

Mr Carlos 611

Chapter 611 A Party Game

All the other soldiers nodded in unison. They were one big well-oiled machinery. "Yes, Talbot's right, Chief. We did that only for your own good! We had no ulterior motives."

Wesley, however, was unfazed by their unanimous response and replied calmly, "All of you! Get out and get ready for a running exercise. If you delay for even a single second, your phone will be confiscated." He added in a warning tone, "For a month!"

"Yes, sir. We're leaving right now." They all responded in a similar way. Then one of them mischievously added, "Please do remember to check Blair's WeChat Moments." Before Wesley could retort, Talbot and the other soldiers turned around and darted out of Wesley's office faster than a scared rabbit.

When the office had quietened down, Wesley slowly brought out his phone and opened the WeChat app. He tapped on Blair's Moments.

Blair had posted a photo about half an hour ago. She was with a group of eight people, all holding a glass of beer and toasting each other. The caption caught his eye. "Warning! Whoever gets a phone call, has to chug down one glass!" Eight phone numbers were mentioned beneath that, as if inviting people to call!

Wesley knew at a glance that the last number was Blair's. He wondered if anyone had called her. Was she drunk?

The glasses looked quite tall, even though they were slightly narrow. Still, she didn't have a big appetite. Could she gulp one down?

Actually, by the time Wesley could check her WeChat Moments, Blair had already been forced to gulp down two glasses of beer. Of the two calls she had received, one was from a classmate she had in high school and the other one was from Orion.

Joslyn, the birthday girl, had already received five calls. Unfortunately, the calls weren't going to stop for her since everyone would want to wish her, oblivious of the rules of the game.

Just as the group had settled down after one of the calls, one of the boys received a call—from Hartwell!

The boy wanted to cry when he heard what the voice from the other end of the line was saying. "Hi there. I'm Joslyn's husband. Can you put her on the phone for me, please."

The boy replied in an anguished tone, "Sir! Come on! You could have called your wife directly!"

to her so I just randomly picked up a number." It was obvious why. He didn't want his wife or Blair to drink too much, so he

"You know, your husband is such a

count?" Everyone burst out laughing. "You wish! You know the rules! Whoever gets a call has to chug it down! We didn't have a restriction on the callers. Pop a glass down, now!" While Joslyn was busy talking to Hartwell on the phone, the boy was forced

Joslyn greeted her husband with a smile.

you know? Don't drink too much and keep an eye out for Blair too. Don't let

it's fine! It's

On the other end, Hartwell massaged his forehead. "Mmm, all right. But Blair gets drunk easily. Take care of her. Wait for me

"Got it."

what Hartwell had said, she hastily went over to help her. "Blair, let me

beer; there is very low alcohol content in it." Blair

sitting next to them burst out laughing when he heard the proposal. "Joslyn, you're one to talk! Look at the three glasses of beer in front of you. You haven't even finished

rapidly and pretty soon, the table in front of the eight players was full of glasses and bottles of beer. Those who hadn't

else would call her anymore. One important reason behind that was that she hadn't kept in touch with her old friends for long ever since she began to study abroad. However, much to her surprise, she still received quite a number of calls after that. Maybe some of her followers found the game interesting and were just calling her for fun. However, what annoyed her the most was that some of the calls were from completely strangers who had deliberately pulled a prank

a sideways glance at Joslyn, who was busy herself with her own portion of beer. Helpless, she asked the others, "Guys, can we take a break

Look at Aby. He's set quite an example!" A girl gloated as she pointed to a wealthy boy sitting on the sofa. About

Blair's situation was not that bad. But she was already feeling quite full.

she regretted her decision, she had to face the consequences. She picked up a glass of

singing at the top of their lungs. One of the songs they chose turned out to be a

finally had to send up a new post in her Moments. "Please, please. I've drunk eleven glasses already. I

now. She was going to have no idea what she was

After she sent out the second post, a lot of people commented below, saying that they were willing to come over and drink her glasses for her. Who would have said no to free beer!

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 612 Why Are You Here

Blair gestured with her hands as she spoke. "No, you are wrong. I don't think Wesley has feelings for me. He takes care of me for my uncle's sake. I often see that he's been fooling around with Megan." She took a pause and asked, "Hey Joslyn, do all men like fooling around with more than one woman?"

"Maybe! Men are unpredictable, dear. You are such a beauty, Bless. Men like beauties. Megan is not as pretty as you. But she knows how to pretend to be weak and helpless in front of Wesley. Men are unable to resist these types of girls. Hey, I have a great idea. Why don't you learn a few tactics from her and show Wesley your weakness and feminine side?" Joslyn suggested naughtily. Ever since Wesley had turned down Blair's proposal, she had acted as if she wasn't interested in anyone or anything.

