

Mr Carlos 601

Chapter 601 Coaxing Keith

"Then, don't hold a scalpel. We can afford to feed a cripple." Keith wouldn't change his mind. He sat in a chair.

Baldwin took the ruler and sighed inwardly. He hadn't hit Niles for more than ten years. He wondered whether his son could take it. Knowing Niles was studying to be a doctor, Baldwin went for his butt first. If he injured his hand, Niles might not be able to hold the tools of his trade steadily enough.

He dragged Niles over and made him bend over a table. When his dad swung the ruler at his butt, Niles screamed, "Grandpa, Dad, I was wrong. I won't do it again. Ow!" He was more than twenty years old. He hadn't expected his grandpa to punish him like this. Luckily, they weren't having any guests over that day. That would be humiliating.

Cecelia wandered in the street after leaving the house. 'Niles isn't a child anymore. Being hit like that, what if he gets depressed? A beating is pretty harsh.' She was so worried she even forgot that trying to help him would only make things worse. She pulled out her phone and called Wesley. "Wesley, your grandpa is so ticked off. He's even beating Niles. Help him!"

'Beating him?' Wesley frowned. When Niles was little, he was very naughty and would cause a lot of trouble. Keith would punish him with a spanking, and Niles would run around the house like he was running from the Grim Reaper. But after he started junior high, Niles always behaved and was never hit again. But why now? "What's the matter? Why is Grandpa so angry?" asked Wesley.

"It's all about you, Niles and Blair." Cecelia told him everything, including how Niles had tricked Keith into buying him an apartment.

Wesley lit a cigarette, listening quietly to his mom. "Mom, I'll only call Grandpa to suggest he use the whip instead of the ruler," he said.

Cecelia was dumbstruck. It dawned on her that her firstborn was even worse than Keith. He had a moral code, and held everyone to those high standards. He'd probably be even harsher than his grandfather.

That was when she realized that she turned to the wrong person. "Never mind. I never said a word. Stay out of it. Besides, it's your fault anyway. You set Blair up in Niles' apartment. So I made assumptions. He took advantage of that. But if you won't help him out, I'll call Blair."

"Why her?" Wesley was confused.

"Your grandpa likes her. Maybe she can stop him before he beats Niles to a pulp." Cecelia was Niles' mom. The thought of him being beaten almost worried her to death. And her heart ached.

'Grandpa likes Blair too? Do they think she's a member of this family already?' Wesley didn't like that at all. It was not like things between him and Blair were going well. And then Niles somehow got tangled up in this. And now even his mom and grandpa...His head started throbbing.

She picked it up, glanced at the caller ID. She wondered why Cecelia would be calling her. She

item. And Niles' grandpa made the same mistake as I did. Now he found out the truth and is punishing him. Can you call Niles' grandpa and ask him to lay off him?" Cecelia prattled on anxiously as soon as she you. He likes you. I'll text you the number, but you need to hurry up. It's urgent," think he will even remember me." Blair had only met Keith once, and they barely name of everyone he's met. Wesley is like that too. And, as I said, his grandfather likes you. What could go wrong? I have didn't have a say in this. had a minute gone by before she got a message from Cecelia with not. What moment of struggling, she decided to help Niles, and dialed it. The persistent sound annoyed him. He glanced at the screen. It was Blair. Why would she be calling? He saved her number on his phone while she was still picked up his phone to answer good evening, Grandpa Keith. What's up?" Keith pretended that he didn't I just miss you and... um... want to check up on you," Blair said, feeling whimpering, raised his voice and cried, "Blair, help! I'm bad for him. "Grandpa Keith, what's going on over there?" she asked, still up? Don't you have to be at work for Baldwin to stop. Baldwin paused mid-stroke. stopped, Niles fled the study, holding his buttocks. could do nothing but you? I didn't wake you up, did I?" Blair asked in a sweet

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 602 The Selfie

"Yes," Blair replied with a nod. "I wonder how your brother's doing. Should I call him? Did you call him?" Wesley's brows knitted. "No. He deserved it." He felt Niles had crossed the line when he lied to their grandfather. "What? I heard him screaming in pain over the phone when I called your grandpa. Don't you care about him at all? He's your brother."

"He was asking for it. So he screamed. He's always been loud, anyway. If he could still scream, it means he didn't get hit hard enough." Sometimes, Wesley thought that Niles should become an actor instead of a doctor. He'd be a superstar.

