

**Mr Carlos 551**

**Chapter 551 I Can Stand The Heat**

Wesley fixed his eyes on Blair and sneered, "You think I'm bullying Talbot? Are you trying to protect him from me?"

"Talbot cooked for us, cleaned the house and washed the dishes. Are you not moved at all?" Blair asked in return.

Wesley was about to say something when the room went dark. The electricity had gone off.

"What happened?" Blair asked as she unlocked her phone.

Wesley stood up from the sofa, fished out his phone and opened the flashlight application. "You sit here. I'll go take a look."

"Okay." Blair had her phone light on to light Wesley's path.

The two of them lived in the same housing estate, so their main power switches had been installed likewise. He found it soon enough, and after checking it, he didn't find anything wrong.

At that moment, they received a text message from the State Grid. It said, "Dear resident, sorry to inform you..." It turned out that all the apartments in the housing estate were out of power and they were not sure when it would come back on.

Blair was at a loss for words. It was summer!

"I'll go buy some candles," Wesley offered.

When he arrived at the door to change his shoes, he saw Talbot and Blair chatting under the flashlight. He immediately changed his mind. "Blair, you are more familiar with the housing estate. You go buy the candles."

Blair agreed without hesitation.

She walked towards the door, but when she turned back to look at the dark apartment, she figured it was an excellent opportunity to bond with Wesley. She didn't want to miss this chance, so she told Talbot, "Talbot, will you go buy the candles? I'm scared of the dark."

Talbot nodded. Blair told him the location of the grocery store cheerfully. When he was about to leave, he turned back to look at his superior and his dream girl. 'Something is not right, ' he thought.

his head and went down

got up from the sofa quickly. "I need a smoke," he said, as he turned towards the balcony.

a soft, warm hand wrapped around his

helplessly. "I'll just be on the balcony." 'Why

as she said in a trembling voice, "But, I don't wanna stay in the

back down on the sofa. "What are you planning to do if the power

eyes and said, "It's too hot. I won't be able to stand the heat. If the power doesn't come back on I can bear the heat." As a soldier, he had gone through intense training, and he could endure extreme temperatures. He had experienced hotter days with neither

does he just not want to get laid?' Blair couldn't help but lower her sight to look at her chest. 'Is

was a petite girl. But now, he realized that she had a well-developed

Blair's protests, he went to the balcony. He closed

shape of her

moment, the sliding door opened and Blair stuck her head

he

"I want to get a hotel room.

stand the heat like Wesley

to gaze at the city

no. Never mind. I'll ask Talbot to drive me. I'm going

said nothing. With a broken heart, Blair closed the

clothes from her wardrobe and put them on the bed.

bedroom. Stubbing out the cigarette, Wesley rushed into her room

pushed the door open and asked,

the help of his flashlight, Wesley located Blair easily. She had her back against the closet, her upper body completely naked.

cover her chest and

bedroom, but he

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 552 I Have No Time For Love**

Wesley pressed Blair against the wall and put his hands there as well. She was boxed in, with his hands on either side of her head.

He lowered his head, leaned in, and said in a low voice, "You want me to act like this, huh?"

"Wh-what?" she stammered. His face was inches away from hers. She caught a whiff of some scent or other; it smelled like grass—it must be his shower gel. There was no electricity, and Blair's phone was the only source of light. It shed enough light for her to see his waist.

Romance was in the air, there in the bedroom. Her heart raced, her mind running wild with visions.

'You've shown me what you want, so I'll play along.' A scornful smile flashed across Wesley's face.

Before Blair knew it, he lowered his head and kissed her red lips, sending her into a blissful trance. The brush of his lips against hers was everything she imagined it to be—gentle, passionate, perfect.

Blair widened her eyes, not knowing how to respond. His kiss was demanding yet soft. She felt like hundreds of fireworks had exploded simultaneously in her mind.

She remembered a song all of a sudden—Jane Zhang's "Finally I Have You."

One line from that song in particular said, "Finally I have you. I'm glad I never gave up."

