

TMBA 681

[Chapter 681 Blair Has Left](#)

A bitter smile appeared on Curtis' face as he said from the other end of the line, "Wesley, I'm telling the truth."

Wesley didn't know how to respond.

He hung up the call and rushed towards Carlos' manor with a dozen soldiers in tow. On the way, he prayed that Curtis was just making fun of him and that Carlos was safe and sound.

"Wesley, you must help Debbie!" Wesley remembered what Blair had asked him.

And he had promised her that he would do everything in his power. He would do whatever Blair asked of him.

When he reached the gate of the manor, Curtis and Debbie were already there, but the guards had stopped them from going in.

After a quick assessment of the situation, Wesley and his men barged into the manor.

The decoration inside made Wesley's heart skip a beat—the traditional black and white funerary couplet, the mourning hall, Carlos' black and white portrait... Carlos was...dead.

Before Wesley could learn anything more about the accident, Debbie received a phone call and left the manor in a hurry. Although he wanted to help her, he had no chance to offer her his assistance.

Wesley had to ask James.

It took him some time to accept the fact that Carlos was really gone. He swore to himself that he was going to find out the truth. At that moment, Curtis' phone rang. It was from Debbie.

Over the phone, she told Curtis that she had lied to everyone. She said she had divorced Carlos after knowing his death and was leaving Y City with her new boyfriend. Wesley, who was standing beside Curtis, heard every word.

He was so pissed off that he broke into curses near Curtis' phone so that Debbie could hear him. He felt bad for his best friend who had been so nice to this ungrateful woman. He also pitied Blair who had asked him to help Debbie.

What made him angrier was that Debbie shamelessly blamed him for stopping her from seeking her own happiness. Wesley was shocked by her heartless words.

Later, when Wesley and Curtis stepped into the living room of the villa, they saw James comforting Tabitha, who was crying bitterly over her son. Wesley went over to them and said, "Uncle James, I will look into the accident and find out—"

James interrupted him and stated in a sad voice, "Wesley, Curtis. Carlos was fortunate to have friends like you. But please, let me handle this. Carlos was my son, and as his fa

be seen.

It was already past midnight. He found a note on the table in the living room which said, "I won't bug you anymore." He called her, but his number had been blocked.

Wesley didn't know what was going on.

Carlos was gone. And now, even Blair had left him. Wesley felt like he was being abandoned by the whole world.

He sat on the couch and lit a cigarette. After a while, he fished out his phone and sent a message to someone. "Get me Blair's location."

Before long, he got a message. "She is staying at her company dorm on Dagmar Road. Her roommate is a woman. She is 29, and is from H Country..."

Wesley heaved a sigh of relief.

Blair knew that Wesley would still find her even though she had blocked his phone number and WeChat account. But she had to show him that she was not a pushover.

And she was right. When she came back to the dorm one night, Wesley was waiting for her outside the building.

She saw the man in his usual black T-shirt, black pants and matching black military boots, but quickly turned around and left without bothering to talk to him.

Upon seeing that, Wesley dropped the cigarette butt, stepped on it to put it out and walked towards her.

Hearing the heavy footsteps coming from behind her, Blair picked up her pace and started to run.

Wesley ran after her.

Within a few seconds, he caught up to her and pulled her into his arms. "Don't struggle! Or I'll throw you over my shoulder!"

"Let me go!" she yelled.

"No!" Wesley was leaving for D City soon, and he really wanted to hug her as long as he could.

[Chapter 682 I'm Blair's Husband](#)

Blair struggled in Wesley's arms, trying to wrench free of his embrace, but to no avail. Desperate, she bit him on the arm.

He grunted in pain. "What the hell? You keep biting and pinching me. The marks haven't gone from the last time you did it. But whatever makes you happy, I guess."

Blair knew what he was talking about. She wouldn't let him get his way, so she let go of his arm. Once she did, he buried her face in his chest.

"Blair," he muttered.

"Wesley, I can't. I made a mistake falling in love with you. I'm over you now. I won't bother you anymore. Just let me go and stay out of my life," she said flatly.

