

TMBA 531

[Chapter 531 I May Have To Trouble You](#)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A year later

At Hillside Apartments

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

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

"You're welcome, Miss Jing. We're leaving now."

"Okay. Bye!" Blair accompanied them to the door. Before she closed it, she looked at the closed door opposite her apartment and flashed a knowi

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le her. "Hey! Never mess with your friend's crush!"

"Let me go, Blair! What if I get killed? My teammates will get mad!" She was playing a MOBA game.

Blair let go of her helplessly. "Okay, okay. Just watch where you are going! Gotta go."

"All right. Bye, Mom!" she teased.

Blair rolled her eyes and left the campus.

After leaving the metro station, she got to her own apartment in two minutes or so. The moment she entered the estate, she saw a military vehicle driving towards the underground parking garage.

She sped up and ran as fast as she could. Luckily, she was able to stop the elevator on the first floor in time.

When the doors opened, she saw the man she was expecting to see—Wesley, who had just emerged from the underground car park.

Gasping for air, she gave him a broad smile and said, "What a coincidence!"

Wesley stared at her face for a few seconds and then nodded his head without saying a word.

Blair was a bit frustrated. 'He's really a man of few words. Fine! I'll try and find something interesting to talk about.' However, when she saw her reflection in the wall of the elevator, her eyes widened in shock.

Her hair was a mess. Her face was as red as a tomato. The thing that stuck out most was a black mark on her face. She looked down at her hands, and found that her index finger was dirty. She had stained her face when she had adjusted her hair. 'How embarrassing!'

[Chapter 532 His Apartment](#)

'Oh God! My face...'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," he simply answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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t the fruits. After the washing was done, she hung the clothes and then began to leave.

She picked up the empty plate and opened the door, only to see Wesley raising his hand to enter the passcode. She felt rather awkward.

Meeting his confused eyes, she didn't know how to explain her presence in his apartment. "S-sorry... I... I just..."

Just as Blair was racking her brains to find an excuse, a girl stuck her head from behind Wesley and asked curiously, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

He had brought a girl home! Blair was dejected.

Wesley looked at the girl behind him, but didn't answer her questions. Then he turned to Blair and asked, "Do you need anything?"

Jealousy flooded her heart as she shook her head. "No. I was just leaving."

After Blair went back into her apartment, Megan asked Wesley curiously, "Uncle Wesley, is she your neighbor?"

"Hmm." Wesley looked away from her apartment and walked into his own.

He opened the door to a guest room and told Megan, "You can stay in this room."

"Okay. Thank you, Uncle Wesley. I'm going to do my homework now." Megan went into the guest room with her backpack.

When Wesley entered his bedroom, he could smell the strange fragrance in there. He walked into the bathroom and found that all his dirty clothes were gone.

[Chapter 533 Her Heart Was Crushed](#)

Wesley stepped onto the balcony and found that his clothes were hung there.

'She entered the apartment without my permission, and on top of that, she did my laundry too?

What a weird girl!' he thought.

Blair had classes to attend early the next morning. The alarm clock roused her from her deep sleep. After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she left her apartment and entered the elevator, her head still blank from yesterday's incident.

When the elevator reached the first floor, she was still in a daze, not realizing that she had to get out. At that moment, a man entered.

It was Wesley.

'Wait! Wesley!' Blair's eyes widened, as she immediately snapped back into reality.

Wesley was wearing a grey sweatshirt, black shorts and a pair of Nike Air Max 720. He had just finished his morning exercise. Blair could still see beads of sweat on his forehead.

Wesley cast a casual glance at her before pressing the button to the sixteenth floor. Blair watched blankly as the doors closed slowly. 'Oh God! What am I doing?' she thought. "Wait!" she yelled. "Sorry. I need to get out."

She pressed the open button and left the elevator in a hurry. When the doors were about to close again, Wesley blocked them with his foot and called out, "Wait!"

Blair stopped and turned around by instinct. "Me?"

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

Blair's heart was crushed under the weight of his cold words.

She wanted to apologize to him for intruding, but he didn't give her the chance to say anything. The doors closed quickly and the elevator went up to the sixteenth floor.

Dejected, Blair left the housing estate and arrived at the subway station. The journey was short, but she felt like she had been dumped a thousand times.

Inside the classroom, Blair was leaning over the desk and flipping through the pages of her English book. "Joslyn, do you think that girl is his girlfriend?" she murmured in English.

Joslyn rolled her eyes and spat, "Miss Jing, please speak Chinese! Mandarin!"

