

TMBA 771

[Chapter 771 The Perfume](#)

The soldiers were relieved to hear that the woman was okay. "Chief, should we take her home?"

They were all wondering the same as they stared at each other.

Then, the woman raised her head and said in a feeble voice, "Wesley Li... I know you."

All eyes were on Wesley at once. His brows knitted tightly.

Wesley was good with faces. He had met this woman before, and Cecelia had once complained about her—Stella.

None of the soldiers wanted to take her home. Since Wesley remained silent, they quickly made excuses for themselves, in case he dumped the woman on them. "Chief, all of us, except you, have to go back to the office. So, you're the only one available to drive her home."

"Right. Off we go."

"Bye, Chief."

They started running as if they were in a race. Within seconds, they had all gotten into the second car and were gone.

For the first time, Wesley was impressed by his soldiers' efficiency.

He looked around. There was nobody else nearby, and Stella looked miserable.

Out of options, he flung the heavily perfumed woman onto his shoulder and carried her to the car. He made her sit in the back seat and drove off.

Past midnight, Blair was woken up by a kiss.

She knew that it was Wesley. He would kiss her every time he got home.

But tonight, something was different. Blair was about to say something when she sensed the strong perfume on him.

'I don't wear perfume. Whose is that?' She was alerted, but hid her anxiety well. "You're back," she said in a relaxed tone.

"Yeah. I'm going to take a shower."

"Okay."

Blair watched the bathroom door close behind him. Then, she went back to sleep with uncomfortable thoughts running in her mind.

The next day, Blair received a call from Joslyn. After chatting for a while, Joslyn started rambling absent-mindedly. Clearly, something was on her mind. She wanted to say something, but wasn't sure if she should. Blair sensed her hesitation. "Joslyn, it's me. If you've got something to say, just say it."

Joslyn was c

ds, but she countered, "So what? He is cheating on you. He has been with me for the past few days."

Blair ignored her and continued, "Wesley would never allow me to stay in a place like this. It's so filthy and insecure."

Stella had nothing to retort.

"My husband is hot, isn't he? Horny women like you always throw themselves at him, but he never gives a damn about any of them."

"Yes, he is hot, and also very good in bed." Stella finally managed to fire back.

She assumed that Blair would flare up, but she was wrong. Blair gave a contemptuous smile and replied, "You can tell that? It's true. He is incredible in bed. But what a shame. You can only guess. I'm the only one who gets to sleep with him."

"You're too naive. I've been sleeping with your husband for three days. Look at you. All pale and sickly. How can you satisfy him? So, of course, he would come to me."

Blair remarked calmly, "You can't stay in a hotel like this for long. Do you want a house? I can ask Wesley to buy one for you."

Stella turned purple. "I don't want a house. I only want Wesley."

"Okay, bye then."

Blair turned to leave. That was when the doorbell rang.

Stella opened the door hastily. Wesley was standing in the hallway, carrying a bag of late supper. Without looking inside the room, he handed her the bag and said, "Here. Bye."

[Chapter 772 Will You Marry Me](#)

As soon as Wesley said goodbye, he sensed someone else in the room. He looked inside and his eyes widened.

"Honey? Why are you here?" He quickly strode towards Blair and wrapped her in his arms. "You're still sick. You shouldn't have come here."

Blair raised her head to look at him with a smile. "I'm feeling fine. I came to check on Miss Zhuge. Wesley, how could you let her stay in such a lousy hotel?"

Without even looking at Stella, he replied, "I have no money."

Blair glared at him with feigned anger. "Liar! If you didn't have any money, then how could you afford to buy me that expensive bracelet?"

"Well, I spent it all. Now shush! You're not fully recovered yet. You shouldn't be talking too much. Let's go home." Wesley scooped her up in his arms.

"Okay." She locked her arms around his neck and pecked him on the cheek.

They started making their way towards the door. When they passed Stella, Wesley said, "Miss Zhuge, after the group-buying discount, the room cost \$507 for the past three days. We'll round that amount to \$500. And the three meals came up to \$45. So, that's \$545. Please return the money as soon as possible."

"Wesley! You!" Stella's blood boiled with rage and humiliation.

