

TMBA 621

### [Chapter 621 Don't Be Shy](#)

Blair wanted to hide her excitement, so she looked out the window and picked up her lemonade. When had Wesley developed feelings for her?

The restaurant service was top-notch. They didn't have to wait long to get their food. Blair was in such a good mood, she felt like she could eat three turkeys, de-feathered or not!

She went for the spiced salt mantis shrimps first. That turned out to be frustrating. The shell was stubborn and refused to come off. She even started using both her hands and her teeth—not ladylike or hot at all. 'It's mocking me. I never should have ordered this.' She was annoyed but didn't want to waste food either.

Wesley picked up his chopsticks and was about to eat when he noticed that Blair struggling with the shrimp shell. He wiped his hands on a wet towel and took the mantis shrimp from her. "Allow me," he said, gallantly. "What?" Blair could have sworn she misheard him.

"Let me peel it for you. You can eat other things while I'm doing this." He took the shrimp and began to peel it.

Blair was surprised and touched.

No one had ever done this for her before.

He was decent and thoughtful. This was the man she liked. She had no doubt now—she had good taste in men. And yes, sometimes he could be a jerk. But most of the time she had to admit he was good to her.

Lost in her thoughts, she wiped her hands on the wet towel, picked up a spinach beef roll and held it up to his mouth. He stopped peeling the shrimp to look at her, confused.

Meeting his eyes, she said, "You haven't eaten anything yet. Try this." She moved it closer.

Wesley decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. He opened his mouth obligingly, and she popped it in. He chewed it, and nodded his assent.

Blair grinned happily. But before she could put her chopsticks down, she found that someone was watching them.

The restaurant had a large French window. And you could see through that window into the mall.

A few soldiers had the day off. They were gathered around, laughing, carrying on. They were dressed in casual clothing, as they were off-duty.

There were more than

ey returned to their meals.

The translator was usually composed, now she wasn't. Before she could respond, someone pulled out the chair next to Wesley and said with a big smile, "Hey Blair. Over here!"

Blair was flustered. "Th-thank you," she said.

When she sat down, Wesley glared at the soldiers, and said, "That's enough."

The soldiers took their seats and started bombarding Blair with questions.

Blair never talked much during social occasions. Even at parties where she knew everyone, she just preferred to listen. But at this point, she couldn't pull her usual wallflower act, because they wouldn't stop.

After a couple of minutes, she found out that talking to the soldiers was actually fun. She answered their questions honestly as she ate. They were pretty non-judgmental, and in some cases funny. It was quite pleasant.

"Is Chief nice to you? Who wears the pants in the relationship? You or him?" Bowman couldn't help asking.

That was the golden question. Each of the soldiers pricked up their ears, waiting for her reply. They all wondered what Wesley the Devil was like when he was with a woman.

To help maintain Wesley's dignity and authority, Blair answered, "He's nice. And of course he's the boss. I listen to him, because he'd beat me up if I don't."

"Bwahaha!" The soldiers roared with laughter.

Wesley looked at her, wondering, 'You listen to me? Since when?'

### [Chapter 622 Can I](#)

Wesley recollected the last time when Blair had gotten drunk. She had been so stubborn that he had to do everything she said. He had even slept in her bed as she had requested.

When it was past 10 in the night, Wesley thought it was pretty late, so he declared that the dinner was over.

He escorted Blair as they walked towards his car. The soldiers came to the parking lot with them too. "Blair and I are not a couple. Don't talk about us like that again. If she has a boyfriend one day, he might misunderstand," Wesley advised them.

Hearing Wesley deny his relationship with Blair, the young men looked at each other, quite surprised.

Making use of the opportunity, someone quietly asked, "Chief, since you and Blair are not a couple, can I chase her? She is so pretty."

Wesley rolled his eyes at him. "Only when you can do push-ups well enough."

The young soldier was frustrated by the condition kept before him. 'I'm a newbie. But I'm already able to do it correctly. I'm just not fast enough. Why is Chief so hard on me?' he grumbled to himself.

Another soldier mustered up his courage and asked, "Chief, I can do push-ups fast enough. So, can I try my luck with Blair?"

"You're too honest and docile. She will bully you," Wesley replied thoughtfully. On the outside, Blair looked tender like a lamb, while on the inside, she was lively with various mischievous ideas. That was why she topped his list of the most troublesome people.

Two down.

Talbot was pushed outside the crowd. He suddenly was face to face with Wesley. He had no choice but to ask, "Chief, I like Blair too. I'm good at martial arts, and I'm well-built. I've passed all the tests on the base. Can I?"

Wesley glanced at him. "No!"

"Why not?" Talbot asked in curiosity.

