

TMBA 701

### [Chapter 701 Let Him Kneel Before You](#)

Wesley cast a glance at Blair as he stated the reason he quit smoking. 'Why is Wesley looking at me like that? I'm not part of the next generation, ' Blair thought. Apparently, his point went over her head.

'Forget the next generation. There's a bloodied jerk kneeling before me! This is so awkward, ' she cursed inwardly.

Wesley obviously had no plan to intervene. Blair tugged at his sleeve and whispered to him, "Ask him to get on his feet first."

"Why?" he asked. "Just let him kneel before you until you're ready to forgive him." 'But I never asked him to kneel before me. He did it on his own, ' she thought.

"I'm not comfortable with him on his knees. You wronged me quite a lot of times too. Why don't you get down on your knees too until I'm ready to forgive you?" Blair replied.

Wesley's eyes showed that he was perplexed. After a long pause, he said, "I'll kneel before you when we're alone." His voice was so low only Blair could hear him.

'What? I was just joking. Did he take me seriously? Did he not know it was a joke?' Blair rolled her eyes and clarified, "Gee, I was just kidding." An awkward smile appeared on her face. 'I wouldn't dare ask Mr. Perfect to kneel before me.

But now it looks like he'll never take over this current thing. In that case, I guess I have to solve it myself.

Now that this jerk is here, kneeling before me, I must take this chance to teach him a lesson.' Blair glared at Mr. Liu, her eyes like daggers. "For Wesley's sake, I will forgive you this time. But I'm warning you. If you dare mess with me again— Not just me. If you touch another woman again without their consent, I will come for you. Do you promise me?"

"I promise! I won't force anyone. If you don't believe me, I'm willing to make an oath," Mr. Liu answered hastily. To be completely honest, he wasn't that horny. The only reason he forced himself on Blair was that she was very attractive and he was drunk.

Wesley taught him a lesson that was quite hard to forget. He wouldn't dare make the same mistake again.

"All right. I hope you keep your word," Blair replied. She thought it was better to get rid of the problem as soon as possible. That way, Wesley wouldn't have to carry it?"

"Why not? I'd like to give it a try."

"Okay. Let me see other dishes. Oh by the way, have you seen Debbie recently?" Colleen asked.

"No." Blair shook her head. Debbie was yet to get in touch with anyone after she left Y City.

Not long after Debbie had left, Wesley had left for D City as well. Blair had been too concerned about Wesley's safety to care enough about Debbie.

"She's in Z Country now. Last time I was there, I heard she'd become a pop star. I wanted to visit her, but Curtis stopped me. He said maybe she wanted to be left alone, and asked me to not disturb her."

"Really?" Blair sank into her thoughts for a moment. "Maybe Mr. Huo's death has something to do with it. I can imagine how traumatizing a loved one's death could be." Two years had passed, but Blair still couldn't believe Debbie betrayed Carlos.

Blair thought she and Debbie were the same. Even if Wesley left for ten years, she would still love him and remain faithful to him.

That was when Colleen decided to tell Blair the truth. After all, Blair was not an outsider. "Didn't Wesley tell you? Carlos is still alive!"

"What?" Blair was frozen in awe. She never knew it was possible.

"Yeah! We just heard. Wesley found out even later. Wesley, Damon and Curtis believe there's something wrong with James. They suspect he's hiding something. They're going to talk about it later."

Blair blinked in disbelief. "Then where's Mr. Huo? Why hasn't he contacted Debbie?"

### [Chapter 702 III Play Along](#)

"Carlos has been in a coma all these years. He has not been conscious ever since the accident," Colleen told Blair. "James is as cunning as Megan. He had tried to ruin Debbie and Carlos' relationship even before the car accident. And since Curtis is Debbie's uncle, the old man kept throwing mud at him. It's a good thing that we all know his true colors and won't fall for his trap too easily."

"James? Isn't he Mr. Huo's father?" Blair asked in confusion.