"What? Did you think I was doing all this out of the goodness of my heart?" Wesley smirked.

Blair tried to stifle her laughter. "Darling, it's just a few hundred bucks. Let's just think of it as a little financial help for Miss Zhuge."

"All right, honey. If you say so." He carried Blair out of the hotel and to the parking lot.

Gently, he placed her in the passenger seat and buckled her up. She looked irresistibly attractive today. Wesley leaned towards her for a kiss.

But Blair covered his mouth with her hand.

Only then did he notice that the smile had vanished from her face. 'I knew it!

I knew she was only pretending as if she didn't care, ' he thought.

"Explain. Don't tell me this was a mission! I won't buy it," she demanded. If it had been some other woman in that hotel, Blair might have thought it poss

se to her.

He looked up at the national flag. "I thought I belonged to the country and the people. I never wanted a family. I was afraid that I was incapable of making anyone happy."

But ever since Blair walked into his life, he realized that he was wrong. He wanted her to be happy. And he now knew that he could make her happy.

He was grateful that they had met and had ended up together.

And Wesley knew that he would regret it for the rest of his life if he let her go.

"What made you change your mind?" Blair asked with a smile.

"You. I love you. I want you to be happy. Blair, will you marry me?" Worried that she would turn him down again, Wesley had sent everybody away and made the playground theirs alone.

Eyes brimming with tears, Blair asked, "Didn't you secretly get our marriage certificates years ago?"

"I didn't intend to keep it from you. I wanted to give it to you as a surprise. But you threw the certificates away." Wesley's voice was low.

'I threw them away? When?' Blair reflected. Then she remembered that he had once given her a file and she had thrown it away angrily.

It was a long time ago. Wesley thought that she might not remember it anymore. So he continued, "That day, I gave you an envelope containing our marriage certificates. But you discarded it without even looking inside." He had been heartbroken back then.

[Chapter 773 The Wedding](#)

The scene became clearer in Blair's mind. She finally remembered it. "You didn't tell me what was in the envelope back then. And I did open it and check the next day. But, there was nothing inside."

"Because I had removed the marriage licenses. I planned to tell you the truth when I proposed to you. But I didn't expect that Niles would let slip to you beforehand," Wesley explained.

Blair let out a chuckle. She looked up at the sky, holding back the tears that had sprung to her eyes because she was so moved. "You should be thanking Niles. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't have made up your mind to marry me."

"What do you mean? What does Niles have to do with this?" he asked, confused.

Memories came flooding to her mind. It had been years ago. She had experienced near-death situations twice in these past years. To Blair, the most important thing was to cherish her hard-earned happiness. So, she was going to break her promise with Niles. She hoped that the poor guy would be strong enough to sustain Wesley's blows. "The wine we drank that night was from Niles. He had opened it before sending it to me."

Wesley was a clever man. In an instant, he made sense of the situation. His face darkened as he realized that it was actually Niles who had drugged the two of them. "I will punch him to a pulp when I see him!"

"Why do you want to punch him? Are you regretting your decision to marry me?" she asked with a pout.

Wesley calmed down at once. "No!"

"If you hadn't slept with me that night, you wouldn't have taken the move to secretly register our marriage. So, you have to thank him if you genuinely wish to marry me now." It was Niles who had given them the push.

"Then, say yes." He was still on one knee, waiting for her reply to his proposal. He also knew that a bunch of people were hiding to their front-left, watching them in excitement.

Blair wrapped her arms around his neck, closed her eyes and planted a kiss on his forehead. He felt a warm tear drop on his face. Then, her tender voice rang in his ears. "Yes."

She loved him so much, yet she had refused his proposal the first time. But this time, she wanted to make him smile.

Wesley and Gifford were the two most important people in her life.

Wesley had thought that she would reject his proposal again. It surprised him that she said yes this time. So, for a moment, he was stunned, not knowing how to react. His dazed look amused Blair. Her tea

e girls at the gate knew it, the groom and his men were already inside the yard. One of them turned around and screamed out loud when she saw the ten-odd guys in the yard. The other guests broke into a fit of laughter when they saw the funny scene.