But whenever they talked about Wesley, she would feel a strange mix of emotions. She would feel angry, happy and sad, all at the same time.

Joslyn strongly believed that Blair should adopt some tactics when it came to dealing with Wesley. She needed to learn to discover ways to attract him by her beauty and tantrums.

"Show my weakness and femininity?" Blair propped herself up on one elbow and drank another glass of beer as she continued, "I wanted to, but he is such a blockhead when it comes to matters of love. He is always so slow in getting my point. Sometimes, I felt so mad at him that I wanted to beat him blue and black." She gave Joslyn a bitter smile.

"Why don't you try to seduce him? It could help you know if he's really not into you!" Joslyn was totally drunk and made a bold suggestion under the influence of the huge amounts of alcohol that she had consumed.

Blair rolled her eyes. "I did that too! But it didn't work. Last time, when Wesley, his mom and I went shopping together, he bought me a shade of lipstick and a bottle of perfume. For a moment, I thought he had feelings for me. I was so happy and desperate for him that I was ready to get laid. I strongly feel that an upright and honest man like him will not abandon a woman with whom he has slept, right? But before we got intimate together, we had a fight again. Well, it was not really a fight, but we disagreed and argued. At that time, I thought he didn't like me, and recalled Megan's words. That girl very openly told me that he had a thing for her."

Joslyn looked at her with a perplexed expression. She embraced her warmly, and her heart ached for her best friend. "I really feel bad for you. Why can't you just get over Wesley and move on? When you went to England and got engaged to Miller, I thought it was all over between you and Wesley. I didn't expect that you would get involved with him again after coming back from abroad. And now both of you are living together!"

Blair nodded her head gently. "Yeah, you're right! I should get over him but I just can't do it. It seems impossible for me to get over him and move on in life. Every time I think of forgetting Wesley, memories resurface which do not let me forget him. When I thought I was going to die in the torrential flood, he came to my rescue like a superhero. At that time, I realized that I had never forgotten about him. Even though he hurt me badly, I felt I deserved it. He bluntly told me he didn't like me, yet I went ahead and proposed to him in front of so many soldiers. I found many excuses to hate him, but I just can't remove him from my life." Tears rolled down Blair's cheeks as she began to sob lightly.

Joslyn patted her back softly, trying to comfort her. Blair continued, "I really don't know what to do. I have told myself countless times to stop loving him, but I just can't. I can't stop my feelings for him. I can't think of a life without him." Heartbroken and distraught, she innocently asked Joslyn the question that bothered her the most. "Joslyn, will Wesley fall in love with me someday? Will he ever fall in love with me?"

Unable to control her feelings and afraid of the answer, Blair burst out crying.

"Blair, please don't cry. If you want, I'll go to Wesley and ask him directly if he has feelings for you. If he has feelings for you, then both of you can be together. But, if he doesn't, you need to give up on him. You need to let him go and move ahead. I'll go tomorrow. Or better. We don't need to wait till tomorrow. Let's do it right now. Do you have his WeChat account? I'll send him a friend request now." Joslyn was too nervous and didn't have the courage to call and question him, so she decided to send him a WeChat message.

Joslyn. Joslyn found Wesley's WeChat account and sent him

her phone for a long time, but there was no response from Wesley. "It's perfectly normal. He's busy and has little time to play on his phone.

sighed. She put her phone back. "Just like your cousin. How pitiful that

Orchid Private Club,

man got out of the car. He

a black overcoat getting out

you here?"

straight and saluted Hartwell. "I'm here to

Suddenly he had a bad feeling.

paused for a while, and

me that he wouldn't bug her anymore!" Hartwell thought angrily after Wesley gave the name. "Oh really?"

So Blair called Hartwell! Then, I guess I'd better leave, ' Wesley

and said, "Let's get inside first and check out what is going

He felt it was better to leave. "I'm leaving now." Now that he knew Hartwell

his denial. "Why? Do you have

Wesley was not a man who would

lead and entered the club. Wesley hesitated for a while but

the way and pushed the door to Room 616 open for them. When the people inside saw that two men walked in and that one of them was in a military uniform, they went

gaze swept over the room. It stopped at the woman in Joslyn's arms. Blair didn't see him as her eyes were closed. She was sipping her beer casually with her back towards

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Chapter 613 I Want To Drink Wahaha

When she heard what Hartwell said, Blair was stunned. 'What does he mean?' She turned to look at Joslyn, but her friend just shook her head and looked back with innocent eyes. "I didn't tell him," Joslyn said with a shrug.

"Stop it! Whose car are you riding in?" Hartwell repeated his question. He knew Blair was playing dumb.

"I want to come with you," Blair said in a low voice.

