

TMBA 741

[Chapter 741 Marry Me](#)

"Listen to me, Niles. You come over. We'll just tell Wesley that we've been together and ask him to let me go. After he agrees, I'll leave this city without you. And you'll be free," Blair said. She had been trying to find a way to leave Wesley, and this was her only way now.

Wesley didn't have any ongoing missions. So, wherever she went, he just tagged along. And whenever he needed to do something, he would take her with him. The two of them were always together — inseparable, like shadows. She couldn't find a chance to get away.

Niles raised his head to stare at the ceiling and sighed helplessly. "Blair, I'd rather prefer it if you just told him that it was I who had drugged him," he said into the phone. 'Wesley would be furious if Blair told him that she and I were having an affair. He'll surely kill me, ' he thought with a shiver.

Blair pretended to be upset. "Niles, please help me this time. I promise I won't let him touch you. Trust me."

"No, no, no. Just imagine the scene! He loves you to hell and back. What makes you think he'd let me live?" Niles was no fool.

Blair pouted and said, "Fine! If you don't help me, I'll tell him that you drugged him. And I won't stop him from beating you up either. I may even add some fuel to the fire."

"Wait!" Niles panicked. 'On second thought, Wesley loves Blair so much that he might actually listen to her. She may be able to stop him from murdering me, ' he thought.

"Have you made up your mind?" she asked.

"I'll do as you say."

When Wesley came back home that evening, he saw Niles sitting on the sofa in his living room. "What are you doing here?" he asked with a frown.

The disdain in his eyes made Niles' heart sting. He swiftly jumped up from the sofa.

When she heard Wesley's voice, Blair quickly darted out of her bedroom and walked towards Niles. She slid her arm into his. "You are back," she said to Wesley.

Wesley, who was about to change into his slippers, paused and looked at the two of them. "Come here," he told her in a dangerously calm voice.

Blair shook her head. "Niles is here to confess something."

In his black boots, Wesley walked over to the two slowly and stood there, towering over them like a tyrant. Niles felt uneasy and began to break free from Blair's grip.

Blair, however, pinched his arm to make him stay put. Niles cursed in

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.

n in a serious tone.

In order to ease his brother's anger, Niles said loudly, "Blair, he is saying that he'll hold a wedding. Just say, yes!"

Blair couldn't believe her ears. 'Did he just propose to me?

When he proposed to Patty, he did it in front of all those people in the night club. But to me, it's just "Marry me." He doesn't even have a ring! Oh wait... He did give me a diamond ring before, but I sold that. Still, he doesn't seem sincere.'

"No." Blair turned him down mercilessly, just like how Wesley had refused her in front of his men many years ago.

An awkward silence rang in the air. Sensing the danger, Niles sneaked out of the apartment quietly.

After closing the door behind him, Niles heaved a long sigh of relief. Neither Wesley nor Blair paid any attention to his departure.

Wesley tried his best to suppress his growing anger. "How long are you going to oppose me?"

"We need to talk," she said calmly. The two of them had never had a long talk so far. For so many years, they had lived apart and could only talk through phone calls.

Now that he was on vacation, it was time for them to have a heart-to-heart conversation.

Wesley grabbed hold of her wrist, startling her. She thought that he was going to hit her, so she struggled violently. "Aargh! Let me go! Wesley, if you dare lay a finger on me, I—"

"You will what?" He pulled her into his arms and stared at her coldly.

He felt anger pulsing through his body when he realized that she was unwilling to be intimate with him.

"I'll call the police!" she yelled.

[Chapter 742 Sheffield Tang](#)

"Call the police? You can give it a shot. Do you want me to dial the number for you?" Wesley taunted her.

"Are you making fun of me?" Blair looked at him in disbelief. 'Does he think I'm an idiot who doesn't know how to call the police?'

'What? I wasn't trying to make fun of her!' Wesley felt startled by her words.

He pressed her against the wall of the living room and said, "Blair, you don't want to rise in revolt as the result will be hard for you to bear." He grabbed her by the chin and pulled her face into a fiery kiss.

'Ouch... My lips hurt. They must be swollen red, ' Blair cried in her mind, but Wesley persisted.

"I...will listen...to you..." she tried to say. Blair held Wesley's face with both hands to stop him from kissing her.