But after storming to the second floor, they had no ways to break into the bride's bedroom. Wesley could easily open the door with an iron wire. But that was an inappropriate thing to do on his wedding day.

Left with no choice, the men gave in and did whatever the bridesmaids asked them to do. They even gave them a lot of thick red envelopes.

It was only in such occasions that the girls could freely play tricks on these high-ranking men. So, of course, they wouldn't miss the chance.

Wesley was asked to find the bride's shoes, do sit-ups and push-ups, and eat an apple that was made to bob in the air. But whatever it was, he did it at top speed, which shocked everyone.

Normally, men could do around forty push-ups in a minute. But Wesley did sixty!

Amazed by the groom's strong physique, Debbie exclaimed, "I heard that our bride loves the groom's strong waist. She did mention that he has amazing stamina. Now, I believe the rumors. Sixty push-ups in a minute! Bravo!"

"Ha-ha..." Laughter filled the house.

Carlos cast a contemplative look at his excited wife. 'I see. I've been out on too many business trips. My wife has been lonely for a whole week. It's my fault.'

Wesley looked at Debbie and said in a calm voice, "When Carlos still served in the army, he was on par with me. So, are you saying that you love Carlos because he has a strong waist too?"

[Chapter 774 Moved To Tears](#)

"No, no. It's not like that..." Debbie shook her head vigorously as she noticed the look in Carlos' eyes. She realized that her big mouth might have gotten her in trouble. The singer might have earned herself another sleepless night.

Blair's face was red with embarrassment as she heard the group of friends talking about the men's strong waists. Damon echoed the joke. "Oh, I see! Niles told me that Blair visited a gynecologist once. So Wesley indeed has a strong waist!"

Everyone in the room was grown-up. Of course, they understood what he meant. They all joked around with Blair, laughing and making off-color comments.

With his own name being brought up all of a sudden, Niles panicked and jerked his head to look at Wesley. He looked at him with sad, puppy-dog eyes and explained, "Don't look at me. I didn't tell him anything!"

Blair felt so embarrassed. How did Niles know? Thanks to Damon's big mouth, now everyone knew!

"What are you talking about? I didn't. Niles lied to you," the bride denied, her face now a deep shade of red. She wished the ground would open and swallow her whole.

Wesley squinted at Niles. "It's my big day. So you got lucky. Tomorrow, you'll know."

"Brother..."

"Out of my way! I'm taking my wife to our wedding now!" Wesley carried his blushing bride in his arms and headed to the bridal car.

Ten green off-road vehicles led the way, followed by dozens of black and red supercars, all luxury models bankrolled by ZL Group.

The procession of fantastic cars caught the attention of all the passersby along the road. It was a breathtaking spectacle. People stopped and took out their phones to snap pictures.

In the wedding hall of the hotel, the guests were all seated. Among them, the large group of soldiers dressed in green uniforms made a magnificent sight. They were all Wesley's former comrades-in-arm.

Adalson, clad in his dress uniform, walked Blair down the aisle and gave her to Wesley. Without exchanging a word, the two men saluted each other, and a look passed between them. Adalson's look meant, "Take care of her." In Wesley's gaze, he could see an unspoken vow to do just that.

The ceremony was both solemn and happy.

About halfway through the reception, Wesley bounded up on stage, grabbed the microphone, and took in how his wife looked. Blair wore a scintillating white wedding gown. He said in an affectionate voice, "My lovely wife, thank you for waiting for me for the last 15 y

flushed a helpless smile. "I'd never dream of it. To cheat on a wonderful woman like you is a crime. Besides, I want to live."

"Great. So when are we getting married? My mom keeps nagging me about this every day," Garnet complained as she took his arm.

"Everything's ready. Just wait for your vacation."

"Really? You're so efficient. I like that. Okay, I'm going to find my CO and ask for some leave!" she said excitedly.

"Okay." Dixon looked at her, eyes full of love.

Now, Wesley and Blair's reception ended, but their life together was just beginning. After sending off the guests, Wesley booked a private room in the hotel and arranged another party with their close friends.

The kids went to their grandparents. So the guests at the party had not a care in the world.

Damon threw a set of car keys to Wesley. "Your wife had her eye on the latest model produced by ZL Group," he explained. "Consider this a wedding gift."