"Yes, he is. Oh, don't tell anyone about what I just told you. We don't know James' true intentions yet, so the guys are trying to maintain a good relationship with him on the surface."

"Huh?" Blair's head went blank for a moment. "Fine..." "I really don't understand these rich people. I thought all these fights over family money happened only in TV dramas."

The two women chatted happily, and they even sat next to each other during dinner.

Colleen put some food onto Blair's plate and asked for her opinion on the dishes.

Wesley was frustrated. Colleen was stripping him off his right to serve his lady. "Colleen, you should go and take care of your man," he said grumpily.

"What?" Colleen raised her head to look at Wesley in confusion.

Curtis smirked. "Senior Colonel Li is getting jealous. Babe, come here."

"Jealous? Why?" Colleen was even more confused now.

"He wanted to serve Blair, but you stole his spotlight," Curtis explained.

Colleen's eyes widened and a wide smile spread across her face. "Oops! I'm sorry, Wesley. I'll leave it up to you then."

Wesley rolled his eyes and picked up his chopsticks. He removed the food from Blair's plate and put it onto his. "She doesn't like this dish," he told Colleen.

"Oh," said Colleen with an amused look as she stared between the couple. In order to not embarrass Colleen, Blair hurriedly said, "Don't listen to him." She didn't think of herself as a picky eater. Even though she disliked some food, she could still take a bite or two.

"I know what you like and don't. Let me serve you," Wesley offered.

Damon rolled his eyes and complained, "Come on, d  
enger door of his car.

Blair took a deep breath and touched his cheek lovingly. "You are a hero; I can't break your heart."

She refused to get in the car, and Wesley had to make her sit in the seat.

"I'm just an ordinary man, Blair." Wesley didn't want to be a hero in front of her. He just wanted to be her man.

Blair rolled her eyes. "Senior Colonel Li, you really have become a smooth-talker. I guess you've had lots of practice with other women, huh?"

Wesley didn't respond. He shut the door, got into the driver's seat and sped away from the Orchid Private Club.

Blair thought that Wesley would remain silent all the way. To her surprise, he said in a serious tone, "I admit that I hugged those women in D City. But I assure you that I never betrayed you, mentally or physically. On the wedding night, it was not me, but one of Patty's men who had sex with her."

Blair looked out the window, clutching her purse tighter.

"I almost died in the explosion, had it not been..." he paused. Blair's heart skipped a beat.

Malcolm had set up a trap to find out who had betrayed him.

He was the kind of person who would gladly kill innocent people to meet his goals.

He had placed bombs in that ship, though there were several hundred people on it.

Malcolm had told Wesley not to go, but he had his own reason to be there. So, he created a false identity to go aboard the ship.

### [Chapter 703 Time To Wake Up](#)

Wesley had been around explosions for his entire career in the military. Not long after he boarded the boat, he sensed danger. He just didn't know where it was.

He started looking for the source of the unease he felt. He rounded a corner, and saw a few gangsters. They were pushing and shoving each other, throwing punches, wrestling and generally making nuisances

of themselves. Then, one of them was thrown into Wesley, nearly knocking him down. His Pixiu pendant fell from his pocket and clattered on the deck.

Wesley bent down to pick it up, but before he could grab it, those gangsters dashed over. One of them didn't see the pendant and accidentally kicked it. The pendant flew through the gap in the railings and dropped into the ocean.

It was a gift from Blair. It was just a trinket, and Wesley could carry it around without arousing any suspicion. But now it was in the ocean and sinking to the bottom. He had to get it back.

Without thinking, he jumped into the water. Before he could even start to locate the pendant, the boat exploded.

He wasn't far away from the boat when it happened.

The impact from the explosion sent him flying. When he hit the ocean again, he was barely conscious and seriously wounded. His ears rang loudly.

He spat out a mouthful of blood, and his breathing began getting shallow. Soon, he lost consciousness.