Blair knew Niles. He could be melodramatic sometimes. Still, she said, "Listen to you! I'd like to see you take a beating and see how well you do. You should call him later to make sure he's okay. He probably needs a friendly voice."

"I don't want to. Niles is a grown man. If he can't take his lumps like a man, then he needs gender reassignment surgery. It was just a ruler," Wesley retorted stubbornly.

'A ruler? Was that what his grandpa punished Niles with?' Blair wondered. "Fine. Then I'll text him on WeChat. You still busy?" she asked quietly. It felt so good to talk to him on such a serene night.

It bugged Wesley that Blair worried about Niles. He couldn't take his mind off it. "I'm not. Don't worry. I'll call him. I'll tell you how he is when I'm done."

"Okay. Coming back any time soon?" She missed him and couldn't help scrawling his name over and over again on a notebook.

Then her name. Blair. Wesley. She imagined their names as they'd be printed on their marriage licenses.

"No, I can't make it. If you need anything, call those guys I told you about."

"Oh..."

She was disappointed. Then for a moment, neither of them spoke. Pouting, Blair doodled over Wesley's name. "Call Niles. Talk to you later."

"Okay."

"Bye."

"Bye."

hung up

dispirited, reading the WeChat updates, waiting

got off the phone, he set the cell on the

group of men came out from around the corner, pushing and nudging each other.

cold glance without a word and took out a cigarette

walked over quickly.

and wanted to have a smoke to kill some time. But they had no lighter. They knew Wesley had one, so they came as a group to borrow

Wesley was on the phone. His usual authoritative, commanding voice was gone. The striking softness in his tone made the soldiers slow down.

of giving them the lighter, he handed them his

it and lit his cigarette with
his hand towards Wesley and asked, "Can
him and lit another cigarette, which he handed to
was what he wanted the soldier to light his cigarette with, but Talbot didn't get his point. He scratched
his head and asked again, "Chief, may I borrow your
time, Wesley put his lighter in his pocket and said, "Find
he turned to
confused. He was acting pretty weird about this. It was just a lighter. Why did he
themselves. "That lighter must be something special. Limited edition,
it
you guys get to
I'm not sure. I saw
heirloom, or
knowing looks
you done?" Wesley asked as he
indicating he was running out of patience. "Fine.
face when they heard that. "Ch-chief,
message. "Run five
thought it unfair. Since they were not on duty, he summoned up some courage

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 603 He Missed Her

The pic she sent was a selfie. She sat in front of her dressing table, in a strapless peach nightgown. Her dark, lustrous hair, which was usually tied up, fell loose around her shoulders. She wore no makeup except the lipstick Wesley bought her.

Wesley's hand shook a little, and the enlarged image snapped back to its normal size.

"You're quiet. That bad? Never mind. I'll take it down," Blair said.

Before she deleted the pic, Wesley saved it.

"I just wanted to let you know that not all lipstick is red. This one is buttermilk with a brownish tint. You can call it a Mocha lipstick shade."

Holding his phone in his left hand, and a cigarette between his fingers of his right, Wesley leaned against the wall with his eyes closed.

The only thing he could think about was Blair. She filled his head. Her smile, her voice... the gentle Blair, the mischievous Blair, the aloof Blair, the angry Blair... Every one of them was adorable.

His finger slid across the screen of his phone. He found the picture and stared at it, longer this time, mesmerized.

He missed her so much, he realized.

The silence from Wesley was like a slap in the face. Blair felt humiliated.

She regretted ever sending him the photo. Not even patient enough to get the makeup remover, she grabbed a cotton swab and started to remove the lipstick. She was frustrated, angrily wiping her face clean.

Afterwards, she tossed the lipstick into a drawer and buried it deep under the rest of the detritus in there. Behind the suntan lotion, underneath the loofah, mixed in with all the other shades she rarely touched.

Then she went to bed, leaving the desk lamp on.

reluctant to visit. She tossed and turned in bed,

like a spring and reached for her phone out of reflex. It was a two-second message from

excitedly and put her phone to her ear. "You look very nice,"

Blair thought the world was bright and

to reply? And I already deleted it. If he just saw my message, he shouldn't have been able to see

puzzle, she asked, "Who

In your pic," he

it. Blair didn't know what to say. She sent him an ellipsis and lay down, but still couldn't sleep. This time it was because of the thrill. She could almost hear her heart drumming, beating hard against her

lipstick out of the drawer, and put it in the most conspicuous spot on the vanity. Now, she was ready to