Wesley simply responded with a smile, expressing his deepest contentment.

Just like that, Blair's plan of leaving Wesley had failed. After they got changed, the two of them left their apartment. He took her to the fifth floor of the Alioth Building to have lunch.

After lunch, Wesley drove her to a house he had been meaning to take her to for a while.

Blair stared at the traditional building with curiosity. It was as if each brick had its own story to tell. The texture that had greeted strong summers and hail stones with such dignity could be felt with each touch. Even before they entered, she could already smell the Chinese herbs.

Wesley parked his car and took her hand in his, as they walked towards the house together.

The moment they entered the courtyard, a man in a Chinese tunic suit came over to them and said, "Senior Colonel Li, you are here! You may go to the living room first. I'll tell Mr. Tang that you are here."

Wesley nodded politely and said, "Thank you."

The man ran off, leaving Wesley and Blair to have a gentle stroll down the courtyard. The sun shone with an enchanting sparkle, and the dried herbs were laid over the ground to bask in the sun.

There was a plaque hanging on the door of the living room—"Ginseng Hall." As to why it was named after ginseng was a mystery to them both.

As soon as the two of them sat down, a servant walked in with a tray that had two hot cups of tea. These were Chinese lidded tea cups decorated with blue and white Dragon symbols.

Wesley and Blair thanked him with a courteous nod and watched him leave with an empty tray.

Blair was unable to hold back her curiosit

erbs."

'I hope so, ' Blair thought to herself.

Suddenly, a little boy appeared before them. "Action Kamen!" he yelled. "Huh? Un...cle... Aunt..."

He was light-skinned, dressed in a blue coat and a pair of black pants. He could have been a year old or two. His cute round eyes were fixated on Wesley and Blair.

The boy reminded Blair of Joslyn's son, even though he seemed younger.

Blair came over to him, squatted down and scooped him up in her arms. "Hi baby! What's your name?" she asked.

"She... ff..." The boy paused for a while and finally continued, "...field."

"Sheffield?" Blair repeated the name after him.

The boy nodded his head and turned his sights towards Wesley. "Un...cle..."

Wesley smiled at him. "Hi."

Blair looked at Wesley with a smile and said, "Is this Grandpa Mooney's great-grandson? He's a handsome boy."

Wesley sized the boy up and answered, "I guess so. He's probably Ingrid's son."

Before he could finish talking, a woman's voice came from outside the living room. "Sheffield... Sheffield Tang! Where are you?"

The voice indeed sounded like Ingrid's.

As Blair was in deep thought, wondering if the boy was Ingrid's son, he kissed her on the cheek. "Aunt...Mom..." Then he wiggled out of her arms to get down on the floor.

Blair's heart melted with his kiss. She put him on the floor and said, "I'll take you to your mom. Okay?"

The boy grinned and clapped his hands happily.

Wesley's face turned sour when he saw his wife being kissed by another man, albeit, a little man. He walked up to them and said, "Let me take him to his mother."

[Chapter 743 Wesley Wants A Child](#)

Before Blair said anything, Wesley took Sheffield from her arms.

Just then, Ingrid came to the living room and walked over to them. "Sheffield... Wesley? Blair? Hello! When did you get here?"

"We've been here for a while. Ingrid, is this your son?" Blair's eyes sparkled as she looked at Ingrid.

"Yes, he is. This little boy is so naughty he runs about everywhere. I have to keep an eye on him all day long. Sheffield, come here and let me hold you," Ingrid said while spreading her arms out.

The little boy, however, shook his head and reached out his hands to Blair. "Aunt... Hug..."

Blair and Ingrid burst into laughter, amused by the adorable boy. Wesley, on the other hand, wore a deadpan face the whole time.

With a smirk, Ingrid squinted her eyes at her son and explained, "My son loves pretty girls. That's why he wants you to hug him, Blair. Sheffield, come here before your uncle Wesley gets angry."

Ingrid picked her son up from Wesley's arms and sat him down on her lap.

Blair turned to look at Wesley and was unsurprised with his expressionless face. She playfully reached for Sheffield and said, "Ingrid, let me play with him for a while. I don't have anything else to do. Hi baby, do you want a hug?"

Sheffield giggled and practically threw himself into Blair's arms. His little face glowed from a light within, and his miniature fingers grasped hers and held tight.