He was lucky, though. A boatman happened to be passing nearby. The mariner hauled the unconscious soldier out of the water.

The boatman called a tiny town on a secluded island home. The island dwellers lived a simple life. They had very few luxuries, and no doctors.

When they got sick, they had to hop a boat, travel for hours, and then transfer to a bus to get to the nearest hospital.

But Wesley's condition was serious, and the boatman had no money. After getting him home, he operated on the soldier, removing shrapnel, cleaning his wounds, and sewing him back up. That was the extent of what he could do for him.

But getting Wesley off the island was a problem. The boatman didn't have the time to deal with it, so he took Wesley to a shabby cabin and left him there. Live or die, he was on his own.

The boatman's wife berated the kind-hearted man every day, because he had saved Wesley's life. The soldier was dying, and the woman thought it was bad luck.

Fortunately, their children were as kind-hearted as the boatman. They covertly brought the unconscious man water, and

ed this man; she needed to see him again. And she did, only he was kissing another woman.

"Wayne," she called quietly. 'No, that's not his real name.' "Wesley," she called again.

The couple heard her. Wesley broke contact and looked in the direction of the voice.

Wesley recognized her right away. He was glad Patty was there. He had actually been looking for her. But right now, he was with Blair.

Blair was shy. Hearing a woman's voice, she pushed Wesley away.

He had to give up. He didn't turn around until he had straightened Blair's mussed hair for her. His arm was around Blair when he looked at Patty, whose face had turned pale.

When Blair turned around, she recognized her face. That was the woman she saw Wesley with at the club.

But this was almost a different woman. The woman at the club was a vixen, fake eyelashes, eyeliner, lipstick, and a sexy dress.

Today, she looked rather ordinary. Still pretty, but not so made up, in a plain black dress.

There was no love between these women who loved the same man. Blair subconsciously moved closer to Wesley, proclaiming ownership of the man beside her. In addition, Patty had married Wesley. Blair felt threatened.

She was also afraid. Afraid this woman was here to take Wesley away from her; and that Wesley's homecoming was just a fever dream.

Maybe it was time to wake up. It was possible that Wesley's mission wasn't over. Or that he really did love this other woman who he was married to. And she'd have to watch as they hugged and kissed, and be powerless to stop it.

If that was how it was gonna be, Blair would be crushed and devastated.

#### [Chapter 704 He Is Faithful To Me](#)

A smile crept across Wesley's face when he sensed her fidgeting and realized she was edging closer to him. A clear sign that she was staking out her territory. He lowered his head and planted a gentle kiss on her forehead.

The kiss was comforting for Blair, but heartbreaking for Patty.

She had been with Wayne for more than a year. He had never given her that kind of comforting kiss.

In fact, she had never seen him kiss anyone. The harem that Wayne kept all knew that he could take a woman home, but he hated being kissed.

As time passed, some bolder women would try kissing his face, but never on the lips.

All of a sudden, many things made sense to Patty. People said Wayne was a player and had slept with tons of women.

Many women even boasted of how good he was in bed. But they never mentioned details.

So...that only meant one thing. Wayne's flirtation and promiscuous ways were only a pretense.

'Then what exactly happened on our wedding night?' Patty's face went pasty at that thought. She hadn't even seen his face that night. He insisted on complete darkness. Was that even him in her bed that night?

Patty couldn't bear the pain anymore. She shouted in tears, "I know your real name's Wesley. How could you treat me that way? My grandpa and I were so good to you. But you killed him! I loved you, but you put my parents in jail!"

Wesley looked at her through cold eyes. "They deserved it."

"Seriously? How could you even say that? What about you? You toyed with me and treated me like dirt. When will karma catch up with you?" Patty marched up to him as she spat those words. She was shaking from crying. She had never seen him so unfeeling.

"Toyed with you?" Wesley asked. "Did I ever say I liked you?" Before they got their marriage license, he told her in no uncertain terms that he didn't like her.

