

TMBA 651

[Chapter 651 Orion Is Pursing Me](#)

The moment she was done speaking, Blair hurled herself around without hesitation and began to leave. However, her departure was cut short within just a few steps by the unexpected sighting of a car.

Not far away from them, a familiar black Hummer was parked on the roadside in front of the company building. That wasn't the only familiar or unexpected sight! Blair could also see a man dressed in a green military uniform and black combat boots leaning against the car door; he was smoking a cigarette leisurely, and staring in her direction. For all his magnificence, he still wore an expressionless face.

'Wesley? When did he get here? How long has he been standing there? Damn! Wesley understands English; so did he hear what Orion and I were talking about?' Blair wondered inwardly.

Orion saw the man too. Like an elephant seeing an old foe, he immediately recognized him as the person who had all but carried Blair away from the pub last time. He took a couple of steps towards Blair and asked under his breath, "Is that him? Is he that 'one' person in your heart?"

Without turning her head around, she nodded and replied in a confident and decisive tone, "Yes, that's him. I'll be his girlfriend sooner or later, Orion."

Orion fell silent upon hearing that powerful tone.

Blair herself seemed uninterested in him now. Holding the bouquet of lilies, she walked up to Wesley. "You finished your work?"

Wesley put out the cigarette and threw a fleeting glance at the flowers she was holding in her hands. "Mmm hmm. Get in the car." He was his usual tacit self, wasting no words and conveying everything shortly.

"Yes." They walked towards the passenger door. Orion clearly saw it with his own eyes that without seemingly any effort at all, Wesley naturally carried her into the passenger seat and fastened her seat belt. Then, the soldier walked around the front of the vehicle at a crisp trot and got into the driver's seat. The next moment, the car rolled into the traffic.

Once they were safely clear of the building, Blair glanced at the lilies, lost in some thought. A moment later, she told Wesley tentatively, "Orion is pursuing me."

"I can see that," Wesley responded calmly, though his eyes fluttered towards the flower for just a second.

She continued, "I mean we were good friends. But suddenly, he started giving me flowers, and today, he gave me a car! He told me that he will give me everything I want. I'm a bit moved."

'Moved?'

His Adam's apple bobbed. "Hmm." The tone remained flat.

Blair began asking his opinion after that. "Wesley, do you think I should accept his love? Should I marry him and settle down in England with him? I mean, he treats me well, and we sometimes have fun. His

mom treats me well too. They helped me a lot when I was in England..." Her voice trailed off. It dawned on her that she was especially popular with the elders. It was amusing to think that someone as young as her was stealing the hearts of older people.

Wesley, being the careful driver he was, didn't choose to answer her question until they had stopped at a traffic light. Glancing at the flowers in her arms, he then said slowly, "A criminal psychology teacher once told me: the more enthusiastically a boy pursues a girl, the more aggressively he will hurt her at the time of the breakup. So..." He paused meaningfully and looked he

Don't worry about it. Anything else?" He wasn't going to talk much about his mission like usual.

Blair shook her head helplessly. She couldn't make him talk.

He opened the door again, and Blair called out again too, "Wesley."

He turned around and looked at her once more.

Without saying a word, Blair mustered up her courage and ran up towards him. She threw herself into his arms, stood on tiptoe and planted a kiss on his lips. For some reason, she didn't feel like holding back this time.

Wesley wrapped his right arm around her slim waist. Blair stopped kissing him before he could react further, but she held onto his waist and cautioned, "Please take care. I won't date Orion. I'll wait for you to come back and continue to protect me like you always do, until I find a real boyfriend that I love very much."

Without a word, he tightened his arm on her waist and lowered his head to kiss her. It was completely in contrast to the small peck she had given him. Wesley kissed her deeply and affectionately.

Blair didn't sleep well that night. She dreamt of him; sometimes he was cold, sometimes he was considerate; sometimes he refused her, but then he cared for her too...

A few days later, she was working in the office when she received a call from an unknown number. "Hello?"

"Hello Blair. It's me, Megan," the girl on the other end of the line told her with a sob.

"What's up?" Blair's voice became cold when she heard who was calling.

"Blair, how are you feeling now? I'm really sad..."

Blair rolled her eyes impatiently. "What do you mean? And don't cry in front of me. I'm not Wesley. Your tears won't work on me. You can cry your heart out and I won't feel a thing!"

Megan stopped crying at once. The transformation was remarkable! She asked, "Uncle Wesley went on a mission. Do you know that?"

"Yes, of course I know that!" Blair was a little bit proud when she replied in affirmative to the question. Luckily, Wesley had told her about this. Otherwise, she would be super-embarrassed if she had to say no when Megan asked her about Wesley's whereabouts.