After a while, Mooney came back carrying paper bags in his hands. Blair and Sheffield were squatted under a tree, observing ants, while Wesley was chatting with Ingrid.

Wesley got up and took the paper bags politely. "Thank you for the medicines, Grandpa Mooney."

"No worries. Decoct the herbs with red dates. One pack of herbs should last you three days. Drink the liquid three times a day. There are five packs in total. I think fifteen days is enough to cure your wife," Mooney said.

Blair walked up to them holding Sheffield's hand, and upon hearing Mooney's words, she cried out, "Five packages? Three times a day?" Suffice it to say, Blair wasn't very fond of Chinese medicines because they were bitter.

Mooney chuckled at her response. "If you two want to become parents, you must take the medicines. Otherwise, the chances of you getting pregnant are very slim."

Blair cast a reproachful glance at Wesley. 'It's all his fault! Why does he want to have a child so urgently?'

Ingrid laughed, picking her son up and said, "Do

only managed to drink two-thirds of it. "Wesley, can you use less water next time when you decoct the medicines?" she complained.

Wesley tried his best to hold back his laughter. "To tell you the truth, I ladled less liquid this time. Tomorrow, you'll need to drink one third more than this," he explained.

"What?" Blair was shocked at his words.

She ate a plum candy to ease the bitterness in her mouth.

After that, she drank the remaining liquid in the bowl. "Great!" Wesley praised her and planted a kiss on her lips.

"I'm not a kid. Your trick won't work on me," she said in a playful voice.

Wesley bit his tongue and winked at her as he took the empty bowl to the kitchen.

In the evening, the two of them lay in bed together, Blair's head on his arm. Wesley was playing on his phone when suddenly Blair called out, "Wesley!"

"Hmm?" He cast a glance at her and then looked back at his phone screen.

"Why are you not mad at me?" she asked.

Wesley locked his phone and put it aside. He kissed her on the lips and then asked, "Why should I be mad at you?"

"Niles and I..." she stammered.

"He wouldn't dare," he simply said.

Besides, Wesley knew his brother very well. Niles only ever regarded Blair as his sister-in-law.

If she had known that Wesley wouldn't fall for it, Blair wouldn't have made a fool of herself.

Suddenly, Wesley's phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and then looked at the woman next to him. "Sweetie, I need to take this call on the balcony."

Blair's heart sank. 'Why does he have to answer that phone call on the balcony?' "Is it something serious?" she asked.

[Chapter 744 Your Application Has Been Cancelled](#)

After a pause, Wesley stammered, "It's no big deal. Just Megan calling..." Since Blair disliked Megan, he guessed that she might not want to hear him talking to her. So he decided to leave the bedroom to answer the phone.

Blair released him and said in a calm voice, "Okay."

From experience, she knew that Megan was trying to create more trouble.

Wesley went to the balcony and answered the phone. "Hello?"

After listening to her, he furrowed his brows and said, "But I thought you were gonna stay there for a while. Why are you back already?"

He then cast a glance at Blair, who was lying in bed and looking straight at him. When he heard Megan's request from the other end of the line, he thought for a moment and finally turned her down. "I can't come to the airport now. I'll arrange someone else to pick you up."

After a while, he answered, "No, I'm not busy with work. I'm keeping Blair company." He never lied.

"Okay. Bye."

After hanging up on Megan, Wesley arranged for two men to go to the airport and pick her up before going back to the bedroom.

Blair's eyes were shut, making it look like she was asleep.

But her moving eyeballs under her closed eyelids betrayed her.

Wesley turned off the lights and pulled her into his arms. He knew that she would be unhappy if he didn't give her an explanation, so he told her, "Megan just flew back from A Country. I arranged for two men to pick her up from the airport."

Blair didn't respond.

Wesley waited for a while. Then, he lowered his head and kissed her lips gently.

Blair struggled and protested in a low voice, "Let go of me, Wesley! I'm not in the mood."

"Yes, you are," he said firmly.

He succumbed to his lust and pressed his lips firmly on hers. The heat between them felt more like electricity, as it flowed from every inch of his body to hers.

Pleasure-filled moans echoed throughout the room, as the bed creaked violently beneath their intense movements. The more she screamed, the more he was enticed to move faster, deeper and stronger.