But Patty was head over heels in love with him. She told him that as long as they were married, nothing else mattered.

Now, she didn't know what to say. She thought that once they were married, she'

tty had no intention of leaving, she continued, "Buying the most expensive clothes and bags is too shallow for Wesley. Of course he didn't promise me that. The biggest difference between Wesley and Wayne is that Wesley doesn't make promises. He is a doer. Actually I don't need his promises, because he already bought me those fancy clothes and bags. I have everything I ever wanted. Before he left for his mission, he bought me so many bags, I could swap out purses every month for a year."

Patty stood in stunned silence. She felt that maybe Blair was right. That her marriage to Wayne had been a lie. Blair had a look of smug satisfaction on her face.

"Most importantly, I was his first and he was mine. Do you have any idea how wonderful that feels?" Blair never regretted giving her virginity to Wesley, even though it had started unpleasantly.

Patty couldn't say she understood the amazing feeling Blair was talking about, because she hadn't experienced anything like that. There hadn't been a man in her life who cared about her enough to do any of those things Blair talked about.

Before Wayne, she fooled around with many men. So many that she was too proud to ask any of them to do anything like this.

Wesley couldn't help smiling when he heard what Blair said. He'd chosen the right woman. He was happy to be back, and would give her a child.

### [Chapter 705 I Miss You](#)

Patty realized that Blair had a ready tongue. Part of her still thought that the girl was lying. She wasn't ready to give up on her Wayne yet. "Wayne, did you ever love me? Were you ever attracted to me? Even a little?" she asked.

"No, never." The brutal answer didn't come from her dream man, but Blair. "Isn't that obvious? Did you even have to ask?"

Patty ignored her and looked at Wesley. "Wayne?"

He stared back at her and then finally spoke. "I'm Wesley, Blair's Wesley. I've always loved her. Only her. And it will stay that way." "You're so heartless!" Clutching her aching heart, Patty looked at him, devastated.

"You couldn't be more wrong. He is the most soft-hearted man in the world. He is only merciless to criminals and outlaws. If he is being cruel to you, that just means that you are one of them." Blair sized Patty up as she spoke.

The woman's face was waxy and sallow, and her eyes were dull, making her look like a user.

She did do drugs. Wesley knew it.

Just then, police sirens were heard approaching. Patty panicked. She gave Wesley an incredulous look and asked, "Did you call the police?"

"Yes," he admitted.

Patty's family had sent her away so that the police wouldn't find her. But soon after she had appeared in the parking lot, Wesley had secretly sent a message to the police from his phone.

She crunched down on the ground, covering her head with her hands, crushed and defeated. Now, she truly started to believe that Wayne didn't love her. He never did. He couldn't care less about her.

In less than a minute, the police arrived. Two policemen stepped out of the car and cuffed Patty, who now had no room to resist.

Before getting into the police car, Patty looked back at Wesley expectantly and asked, "Wayne, could you at least say that you love me? I want to hear it, even if it's just a lie."

That was the last thing Blair wanted to hear. But she had no cause for worry. Without any hesitation, Wesley turned to her, put an arm around her waist and said, "Let's go home."

Blair nodded in surprise.

'He is ruthless, as always, even more than when he had turned down my proposal in front of all those men,' she thought with

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"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.

What Patty had said came rushing back to her. Blair had decided to give up on Wesley, and those words were nothing but meaningless promises Wayne had made to Patty. She knew that. But, she felt her stomach churn in jealousy nevertheless.

Blair had no idea what her next step should be. She had had a plan; but with Wesley in the picture now, her mind was a tumult. Her heart raced and betrayed her every time he was near.

She was bothered.

At last, she decided to put all these annoying thoughts aside and stood up to brush her teeth and get ready for bed.

Before Wesley reached his apartment complex, he got a phone call. He answered it promptly. "Hello?"

"Senior Colonel Li, Patty said she wouldn't say a word until you got here, and that she would tell us everything if you came."