"She speaks English, German and Arabic, besides Chinese. But you don't. You two will have trouble communicating."

Talbot was left speechless. He felt Wesley was like a strict father testing and picking out a perfect son-in-law. Three down.

Lenard decided to give it a try too. He grinned proudly as he spoke. "Chief, I'm good at English. And I'm willing to learn German and Arabic. Can I give it a shot?"

"Hmm. Well, she likes drinking milk which you're allergic to. I wonder how things will work out between the two of you," Wesley observed calmly.

Lenard said nothing more after that.

Finally eve

to do it on my own. I feel that if you're with me, I might be able to do it." Blair always felt that as long as Wesley was by her side, she could do anything. All the fears and inhibitions would go away when he was with her.

'What? Aren't amusement parks like Happy Valley for children? Will I have to do these childish things with her?' he thought with a frown on his face.

Noticing his silence and frowning face, Blair reasoned out, "If you don't want to go with me, it's fine. I'm not so eager to go anyway. Do whatever you want. I'll just stay at home, sleeping in the daytime and looking for a job at night." Her voice suddenly turned low and sad.

'Here we go. Another trick of hers.' Wesley sighed. "Okay. I'll just take Megan to Happy Valley tomorrow then. Enjoy your sleep."

'Take Megan to Happy Valley?' Blair thought she heard it wrong. She looked at him in disbelief, too mad to utter a word.

Wesley, though, was stone-faced. There was no trace of sarcasm or teasing. He seemed extremely serious about his plan. Just then, they reached the parking lot.

He got out of the car once it rolled to a halt, and came to her side. As if not sensing her mood at all, he unbuckled her seat belt and was going to carry her out of the car as usual.

"No!" she rebuffed angrily. "I can jump. You don't need to be so concerned."

Wesley stared at her for a few seconds and then asked, "Did I ever say that I don't want to go with you?"

"You didn't, but you didn't say you wanted to either." Back then, she had given him a few seconds to think about it, but he didn't reply.

### [Chapter 623 The Piggyback](#)

Even though Blair was struggling quite a bit, Wesley ignored that resistance and carried her out of the car.

"Humph!" With a gruff mumble, she straightened her clothes and then made her way towards the elevator as soon as he put her down. She didn't even seem to be in a mood to wait for him.

However, she couldn't get rid of him so easily. Wesley caught up to her and grabbed her arm. "What!" she almost roared, turning around.

"You seem really short-tempered and hold in too many feelings. That's not good for your health. You know what? Let's take the stairs. The exercise is good for venting out some anger." She could be as troublesome as she wanted to be, but he was an expert in taming people.

"No! I'm so not taking the stairs! You take the stairs! Let go of me, you jerk!" No matter how much she despised wasting energy on the stairs, she was taken to them anyway.

'Twenty-one floors! Forty-two flights of stairs! Damn this heartless, cold-blooded, overbearing tyrant!' Her legs started shaking at the very thought. "Wesley, if you really want to climb the stairs, go ahead and knock yourself out; but I don't want to. I'm not a masochist. I want to ride the elevator. Let me go!"

Wesley must have had some plan in his head because he stopped at the bottom of the stairs to give her a chance to soften her tone before starting climbing. "What do you plan to do tomorrow?" he asked again.

"Sleeping!" She was still fuming. 'He is the devil.'

That was it! The anger still hadn't gone away! Holding her arm, Wesley started ascending the stairs. Blair shouted behind him, "Wesley, it serves you right that you've been single for so many years. No wonder not a single girl likes you. You don't deserve one! You don't even know how to treat a girl!"

Wesley turned around and asked her in a simple tone, "Aren't you a girl?"

Caught up in her fury, Blair didn't understand where his question was coming from. She had forgotten that she liked Wesley once upon a time. But still she retorted, "What a stupid question! Of course I am!"

Wesley didn't press further, but he seemed satisfied.

When they reached the third floor, Blair finally realized what he had meant. Panting, she tried to argue with him. "Nuh-uh, nice try! But I told you I was over you. Tomorrow, I'll bring home a boyfriend to prove it to you. And he's going to be much more handsome, taller, stronger, more thoughtful, and more successful than you are. He is going to be perfect!" Even she had no idea what she was saying.

"Okay," Wesley nodded calmly. To be honest, he would be really happy for her if she could find someone like that; if such a someone existed at all!

When they reached the sixth floor, Blair felt like she couldn't breathe anymore, but she still couldn't convince Wesley to let her go. And the fact that she had trouble breathing did not help her cause in any way since she could not speak.

'Boo...hoo... this evil man. How can he torture me like this?' she thought sadly. The fury was slowly turning in

ut of a sigh of relief and tried not to puke. Grabbing the handrail to steady herself, she looked at Wesley miserably and told him, "Leave! I don't want to see you right now."