Since Wesley was on vacation, he spent most of his time with Blair.

And he soon realized something weird about her behavior. She had quit her job earlier, but seemed to be in no hurry to find a new job. Instead, she had been cooked up in the study for the last couple of days.

'That's strange. She is definitely plotting somethin

most lifted her up by grabbing onto her collar abruptly. The scene was so funny that the other three women burst out laughing.

Wesley, however, maintained a deadpan face and shot Blair a warning glance.

It had already been three years since Carlos' accident, and Debbie was honestly surprised that Wesley hated her even more now, just as Damon did.

Afraid that Wesley's attitude might hurt Debbie, Blair turned around and huffed, "Don't act like that. Debbie and I are good friends." Although they hadn't been in touch for years, her feelings for Debbie never changed.

But Wesley didn't let go of Blair, which pissed her off.

Seeing that Blair really wanted to hang out with them, Debbie walked over to the couple and saved her from the man's grip. Debbie had a smart mouth, and she quickly shut Wesley up.

He eased up on his grip on Blair when he realized that she really wished to be with the women.

She was finally behaving like the lively girl she used to be when he had first known her. Her chirpy smile was back.

He didn't know since when Blair had ceased to be that cheerful, bubbly girl. He wondered if it was his fault.

Since she seemed happy to be with Debbie, he decided to go easy on her this time. But he whispered something into her ears before letting her leave with Debbie.

Before taking his leave, Wesley cast a warning glance at Blair.

She had been really depressed lately, and at long last, she found some friends to talk to. She told them all about Wesley and what he had done to her. After spilling all her worries, Blair felt much better.

[Chapter 745 The Psychiatrist](#)

Blair shared with the girls about how Wesley had been treating her like a prisoner. Debbie felt bad for her. She figured that some soothing words were just what the doctor ordered, and told Blair that Wesley was only doing that because he loved her too much.

Blair didn't deny it, but still thought that confining her was out of line. He never really cared how she felt, while he selfishly kept her all to himself.

The four women had tea that afternoon. Blair enjoyed her much-needed freedom after a long time of imprisonment. She didn't want to go home to Wesley, so she convinced Debbie to take her in, and Debbie agreed.

Wesley always had his ways of finding her. Blair knew that he'd call her or track her phone down, so after reaching Debbie's place, she texted him saying that she would be spending the night at Debbie's, and then switched off her phone to avoid his calls.

Later that night, Debbie went on a date with Carlos downstairs in the garden; they had made an appointment to walk their dogs together. Blair had the whole apartment to herself. Relaxing in the hammock on the balcony, she took deep breaths of fresh air. For the first time in a long time, she felt truly free and happy.

Worried that Wesley might come to Debbie's place to drag her home, Blair had told Debbie to ask Carlos for help in case Wesley did come barging in.

This was important to her. So she took out her phone, intending to give Debbie a call to remind her, only to quickly realize that she didn't have her friend's new number. She took the elevator and went downstairs to talk to Debbie in person.

Eventually, Carlos agreed to help them.

But he and Wesley were best buddies after all. Blair had to go home with Wesley in the end.

It took a while for Blair and Debbie to say their goodbyes to each other. Wesley was in a bad mood because Blair was reluctant to go home with him. The long farewell irritated him so much that he yanked her away impatiently.

On their way back, Blair leaned on the car window, her eyes fixed on the view. She refused to talk to him.

Wesley was a man of few words, so he didn't try to start a conversation either. He let her be.

When they were home, he took her hand in his, but she shook it off without even looking at him.

After a long bath, Blair

Wesley took her hands in his gently. "If you promise me that you'll see the doctor, I won't watch you so closely anymore. You can go wherever you want and hang out with whomever you like. Okay?"

Blair thought about it for a moment and then agreed to his deal.

Wesley made the appointment and accompanied her to the doctor's office the next day.

The psychiatrist was a gentle woman. Her tone was comforting. While talking to Wesley, she spoke about Garnet. Blair figured that the doctor and Wesley went way back.

Wesley had briefed the doctor on Blair's condition beforehand, so soon after they had gotten to the doctor's office, she was taken into a dimly lit room with a comfortable couch.