Hartwell took a deep breath and fought off the impulse to roll his eyes. "You asked Wesley to pick you up. Why ride with me? Just take his car."

Wesley was confused. 'Blair didn't call me to pick her up! Sounds like she didn't call Hartwell either. And he's only here to pick Joslyn up.'

Blair nodded her head obediently. She was so tired her eyes kept closing involuntarily. She was micro-napping and wanted nothing more than a bed. "Fine, I'll go with him. Have a safe drive." She grabbed her purse and got to her feet.

A moment later, she regretted it. Her head spun, and she was so drunk she couldn't feel her legs. She staggered and fell forward.

Luckily, Wesley was quick. He pulled her into his arms, preventing her from falling to the floor.

Blair held onto Wesley's arms and tried to get her footing. After all, Hartwell was still here. But her efforts were for naught. She was like a fawn, trying to stand for the first time. Her legs were shaky, and couldn't hold her.

Wesley had no choice but to scoop her up in his arms. He nodded at Hartwell and said, "Don't worry. I'll get her home safe."

Hartwell hesitated. It was not that he didn't believe him, but Wesley was a man, and Blair was drunk. People get stupid when they're drunk. Hartwell suggested, "How about you drive Blair to my place?"

Joslyn tugged at Hartwell's sleeve. "What does Blair think?"

Blair struggled to open her eyes. "Muh-my place," she slurred. She was so tired and drunk she could barely manage speech.

Hartwell still wanted to say something, but Joslyn nudged him. They could stay there all night arguing, or just let them go.

Although the other guys in the room didn't want to let Joslyn and Blair leave, they didn't speak up. Hartwell and Wesley were pretty domineering, and it was not the time to get in between them when they were butting heads. They watched as Wesley left the room, holding Blair in his arms. Joslyn and Hartwell decided to take off as well.

The moment the four of them were out of sight, the rest began to gossip among themselves. "So Blair does have a boyfriend."

a high-ranking soldier. Takes some dedication

interested in us. Must have a

each other and then raised their glasses, looking forward to the
out her arms and cradled Wesley's neck. "I'm so happy, Wesley," she said cheerfully. Nothing made her
happier than Wesley volunteering to pick
she was rip-roaring drunk. "Okay. Maybe you shouldn't drink like this," he said. "It's bad
he was going to pick her up when she was drunk, then she'd gladly get
a docile sheep while he walked towards the parking lot.
the door of his car open and was about to put her in the back seat so that she
want to sit in the back," she mumbled drunkenly. "I wanna sit next to you." The bratty charm was
obvious in her voice, as if you could see it. His breathing came in short gasps. He was getting annoyed
and turned on
close the door with his foot and set her down in the passenger seat.
to sit upright and waited for him to fasten the seat belt. Her head lolled a bit. It was definitely late for
her.
cunningly, held his face and gave him a kiss. "Wesley, you're so
stunned for a bit, not knowing how to react. Then he pulled her
"Uh huh."
to see Hartwell's car driving off. He didn't wait around to
Inside Hartwell's Mercedes Benz
and asked in confusion, "Wesley's there. Why
seat. "I'm in no mood to talk to him.
exclaimed, "Whenever Blair's drunk, all she wants to drink is Wahaha. She can
eyebrows and
milk. There were worse things she could drink, certainly. But she'd erupt into tears and get kind
both ran into this before. They
She's his
engine and left the parking lot.
pounced on him, held his waist and rubbed her face against his chest. She was still belted in, straining
against the limits of the seat belt. "Wesley..."
and almost lost
"Y-yeah?"

Chapter 614 Would I Lie To You

"Why should I wait? I want it now!" Blair complained, pouting her lips.

"Calm down. I'm finding a place to go," Wesley answered, searching for a store.

"Liar! You just don't want to buy me what I want!" she spat. 'Store? We're still on the road!' she thought angrily.

"Help me out, then. You see someplace, you tell me!" He was driving in the inside lane, so he had to change lanes to get closer to a store and find a place to park, all of which required some time.

Blair was too drunk to be reasonable. 'He's going to drag his feet on this one, so maybe I'll forget the idea. Well, it won't work, mister!

Joslyn did that more than a few times. Wesley's doing it too! What a jerk!

"Boo...hoo..." Blair sniffed and then burst into tears.

Wesley cast an anxious glance at her and asked worriedly, "Hey! What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"You are such a jerk. I just want some Wahaha and you won't buy it for me. You probably think I'm annoying, huh? Fine! I won't bug you anymore. Stop the car and let me out!"

Wesley wasn't even sure what she was ranting about. Why was she so angry? He was just trying to find a convenience store! 'Yes, she's annoying,' he thought. 'But I never said that to her!'

He stopped at a red light and took a quick glance at the light. About 30 seconds to go. He turned to look at her and said seriously, "I didn't say that I wouldn't buy it. But I can't conjure it out of thin air. We need a store."

