it excites me. Don't turn me on, understand?" As he said those words, he stroked her soft lips with his fingers.

Blair's face turned beet red. His tone was serious, and his words were laced with passion.

Wesley drove her to the hotel where she was temporarily staying. They remained silent the whole way. When they arrived at the hotel, he carried her out of the car like he usually did. He watched her walk into the hotel before driving away.

On the fifth day of her stay at the hotel, Blair heard someone ring her door bell as she was about to go to bed. She opened the door and looked into the eyes of the man she had missed so much in the past few days.

He was holding a bouquet of flowers in his hands, yet his face was devoid of any emotion.

"What?" Blair asked, pretending to be impatient. But deep down, she was excited to see him.

Wesley handed her the bouquet of yellow carnations and said, "Come back with me."

"I'm not related to you in any way, Colonel Li. Why should I go anywhere with you?" When she saw the yellow carnations, her insides boiled with anger.

#### [Chapter 672 Pure Friendship](#)

"Come back to the apartment," Wesley requested again, ignoring her question. The apartment felt like a cold and cheerless place without her there. He didn't want to be there if she wasn't.

"No way! Goodbye!" Blair was about to shut the door.

But Wesley managed to squeeze into the room before she closed the door. He slipped in, using his boots to stop the door from closing. Unable to prevent him, she said angrily, "Why did you come here? Go find your girlfriend Garnet. Didn't she say that you'd been waiting for her? Why are you still here?"

"I'm not waiting for her," he explained.

"Whatever. Not my business. You saved my life, and I owe you money. That's all." Of course, no matter how angry she was, she couldn't forget that he saved her life.

Wesley fell silent.

When he didn't say anything else, Blair took a deep breath, quieted her emotions and said, "You were my first love. Everyone always talks about their first loves in the past tense, like first love wasn't real. I used to think that was bunk, but not anymore. So when you brought Garnet by...the way you behaved around her...now I believe it."

Wesley was rendered speechless. What did he do that day? Did he behave differently around her? He didn't think so.

"Please go away. I won't bother you anymore. I owe you 300k. I'll get you the money, but it'll take some time." Blair pushed him out and was about to close the door again.

Wesley put his hand on the door. "Don't."

"Don't? Don't what? I told you I wouldn't bug you anymore, so what do you want?" she retorted.

"I don't want that! I don't want you to avoid me. Don't forget that you were the one trying to date me. You can't just leave!" he declared.

Blair looked at him in shock. "True. I fell in love with you first, and tried to get you to notice me. But I've given up. You don't get a say in this, Colonel Li. We aren't anything to each other." She remembered how he dumped her that day.

Wesley stared at her in silence. Then, he dropped that topic and handed the flowers to her. "The flowers, here you are. I've been in a lot of flower shops."

Blair looked at the flowers. Now she became visibly calmer. "Who gave you that idea?" she asked. Wesley knew nothing about romance. There must be someone who told him to buy flowers for a girl.

"Damon." He didn't bother trying to hide it. Damon knew more about women than he did.

"So did Mr. Han specifically tell you about the ye

ime, the door was closed before he could have a chance to step inside.

The fourth day, with the help of a professional florist, Wesley bought a bouquet of yellow roses. The professional said yellow roses meant apologies and blessings.

Wesley believed Blair wouldn't turn him away this time. However, after a simple glance at the flowers, she said coldly, "Wrong color."

At this point, he had totally run out of patience. Ignoring her refusal, he stuffed the flowers in her arms, forced her inside and kicked the door closed. He pressed the woman against the wall. The bouquet was squished between them, a few petals dropping onto the floor. He called out in a low voice, "Blair..."

She thought he was mad at her, but he suddenly kissed her lips and demanded, "How about this? You pick out the bouquet you want!" The best way was to let her choose the flowers herself.

Blair didn't expect this to happen. Her heart was pounding fast. "No way! I'm not going!"

He kissed her lips again. "You have to!"

"No way! Why should I do anything you say?" She tilted her head to one side to avoid his kiss.

Wesley tightened his grip on her waist, held her chin and gave her a deep kiss.

After a long and affectionate kiss, he panted as he said, "I'm going to kiss you until you agree."