His lips hardened into a line. He held her tighter. "Remember when you proposed to me? Saying no is the biggest mistake I ever made. I won't let you go again. Ever."

Blair's heart fluttered. She gave him up. It took everything she had to do it. Why was he saying this now? "Too little too late. I'm over you," she declared.

"You can't be. I'm so in love with you it hurts. You're my woman and no one can take you away!" He had made his decision. He wanted to be with her and would never let her go.

Yet things had changed. In the past, Blair would have practically fainted from happiness to hear those words out of his mouth. But now, they were just words. "It's not up to you. Get out of my way," she announced.

Wesley didn't listen. He picked her up, carried her to his car, put her in the back seat, and got on top of her. "Here, a hotel room, home, your dorm, or in the field, pick one," he said.

Blair shuddered. "No, I won't." She didn't want to ask for a leave again tomorrow.

"So we'll do it here." Wesley made the decision for her.

His hands fumbled with her clothes.

Scared, Blair grabbed his hands and yelled, "Have you lost your goddamn mind? It's not like it's private here!" Several people had already seen him carry her into the car.

Wesley caressed her cheek and assured her, "Don't worry. There's a

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ir. However, when Cecelia flew into Y City to find Blair, she'd already moved out of Wesley's apartment.

Wesley's mom and grandfather were both disappointed.

"Grandpa, wait a minute," Wesley said.

Then he hung up. Keith was confused. Then his phone rang. It was a video chat request from Wesley.

Keith went ahead and accepted it. Wesley's face wasn't on-screen. It was a red certificate, instead.

Keith's brows were raised in confusion.

Wesley opened the certificate for him and displayed it. When he saw the names on it, Keith grinned, his eyes narrowed into thin lines. "Nice!" His older grandson had never let him down.

When Wesley thought his grandfather was done, he was wrong. Keith had one more demand.

"A great-grandson. I want a great-grandson."

And Wesley wanted that too.

After all, he liked nothing more than sleeping with his wife. The only problem was he was too busy.

In a coffee house downtown

By the time Orion arrived, Wesley was already seated, staring out the window, deep in thought.

"Colonel Li, why did you ask me here?" Even though they were love rivals, Orion was cordial. They'd come to blows, true, but thanks to Wesley's status, Orion couldn't get back at him, so he had to let it go.

Wesley turned around and watched Orion sit down opposite him.

[Chapter 683 Preserved Roses Bunny](#)

Without further ado, Wesley took something out of his pocket, put it on the table, and pushed it in front of Orion. It was a red certificate. "Orion, you're not new in China. I believe you know military marriage is protected by the law."

The red certificate gave Orion a bad feeling.

He opened it. As he read, his eyes widened in shock.

On the certificate were Blair and Wesley's names. And their pictures.

'So, Blair's married?' According to the date on the certificate, they got married only a couple of days ago.

'Blair married Wesley?' Orion shook his head. His mind refused to accept the idea, but he couldn't ignore the pain inside him.

Orion scratched his head, his heart full of sadness as he tried to come to terms with the revelation.

"So..." Orion looked at Wesley, at a loss for words, his heart aching.

Wesley put away the marriage certificate and stood up. He loomed, his very presence making Orion feel small.

"Keep your distance from my wife from now on,"

Wesley warned.

Then he turned and left.

One love rival down. Wesley smiled inwardly. This was too easy.

Orion remained in his chair, devastated. His love had just been shattered into pieces and scattered on the wind.

The next day, Blair felt Orion act weird around her. He had been avoiding her and was even cold toward her. She decided to talk to him.

What frustrated her even more was that Wesley, who had promised he would never let her go the night before, was now gone.

Blair didn't see him even once in the next two months.

As time went by, she couldn't help but think of herself as an idiot. She had believed him that night. She'd hung on his every word.

On her birthday, Blair received a birthday gift when she was at work. It was a gift box. She had no idea whom it was from.

Blair opened the gift. Lying in the middle of a velvet cloth was a ring, the giant lilac diamond on it shining brightly.