With red eyes, Blair pointed to the outside of the window and spat, "You're lying! I saw a couple of them already. See! Another store there!" There was indeed a convenience store not far away.

Wesley saw it too. "But I can't just pull over. I need to find a parking space first. I'll stop the car and buy it if I can find one, okay?"

However, his words didn't help. Blair began to sob again. "I always knew you didn't like me. Seriously? It's just some Wahaha. Fine. I'll go find a boyfriend and he'll buy me whatever I want. I'll never bug you again."

temples and sighed helplessly. "I'll buy ten

you change your mind, then

"Mmm hmm."

find a parking space inside

seat belt and told

store that he realized that Wahaha had so many different kinds of drinks—mineral water, milk, probiotic milk beverage and so on. 'Which one does Blair want?' He was

grabbed each of a kind and put a hundred dollars on the cashier's desk. "I'll be right back after I ask uniform on him, the cashier wanted to tell him that there was no need for the the window, she opened her eyes and pushed over the drinks and landed on the probiotic milk beverage. Her eyes lit up sigh of relief. 'Thank God. Problem solved, gave the drink to her and said, gave him an ear-to-ear grin.

to the convenience store, but only found two bottles of the same drink. He asked a shop assistant if there were more, but the gal shook her head.

back. To his surprise, Blair was not in the car. Instead, she was standing next to front of her. "Only two bottles left.

to me. Are you lying too? You just don't want to be bothered! You're

at a loss for words for a moment. Sighing in defeat, he put the shopping bag in the back seat and scooped Blair up, depositing her back into the

smiled sweetly. While he worked on her seat belt, she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek

out of nothing, he was willing to do anything for her as long as she was happy. 'I always thought I was a reasonable

ten boxes of the same drink just to see her smile.

in his arms and

his surprise, she refused to let go. She continued holding onto his neck, like a spider monkey clinging to a

pull her hands off him and coaxed, "We're home. Time for

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Chapter 615 I'm An Easygoing Person

After taking a shower, Wesley walked out of his own bedroom and knocked on Blair's door. For some reason, even after he had kept knocking for a long while, there was no response. He decided that she hadn't finished bathing yet and was still in the bathroom.

He fished out his phone to give Hartwell a call. 'The man must be sick with worry right now!' he thought. But right before he was about to press the big green button, he changed his mind and sent him a text message instead. He thought that Hartwell might be asleep at this time of the night. "Blair is home. She is okay. You can rest now."

Little did Wesley know that he was not the only one who had to suffer a drunk woman this evening. Hartwell himself was having quite a headache because of his drunken wife. In fact, he was in a double whammy since his day had been long and tiring at the office and now, Joslyn was drunk beyond the bounds of consciousness. When he received Wesley's message, he had just managed to coax Joslyn into falling asleep.

In no mood for a long discussion, he simply wrote, "Take good care of her."

"Sure."

Wesley pounced on the sofa, waiting for Blair to come out. Half an hour later, when he still didn't hear any sound from within her room, his face changed shade slightly. He walked over and knocked on the door again. Still no response.

He could feel that something was not right. 'It usually takes her forty minutes to bathe and a couple more than ten minutes to dry her hair. But she has been in the bathroom for almost seventy minutes now. Even for a drunk girl, that is too long.' He unlocked the door, and saw that she was not in the bedroom. What was worse, there was no sound coming from the bathroom. No running water, no nothing! Just an eerie silence.

He knocked on the bathroom door. "Blair?"

He called out her name several times, but she didn't make a sound. Finally getting too anxious to handle the pressure, Wesley pushed the door open and barged in.

It was both relieving and infuriating to see the woman inside, sound asleep with her head leaning against the bathtub. Her face was even redder than before because of the warm water, and she looked like she had been in that position for a long time now. Wesley immediately looked away when he saw her naked body. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down and called out with his face looking the other way, "Blair...Blair..."

She still did not make any response, so he had to go up and pat her face softly. Blair moved slightly, and the next moment, she slid down into the huge bathtub.

Luckily, before she could drown, Wesley pulled her out like a flash of lightning. He then grabbed a towel from the stand on the other side of the bathroom and wrapped it around her.