Blair was ticked off. "How dare you! Why should I listen to you?"

"I... missed you."

These were unexpected words from him. 'Is he trying to be sweet?' she wondered. But these three words worked like magic. Her anger dissipated at once. Nonetheless, she asked arrogantly, "Will you buy whatever I choose?"

"Yes. I promise."

### [Chapter 673 Magical Flower Meanings](#)

"What about red roses?" Blair asked tentatively.

Wesley hesitated and then said, "No. Not those." Even though he had little to no knowledge about the meanings of different flowers, he knew red roses meant "I love you."

They weren't a couple, so he couldn't buy her red roses.

"So much for your promise. Wesley, you don't need to come by every day..."

"Fine, I'll buy you the red roses." He finally gave in. Anyway, buying her a bouquet of red roses didn't necessarily mean they were boyfriend-girlfriend.

Blair leaned against the wall and looked at the bouquet of yellow roses in her arms. She smiled. "How about this? If you say 'I love you,' then you don't have to buy me flowers," she suggested.

"No." He would rather buy the red roses than confess his love to her.

To him, the words "I love you" meant a commitment. He couldn't say them casually. He wasn't afraid of commitment—he was afraid of breaking that commitment because he was a soldier.

Blair wasn't surprised, nor was she angry. She already knew his answer even before she asked. She stood on tiptoe to draw her face near to his and whispered, "Wesley, listen. I'll go back to the apartment with you. But we can't keep doing this. I'll get tired of it, and want real love. When that happens, there will be no 'us.' We won't have a future anymore..."

He tightened his arms around her waist. Their noses touched; they could feel each other's breath, the lifting of the chest as they drew in air. After a moment of silence, he said quietly, "Blair, there are a lot of ways to love someone. Being together isn't the only way. If you're happy, so am I."

Blair felt like she had heard those words somewhere. 'Oh, right! On TV. The guy always says that to the girl,' she realized.

At the thought of it, she sighed helplessly. Wesley was so stubborn. She found it hard to communicate with him. "You don't need to buy me red roses. I like the yellow ones. They're beautiful." As she finished speaking, she pushed the man away from her and began to arrange the pressed flowers nicely.

"Go back with me." He stressed his purpose again.

Blair nodded. "Before that, answer me one question. Are you dating Garnet? I love you, but if you already have a girlfriend, I can't. I won't be the other woman."

Wesley answered succinctly, "I don't like her."

"But she likes you."

"That's her problem," he said firmly.

"Okay. Let's go back home." Blair handed t

. "Was that fun?"

Blair felt pain. She covered her mouth and glared at him. "Yes..." Her voice trailed off. The man pulled her hand away and kissed her on the lips again.

After they returned to their apartment, they went to their respective bedrooms. Wesley hadn't kissed Blair in a long time. He felt the kiss in the car wasn't enough.

Absent-mindedly, he finished his shower quickly and came out with a bath towel around his waist. He had just taken his pajamas from the closet and pulled off the bath towel when the door was suddenly pushed open. "Wesley, where's my luggage... Ahh! You... I... Why...are you naked?"

Blair hastily covered her eyes and turned around to leave, her face as red as a tomato.

"Stop!" Wesley called out to stop the woman and slowly put on his pajamas. Then he walked up behind her.

Blair thought he was angry, so she apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I always knock, I mean I usually do. I just forgot this time. Sorry!" She was telling the truth.

He was close now. She opened her eyes slowly and turned around. Seeing him in his pajamas, she heaved a sigh of relief.

But he suddenly took her in his arms and whispered in her ear, his hot breath falling on her neck. "Remember what you told me the other day? You're right, you know, it's been awhile. Remember when you got me off? You need to help me now."

"What... When did I say that? No, I didn't mean it like that..."

"Whatever! Blair, I already apologized to you. I deserve a reward."

"How?" She suddenly had a bad feeling.

Wesley grabbed her hands which were already healed and answered her with action.

#### [Chapter 674 Youre Bringing Shame On The Li Family](#)

After a long while, her face burning red, Blair put on her slippers and dashed out of Wesley's bedroom. She ran back to her room and buried herself under the quilt. She didn't even bother to close the door.