Ignoring what she was saying, he turned around and squatted down. "Fine! Come on up!" he demanded. Come to think about it, every time when he wanted to punish her, he had ended up coaxing her into doing something SHE wanted. It was baffling! Like how did she manage to do that? Even a soldier like him was unable to tame this woman!

Blair climbed onto his back. "I have to say you asked for this. It was your idea to climb the stairs, and now it is you giving me a piggyback ride all the way up to the twenty-first floor." In retrospect, it was rather ironic!

She also had to confess to herself that the man had incredible stamina. He carried her up from the tenth floor to the twenty-first without stopping for a breather.

Deciding that she would give him a break, Blair had even suggested that she could climb the last four sets of stairs when they reached the nineteenth floor, but Wesley had objected. "I said that I would carry you upstairs, and carry you upstairs I will," was his response.

Finally, when they were back in their apartment, Blair all but ran into the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of mineral water from the shelf and handed it to Wesley. "Here, drink some water. Do you want it to be boiled?" As far as she recalled, he never had mineral water boiled. By habit, he merely unscrewed the lid and gulped it down.

Wesley looked at the bottle in her hand and took it with a slight smile, his first one in a long while. "No need. But I can see that you're a pretty good liar."

"What?" Blair was confused.

Wesley took another huge gulp of water without responding to her words. He didn't want to embarrass her further.

Then she remembered that she had told him earlier there was no mineral water left in their home. Damn! "This is the last bottle," she said, trying to save face with an embarrassed smile.

#### [Chapter 624 Set Off For Happy Valley](#)

Wesley nodded and said, "Then I'll head downstairs to get a box."

They didn't have a water dispenser yet in this new apartment, so they had been buying mineral water.

Seeing that he had turned around to buy water, Blair panicked. She grabbed his arm and said, "No...don't..."

Wesley had only to look at her to know what was going on. He gently moved her hand away and walked into the kitchen. Several 500 ml bottles of water along with a five liter bottle of water stood where they usually stored bottled mineral water.

He then opened the freezer to find that apart from food, there were also several kinds of beverages.

When he returned to the living room, Blair had already locked herself in her bedroom, too embarrassed to face him. He stared at the door to her bedroom for a bit, then smiled and walked inside his own bedroom.

The next morning, Blair was woken up by some sharp knocks on her door.

She turned in bed with annoyance, wondering if she'd dreamed it. Then she put the covers over her head, determined to get more sleep.

"Blair," Wesley called from outside the door.

Hearing his voice, she sat up abruptly.

"Blair," he called again.

Blair jumped out of bed, slipped into her slippers and trotted to open the door. Wesley was fully dressed, sporting a gray long-sleeved shirt (unbuttoned) over a white V-necked T-shirt and black jeans.

This was the first time she had seen him in something else other than his uniform and pajamas.

She looked at him in surprise, as if he had turned into a different person. Even his hair was a little messier than usual.

"7 a.m. Time to get up," he reminded her.

"It's too early." She was sleepy. Besides, she didn't even have to go to work. She needed her beauty sleep, and was determined to get it. That was what days off were for.

"Happy Valley," Wesley replied simply.

Oh, right. They talked about that yesterday. "I'm not going," she announced.

"Okay. Why not?" The happy look in his eyes dimmed.

"If Megan's going, I'm staying. I don't want to be the third wheel between you two." The thought of Megan ruined her day. She turned around sullenly, walked back into her room leaving the door open and climbed into bed again.

is wheel. Somehow the bad guy spotted him and freaked out. Despite being high in the air, he opened the door and tried to run.

The guy was a felon. Wesley had spent months tracking him down. He wouldn't let him run away. So he climbed onto the spinning Ferris wheel without a second thought.

The crowd saw this, and began squealing in terror. The staff stopped the Ferris wheel, and Wesley started chasing the bad guy, leaping from bar to bar, 30 stories up.

The guy would turn around to kick Wesley from time to time. There was one time, the soldier dodged to his right and almost fell off the wheel.

Luckily, he grabbed the wheel in time and climbed back up.

Half an hour later, Wesley and his coworkers caught the guy on the wheel. And he earned a merit citation and a medal thanks to this.

Wesley's account was brief. His tone was calm. But Blair was thrilled. She knew how dangerous it had been for him.

She wouldn't have been able to move a finger being that high up, not to mention climbing and giving chase.

"So was that the only time you've been there?" she asked casually.

"No."

"Was the other time for fun?" Her mind was still on the story he had just told her.

Wesley chose to tell her the truth. "I drove Megan and her classmates there once. But I didn't go in. When they got through the turnstile, I left."