It was important to the military for their men to have good stamina, so this was an essential part of

the same sky, two hearts beat in the

morning and put on some makeup. She put on some eyeliner, lipstick, and foundation. She didn't go for the full monty, but it took long enough. Some important foreign clients were visiting their company today.

shift. Others took an early shift deliberately so they could get off earlier in the day. And someone had

mistress, Filberta Wang stopped in front of the elevator to wait with her. Filberta Wang was not only Percy's mistress, but Blair's

hated her. This was a

late forties. His wife spent most of her time in the United States. So he had something on the side. This was a secret that everyone knew, an open secret among the

their jobs, nobody talked about

in. Blair remained out in the lobby. "Come on, Blair. No sense in waiting there forever," he said, pressing the "open door" button to keep the car on that floor.

fact that he was nice to Blair was exactly why Filberta Wang was hostile to her in the first

least Filberta Wang thought so. She was convinced that Blair must have done something for the boss. She believed Blair sailed by on her beauty, instead of earning her spot. She

with all kinds of insurance, meals, an apartment, bonuses

the pay was well-deserved. She could have found an

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 604 The Barbeque

As they stood outside, several stark black and shining Bentleys slowly came to a halt in front of the office building. Percy walked up to greet the guests and Blair followed him closely. She had to be ready for her job.

The chauffeurs opened the doors and some blond-haired men clad in drab business suits got out of the cars. Blair recognized a couple of faces, and she was agape in astonishment. One of those men, a young one, considering the age of everyone else, was smiling at her. He was her friend, Orion. They had met in England. The older man in the lead among the guests was his father, who was a business tycoon. Though they had been out of touch, it was still a pleasant surprise seeing a familiar face.

Blair waved secretly at Orion.

What a coincidence!

Since she had to stay close to Percy to interpret for him, she barely had a chance to catch up with Orion. Orion understood.

Percy showed the guests around the office, and then they proceeded towards the conference room. Before the meeting started, there was a short break for everyone to settle down. Blair and Orion talked in a quiet place. "Hey... Orion, are you working with your father in business now?" she asked.

"Yes. My father is getting on in years. He doesn't look it, but he is not in too good a shape this year. As his only son, I think it is my duty to continue his business. To be frank, though, I don't want to become a businessman."

Blair smiled. "I understand. It's a pity that you can't surf as much as before. I know how much you love it. But hey, you can still do it in your spare time." Orion was a surfing fiend. When they had been in England, he had spent almost all of his free time at the beach.

"That's all I can hope to do, huh?" he shrugged helplessly. "What about you? How are things at work? It looks like we're going to see each other more often in the future."

"Yeah, you guys are stuck with me!" She smiled, "I'm doing fine, thanks. I'm head of the interpreters now, and well-paid. I like my job."

"That's good to hear. Hey, the meeting is about to commence. Let's go inside. By the way, I'm staying in Y City for some time. I'm thinking of buying you dinner after work."

Blair patted him on the shoulder with a smile. "This is my hometown. Of course it should be me treating you to a dinner. But to be honest, the cooperation between our two companies has just started. I think we'll both be very busy in the next few days. Keep in touch?"

"Sure."

They walked into the meeting room together, followed by Filberta and another female employee. Seeing them together, Filberta sneered. 'The guests have just arrived, and there she is, flirting with one of them already. What a slut!'

Time flies. Before Blair knew it, it was winter.

day. One of those days, Blair had her period. The pain confined her to her bed and deprived her of the desire to do basically anything at all. She merely lay there dejectedly, and browsed through social updates to kill time. Gradually, the hours passed and her stomach started growling. But she was in too much pain to get out of bed and cook.

images of every single kind of deliciously spicy food flooded into her head. She had a craving for all of them at once, but unfortunately, not a single one of them was in her apartment. It increased her broodiness. After a moment, she posted an update in Moments. "So hungry. I want to eat barbeque, roast meat, fondue, Japanese food, Western food, and

saw her post. "Bless, where

ate a little, but I'm

on her post. "Where do you live? I can

to reply. She scrolled down to read others' comments. Most of the boys were joking and teasing. She didn't

pity that I'm visiting my hometown right now, otherwise I would have gone out to

okay. I'll find something to

"Good girl!"