Only then did she wake up, most probably due to the sudden splash of water. In her sleepy and hazy state, she saw Wesley. She pulled out her arms from inside the towel and held him tightly. "Wesley..." she murmured in a slurred voice.

nudity wasn't helping. Wesley felt like he was going to explode with such a soft body in his shower jell from her body.

and tried to lay her down. Blair was half sober now

rock by now, and he was trying very hard to not let anything happen. He

her lips tight, she looked at him with her round doe eyes and sobbed

Wesley lay her on the bed softly and covered her with a blanket. Now with her naked body finally out of sight, he grabbed his hand, essentially cutting off both his path and his sentence. "No! You don't you put on your pajamas in the meanwhile?" He had never been had grabbed him. But to his intense surprise, she suddenly Wesley's eyes once again. And his painfully calmed penis got erect once again. put on your pajamas. I'm going to the bathroom." He tried to sound as calm as usual and hide seduce him and would not let him go so easily. "Wesley, can voice became cold again as he refused, "No! You go get them yourself! I must is spinning. All right, forget it. I'll just sleep like this. It's really didn't know how to deal with her. "All right. Where are they?" he the walk-in closet and find the wardrobe at the far end. You can just pick up any night gown. My panties are in the middle easygoing person? This is the funniest joke I've ever heard. Heck, I've never met got wild in the closet, but then decided against it. It sounded like too rushing feeling in his heart that the woman outside might for her. Then he pulled out the drawer, and various kinds of panties popped up in front of his eyes, dazzling him; he him even more with some new methods. When he saw that she was lying in bed quietly, he secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Before she could notice his presence, he threw the clothes on the bed and and black panties which she thought were really sexy, Blair

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Chapter 616 He's So Considerate

Blair yawned for one whole minute and was about to get out of bed and check on the man inside the bathroom when Wesley walked out himself with a blue plastic basin in his hands, his face deadpan. It looked so comical she wanted to laugh. He walked past her bed with his eyes looking straight in front of him like a car's headlights. He reached the balcony and hung her bra and panties on the rope.

After that, he walked back to his own bathroom and took a shower. This woman was proving to be quite a lot of work for him. He waited until the washing machine had finished working. Then he hung the remaining clothes as well on the balcony and then returned to Blair's bedroom.

She lay prone on the bed, bored out of her wits. At the sight of Wesley, her eyes lit up and she threw back the blanket. "Time to sleep. Come on!"

Wesley frowned and turned around like a scared cat. Before long, he came back with a blanket of his own in his arms. He first tucked her in tight and then covered himself with his own blanket.

Finally ready to sleep, he switched off the lights and the room plunged into darkness.

'Yes!' she exclaimed inwardly and flashed a quiet smile.

Now was the time! Though she was physically exhausted, she just couldn't fall asleep. Maybe it was because Wesley was sleeping right next to her. In fact, this was the first time that Blair had ever been sleeping in the same bed as a man. And she was totally smitten by her current bed-mate.

She moved closer to him, and put her arm on his belly, trying to inch herself as close as possible.

Wesley didn't move.

After a while, she pressed her head against his shoulder and placed her leg on his. 'This should work!' she thought.

He didn't respond, nor did he speak. It looked like he was asleep.

'So he's asleep. Ha-ha! Still a great chance for me!' Blair took his arm and put it beneath her neck so that it looked like he was holding her in a hug. She adjusted her position until she felt comfortable, and then held his waist tightly. This made her feel safe, and she dozed off pretty soon.

Little did she know that Wesley wasn't asleep at all. Drops of sweat had begun to form on his forehead the moment she had put her arm around him. He was trying to suppress his desires. Her fragrance was continuously reaching his nose, and he unconsciously swallowed. Her body was so soft and his penis was equally hard. What to do?

He had always thought that it would

now, he finally understood what control meant and knew that his endurance and self-control that he was proud of weren't going to work anymore with a woman

outrageous thing was, she was completely clueless of his current condition and was sound

moved closer to his neck and her warm breath elicited a ticklish sensation within

sleeping like a log.

get any sleep. He felt like he was going to explode any time now, and he had to take cool showers from time to time

knew nothing about this. The next morning, when she woke up, Wesley was already out of her bedroom. She stretched herself and rolled to the other side of the bed. She could still smell Wesley's scent on the

The sun was shining brightly

face and brushed her teeth, her phone buzzed. It was a message saying, "The breakfast is

was from Wesley. 'How considerate!'

Colonel Li. Next time, dinner's on me." She didn't remember much of last night, but the bed she beyond what she could finish on her own. She was full by the time she finished the chicken rolls and soybean milk. She put the two deep-fried dough sticks and omelet back in

the morning meeting. Filberta was on her once again. She urged each group to prepare some talent show for the company's annual gala and pressed down hard on Blair. "Leader of each group, please hurry up. Blair, you need to learn from Group 2, 3 and 5. They have already given me their lists. You need to tell me the program of your group

argue with her today. She was in a good mood, and didn't want to ruin

back to her seat, she saw Joslyn's message. "Hi, Bless. Colonel Li accepted me as his WeChat friend. That's all from me! What

She replied honestly, "I

Good for you! How did you do that? Did it work?" Joslyn's excitement was pouted

happened the last night. Now in retrospect, it sounded a bit dull. She complained, "Although we slept in the same

eyes and wrote, "Poor

into me?" Blair asked. "I mean why else would he remain so indifferent with a girl

try to

no...That would

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Chapter 617 Blair Quit

Joslyn giggled when Blair mentioned the milk thing. She replied, "Tell Wesley that. It's not my problem. It's his now."

