

TMBA 541

### [Chapter 541 Have A Drumstick](#)

Blair shook her head. "No, because I did just the opposite. I was always taking the initiative and was never inactive. I was often impulsive and eager to give and was never able to play cool. So, he didn't fall in love with me."

The smile on Joslyn's face faded. She patted Blair's shoulder and comforted her, "Remember, your nickname is Bless. Good fortune will always follow you. Don't be frustrated."

Blair wasn't going to give up yet. "I need to change my strategy. I'll keep a distance from him. He is so used to me following him around. If I stay away from him for some time, he might feel a void in his life."

"You go, girl! Do you need my help with anything?"

Blair put her arm around Joslyn's shoulders and said, "I can handle it. You just focus on locking down my cousin." Joslyn chuckled.

They walked into the canteen. The cool air from the air-conditioners blew on their skin, cooling them off a bit. But since the place was so crowded, the air-conditioners weren't very helpful.

At a large table not far from them, several military instructors, in their camouflage uniforms, were having their meals. They were very conspicuous among the students. Blair saw them as soon as she and Joslyn walked into the canteen. She also spotted Wesley, who was about to have his lunch.

He was sitting opposite a few other military instructors. Talbot, who was next to him, noticed Blair and Joslyn walk in.

"Hey! Look! Isn't that Blair and her friend?"

The others turned their heads to look, except Wesley. He remained indifferent as usual.

"Talbot, how do you know her name?" one of the military instructors joked.

Talbot bragged in a low voice, "Smooth, huh? I just found out that she is a top student here and is pretty famous in the university."

Lenard Niu leaned towards the table and cut in, "Does she have a boyfriend? If she doesn't, why don't you fix us up?"

Wesley, who was eating, paused for a second without looking up. Then, he  
ing was off between them, but they didn't know what it was yet.

They resumed eating. Instructing the freshmen wasn't a big deal, so they ate at a leisurely pace.

During the meal, Blair felt thirsty. "Excuse me," she said to the others.

"Where are you going?" Joslyn asked.

"To get some soup."

The guys at the table wanted to help, but Blair left the table quickly, without even giving them the chance to offer their help.

After a short while, she returned carrying a tray with the hot soup on it. Since Wesley's seat was nearest to the place where the soup was being served, Blair had to pass him on her way back to the table.

Just when she was walking by him, a boy, who was fighting playfully with his friend, accidentally stepped on a banana peel and fell towards Blair.

"Shit!" the boy cried as he collapsed onto her.

"Aah!" Blair screamed as the hot soup spilled all over her bare arm.

The bowl and the tray thudded onto the floor.

The loud noise attracted everyone's attention.

Someone had grabbed her arm in time. She looked back and saw that it was Wesley.

If it weren't for him, the entire bowl of soup would have spilled all over the upper part of her body. And probably all over her face too. Thanks to Wesley, only one third of the hot soup spilled onto her arm.

#### [Chapter 542 Why Are You Crying](#)

In an instant, Blair's arm was scalded. It turned red and swelled, and her face went pale.

Wesley let go of her arm, and quickly unscrewed the lid from the bottle of water Talbot had drunk from. He took her arm again and pulled her to the nearest trash can, dumping water onto her arm to cool the burn.

The student who bumped into Blair was scalded by the hot soup too. Some of the soup had splashed on his chest and legs. Worse, it was summer and he was dressed in shorts and a T-shirt. So he was now groaning in pain on the floor.

Many students around were still in a daze as everything happened so quickly. Luckily, Talbot and the other soldiers reacted quickly and took charge of the situation. Some of them handed their bottles of water to Wesley one by one, while the others began to comfort Blair. "Does it hurt?"

"Blair, are you okay? Oh, my God. Your arm is so red now..."

The noise of the crowd snapped Joslyn back to her senses. She shot to her feet and ran to Blair's side.

"Bless, you okay? Let's see your wound," she said worriedly.

Face still pale, Blair shook her head, though tears were threatening to fall from her eyes. She gritted her teeth and reassured her friend in a weak voice, "Don't worry. I'm okay."