Wesley was quiet for a second. Then, he turned the car around. "I'm on my way."

As Malcolm's granddaughter, Patty knew a lot about the gang. If he could get her to talk, it would be worth it.

When he got there, Patty was being confined in a solitary cell.

She remained expressionless when she saw him walk in. "Are you Wayne or Wesley?" she asked, her voice hoarse.

Wesley sat opposite her. "Does it matter?"

"Of course, it matters. Wayne is the man I love. Wesley is my enemy." She hated Wesley, because that man didn't love her. He cared about some woman named Blair and even joined in bullying her.

"I'm here now. Start talking," said Wesley.

### [Chapter 706 Where Are You](#)

"I want to be alone with you. Dismiss your men, or we're done here," Patty said. There were two cops behind Wesley.

Thinking that Patty wouldn't be able to cause any problems he couldn't handle, he conceded.

When it was just the two of them in the cell, Patty said, "You know what I want. Sleep with me, and I'll give you all the dirt on my grandpa."

Wesley looked at her and said nothing. Another woman tried to pull this on him. Back then, he was happy about it. Not until now did he understand why. He fell for Blair a long time ago.

Only, he didn't know it then.

But hearing what Patty said, he was disgusted. His fingers tapping on the table, he replied coldly, "Don't want to talk? No problem. I have a lot of ways to make you talk. Some of them can be quite...persuasive."

Patty smiled bitterly. The room was silent for a bit. She still refused to confess. "Give up smoking?" she asked after a while.

"Yeah, I quit. I'm planning on having a baby," he said patiently. She didn't seem to be in a hurry to end her little game. Wesley didn't seem eager to leave, either.

"With her?"

"Yeah, she's my wife."

That hurt Patty deeply. "What do you see in her, anyway? She's just another pretty face. What does she have that I don't?"

'What do I see in Blair?' Wesley started thinking.

He had fallen for her in so many ways from their first meeting.

She was beautiful. But the point was, she was lovely, inside and out.

He still remembered how she introduced herself all those years ago. She had just moved into the apartment across from his. She didn't seem overly vain. Her face might get dirty, and she wouldn't even know.

When she did realize it, she looked into the wall of the elevator and tried to get the smear off her face, but she only made it worse.

There were times when she was afraid, but she stubbornly pretended to be strong and fearless

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e was going to meet Patty, ' she thought.

"Blair, I'm at the police station. In a cell. Just ignore her, she's trolling you," Wesley explained.

His eyes were red in fury. His arm shot out, and he fastened his hand around her neck. His grip tightened.

Patty was in agony, yet she didn't stop. She forced the words hoarsely past Wesley's deadly grasp.

"Wesley... didn't you tell me...you broke...broke up with her?" Then, she was quiet.

Blair couldn't see Wesley choking her. The only thing she knew was that Patty sounded in a lot of pain. Blair herself was like that when Wesley was too much for her in bed and she begged him to stop.

"Don't listen to—" Wesley said. But Blair hung up on him without a word.

She started whimpering. Her heart was falling apart. Should she believe Wesley? But how? It was so hard. Did he have any proof?

Rage overwhelmed Wesley the minute she hung up. Patty was struggling, miserably gasping for air.

"She committed suicide because she thought I was dead. She is still not over it yet. If anything happens to her, I'll put a bullet in your head!" Wesley said through gritted teeth.

Two policemen barged into the room and tried to pull him away. "Senior Colonel Li, get off her!"

"You're killing her!"

### [Chapter 707 Let's Go Home](#)

Wesley heard the cops, he just didn't care. He continued choking Patty. "I don't give a damn about anyone. Except Blair. I'll beat you to a pulp if you keep pushing me. Start talking," he warned her.

He released her, giving her a shove. She tipped back in her chair and slid against the wall. She groaned and slumped down.

"I won't kill you today, because you're not worth it. I just don't have the time." He had to go check on Blair. Every second counted.