Promptly, Blair sent a "wow" emoji, mouth shaped like an "O."

After the morning meeting, Filberta told Blair her bonus would be canceled because she didn't include the title of the program her group was going to perform at the company's annual gala.

Blair was so irritated.

She sent a WeChat message to Joslyn complaining, "Ugh! What a bitch! What did I do in the past life that was bad enough to be stuck with her? I quit! They won't have to worry about me after the Lunar New Year, cuz I won't be there."

Joslyn's message came soon. "Calm down, girl. Take a few deep breaths. She wins if you quit. Remember the movie we saw a while ago—'You're Next?' What would Erin do?"

After some deliberation, Blair had a sadistic smile on her face. She wrote, "She'd kill everyone and let God sort them out."

It was Joslyn's turn to send a "wow" emoji.

Blair added, "I want to be strong like Erin. But I don't want to cause trouble for my uncle and aunt. So I have to just keep hanging on. Erin is the female lead, and I'm not. If I were, I would ring Wesley right now and have him slap Percy around. Then Percy would take it out on Filberta." She had stars in her eyes at that point.

"And?" Joslyn replied.

"And then he'd exile the bitch to some godforsaken land and never let her come back! She pisses me off so much! Why is she targeting me? She even asked me to do a stripper dance at the annual gala! She's so disgusting!" Blair was unable to hold back her anger and continued complaining.

But there was no reply. Blair waited for what seemed like forever. 'Maybe she's busy. I guess I should start my letter of resignation,' she thought.

Her friend was busy. Joslyn was scrolling through Blair's text messages and taking screenshots. As Blair's friend, she decided to do something for her.

Joslyn sent the screenshots to Wesley and wrote, "Colonel Li, ever since Blair started at the Jin Group, she was assigned a supervisor who makes her life hell. That supervisor is the CEO's mistress. And that's not the only problem—the CEO seems to be a bad guy too. Blair is only staying there so she won't get her aunt and uncle in trouble. You've saved her in the past. Maybe you could do something now."

working steadily, and it was already after noon. He wanted to see if Blair

started going through some papers that Filberta had dumped on her

silence. Blair stretched a bit and

a moment, because there was

was something else. Her

saw Wesley! Talbot, Bowman and Lenard were following behind him.

her with a serious face. The closer he got to her, the more nervous she became.

'Why is he here?' Blair asked

melting like butter at the sight of the four men. "I love a

doing here?

breathe! The man in the front is so

here for Blair? Yeah, the lead guy's

they were here. When they stood before her, she asked, "What's going

Wesley said with a

What do you
desk and said, "Pack up your
more
to pick you
"Why?"
you. Quit." Wesley
for words. 'Wesley doesn't want me to work
off in her head. 'Did
she tell him what I

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Chapter 618 I'll Take Responsibility

Although Percy was extremely deferential, Wesley's sullen face didn't change. He cast an icy glance at the senior executives and said coldly, "We're leaving. Blair is going with us. Rest assured, you'll be held accountable for what you put her through."

Of course he referred to what Filberta had done to Blair. Filberta knew quite well what she did, and her heart raced wildly in her chest.

Percy's face changed dramatically. He had heard of Wesley before—Wesley himself was a man of influence in the military circles, and his family was very powerful in A Country. Carlos ran Y City with an iron fist, and Wesley wasn't shy about who his best friend was. Percy was pretty well scared of Wesley. "It's all my fault, Mr. Li. I promise you that I'll look into it personally."

No one in the Jin Group had thought that Blair had ties like that. She kept such a low profile all the time, kept her head down, and didn't rock the boat.

"It's too late for that!" Wesley grabbed Blair's hand and declared, "Blair's my friend, and I don't allow anyone to mess with her. Give her everything owed her, including bonuses. Now!"

'My friend...' Blair looked at Wesley with adoring eyes. She was really touched by his words. Although he just said that she was his friend instead of his girlfriend, she believed that it was just a matter of time before he called her "Hon." She had to believe that.

Filberta just stood there, frozen, mouth open. The woman thought that all Blair was good at was seducing men. She had to admit that Blair worked very hard, but this didn't make her likeable.