Blair gaped at him. 'That car is worth a million easy. He gave it to me?'

Wesley had wanted to buy that car for Blair, but he hadn't had the chance. He was hard at work preparing for the wedding. He didn't expect Damon would do that for them. Without the slightest of hesitation, he took the keys and handed them to his wife. "Thanks!"

Curtis pushed his spectacles up, cleared his throat and said, "I heard your wife wanted a house in Cloud Mountain. Right? With a view of the sea? I just bought one. Two hundred square meters. Is that roomy enough? Here, take the keys. You can move in at any time."

Wesley was silent for a while. He didn't hurry to take the keys. "How did you know?"

[Chapter 775 I Protect You](#)

Curtis smiled, "Your wife told my wife about that. She mentioned that you were going to pay the down payment for a sea-view house."

Blair exchanged a glance with Wesley, and nodded. She did tell Colleen about their plan to buy a sea-view house, but she didn't expect them to give her one.

It was an expensive gift.

Blair didn't think that Wesley would accept it. However, after hearing Curtis' explanation, Wesley grabbed the keys and handed them to Blair. "Keep them."

"But..." 'This is just too much. How can I accept it?' Blair thought, baffled.

He patted her hand to reassure her. "They tricked a large fortune out of me when they got married. Damon took one of my precious weapons, which is out of production now. It's more valuable than the car he gave you."

If that was the case, Blair thought it might be okay to accept their gifts. She nodded and took the keys from Wesley.

Next came the CEO. Carlos asked casually, "So, you're not going back to work in Y City?"

"We plan on settling down here, in A Country," Wesley said. He and Blair had discussed it earlier. They wanted to stay by their parents' side and raise their kid here, alongside them.

Carlos nodded understandingly. He took out a folder, put it on the rotary table and gave the table a twirl. When the folder was in front of Blair, he said to Wesley, "Your wife is a translator, isn't she? I have set up a translation company in A Country." He then looked at Blair. "You will be the legal representative. Take it."

Wesley fell silent again, for much longer this time. Everyone looked at him mischievously, waiting for his reaction. Finally, he broke the silence and spoke. "You guys are doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

"Yes." Carlos smirked.

Wesley turned to Blair. "Honey, return all the gifts." He then scanned his friends and added, "I will buy my wife everything she wants. I can afford them. Do you have to make me look bad?"

And they all seemed to know what his wife wanted and liked! He sulked at the thought.

Blair put all the keys and the folder on the table.

Damon teased, "Blair, you're such an obedient wife. But, don't listen to him this time."

Blair shook her head. "To be honest, I think that your gifts are all way too expensive. I agree with Wesley; we should return them to you."

Damon guffawed, "Do you know what your husband gave Carlos on his wedding day?"

Blair nodded. Although she wasn't staying with Wesley at the time, she knew that he had given Carlos a large sum of money as gift. She just didn't know the exact amount.

"USD 6, 660, 000. That's more than en
and swollen.

While everybody was having breakfast, he called his wife and complained, "Honey, you know what? Last night, after you left, these people didn't care about me at all. They just let me fight a stone lion in my drunken state. My hands are bruised..."

The Li family members had a hearty laugh.

After breakfast, Wesley went to work. Blair and their son were the only ones at home.

They looked at each other, not knowing what to say. Gifford only knew that Blair was his mommy, but that was all. He didn't know what "Mommy" meant to him. Ever since his birth, his mommy had been lying in bed, and then after she woke up, she was weak and had to recover her health. So, most of the time, the little boy was taken care of by his grandparents and dad. He was closer to Wesley than Blair.

She felt sad and her eyes brimmed with tears. When she had finally woken up from her long sleep, their son was already over a year old. Now, he was almost two, but she still hadn't done anything that a mother was supposed to do. Wesley did everything. Her heart ached. She stepped forward and tried to interact with her son. "Hi baby. I'm your mommy."

The little boy nodded and called out sweetly, "Mommy..."

"Do you know Mommy's name?"

"Yes. Blair."

She smiled widely. "Are you hungry? Want to eat something?"

"No." He shook his head. The little boy was so adorable! Blair loved him.