Patty was left gasping. She had her hand to her throat as she defiantly glared at Wesley, who was headed for the door. "If you leave, the police won't hear a word from me!" she threatened.

Wesley turned around. "Think I care? I have ways to make you talk. The only reason I stayed this long was to soften the blow, because it seemed like you really cared for me. Now you ticked me off. You hurt Blair, you'll know what hell tastes like."

Wesley left.

And Patty was dragged away by some of his soldiers. When she saw the men in green uniform, she realized Wesley meant what he said. She struggled hysterically, refusing to go with them.

But it was not up to her.

They took her away, and everybody knew where they were taking her.

It was said that at the army base there was an interrogation room designed for those too stubborn to talk. The methods used in that room would crack the toughest men, let alone a woman like Patty.

Once Wesley got in his car, he started calling Blair anxiously and repeatedly. Her phone was on, but she wouldn't pick up.

He located her phone via GPS. It showed that it was in her dorm. She was probably there too.

So Wesley raced to her dorm. He found her phone but not the girl.

"Not here? She say anything to you?" he asked her roommate.

The woman shook her head. "I don't know. I was video chatting with my family. I didn't hear a thing."

Wesley left with Blair's phone in hand.

He went to the apartment security guard and asked for the camera foot

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Baldwin was already awake. He'd been jarred from his sleep by Cecelia's ringtone. So, when Wesley called him, he answered it very quickly. "Hi, Son, what's up?"

"Dad, I need to speak to Freda."

"Why? It's the middle of the night." Baldwin sat up on the bed. He turned on the lamp, put on his glasses and walked towards the door.

"I need a recipe," Wesley replied.

"Why so late? Did you just come back from a mission?" asked Baldwin.

"No, I'm on leave."

"On leave?" Baldwin frowned. He hadn't known that before. "Then are you coming out to visit?"

Wesley was silent.

He was still dealing with Blair. He wanted to wait. "Maybe later. I've got stuff to deal with first. How is Grandpa?"

"He is fine. He just wants a great-grandson."

Wesley didn't reply to that. He wanted a son too.

That was why he wanted to wait before he went to visit his family. He wanted to have a baby first. He was hoping that when he visited his family next time, it would be him, Blair, and their child.

Baldwin went to the first floor as he complained, "You want me to disturb Freda in the middle of the night just for a recipe? Can't you just find it online?"

"I did, and I read it. But it didn't look right." Even the colors in the picture were off. He was dubious as to whether it was authentic.

### [Chapter 708 Worry About Yourself](#)

Baldwin had nothing to say to that. He had to go and knock on the housemaid's door.

After getting the recipe from him, Wesley began to make the soup.

Blair was sound asleep when she heard someone calling her name. It sounded like Wesley.

She opened her eyes and saw him pulling away her covers.

She was feeling sticky all over. She touched her forehead and found that it was sweating.

When Wesley came back after putting away the covers, he saw that she was awake. "The covers were too thick. You are sweating profusely," he explained.

"Oh," she responded lightly.

Wesley sat on her bedside and said, "Have some soup before going back to sleep." She nodded slowly, and he took the bowl of soup in his hand, ready to feed her.

Blair sat up meekly. She took a sip of it as Wesley placed the spoon to her lips after blowing on it gently.

Too much ginger gave it a funny taste. Blair winced, but finished the bowl without any complaint.

After he put down the bowl, she gazed at him for a moment. Then, she said, "I'm feeling hot. I want to take a bath."

Her sleepy expression, the beads of sweat on her forehead, and her sheer pajamas made her so attractive at that moment. Wesley gulped. "All right."

He carried her into the bathroom, ran the water for her and then left immediately.

Meanwhile, he went to her bedroom and took a shower. When he walked back into his room, Blair was still in the bathroom.

Wesley knew her pace, so he didn't rush her. He adjusted the temperature in the room and waited as he reclined on the headboard, doing something on his phone.