"Thanks, Mommy Joslyn."

herself, getting out of bed felt like way too much struggle to Blair, so she decided to

down and closed her eyes. Surprisingly, she did manage to drift into sleep very

minutes, and then there seemed to be

It could only be Wesley.

hair all

uniform. It looked like he had run all the way up there; he was panting, and there were sweat beads on his forehead. Even his military cap, usually straight as

'What does

ask anything else, Wesley turned around and pointed at the floor which was stained brown at regular intervals. "I'm sorry for the footprints. I was in too much of a

don't worry about it," she replied sleepily. She didn't even know what was going on.

like that, the man

hadn't even spent two whole minutes in the apartment. What had he come back

around slowly, turning off the lights in the living room. That was when she noticed a plastic bag

the one who had put it there. She had been

were some take-away meal boxes, and she could also see

before she opened the boxes, and she knew what was inside before looking at

Blair's hands shook a little from excitement. She had been craving

of the meal boxes. Yay! She had been

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 605 Getting Together

One knee on the bed, Wesley carefully laid Blair down and tucked her into bed, covering her with the beautiful patchwork quilt. When he was about to draw his arms back, she suddenly opened her eyes a little.

Wesley froze, wondering if he woke her.

Blair closed her eyes again, but then she wrapped her arms around his waist and mumbled, "Wesley? You visited me in my dreams."

She buried her face in his chest, yawned and continued mumbling, "Wesley, I missed you so much!"

He lifted his hand to caress her smooth cheek, and planted a kiss on her forehead.

Fascinated by her murmuring lips, full and colorful, he couldn't help but lower his head to kiss them.

The next morning, when Blair woke up, she remembered her dream. Wesley hugged her and kissed her. But the passionate kiss felt so real that she could even feel her lips hurting and her breath ragged at that moment.

And she dreamed of Wesley running his rough hands all over her body.

As she remembered what happened in her dream, Blair buried her face in the pillow, scratching her messy hair in shame. 'Oh, my God! I can't believe I had such a sexy dream. That's not like me!' she thought, shocked.

But at least, she felt lucky no one had the supernatural power to see her dream. No one knew her little secret.

She then sat up. Her eyes went wide and she jumped out of bed, rushing towards the bathroom. She felt a large amount of menses gushing out.

However fast she ran, it was too late. Her pants were red; some even dripped on the floor.

She grabbed a rag, got it wet and went to town on the carpet. She kept herself busy cleaning and totally forgot about her dream. She didn't even have the time to think about how she got from the sofa to the bed. Someone had moved her, but she didn't stop to wonder about that.

When she walked to the living room, she was surprised to find there was no food on the table. She remembered she had put the barbecued dish on the table. But where was the food? No skewers or bits of food in the bin, either. So where did it go?

night? Did he eat the rest of the

very vital question. Who moved her from the sofa to the

to look at Wesley's bedroom. The door was open.

walked over to his room and peeked inside. He wasn't there. His room was as neat and tidy as it always was. The

Something's not right.' Blair remembered she had put Wesley's bed sheet and quilt into the washing machine two days ago when she did the laundry. She forgot to help him make the bed after they were dry.

did he make his bed? Now, she was sure Wesley came back last night and carried her to the bedroom. She was sound asleep and knew

She had missed a chance to be with him.

her dream. Was it

working in the office when she

and then answered, "Yes." She had planned to work overtime. But since he called her, she decided to

Pick you

going?" Blair

told her, "Some friends

"Okay." She smiled sweetly,

friends: Carlos, Damon and Curtis. She was happy to see everyone there, except one person—Megan. Every time she saw this troublemaker, she wished she could kick her far away like a

cold CEO was on duty to take care of the girl that night, so Blair could just

star of this

building where they were in. Debbie had

other people also followed him out. But Wesley didn't budge, showing no interest in Debbie or her games. Blair was disappointed. She wanted to see the show too! A few seconds later, for some unknown reason, Wesley suddenly changed his mind and joined the

No messy haircuts, pecs visible through their shirts, nice-sized biceps.

liked Debbie a lot: bold, straightforward, honest. They even had

But Debbie was different. She was Carlos' legal wife, so she had the right to shut Megan

She said everything Blair wanted to say.

with Carlos. Much to Blair's surprise, Wesley didn't clear that up. He just let her assume that. He was pretty adamant that Megan was like his niece, and off the table as far as dating went. Carlos liked to say that

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 606 I'm Pregnant

Wesley found himself stuck in the same situation. Last time he answered Megan's call in the car and Blair got angry with him.

"Uncle Wesley... Are you still with your neighbor Blair?" Megan asked on the other end of the line.

Blair sneered, "Not just neighbors, anymore, little girl. We're roommates."