They had just had an English class, and Blair was too overwhelmed. She sat up and a t opposite Wesley's, but Hartwell Ji didn't know that yet. He was working in another city, and no one had told him.

Since there were no classes in the afternoon, Blair decided to go to the library to study Arabic Language and Literature.

Joslyn had her own matters to deal with, so Blair had to go alone.

On her way to the library, she walked past the playground. The freshmen in their camouflage uniforms were being trained there, as they marched shouting military slogans. The young students, full of vigor and vitality, were like the bright morning sun.

When she passed by a tree on the playground, she heard two girls discussing Wesley. "He is so handsome! So masculine and dashing. This is the first time I've met him, but I'm already in love with him."

"I saw him yesterday. He is always the shining star in the crowd. He is the instructor of Class 6. I'm so envious of them!"

Following their gazes, Blair saw Wesley in his military uniform and a cap.

He was guiding the students to goose step. The eyes of the students were full of admiration for their instructor.

Blair stayed for a while before she headed to the library, a little dejected.

Although the air-conditioner was on in the library, it was still a little hot. There were only a few students in there. Blair found the book she had wanted to read, and began to go through it.

After about ten minutes, she heard a shriek. Blair raised her head to see what was going on, but a bookshelf blocked her view.

[TAKE MY BREATH AWAY](#)

[Chapter 534 The Hostage Seems Calm](#)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Among the soldiers, a man with no cap whispered in Wesley's ear, "The hostage seems pretty calm. She's not freaking out."

When Wesley saw wh

rself. She pointed to a book and said, "Hey, check that out!"

Liam followed her finger, and didn't hear the hushed noises behind him. "What? Are you messing with me?" he spat.

"No, no! It's my favorite book. Can I touch it one last time before I die?" Blair began to babble in order to distract him.

"Shut up! Do I look like an idiot to you? A medical book? This is Y City Language and Culture University!"

Blair took a closer look at the book and was stunned. 'Why is there a medical book here? We don't even have a department of medicine!'

Right at that moment, a soldier kicked the hand Liam held the knife in. Neither Liam nor Blair saw it coming. The knife was dropped on the floor.

Uttering a heartrending cry, Liam staggered and bumped into a bookshelf, with Blair still under his control. He bumped his left arm on the shelf. Blair was tugged with him. He still had an arm wrapped around her, high, near her shoulders. Boom! Her head hit the shelf, and she saw stars.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. It wasn't long before Blair was pulled to her feet and wrapped in a man's warm arms.

With her blurry eyes, Blair saw Wesley's fantastic physique. 'Wow, he's really hot, ' she thought.

Wesley held her in his arms and kicked Liam hard in the gut.

[Chapter 535 Dinner Invitation](#)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I heard it too. And? Knowing her name doesn't mean anything. Anyway, we got to train these guys," a second man retorted, turning to walk away. Yet another man grabbed him and said seriously

sked.

"I'm hungry," she answered, blinking. It was after 8 p.m. She hadn't eaten anything since lunch.

Wesley glanced at her and decided to pretend he didn't realize what she was getting at. "So are you hurt?"

"Yes."

"What is it? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

"No, my belly's hurting. I need a restaurant," she said innocently.

Wesley felt defeated. Just as he was about to refuse, Blair cut in, "My treat. It's the least I can do. You saved me."

"I'm a soldier. It was my duty." Wesley wanted to leave.

Blair added, "My uncle asked you to check on me. I'm starving. Are you really going to just walk away?"

"Is that a threat?" Wesley hated being threatened.

Blair shook her head like a rattle. "No, no. It's okay if you don't want to have dinner with me. Tell you what—go home, shower, change. I have enough here in the house. I'll cook dinner. Come over, make sure I'm fine, and then you can take off again. What do you say?"

Wesley gave her a long look and turned around without a word to go back to his apartment.

"Hey, yes or no? You haven't given me an answer yet." If he agreed, she would go to the kitchen and start cooking now.

Wesley opened his door and turned around impatiently. "We'll see."

'He is as cold as an iceberg,' Blair thought.

The next time someone opened her apartment door, Blair was in the kitchen, ready to saute some vegetables and meat.

[Chapter 536 How About Me](#)

Wesley had changed into casual clothes. Standing at the door, he asked, "You ever lock your door?"

Blair answered without turning back, "Not really. It's just you and me here. No one else lives on our floor. Why bother?"

Then, Wesley lectured her as if he were talking to a child. "It's dangerous. You don't know who else might walk in."