It was too late into the night, so Blair didn't wash her hair. After a while, she walked out of the bathroom in a bath towel.

Standing by the bathroom door, she blushed and said, "I... I don't have any clothes here." Her pajamas smelled of sweat. She didn't want to wear them again.

Wesley wanted to say, "Then, be naked." But he couldn't. She wasn't in the right mood.

He got off the bed, walked to the closet and grabbed a white shirt. "Wear this. I'll

, she wiped her eyes and went to sleep quickly.

In two years, he had gotten even fiercer in bed than before. It was just too much for her to handle.

Wesley left the bed and walked into the bathroom with a satisfied smile.

After freshening up, he got dressed and went to the police station.

On the way, he had someone get Blair's manager's phone number. "Is this Blair's manager?" he asked when the phone was connected.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Her husband. She won't be coming in for work today. I'm calling to ask for the day off on her behalf."

The manager huffed and said impatiently, "Your wife has been absent from work too often. And she always waits to ask for leave till the next day. We require a prior written application for leave, at least a day in advance. I had once deducted her pay for three days because of this behavior. And she continues to do the same thing. Does she still want this job or not?"

Wesley frowned and gritted his teeth. He did not like the tone of her voice. "Is this how a manager of a company talks to people?"

Do YOU still want your job or not?" Wesley wondered what was with Blair and her managers. Her previous supervisor was a home wrecker and this one sounded as if she were the ruler of the world. It was a mystery how or why Blair put up with this hostility and arrogance and stayed so long in Orion's company.

### [Chapter 709 The Promotion](#)

"Whoa! Listen to you! Your wife doesn't take her job seriously and now you're making it my fault and threatening to fire me? Who do you think you are? My boss? The president of our company? Well, fine! Fire me, then. But do it quickly. Because if you don't, Blair will be cleaning out her desk tomorrow!" the manager retorted.

No one had ever talked back to Wesley like this. With a sneer he hung up and dialed another number.

"Yeah, it's me. I need a favor. There's a corporation called Sailboat Company. Get the translation department manager fired, and replace her with Blair Jing."

So by the time Blair's alarm went off and she opened her bleary eyes, she was now the translation department manager. She didn't even know.

The minute she turned on her phone, she found it was flooded with congratulatory messages.

If she was sleepy before, now she was wide awake. Round-eyed, she read each message. 'What's going on? Am I still sleeping? Is this a dream?' she thought to herself.

She stretched, yawned, and still felt sleepy. So she decided to get some more sleep. Then Wesley burst into her room, waking her up. "Time to get up. Lunch is ready."

Blair ignored him and grabbed her phone. Those congratulatory messages were still there, and there were more on top of that. So it wasn't a dream!

It was true! She sat up abruptly and looked at Wesley. "I just got promoted!"

"Congratulations!" he said calmly.

She was too shocked to notice anything unusual about his tone. He didn't seem excited or surprised at all. "Did Orion do this?" she muttered, her eyes still fixed on the messages.

Wesley was disappointed. 'I did everything and Orion gets all the credit.'

He took a new outfit from the closet and said, "Eat first. Then I'll drop you off."

"What's for lunch?" asked Blair absent-mindedly.

"Rice."

"So who cooked?"

"I did."

She raised her head in surprise. "You?" 'Is it edible?' she wondered.

Wesley noticed the suspicious look on her face. "Don't believe me?"

"That's not what I meant," she explained hastily as she got off the bed.

' to any time off. Why did he decide to fire me? Tell me!"

Rebecca Qin had been employed there for over ten years. She had earned her position. But now, out of the blue, she was fired by Blair's husband, someone who wasn't even part of the company. That was too much for her to accept.

Blair thought she needed to talk to Wesley about this. She took her phone from her purse and called him.

When his phone rang, Wesley was just pulling into the complex where her dorm was. He could guess why she was calling.