Along with the ring was a colored card.

"Wait for me," it said. The signature was L.

"Wesley," Blair whispered. She covered her mouth, tears of happiness streaming down her face. Warmth flooded her as she thought about their time together.

uch joy. It was him. It was really Wesley. She grinned from ear to ear.

Since when had that man been so romantic?

"I thought it wasn't from him. I was considering rejecting it," she said honestly.

"It's from him. Sign for it. Then I have done my job," Niles said.

Blair signed. The courier left.

She decided to move the box into the lounge so that it wouldn't distract anybody. She used one hand at first, but it was quite heavy and didn't budge at all. She had to use both hands to get it to move. "What got into your brother? Why did he send me this? I once couldn't even get him to buy me a bouquet of roses."

"Who knows?" Niles said. "He has been acting weird. He wouldn't lend me money or buy me things, but he got you an apartment, buys you clothes and other things, and he even bought you such a fancy gift. Ugh, I envy you so much. By the way, I don't think this is his type of thing either. I doubted it, but he did call me and asked me to supervise this matter."

"Okay. Do you know where he is?" Blair asked, her tone sad.

"No way!" Niles exclaimed. "I would have expected you would know where he is. Although I didn't know either until I heard my grandpa say that he went to D City. He has been transferred."

"Transferred to D City?" Blair frowned. "Yes," Niles said. 'This is huge, ' Blair thought. 'Why didn't he tell me?' She swallowed her sorrow and asked, "How long will he be there? When is he coming back?"

[Chapter 684 I Love You](#)

"Beats me. Why don't you call Grandpa and ask him about it? But the mission is highly confidential. Grandpa probably doesn't know much about it. Prepare for the worst," Niles told Blair. Wesley could be assigned to a mission and no one would know when he'd be back. It was an occupational hazard. Niles got used to it. Maybe Blair needed to be, too.

"Okay," Blair said.

"Blair, you're so lucky to have someone like my brother. I'd marry rich, too, if I were a chick."

"It's not too late. You still have time," Blair joked.

"I've got a star to pursue in this life. I got you a birthday present too. I sent it off a few days ago. You're welcome. I'm your brother-in-law, after all. Remember that, next time my brother decides to beat me up. Bye."

"Um, bye."

Sitting in the lounge, staring at the bunny, Blair didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

'I hate you, Wesley! I hate you! I hate you!

You didn't tell me anything about being deployed elsewhere. You've been gone for two months and didn't call me even once. And now on my birthday you give me two big surprises!' Blair complained inside, touching the diamond ring in her pocket.

'But why did he tell the delivery guy he was my husband? The other day, when he drove me home, he also told my roommate he was my husband.

Is he planning on proposing?

No, probably not. That's not his style.

I could probably die of old age before he decided to propose.

Ack! This is so depressing.'

After work, Blair went to her uncle's for dinner. The Ji family threw her a birthday party.

By the time she got back to her dorm, she had two other birthday presents waiting for her, one from Niles and the other from Cecelia, both expensive. Blair gave them each a phone call to say thank you.

The night wore on, but Blair still couldn't sleep. She stared at the diamond ring and the bunny. He asked her to wait for him, but for how long? Till she was so old her hair turned white and she had no teeth left?

There were words engraved on the inside of the band, "I Love You."

She wondered whether We

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t to punish you by making you kiss me and decide where we're going to have sex next time. Do you like that kind of punishment?"

Now her face was burning. "Wesley, are you calling just to turn me on? It's not working," she announced in a feigned careless tone. But her voice was thick with lust.

"The other guys were watching porn. And I thought of you," Wesley continued.

'Porn?' Blair's jaw dropped. Having no idea what kind of mission he was on, Blair jeered. "Porn? What kind of mission are you on, anyway? I'm not sure I know you anymore!"

"I have to go. Listen, they're restricting my phone time. Call Damon or Curtis if you need help. And... I love you." He was afraid that if he didn't say it now, he would never have the chance. But since he had her on the phone now, he'd say it as much as he could.