Her hands were still shaking from the excitement; her heart was racing rapidly. Biting her lower lip, she tried to compose herself. She had ended up giving him a hand job again.

This was the second time he had made her do it for him. Do it once, and there would always be a second time. His heavy breathing and sensual groans echoed in her head the whole night.

Wesley walked out of the bathroom after a second shower. She wasn't in his room anymore. He looked at the messy bed and grinned broadly as he recalled what had happened only moments ago.

He was lost in the memory when his phone started to buzz on the desk. It was an unwelcome distraction as it interrupted his reverie of the beautiful moment he had with Blair. He walked to the desk and picked up the phone.

Niles. A dash of displeasure flashed across Wesley's eyes. His stupid brother always called him at odd times.

"Wesley, did I wake you?" Niles asked when the call connected. Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "Could you lend me some money? I have fallen in love with a female star. But my salary is not anywhere enough to pursue her. Just give me fifty thousand dollars. Okay?"

"No. I don't have any money to give you." Wesley refused without the slightest hesitation.

"What? Why not? Are you saving up for something?" Niles asked, disappointed. He knew that fifty thousand dollars was not a big deal for his brother.

"Yes, I'm saving," he admitted bluntly.

An evil smile appeared on Niles' face. "I have heard that a man crazily saving up his money is a man in love. Brother, you're being mean to me for a woman? Who's the lucky girl?" he asked, though he already knew the answer.

"Zip it!"

"Bro, come on. It's just fifty thousand. It's a piece of cake for you. Don't be so stingy. You're bringing shame on the Li family."

Wesley wiped his hair with a towel. He sighed and agreed reluctantly, "Fine, I'll see what I can do."

"Great! Now, that's how a man of the Li family should be like." Niles was excited, a happy smile crept up his face.

"When will you return the money?" Wesley asked in a strict tone.

Niles' face fell. "You have never asked me to return the money you have given me before..." he said glumly. "Fine. Maybe next month."

"You'll have to repay the double amount."

Niles went silent for a moment; then he hung up.

'Is

e, Wesley let Blair stay in the car and went to the shop himself. In no time, he came back with a paper bag full of hot sugar-fried chestnuts.

Blair couldn't wait. She opened the bag and to her surprise, besides the hot chestnuts, there were also some sugar-fried haw apple, fried chips and some other snacks as well.

The delicious smell made Blair's mouth water. She couldn't help but take a bite of the haw apple. "It's sweet! Oh, but it's a little sour too."

Wesley looked at her. "You don't like it?"

Blair shook her head. "It's fine. Just a little sour. I like it."

"Good."

After returning to the apartment, Blair went into the kitchen and opened the fridge. She wanted to see what ingredients they had because she wanted to cook something for Wesley.

Wesley came into the kitchen and put a peeled chestnut into her mouth. "Eat."

As she chewed, she reminded him, "Don't peel anymore now. They are still hot." The chestnuts were freshly fried and were indeed pretty hot. She had wanted to eat them in the car, but had given up since they were piping hot.

"They wouldn't be as sweet and delicious if they got cold," he said casually and turned around to peel the second one.

She stopped checking the fridge as she repeated his words in her mind.

She stared at Wesley's tall figure; a warm feeling coursed through her heart. This man could be so heartless sometimes, and other times, he was incredibly considerate. It was sort of a love-hate feeling.

Blair busied herself with cooking, while Wesley continued to feed her the chestnuts. After eating more than ten of them, Blair shook her head and said, "No more. If I eat all the chestnuts, I wouldn't be able to have dinner."

#### [Chapter 675 Wesley's Mission](#)

Wesley put the Chinese chestnuts in his hand away, washed his hands and got ready to help Blair with the cooking.

Blair, however, shooed him out of the kitchen. "Just go watch TV and relax. I'll tell you when it's ready."

Wesley didn't argue, but instead of watching TV, he went to the balcony to have a cigarette.

Standing on the balcony, he took a drag on his cigarette and blew out a cloud of smoke. He leaned against the railing, watching her hard at work making dinner. A smile formed on his lips.

Afraid that she hadn't made enough food for Wesley, Blair made some dessert. But in the end, she ate most of the dessert. He kept on feeding it to her.