This was the first time she was in a place like this. Despite the soothing decor, she felt scared.

The moment Wesley let go of her hand, a fit of uneasiness seized her.

Wesley sensed her fear. He embraced her and reassured, "I'll be waiting right outside. I'm not going anywhere."

'I'm not going anywhere.'

His words calmed her. She lay down on the couch as she was told.

The doctor closed the door of the room, and then it was just the two of them.

She started asking questions, and Blair answered them honestly.

Once the doctor asked about the suicide attempt, Blair fell silent and refused to answer any of the following questions the doctor asked.

From outside the room, Wesley could see Blair's every reaction through the window. But she couldn't see him.

When Blair fell silent, his heart ached.

[Chapter 746 My Sun](#)

The shrink carefully crafted her questions, guiding Blair patiently through her feelings so she could get past that dark time. Blair sprang up from the couch. "I think I'm wasting my time here."

"Blair," the shrink prompted gently.

Blair stood there nervously, looking at her.

"If you keep avoiding the problem, everyone will still worry. They're losing sleep, and even their appetites, worrying you'll hurt yourself. Think of them, if not yourself."

'Does Wesley worry about me like this every day?' Blair thought.

The problem was she didn't want to think about those days. That was a very dark period in her life, and she saw no way out. Yes, she thought Wesley was dead. Yes, she tried to kill herself because of it. But she was over it now. She didn't see any sense in dredging up the past. It hurt too much.

She sat back on the couch, supporting her head with one hand, eyes closed, grief-stricken. "I want to see Wesley. I want to see him..."

Wesley tried to go in, but the therapist's assistant stopped him. "Just sit tight for right now. Dr. Xue knows what she's doing. If they need you in there, I'll let you know."

But no matter how the doctor tried to get her to calm down and focus, Blair would only cry, demanding to see Wesley, like a lost child looking for her mom.

She was obviously heartbroken and grief-stricken, and it was too much for Wesley to take. He barged into the room.

As if seeing a beacon after being lost in the dark, vast sea, Blair ran into his arms excitedly. "You're alive! You're here! You're with me! This is real! Please tell me this is real!"

Wesley stroked her hair and her forehead. "It's real. I'm here, Blair. I'll always be here for you."

"How could my father do that? Did he ever think of me when he blew himself to bits, and Mom with him?"

ark space she retreated to. She heard a tender voice telling her, "Blair, Wesley has always loved you. You know that flirting with those women was part of his job. Why don't you talk to him about it? Tell him how you feel. And ask him about the things you want to know. He'll be honest with you."

'Wesley has always loved you...'

Blair rested her head wearily on Wesley's chest as she quietly savored the words.

The soft voice continued, "Your sun didn't vanish. He still shines in your world. Put those painful days behind you. Raise your head and look at your sun. Its rays have always shone on you."

Blair slowly looked up and met Wesley's affectionate eyes. It looked as if he were emitting golden light. She felt she had found her sun again.

"You don't live for anyone but yourself. You don't need your parents or Wesley to be happy. Enjoy your life! Blossom! Wesley, your parents...everyone will be happy for you."

Without her parents or Wesley, Blair didn't know what else to live for.

"Now that Wesley is by your side, cherish him. Make the most of these days. If you're not happy, he won't be happy. So make him happy by finding your bliss."

Blair fell asleep in Wesley's arms.

[Chapter 747 The Drunken Wesley](#)

Wesley gently wiped away the tears on Blair's face and asked the therapist, "How is she?"

Dr. Xue smiled. "She was unhappy because of her past, and she kept all that bottled up. Now she admitted it, she'll be fine. She just needs some rest."

"So what's the prognosis?"

"Don't worry. She's going through a lot right now, and probably needs some time to process it. Take her outdoors as much as you can to help her forget those things. Then she will be fine."

"But..." There was still one thing baffling Wesley. "If she loves me so much, why does she keep trying to leave?"

"You'd have to ask her. She's probably mad at you for something. Whether she'll tell you is beyond my pay grade. It could also be for some other reason. Whatever it was, it's on you. I could get her to talk about the bad memories, but I can't guarantee she won't try to run off. If I were you, I'd have a heart-to-heart with her."

Wesley scooped Blair up and said to the doctor, "Probably a good idea."