Wesley knitted his brows and cast her a sidelong glance, wondering if she was pretending to be strong. But her face was already white as a sheet. And strangely, her pained expression made his heart ache a little bit...

Students ringed around the boy on the floor; some came forward to help him to his feet. He pulled up his T-shirt to check his scalds. His chest was just a little red, and compared to Blair's wound, it wasn't worth mentioning.

Wesley had gone through all the water bottles he had been given. He still felt it wasn't enough. So he grabbed her hand and led her towards the nearest sink in the cafeteria, while giving Talbot orders. "Talbot! Go buy some aloe vera cream."

"Yes, Chief!" Talbot responded and turned on his heels to carry out his orders.

Dragged by Wesley, Blair felt e

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g now? It's just a little scald. Maybe you're not a fan of my first aid skills..."

Blair was angry. A bitter laugh escaped her lips. How could she fall in love with such a rude guy?

A normal man would comfort her. But why was he acting like this? Like she was doing this intentionally.

Blair shook off Wesley's hand and turned off the faucet. Eyes red from tears, she said, "You should know better than anyone. I'm a girl, like any other. I didn't go through endurance training in the military. It hurts, dammit! But I get it. You did your best. I'm not bitching or anything. Thanks for your help, Mr. Li. Goodbye!"

She had never talked to him like this. Frowning, Wesley called out to stop the woman from leaving. "Wait!"

Blair froze on the spot without turning around. She asked, "What now?"

"Blair Jing, I'll never fall in love with you. You're such a stubborn and unreasonable woman!" he announced firmly.

'I'm stubborn? Fine, yeah, I am. But unreasonable? Seriously? So everything I did, all my dreams of him and me, just made him hate me!' she thought sadly.

She turned around and glared at the expressionless man. Gnashing her teeth, she asked, "Anyone tell you you're an absolute jerk?"

Her eyes became redder. He replied calmly, "Nope." His men would always tell him he was a demon. Maybe that was the same thing, but he didn't care.

[Chapter 543 I Dont Deserve It](#)

Blair clenched her fists and lifted them in front of Wesley, threatening to punch him in the face. But instead of moving a muscle to defend himself, he stood rooted to the spot and smirked.

Blair felt humiliated about being looked down upon by the man she loved.

She knew nothing about martial arts. But at that moment, she wished she did. If she were as skilled as he was, she would have surely taught him a lesson. She would have beaten him to the ground and made him beg her for mercy.

"Whether you love me or not, that's your choice. You're free to decide. I admit that I do love you, but I won't let you humiliate me like that!" Blair said angrily.

Wesley had figured out her feelings for him long ago. But this was the first time he had heard her say blatantly that she loved him. He looked at her, a complicated look in his eyes. "I don't need anyone's love," he declared coldly.

He couldn't promise any woman a bright future. That was the kind of life he led. So, he didn't want to love anyone, nor did he need anyone's love.

Blair seethed in anger. She was hurt once again by his sharp words.

"Oh really? Then please, do come back to your apartment more often and stop trying to avoid me by taking the stairs. You know my physical strength is no match to yours. I can't take the stupid stairs! So, take the damn elevator with me! And mark my words, I'll make you fall in love with me one day. You'll have to take back your words when that moment comes."

Wesley didn't care about her provocation. He said, "Don't bother. I won't fall in love with a woman who can't even take the stairs with me."

Blair breathed heavily, unable to utter another word. Tears threatened to fall from her reddened eyes.

When Talbot ran back to them gasping for air, he saw Blair trying to kick Wesley in his shins.

He was taken aback by shock and surprise. 'What the hell is she doing? That's Wesley, the military hero! Why is she trying to kick him? Is she nuts?' Of course, Blair failed to make contact with his body. Wesley easily sidestepped her attack and she only managed to kick the air.

Frustrated, Blair felt like she was about to explode. Tears began to stream down her cheeks. "Why do you bully me like this every time?" she protested.