This kind of life was simple, but after everything she'd been through, she felt really happy with what she had now. At least there was no one trying to hurt her.

This was their home.

If only she could have Wesley's baby. Then her life would be complete.

It was around 11 p.m. when Wesley got a message from Blair on WeChat. "I'm so sleepy," it read.

He sent a question mark in reply.

"Turn off the light for me?"

Before long, Wesley opened the door to Blair's bedroom. She gave him a sweet smile.

'He is so good to me,' she thought.

He came over, lowered his head and planted a kiss on her cheek. "That's my reward," he explained.

Blair reached out her arms, cradled his neck and kissed him on the lips. "Want more? Then stay here."

His eyes were filled with desire for her as he tightened his hands around her waist. After a while, he simply said, "Two years."

"What?" She was confused.

He didn't explain further, but just kissed her on the lips passionately.

'Blair, if you haven't found someone else by the time I get back, then I'll marry you, ' he swore to himself.

After the passionate kiss, Wesley turned off the light, left her bedroom and closed the door behind him.

Back in his own bedroom, he lit another cigarette while going over his orders for a new mission. It was his choice; he didn't have to go. But he'd get hazard pay on top of his regular salary, not to mention it was a chance to serve his country.

If he accepted the mission, he would be sent to D City soon. It was a multi-national mission.

This was a messy business, and involved tens of thousands of people.

He not only was in command, but would personally work undercover.

He couldn't

u looking at him like that? You even noticed his shoulders, hips and feet. Why?"

Wesley answered indifferently, "I only took two glances at him. You know I'm a soldier. I'm trained to read people. He even had some plastic surgery. His double eyelids are fake."

Blair didn't know how to respond. But she had to admit that she was no longer jealous.

"If I said you had a nice body, would you hold it against me?" he joked. 'Well, if she put on some weight, then she'll be more cuddly. That'll piss her off if I tell her.'

"Because you do have a nice body," he continued. Blair screamed out of shyness and awkwardness, and pinched Wesley's arm. 'What the hell? I thought she wanted to hear that. I guess I don't understand women, ' he thought to himself.

Then he recalled what Damon told him before. "Dude, if you don't want to get dumped, then don't use logic with your woman." Wesley thought it made sense and let Blair pinch him as she wanted.

Time went by, and Wesley hadn't decided whether he would accept the mission or not.

One day, when Wesley got home from work, Blair pulled him into her room hurriedly.

His heart raced wildly in his chest. 'What's going on? Does she want to sleep with me?'

Blair, however, stood on a weighing scale and complained, "I've put on 2.5 kilograms."

"And?" He didn't get it.

"It's all your fault!" Wesley was not as busy he had been before. He always went to the store, bought her delicious food and didn't allow her to do housework. That was why she had gained weight.

"Okay." He wouldn't admit he did it on purpose.

### [Chapter 676 Give Him A Kiss](#)

Blair couldn't believe her ears. "Huh? That's it?"

"I'll keep on providing food for you," Wesley replied.

Blair's jaw dropped in awe.

Just when she thought her life was going to stay the way it was, something unexpected happened; all because the actress Niles had feelings for had turned him down.

At some party, Niles gathered enough courage to approach the said actress. The woman caressed his face and teased, "Boy, your skin is so fair and smooth like a girl's. Sorry, you're just not my type. I like your brother! Tough and ragged, but in a good way. Hey, would you do me a favor and introduce me to him?"

Niles was deeply hurt and decided to renew his image. He made up his mind to become a tough guy like his brother. He went to Wesley and insisted he join their physical training.

Wesley accepted his request. He took it as an opportunity to get Niles off his bad habits. He brought his younger brother along as he trained his men. On the seventh day, they hiked a mountain to do their outdoor workouts there. Wesley pointed to a huge rock and instructed Niles, "Go rock climbing."

He had been bored in the last six days, so he thought rock climbing would be at least kind of interesting.

Wesley's men climbed the rock one after another. 'Looks pretty easy to me, ' Niles thought as he watched the ones before him.

He couldn't be more wrong.