"Oh. Wait, what? Megan?" She finally realized what he was saying. "Are you going to take care of her for the rest of your life?"

### [Chapter 625 Sweetie](#)

Blair knew all about Megan. Some tidbits she heard from others. Some from Colleen. She even told her things that nobody else knew about.

"I never thought about it before." Wesley paused. "Maybe till she can find someone to take care of her."

That was the same thing he said to her. Blair rolled her eyes. "Officer Li, you're such a noble, decent, warm-hearted, selfless, wonderful man!" She used all the words she could think of at that moment. She was being sardonic, of course. Blair didn't buy into the "captain save-a-hoe" story. Wesley didn't say anything.

Blair knew he wouldn't.

She sighed and asked, "Are you sleepy?"

"No." He didn't understand why he would be tired. It was still morning. They had just gotten up.

Blair leaned back in her seat and was going to doze off. "I am. I'm going to take a nap. Wake me up if you start to get sleepy."

"Why would I do that?"

With her eyes closed, Blair answered feebly, "I'll talk to you so you can stay awake."

"Just go to sleep. Wake you up when we get there." Wesley thought she slept too much as it was. Of course, he didn't need much sleep anyway.

"Okay." She yawned, used the lever to ease the seat back until she felt comfortable, and then drifted off.

When they arrived, Wesley woke her after he parked the car. "Do you need more Zzzs? We can go in later," he asked as he looked at her droopy eyes.

"No, I'm good. Let's not waste any time." To prove that she was already totally awake, Blair unbuckled her seat belt quickly and jumped out of the car. Or at least, she tried, and then she remembered how high up his vehicle was, and stepped onto the running board, and then down. Then she closed the door.

A long line had formed in front of the ticket office. "Wait here. I'll get the tickets," she said.

Wesley stopped her, thinking that a man should be taking care of this kind of thing. "I'll go. Just wait for me by the entrance." He ge

at could light up the entire world. And her dimples...

Wesley pulled out his phone and snapped a pic. She was mesmerizing.

Now, that amazing smile, captured while she was on the carousel, was now in his photo gallery forever.

When Blair got off the carousel, she was still talking to Joslyn. She walked over to Wesley and took his arm.

"Me? I... I'm in Happy Valley right now," Blair replied on the phone.

"Happy Valley? Alone? Why didn't you invite me?" Joslyn complained.

Blair felt embarrassed, stroking her bangs awkwardly. "Um, I came with someone," she said in a low voice.

"Who?" Joslyn pursued the question, afraid that her best friend would forget all about her once she found herself a boyfriend.

Blair looked at Wesley, not knowing how to tell her. Wesley looked at back. When their eyes met, she panicked and looked away. "Joslyn, tell Hartwell. I'll text you when I'm home." She changed the subject hastily.

However, too thrilled about the fact that she was pregnant, Joslyn didn't detect anything unusual in her tone. "Okay. Bye, Bless."

"Bye, sweetie."

"Sweetie'? Is that what girls call each other?" Wesley asked with a smile after Blair hung up.

"Er... Yeah. You guys do it too. The term 'bro' ring a bell?" she replied with a giggle.

### [Chapter 626 Roller Coaster Ride](#)

Wesley knew what Blair was talking about. Talbot and the other soldiers always addressed each other like that. Of course, they didn't dare do that to Wesley.



Blair then continued to ride some other amusement park rides. Each time, she enjoyed the ride by herself, while Wesley waited on the sidelines.

Finally, Blair felt bored and upset. It was no fun going on rides by herself. She said angrily, "Next up is the roller coaster. You'd better ride this one with me."

"Mmm hmm," was all he said.

"Is that yes or no? Tell me straight up. Will you ride the roller coaster with me?" Blair asked with a glum face.

Wesley sighed and nodded. Of course he would. That was why he came here in the first place. He knew she would be scared to ride the roller coaster by herself.

Blair's mood brightened again when she got his answer.

When they walked past a vending machine, Blair jogged over to it. She intended to buy two bottles of mineral water, but on second thought, she changed her mind and bought just one.

As she walked back to Wesley, she unscrewed the lid and took a few sips to quench her thirst. Then, she mischievously passed the bottle of water to him.

Much to her surprise, Wesley naturally grabbed the bottle and gulped down the rest in one go.

Moreover, he didn't show a hint of disdain on his face. Didn't he mind sharing the same bottle? It was like a second-hand kiss.

In a daze, Blair took the empty bottle back and shook it. He didn't leave her so much as a drop of water.

With a smile, he tossed the empty bottle into the bin near them, sinking it effortlessly. He then grabbed the dazed girl's hand and strode forward.