And that song was so perfect, describing exactly what she was feeling. She was ecstatic that he finally showed his feelings for her. She had worked hard for his love—she deserved it.

She was so moved her eyes reddened from tears. She closed her eyes, stood on tiptoe and cradled his neck, kissing him back. She poured every bit of her heart and soul, her hopes and dreams into that kiss.

After what seemed like an eternity, the doorbell of her apartment rang, breaking rudely into the couple's romantic moment.

Wesley let her go and regarded the girl in his arms. Blair was finally able to breathe again, her face as red as a ripe tomato. She broke free from him, moving to open the door for Talbot.

Before she could leave her bedroom, Wesley pulled her back and pressed her against the wall again. "I've seen so many women like you. Katedon, kisses...That's what you want, right?"

her face. He'd been messing with her

continued, "You watch too much TV! That stuff you see in the dramas? That's not real. No wonder I don't really like women. Now that I've given you what you want, leave me alone. Quit bothering

'Bothering him?

a pest,

surprise, she wiped away her tears and retorted stubbornly, "No, you're wrong. I want more. I

dark eyes. 'She's never going to

me as much as I wanted you? Did you feel the

of her phone's light, she looked at his crotch. "Mr. Li, actions speak louder than words. Oh God! Why am I in love

was the first time he had

phone in his pocket rang. Ignoring that, Wesley grabbed Blair's wrist, scooped her up in his arms and to get me to fuck you?" he mocked.

she kicked away the other one. She sat up and answered, "I know I can't trick you into anything. But I'm definitive sound, a click.

the sound of a belt being unbuckled.

and throw a little light on the situation. But before she

and pressed the green button to answer it. "Keep the candles and catch a cab back home," he

Talbot to reply. He

apartment, Talbot looked at his

Why not open the door?' he thought,

turned off the flashlight on Blair's phone. Suddenly, the room was bathed in darkness, making it all the more enticing when they felt each other's hot breath. Her heart was pounding like

Wesley!" she called out and pinched his biceps.

"Why not call me 'dear Wesley'? Girls like to call me that." His voice was low and

her mouth wide. 'He's so hot!' "Dear Wesley," she called out in a sweet voice.

hard. 'She's easier than I thought. Damn! Her voice turns me

in a harsh voice.

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 553 A Gala To Welcome The Freshmen**

For the next two days, Blair and Wesley didn't see each other at all, not on campus or in the elevator.

Blair was afraid that once the freshmen's military training was done, he would get reassigned somewhere else and she'd never see him.

Although they were neighbors, they didn't spend much time together. As he said, he was usually gone. She hoped that the military training would never end. She wanted to at least see him, even if he didn't say hi. Her eyes were full of affection when she saw him.

Joslyn sighed in her heart, 'Bless, I hope you get what you want someday.'

Time flies! Two weeks flew by, and the military training program came to an end. The annual gala to welcome the freshmen was also fast approaching.

The gala was held on the training ground. The date was the night before the last day of training. The guests were the teachers and students at the university, as well as the soldiers who hadn't left yet.

One of the hosts was a girl in a red evening dress, a senior, and the other was a handsome junior in a suit and leather shoes. To the audience's surprise, after their opening, the first program was neither a song nor a dance performance.

The male host declared in a charming voice, "Now let's welcome Blair Jing, a junior majoring in Business English, to give us an English speech to kick this thing off. Let's give her a warm welcome."

The students started screaming and whistling in excitement. The din was deafening. As that was going on, a lovely girl in a sky-blue knee-length dress and a pair of white high heels stepped onto the stage. She was very naturally made up, to accentuate her best features, and looked as if she had no make-up on at all. She wore some pink lip gloss as well.

Talbot patted Wesley's shoulder excitedly and yelled, "Chief, it's Blair! Wow! What a hottie!"