Ignoring her question, Wesley walked up to Talbot and took the ointment from his hand

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air's anger. "What on earth happened? What did he say to you? Why are you so angry?" Blair was a soft and patient girl. She always smiled to everyone. Joslyn seldom saw her like this.

'Maybe she loves Wesley so much that she cares about every word that comes out of his mouth,' Joslyn reckoned.

Blair felt embarrassed to repeat Wesley's words. She blew on her scalded arm and said, "Whatever, he did look down on me. Joslyn, I don't want to love him anymore. He's such a jerk!"

Joslyn sighed. "If you can control your feelings, then just forget about him."

Like many young girls, Blair had had her first awakening of love when she was around seventeen years old.

She used to admire Wesley as her idol for two years. Then when she was nineteen, their paths had finally crossed. Since then, she had secretly loved him and had tried to pursue him. So, to be precise, she had loved him for more than three years.

The two girls silently sat on the bench of the pavilion, watching the students come and go around the campus. Occasionally, they could hear some students gossiping about Blair and Wesley. It seemed like the students had already begun to put their names together.

On their way back to the classroom, they walked past the training ground and saw a large group of students in a circle. Thunderous exclamation and applause arose from the crowd.

Joslyn excitedly dragged Blair towards the crowd. "Bless, let's go have a look. I heard some girls exclaim about someone being very handsome. There must be some hot men in the training ground!"

#### [Chapter 544 Her Fair Skin](#)

The words "handsome" or "beautiful" always get people's attention. Hearing Joslyn say this, Blair merely nodded and followed her into the crowd of students.

Much to Blair's surprise, she discovered Wesley and the other drillmasters were onsite at the training ground.

Wesley led the other drillmasters in regular military exercises, like lying down, crawling on the belly and crawling in different postures. Every soldier needed to finish a whole set of exercises.

Blair elbowed her way to the front row and watched them training with keen interest. Now the soldiers were practicing capturing techniques, roundhouse kicks, wrestling, throwing left and right hooks, and switching opponents. The crowd was excited by the show.

Then the most interesting part: More than ten drillmasters surrounded Wesley, backing him into the metaphorical corner. He had no choice but to fight back. In the blink of an eye, all of his opponents were dispatched—thrown to the ground, or signaling they were unable to continue.

The deafening screams from the crowd made Blair's ears ring. Nonetheless, she ignored it and locked her eyes on the handsome and capable man, eyes glimmering with admiration. The way Wesley took down his own men was so cool that she wanted to scream as well.

Her anger towards him vanished into thin air. She completely forgot what she had said earlier. Drawing closer to Joslyn, Blair whispered, "I take it all back. He's so hot and I'm not giving up on him now." He was sharp-tongued. But his handsome face and his nearly superhuman ability outweighed his shortcomings.

'I knew it.' Joslyn rolled her eyes at Blair and said, "Good luck to you. If you can win over a guy like that, you'll feel secure every night in his arms."

Practically drooling, Blair nodded and echoed her words, "Agreed."

After a day's classes, Blair and Joslyn had dinner together and then went their separate ways.

It wasn't until she was back home that Blair found her body temperature was a little high. She touched her forehead. It seemed like she had a fever.

She sighed gloomily. One misfortune followed another.

She was held hostage in the library, got heatstroke on the playground, scalded her arm at the cafeteria and now had a fever. Probably, the fever was caused by her burn. B

hand in his big one.

It felt so soft and smooth. He had never felt anything like this. He totally lost himself in this special feeling.

Niles had come to the military hospital with his teacher to attend a medical seminar. It wasn't easy to get a chance to attend that seminar, so he had hurried here. He heard from an acquaintance that Wesley was there too. He asked the ward number and came to see his brother. When he was about to push the door open, he was taken aback at what he saw through the windows in the door.

'Oh my God! Will wonders never cease?

That's my idiot brother! And he's holding a woman's hand!' Niles exclaimed in his mind.

An idea popped up in his head, and immediately, he took out his phone, switched it to silent mode and aimed the camera at the pair inside.

Wesley was supposed to be pretty savvy and aware of his surroundings. He was hard to sneak up on. But since he was so engrossed by the touch of Blair's hand, his guard was down. He didn't know Niles was standing at the doorway, snapping pics.