The warmth from his big hand snapped her back to reality. Blair flashed a sweet smile and moved a step closer to him, locking her arm in his. Pretending to be angry, she complained, "You owe me a bottle of water, mister."

"Okay." 'I bought you ten cartons of milk the other day. Just one bottle of water? No big deal.'

On their way to the roller coaster, two girls had been following them the whole time. Well, to be more precise, they followed Wesley. Tall, handsome, masculine aura—what girl wouldn't enjoy watching him?

The two girls thought that Blair was his girlfriend at first. But after watching them from a careful distance, the girls concluded they weren't a couple, because they weren't intimate.

Then later, they were sad when they saw Wesley drinking from the same bottle of water as Blair. But they weren't

sitting in the first row!" she screamed, ready to escape.

Ignoring her protests, Wesley scooped her up and sat her down in one of the seats of the first row, while explaining, "Trust me. You won't be happy in the last row. If you sit in the first row, you get to see the action, up close and personal. The reason why a roller coaster is so thrilling is that you get to see what's

going on. But in the back row, you're essentially weightless. If you don't have a strong stomach, you'll be emptying its contents by the end. That's not good for you, and I know it's not fun. Sit in the middle row, and you might as well throw away your ticket. Your view is blocked. You need to be able to see. It's more fun that way."

As he said that, he already sat next to Blair, fastened their seatbelts and closed the lap bars. After confirming everything, they just waited for the staff to check on their safety restraints.

Blair clutched his hand tightly and said in a trembling voice, "Okay...I trust you. You never lie."

Wesley smiled, "That's right.

Just like I told you." She felt a little better after hearing what he said. 'Yeah, he'd never lie to me!' she told herself.

A worker checked on the passengers one by one. After that, the bell rang, letting everyone know the ride was about to start. Wesley squeezed her hand, giving her comfort. "I'm by your side. Don't be afraid. You're safe."

Blair swallowed a little saliva and slowly tilted her head. She stared into his eyes; the deep and firm look in his eyes touched her heart. "Mmm hmm," she nodded.

He was here; she wasn't afraid.

Blair closed her eyes as the train slowly began its run.

### [Chapter 627 Please Scream](#)

In no time, the roller coaster began to speed up. Blair could feel the strong wind hitting her face and whizzing in her ears. She couldn't help but scream out loud with her eyes shut tightly. She could imagine how scary it was.

Regret filled her heart. Why did she choose to ride a roller coaster with Wesley? She must look a sight now.

Her hair was a mess. She was screaming, which couldn't sound good to him. And her face was twisted into a mask of fright.

Then she wondered why Wesley was so quiet.

He didn't make a sound.

If he hadn't been holding her hand, she would doubt if he was really sitting right next to her.

Her curiosity to check on Wesley surpassed her fear of heights, so she decided to open an eye to catch a glimpse of him. Biting her lower lip, she slightly tilted her head and managed to open an eye. The man was as calm as he ever was, as if he wasn't sitting on a roller coaster but walking idly around the streets. Or relaxing in front of the TV.

But she had no time to marvel at his preternatural calm. The next second, the roller coaster suddenly came to a drop. She felt butterflies in her stomach as her body followed the drop. In an instant, she shrieked at the top of her lungs, tears streaming down her face.

"Wesley, Wesley!" she cried out.

"Yes?" He turned to look at the crying woman. She didn't even dare to open her eyes.

"Why aren't you screaming? Aren't you scared? Wanna scream with me?"

Wesley said casually, "Look at that beautiful view. You can see for miles up here. Why should I scream?"

"Boo...hoo...Wesley...Ah..." she cried and shrieked again when the roller coaster took a sharp turn.

"Come on, play along. Everyone else is screaming," she begged.

Instead of screaming, Wesley burst out laughing when he heard what she said. He laughed so heartily that Blair could feel his hand shaking. Blair became more agitated and shouted, "You're laughing! How can you laugh? Everyone is screaming...Aargh! Please, just this once. For me?"

"But..." 'I'm not scared at all, ' he thought.

After a little hesitation, Wesley finally made up his mind and cleared his throat, ready to let out a scream. However, the train slowed down all of a sudden. The time was up. "You can open your eyes. We're on the ground now."

Blair opened her eyes and saw the roller coaster slowly sliding into the station. She took a deep breath and felt all the

have a piggyback ride. Come on. Let's go!"

Blair rolled her eyes at him. He always said she was weak. In fact, it wasn't that she was weak; it was just that he was too strong. He was a soldier.

She looked around the people passing by and then fixed her eyes on his back again. She felt bashful, and at the same time, didn't want to tire him out, so she declined, "No need. I can walk..."