Wesley, who sat upright, rolled his eyes at him and then looked at the girl on the stage. Then he looked away, as if he were not impressed.

open, Lenard looked at the boys screaming and whistling for Blair, and murmured in disappointment, "Blair has so many

something, so he stopped applauding and tapped Lenard on the shoulder. "Blair's in love with someone heart! My first crush,

said with

look at him

Blair smiled politely and took a microphone from the female host. When she moved the microphone lifted the script in her hand and began, "Good evening, everyone. I'm Blair Jing. First of all, let me congratulate you

her. A boy in his fourth year who thought he could speak English

over his words. They were eventually forced to read the Chinese translation on

in the audience, Blair was not nervous in the

confident girl was the most attractive one, and that was certainly the case

glistened under the stage lights. Wesley had an urge

and listened to her speech. She was so fluent it was amazing. He was quite proud of her,

a standing ovation that echoed throughout

the gala, no matter how wonderful the programs were. Feeling frustrated, he left his seat and told Talbot, "Assemble

could even respond, he had

people and the noise. He leaned against a tree and lit a

Blair, I think you're awesome. It was love at first sight. My dad runs the largest food factory in the city. We're rich, and I

**Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

**Chapter 554 Then We Can Sleep With Each Other**

"Stop!" Farris shouted and grabbed Blair's arm to stop her from leaving. She hated being touched by strangers and shook him off with all her might.

Caught off-guard, Farris staggered backwards and tripped over a stone, which sent him plummeting to the ground. He rolled over to a sitting position, trying to get his bearings.

Blair couldn't believe her eyes. 'Am I that strong? Or is he that weak?'

She immediately helped Farris to his feet and apologized to him. "Wow! I'm sorry. Are you okay?" Many onlookers couldn't help but giggle at what happened.

Farris was pissed off. When he stood up, he grabbed Blair again with both hands and reprimanded, "Don't pull away from me when I'm talking to you! Who do you think you are? You should be grateful to me for liking you. You play goody-two-shoes when you're just a cheap-ass ho! Last chance! You can either agree to it, or I'll just do what I have to."

'Be grateful to him for liking me? Ha-ha! That's hilarious,' Blair thought. She regarded the discussion as over, so she turned to leave.

Farris, however, pushed her to the ground, him on top. "Everyone's at the gala. If I fuck you right here, there won't be anyone riding to your rescue."

Blair panicked. "Lay a finger on me, and I'll paint the walls with your blood," she said through gritted teeth as she struggled to free her hands. He had them pinned on either side of her head.

After a short pause, Farris said, "Then agree to be my girlfriend."

Blair clenched her teeth and struggled against his weight. "Not a chance!"

Farris' friends saw this and ran over. "Dude, not cool," one of them said.

"You know her uncle's—"

"I don't give a shit who her uncle is!" Farris cut him off. "I'm gonna fuck this bitch, and no one's gonna stop me."

of a feather flock together. Some of Farris' friends were also from well-off families, and they acted as if they were above the law. One of Farris' friends lit a cigarette and stared at them coldly. "Yeah. Teach this bitch a lesson so she'll know

hard as you can, and don't stop until she begs you. She might even like it enough to come

leered at

"I've never fucked a straight-A student before. This is gonna be good. Quit struggling. I'll take you to a hotel if you

man's voice came from the darkness. "Only wusses force

that?" Farris turned in the direction of the

she heard the voice. 'He came! My knight in shining

who. What matters is that I've got everything recorded. Now amscray, or I turn this over to it again. "Go ahead. Give it to the cops. Only wusses do that. Why are it was, he was hauled to his feet, and a hook of his lungs, scaring a If looks could kill, Wesley would have laid those boys out in an instant. They decided discretion was the better part Farris covered his head and pleaded, "Oh God, no! Please let me go. I won't do it again!" He had seen Wesley fight off but a pair of soft hands grabbed his fist. He turned around and saw was a university, and Wesley was a drillmaster. If he beat a student, his reputation would be ruined and he might be what she meant. This guy wasn't worth his career. He let go of Farris, and the would-be rapist ran like this. You saved me again. I owe you my life." She would never miss a chance to confess her love to not done. What more take care of you." "For the rest of my life, I want you, her disappointment, Wesley turned and left without saying a word. In fact, he was afraid of what he would say if he of the university instead of following Wesley. She didn't want to annoy him. the entrance, she grabbed a bike with a bike-sharing application

### **Chapter 555 He Doesn't Even Like You**

The "they" Joslyn was referring to were her father and stepmother. Apparently, they treated her badly.