"Chief! I can't do this," Niles yelled to his brother as he held onto the rope for his dear life. When Wesley took him in for the training, he demanded Niles call him Chief. He had been treating his younger brother as one of his men.

Wesley only watched as his brother dangled hopelessly. "You are a man. Do it!" he commanded quite sternly.

Niles let out a few desperate cries. Upon seeing the lack of progress, Wesley picked up a pebble and threw it at his butt. Of course, it hit him accurately. Niles was left with no choice but to keep on climbing. He cursed his brother all the way up of the rock.

Not long after, Niles gave up. "I quit! I'm going home. I no longer want that woman. She's just not worth this struggle. Actually you're her type. I'll give her your number."

The soldiers snickered.

Wesley had seen many soldiers like Niles before, and knew exactly how to deal with him. In a cold voice, he said, "You quit? No. That's not gonna happen." He instructed the soldier atop the rock to fasten the rope.

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.

you for your own good."

Niles stayed suspended for a few hours. He'd grown desperate and was extremely livid at Wesley.

At the end of the day, Niles was taken back to his place by Talbot and Bowman.

He stayed in bed for three days to recover. Wesley came to visit him once. Once he had confirmed he was still alive, he left right away.

Niles was fuming when he saw his brother leave. He made up his mind that he was taking vengeance against his cruel brother.

Niles was surprisingly smart when it came to pranks. He developed an idea soon enough.

His idea was simple—he would help Blair get what she wanted, which was to sleep with Wesley. It would be perfect if she got pregnant. Niles hoped she'd give birth to a boy. He knew how troublesome boys were. He'd torture Wesley to death for him.

Three days later, Blair received a bottle of red wine from Niles. He sent her a message saying, "Blair, my friend brought me a bottle of wine from France. This wine is really good. Why not enjoy it with my brother?"

Niles was really putting extreme effort in making Wesley and Blair's life happy. He actually bought the wine himself, and it cost him a fortune. He'd tasted good wine before, but he'd never bought one himself.

He decided to ask his mother to reimburse the wine. After all, he did this for Wesley and Blair, and he believed that Cecelia would be more than happy to hear that.

Blair was really moved by this. She wrote, "Niles, thank you so much. You're being really nice to me."

'Ah, the Li family is really treating me well. Grandpa Keith, Aunt Cecelia, Niles...'

### [Chapter 677 Have You No Shame](#)

Niles sent Blair a smiley and wrote, "I forgot to tell you. When I got the wine from my friend, I opened it to get a whiff. I hope you don't mind. Don't worry, I didn't taste it."

"No, no, no. I don't mind at all." It was not like Niles had drunk any of the wine.

"Well, enjoy the bottle with my brother. It's a beautiful night. I hope you two enjoy it." He added a smirking-face emoji.

"I really appreciate it, Niles."

Putting her phone aside, Blair went to the wine cabinet and took out a decanter. The apartment was well-equipped, despite the fact that the previous owner had never lived there.

She poured the wine into the decanter and then realized that she didn't even know if Wesley was coming over that evening. So, she sent him a quick message.

Wesley's reply came soon after, and his positive answer thrilled her. She really wanted to enjoy the wine with him.

She took her time in the bath, after which she put on a strapless black nightgown.

Standing before the full-length mirror, she looked at herself, her face blushing red. She looked pretty sexy in the gown. 'I wonder what Wesley will think of me when he sees me in this?

But who cares? I really am trying to seduce him.'

She found the perfume he had bought her and sprayed some on her neck and wrists. She dabbed these spots with a tissue and was finally satisfied when she smelled the faint fragrance on her.

Blair was pouring the wine into two glasses with a smile on her face when she heard the front door creaking.

She put down the decanter. "You are home," she said happily.

"Mmm hmm."

She jogged over to him and threw herself into his arms before he could even remove his shoes. He held her waist, making sure that she was steady in his hands.

He could feel the warmth of her body beneath the smooth silk gown. Her familiar fragrance aroused him and he unconsciously held her closer to his body. His Adam's apple bobbed, the look in his eyes intense. Unable to hold back his desire, he lowered his head and landed his lips on hers.

Intoxicated by his passionate kiss, Blair wrapped her hands around his neck. After a few minutes, he finally let go of her and panted. "You..." he stammered. 'She looks different today.'