Wesley was surprised by how Blair needled Megan.

Silence engulfed them as Megan went silent. The only sound was the muffled roar of the engine.

Wesley couldn't figure out what was going through Blair's mind. Finally, he decided to minimize the drama. "Megan, just don't worry about this. Get some sleep. Take care of yourself. Don't stay up late. Don't..."

"Drop me off now!" Blair furiously interrupted his repeated nagging to Megan. It was obvious who was important to him, and it wasn't Blair.

Wesley stopped talking and hung up the phone. He pulled over, but he didn't unlock the car doors to let her out. "What's wrong with you?" He had to find out the reason. She made a scene the last time he talked to Megan. It was happening again. And it was at night this time. What would she do if she left the car at this hour?

"Nothing. I'm all right! So tell me—is Megan the reason why you don't date?"

Wesley gave her a long look, confused by her words. 'What does Megan have to do with me having a girlfriend or not?' he wondered.

Blair's mind was a mess. Every word that Megan said haunted her. Whenever she was around Wesley, she tried her best to forget about Megan.

God knew how much she wanted to let it all out, to tell Wesley that his poor, innocent Megan was really a hypocritical bitch and a drama queen. But she couldn't.

Suddenly, a scene at the airport replayed in her mind. Why did Wesley think she was pregnant? Megan told him that. And Blair did say she was pregnant in front of Megan.

Megan at her departure gate when she was about to hop a
to fly to England again. Hartwell drove her to the
later, a couple sat opposite her.

reek of tobacco. After finishing one cigarette, the man proceeded to ignite a second one. The woman next to him wasn't interested in doing anything about it. She seemed nonchalant, like this happened all the time. The

to stand it anymore, she had to stop the man herself. "Excuse me, sir?" she said, holding her
heads to stare at the strange girl in

calm voice, "I'm pregnant." It was a lie, of course, but one that might impel the

other. The woman glared at the man, who hastily explained, "It wasn't me." 'I don't know this girl at all!
But she's pretty hot, ' the man

baby's daddy. I meant..." She pointed at the burning cigarette between

cigarette. As long as his wife wouldn't get ticked off, he'd do as he was told. The woman heaved a sigh of
relief when she heard

it was settled, Blair turned around, shocked to see Megan and another girl standing behind her. Megan
was smiling

so she merely nodded to her in greeting. Without a word,

whispered to the girl next to her, and her friend walked to a seat some distance away. Then, Megan
took the seat next

Blair," the drama queen said enthusiastically.

Blair smiled, "Hi."

see you here! I'm flying to England to

errands," Blair replied simply with

after she saw how she behaved around Wesley. So she wasn't

way, I have something

"Yes?"

said in a soft voice, "It's about Uncle

the game she was playing and opened the Weibo

proposed to him but he

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 607 We Aren't Suitable

As Megan walked away, so did Blair's mind. It began to roam about far and wide and then she could hardly focus on the posts she was browsing on Weibo.

'So Wesley really loves Megan...I should have known!' She didn't know why, but the thought pained her heart, even though she had her suspicions a while back.

On boarding the plane, Blair had bumped into Megan once again when she was walking towards the economy class, located in the back of the plane. Megan was adjusting herself in the first-class cabin. She was surprised to see Blair and asked with a smile, "Blair, are you in first class too? What a coincidence, huh? Uncle Wesley booked a first-class ticket for me too. Are we sitting together?"

Wesley had booked a first-class ticket for Blair when she had first flown to England to begin her studies there. Now she realized it wasn't any special treatment he had given her. He had done the same for Megan. Blair remembered forcing a polite smile and pointing to the crowded economy class, most of the passengers over where, were still unsettled. "No, my seat is in economy. Goodbye, Miss Lan," she said honestly.

During the entire flight, Blair's mind had remained preoccupied with the words that Megan had uttered. 'Wesley said no to my proposal without hesitation because he loves Megan, ' she finally realized.

So he wasn't a good man. If he had Megan in his heart and loved her truly, why had he so actively kissed her?

On coming to know about this side of him, Blair had decided that she would forget Wesley and fall out of love with him.

However, things had taken an unexpected turn. Later on in the South Mountain, she was trapped by the flash floods. When she was facing death, the only name that had popped up in her head was Wesley. In her desperation and potentially, her last moments, she couldn't control herself and had sent him a message, which she had thought would be her last words in the world.

