

Mr Carlos 531

Chapter 531 I May Have To Trouble You

Adalson and Blair lived in the same housing estate. Wesley just happened to be visiting Adalson today. After he left the house and was in his car, he heard the explosion. Without hesitation, he changed direction and raced toward the source of the sound. That was why Wesley was able to save Blair.

Staring at the bottle of water in Wesley's hand, Blair murmured, "Wesley, am I a murderer?"

'People seem to think he's honest. He won't lie to me, ' she thought.

Wesley was stunned for a moment. 'She knows me?'

He squatted down before her and looked the girl in the eye. If he was his usual self, he would tell her, "You're not a kid. Why didn't you call the police or the fire department? And why did you stay in the house instead of trying to get out?"

However, he couldn't just say that. The girl's parents died in the fire. He had to be a little more sensitive, despite the fact that he didn't quite know how. "Don't blame yourself. The fire was blazing. Even firefighters failed to get inside. You couldn't have done anything."

A smile appeared on Blair's pale face. "Wesley, can you give me a hug?" Her heart was aching fiercely. She desperately wanted someone to hug her and comfort her.

Wesley was at a loss for words. 'Do I look like a kind person?' he asked himself.

However, he sighed in defeat under her hopeful expression. After a moment's pause, he looked around, screwed the cap back on the bottle, put it on the ground and took the girl in his arms.

Blair held his waist and burst out crying. Her waist trembled against his, her body racked by sobs.

Her birthday was in two months, and now she was an orphan.

A year later

At Hillside Apartments

After the moving company dropped off the last piece of furniture, one of the staff told Blair, "It's done, Miss Jing."

Blair, who was unpacking her things in the bedroom, came to the living room to finish things up. "Thank you, guys," she beamed.

Miss Jing. We're

Bye!" Blair accompanied them to the door. Before she closed it, she looked at the closed door opposite

in the Hillside Apartments for half a month, Blair finally saw her

to a halt on the 16th floor. Blair walked

a tall figure. Elated, she stopped humming and

apartment. Upon seeing the girl, he recognized her immediately and nodded at
seen her twice in Adalson's home.

gave him a sweet smile. "Nice to meet you, Officer Li. I'm your new neighbor. I may have to trouble you
in

girl trying to hit on

So don't expect too much. Gotta go!" Indifference was written

cold man. 'Maybe he'll be nicer after he gets

hello seemed like a magical spell

free moment, her voice would come unbidden to his mind saying, "Nice

was telling the truth when he said he was seldom home. Blair hadn't seen him for a long time since their
last meeting. But

the beginning of Blair's third year in college, the freshmen were going

piece of exciting

men would be conducting the training

to register even though the new semester was a month

past, they only had twenty percent enrollment. This

out before anyone

her uncle was Wesley's superior.

she had a crush on Wesley. So he'd help

about Wesley's classified missions. That was strictly prohibited.

with people. Other than the freshmen, other students of different grades were there

she didn't want to meet him. It was hot this summer, and there were so many people on the
playground. There was no way

Chapter 532 His Apartment

'Oh God! My face...'

Blair turned around to show her back towards Wesley and rubbed her face in an attempt to wipe off the
stain. To her disappointment, the more she rubbed her face, the larger the stain became.

The elevator reached the sixteenth floor soon, but Blair was still dealing with the stain on her face.
Wesley waited for her to walk out first, but she didn't move at all.

He had to walk past her. When he was out of the elevator, he stopped and turned to look at the girl.
"We're already on the sixteenth floor. Are you coming out or not?"

Blair wasn't expecting him to talk to her. She raised her head and asked in confusion, "Are you talking to me?"

Wesley raised his brow. He was trying his best not to laugh out loud. He coughed to hide his snicker and remained his usual self. "Is there anyone else here?" he asked coldly.

Blair saw the door of her apartment and then realized that she was home. "Sorry. I didn't realize it."

She walked out and headed to her apartment. When she heard Wesley open his door, she turned around and asked, "Wesley, are you—" She wanted to ask whether he lived alone, but then decided otherwise. "Did you eat?"

"Yes," he simply answered.

"Okay." Blair nodded, but before he could leave, she asked again, "Are you full?"

Wesley didn't know how to respond. It was the first time that he had seen someone so silly. 'She is not like her uncle at all, ' he thought.