Then he hung up.

'And... I love you.'

Blair was still lost in those three words. Tears gushed from her eyes like a broken dam.

He said it! He finally said it! All the waiting paid off.

"Boo...hoo..." She cried her heart out in the serenity of the night.

'Wesley, I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

If you don't like me, why keep teasing me and say something like that? You're such a jerk.'

Blair felt the man was deliberately torturing her.

Even so, she was still looking forward to lunar July 7th, Chinese Valentine's Day, coming soon.

[Chapter 685 Because I'm In Love](#)

Blair's birthday was on lunar June 6th. Chinese Valentine's Day came a month after.

It had been one month since Wesley's last phone call. Blair kept herself busy at work every day, doing overtime to keep her mind off him.

Life was dull without Wesley.

On the eve of Chinese Valentine's Day, Talbot called her out of the blue.

'Why is Talbot calling me? Did something happen to Wesley?' she wondered anxiously and picked up the phone in a hurry.

"Talbot, what's up?" she asked.

"It's me." Wesley's voice came from the other end.

Blair gave a sigh of relief. "Are you with Talbot?" she asked.

"Yeah. What do you want as your present?"

"Huh?" she asked, confused as to what he was talking about.

"Tomorrow is lunar July 7th," Wesley reminded her. He had heard that this festival meant a lot to women. But apparently, Blair didn't even seem to know that this festival was the next day.

Blair was surprised that Wesley remembered. She smiled. "I'm surprised that you remembered. It isn't like you at all." Wesley had changed a lot.

"Because I'm in love," he replied simply.

Blair blushed, her heart leaping out from her chest. She remained indifferent even though she had been looking forward to Chinese Valentine's Day for the past month. "You don't have to buy me anything."

"Okay."

"Huh?" she blurted in shock.

"I called to wish you. I may not have time to talk to you tomorrow."

"Oh." Blair's face fell when she realized that she would be out of touch with him once again.

"Happy lunar July 7th, Blair!"

"Thank you, Wesley. Same to you," she said with a sincere smile.

"I have to go now. Take care of yourself," Wesley said softly.

"Okay."

And the phone call ended just like that.

By the time Blair got off work the next day, she had gotten neither a call nor any presents from Wesley.

'It's true that I told him he didn't have to buy me a present. But I didn't think he really wasn't going to get me anything,' she thought sadly.

She looked at the rose bunny and scolded through clenched teeth, imagining the bunny

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s floor, Talbot was nowhere to be found.

She called him, but his phone had been turned off.

She placed her finger on the fingerprint scanner. With a beep, the door unlocked. Wesley hadn't erased her fingerprint from the scanner.

Blair let out a sigh of relief. She pushed the door open, walked inside and turned on the lights.

Everything was the same as the day she had moved out.

She walked around, reminiscent of the past. For the longest time, she stood in front of Wesley's bedroom. The door was closed.

She grabbed the doorknob and turned. Suddenly, someone grabbed her wrist. "Aargh!" she screamed.

"Shh! It's me!" A firm hand covered her mouth to stop her from screaming further. She was held fast against a broad chest, and a familiar scent wafted into her nose.

Her heart drummed with excitement. Her eyes brimmed with tears. Removing his hand from her mouth, she asked, "When did you come back? Where's Talbot?"

Wesley didn't answer her. Lowering his head, he gave her a gentle kiss on her full lips. Her beautiful lips had kept him awake on so many lonely nights. "Blair, happy lunar July 7th!"

She looked at him tearfully. "Are you hurt? Let me have a look at you."

She reached out her hands to examine him, but Wesley grabbed them and said, "I'm here to be with you. Nothing else matters. I have only two hours. So, let's not waste any more time."

[Chapter 686 A Heartbroken Blair](#)

'So, he came back just to sleep with me?' Blair's tears stopped falling when the thought occurred to her. "You...get away from me! I don't want to sleep with you."

Before she could push him away, Wesley pressed her against the door and kissed her passionately.