Before she could finish speaking, Wesley decisively leaned backwards, grabbed her hands and pulled her onto his back.

Blair was taken aback. Before she knew it, she was riding on his back.

On their way to the restaurant, a lot of people cast them curious glances. Blair had been protesting the whole way, asking him to put her down. But he just didn't listen to her. All of her protests fell on his deaf ear.

"Okay, I can see the sign. Please put me down. I want to walk. And I don't want to tire you out," Blair said.

But he pretended he heard nothing. "It's not far now. Let me walk by myself," she persuaded again.

Still, he said nothing. "Okay, okay. I've made up my mind. I'll do exercises with you, so that I'll be as strong as you one day," she said, sighing.

"You don't have to." Finally, he opened his mouth.

He didn't like the idea that she could be as strong as him. He was afraid she didn't need him, or a boyfriend at all if she became so strong one day.

Before Blair could say anything else, they reached the restaurant. Wesley walked to a table and carefully put her down on a chair.

Free at last, Blair took a tissue from her handbag and helped him mop up the sweat.

### Chapter 628 A Distasteful Lunch

After carrying her piggyback style for quite a while, Wesley was surprisingly not that tired. Even with his minimal sweating, Blair still offered to wipe his face.

He did not refuse her kind gesture and just let her do as she pleased while he browsed through the menu. "Which do you prefer? Western or Chinese? Well, it's fine whichever you like. They have them both here."

"I would like the steak."

"Okay then."

Wesley gestured that they were ready to order, and a waiter arrived at their table. Blair went to throw the napkin she wiped Wesley's face with and when she got back to her seat, she asked the waiter, "What kind of hot drinks do you serve?" She turned to look at Wesley and added, "I think you would like something hot to drink as well."

"Hmm. I don't think I want it. I'm fine with a glass of water." He turned to the waiter and asked, "Do you have any hot drink available?"

"Yes, sir. We have hot coffee, milk tea, and an assortment of fruit juice," the waiter replied.

Blair chose to have a steak set and a glass of fruit juice. Wesley, on the other hand, ordered a bowl of noodle soup.

Blair had seen it coming. Wesley was not that big of a fan of Western food after all.

It was not long before their meals arrived. The steak came first. Blair was hungry and took a hearty bite off the steak. However, the longer she chewed it, the more she lost her appetite. By the time Wesley's food reached their table, she'd grown fully sated of her steak that she couldn't stop looking at it.

Wesley noticed how intently Blair was looking at his noodles and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," Blair replied as she shook her head.

He lowered his head to start eating the noodles. When he checked up on Blair, he noticed she hadn't touched it since his food came. "What's the matter? You don't like it? Does it not taste good?"

Blair's cheeks grew warm as she smiled coyly. She had eaten a lot of steaks when she was in England. This steak did not taste like how she remembered it. Fairly enough, one could not expect good quality food from a restaurant inside an amusement park. The steak tasted terrible. "No, it's quite alright," she lied.

However, Wesley saw right through her fib. He removed the plate in front of her and told her, "Order another dish."

Blair did not contest his suggestion and nodded. "Hmm. How about your noodles? Is it any good?"

Wesley was not that much of a foodie, so he replied nonchalantly, "Not too shabby."

"How about we just exchange our dishes?" Blair suggested hesitantly.

"But I've already taken a few bites off it."

She shook her head. "It's okay. I don't really mind." They had kissed more than a few times, so she figured sharing the same bowl of noodles was not really that big of a deal.

The soldier thought otherwise. He did not want Blair to have anything he had already eaten from. He answered, "No. I'll order you a fresh bowl."

"No, no. Just let me taste it first. What if I don't like it either? It would be a waste of food." Blair was aware Wesley was not a fan of extravagance and wastefulness.

He moved his bow

ce six. It was fair. She didn't have enough sleep and she spent most of the day playing around the theme park.

Before Wesley dropped Blair off, they first went to the fifth floor of Alioth Building for dinner.

She was ready to dive into her bed when they reached her apartment, but before she could do that Wesley stopped her to say something. "Two nights from now, there will be an evening show for the soldiers. Each soldier can bring a plus one. Would you like to come with me?"

'Evening show? That sounds interesting.' Blair nodded and said, "Oh, yes. You can count me in."

Wesley flashed a smile upon hearing Blair's answer. "Okay. I'll come to pick you up then."

"Okay, great!"

The following morning, Blair awoke to a text message from a former colleague in the Jin Group. The message was so startling it felt like she'd had her morning coffee.