Realizing that she had asked a dumb question, Blair gave him an embarrassed smile and said, "Uh...bye."

Their doors shut at the same time. As she leaned against the door, Blair wanted to slap herself. 'Silly woman! You ruined the meeting!' she cursed herself inwardly.

She then threw herself onto the sofa, her mind running wild.

After getting some rest, she went to the bathroom to take a shower. But the moment she saw herself in the mirror, she shrieked. She had forgotten about the stain on her face completely, and had been talking to Wesley with that on her face.

This is so

buy some fruits. She strolled towards the elevator;

was right. She bought some fruits and came back home, but didn't see him

and put them onto a plate, arranging them in

minutes later, she mustered up some courage and

taken a bath. Drops of water rolled down his hair. He

his well-shaped body in a trance. His wet

on his bronze-colored skin; each

the scars. In a sad voice,

frowned and asked impatiently, "What do

said, "I bought some fruits, and I'm unable to finish them all. Would you like

fruits," he said without any

seconds, she picked up a slice of kiwi with

speaking, his phone rang in
right. I'm on my way." Anxiety was clear in his
went into his bedroom and got changed within a
he is also this fast
same position, lost in thought. Wesley rolled his eyes, walked past her and
the elevator closed, Blair was
found that Wesley was gone. And not just that,
lock his door
Blair entered Wesley's apartment. "I'm not here to steal anything. I'm just curious about your daily life. I
won't touch any of your stuff," she
two hundred square meters,
and grey. Anyone could tell that this
changed his clothes, and looked around. 'This must

Chapter 533 Her Heart Was Crushed

Wesley stepped onto the balcony and found that his clothes were hung there.
'She entered the apartment without my permission, and on top of that, she did my laundry too?
What a weird girl!' he thought.
Blair had classes to attend early the next morning. The alarm clock roused her from her deep sleep.
After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she left her apartment and entered the elevator, her
head still blank from yesterday's incident.
When the elevator reached the first floor, she was still in a daze, not realizing that she had to get out. At
that moment, a man entered.
It was Wesley.
'Wait! Wesley!' Blair's eyes widened, as she immediately snapped back into reality.
Wesley was wearing a grey sweatshirt, black shorts and a pair of Nike Air Max 720. He had just finished
his morning exercise. Blair could still see beads of sweat on his forehead.
Wesley cast a casual glance at her before pressing the button to the sixteenth floor. Blair watched
blankly as the doors closed slowly. 'Oh God! What am I doing?' she thought. "Wait!" she yelled. "Sorry. I
need to get out."
She pressed the open button and left the elevator in a hurry. When the doors were about to close again,
Wesley blocked them with his foot and called out, "Wait!"
Blair stopped and turned around by instinct. "Me?"

Wesley didn't respond to her question. Under Blair's expectant eyes, he said coldly, "Do not touch my stuff again. I hate people touching my things without my permission."

was crushed under the weight of

to him for intruding, but he didn't give her the chance to say

subway station. The journey was short, but she felt like she

Blair was leaning over the desk and flipping through the pages of her English book. "Joslyn, do you think that girl

eyes and spat, "Miss Jing,

class, and Blair was too overwhelmed. She sat up and apologized. "Sorry, Joslyn. I didn't

envy you. How are you able to speak English so well? When you talked to our foreign teacher, you sounded like a native English speaker. I wonder when I will get to be that good at speaking English. When that day comes, my mom will definitely go to a

you never concentrate on

I simply have no talent in English. Forget about it. You look

happened between her and Wesley, Blair pouted her lips and began to tell her best

the playground and said, "I guess a lot of women might have done the same things as you—doing his laundry and preparing fruits for him. Wesley is the dream lover of countless women. You have to admit it. It's perfectly normal that he has high standards for his girlfriend. Just don't give up so easily. You are

side. And don't worry. You know I'm not the kind of person who gives up so

don't act so horny!

feeling much better now, after talking to her best friend. After a while, she asked, "Where are you working

was working in a bookstore, but it closed down sometime back. I'm planning to find another part-time job. Why do you want to work part-time? What if

Blair sat up and told Joslyn in a serious tone, "As long as you

don't be mad at me. Your cousin is so handsome that I wasn't able to resist his charm. So, I ended up telling him whatever he wanted to know about

Ji. He cared for

about her whenever he could,

he needed through his men. But no one was closer to Blair than her best friend, Joslyn. The two

asked Joslyn out once, and she had told him everything he had wanted to learn about Blair. Besides, they had exchanged their WeChat accounts so that she could update him

Chapter 534 The Hostage Seems Calm

Soon the library had more screams of terror than books. Blair even heard someone shout, "Run!"