"Shall we go out and have some fun? What do you think?"

"Yay!" The little boy jumped with joy, and then added, "I... protect you."

Blair chuckled under her breath. "I'm the one who should protect you. You are my little boy." "My two-year-old boy said that he would protect me. How cute!" She was amused by her own son's words.

[Chapter 776 He Didnt Have A Say](#)

"Men... protect girls!" Gifford answered earnestly.

"Who told you that?"

"Daddy!"

Blair looked at her son, a loving look in her eyes. She felt grateful to Wesley and Cecelia. They had taught him well.

The little boy was dressed in his pajamas. Blair thought she should help him get changed since she was taking him out of the house.

It was the first time she had dressed him. Previously, she was still recovering and Wesley didn't allow her to strain herself. No housework, no carrying their son. She had lain in bed most of the time.

As soon as she opened Gifford's closet, the strangest sight met her eyes. The shirts were normal—various styles, different colors. But almost all the pants were boys' overalls.

Confused, she looked down at the little boy who was also peering in the closet "You don't have any other pants? Just these?"

It wasn't until then that she realized her son had been dressed in boys' overalls every day.

The boy climbed into the closet and sat on the edge. Looking at his own clothes, he tried to find the words he knew to explain. "Daddy... helps me...fly..."

'W-what?' Blair was confused, trying hard to decipher her son's words. "Fly? How does he do that? I'm sorry, little one. I don't get it."

The little boy was a bit anxious. He didn't know how to explain to Blair. He stood up and grabbed a pair of overalls off the hanger. He clumsily climbed out of the closet, carrying the overalls, and then lay them on the floor. Blair was amused as she watched the little boy.

Then, the boy grabbed the straps, holding them in his little hand, and showed them to Blair.

A scene flew into her mind and she finally realized what he meant. "Does your daddy always carry you in his hand like this..." she asked as she clutched at the collar of his pajamas and pretended to lift him up.

Gifford nodded, "Uh huh!" He didn't have a say in picking out the clothes. He could only wear whatever his daddy bought him.

Blair was rendered speechless. Wesley used to carry her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and now he carried their son in his hand like a bag of tomatoes.

Couldn't he just hold the kid in his arms like a normal father?

'Oh, you poor thing, ' she sighed helplessly.

After dressing her son, Blair took him out an

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.

. "I know. I love you, too. Now, go back to work."

Wesley reluctantly hung up the phone.

Their phone calls used to be short. But somehow, their conversations got longer and longer. They seemed to have a ton of sweet words for each other.

If he could, Wesley would keep Blair on the phone forever. But he couldn't; he had to work.

After putting away his phone, Wesley returned to his usually serious self and walked back to his office.

Blair waited until Gifford said goodbye to his playmates. Then, she took him to the supermarket. "It's late today. We'll go buy some new pants tomorrow, but let's get something to eat tonight. What do you think?"

The little boy nodded, "Yes. Mommy, food... cheese potato."

'Cheese potato?' Blair knocked it around in her brain. "You mean cheesy bacon potatoes?" She remembered the chef at home had cooked that last time.

Gifford clapped his hands excitedly. "Uh huh!"

"But I've never cooked that before. I'll give it a shot. Want to try it? Don't blame me if it tastes bad." Blair took his little hand in hers and walked slowly.

"Okay."

Blair had installed an app for children's cuisine on her phone before. She wrote down the recipes she was interested in, so now she just needed to buy the ingredients.

She put the little boy into the shopping cart and pushed it around the supermarket. "It's just you and me tonight. We don't need to buy too much food. How about tofu, fried rice with diced chicken, shrimp... and vegetable porridge. Sound good, little one?"

[Chapter 777 Gifford Is Sick](#)

One of Keith's comrades-in-arm had passed away, so Baldwin and Cecelia accompanied the older man to attend the funeral. They informed Blair that they wouldn't come back home that night. The maid was on leave too. Hence, Blair and Gifford were the only ones left at home.

"Yes!" Gifford nodded. Although he didn't understand anything about the dishes, he planned on eating anything she cooked. Moreover, he found it relaxing to be with his mom. He was happy the whole day. His mom would ask his opinions before making a decision, unlike his dad, who decided everything by himself.