"Blair, a little bird told me Mr. Jin had assigned Filberta as a manager of a branch company. I heard she's going to be transferred to a remote area. If she were to decline the transfer, Mr. Jin's wife would expose the photos containing her being assaulted by multiple people. Also, some people from the government came to inspect the Jin Group. They specifically audited the accounts of the translation department. Turns out they found anomalies and that pressured Mr. Jin to shut down the translation department."

Blair stared blankly at her phone. She was lost without thought after everything she had just read. This was the exact same thing she wished for while complaining to Joslyn. Everything she prayed for came true.

Did Wesley order someone to do this?

She couldn't help but let out a sigh. He was never good with sweet or romantic words. He only showed his resolve with actions.

On the night of the evening show, Blair and Wesley arrived at the military camp together. The other soldiers clamored at the sight of the two together.

Wesley scanned the faces of the soldiers around him and then proceeded to introduce Blair with so much composure. "Everyone, this is my friend, Blair Jing."

#### [Chapter 629 The Performer Is Blair Jing](#)

Of the numerous men that worked under Wesley, there was one whom Blair didn't know. He seemed quite frank with the man since he teased excitedly, "Chief, I remember you saying she's Lieutenant General Ji's niece the last time she came here. Now you're telling us she's your friend. So by next time, will she be your girlfriend?"

The entire group burst into laughter except Blair and Wesley. One was shy, the other stoic. "Yes, exactly! Chief, we're supposed to bring a family member here tonight. And you've brought Blair here! We all understand what that means. So I guess you should just be honest with us!" another soldier echoed and added to Blair's misery.

"Chief, in any case, we all know what Blair means to you!" the soldiers said in union.

As the rumble of cheer and exclamation grew louder with every passing sentence, Blair's face got hotter and redder in shyness. She was trying her best to maintain a polite smile on her lips but it was getting increasingly difficult. On the other hand, Wesley had kept a calm face throughout the torture, betraying no emotions, as if he weren't the talk of the soldiers.

"Cut the crap! All of you! Go do whatever you've been told to do. If you continue with this nonsense, then be ready for extra training sessions," he ordered coldly as he scanned the men around him. "While everyone else is enjoying the show!" he added, seeing a grin that still hadn't faded on one of the soldier's faces.

The entire group immediately turned around in one uniform motion and dispersed. As they ran off, Blair heard someone say, "Come on guys, run! Retreat quickly! Chief's got hundreds of ways to torture you to death!"

Blair chuckled under her breath as she saw them flee. It felt quite liberating! Wesley shifted his eyes towards her. "Come to my office first."

"Yes, Colonel Li." Blair saluted him playfully since there was nobody else around them now and they could be as cute as they wanted.

Wesley grinned, and then told her in a stern voice, "Your salute isn't right. It's too far below the standards. Want me to train you?" The last sentence was less stern and felt more evil than it should have!

"Oh! No, no... I'm heading to your office right now! I am never saluting you again!" As she dropped those words, Blair took to her heels, running as fast as she could. She didn't even look back. Based on how strict Wesley was with his subordinates, she knew for sure that he wouldn't let her pass the bar so easily. For all intents and purposes, it would easily take her about a couple of weeks just to learn how to salute. So, of course she wasn't going to let him train her.

On her way to Wesley's office, Blair bumped into Adalson and unable to protest, was taken to his office instead.

Adalson slumped down in his chair comfortably and told her, "I had a hunch you would be here tonight. And boy was I right! Here you are!"

Embarrassed, Blair tried to explain, "I don't go to work these days. I feel bored staying at home all day long, so I've come to see tonight's show."

And although she didn't point out the person who had brought her, Adalson clearly knew the answer without even asking.

He thought about something for a moment, and suddenly said, "You know what? I'll have someone make a little change in the programs. You are goin

make a call. She loved talking to Joslyn. Besides, this was a military base and it was completely safe there. So he merely nodded and watched her leave, oblivious of the upcoming show he was about to witness.

As soon as she reached the door, Blair received Adalson's call. "Get to the back stage and get yourself prepared. I've arranged for someone there to help you. Hurry up."

"Okay," she said quickly and hung up. She was too nervous to talk.

Blair asked a soldier guarding the door to show her the way to the back stage. He merely pointed her the right way and did not leave his post. When she reached there, a worker was indeed waiting for her. The worker asked Blair if she needed to get changed. In response, she looked at herself—she was dressed in a pink, long, and thin jacket. "No need. Just a little bit of lipstick will be okay."

She wasn't the heroine of the evening show, and she didn't want to attract too much attention. As long as she didn't look terrible, she was fine by her appearance.

Wesley was still busy texting Megan. The girl kept sending him messages and wouldn't leave him alone. As a result, he didn't hear what the announcer said. But for some reason, the entire audience suddenly erupted in a rumble of exclamation and began a big round of applause all of a sudden.