The atmosphere was so tense that Blair unconsciously held her breath. She suddenly had a bad feeling about this. She picked up her book and walked to the hallway to see what was happening.

However, before she could figure it out, she was pulled roughly, and a man put his arm around her. She could feel something hard, cold, and sharp pressed against her neck. She lowered her eyes and saw a knife out of the corner of her eye.

The guy controlling her reeked of sweat. Blair fought back the urge to vomit.

She struggled in his grip, but he increased the pressure of the knife. "Don't move!" he shouted. "Or I'll kill you right now!"

When the other students ran to the entrance of the library, a girl with a pale face approached them slowly. In a trembling voice, she pleaded, "Liam, don't do this. Please. Let her go."

The sight of the girl erased his angry expression. His eyes reflected the pain he felt. "It's been ten years. I can't forget you, I can't quit you. I need you, Elma. Be with me, or I'll kill her. And me. You get to watch!"

Not until then did Blair realize that she had become a hostage.

Meeting Elma's horrified and sad eyes, Blair cleared her throat. "Calm down, man. Is that a new knife? Put it down. My neck is so hot. What if you leave a scar? What will I tell my boyfriend?"

While the students were running out of the library, more than ten men in camouflage uniforms stormed into the place.

"Shut up! I don't care what your boyfriend thinks!" Liam spat impatiently.

At that moment, the soldiers appeared on the second floor where the kidnapper was. Blair tried to reason with the kidnapper. "But I don't know you. Or Elma. Why hold me hostage?"

with no cap whispered in Wesley's ear, "The hostage seems pretty calm. She's not freaking the hostage was, he furrowed his

get to the kitchen instead. After she was saved, she crouched on the ground under a tree, quietly weeping. It was not until

throat. The kidnapper could kill her without a second thought. But she didn't look nervous at all, and awesome, ' he thought.

showed up, but Liam did. He looked around nervously and then saw a group of men in camouflage uniforms standing at a distance. He was so

felt a sharp pain. As a girl sensitive to pain, Blair pouted and said, "Hey hey! Be

them?" Liam asked in disbelief as he retreated to the depths of the library, ignoring Blair's pleading.

Remember the military training? These guys are the

yelled at the soldiers, "Stay where you are! One more step and
and moved forward. He made a few gestures to his men
her, I swear!" Liam
Elma and asked,
Then she turned to Liam and spat, "You're a coward! I'm not going to be your
stared at Elma in disbelief. "Seriously? I'm the coward? How can
more unstable. She couldn't look at Wesley. The angle was too
suddenly said. "He loves you a lot.
stunned. They couldn't
a bone and
a window, and to her surprise, two soldiers had already
eyes and put a forefinger to his lips. He wanted her to

Chapter 535 Dinner Invitation

Wesley's attack sent Liam flying into the bookshelf, knocking it over.

Moving to protect Blair, Wesley snaked an arm around her waist and guided her away from the falling books.

Two of Wesley's men jumped on Liam, pinning him to the floor.

Soon, the police came, and Liam was cuffed and stuffed.

Wesley helped Blair walk to a seat to rest. Supporting her head with one arm, she closed her eyes to steady herself, still dizzy from the impact of the bump.

After Blair was seated by the table, Wesley gave his statement to the police. As soon as he left, his men trotted over to Blair and asked with concern, "You all right? We can take you to the infirmary if you want."

Blair opened her eyes to find that she was surrounded by a crowd of young men wearing silly grins. Startled, she sat up immediately and replied, "I'm fine. I'll go later."

Talbot Yun, Wesley's right-hand man, squeezed to the front of the throng and sat on his haunches. He said, "You were so calm back there. You gotta be the bravest girl I've ever seen."

Wesley turned around occasionally to make sure his men were behaving. That was when he saw that they were crowding around Blair, talking and laughing.

There was a blood streak on her neck, a bruise on her forehead. Besieged with concerned questions from the young officers, she looked nervous.

Wesley strode over and demanded, "What's going on? She's hurt and doesn't need you guys bugging her. Talbot, Bowman, send Bl...er... her to the infirmary."