Suddenly, Wesley came back to his senses. Realizing what he was doing, he was flustered and dropped her hand at once.

He shot to his feet and ran his fingers through his hair, annoyed.

Niles carefully put his phone back into his pocket and politely knocked on the door before coming in.

"Oh! Hey, Wesley."

Wesley wasn't surprised to see Niles. Or if he was, he didn't show it. Instead of explaining anything, he said, "You came at the right time. Watch her. I need a smoke."

### [Chapter 545 Wesley Was Guilty](#)

Before Niles could say a word, Wesley fled from the ward at lightning speed.

Niles could do nothing but watch him disappear from sight. He figured that his brother was fleeing because he was guilty. The truth was that Wesley indeed felt guilty for his stupid behavior.

If word got out that he had covertly touched a woman's hand, he would be so embarrassed to face the soldiers and would be laughed at by others in the army. 'It's all her fault. Women are serious trouble!' Wesley thought angrily as he left the ward.

Inside the ward, Niles quietly approached the hospital bed. The woman was lying in it with her eyes closed. Curiosity filled his entire system. He wondered what kind of woman she was. Even the righteous Wesley was tempted by her.

As he took a closer look, Niles found that she was pretty young, probably under twenty. She had long, black hair. Her small, light-complexioned face was flushed because of the high fever. She had beautiful facial features—a small nose, cute and plump lips, and long eyelashes. Although her eyes were closed and she didn't look healthy at that moment, he could tell that she was a pretty girl.

As he continued staring at her face, Niles started to feel that she looked a bit familiar. He tried to place the face in his mind. 'Wait! She's that outstanding interpreter who attended the research seminar held by my school and the British Medical University!'

Niles was shocked when he realized who she was.

He remembered that he had sat in the first row at that research seminar. He was so impressed by her linguistic ability and adored her so much. After the seminar, he had even told his roommates that Blair Jing would be his idol from then on.

And now his idol was in front of him and maybe, she would become his sister-in-law some day in the future. His eyes shone and excitement flooded through him.

If Blair and Wesley became a couple, then he would be able to see his idol every day. That sounded good. No, that sounded perfect!

But then, Niles frowned. His elder brother was such a blockhead when it came to matters of love. Judging from Wesley's flustered reaction earlier, it looked like they weren't even dating yet.

'Looks like I need to do my brother this huge favor, ' Niles thought mischievously.

Two minutes later, he rushed out of the ward and found Wesley smoking in the exit passageway. "W She blinked in confusion. Although she couldn't make sense of the situation, it felt wonderful to see Wesley in front of her when she woke up in the morning. She wished she could see him every morning when she opened her eyes, for the rest of her life.

Since she said nothing, Wesley continued to speak. "How are you feeling now? Does it hurt anywhere?"

It was supposed to be a caring gesture. But he sounded indifferent, as if he was just asking what the weather was like today. Blair concluded in her mind that Wesley was really a blockhead.

He didn't know how to carry a girl in his arms the right way, nor did he know how to be tender or show any care towards others.

She shook her head, sighing inwardly.

She shifted her gaze away from him and looked around the room. 'Am I in a ward?'

Seeing the confusion in her eyes, Wesley explained, "This is a hospital. You had a fever last night."

'A fever? Oh...!' She finally got a grasp of the situation. No wonder she felt ache all over her body.

"Did you bring me here?" she asked, although she more or less knew the answer.

Wesley nodded and stood up from the chair. "Have your breakfast now."

Blair slowly sat up on the bed and asked casually, "What was my temperature when you brought me here?" She touched her forehead. It felt normal now. The fever was gone, but she felt a little tired.

"39.8 degrees," he said.

Blair was taken aback. It had almost touched 40 degrees! 'Could the fever have affected my brain? Would I become stupid?' But she still recognized Wesley, so her brain should be fine.

#### [Chapter 546 Goodbye, Sister-in-law](#)

Blair got out of the hospital bed and dragged her weak body to the bathroom to freshen up.