Blair stood on tiptoe and whispered in a seductive voice, "What?"

Wesley pinched her waist and p

air stared at him, not knowing what was going on in his head. This was the first time Wesley had humiliated her like this. She was both puzzled and pissed.

'I love him, but that doesn't mean he can insult me like this!' "I'm shameless?" she asked in a low voice. "I'm desperate to get fucked? Yeah! That's right." Blair was so angry that she lost her cool. While he was off guard, Blair held him, pushed him down hard and pressed him against the bed.

She was too furious to explain anything. Ignoring his murderous eyes, she leaned in closer and kissed his lips.

Wesley found it humiliating to be under her.

And more than anything, he didn't want to have sex with her in his current state. He tried to sober up, but his efforts went in vain. The drug was so strong that he couldn't control himself.

Besides, Blair's soft body was on his, and his hard member was going to explode soon.

Wesley bit his tongue hard to regain his senses and sat up on the bed.

His move was so abrupt that Blair almost fell to the floor. She held onto his neck tight to keep herself from falling.

"Leave!" he ordered through gritted teeth, his eyes red with fury and lust.

Blair wouldn't listen. "No!" She swore to herself that she would get laid that night. She pushed him back on the bed and whispered in his ear, "I think you are the one playing dumb, Wesley." 'Would he use this opportunity to sleep with me?' she wondered.

Her hot breath fell on his neck, making him feel dizzy. He knew that if he couldn't make love to her now, he would explode.

#### [Chapter 678 You Are Tying The Knot](#)

At that moment, Wesley made up his mind—he would make Blair his woman.

He gave her slender waist a tight squeeze and took the lead.

With one quick movement, he was on top of her. Too impatient to wait any longer, he torn apart her strapless black nightgown.

He kissed her passionately, while his hands ran over her soft, naked body. Although she wanted to resist his advances, she was unable to. Rather than wrestle him, she allowed him to devour her. Her arms snaked around his muscular shoulders tightly as he entered her. She bit her lips to hold back her moans.

Wesley made love to her all night. When he finally let her sleep, the birds were already chirping outside their window. Ignoring the messy bedroom, he walked naked into the bathroom.

Wesley didn't go to bed after that. Day broke, and he got dressed. Standing at the bedside, he fixed his eyes on the sleeping woman, lost in thought.

Blair rolled over to the other side of the bed in her sleep, and the blanket shifted. A dark red stain was visibly seen on the light gray bed sheet.

Wesley stared at the stain for a while before he finally realized what it was.

A wide ear-to-ear grin appeared on his handsome face, and his heart melted.

He had always thought that since Blair and Miller had lived together, they must have had sex. But it looked like he was wrong. After all, the blood-stained sheet was solid proof of her now stolen virginity.

He fished out his phone and called Carlos.

Carlos was still sleeping, with Debbie in his arms. "This better be important," he threatened in a low voice.

"When you got your marriage certificates, neither you nor your wife was present at the scene. How did you get your certificates?" he asked, curious to know more about the procedure.

Carlos' eyebrows shot up when he heard Wesley's question. He got out of bed quietly so that he wouldn't wake Debbie up. "Are you tying the knot?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yeah." Wesley had slept with Blair, and he needed to take responsibility for it.

"You are a soldier. You need to report it to your superior first," Carlos reminded his friend.

"That's not a problem."

After some consideration, Carlos told him how he and Debbie had obtained their marriage certificates. "The photo needed for the certificates was edited in Photoshop. Are you planning to do the same?"

"Yes," Wesley answered as he looked at his beloved woman. He chose to have their picture photoshopped instead of actually

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celebrate the New Year together. When I was angry at him, he sent me flowers and apologized to me. He peeled Chinese chestnuts for me and fed me. He always hugs me and kisses me.

And just like that, a bottle of wine spoiled everything. I only wanted to enjoy some good wine with him. He thought I was trying to seduce him and said I was shameless.

Yes, I admit that I wanted to seduce him. But that's only because I love him. And then, we had sex.

What I don't understand is why he asked me to have a morning-after pill after we slept together for the first time. He even disappeared after that night. I haven't seen him since.