Joslyn and Blair entered the Shining International Plaza and were dazzled by a superb collection of beautiful things inside.

Standing outside a clothing store, Joslyn admired a beautiful dress in the shop window. "Wow, that dress is amazing. The price is amazing too—29, 999 dollars. There was a time you could have afforded that."

She was right. When Blair's parents were still alive, her mom was rich, even though her dad was a poor professor. However, after the accident, Blair had to pay her neighbors back for their losses. The huge fire had caused a great damage in the villa zone.

Her uncle and cousin offered to give her pocket money many times, but she turned them down every time. She got a scholarship every semester, enough to cover her living expenses.

"Hey Blair, why not try it on?" Joslyn asked and pinched her arm.

Blair shook her head. "Why bother? I don't have the money. It'll tick off the salespeople."

Her words made sense to Joslyn. "All right. Let's go."

While walking, Joslyn put a comforting hand on Blair's shoulder. "I'll find a good job and work hard after graduation. And I'll give you a dress as expensive as this one as a birthday gift," Joslyn promised.

"Really? Then I'm looking forward to it." Blair kissed Joslyn on her cheek.

Joslyn laughed out loud. "No problem. That's me, studying hard for your future. However, I think maybe you should buy me the dress. You are a straight-A student. You'll be a postgraduate one day. Or even a doctor. You'll probably make a ton more money."

Looking at the clothes in the mall, Blair answered absentmindedly, "I hope so. But I'm really burned out. I feel like all I do is study." Actually, she didn't want to be a strong, self-made woman. She just wanted to marry Wesley and be a housewife, taking care of her husband and children every day. That was hard, because he didn't like her.

Joslyn leaned in and patted her softly. "Bless, don't give up. Not everyone can get a scholarship every semester, but you can. You are the best, Bless."

won't give up. What else is

earn as many certificates as possible. That way

Hartwell. It was usually a girlfriend's gift. At the thought of

cigarette lighter. It had a simple yet classic design. She thought

price tag. '6, 800? Why is it so

and gave it back to the saleslady. "Wow, you must really have it bad for that guy. And he doesn't even like you. Why would you get him such an expensive

Blair's heart. "What are

snorted. "He doesn't

right. I forgot!

next month. After that, she had about 2, 000 or 3, 000 dollars in her account. She found a part-time job tutoring a kid. She

take this. Ring it up for me, please,"

kind of cash?" Then she lowered her voice and added, "He's not your boyfriend yet. Get a

warning glance at her and asked, "What's that supposed

her a smile. "You can't make an omelet without breaking

Blair's excited look, Joslyn sighed helplessly and said, "Fine. If you're low on cash, I got your back. After all, I'll be



Blair didn't turn her down.

It only cost her 600 dollars. Joslyn rolled her eyes and taunted, "Seriously? You spent 600 on Hartwell and nearly 7, 000 on Wesley. If Hartwell finds out, he'll be

at all. He cares about yours. I'm merely acting as a

When we're together, people always

say that. I believe my

"Meh!"

### **Chapter 556 The Days When I Don't See You**

Natalia was, in fact, a nice person. It was just that she had a sharp tongue.

She sounded harsh over the phone, but she was only calling Blair to tell her that she was going to wire her some money.

After Natalia had scolded Blair for five minutes, her throat dried up. She drank some water and continued, "I'm too tired to say anything more. Just hang up. You didn't even spend the night here on your cousin's birthday. Do you ever think about me? What will your grandpa think of me? He might think that I mistreat you or something."