He had only two hours to spend with her, so he made the most of it. He spent one hour and fifty minutes in bed with Blair, five minutes showering, two minutes getting dressed, and the last three minutes saying goodbye to Blair.

"I probably won't be able to contact you for a while. Don't you dare sleep around behind my back. And don't even think about finding yourself a gigolo. If I find out that you're fooling around with someone else..." He paused to caress her cheek. "...I'll kill you."

Blair's eyes flew open. 'He was blocked on WeChat. How did he see my update?'

Wesley went on, "I don't see the ring. I hope that the next time I see you, you'll be wearing it. And one last thing... My lunar July 7th gift for you." He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a pretty bracelet. He put it on for her.

Blair looked at the beautiful bracelet; a teardrop streamed down her cheek and ran into her long, thick hair.

With one final kiss, Wesley left.

He was in Y City for less than four hours. He spent one hour reporting to his supervisor, two hours with Blair, and around thirty minutes travelling.

This time, Wesley was gone for the longest. Half a year had passed. He hadn't called Blair even once.

At first, she had worn both the ring and the bracelet Wesley had given her. After having spent three months without hearing from him, she took the ring off. And three more months later, she took off the bracelet too.

The Spring Festival was coming up, but still not a word from Wesley. This year, Keith once again invited Blair to celebrate at the Li family residence, saying that Wesley was not home and Cecelia was bored and needed her company. He insisted that she come over.

After one year's hard work, near the Spring Festival, Blair was promoted two ranks higher. Now, she was the youngest department supervisor in the company.

And she had to go on more business trips now.

After the Spring Festival, it was decided that Blair, along with her department manager, would fly to D City w

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could, she pushed her way through the throng, desperate for a shelter to hide herself. But in her hurry, she accidentally stepped on a man's foot. "Watch where you are fucking going!"

the man cursed.

Seeing that it was a woman, the man didn't make a fuss about it. He glared at her and walked away, still cursing.

Blair was relieved. She asked the bartender where the bathroom was and walked towards it.

A crowd was smoking at the entrance to the bathroom. Blair's appearance drew their attention. A man whistled at her. "Hey, babe!"

Blair ignored him and walked into the ladies' room.

She stayed in there for a few minutes and let out her overwhelming emotions. After a while, she touched up her makeup and didn't come out until she looked the same as before.

On the way to her table, she came face to face with Wesley and the woman. His arm was encircled around the woman's shoulder.

The moment her and Wesley's eyes met, Blair came to a halt.

When that man had cursed her earlier, Wesley had turned around to look at the commotion. He had caught a slight glance of her and thought that it was Blair. He had to find out for sure. And now, she was standing in front of him. She was here.

In her wine red pants and white top, along with the white stilettos, she looked more mature than before.

The woman in Wesley's arms sensed him staring at Blair. Instantly, she wrapped her arms around his waist and complained, "What are you looking at? Are you listening to me? Are you staring at that woman?"

[Chapter 687 Forgot To Take My Pills](#)

Wesley averted his gaze from Blair when he heard the woman questioning him. They continued to walk ahead. As they passed her, Blair heard him say, "Of course, I heard you. What woman are you talking about? You know I wouldn't dare look at other women even when you aren't around."

"Good," she said in a sexy voice. "You've been working so hard for my grandpa these past few days. Why don't you come to my place tonight. I'll give you a nice full-body massage to help you relax."

"Wow, can't wait," Wesley said with a grin.

He sounded tender and meek to a point Blair had never seen him. In the past year, Blair had learnt to hide her true feelings from others as she yearned for him to be by her side.

And she had done well. She had remained calm in all kinds of situations.

However, tonight, she had failed twice already, both because of Wesley.

By the time Blair was back at the table, the glass of Night Temptation was waiting for her.

Some foreigners had joined their party. Sonny was busy making sure everybody were acquainted. When the foreigners saw Blair, their eyes glinted.

She was a beauty.

Sonny shoved Blair from behind her as he said, "This is Cameron, the vice general manager of the headquarters of our company. Please interpret as we talk, Blair."