Why? I really don't understand."

The forum was popular among youngsters. Soon, many people left their comments on her long post. Blair read every comment carefully.

"Sis, those closely involved in a situation may not be able to see the bigger picture as clearly as those outside the box. If a man hugs you and kisses you, but refuses to accept you as his girlfriend, it means that he doesn't love you. You even slept with him! Wake up, girl. Don't be so silly."

"I can tell that your relationship is complicated. It might not be as simple as it seems. Nevertheless, I'm sure that he is not that into you."

"A man who can't make you feel safe is not a good guy. Sis, listen to me. Leave him! Now!"

"He asked you to have the morning-after pill? Why didn't he just use a condom? He's such an asshole!"

"He doesn't love you, he just wants to fuck you. When he finally falls in love with a woman one day, he will leave you."

There were so many comments, and each of them said that the man didn't love her.

### [Chapter 679 Im Tired](#)

Locking her iPad, Blair scoffed bitterly at herself. After a long while, she picked up her phone and called her best friend. "Joslyn, I'm tired of begging for Wesley's love."

The sadness in her voice did not escape Joslyn's ears. 'Huh? She wouldn't stop bragging about how nice Wesley was to her a few days ago—he'd wash her panties by hand, peel Chinese chestnuts for her, buy her designer bags... But why is she like this now?' She asked with the utmost care, "Bless, what's going on?"

"Joslyn, I'm pretty sure Wesley doesn't love me at all. I think he's being nice to me because he feels like he has to." 'Maybe because of Uncle Adalson. Maybe because I was pestering him. Maybe because his family members like me...'

"Bless, chill. Start from the beginning," Joslyn said. Her friend was struggling to understand what was going on.

Blair sensed that Joslyn was quite nervous, and giggled to calm her down. "Hey, don't worry about me. It's bad for the baby. I'm used to him being a jerk. Yeah, so I'm done with him."

As a conservative woman, she had given him her most precious thing—her virginity. But instead of asking her to be his girlfriend, he left only a note and a box of morning-after pills. She felt used, unwanted, like a whore.

"Bless... You... Maybe you should talk to him first. Give him a chance to explain..."

Blair shook her head. Then she realized that she was on the phone, so she said, "I don't think so. Things won't change. I don't want to be in that situation again."

Joslyn was really worried about Blair, and she had a hunch that Blair meant what she said this time. Blair seemed like she'd made up her mind.

Even when she had proposed to Wesley in front of his unit and got rejected, she didn't give up hope. This time, it was like all hope had drained from her.

"Where are you now? What you need right now is some good company to take your mind off this."

"Please don't! Think of the kid. I don't want something to happen to you. Believe me. I'm okay." Blair tried to sound cheerful.

However, Joslyn didn't buy it. Hartwell wasn't home now, and she was pregnant. So going alone was probably a bad idea. After mulling it over for a while, she offered, "How about this? I'll take Hartwell's mom al

the pen hit the floor, he bent over, picked it up and put it back on the desk.

The old man trembled in anger. "I'm going to call your grandfather!" he threatened.

"He wants me to get married soon. He is more eager than me," Wesley said in a matter-of-fact tone.

The old man was rendered speechless.

After taking a long while to calm himself down, he still tried to persuade Wesley, "Have you ever thought about this? If you get married now and then go to D City, what if something bad happens to you? Are you willing to let her be a widow then? How about this? After you come back from D City, I'll immediately sign them."

Wesley knew the old man was doing this for his own good, but he couldn't afford to wait another two years. "I won't go to D City unless you sign them," he insisted.

"Damn it! Are you threatening me? Wesley Li, do you still remember you are a soldier? You've been served in the army for many years. Soldiers follow orders without question. You forget that? Get lost and write that sentence ten thousand times!"

"I'll do it after you sign them."

The old man felt Wesley was hopeless. Pointing at Wesley's nose, he shouted with red eyes, "Aren't you afraid of being demoted?"

"I'll accept any punishment as long as you sign the papers."

The old man couldn't believe his ears. 'How did Adalson's niece bewitch him so completely? He doesn't care about his career. He doesn't care about moving up in rank. And even the threat of demotion won't stop him!'