Even though she had asked Blair to hang up, she didn't stop talking. Blair didn't dare hang up while she was still scolding her. "Aunt, Grandpa knows how nice you are to me. He will only think that I am the luckiest girl in the world to have an amazing, caring aunt like you."

Natalia's gloomy face broke into a smile. To conceal her happiness, she feigned an annoyed tone and said, "Whatever. Bye."

After ending the phone call, Natalia saw her younger son, Wacian Ji, come down the stairs in a neat suit. "Now I know why your father likes Blair so much. Girls are indeed more lovable. Neither you nor your brother brings me any form of comfort. You both worry me all the time. Hartwell is in his thirties, unmarried, and you are 29 years old, without even a girlfriend. When am I going to have a grandchild? In my nineties? Maybe it's my fault. I should have given birth to two girls."

Wacian Ji felt wronged. He hadn't even said a word since that morning. He wondered how he had gotten on his mother's nerves.

Natalia walked past him and urged, "Don't spend all your time and energy on work. Go on a blind date or something. I will go with you and select my daughter-in-law."

Wacian Ji tucked his hands into his pockets, looking at his mom, stone-faced. "Hartwell brought his girlfriend home last time. Since you are so anxious to see him get married, why haven't you paid her family a visit yet?"

"I don't need you to remind me of that. I'll visit Joslyn's parents as soon as she graduates."

To get his mom off his back, Wacian Ji brought up Blair's secret. "I heard that Blair has a crush on someone. Don't you want to know who it is?" His mom was always so strange. Usually, people showed

their concern face to face to let the other person know that they cared about them. His mom, however, did the exact opposite. She had never expressed her care for Blair in person.

"What?" Natalia looked at her son in surprise. "Blair likes someone? What's he like? Why hasn't anybody said anything to me about this? What does he do? Does he really care about her?"

Wacian Ji felt his head throb as his mom bombarded him with so many questions at once. Sometimes, he felt that it was a shame that his mom wasn't an official matchmaker. "I only know that she has a crush on someone. You can ask Dad if you want to know more."

Adalson got a call from Natalia.

of money had been credited to her account. Natalia had wired \$100,

her one after the other, offering to transfer money to her. Blair thanked them all and told them that she

left gallant comments on her WeChat Moments, asking if she was hard up. Some of her former classmates sent her private messages and told her that if she

She wasn't in need of money. She had only made that post to mock herself. It surprised her

Talbot made a comment on the post. "Blair, I don't spend much in the army.

My

didn't respond until the next day. "That

didn't say anything else. After reading

she had anticipated, it was very hard to meet Wesley after he had returned back to his normal duties, now that the military training in the university

had been three months since

days later, she saw Wesley walking out of his apartment as she stepped out

met. Wesley nodded to her and strode

she called

her without

you leaving?" she asked

He had only come home

deep breath, her heart aching. "Will you have a few days off

too busy. He couldn't even remember the last time he had

he didn't want her to know. Her eyes reddened. 'Maybe he really doesn't want to see

The second the doors of the elevator closed,

She didn't go back to her apartment until the elevator

to win his heart if she moved into his building and became his neighbor. But reality was so disappointing. Home was like a hotel room to him, and he seldom came back. He spent most

### **Chapter 557 Dinner For Three**

The girl was Megan.

When she saw Blair and Wesley walk out of the elevator together, she was taken aback at first, and then she squeezed out some tears and ran into Wesley's arms, weeping.

Wesley was concerned. "What's the matter?" he asked tenderly.

"I think someone is still stalking me."

Wesley turned towards the other side of the hallway. Seeing what he was doing, Blair turned her head too. Two bodyguards stood there. Noticing Wesley was staring at them, one of them walked over. "They were gangsters, Mr. Li. They followed us all the way here. Mr. Huo is still out of the country."

While they were talking, Blair placed her finger on the fingerprint scanner. With a beep, the door was unlocked, and she pushed it open and walked in sullenly.

When she closed the door, she could still hear Wesley discussing the stalkers in the hallway.