He had shoved her so hard that she staggered and almost fell. Luckily, Cameron caught her.

She cursed Sonny a million times in her mind and said to Cameron with a polite smile, "Thank you, Cameron." She tried to pull her hand back, but Cameron didn't let go. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, thank you." She wrenched free of his grasp.

Blair was made to sit next to Cameron since she was the interpreter. Soon, she noticed that Wesley was back at his table too.

Their eyes met again. This time, Blair looked away first.

Cameron seized every opportunity to talk to her. At first, the topics were work-related. Then, he started prying about her personal life.

"May I call you Blair?" he asked, flirt

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lub's entrance glowing in the night.

The man she loved was still in there. She had finally met Wesley again, but it was nothing like she had imagined.

She headed for the hotel in a bad mood.

Soon after Cameron's limo had left the club, a black motorcycle cut him off and blocked the way.

Inside the car, Cameron was still worried that he had been infected. When the car came to a sudden halt, his head bumped into the back of the front seat. "Watch it, you idiot!" he cursed.

"I'm sorry, sir. Someone is blocking our way," the chauffeur explained.

Before Cameron could see who was in front of his car, his door was pulled open.

He saw a man in a black cap and casual black clothes. But, he couldn't see his face clearly. Without any dialogue, the man dragged Cameron out of the car.

"What are you doing? Who are you? Argh!"

A fine punch landed on his high nose. It was broken for sure.

"Damn it!" Cameron was tall and bulky. But the man in black overpowered him easily. A few fierce blows in a row and he was at sea.

He realized that he had met a foe who was much stronger than him.

His chauffeur was a trained bodyguard, but after only a couple of moves, he was kissing the ground too, unable to move.

"I'm calling the police!" Cameron squealed, his hands bloody and his face pale as a ghost.

[Chapter 688 Anyone](#)

Wesley wasn't worried when Cameron threatened to call the police. He pulled his cap lower and lit a cigarette. Leaning on the car, playing with his lighter, he began, "You're the assistant general manager of Width Group. You're 32 now. Three years ago you came to this city and rose to that position rather quickly. I wonder why? Bribery? Corruption? Money laundering?"

The soldier shocked Cameron with this line of questioning. Cameron stared at Wesley warily. "Who are you? Why are you doing this?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is you touched my woman!" He grabbed Cameron's arm, which had been wrapped around Blair's waist, and forced it onto the hood of the car. Then, he put his cigarette out on the man's trapped limb. He held it there long enough that the smell of cooked meat reached their nostrils.

"Argh!" Cameron screamed. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead, ran down his face. "Who-who are you?" he stammered.

"Listen up. I'm Blair's husband. You mess with her again and I'll make sure you'll not only lose your job, but they'll kick you out of the country. Try me," Wesley warned.

He threw the cigarette butt into the trash bin, put the lighter back into his pocket, hopped onto the motorcycle and drove off.

When he reached the assembly place, the soldiers were already waiting for him in orderly lines.

The site was below a footbridge. The other soldiers' involvement was minimal, so it wasn't a big deal if other people saw them. Wesley, on the other hand, was in command.

So he was in plain clothes. A uniform would have outed him.

"Ten-hut!" he ordered, his voice traveling to the footbridge.

By sheer coincidence, Blair was walking along the bridge, trying to feel better. When she heard his voice, she looked in the direction it came from. All she saw were soldiers, and a man in a cap. Was that her Wesley?

When he spoke again, she was sure it was him!

To be safe, he couldn't stay th

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t. He's even kissing her. It happened so fast. I think he's going to be wearing a ring soon," one of them said.

The others looked at the two in shock. "Chief is kissing her? Our Chief? You mean Wesley?"

The two soldiers nodded, pointing at the alley. "Yeah. They're over there, in an alley. See for yourselves."

They held up their hands like they were warding off evil. They weren't willing to chance ticking their commander off.

Although they didn't see Wesley kissing a woman, they saw something else.

Blair pushed Wesley away and started to run out of the alley toward the road.