Blair walked hand-in-hand with Gifford, with bags of ingredients and groceries in her other hand. She was quite tired. After all, she was still recovering her health.

She sighed. It dawned on her how amazing some full-time mothers were. They had to take care of their kid all alone, and some of them had to take care of two or more kids at the same time. She admired them for their devotion.

The supermarket wasn't too far away from home, so Blair didn't hail a cab. After making sure that the little one wasn't tired, they walked back home.

Before she began to cook, she told Gifford to play with the toys in the living room. She stressed that he wasn't allowed to go anywhere, and if he needed the toilet, he had to go find her in the kitchen. His safety was her priority.

The little boy nodded, holding the toys in his hands. "Mommy, don't worry. I won't go out."

Blair kissed his cheek and walked into the kitchen.

The mother and son duo enjoyed their dinner. Gifford loved his mom's cooking and ate more than usual. His tummy was already full and round, but he still pointed at the tofu.

Blair touched his big belly. Worried that he would be overstuffed, she shook her head. "No, you can't eat anymore. I'll cook this for you again tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay, Mommy." Blair smiled tenderly. She realized that her son was very obedient. He said yes to almost everything. While she did the dishes, she wondered what kind of man her son would grow up to be. She imagined he would be a very considerate gentleman.

After a while, it was time to bathe. The little boy was shy since this was the first time that Blair was going to bathe him. As soon as s

nd said, "Good night, Mommy."

Staring at his sleeping face, she held his little hands in hers and rained kisses on them. 'Oh, my little angel. You are such a good boy!' He only cried a little when the nurse inserted the needle into his vein, but he soon stopped after Blair coaxed him. He was quiet the whole time. She was almost moved to tears seeing how sweet her son was.

Blair thought that she should let Cecelia know about the kid's condition.

Considering that it was still very early in the morning, she decided to get some rest and tell the elders later in the day.

'Baby, thank you for coming into my life. I'm so happy to be your mom.'

She lay down beside her son and fell asleep with him in her arms.

After catching some sleep, Blair woke up and took Gifford to get his blood test done before breakfast. Tears threatened to fall out of the little boy's eyes when the doctor drew his blood. Blair felt her heart ache. "I'm so sorry, baby. It's my fault. I shouldn't have cooked all those food for you."

Gifford buried his face in his mom's chest, bearing the pain.

After breakfast, she texted Cecelia. "Mom, are you busy?"

She waited patiently, but there was no reply. Cecelia was probably still busy.

In two hours, the test results came. The doctor read the report and told her, "It's a bacterial infection. He may develop a fever today. Please pay more attention to him."

'Bacterial infection?' "So, it's not because of the food he ate?" Blair asked nervously.

[Chapter 778 Hes A Man](#)

"No, it was not caused by the food. The test shows that your son has a bacterial infection. There are a lot of possible ways to get infected; maybe he contracted it while playing outdoors," the doctor explained.

The guilty feeling weighing on Blair lessened a little. At least, the food she had cooked wasn't the direct reason for her son's sickness.

She returned to her baby's ward, and saw a nurse playing with him.

When the nurse saw her enter, she informed, "Gifford's mom, the kid hasn't vomited again this morning, but his temperature is going up. He needs another bottle of IV fluid. Please go to the cashier's and pay the bill beforehand."

"Okay. I'll go right away. Could you keep a watch on Gifford till I come back?"

"Sure."

Keith, Baldwin and Cecelia returned downtown in the afternoon. Instead of going home, they headed straight to the hospital.

Cecelia felt her heart break when she saw her grandson lying in bed, sick and exhausted.

Blair's face fell. "Grandpa, Dad and Mom, I'm so sorry. I couldn't take good care of Gifford..."

She had only looked after the kid for a day, but he had fallen sick on her watch. She wasn't a good mother.

Cecelia sighed and pulled her in for a hug. Patting her back, she comforted her, "You're Gifford's mother. We know that you are in more pain than any of us. But don't worry, it's normal for little kids to get sick easily. And Gifford was kept in an incubator for two weeks after he was born. He is a bit weaker than the other kids. Anyway, he's fine now. So, don't blame yourself. Understand?"