"Take her home. She doesn't need any medicine. But watch her. And get her out in the open air. Don't keep her cooped up."

"Okay. Thank you, doctor."

"Don't mention it. I'll have my assistant print out discharge papers."

Blair slept for quite a few hours after they got home. She had a dream, where she was with her parents, the Ji family, and Wesley. It seemed like several days passed in the dream.

In that dream, she brought Wesley home. Her parents were very happy to meet him and even urged them to have a baby ASAP, so they could be grandparents.

The next morning, she got up quite early. When Wesley woke up and turned his head to look for her, she wasn't in bed.

He was so worried he didn't bother dressing before he donned his slippers hurriedly and ran out of the bedroom, shouting, "Blair! Blair!"

He stopped when he saw her in the kitchen. She was busy making breakfast.

She was making omelets, with the range hood on. Hearing him calling her, she smiled, spatula in hand. "Hey! You're awake. I'm making breakfast. It will be ready in a bit."

The mischievous smile she gave him was reassuring. The old Blair was back. The girl he met a few years y. Let's go to bed. Then we can talk about whatever we want." Wesley lowered his head and kissed her.

He didn't let go of her until the next morning. When he finally fell asleep, Blair grabbed her bag and left the apartment. She donned a mask so no one would recognize her.

She went to the Fifth Hospital for a gynecological examination. Her vagina was sore, and she felt stinging pain, almost like a paper cut.

The doctor applied a local anesthetic cream to the area. "You need to slow down. You have tiny tears inside you thanks to your escapades. I've also prescribed some antibiotic cream so your infection won't set in. Don't take a shower today. Apply the rest of the medicine at home. And I'd hold off having sex in the near future until that heals up."

Despite the mask, blush could be seen sneaking up her cheeks. "Yes, doctor. I'll be more careful. Thank you." Blair left the doctor's office and winced as she walked. It hurt like hell.

She wished she could punch Wesley in the face right then and there. But he'd probably fight back, and she didn't need that. She was in enough pain.

The exhausted man was sound asleep. When he woke up, his wife was gone. He grabbed his phone and called her immediately, "Sweetheart, where are you?"

His voice told her that he had sobered up. "I'm in the hospital."

Wesley's eyes flew wide open. "Why? What's wrong?"

Blair gritted her teeth. "Not here. I'll tell you on WeChat."

[Chapter 748 Do Me A Favor](#)

Blair took pictures of the examination result along with the doctor's diagnosis and sent them to Wesley on WeChat.

He grinned as he read the doctor's report. Then it occurred to him how pissed Blair must be, so he called her. "I didn't mean this to happen."

"Humph! You sexually abused me using your being drunk as an excuse. You're a jerk!"

"No, you were just so enticing. I couldn't help it." He had seen many sides of Blair the previous night. She had even been in the mood to tease him. He was so attracted to her that he had completely lost control.

"So it was my fault, huh?" she asked, a warning in her tone.

His goofy grin disappeared. "No, it was definitely my fault. I won't do it again. Please forgive me, ma'am."

"Not so easily. I'm going to stay at Joslyn's for a few days. Reflect on your mistakes for a while! Don't come for me. I don't want to see you anytime soon!" He was just too much for her to handle. She was honestly afraid to sleep with him.

Wesley frowned. "I'll come and pick you up tonight."

"You'll only make me angrier!"

"Then... I'll pick you up tomorrow." He could only stay one night without her.

"No. It's my call. Didn't you just call me 'ma'am'? You should follow my orders unconditionally."

Wesley knew that he had walked right into that one. He had to wait for her to come back now.

Hartwell wasn't around.

So, it was just Blair, Joslyn and little Patrick at home.

Wesley couldn't just march into the Ji family's residence to get her back, so he called her every day.

And every time he asked her to come home, Blair would say that she wanted to spend more time with Joslyn and Patrick.

A few days passed like this. Then one day, Blair got a call from Debbie. "Sis, do me a favor," Debbie said.

"Fire away!"

Debbie giggled. "You didn't even ask what I want. You're such a good friend, Blair," she said warmly. "I'm planning to teach the Queen of Manipulation a lesson, but your husband is getting in my way. I need your help."

"Sure. But who is this Queen of Manipulation?"

"Megan," Debbie said with a smirk.