Wesley ran after her.

He wanted to explain and apologize. But as soon as he grabbed her arm, she shook it off. The soldiers saw Blair yelling at their boss. "Let go of me! Follow me again and I'll call the cops!"

They were dumbstruck. Who was she? Why would she talk to Wesley that way? And he was letting her get away with it!

One of the soldiers was a newbie, and he worshiped Wesley. He couldn't stand the way Blair was treating his boss. Carrying his weapon, he rushed over towards her. Seeing this, everybody else followed.

The newbie caught up to Blair and scolded her with a strong accent, "Hey! Thith is our shief you're talking to. Who do you think you are? Show thome rethpect!"

[Chapter 689 He Would Spoil Her Forever](#)

Blair was immediately frozen in her tracks when she heard the newbie's outraged cry. The group of soldiers, including Wesley, also stopped running after her. Everyone was looking at her.

Blair turned to look at the newbie. "Is that so? Tell that to your chief. Stop him from following me anymore," she said coldly. "I don't know him!" she added.

"What? You don't know who our chief is? How ignorant you are!" the newbie snapped.

"Shut up!" Wesley ordered him sternly.

The newbie instantly fell quiet. Despite his obedience, he was still confused at how their chief acted towards this woman.

Right then, a soldier from the group recognized who Blair was. "Oh! I remember her! No wonder she looks so familiar. I've met her before."

"Where did you meet her? Who is she?" another soldier asked eagerly.

"I saw her in our chief's phone screen!" His voice trailed off when he saw Wesley icily glaring at him.

Blair's face turned red. She wondered why Wesley had her picture in his phone. Had he set her picture as his phone's lock screen?

Wesley gave everyone a sharp look and commanded, "All of you, go back. Do extra training, now!" He turned his gaze on the newbie. "You, no outdoor activities until next week!"

The group was out of their sight in just a few seconds.

Blair and Wesley were left alone in the quiet road. He grabbed her hand and said, "I'll escort you back to the hotel."

"No need, Colonel Li. Don't mind me. Take your time to enjoy the full-body massage. I don't want to interfere with your relaxation. Goodbye!" Both anger and sadness filled her heart as the thought of another woman in Wesley's arms in the night club flooded her mind.

Wesley kept his grip on Blair's hand. "It's not what it looks like. I can't explain everything to you right now, but please, trust me. Nothing happened between us."

"Nothing happened?" Blair looked him in the eye. "I saw with my very own eyes how tightly you hugged her. Did you also promise to take care of her and protect her until she finds a boyfriend? Just like you did to me?"

Her eyes were brimming with tears. The mere thought of it made her heart ache.

Wesley wanted to say something to assure her, but the device on his waist had already gone off three times. He had no more time left. He had to go.

He looked tenderly at Blair's eyes. "I have to go. Please don't overthink. I have never cheated on you. I never will," he said hastily. "Finish your business sooner and head back home. D City is not as safe as Y City." He stroked her hair and added, "Be good, okay?"

oiling Blair once he was done with this mission.

Out of habit, he reached for his phone. He wanted to see Blair's picture that he saved, but he realized he had hidden his phone someplace else. He hadn't been able to stare at Blair's photo in a long time. Lucky for him, he saw her and was even able to kiss her. The kiss helped a little bit in missing her.

What was unfortunate was that he hadn't had the chance to sleep with her, not even once.

He came back to his senses. He looked around him and understood what a dangerous situation he had put himself in. He'd been lucky to have met her once. He did not want to test his luck any further.

Wesley shoved Blair's gifts back into the bag and hid it in a secret corner. After making sure it would not be found by anyone else, he left the room.

He went back to the women he was with. They were whispering with some other men; their eyes filled with lust.

Wesley acted as if he didn't see anything and squeezed himself between them. He pulled them closer to him. "Girls, what are talking about here? You two seem to be having fun."

He was under a disguise and had been working undercover in D City for a long time. With his work, he had to interact with all kinds of women, and even flirt with them. Despite their constant physical contact, not once did he feel anything for them. When it came to Blair, however, he always felt the need to come to her. He always felt the need to touch her, hug her, and kiss her.