She turned the lights on, changed into slippers, and walked into the kitchen.

It was only when she opened the fridge that it occurred to her that she had forgotten to go to the grocery store. The fridge itself was pretty bare. There were only a few tomatoes sitting in there. She checked the cabinet and could only find two packages of instant noodles.

It seemed instant noodles would be the only thing on the menu tonight.

She tossed a packet of instant noodles onto the top of the counter and walked into the bedroom to get changed.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Who could that be?

It couldn't be Wesley. He was comforting his sad, terrified niece.

Blair peeked through the cat's eye and saw Wesley standing outside, looking a little impatient. She opened the door quickly and asked, "What can I do for you, Mr. Li?"

Wesley always got to the point. "I have stuff in my fridge. You're a better cook than I am, so why not come over and cook? We can eat together."

or the three of us?" asked Blair.

hadn't eaten either. Wesley intended to

wheel, so I'll have to say no. Bye." With

Wesley felt frustration rising in him. But he didn't give

She counted to herself, 'One, two, three, four,

third wheel. Her name is Megan

along nicely. At least he's trying to let me know what's going on.'

starting to lose patience. He looked at her and asked her point-blank, "Are you coming or

"Yes." 'Wesley, you son

was Megan? She didn't see the girl anywhere. When she heard the door close, Megan trotted out from a

Blair nodded with a smile. Then she grabbed the ingredients from the fridge and walked towards the

you for dinner," Megan said to her

cordial. She turned around

a ton of groceries. Blair looked inside the bag and got an idea what to cook. She started

clothes, his hair half wet. From the looks of it, he must have just taken

why

to the vegetables on the floor

of the living room. The living room was empty again. She briefly wondered where Megan

with cooking. She kept thinking about when to give him the present,

empty living room again. Since Megan was nowhere to be seen, she wondered

only the two of them around, it wouldn't be

you looking at?" Noticing that she was staring at the living room,

broke her out of her reverie. She dropped the celery, washed her hands in the sink, and said, "Wait a

found the bag with the present in it. Her heart was racing from the rush. She took a few

kitchen, Wesley had just trimmed the chives. He picked up an eggplant, wondering whether Blair would cook it

walked into the kitchen.

**Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

**Chapter 558 Why Did You Eat My Food**

Hearing the noise in the living room, Wesley looked at his watch to check the time. 'It's about time for dinner, ' he thought. He stood and told Megan, "Come and eat. You can do the rest after dinner."

"Okay,"

They walked out of the bedroom to find that Blair was nowhere to be found. The table was set, chock-full of various dishes. The smell reached Wesley's nostrils, and his stomach growled obligingly.

Megan jogged over to the table excitedly and said, "A six-course meal and soup. Man, I'm starved! Let's wash up, Uncle Wesley."

Wesley pondered for a while and said, "Wait a sec. I'll be back."

Then he turned and left the apartment. The smile on Megan's face vanished as she watched him leave.

Wesley rang the doorbell a few times, but Blair didn't come to the door. Anxious and impatient, he keyed in the password to her apartment and slipped inside.

The apartment was dark. It seemed no one was home. "Blair," he called. But no one answered.

He believed Blair wasn't home.

'She cooked dinner, but left my apartment. She didn't eat, she didn't even say goodbye. What the hell?'

Because he couldn't find Blair, Wesley grew anxious.

He took out his phone to call her, only to realize that he didn't have her number.

Blair had once tried to friend him on WeChat, but she changed her mind in the end.

Looking around her empty apartment, Wesley grew more irritated by the minute.

After leaving his place, instead of going back to her own apartment, Blair took the elevator, went downstairs and walked out of the apartment complex.