She flashed back to a time when Blair wore a certain dress—a limited edition from Tiffany and Co. Very high-priced, and Percy refused to buy it for her. Filberta was so jealous back then that she mocked Blair, spreading rumors that she was wearing a copycat brand, a knockoff version of the original. More cheaply made, and overall cheaper. A woman like Blair couldn't afford something so expensive. Now she

knew she was wrong. Blair had Wesley behind her, and by extension Carlos. Blair could probably easily afford anything she wanted to wear.

Percy mopped sweat from his forehead and looked at Blair with a hopeful expression. "Blair, if you want to quit, we can be quite generous. Stock options, medical insurance, re-employment services, compensation for loss of benefits. You name it, you got it. You've always been a hard worker. I'll personally write a check to—"

Wesley cut him off, "No need for that. Just give Blair her due. No more, no less." Percy knew exactly what he was talking about. Payment for unused vacation time, severance pay based on months of service, unpaid bonuses, and back pay.

Percy nodded helplessly and turned to his subordinate. "Mr. Xu, get the financial manager over here."

"Yes, Mr. Jin."

It would take a bit for the financial manager to arrive, so Percy offered Wesley a seat. He wasn't going to put Blair out, so he secretly gestured for the employee next to her to leave and pulled her chair over.

"Mr. Li, please take a seat."

Wesley checked the time before saying coldly, "No, thanks. I'm pressed for time. Ask him to hurry up. You won't be happy if I'm delayed."

is so cool! He's a man of few words, yet what he says carries

used to it. Wesley

fool to think Wesley was just making empty threats. He immediately urged his man, "Mr. Xu, ask

"Yes, Mr. Jin."

to slip her hand out of Wesley's grasp,

to her head, and she was as red as a

logged into his network server, and started

could even finish, another group arrived. When Percy saw their uniforms, his

people were from the fire department. They didn't even bother to greet

the group saw Wesley, he walked over to make small talk

of Wesley. Then Wesley

Jin Group. While Percy was worried about the fire safety violations, the receptionist called him and informed him that the Labor Bureau sent

was in a sorry state, weighed down by numerous problems. He didn't understand what was going on, outside. Obviously, they were here to deal with the Jin

hand and went to greet some acquaintances. Talbot and the other two escorted her to their car.

anyway? Why didn't you post an update to let everyone know?" Talbot asked in a low voice.

actions that she didn't know

you two become boyfriend-girlfriend? We had no

head. "No. You got things twisted. We're

joined in the conversation. "So you haven't

flashed a self-mocking smile. "I'd do that in a

chief might be gruff on the outside, but he

Blair couldn't

Seeing Blair and Talbot

Talbot immediately stood up straight.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 619 You Might Love It

Wesley thought a minute and said to Blair, "I called up Carlos. He has arranged a job interview for you at the ZL Group. I think you should give it a try. ZL Group provides its employees with more benefits than the Jin Group."

Before heading towards the premises of the Jin Group to pick up Blair, he had considered finding her a new job. He wouldn't make her quit her job and stay unemployed.

'The ZL Group?' The name struck Blair. She was surprised. "Do you mean Carlos Huo's ZL Group?"

There was joy visible on her face. Wesley became hopeful and thought she would agree to go to the interview. "Yes. Carlos now works in Y City," he informed her.

Once again, Blair was moved by his gesture. She felt that he was being so good to her. It was not easy to have an opportunity to work in ZL Group. All those thoughts and opinions were contrary to the decision she made. It was totally unexpected when she announced her stand to Wesley. "Thank you for your concern, but I don't want to work in such a big company."

The signal changed and green lights were on. Wesley cast a confused glance at her and started the car.

Blair sounded apologetic as she continued, "I'm afraid my free spirit doesn't fit a big company like ZL Group. They must have tons of strict rules and regulations to be followed rigidly. I don't think I'd like to work in that kind of working atmosphere and ambience. It will be depressing for me. So, I think it will be much better if I find a job myself."

"What kind of company would you like to work in? Surely, I can help you find a good job." Wesley didn't persuade her to join ZL Group. Once she said she wasn't ready to work there, he decided to help her find another job.

"Thank you for your concern and offer. But you're always so busy. I don't want to trouble you with my problems. If I can't find a job myself, I'll ask for your help. Is that okay?" She didn't want to bother him with such a trivial matter. She knew how busy he usually was.

Wesley didn't say anything further. Blair took his silence as acquiescence.

The drive was a couple of minutes from her former workplace to the apartment complex. He silently drove the car into the underground parking lot.

As soon as he parked the car in a vacant spot, Blair got out and closed the door behind her. Wesley held the two boxes which contained her stuff and was about to step out too when she walked around the car, took the boxes from him, and said, "I can go home myself. You should get back to work."

Wesley glanced at her, got out of the car and walked towards the elevator. "Why are you rushing me to leave? Is it because you don't want to see me?"