Moved, Blair nodded, "Yes, Mom. I understand." She promised herself that she would learn to take better care of her son.

In the evening, Niles and Irene came to see the little boy after work. When Niles found out that Blair had brought the kid to the hospital all by herself, he was unhappy and told her off. "Why didn't you call me? I'm his uncle. You should have informed me immediately. Wesley isn't home and you've just recovered your health. It's too dangerous for you to carry the kid, and you brought him all the way here, in the middle of night. What would we do if something happened to you?"

Blair knew that he was scolding her for her own good, so she didn't retort

eaty."

He found any possible excuse to share more intimacy with his wife.

Later that day, Wesley went downstairs while Blair decided to rest for a while longer. Seeing his dad, Gifford ran towards him. "Daddy, can I go visit Uncle Talbot?"

Talbot had settled down in A Country and was now working for Wesley.

Gifford found a lot of interesting things in Talbot's house when they had visited him last time; he had some rare weapons and other fancy equipment.

Wesley had taken him to Talbot's place twice and each time, the little boy found it harder to leave. He was attracted to those "toys."

"Not today. Uncle Talbot is busy. Tomorrow." Wesley grabbed the straps of the little boy's overalls and was about to carry him in his hand like he usually did. But he remembered what Blair had told him, and so, he bent down, scooped up the boy and carried him in his arms.

Gifford was a bit disappointed that he couldn't go today. Still, he nodded, "Okay."

When Blair woke up, she noticed that Wesley was still using the shaver which she had bought him many years ago. It was old, but he still kept it.

She smiled helplessly, but was filled with delight. When she saw him downstairs, she said, "Honey, I want to treat you to a meal." 'And buy a new shaver too,' she thought.

Wesley threw her a suspicious glance. He said warily, "That's strange. You have something else on your mind. What are you plotting?"

She hit his shoulder angrily. "Forget it! I'm not buying you anything!"

[Chapter 779 Work Hard For A Second Child](#)

Blair turned around and walked towards her son. But Wesley grabbed hold of her wrist and pulled her into his arms. "Don't be mad. I was just teasing you. How about we go on a date tonight? I'll ask Mom to take care of Gifford."

She paused and met her son's curious gaze on them. The little boy was staring at his parents hugging each other. Blushing, she said, "How about we take him with us?"

Wesley refused without thinking twice. "No way. This will be our first date after you woke up. I don't want a third wheel."

"But don't you think he wishes to have fun with his dad and mom? He will feel miserable if we leave him behind." Blair didn't have the heart to leave their son behind at home while they enjoyed alone.

"Miserable? You're so wrong. He lives in comfort every day, with his grandmother spoiling him all the time; he eats only whatever he likes and plays as much as he wishes. I think he would be on cloud nine without me around him."

Blair burst out laughing. She leaned into his arms, as she watched the little boy play with his toys. "Listen to yourself. You make it sound like our son is a little tyrant who enjoys comforts and luxuries."

"Anyway, he's nothing like me. He's very picky about food too. We must correct his bad habits at a young age."

Blair sighed. The poor baby had been treated like a soldier ever since he was born. Wesley just couldn't let go of any chance he got to train the little boy.

Night fell very soon. Blair was doing her make-up in the bedroom when she heard a knock on the door. The maid's voice came from the other side. "Mrs. Li, Mr. Li is waiting for you at the gate."

"Got it. Thank you." Blair put down the eyebrow pencil, grabbed her coat and walked out.

Wesley was leaning against the car door, waiting patiently for his beloved.

When Blair saw the dashing man, she picked up her pace and ran towards him.

Wesley's expression changed abruptly. He hastily strode over and stretched out his arms to catch the running woman. When she was safe in his arms, he chided her in a worried tone, "You silly woman, why were you running? You're not well enough to run around yet. What if you trip over and fall?"

Standing on tiptoe, she wrapped her arms around his

o way. I only want boys."

Blair rolled her eyes at him. "Another boy? You want to give another soldier to the country? Or are you planning to pass down your position, your power, to your sons?" If that was the case, maybe she would consider giving birth to another boy.

"Just listen to what I say." He didn't give any further explanation.