"Yes, sir!" the brothers, Talbot Yun and Bowman Yun answered, standing to attention and saluting when they got Wesley's orders.

The rest of the crowd lined up and marched towards the playground.

Back on the playground the young soldiers were talking amongst themselves. Concentrating on the training? Forget it. "I think Chief knows her. I heard him almost call her by name. I don't think he wants us to know," a man said.

"I heard it too. And? Knowing her name doesn't mean anything. Anyway, we got to train these guys," a second man retorted, turning to walk away. Yet another man grabbed him and said seriously, "We only knew about Megan. Now this girl? Chief's holding out on us."

and Bowman say he doesn't get out much. When he's not

"Ten-hut!"

supposed to be training the students, not gossiping about their

your fault. I tried to get you to

of you,"

afraid of Wesley to defy him. So the 12

In the infirmary

Yun and Bowman Yun offered to escort Blair to the infirmary, but she turned them down. "I'm good.

but if you

nod, feeling that the brothers were way

her outstripped her desire to get Wesley to notice

doctor applied some cortisone cream to Blair's neck and forehead. "The laceration to your neck will heal soon, but I don't like that lump on your forehead. You need a CAT

that up for

knew Talbot Yun and Bowman Yun were busy with training, so Blair went to the hospital on her

scan to determine whether she had a concussion, and she got a clean bill of health. Relieved, she went home to take a

uncle Adalson. "How are you feeling? Did you go to the hospital?" he asked.

blinking to clear her head. She yawned. "Sorry, Uncle. You woke me up. I saw a doctor and everything's

you have time. Or your aunt

I'll be by in a couple days." Blair was touched
have to. I'll let you go. Bye." Adalson ended the
'That was weird, ' she thought. 'Well, maybe there
and it took her a little bit to realize
and Joslyn
it couldn't be her aunt, so
went to the door with bleary eyes. She opened the door,
saw the man standing at the door. Wesley was still wearing his camo fatigues. He must have just gotten
back. "Uncle Adalson
"Uncle Adalson" in private.

Chapter 536 How About Me

Wesley had changed into casual clothes. Standing at the door, he asked, "You ever lock your door?"
Blair answered without turning back, "Not really. It's just you and me here. No one else lives on our
floor. Why bother?"
Then, Wesley lectured her as if he were talking to a child. "It's dangerous. You don't know who else
might walk in."
"Okay, okay. Fine. Any foods you don't like?" asked Blair as she poured some cooking oil into the wok
after putting it on the stove. Before he answered, she muttered, "Probably not. My uncle said one time
you guys had to eat grass to survive. I can't even!"
Wesley was reduced to silence. 'Eat grass? What are we? Sheep?'
While Blair was cooking in the kitchen, Wesley looked around her living room. It looked quite safe.
Adalson might have helped set the place up. There were even fire extinguishers.
"Can you cook?" Blair turned back and asked out of the blue.
"Oh yeah," Wesley replied, meeting her eyes.
"Well, good." 'Our kids won't go hungry then, ' Blair thought to herself.
By the time dinner was ready, Wesley was watching TV on the couch in the living room. He had a good
view of the kitchen from the couch, so he could keep an eye on her that way.
Blair had cooked several dishes, including vegetables and meat dishes. She carried them to the dining
room. There was also congee with lean pork and century eggs. The last thing she brought to the table
was a stack of pancakes.
Blair ladled two bowls of congee and waved to Wesley with a smile. "Dinner's ready. Come and eat."
Wesley said, "I don't—"

"That's a lot of food. How am I supposed to eat it all? Come on, let's not waste it." Blair interrupted him. She knew he was going to refuse, so she didn't give him the chance to say it.

"Alright," he said after taking a seat at the dining

Blair replied with

all kinds of dishes. Wesley was a soldier, as efficient at eating as he was at

I can't finish it," said Blair, feeling

like this in a

was going to bring his bowl and chopsticks to the kitchen. When he heard what she said, he sat back in his

tiny appetite. After a few more bites, she put down her chopsticks and announced,

bowl of congee and ate everything that was left on the

Blair cleared the table. He had his back to her. Watching him thoughtfully, she

answered simply, without

"Do you want one?"