When she was brushing her teeth, she noticed that her arm wasn't as red and swollen as it was the day before. A new layer of ointment had been applied to the wound, nourishing her skin. It had a slight fragrance to it.

She wondered who had applied the ointment to her wound. Was it Wesley, or a doctor?

When she came out of the bathroom, Wesley had already left. She settled herself back on the bed, and wheeled the cart over that held the bowl of wontons and noodles. She then began eating. She was already half-done by the time Wesley came back with a few pieces of paper and some boxes of medicine in his hands.

She looked at him, asking, "You eaten yet?"

He shifted his gaze to her and nodded, "Mmm hmm."

He quietly waited for her to finish before letting her know how to use the medicine. Staring at his serious profile, Blair said sincerely, "Thank you, Wesley." It was good to be his neighbor. She felt protected, safe with him.

And what if she were his girlfriend? She knew that feeling of security would be even more intense.

Betraying no emotion, Wesley threw her a quick glance. "You're welcome." He handed the medicine to her and turned on his heels without a word.



Breaking out of her reverie, Blair found he was gone. She left the bed again, and jogged out of the ward. It wasn't long before she caught up to him. He was waiting for her in front of the elevator.

The doors opened. When they were about to step inside, they heard a panting voice call out, "Brother, Sister-in-law..."

Blair was pretty sure that wasn't for her, so she continued walking into the elevator. Wesley suddenly grabbed hold of her wrist and pulled her out. The elevator doors closed again. She turned to look at him, confused.

He coldly pointed to a young man gasping for air behind them. He was dressed in a blue shirt and a white gown, and obviously was out of breath, rushing to catch them before they boarded the elevator. The young doctor looked a little bit like Wesley, but his complexion was muc

, where the air-conditioner was blowing cool air. He waved goodbye to them from the entrance. "Goodbye, Brother and Sister-in-law!"

That was the second time he called her "Sister-in-law." She shook her head. "Hey, I'm not..." However, Niles had already hurried inside. He didn't want to be around them in case Wesley tried to punch him.

Embarrassed, she looked at the sullen man.

Sulking silently, he sat in the driver's seat and started the car. "Don't mind him. He's an idiot, and has been since we were kids. I'll teach him a lesson next time."

'What? An idiot? An idiot made a speech on behalf of his school?'

Blair was confused. Was he trying to say there was nothing between them?

He skillfully turned the wheel and drove the car away. "Don't worry about it," she said. "I know he was just joking. He's only a kid."

Wesley gave her a sidelong glance. "A kid? You guys aren't that far apart in age. You may be just a few months older."

"A few months or a few years, he's still younger. He's lively and carefree, like a child."

Wesley said nothing, lost in his own thoughts.

When they rounded a corner, his phone suddenly rang. As soon as he tapped on the screen of the in-car phone, a man's voice echoed through the car. "Wesley, we have a priority alert. Need you ASAP."

"Understood!" Wesley's face turned serious. He made a U-turn and was about to head to his platoon.

### [Chapter 547 Your Girlfriends So Hot](#)

Blair knew that a soldier could be called to duty at a moment's notice. She told him, "If you have something urgent to handle, just drop me off here. I'll just get a cab."

Wesley mulled it over. He did have to get going. But when he saw her face, still drained of color, he thought better of it. He didn't even slow down. "No, it's okay."

Blair was surprised, but said nothing.

She was brought to the place where he worked. As soon as his car pulled into the parking lot, a few men dressed in army-green shirts came and surrounded Wesley, who was getting out. "Chief! You're finally here. Please report to Mr. Zhao's office now."

Wesley closed the car door. Without responding to his men, he walked around the car to the passenger door.

The soldiers followed their leader and kept urging him. But they all shut up when the passenger door was pulled open. Their eyes widened in shock. A woman was sitting in the passenger seat, wondering if she should get out.

Seeing her indecisiveness, Wesley actively helped her unfasten the seat belt, while talking fast. "My office is on the third floor, first room on the left; your uncle's office is on the fourth floor, second room on the right. Head there and wait for me. I'll come find you when I get a chance."