"Okay, okay. Fine. Any foods you don't like?" asked Blair as she poured some cooking oil into the wok after putting it on the stove. Before he answered, she muttered, "Probably not. My uncle said one time you guys had to eat grass to survive. I can't even!"

Wesley was reduced to silence. 'Eat grass? What are we? Sheep?'

While Blair was cooking in the kitchen, Wesley looked around her living room. It looked quite safe. Adalson might have helped set the place up. There were even fire extinguishers.

"Can you cook?" Blair turned back and asked out of the blue.

"Oh yeah," Wesley replied, meeting her eyes.

"Well, good." 'Our kids won't go hungry then, ' Blair thought to herself.

By the time dinner was ready, Wesley was watching TV on the couch in the living room. He had a good view of the kitchen from the couch, so he could keep an eye on her that way.

Blair had cooked several dishes, including vegetables and meat dishes. She carried them to the dining room. There was also congee with lean pork and century eggs. The last thing she brought to the table was a stack of pancakes.

Blair ladled two bowls of congee and waved to Wesley with a smile. "Dinner's ready. Come and eat."

Wesley said, "I don't—"

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

Wesley rose to his feet and walked to the dining room. "Alright," he said after taking a seat at the dining table. "But don't do this again."

"Okay," Blair replied with a smile.

No doubt she was an excellent cook. She could cook all kinds of dishes. We

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er, her delicate body would snap.

His hands tightened and his jaw hardened; the look in his eyes was fierce. 'He's angry, ' Blair realized.

"That was for saving me—again."

There were many ways to say thank you. She chose the one that made her the happiest.

Wesley was still tightening his hands around her waist. "Ouch! Let...go!" she cried.

He let go of her quickly, keeping his hands on her shoulders, and stood back from her, at arm's length.

"Miss Jing, let's not let that happen again," he warned in a hard tone.

Having been a high-ranking military officer for such a long time, he had been used to giving orders. He talked in an authoritative tone even in front of Blair.

She tilted her head and snorted, "I'm not your soldier. I don't have to follow your orders." "I kissed you. So now what?"

If Blair were a man, Wesley would have pounded on her or ordered her to do thousands of deep squats.

Too bad for him, she was a woman. A delicate woman, whom he could neither scold nor hit. After racking his brains, Wesley made a lame retort. "For Uncle Adalson's sake, I'll pretend nothing happened." Then he went back to washing the dishes.

Blair reached for her lips. His warmth lingered there. She smiled and put her hands behind her back, exclaiming, "My uncle is so good to me. Even when he's not there, he helps me."

[Chapter 537 Freshly Made Coffee](#)

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

Wesley didn't know how to respond to that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The counselor wasn't theirs to begin with, and the drawing studio wasn't where her duty was. She was only in the studio because their art instructor had been occupied elsewhere lately. Since this female guidance counselor knew a bit about art, she had been

u let go of my hand? We're not that close.'

She tried to wriggle out of Miss Zheng's grasp on the way to the sports ground, but failed to do so. With so many students and military instructors on the ground, Blair didn't want to make a scene, so she stopped struggling when they got there. The guidance counselor took the girls to the middle of the ground.

She specifically walked to Wesley. "Officer Li, I'm a guidance counselor of this university. I heard that you were the strictest military instructor here. These two have been misbehaving in class. I leave them to you. Please see to it that they'll finish their five-kilometer run."

Blair and Joslyn were bereft of words.

"I'm too busy," Wesley rebuffed after giving the two girls an indifferent look.

The guidance counselor was embarrassed. But she wasn't going to give up that easily. "Officer Li, please consider them as a couple of new attendees in the military training. Thank you," she said with a smile.

The students Wesley was training were standing in a military manner. Blair observed them. Although the training had been going on for merely a few days, they had made obvious progress; their formation was in much better order than the other students'.

After giving it more thought, Wesley decided not to make things too difficult for the guidance counselor, so he nodded and said, "Okay."

The guidance counselor left, but Wesley still didn't speak to the two girls. Blair and Joslyn stood in the sun, waiting for him to give orders.

However, he turned around and walked back to the freshmen to give them more instructions.

[Chapter 538 Blair Fainted](#)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Left turn!" Wesley commanded once again.

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

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

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

Wesley found her lovely and extremely funny. But as the strictest military training instructor, he kept telling himself not to laugh. "Quick time, march! Left foot first, 75 cm forward!"

'75 cm? How far is 75 cm?' Blair wondered, totally confused. She wasn't good with numbers. When she turned around helplessly to look at Joslyn, she found that her friend was even more puzzle

while. "Where's my friend?" she asked.