'I work my butt off every day. I don't have time, '

there... anyone

'I just don't

was so blunt that for a moment

girl do you like?" The girl blushed. There was no way she could have looked him in the eye and asked all this.

paused. "I've never thought about it." 'Women

kitchen. Wesley knew she was approaching the second she had started doing it. He

the door to the kitchen, knocked and asked in a low voice, "How

turned around, looking at the blushing woman. "What do you

bowed her head with embarrassment. "We're both single, so why don't

and continued busying himself with the dishes. "I don't think so." 'I need to stay away. I don't have time for her.

was incensed, humiliated.

puddled on the floor near the sink. It was a combination of cooking oil, dish soap, and

wearing slippers. Once she stepped in the puddle, she

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Chapter 537 Freshly Made Coffee

Since Adalson was in another city, he couldn't check on Blair personally. He had called Wesley and had asked him to check on her as a favor for him.

Wesley didn't know how to respond to that.

That night, Blair slept with a wide smile on her lips. What she didn't know was that, across the hall, due to her little kiss, Wesley had to go to the bathroom a few times in order to take cold showers.

At four in the morning, he put her name on his list of troublesome people. Most of the people on the list were the unruliest criminals. Two minutes later, touching the corner of his mouth, he moved Blair's name to the top of the list, which meant, to Wesley, Blair had just become the most troublesome person on the planet.

The next morning, Blair got up very early to create a chance to meet Wesley. She had found out his entire schedule—when he would return from his morning exercise and what time he would enter the elevator.

However, none of that happened. The man didn't show up as she had expected. Actually, to avoid her, last night, he had decided to take the stairs from that day on instead of riding the elevator.

For the next three days, Blair didn't meet Wesley even once in the building. Just when she started to think that he probably hadn't been home lately, she heard the sound of his door closing as he left the apartment in a hurry.

She wondered when he had come home and why she hadn't met him earlier.

Blair had art lesson that afternoon. She didn't want to go, but Joslyn liked art and wanted her company, so Blair agreed to attend the lesson.

In the drawing studio, Blair doodled on the drawing board with her black crayon. Half the lesson had passed and she still hadn't drawn anything worthy.

The young female guidance counselor walked over to her and frowned. "Blair, what are you doing? What is that?" she reprimanded.

The white drawing paper on Blair's board was filled with useless doodling. She quickly tore it and tossed it into the waste basket. "It's nothing. I'll start over now."

The guidance counselor walked away, grumbling under her breath. Watching her figure receding, Blair made a face behind her back.

was. She was only in the studio because their art instructor had been occupied elsewhere lately.

since the very beginning,

mumbled, "I think she is jealous of you. You're prettier than her and you have a lot

the air with her black crayon. "No way! She and I are

to the others." Joslyn rolled her eyes

mean to you as

mean

are you two whispering about?" the guidance counselor yelled as she pushed her glasses up

her hand

off yet. "Don't ever come to my class again if you

in a voice low enough for only her and Joslyn

Joslyn chuckled.

to keep a sharp eye on them. Blair rolled her eyes unhappily. When the guidance counselor was busy talking to another student, Blair busied herself with something secretly. After a while, she held a cup of coffee-colored liquid in her hand and gave it to the guidance counselor. "Miss Zheng, I made a cup of coffee for you. Please

so gallantly in front of the whole class, the guidance

Please take a sip and see how you like it," Blair urged. Then, she watched the guidance counselor take a

"Pfff!"

all out and spilled much of the

the floor and rushed about looking for tissues

didn't even

chiffon shirt being stained. "Miss

pointing at Blair and Joslyn. "You— you two! Go to the sports ground and run five

sun? No way!" Blair thought. "I won't go. If you feel like running, please feel

Zhu! Don't make me flunk you this

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Chapter 538 Blair Fainted

Joslyn asked Blair in a whisper, "How is it going between you and Wesley? He didn't even look at you. It's as if he doesn't even know who you are."

Blair twitched her mouth unhappily. "I suppose he has forgotten my name. Besides, he is the aloof type in nature."

"How could he forget your name? You told me that you kissed him. I thought everything was going great between you two," Joslyn commented with a wicked smile.

"I only kissed him on the corner of his mouth. It's not what you think." Blair's phone buzzed. She took it out of her pocket and unlocked the screen.

It was from Hartwell. "Hartwell is coming home in one or two days. What do you think of a get-together?" she asked Joslyn as she read his message.