Blair nodded her head. She moved slowly in the seat, looked down at the ground and carefully stretched out a leg. His vehicle was so high and large that she needed to get out of it carefully, holding the handle like when she got in.

Seeing she had balance issues, Wesley held her hand, and wrapped the other around her waist when she was halfway down. Straightaway, he took her into his arms and let her get to her feet. The other soldiers were even more shocked by this scene, their jaws dropped. Wesley ignored their curious looks and pointed in the direction of his office.

Blair smiled at Wesley's men, greeting them with a nod. After that, she headed towards the office building.

As soon as she left the parking lot, the soldiers all besieged their leader and said with keen interest, "Nice going, Chief! She's cute."

"Finally. We were wondering why you never dated any girls. When did you get a girlfri

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When they left the office, some of Wesley's colleagues craned their necks to look at them. Blair noticed and asked, "Wesley, what are they looking at?"

Looking straight ahead, he answered outright, "You."

"Why?"

Wesley continued descending the stairs. He caught a glimpse of her when he turned a corner and explained, "You're the niece of Lieutenant General Ji. They've never seen you before."

"Oh, I see..."

After the two were completely out of sight, the group of men hidden in the corner began to gossip.

"Wow, she's gorgeous."

"Yeah she is. She got such nice eyes, and the way she rolls them..." One of them clutched his heart to make his point. "But he's so bad-tempered. What does she see in him?"

"Maybe he's more tender to her than he is with us."

"Point taken. So I wonder if he's marrying into Lieutenant General Ji's family."

"Maybe. He'd be smart to do it. He'd work his way through the ranks quickly."

The fervent discussions didn't subside even after the pair had left the office building.

Wesley escorted Blair back home. He watched as she unlocked the door to her apartment. He followed her in.

Out of habit, he vigilantly walked around her apartment to check if there were any safety problems. After confirming that everything was safe, he walked towards the door and said, "Get some rest. I should jet."

Blair suddenly called out, "Wait."

He laced up his boots before turning around to look at her.

#### [Chapter 548 Let Me Be Your Girlfriend](#)

Blair strolled over, stood in front of Wesley and looked up at him. He frowned in confusion. Suddenly, she put her hands on his strong waist, stood on tiptoe, and quickly planted a kiss on his lips. "Thanks for your help."

Last time, she kissed the corner of his lips, but this time, her kiss fell fully on his lips. She was getting bolder.

Blair was wallowing in the smugness when Wesley suddenly leaned forward. She was startled and instinctively took a step back. 'What does he want to do? Will he kill me just because I kissed him?' she wondered.

"Blair."

"Yes?" Was this the first time he said her name? It sounded so great!

"I don't love you." His cold and straightforward words rang in her ears.

Blair grinned, a hint of unnoticeable bitterness lingering on her lips. "I know." She was the one crushing on him, not the other way round. In a relationship, whoever falls in love first hurts more. Blair was well aware of that.

It only proved that Wesley was a good man. He didn't love her, so he turned her down from the start. Quickly. It was better than stringing her along.

Wesley felt a headache coming on. She was quite stubborn so he decided to be blunt. He explained further, "I'm only 24. I don't have time for love. I don't need it. My job is to serve my country and its people. That's it. That's what I was born to do."

"Wesley Li," she suddenly called out, interrupting him.

"What?"

"You're a grown-up. You can marry and have kids and still be a soldier. Plenty of military types do that. And I'm not asking you to marry me now. Let's just date. I promise I won't bother you when you're working." Blair didn't know where she got the confidence to say things like that. She knew it was now or never. She probably wouldn't be that bold a second time.

Wesley gave her a long look. "No, it's not in the cards, okay? Don't kiss me again. Keep your hands—and your lips—to yourself, and we can still be friends."

"Friends..." She hesitated for a second. "I can't just be your friend. I love you."

"I told you, I don't love you. Hate me if you have to, but just leave me alone." He left her apartment after dropping the last words.

Blair took a deep breath

and entered. "In my house?"