But beyond her expectations, there had been a miracle. He had come to save her life, like a hero falling from the skies. He had brought life back to her, and her love for him was rekindled, crazier than ever.

After that day, their paths had crossed a few more times. And finally, they had even moved into the same apartment. There had been times when Blair had pondered over Megan's words at the airport. She had a feeling that Megan was just trying to drive a wedge between Wesley and her, forcing them to

misunderstand each other and draw apart. She had even boldly guessed that maybe Wesley had feelings for herself.

Coming back from the retrospect, Blair smiled bitterly. Such kind of ups and downs and twists and turns in her love life had made her suffer. When she finally calmed down, she looked at Wesley and told him, "Wesley, it took me all this time, but now I know that we're not suitable—" She paused. To make it sound a bit ambiguous, she added, "—for living under the same roof."

'We're not suitable for living under the same roof?'

Wesley's eyes dimmed a little. He asked in his usual stoic tone, "Why?"

of few words, and she remained quiet too. In fact, the two of them almost always remained silent when they were alone. But deep down, Blair wasn't really that quiet. She liked to laugh and enjoy. It was just that she was afraid of saying the wrong words and annoying him. She didn't want him

Megan well and better than her. And regardless of whether it was about love or not, Blair didn't like that. Right now, they were having a

patiently waited for him, with high hopes in her

girl who had once pled for permission from her uncle to propose to Wesley, and done

in matters of love. An unrequited love wasn't in her plans and she would give up a man if

idiot he was in topics of love, he

to answer

you in English? Should I read 'To Live'—the novel written by Yu Hua—together with you? Should I read it TO you? Or should I cultivate a hobby of collecting all kinds of notepads and notebooks like

he spoke. She was impressed by his fluency in the language. It was even better than a lot of English majors she had met

comprehended his words.

about

again, he had changed to Chinese. "It doesn't matter if we have nothing in common. If you don't want to boyfriend ASAP. I will!"

got even angrier and asked in a hugely sarcastic tone, "So should I go on blind dates now? If I can date someone as soon as possible,

Megan," Wesley replied patiently. Megan was Megan; Blair was Blair. There was no

didn't buy it. She continued to confront him, "Megan told me you two are in love, but you always keep on clarifying your relationship with her.

threw her a sideways glance. "I remember you being sure that I would never

'Did I say that? Oh...Damn! Seems like I did say that once. I told him that he was a

words. She had been beaten by her home now?"

What could she say now, except reply in affirmative? She had wanted to throw up a tantrum in front of him, but it hadn't gone as she expected. She sat up straight in the passenger seat, as if conceding to him. But she still didn't want to give up

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 608 Please Be Safe

Blair followed Wesley's gaze. She saw that a crowd had gathered around an apartment building. They were all looking up at something.

Before she could figure out what happened, Wesley suddenly sped up, heading straight into the parking lot in front, and yanked the wheel to get the car to stop faster.

He was there in no time flat.

"Wait for me!" he told Blair. With that, he unfastened his seatbelt, opened the car door and sprang out in one swift move.

Before she knew it, he had left the car and disappeared into the crowd.

Once she unbuckled, she was able to get to a better vantage point. Watching from the car window, Blair realized that it must be something urgent.

Instantly, she opened the door and jumped out of the car as well. But... "Ouch!" She almost sprained her ankle. His car was really high off the ground. She paused a moment to make sure she was okay. It dawned on her this was the first time she had gotten out of Wesley's car without his help.

But she didn't have the time to care about that. She slammed the door behind her and rushed towards the crowd.

People there were talking about what was going on, and that was when she finally knew. She raised her head to look at what was causing all the fuss. In the dim lights, she saw a little kid sitting on the balcony of the thirteenth floor, crying. The neighbors said it was a two-year-old boy.

The neighbors had knocked on the boy's apartment door for several minutes, but no one answered. They guessed that the kid was home alone. The boy walked to the balcony to look for his parents and then climbed onto the windowsill. It was dangerous since the balcony had no bars, nothing to stop him from falling. The kid could fall at any moment.

Someone had already called the police, but they hadn't arrived yet. Blair looked around, scanning for Wesley, and saw him rush inside the building.

Blair wanted to follow, but the crowd was thick, and they weren't interested in letting anyone through. After all, everyone had a hard-won vantage point, so naturally they weren't going to let anyone else take it. Not that she would stay there...but they didn't know that.

She knew Wesley was hard at work saving people again.