Joslyn pondered for a while, and then asked, "Ideally speaking, how much older do you think a man could be than a woman in a relationship?"

Blair looked at Wesley, who was walking towards them now, and answered, "Four years." He was four years older than her.

Joslyn was pretty disappointed. "Four? But your cousin, Hartwell, is ten years older than me! Should I give up?" she asked with a pout.

Blair put her phone away and said in a hurry, "You and Hartwell are a different case."

As soon as she finished, Wesley came up to them. Standing straight, he commanded, "Attention!"

Blair and Joslyn stopped talking at once and stood straight as an arrow.

"Left turn!" Wesley commanded once again.

Initially, Blair had been standing to Joslyn's left, and now, she was face to face with her.

Joslyn burst out laughing. Blair realized she had turned the wrong way.

She turned around to her left quickly and stood to attention.

But as the strictest military training instructor, he kept telling himself not to laugh. "Quick time, march! Left foot first, 75 cm

confused. She wasn't good with numbers. When she turned around helplessly to look at Joslyn, she found that

away the beads of sweat on her forehead, she asked

was waiting expectantly, Wesley just said, "Five

"Raise your arms to your waist. Keep your fingers closed and your thumbs between the first joint of your index fingers and the second joint of your

own waist, and asked Wesley out of the blue, "My waist? You mean the place where you

kept his

"Bwahaha!" Joslyn roared.

"Halt!" Wesley commanded.

ominous feeling about what was to come.

another military training instructor to replace him in training the freshmen, resolving to focus

When the warm-up was done, Blair felt like she was about to have heatstroke. There was no way she

afternoon, all the students of Y City Language and Culture University saw Wesley train Blair and Joslyn. It was so hot that Blair collapsed onto the ground after a while.

surprise, Blair didn't stand up at all. She fell into Wesley's arms.

me go,"

voice was so soft that Wesley's brain went into fantasy

her out

fell back into his arms. In the end, Blair fainted.

that a junior had sunstroke and passed out during Wesley's training spread throughout the university.

news, but when the girls saw Wesley running towards the infirmary with Blair in his arms, every one of them envied the unconscious girl. They announced that if they could be held by Wesley like that, they wouldn't mind going through his

up to find Wesley sitting by the bed and

to say something, but he ended up reprimanding her with a long face, "You're too weak.

"I'm not a

happy with that. "I'm your military

was quiet. Since she was feeling better, she tried getting out of bed. She could actually get up on her own, but she stretched her arms

her a hand. "Get yourself out of bed. The heatstroke

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Chapter 539 The Ride

Wesley was annoyed. He had never met a woman as troublesome as Blair. "Get up!" he ordered harshly.

Blair sat up on the bed.

The next thing she knew, he grabbed her wrist and dragged her off the bed.

"Ow! You're hurting me!" she cried out.

Wesley looked down at her wrist and realized that he was holding her where the needle had been pricked when she was on an IV drip. "I'm sorry," he said with a frown.

"I told you I wouldn't be able to finish the five-kilometer run, but you insisted I run. Because of that, I ended up having heatstroke, and you are still so mean to me. Wesley, I'm a girl, not a military man," Blair protested.

Her last sentence was a reminder. It struck him that she wasn't as tough as the soldiers he trained every day. He couldn't treat her the same way he treated them.

Just as she was expecting some comforting words from him, he bent over, picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. Blair shrieked.

As he passed the side-table on his way to the ward door, he grabbed her medicine and tucked it into his pocket.

The college doctor was prescribing some medicine to a student in his office. He happened to see Wesley carrying Blair on his shoulder as he walked by his office. His eyes widened like saucers in shock.

He walked to the door immediately in the hope of reminding Wesley that he wasn't supposed to treat a girl so roughly, let alone a patient who had recently had heatstroke.

But he wasn't quick enough. By the time he reached the hallway, Wesley was already out of sight.

Lying upside down on Wesley's shoulder, Blair's head swam uncontrollably. And the jolt made her nauseated. She felt like puking. But before she could say anything, she was stuffed into a car.

Wesley got into the driver's seat and started the vehicle. As the car slowly left the university, Blair felt a little better and realized that she was in a black Hummer with premium equipment.

She looked around the car and asked, "Is this car yours?"