Blair laughed. "The title suits her

Wesley looked back at Blair. "Honey, that's Megan! Wait for me at home. I'll come back as soon as I can."

'Megan! Megan! It's always Megan.' Blair wanted to stomp on that woman like an ant.

She turned around and left without so much as a goodbye to Wesley.

Watching her leave like that, he curled his hands into fists. But he couldn't leave Megan in that condition right now. He decided to stay and make up to Blair later.

That night, when he was back home, the apartment was pitch-black. Blair was nowhere to be found.

He called her on her phone. "Where are you?"

"At my uncle's."

"I'm coming to get you."

"No, I'm already in bed," she rebuffed.

"We need to talk. I'm coming to pick you up," he insisted. He also wanted to talk to her about Megan. If Blair really hated her that much, now that Carlos was out of his coma, he could ask Carlos to take care of Megan.

"I just want to sleep. Patrick is also asleep. Don't come. You will disturb everyone. Good night!"

She hung up.

Wesley looked around the big bedroom. He felt empty without her.

And just like last time, for days, Blair refused to come home. Wesley was busy taking care of Megan, but made time to see Blair. He only left after ascertaining that she was fine.

After Megan had been discharged from the hospital, he went again to pick Blair up from her uncle's, but she used all kinds of excuses to not go home with him.

[Chapter 749 Talbot Is Dying](#)

Adalson sensed that something was wrong between the couple. He gathered that she and Wesley were in the middle of a fight. Blair sounded quite determined not to go home with Wesley, and as her uncle, he couldn't just force her to leave. He said to Wesley, "Let her stay here for a bit longer. I will talk to her."

Wesley had to go home alone that day.

Half a month later, Blair received an unexpected call from Niles. He sounded upset and said with urgency, "Blair..."

"What's wrong, Niles?"

"Wesley and I were in an accident. We are at the hospital now."

"What?! How are you? Where's Wesley? Is he hurt?" Blair asked in a panic. There was a moment of silence before Niles continued.

"I'm fine. Wesley is hurt, but it's nothing serious. I realized something today, Blair..." he said, sobbing slightly. "I thought he despised me, but when the accident took place, he protected me without any hesitation. I was so moved."

This was the third time Blair had heard Niles cry ever since they had met. The last time he cried was also because Wesley had been injured.

"Despise you? Where did you get that idea? He is your brother, and he loves you. Of course, he would protect you. How is he now? Which hospital is he in?"

"There are a few cuts in his arms. The doctor has stitched him up. He is having an intravenous infusion at the military hospital now."

They talked for a while and after hanging up, Blair wondered whether she should call Wesley first or just go to the hospital. Before she could make a decision, her phone rang again. It was Wesley.

"Hello?" she answered immediately.

"Talbot is gravely injured," Wesley said. 'Temporarily.'

Blair's heart thumped wildly in her chest. "Was he in the car with you?"

"Yeah. It looks his days are numbered." 'As to how many years he has left, I'm not sure.'

Inside the ward, Talbot stared at Wesley with a stunned face. He silently listened to his chief's blatant lies. Clearly, Wesley wanted Blair's sympathy. Then, shouldn't it have been Talbot who had made the phone call? To tell Blair that Wesley had been admitted in the hospital and was dying?

If he wanted to make Blair feel sorry for him and visit him at the hospital, that should have been the story. But why was Wesley doing this the other way around? It was not Talbot whom Blair loved.

But Blair was soft-hearted, and Wesley took advantage of this. She was already worried sick. "Does Talbot—"

"There's no one to take care of me here. Even Mom didn't turn up," Wesley in medicine. I'll handle it."

With the doctor's prescription, Blair claimed the medicine from the pharmacy downstairs.

When she was back at the door of Wesley's ward, she looked at the medicine in her hand. Suddenly, she wasn't as sure as she had been in the doctor's office. Would Wesley listen to her?

Well, he had to! She decided not to humor him this time.

She stormed into the ward. Wesley was waiting for her. "Why did you refuse to take your medication?"

Wesley was confused by her anger. "These are just minor injuries. What's all the fuss about?"

"Take it." She put the medicine on the table near his bed. The air she was bearing told him that there would be a huge fight between them if he refused to obey her.