She decided to wait for him in the crowd. He needed to concentrate or someone would die.

long, Blair saw a figure appear on the balcony of the fourteenth floor, right over the boy. Her heart leapt to her throat. The crowd erupted in cheers when they saw a man in a military uniform jump

either side of the boy made it worse. Apparently no one lived there. The only light came from that one unit on the fourteenth floor. That

step on the air-conditioning unit jutting from the building. He

saving that kid. It's that soldier. He asked us what was going on, then rushed in," a

see what he looks like, but he's as sure-footed as a

he stays

God bless the child and the

step by step along the narrow edge. She anxiously prayed in her heart, 'Please,

fire engines got louder and louder. Soon, they arrived at the complex. After a quick assessment of the situation, a few fire fighters rushed into the building with their tools on their

met the gaze of the crowd, and

shriek

see a solidier approaching him. When Wesley could almost reach out and touch

the boy began to fall backwards, flailing his arms as he began his

clutching the window frame, he bent forward and caught the boy's arm with his other hand just

wailing echoed through the block, making the atmosphere

he'd be going out on missions even more dangerous than

Half of his body hung in the air, thirteen stories up. One hand was on the window frame and the other gripped the boy's little arm tightly, so

were Supergirl, so she could fly up to them and save them

door and was able to enter the apartment. They rushed over to the balcony, stuck their heads out through the window, and pulled Wesley and the boy up, making sure they were

their hands in excitement. Blair heaved a deep sigh of relief,

crying loudly.

Wesley emerge from the building. He looked absolutely fried, and his clothes were black with soot and who knew what else. Some people took out their

a woman threw herself into his arms, holding him tightly. The unexpected move activated his defense mechanisms, and

wrapped his arms around the woman's slim waist instead. Feeling the softness of her body, he asked in a hushed voice, "Wh-what... What's up? You okay?" This unexpected display of affection, her sudden hug, had thrown him off.

beloved hero. She closed her eyes and inhaled deeply.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 609 I Never Lie

Blair glared at Wesley. "It's not like I'm washing it by hand. The washing machine will do it. You're impossible! Just give me your clothes!"

Being harangued by someone else for the first time, Wesley wanted to retort but her angry look zipped his mouth. He turned around and walked to his bedroom.

As he opened the door, he paused. "Let me get a shower first." He meant to say that he would shower first and bring his dirty clothes to her afterwards.

Blair nodded.

Wesley walked inside the bathroom, and turned on the shower. Steam floated from the water, settling on the mirror and fogging it up.

After a moment, when Blair heard nothing from his bedroom, she pushed open the door and found his dirty clothes in the hamper. She removed them and left quickly.

Despite the sounds of the shower, Wesley could hear Blair futzing around outside the bathroom. He finished rinsing the soap off and cut the water. The stream terminated quickly, leaving a dripping Wesley behind in the tub.

When he came out, he found that his dirty clothes in the hamper were really gone. He put on his pajamas and walked out of his bedroom. The washing machine was going, and it was already on the second cycle.

He was going to knock on Blair's bedroom door but then he heard noise from the kitchen.

Blair was making noodles. Hearing him come in, she turned and told the man, "Wait a minute. Almost done."

"Okay."

He leaned against the door, watching her busy figure. A smile formed on his lips.

In no time, she brought a bowl of delicious-smelling noodles to the dinner table. "Go ahead and eat. My turn for a shower."

slices, scrambled eggs, mushrooms, and chopped green onions, the look and smell made his mouth water. He grabbed her hand as she

She smiled and said, "No. I don't usually eat this late

let go of

the noodles himself. He was hungry after his adventure, and those noodles was nowhere to be kitchen was clean; the dishes washed and stacked in the right cabinets. Wesley had taken care of all it. He needs to get be doomed if she didn't do it quickly or well. Her supervisor, Filberta had it out for sudden, sharp sound. She was hyper-focused on what she was doing, "Come in, please." walked into the study. She was looking at and I can't quite get a handle on the translation. I'm doing some research on it. I'll go to bed soon," she replied with her chin propped on one of her hands. She ran it through Google Translate on mobile, SDL technology, Reverso Context, Multitran, and various other translation websites and software, but none in German. Jargon simply didn't translate well, and that was part of the problem. A mistake could cause losses to the company. But Blair wasn't as proficient in German Wesley silently walked to the desk and grabbed the piece of paper from her her eyes in surprise as she asked, "You "A little." again, "Did you get a passed the middle-level B2 test. But then he was assigned an important mission where he needed extra fluency, talking to actual German operatives. In order to fulfill the B2, and it was her job to translate things! "I never lie." It was an he doesn't always tell the whole truth. A little? He's way too humble, ' Blair thought. "Have you studied in Germany?" She had stayed in Germany for nearly seven months, together with rote, cramming the vocabulary into my brain. I used to practice with my German teacher at university. She liked me, I think." In fact, back when she was about to

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 610 Check Blair's WeChat Moments

Blair suddenly remembered that it was Joslyn's birthday the next day. She quickly sent back a text to her. "I saw the message just now. So, who else will attend your party tomorrow evening?"