"Hmm." He gave her a lukewarm response.

the money for this?" Considering his age and position, she didn't think he could afford as a gift," he said.

was it? Obviously, you have some rich friends." She wished she knew some moneybags who was generous enough to give

dawned on him that maybe she would decide to chase his loaded friend instead of pestering him, so he said, "Carlos

heard of the name before. Besides, Blair only had eyes for Wesley. Other men just didn't attract her attention, no matter how

about Carlos. Wesley was disappointed. But

Apartments. After parking the car in the

for her to get

to argue with her anymore, he put his hands around

prince charming carrying her in his arms like a princess. Not this. She rolled her eyes.

put her down, she wrapped her legs around

the car door with one hand and held her waist

down," he

I'm sick," she refused, burying her face in his chest.

go

"Fine."

clung on to him like

and fragrance stirred up his buried feelings. The attraction was getting stronger. To conceal his emotion, he pretended to be mad and glared at her. But she wasn't looking at him. "I'm a patient. I don't

were in a deadlock for two minutes. Wesley had only two options—either he took her upstairs like this, or he somehow made her

flashed a triumphant smile.

her apartment, Blair got off him and said sweetly, "Thank you for bringing me

didn't look like a patient at all.

gave it to her and

the parking lot, he opened all the car windows to air

lit a cigarette and smoked while he waited for her scent to disappear. When it was about done, he stubbed out the cigarette and got into the

the elevator in the past few days, Blair got up early the next morning and waited at the elevator on the wasn't going to leave until she met him. And she did meet him this time.

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Chapter 540 Play Along

Hartwell laid his chopsticks down on the table and said, "Wesley goes to see my father very often. I'll ask my father to talk to him and your substitute guidance counselor."

"Thanks, Hartwell, but that's not necessary. I'm fine now. Besides, he saved my life in the library," said Blair.

"I don't know exactly what happened in the library, but he is a serviceman. He would have saved anybody under the circumstances."

Hartwell's words came as a wet blanket. Blair had been eating, but she paused when she heard that. Her spirits dampened even further. She knew that she had been fooling herself into thinking that Wesley cared about her, and that now it was time to wake up. "You're right. As it happens, I was the one being held as the hostage that day. Anyway, why don't we move on?"

Hartwell studied her face; there was nothing unusual about her expression. "Have you gotten used to living alone? You're too stubborn, you know. I told you not to move out, but you insisted."

"I enjoy living on my own. I don't like restraints. You know that." Everyone in the Ji family was nice to her. But she had to follow all kinds of rules, which were insufferable to her.

Hartwell smiled helplessly. "As long as you're happy. Since I work in another city now, I have so little time to take care of you. I'd like to check out your place after dinner. Only after making sure that you're safe and comfortable will I be truly relieved."

"All right, fine. By the way, why didn't you let me invite Joslyn to join us tonight?"

Hartwell smiled. "I'll ask her out some other time."

Blair nodded knowingly. "Oh. So, you didn't want me to be the third wheel."

Hartwell didn't deny it. "I have been really busy lately, so I couldn't call her. Now that I'm here, I want to make it up to her so that she won't misunderstand."

Blair understood. At work, Hartwell's phone was kept by his secretary. And when he was finally off the clock, it was usually very late. This time, he had come to Y City because he had some work to get done here. Otherwise, this dinner wouldn't have happened.

already. Usually, she never met Wesley at this hour. It would be embarrassing exactly what

Hartwell gotten off the elevator than Wesley appeared near the stairway of the sixteenth

Hartwell was surprised. "Wesley?"

Wesley nodded slightly. "Hartwell."

wondering how she was supposed to explain Wesley showing up on

building to chase Wesley, she was nervous that Hartwell found out that she lived on the same floor as Wesley. She had failed to keep it a secret that she had a crush on Wesley from her uncle. If Hartwell found

to the door of Wesley's apartment and kept winking at him behind Hartwell's back.

to play along. But he didn't understand why she was pretending

"We've met many times here. Why are you pretending you don't know

a moment of hesitation, he gave her a simple

But that sufficed.

"Now that I know Wesley is your neighbor, I have nothing to worry about." Then he said to Wesley politely,

"Will do."

towards her apartment. "Come on. It's

in a hurry. "Bye then. Let's

"Sure."

and said, "It's a nice place. Has my father ever

in another city ever since I moved in." Adalson had rented the place for
a hurry that he

And marry Joslyn already, since you like her so