"Yeah. Know how long it's been since I cooked?" Thinking of something, he turned around to look at Talbot, who was still in a daze. "Get in there. I'm going back home to change."

Talbot nodded and ran towards Blair's apartment.

Wesley headed over to his own place. Talbot changed into a pair of clean slippers that Blair gave to him. As he walked inside, he asked curiously, "So how long have you known Wesley?"

Blair thought for a second before answering, "A long time. But we didn't really get to know each other."

"So...are you two... close with each other now?" Talbot asked with an evil smile.

Blair shook her head. "No. But we know each other a little better. After all, we're neighbors. And he helped me out a few times."

"Oh..." Talbot nodded. He took out the ingredients from the bag while running his eyes over her apartment. "Your apartment is pretty much the same as our dear leader's. It's warmer here somehow, and more comfortable."

Blair helped him carry the food to the kitchen. "It's the decorations."

"Yeah, maybe."

Blair told him where all the cooking utensils were. In the end, she said, "Sorry for the trouble. Thank you for cooking for me tonight."

Talbot shook his head. "We're good. I like it. Wait out in the dining room. I'll take care of everything in the kitchen."

"No, I can stay. I'll help you wash the vegetables." Her arm was hurt but it wasn't a big deal to wash the vegetables.

#### [Chapter 549 Blair Was Green With Envy](#)

"Get out of here," Talbot said in a teasing tone. "I'm used to working my magic alone." He flashed Blair a disarming smile.

"Okay. I'll leave you alone. Call me if you need me," Blair offered.

"Sure."

After leaving the kitchen, Blair returned to her bedroom and began to clean. She straightened the furniture, dusted around the trim, and smoothed out the covers on her bed.

By the time she was done, Wesley still hadn't arrived. She sat on the sofa, watching TV to kill time. After a while, the doorbell rang.

She sprang up from the sofa and made her way to the door. Wesley had just had a shower and looked quite fresh. Blair pouted and complained, "I thought you were going to cook for me."

Casting a casual glance at Talbot, who was busy cooking in the kitchen, Wesley said indifferently, "You get fed either way. What's the difference?"

'I want to taste your cooking. That's the difference,' Blair thought to herself.

Noticing a dash of disappointment flashing through her eyes, Wesley explained, "I'm so bad I can burn water. Talbot's a top-flight cook. He won first place in a competition last year." What he said was true. Although he knew how to cook, the food he cooked could only be described as edible, far from delicious.

Blair was still recovering from a fever. Talbot had learned how to cook ideal meals for patients and people getting over illnesses. He had done it for his father more than a few times.

That was why Wesley had asked him to cook for Blair.

"Got it," Blair nodded, but her expression showed that she was not convinced. 'He didn't want to cook for me, and even found a lame excuse.'

Wesley could tell that she didn't buy his explanation, but decided not to push the issue. He went to the kitchen to see if he could help Talbot, but the cook drove him out too.

Seeing that Blair was watching TV, Wesley came over and sat next to her, pulling out his phone to play a game.

Within two minutes, his phone started ringing. Blair couldn't help but turn her head to look at him, wondering, 'It's late. I wonder who that is. A coworker or a friend?'

Wes

May I friend you?" They had known each other for a while, but she didn't have his number.

Wesley didn't turn her down this time. He fished out his cell phone and tossed it to her. "Knock yourself out."

Blair picked his phone up. It was old, the OS was at least two years out of date. She swiped the screen, and it asked her for a PIN. "Password?"

"1104."

"Sounds like a birthday," she said casually.

"Yeah. Megan's." He didn't feel the need to hide it from her. Megan had changed his password.

Blair froze for a moment. 'Megan again! She has him on a short leash.'

Suddenly, she lost the desire to friend him.

She threw his phone back to him. "Forget it," she spat.

Wesley caught his phone. 'What's her problem?' he thought.

Under his confused look, Blair said in a sad voice, "I quit. You don't care for me. I know you feel it's your responsibility to help me. I'm sorry I came on to you."

She sounded like a girl who had been hurt by her boyfriend.