### [Chapter 680 Marriage Certificates](#)

Seeing that he was unable to change Wesley's mind, General Zhao had no choice but to give in. After all, he was proud of Wesley. "You win." He threw up his hands in a helpless gesture, his voice tired. "As long as you sign the document and agree to get transferred to D City, I'll sign your marriage application forms. Now, go fetch your document."

Wesley saluted to express his gratitude and left the office to fetch the document. He soon returned with the transfer agreement. While Wesley signed it, the old man did the same on the marriage application forms.

After all the procedures, Wesley got the marriage licenses the next morning.

He couldn't help the need to share the good news with Blair, but she was still at work. He had to find something else to do to kill the time.

By the time Wesley headed home, it was about 8 o'clock in the evening, a silver moon high in the sky. When he opened the door, Blair, who was packing her stuff in the walk-in closet, paused for a while before continuing on. He eased the envelope with the marriage licenses in it from his pocket, a nervous flutter in his belly.

After a deep breath, Wesley walked in and reached out to Blair, the envelope in his hand. "Take a look!" he smiled.

Blair paused, but she didn't say anything, nor did she take the envelope. She returned to folding her clothes.

A bit anxious, Wesley grabbed her wrist. "Look at it!"

Blair looked at him, her eyes full of sarcasm. "A shameless woman like me doesn't deserve to look at your stuff."

Wesley hung his head, her words stinging him. "I'm sorry for what I said." He'd been mad at her for drugging him, and had allowed his anger to get the best of him, which led to a slip of the tongue. A slip he wished he could take back. But words were like arrows, and once fired, they could not be called back.

Blair, of course, would not forgive him that easily. Glaring at him, she snorted. Then she grabbed the envelope, shook off his hand, walked to her door, and threw the envelope out of her bedroom. She pointed at the living room, voice like ice. "Get out!"

Wesley's face darkened.

His mood became black, dampening the joy, the earlier excitement, and the dreamy occasion he had envisioned.

"Wesley Li, I don't want to see your face right now. You may leave," Blair added coldly.

Wesley didn't move.

Blair took a deep breath before going back to the walk-in closet to continue packing her stuff.

However, just as she was about to pick up a shirt, Wesley grabbed her hand, a helpless feeling running through him. "Blair, please, just look at the thing in the envelope."

"I said no!" Blair struggled.

Wesley pulled her into his arms and held her tightly.

Her familiar fragrance reached Wesley's nose, and he unconsciously held her closer to him. The love bites on her neck reminded him of the

Debbie, Blair made a quick decision. Joslyn's hospital was nearby. Since Blair didn't know where Debbie was, it made sense to go to keep Joslyn company. After all, Joslyn was her best friend.

Two hours later, Joslyn gave birth to a healthy boy. The Ji family members were thrilled at the good news.

Joslyn named the boy Patrick Ji.

After keeping her best friend company for a while, Blair went to look for Debbie. But she didn't find her, and Debbie's phone was off. She went to many places Debbie would frequent, asking if anyone had heard anything or seen her, but to no avail.

Left with no choice, she decided to call Wesley for help, though she was still mad at him. But his phone was off too. She then learned from Adalson that Wesley was on an urgent mission. It would take him a couple of days to return.

Desperate, Blair turned to her cousin, Hartwell. Maybe he would have better luck.

Meanwhile, news spread of the accident and scandals about Debbie. There were stories that she cheated on Carlos. Someone said she divorced Carlos and had an abortion after knowing his life hung in the balance.

Days passed and Blair still could not find Debbie. She was in a panic. To make matters worse, Wesley still had not returned from his mission.

One of Hartwell's men saw Debbie, but before he could follow her, she got into a car and disappeared.

Then came the news that Carlos died.

Wesley finally came back. Ignoring the fact that they weren't on speaking terms, Blair called him and said urgently, "Debbie's got it bad. You need to help her."

"Calm down. I'm on my way." The moment Wesley came back to Y City, one of his men told him that Carlos had a car accident and Curtis asked him to call back.

He called Curtis, but Curtis told him Carlos was dead. Wesley's heart sank. "Are you kidding me? If so, this isn't funny at all!" he spat, refusing to believe it.