Wesley fiddled with the medicine in his hand. With a small smile, he said, "This is really unnecessary." Besides, he had already had the infusion.

Blair grew furious. "Are you gonna take it or not?"

The look on her face told him that she meant business. "Yes, ma'am."

Under Blair's supervision, Wesley took the pill.

That afternoon, Megan came to the hospital. Blair put on a long face as soon as she walked into the ward. The sight of the girl made her feel as if she had swallowed a bug.

As always, Megan assumed her best masquerade, acting weak, helpless, and innocent. She pretended to be concerned about Wesley's injury and asked him how he felt. Blair was fed up with her act and felt like puking. She stood up and said to the phony girl with a smile, "Megan, are you hungry?"

Megan was perplexed. So was Wesley.

Blair never liked her. In case she was pulling some trick on her, Megan shook her head. "No, I'm not."

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"You must be hungry." With that, Blair ran to Wesley and wrapped her arm around his. "See? This is something for you to savor," she said to Megan.

Megan shook her head again.

Blair's face turned grim. "Well, you have to watch!"

She stood on tiptoe and kissed Wesley on the lips, arms wrapped around his waist tightly, for fear he would push her away. That would make her a laughingstock in front of Megan.

Wesley sighed resignedly inside, but he let Blair do as she wished. Afraid she would get tired from standing on tiptoe for long, he pulled away, looked at her, then moved his lips closer to hers to continue the kiss.

Megan stood there awkwardly while the two were kissing, so embarrassed she didn't know where to look.

After a long while, Blair let go of Wesley, satisfaction written all over her face. Arm in arm with him, she asked Megan, "Wasn't that yummy?"

Head bowed, Megan idly pawed at the ground with her shoe, bit her lip, and didn't say a word.

Blair tilted her head and continued, "Know what I like best about Wesley?"

Megan raised her head in confusion. She was so nonplussed she took the bait easily. Looking at Blair, she asked, "What?"

"Of course it is..." Blair paused for effect, and Megan grew even more nervous. Blair turned to Wesley and gave him a charming smile. Wesley sensed what she was going to say, and had a bad feeling about it. And he was right.

"He has amazing stamina." Megan turned pale.

Wesley's face grew gloomy. It's not like he could stop her.

Blair couldn't care less. She traced her hands along his masculine physique. "He has chocolate abs, strong waist and is a stallion in the sheets. I just can't keep my hands off him. What more could I want in a husband? I see the look on your face. I don't think you believe me. Would you like your uncle Wesley to demonstrate? You should find a boyfriend like him. A man like that should make you happy." After a short pause, she continued, "But there's only one Wesley Li, and he's mine. I know you want him, but too bad. What can you do? Poor Megan."

Wesley squeezed Blair's hand. "Enough."

"Honey, can you fix her up with someone? We are her aunt and uncle, after all. Maybe we could find someone good enough." After seeing the shrink, Blair felt great. She was more lively than she used to be. She used to avoid ev

ourt is on the next floor. Don't leave, okay? I'll be right back."

Greenwood waved his hand dismissively. "Don't worry. We're not going anywhere."

Before she left, Blair got some cash from the ATM and handed it to her grandpa. "Use this to buy some food. But be careful, cash attracts some bad people. Find anything you like? Then wait for me to come back. It's on me."

"Okay. Go do what you gotta do. This mall is huge. We're going to have fun." Blair left the mall in a hurry and hailed a cab, ordering the driver to take her to Orion's company.

The old couple had never been in such a big mall before. They were curious about everything. They would pause for a couple minutes, looking around, taking it all in.

And the goods looked so fancy they didn't even dare to touch anything, afraid that they would break it and wouldn't be able to pay.

"Check it out! I bet you'd look good in that," Marie said, pointing at an outfit at a men's clothing outlet. They had been thrifty all their lives. Now that they had the chance to visit a metropolis, she had the impulse to buy some nice clothes.

Greenwood figured the clothes must be quite expensive, so he didn't intend to go in. But Marie kept nagging at him to do it.

He acquiesced. Hand in hand, the old couple walked into the store. The luxurious decor alone was mesmerizing enough for them.

"Ooh, this store is huge. I bet this is high-quality stuff. Look around and see what you like. I've got this. Look over there!" Marie said to Greenwood with delight, pointing at something else.