He didn't feel anything close when he was with these women, not even one time.

One of the women caressed his chest as she looked at him lustfully. "Wayne, who are you taking home tonight? Is it gonna be me? Or will it be Leila?"

[Chapter 690 No Survivors](#)

Wesley used the name Wayne Chen as his alias in D City.

The woman who was speaking had the hots for Wesley for a long time. He was such a hot guy. She vowed to get this man in her bed tonight.

Wesley grinned and said casually, "Just one? I'll bring both of you home tonight!" He sounded like the consummate playboy who fooled around with women all the time.

That just seemed to get the women in his arms even more excited. "Great! Let's blow this popsicle stand!" Leila urged anxiously. She couldn't wait to get this hot guy's clothes off.

Wesley flashed a playful smile and let go of her arm. He lit a cigarette. "What's the rush?"

"Come on, Wayne. I wanna be your little slut!" Leila held his arm again and pouted her lips.

Wesley closed his eyes, as if he were trying to relax. But the truth was, he was trying to hide the disgust in his eyes. "I need to find Malcolm first. Then we'll go." He decided to give his higher-up a taste of his own medicine after the mission was over. He was asked to pretend to be the playboy, someone who got women to bankroll him. Wesley seethed with anger when he thought of it.

The two women instantly straightened up and started behaving when they heard the name. Leila asked cautiously, "Then...will Miss Chang be here too?"

Everyone in D City knew that Malcolm Chang's granddaughter—Patty Chang—was crushing hard on Wayne Chen. They were dating now. That was who Blair saw in Wesley's arms the other night.

Wesley tapped the cherry off his cigarette. Since these two women were still of use to him, he needed to make sure not to scare them away. "She's out of the country. Won't be back for a while."

His words set the two women at ease. They heaved a sigh of relief and continued to flirt with him.

Ten-odd minutes later, Malcolm Chang walked into the club, surrounded by a group of bodyguards. He wore a polo and khakis.

Guardedly, he scanned the club and spotted Wesley. Staring at the playboy, he ordered one of his men, "Bring Wayne Chen to me!"

"Yes, Mr. Chang!"

In no time, Wesley was escorted into Malcolm Chang's room. As soon as he saw Wesley come in, the old gang leader struck him across the back with his crutch. "You asshole, you never change. Patty's not around and you grab the first available ho!" If Wesley weren't so good at his job or so loyal, Malcolm Chang would've already killed him for cheating on his granddaughter

and began, "Hello everyone. We're live at the scene of a maritime disaster. A ship carrying 670 passengers exploded earlier today and sank into the sea in a matter of minutes. 273 bodies have been recovered, but only 37 of them were complete. Most of the bodies were torn apart by the blast..." The reporter couldn't help but take a minute to compose his emotions. "No survivors were found until now."

'No survivors... What does that mean? Everyone on the ship died?

Including...' Blair couldn't continue the thought.

Before she could finish watching the video, her phone rang. It was Joslyn.

She stopped playing the video and answered the call. "Joslyn."

"Bless, what are you doing now?" Joslyn tried to sound calm, holding back her tears. She figured that Blair should've known by now. It was sensational news throughout the country.

"Joslyn, are you crying? Why?" Her quiet sobbing didn't go unnoticed by Blair. She prayed in her mind that Joslyn wasn't crying for the same reason as Niles.

Joslyn covered her mouth to stifle her cries. She wondered how to tell her best friend the bad news about Wesley.

"Blair, have you heard?"

"Yes... But I'm not sure if he was on that ship."

Joslyn finally cried out loud. "He was. Blair, Hartwell said he was...on that ship. But Blair, his body hasn't been found yet. There's still hope that he's alive..."

Blair slumped in her seat. "When did the accident happen?"

"About... eight hours ago..."

'Eight hours...in the sea...What are the odds of surviving something like that?' She felt despair gnawing at her, freezing her blood.