"Only a few old friends and classmates. Hartwell will take me out and celebrate my birthday at noon, because he can't make it in the evening. We can enjoy ourselves without any disturbance in Room 616

tomorrow." Joslyn hadn't slept yet. It was clear that she was extremely excited from the detailed message she sent back.

Hartwell was always as busy as Wesley. That was the reason why Joslyn couldn't see her husband every day. Yet he always made it up for his absence in different ways.

"No problem then. I'll be off work at 5:30 p.m. I can reach there before 7."

Joslyn sent her the emoji with a flying kiss. "Sleep tight. Don't stay awake overnight."

"Will do so. Good night then. See you tomorrow!"

After sending the message, Blair put away her phone. She turned off the light and closed her eyes as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Every night before she slept, her thoughts would drift off to Wesley—to everything he said and did. Sometimes she would imagine how their future would be. Tonight was no exception.

The next morning, Blair handed the translated documents to the manager of the German cooperative partner in the conference room. They were satisfied and spoke highly of her capability. She heaved a sigh of relief. Of course, she thanked Wesley's help in her mind.

After the meeting, Blair was called into Filberta's office. Her superior requested her team to perform a show in the company's annual gala next month. Filberta even gave a specific suggestion, asking them to present a dance on the stage.

Blair was surprised. She asked in confusion, "Dance? But why?"

Wearing bright red lipstick on her lips, Filberta flashed an evil smile. "Well, as you already know, most of the staff members in our company are men. It'll help to enliven the atmosphere of the party. Just learn some steps of modern dance and practice it with your team members. Besides, you aren't married yet, right? It's a good chance that will help you find a boyfriend. Do remember to put on the shortest skirt, put on heavy makeup and move your body as sexily as you can."

Blair seethed in anger. She didn't know how to dance. It was late winter now, and Filberta was asking her to wear a miniskirt. Did this vicious woman want to freeze her to death? But Blair understood the actual intent of her words. She knew that Filberta wanted to humiliate her and was going to use this opportunity to do so. "Ms. Wang, I'm afraid I have to disappoint you. Since childhood I've not been good at dancing. And sadly I have no other talents. It will bring shame to our department if I perform on the stage. So I think it is better if you don't count me in."

"Don't count you in? No way! You and your team must perform and present a dance in the show!" Filberta was persistent.

was clear to everyone that Blair was like a goddess in the eyes of many of the male staff members. It would be a good opportunity to show Blair's incapability and ineptness to

make a choice? Is it also in the company rules that one

"The annual gala is the biggest event of the company in a year. Why can't you make a little contribution to support the

that my work attitude is not good just because I refuse to perform on the stage?" she

to say but yes!" Filberta replied, trying to sound

anger in

by a subordinate. She instantly shouted back, "How dare you! Why don't you quit the job if you can't follow orders? Who do you think

her sentence like a thunderous roar. Blair didn't want to make a scene. Suppressing her anger, she explained patiently, "Ms. Wang, I don't

give my orders and you are the one to execute it. Find a solution yourself. Keep in mind that if you don't perform, you won't get your bonus

face. She was not just an annoying woman but also as

afraid of Filberta. This woman wasn't the boss, and Blair didn't get the salary directly from her. "In this case, I think I need to talk to our boss. I'll

around and

next to her quietly leaned closer towards her and said, "Blair, we heard loud voices from Filberta's office. Did you argue with

and said, "She has asked our team to put

a bookish girl who

voice. But she really didn't want to perform on the stage. She would rather

it, Blair angrily plumped the documents on the desk. "I'll

boss. Filberta

no use talking to the other senior managers. They all would turn

work and headed for Orchid Private Club, with a birthday gift that

she arrived, she saw a dozen people in the well-decorated room. Blair knew most of

Joslyn saw Blair coming in, she lunged at her happily. "Dear Bless, you came!" They hugged each other

passed her the gift as she greeted