"Mr. Li, that's not for us to decide. It all depends on our destiny." She made a face at him.

She was determined to go to a temple and pray for a beautiful daughter.

In fact, she desperately wanted a daughter with Wesley because she had seen how Carlos acted in front of his daughter. The cold CEO spoiled Evelyn to the hilt. He listened to everything the little girl said.

So, Blair was curious to know how a tough man like Wesley would spoil his daughter. She couldn't help laughing as she imagined the scene in her mind.

Wesley put down his chopsticks. He knew that his wife was plotting something devious in her mind.

"What are you up to?"

Blair took the bowl of soup in her hand. Before eating it, she said quickly, "Nothing. Oh, I want to buy a new shaver for you after dinner. You've been using the old one for years."

"Don't bother. It works well. Didn't you want some snacks? I'll take you to the supermarket later."

"No!" she insisted. "I want to get a new one for you." Every time she set her mind to buy something for him, they would end up getting all the things that she needed, and he got nothing for himself.

[Chapter 780 Im Pregnant!](#)

Blair was so determined and Wesley finally gave in. "All right."

"Good boy!" Blair reached out and patted the back of his hand.

Her gesture brought a smile to his lips. He felt so happy at that moment.

After dinner, they went to the shopping mall. Blair bought a new razor for him, and also got him some other necessities. The man was always generous to her, but mostly mean to himself. She also bought gifts for the others in the family. They didn't leave the mall until it was about to close down.

A few days passed. One day, Blair woke up and sat on the bed, feeling tired. She turned her head to check the time; it was almost noon. Rubbing her sleepy eyes, she got out of bed lazily.

While brushing her teeth, she suddenly remembered something extremely important. Her eyes widened in shock.

'When did my aunt Flo last pay me a visit? I can't even remember!'

Blair quickly got ready and rushed downstairs.

Wesley was just walking into the house with Gifford in his arms. Seeing his wife trotting towards him with a crazy expression on her face, he asked in a confused tone, "Babe, what happened?"

Blair stopped in her tracks and stared at him angrily. "I am going to strangle you to death, Wesley Li!" she said through gritted teeth.

"Why? What's wrong?" he asked, more puzzled now.

"How dare you ask me why!" 'I must be pregnant! No wonder I sleep early and get up late. Yet, I still feel drowsy day in and day out.' She rushed towards the door without further explanation.

She had to get herself checked.

Wesley asked the nanny to take care of Gifford and followed after Blair, who was heading to the garage.

He caught up to her and grabbed hold of her wrist. "Where are you going?" 'She is being weird today, ' he thought.

"To the hospital," Blair answered, looking him in the eye.

Wesley sized her up and asked, "What's wrong? Are you hurt anywhere? I'll go with you."

"I'm not feeling well in the belly."

"Does it ache? Since when?" he asked, worried. Wesley thought that she had an upset stomach, and walked towards the garage faster than her.

"Well, since two months ago.

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.

"Did you just say?" His state of mind was in a mess, and he thought that he was hearing things.

'Did she say that she was pregnant?'

"Are you saying that the baby in my belly is not yours?" she repeated.

Wesley froze for a moment and then was thrilled beyond words. He flashed an ear-to-ear grin. "Say that again," he said.

"I'm pregnant," she said once again with a soft smile.

Wesley put his phone back into his pocket, closed his eyes and held Blair's shoulders, his hands shaking. "You... You said you were going to live a miserable life..." His voice trembled.

'Oh! Now I get it!

Way to go, fooling me like that!' Wesley realized how merciless his wife was.

"Yeah. Now that I'm pregnant, I have to say goodbye to a lot of delicious food. And I can't hang around on my own. Isn't my life going to be miserable? Mmmph!" Amidst her rant, however, Wesley leaned closer and kissed her fiercely.

After a long time, he finally let go of her. Looking at the woman in his arms, he said in a soft voice, "When you were pregnant with Gifford, I couldn't be by your side. This time, I will keep you company every single day. I won't leave you alone ever again."

Blair nodded vigorously. She thought that she was going to suffocate because of the heated kiss.

During her pregnancy, Wesley kept his word. He stayed by her side almost every day, unless he had some really urgent business to deal with.