A few soldiers who were sitting near him even called out his name slightly, and he could sense that their gazes had fallen on him.

While Wesley was still dealing with his confusion, a soft voice came from the stage. "I'm a small spray flying from a surging wave; you're the firework blooming in the Milky Way. Your light shines into my heart and I am about to evaporate..."

The atmosphere of the evening show had reached its climax. Thousands of audience broke into thunderous applause even before the first paragraph could end. Some of them even cheered and whistled.

The light hadn't shone on the performer yet. But he was clear about whose voice was gracing the mic. Wesley glanced at the empty seat next to him. 'She's the performer too?'

The voice continued singing, "My eyes chase your light in the starry, starry night. I know I won't be lonely with you watching over me..."

### [Chapter 630 Do You Trust Him](#)

Finally, the mystery was removed and the light shone on the performer. Blair could now be seen in the middle of the stage. She was dressed in a light-purple, strapless bubble skirt, with numerous shining paillettes sewn onto the hem. It looked like an unreal dress, complemented by the beautiful stage lighting. She had originally refused to change into the dress, but the worker on the back stage had kept on pestering her till she agreed.

There was also a simple crystal crown shining on her head under the silver light, and she looked like a beautiful princess from a Disney movie.

Wesley couldn't take his eyes off her. Here was something new again! What could this woman not do? Usually, she was dressed in casuals, or in office uniform. Perhaps the only sexy thing that had ever happened with her was her night dress. And now it was this!

Blair continued to sing, "I'm waiting for you, though I know you're beyond my reach. I hope I have the wings to fly to you. Oh...love is bitter and sweet, with laughs and tears..." There wasn't much to rhyme in the song but that was supposed to be the beauty of it. Blair's own eyes were brimming with tears as she sang the sentimental lyrics; the audience was far too excited to notice that though.

The truth was, she was suddenly feeling like this emotive song had struck a chord in her heart, since she had faced the same emotions when Wesley had refused her proposal. And every time she missed him in the middle of the night, under the cover of darkness, the same feelings struck back. She had often looked up at the starry night with tears blurring her vision.

Thinking about those memories made her put much more emotions into her song. A teardrop finally fell from the corner of her eye, shining like a crystal under the bright light. The audience was too far out back but Wesley, who was sitting in VIP seats, noticed it since he was deeply focused on her. He felt his heart ache.

His phone still kept buzzing but now he wasn't replying to the barrage of messages from Megan anymore; instead, he had put it back into his pocket and his sole center of attention was the woman on the stage. Beautiful, shining, singing...

A few minutes later, she slowly ended the song on a mellow E note, which faded into the hall gradually. The music stopped. She smiled and bowed to the audience. "Thank you."

And she left the stage under a rumble of thunderous applause.

It didn't take her long to change back, but Blair didn't go back to her seat. She needed a little time to compose herself.

She had originally expected to be racked with nerves, but for some reason, things had turned melodramatic; she had been overwhelmed by sadness instead of nervousness.

Her performance also attracted a lot of single soldiers' attention. They were smitten by her beauty and by her voice.



When Wesley came around backstage, he found Blair was still there and that she was being b  
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.

"We met when I was studying in England. Tonight, we're going to meet and talk about my job offer," she told him honestly, holding back no information.

"He or she?" Wesley asked again.

"He...A boy called Orion. Don't worry. He's a good guy. His family just opened a company in Y City. You know, his mom treated me very well when I was in England. They made my staying there much easier." Blair flashed a smile.

Wesley threw a glance at her. Then without saying anything, he turned around and began to walk forward. This man was impossible to read!

Blair was confused. She followed him and added, "I've sent my location to him. He's going to come pick me up. I didn't want to bother...."

Her voice trailed off as the man in front of her suddenly stopped walking. It was so spur of the moment that she almost collided with him head on.

He turned around and stared at the confused woman. "That's okay. I'll drive you there."

"No, don't bother. You're going to be busy. I'll wait for Orion at the gate." She really didn't want to disturb him and stop him from working. From the day she had come to know him, he had been busy like a bee every day. The day they were having fun in Happy Valley was the only time that she had been able to stay with him all day long. Most of the time, she rarely saw him and could rarely manage to talk with him for a long time even though they lived in the same apartment.

Wesley's face fell. "Do you trust him?"

What kind of a question was that? Blair didn't realize Wesley's emotional change. But it was reasonable that he would be worried about her since it was already quite late. So she assured him, "Yes. He helped me a lot in England. We're good friends. Wesley, please don't worry. I'll try to be back inside the apartment before midnight."

'It won't take too long to talk about job, ' she thought.

Pressing his lips into a thin line, Wesley remained silent and turned around to walk on.