Wesley figured out what she was doing. He looked at his phone and asked, "You playing cat and mouse? Hoping I'll feel sorry for you?"

'Seriously? Why does he know everything? Oh God! How embarrassing!'

Blair forced a smile and stammered, "You...you're imagining things."

Wesley sneered. He raised his phone and asked, "Sure you don't want to friend me?"

Being a proud girl, Blair answered firmly, "No, I don't."

### [Chapter 550 A Wuss](#)

Blair could only watch helplessly as Wesley put his phone back in his pocket.

It wasn't long after that Talbot finished cooking. When he walked out of the kitchen with a plate of food, an awkward silence hung between Blair and Wesley. But he was too slow to realize it. "Come and get it!"

Wesley shot to his feet first and went to the kitchen to help Talbot set the table.

Blair followed him and began to ladle porridge for them.

Just as she picked up the ladle, someone stopped her. "You scalded your arm, remember? Let me do it," said Wesley.

He took the ladle away from her without a second thought and began to dish it out into the bowls.

Blair shrugged and sat at the dining room table, waiting for the two.

Talbot's cooking skills were amazing, like he said. Blair raved about the dishes, telling him what a terrific cook he was.

The cook, however, blushed. He tried to change the topic. "Have some more. Try this Chinese yam. Easy on the stomach and good for healing."

Blair nodded. "Thanks, Talbot." After she ate it, she exclaimed, "Wow! That's really sweet!"

"Of course! I picked it myself. Hey, you know how to pick Chinese yams?" Blair shook her head, so Talbot continued, "Make sure they're firm all the way around, and the skin isn't all wrinkled. And you don't want any cracks in it, either." It was obvious he was passionate about the subject.

Wesley, who kept silent all this time, watched Talbot continue to heap food onto Blair's plate while the two laughed happily. As time went by, anger rose in his heart.

After dinner, Blair sat on the sofa to get some rest.

Talbot cleaned up, while Wesley washed the dishes.

Talbot came over to Wesley and whispered in his ear, "What's going on, Chief? Yeah, I saw you at dinner. You sure there's nothing between you and her?"

Wesley cast a scornful glance at him and asked in reply, "What's it to you?"

Talbot scratched the back of his head and gave him a shy smile. "I figured I'd ask her out. But if you like her, I'll back off."

Wesley pushed him away and spat out, "I don't like her!" He had a murderous look on his face, his hands balled into fists. Talbot steeled himself in case Wesley tried to swing at him.

This was not the way he expected the conversation to go. He took a few steps back, murmuring in a low voice, "Hey, hey. I'll drop it, okay? You don't like her."

When Wesley said those wor

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

finished yet. "Wuss!" he snapped.

Blair couldn't believe her ears.

'Seriously? Is he trying to mess with me?' She took a deep breath to calm down. "Are you trashing fruit? How is a man supposed to eat fruit, then?" she asked in a calm voice.

It took a Herculean effort to keep her voice even, because deep inside, she was quite unhappy.

"Like this!" Wesley took a piece of apple which had been cut in half, and took a large bite. He ate so much of it that only a smaller bite would be needed to finish it off.

Blair's eyes almost popped out of her head.

She also realized Wesley was in a bad mood and would find something to bitch about no matter what she said or did. She decided that saying nothing was better than having her head bitten off.

But she was wrong. Wesley was not trying to mess with her. For some reason, he was angry at Talbot, calling him a wuss. What a way to repay him for that delicious meal he cooked!

When Talbot finished washing the dishes and left the kitchen, his jaw dropped when he saw the fruit platter. He picked up a hunk of dragon fruit and looked at it, a dubious look on his face. "Chief, did you use a pickax to cut this?" he joked.

Wesley was boiling with rage. "Fuck off. I worked my ass off to make this."

"Sorry, Chief. It's fine." Talbot made a face and stuck out his tongue.

"You always bully Talbot like this?" Blair asked.

'Bully?' Talbot shook his head. "Don't worry. Our chief never bullied us. This is how he talks to us. He's actually a great guy."

'Except that he's a hothead and a relentless taskmaster, ' Talbot thought.