How could she possibly not want to see him? Actually, she was feeling bad that her personal affairs were taking up too much of his time and disturbing his tight schedule. He was going ahead so fast that she had to jog to catch up to him. "That's not what I mean. Aren't you busy today?" she questioned.

colleagues. Then he wouldn't be as busy as he used to be.

away from work at least for some time. She quickened her pace and asked cheerfully, "So, you're

"Yeah!"

want to thank you for your help and celebrate the end of my miserable days." She followed him like a tail, blabbering all the time.

silent for a few moments as he listened to her continuous talk,

Blair changed into her slippers and asked in an embarrassed tone, "Do...do you want that?" She pointed at the boxes

looked at her and replied in

drink them

to. Have

needed," she grumbled as she walked towards the boxes. She took out one bottle, popped the straw in and started to

is so easy to handle?' Wesley had never met anyone who was such a handful as her. She had a mind and a mouth of her own. And

handed it to

the couch and declined the

you? Who knows? You might love it." Blair hastened to the couch where Wesley was sitting, and held the bottle up to

at the bottle of drink. His face twisted into a grimace of disgust. "Take it away and remarked, "Someone used "If you can't drink all of those, I'll send the rest to a children's welfare institute." But he him. She casually placed an elbow of hers on his his nostrils. His body went stiff. Wesley leaned backwards and replied stubbornly, and locked her hands around his neck. He hardly realized what she was doing, when her lips touched his and black stilettos. In would fall and get hurt, Wesley put his hand around her waist. mouth. A moment later, Blair let him go, drunk sweetened and flavored milk before, so he wasn't used to the taste. As soon as Blair she laughed. She was enjoying this so much. "We ran out of mineral water two days ago,

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 620 Crystal Sugar Heart

Night had fallen, and the town was covered in a velvety darkness. Someone knocked on the door to Blair's bedroom. She sat up immediately. "Coming!"

She opened the door to see Wesley standing there calmly. "We're eating out, right?"

"Oh, right. Give me a minute to change." It would look a bit weird to go to a restaurant in her uniform. She closed the door and entered the walk-in closet.

Wesley sat on the couch, waiting. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. And then a quarter. Twenty minutes later, Blair finally opened the door again.

From the amount of time she took, he expected that she'd be more made-up. But she had only changed her clothes. Nothing more. He didn't understand how a simple outfit change could have taken so long.

Just then, something dawned on her. "One more minute," she said.

'I don't think she could do anything that only took a minute.' Wesley felt defeated, wondering why it was so hard to get ready.

In her bedroom, Blair found the perfume Wesley had bought her, and applied some of it to her neck and wrists.

Ten more minutes later, they finally left the apartment. This took way too long, at least as far as the soldier was concerned. Wesley only had a few outfits. The patterns of his clothes varied, but he always wore the same color.

Blair wore a long white turtle neck with a slim waistline. It set off her slender figure and fair skin.

When she walked beside Wesley, there was a distinct contrast between the colors of their skin.

A long azure coat hung from her arm. She rocked a pair of fashionable, black-laced martin boots.

They went to Shining International Plaza, which was close to the apartment.

On the way, Wesley asked Blair what she wanted to eat. She actually was in the mood for steak but figured that it might not be his cup of tea, so in the end she said, "I don't know. Anything, I guess. I'm not a picky eater."

wasn't

eat cabbage,

blushed when she realized that. "I can eat them. I just don't like them," she argued, feeling defensive.

When she went to the grocery store, usually she

smiled and

chose a window seat

a couple menus. "Your choice," Wesley said.

"Me?"

"Sure."

Vegetables or meat?" she asked as she read the

you what a non-picky eater looks like."

dishes on the menu. Blair wanted all of them, but she couldn't. She had to take time to decide what she wanted most. And it wasn't easy. Her mouth was watering and her stomach complained

frowned. 'Is it that hard?' Before

others can wait another time." He had been waiting so long he started to have a nic fit, but this was a non-smoking restaurant. He touched the pack of cigarettes in his

her head, Blair replied, "Ever since Joslyn got married, she can't hang out with me anymore. Even when she has a little free time, I have to work. I'm alone most of the time, and I don't want to eat here alone. It's weird." Her tone was thick with disappointment and resignation. Sometimes adulting could be a

some time off. Then we can eat

was a nice surprise. Blair lifted her head abruptly, her eyes shone with excitement. "You mean it? You'll take some vacation time?" It was like he never had any days off, at least that was what Blair

in

here. I'm thinking of ordering these six dishes and a soup. Think that's enough?"

looked at it and said, "Good. Let's order those first. If we're still not full we

order, and the waiter came

just started drinking the water, Wesley's phone tinkled. A new
up from the table, he unlocked the screen to read the
was from someone named Crystal Sugar Heart. "You had dinner yet?" the message read.