I bought for Wesley in the cabinet, ' she remembered, not long after she had left the building. 'Never mind. I'll grab it some other time.

then I won't have to go through the trouble to give it

the air, but Blair only wore a thin coat. The cold wind chilled her to the bone. Roaming the streets, she had no destination in mind. She had to take a walk and

so many days had put her in the best of moods.

alone. There was Megan. Blair couldn't stand that

especially when Wesley had stayed so long in that bedroom alone with Megan. She wondered what they were doing in there, and her thoughts went into some ugly corners,

couldn't just knock on the door, either. That would be rude. She waited and waited for what seemed like forever,

It was sodden, dripping dashi broth back into the bowl. As he got closer, he could see the bowl full of boiled eggs, daikon, and konjac on a bed of ramen noodles. Oden. She was shaking from the cold.

Anxious to eat something to warm herself, she blew onto the food to cool it off as she

long enough before she put a piece of steaming fish tofu into her

surprising that her tongue got burned and she chewed in

sipped some soup and let out a

someone held her wrist and pushed the oden away from  
looked up and saw Wesley, standing next to her with  
bundle up. Is he looking for me? Did he leave in a  
are you here?" asked Blair. The grimness on his  
answering and pulled  
was going to lead her out of the snack bar. "Hey, I'm not done  
at the steaming oden. He let go of her, picked up the bowl and poured all of it into his mouth. His cheeks  
bulged like a  
the same  
he even ate all the soup. After that, he showed her the empty disposable paper bowl, threw it  
She loved it, but had been too busy preparing for exams to come here. So she finally made it here today.  
However, she had only  
didn't even let her have  
was only wearing  
"Wait up. Let go of me. I want to  
He led her into the building,  
on the wall, panting. It was only then that Wesley spoke. "I invited you over to have dinner, not

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 559 The Gift**

Blair's head was spinning. When she could finally think clearly, she found herself sitting at the table already.

The dishes on the table remained untouched. Megan sat on the couch, playing games on her phone. Seeing Wesley and Blair were back already, she put her phone away and stood up.

"Where did you go? I'm starving. Let's eat," Megan said pouting as she sat opposite Blair.

Blair smiled. "I took a walk." She was surprised to know that Wesley and Megan hadn't eaten yet. 'Was he waiting for me, then?'

Wesley took the seat next to her and threw her a pair of chopsticks. "Here. Eat."

Blair picked up the chopsticks and tried a couple pieces of tofu. The dinner was already cold.

"I'll heat these up," she said as she stood up.

Wesley dragged her back into her seat with one hand. "It's not too cold. Don't go to the trouble. Just eat."

The heat had been turned on, so the dishes were just room temperature. Blair sat back.

After taking a couple bites, Megan complained, "The beef bone broth is cold. Uncle Wesley, can you warm it up for me? It might cause a tummy ache if we eat it cold."

"Okay." Wesley dropped his chopsticks and walked into the kitchen, carrying the beef bone broth.

Blair gaped at him. 'He just said the dishes weren't that cold.'

After dinner, the three of them left Wesley's place together. Wesley was going to drive Megan home, and Blair went back to her own apartment.

When the doorbell rang, Blair was relaxing, reading on the bed after a comfortable shower. She jogged to the door. It was Wesley. He had just come back home.

He was holding his phone in his hands. "What's your WeChat account?"

he added, "I'll be pretty busy from now on. So

her phone from the bedroom, and they friended each other on WeChat.

Wes, and

two names rhymed and even looked similar. Blair couldn't help thinking that judging from their usernames, one

to your apartment. Mine's 1104. You might need it one

door, Blair asked, "Do you like... Megan that

away and gave her a confused look.

And it's the code to your apartment. Now that you like her that much, why not tell her and make her your

his warning.

her birthday

Wesley turned around to enter

related, why not make her your fiancée? She might be too young now, but

Megan?' Wesley frowned. That was when it hit him—Blair misunderstood his relationship with Megan.

the back of her head in his

dreamed of it every night; her scent, her sweetness, her softness. He tried to forget it by burying himself in his work. Over time, he managed to think of

me!'

in her ear, "So quit talking like that, or it won't be just a

arms around his waist and asked, "What kind of punishment did you

to realize this. 'I think she's  
away and stressed, "Next time, I'll make you  
ran into her apartment and locked the  
kill her. She liked him, but she wouldn't risk her life to chase  
door, Wesley smiled, amused by her  
and went into his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

he was right. There was  
out of the cabinet and looked inside. Just then, the doorbell  
bag again. Was she trying to

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 560 It's A Wonder You're Still Alive**

When Wesley heard what Blair said, he suddenly stopped in his tracks, paralyzed by her words. "No, I don't," he replied.