"She went back to her class." Since Blair seemed fine, Wesley stood up from the chair to leave.

Blair wasn't going to miss such a good opportunity to be alone with him.

When he turned to leave, she lay back on the bed and whined, "Oh, my head. I feel so dizzy."

Wesley turned around to look at her. "I'll go get the doctor."

Before he could leave, Blair grabbed his hand. The calluses on his palm made her heart ache. She could imagine how much effort he had put into being a good soldier. "I don't need a doctor. I want to go home and rest."

Her gentle touch sent his heart racing. As if an electric shock had passed through him, he quickly withdrew his hand. He couldn't even look her in the eye. Instead, he averted his gaze to the empty drip bottle and said in a cold tone, "Then, go home."

"But I'm too feeble to walk."

"I'll have someone drive you home."

"But we're neighbors. Nobody lives closer to me than you do." Obviously, she was saying that if someone had to take her home, it should be him.

Perhaps, he didn't get her point. He replied, "I'll not buy an apartment so close to yours ever again."

Blair thought, 'Do you have to be so insulting?'

After a long sigh, she asked, "Can you give me a lift?"

"I have to go someplace else later."

"You can go there after taking me home."

[Chapter 539 The Ride](#)

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

Blair sat up on the bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hmm." He gave her a lukewarm response.

"Where did you get the money for this?" Considering his age and position, she didn't think he could afford it.

"A friend gave it to me as a gift," he said.

"Who was it? Obviously, you have some rich friends." She wished she knew some moneybags who had heard him reply.

"Oh, that's why she is here." Megan gave Blair one more look as the door was shut behind them.

All of a sudden, Blair felt like what she had been doing all along had been pointless. She had been trying so hard to pursue him, but to him, she was only a neighbor. Not even a friend.

She had been so forward with him, giving him all kinds of signals, but he remained indifferent towards her.

'Maybe he really doesn't like me. I'm such a loser.'

That evening, Blair had dinner with Hartwell. She told him what had happened in the library. He picked up some food from the bowl and put it on her plate. Then he said, "I heard that you had heatstroke yesterday. It's been really hot outside lately. And as a junior, you don't even have to attend the military training. So, why were you running in the sun?"

Blair wasn't surprised that Hartwell knew about her sunstroke. "Our substitute guidance counselor has been picking on me, so I mixed up some paint and told her that it was coffee. I convinced her to drink it. She was pissed, and made me and Joslyn do a five-kilometer run in the sports ground. The worst part was that she left us in the hands of the well-known, devil-like military instructor, Wesley. You already know what happened after that—I got sunstroke."

"Wesley?" Hartwell frowned. "He is known for being harsh, but every one of his soldiers turns out to be excellent. I'm not surprised that you got sunstroke if he was your military instructor."

"Me neither," Blair seconded.

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

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

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

Hartwell's words came as a wet blanket. Blair had been eating, but she paused when she heard that. Her spirits dampened even further. She knew that she had been fooling herself into thinking that Wesley

cared about her, and that now it was time to wake up. "You're right. As it happens, I was the one being held as the hostage that day. Anyway, why don't we move on?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blair understood. At work, Hartwell's phone was kept by his secretary. And when he was finally off the clock, it was usually very late. This time, he had come to Y City because he had some work to get done bent over the desk. "I think so," she replied.

Joslyn gave it a bit of thought and figured out what was going on. "You didn't take your medicine, did you?"

Busted, Blair giggled. "I already had an infusion. I don't need the medicine. I don't know what's going on. I was fine yesterday."

Joslyn was unhappy. "You don't know? You brought this upon yourself because you didn't take your medicine! I'll personally shove the medicine down your throat at noon. I'm not gonna leave you be." Joslyn knew that Blair hated taking medicines, but she was worried about her.

"All right. All right. I concede," Blair said. She was feeling too miserable. This time, not having medicines was more terrible than having them.

Near noon, the students started walking towards the cafeteria.

Joslyn complained about the hot weather; it was making her uncomfortable. While they were chatting, she suddenly thought of Wesley. "How is everything going?" she asked Blair.

Blair knew what she was referring to. "Here is my strategy—sometimes take the initiative, sometimes be inactive; never be impulsive, always be perceptive; no matter how eager you are to give, always play cool to achieve. That's how you make a man fall in love."

Joslyn looked at her excitedly. "Sounds brilliant. So, how is that working for you? Did he fall in love with you yet?"