"Hi, honey," he answered. Blair blushed at the way he addressed her. "Hi yourself. I have to ask you something."

"Sure," he said.

She looked at Rebecca. "Did you know my manager was fired?"

"Yes."

"Did you do it?"

"Yeah," Wesley admitted.

Blair gasped and bowed her head. She wore the new pair of shoes Wesley had bought for her. "Why would you do that?" she asked in a low voice. "What did she do to you?"

"Why do you care? She giving you a hard time?" Wesley asked.

"No, just curious."

"Well, don't be. If she has a problem with it, she can give me a call."

Blair was out of sorts over what he said. How could she possibly not wonder about this? Her boss, her...whatever he was. "Don't do this. I don't want to be a manager. Could you give her job back?"

She thought since Wesley could get Rebecca fired, he must have a way to stop this.

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"If she were a good manager, your company couldn't have fired her like that. It wasn't hard. The wrong word went in the right ear. Think about it. Anyway, it's not your fault. You don't need to feel sorry for her," Wesley said on the other end.

Blair didn't know what to say, unconvinced by his explanation. She guessed it had to do with Wesley's family. They had considerable influence in the city. Whoever fired Rebecca might have wanted to get on Wesley's good side.

She touched her forehead, baffled. "Don't do this. I didn't earn this. Everyone knows," she said in a low voice.

What would her colleagues think about her? Probably what she was thinking already. That she knew someone, and that someone got her promoted.

"I didn't do anything. They were already thinking of promoting you. I just upped their timetable some. I don't have that much pull."

Blair frowned, not knowing how to get him to stop this. He seemed to have an answer for everything, and insisted he had nothing to do with it. She sighed, "Come on. I was constantly taking time off. And I was becoming a liability. If my manager got on my case, then she probably felt justified doing so."

"I can't understand why you've put up with her for such a long time. What's done is done, though. She gives you any more grief, I'll handle it in person."

"No, no... Please, don't," Blair begged anxiously.

She was confused. That wasn't Wesley's style. He was generally a reasonable man, but why didn't he listen to her? He was stubbornly digging in, determined to see Rebecca fired.

He even said he would come to her company to handle it in person. Suddenly, Blair recalled the time she resigned from the Jin Group. If Wesley got involved, she was afraid Orion's company might go up in flames too. She didn't need that.

Wesley said with a smile, "Just leave it alone. I'll have someone handle it."

Blair thought she was in the wrong and Wesley was too harsh. She took a look at Rebecca, who was now glowering at her. Obviously, there was no way to smooth things over with her. So she had no choice but to agree. "Okay."

Rebecca saw Blair hang up, but she didn't say anything.

When she didn'

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.

so hot!' she thought.

Blair noticed the change on her face. She leaned forward and reminded her, "So? Did he answer? Now's your chance."

Rebecca came back to her senses and cleared her throat. She turned around and walked off to a private alcove.

Blair's lips twitched. 'Hey, that's my phone.'

Rebecca suddenly stopped in her tracks. Blair heard her say, "I have something to say to you."

Blair didn't know what Wesley had said on the other end, but Rebecca suddenly raised her voice and shouted, "What do you mean I'm not qualified? Who are you? I want to see you come here and say that to my face! Is that your M.O.? Dealing with a weak woman over the phone? Ooh! Big man."

Blair's brows knitted tightly as she heard Rebecca talk to Wesley like this. In a fit of anger, she strode towards her and grabbed her phone back. She hung it up and ended the call. "Who do you think you are? You can't talk to my husband like that! You wanted my husband to come talk to you? You're not good enough to warrant a face-to-face firing."

Rebecca's face twisted in anger. When she was about to retort, Orion and his assistant stormed into the translation department.

For a moment, everyone thought that Orion was Blair's mysterious husband.

After all, Orion was the boss. He could fire or promote anyone at his whim.

When they caught sight of their boss, they all went back to work. They weren't going to hang around and risk their necks too.