Blair wouldn't let the matter drop. She hurried over to him and asked, "Then why won't you take my gift?"

After giving it some thought, Wesley grabbed the bag in her arms and took out his phone. "How much was it? I'll pay you back. WeChat Pay okay?"

"No, you don't have to. I—" She wanted to tell him that she had money now; her aunt had floated her some funds.

But Wesley interrupted her. "It's not easy to win a scholarship. You're taking the GRE test, right? Studying abroad is expensive. You shouldn't be spending money on stupid things."

Blair said dully, "My uncle will help me out."

Since she would have to ask her uncle to help her with living expenses and schooling once she was overseas, she didn't think the meager thousands of bucks she had spent on the lighter would make much difference.

"In that case, let me buy your ticket. It's the least I can do."

Blair was disappointed seeing how persistent he was to pay her back. "Seriously, guy? Why can't it just be a gift? No strings."

Wesley had never gotten a present from a girl before, so he had no idea how to handle this. He gave her an infuriating answer, in his single-word style: "Because," he said eventually.

For a moment, Blair didn't know what to say, nor did he; the apartment fell quiet. After a while, she smiled, "Okay. I'll remind you to book a flight for me before I leave."



Her smile was so sweet, but Wesley wasn't fooled. The sadness behind her expression was obvious. "No problem," he said.

Blair decided she needed to get out of there, but needed a way to make a graceful exit. She didn't run away.

She walked straight to the door and then stopped. Without turning back, she asked, "Wesley, the kisses we shared...were those...just punishments?"

That question caused him to think of so many things—his future, her future, their future...

would finally break

mountain trails with a

or two drops of water spilling from the corner of Wesley's mouth and streaking down his neck. He looked extremely masculine at that point. Talbot couldn't help but marvel at this man, who seemed like the iconic soldier—square-jawed,

a daze for a while, lost in reverie. Wesley noticed it and glared at him. Talbot came back to his senses and asked, "You okay, Chief? I know you're a ruthless taskmaster, but you should treat yourself better. You're pushing yourself harder than anyone. What's wrong?" Wesley shot him a stern look. "Hey, hey, don't take this wrong. The men are worried. These exercises are kicking our collective asses, and you end

into the bin. "Mmm hmm," was his only

hmm what? Something's going

"Mmm hmm."

followed behind Wesley excitedly and asked, "What is it, Chief? Girl trouble?"

talking, Wesley shot him a cold glance. "Go do a hundred burpees. Miss one and get two hundred more. And grab a few other guys to join you—anyone you think is worried." He said that last word with a sarcastic

"No way! " All

But he knew him. The more he

went back to the training field in misery. What surprised him was that Wesley was right

his confused gaze, Wesley

aback. He realized that Wesley was hurting worse than he had

calisthenic routine, his head was filled with thoughts of Blair. Her face, her figure, her voice. Actually, he wasn't depressed, but angry. He was pissed

feelings for him, he turned her down; but now that she wasn't around, she

strength and endurance. To make sure he wouldn't slack off, he had even asked some of

with the Ji family. She overheard Adalson say that Wesley had left the country for his hometown to celebrate the New

Year. She didn't know when she

last saw him. During the Spring Festival, Blair focused on preparing

for the festival. Joslyn had invited her out, maybe take a walk or go out dancing. She turned her down every time. One evening, Blair realized she might become a nerd if she kept

studying and

hiking in a national forest, 45 minutes from the city, and returned

back by minibus. Blair slept on the way back, head bobbing to the bumps in the road. Suddenly, she heard someone

call her name. At that