"Wesley and Carlos risked their lives for me. I feel really sorry." Megan sounded smug. There was not a single hint of sadness in her voice.

[Chapter 652 They Might Not Survive](#)

Blair's brows furrowed tightly. "What do you mean?"

"You don't know? So Wesley didn't tell you what mission he was part of? He and Carlos embarked on a manhunt for those gangsters who tried to kill me. It's a large criminal organization with a ton of illegal weapons. Wesley and Carlos may not survive!" Megan continued speaking in a smug tone, her voice betraying not the slightest trace of sadness.

Blair was so pissed she gripped her phone tightly, hand trembling. She shot to her feet and walked to a quiet corner, and then roared, "Megan Lan! You're a garbage human! They're risking their lives to help you, but all you're doing is bragging about it! It's like they're your toys!"

"So what?" Megan was happy to hear Blair go off like that. Debbie had slapped her face earlier. Now she had someone she could take out her anger on.

"Megan Lan! Wesley and Carlos have cared for you forever, so why don't you seem to care about them?" Blair felt sorry for the two of them. After everything they did for her, she still wasn't grateful.

"Care about them? When my parents died for them, they felt sorry for me and fostered me. But what about now? Thanks to you and Debbie, they always pawn me off on the bodyguards. They don't care about me anymore! They're the ones who made me an orphan!"

Flames of fury burning in her eyes, Blair retorted, "You brought this on yourself. You played dirty tricks and stirred up trouble for everyone. Megan, if you were nice, even Debbie and I would care about you. Things could have been good. But it's all on you now!"

"Why should I be nice? Give me one good reason! Why should I let them be happy? I laugh when they're sad! My parents died for them! But they're still alive. Why?" Megan suddenly burst into a fit of wild laughter, sounding like a lunatic. "I was spoiled by the four most respected men in the city. Everyone admired me. It felt good—really good. But you and Debbie showed up and changed everything. I'm not the only girl in their lives now. I'm so pissed!"

"You know, I think Debbie was on to something! I want to strangle you, too!" Blair cursed between gritted teeth. She was usually calm, even-tempered. Now all she felt was white-hot rage.

"Strangle me? If you lay a finger on me, Wesley will never forgive you. So go ahead, if you want to lose the love of your life. I was there long before you! You can't have my place in his heart. He'd risk his life ey was still in surgery.

In the middle of the surgery, a doctor emerged from the OR, and asked Niles to sign a few papers. Blair saw one of them was the written notice of the patient's critical condition. Seeing that Blair was almost on the brink of a meltdown, Niles tried to tell a few jokes to cheer her up. He told her that every member of the Li family had signed a "critical condition notice" for Wesley in the past, but each time, Wesley would pull through.

Later, Adalson got a call and he had to exit the hospital, leaving Blair and Niles there.

The soldiers with minor injuries all came to the operating room after they had their wounds treated. Blair saw Talbot, Bowman, and a few others she didn't know. They all looked a mess, and their clothes were stained with blood.

Talbot's arm was bandaged, his face bruised and torn. He looked pretty bad, but he was still not as bad off as Carlos or Wesley.

Some soldiers who had leg injuries limped all the way to the operating room. They all stood in front of the doors and waited for Wesley.

Blair had adjusted her emotions. Now she was calm, and it was her turn to comfort Niles. He'd become agitated and paced back and forth. "Don't worry, Niles. They said they already patched them up as best as they could."

Niles stamped his foot and plopped back in the seat.

It was dark outside before the light above the operating room finally shut off.

A few doctors came out, all looking exhausted. The soldiers immediately rushed over and surrounded the doctors, asking anxiously, "How's the chief?"

"Is it serious? When will he wake up?"

[Chapter 653 His Life Hung In The Balance](#)

One of the doctors gestured for the soldiers to pipe down. Then he said, "We removed five bullets from Colonel Li's body. The good news is that most of the bullets didn't cause much damage on their own. The bad news is that a couple of them tumbled, and tore through several vital organs. We got to him in time, but he's in a coma. We don't know if he'll regain consciousness. It all depends on his will to live. We're taking him to the ICU."

Everyone fell silent after the doctor was finished talking. 'It all depends on Wesley's will to live...'

Wesley was wheeled to the ICU. Blair silently followed the group of nurses and doctors.

She saw him lying motionless in the bed with an oxygen mask on, face drained of all color, as if he were already dead.

The heartbreaking scene stirred up her emotions again. She tried her hardest to fight down her sadness and managed to collect herself. She trusted Wesley; he promised to come back and protect her. He never lied. He was going to make it.

Since Wesley's condition was severe, the soldiers had no choice but to let his parents know. Baldwin and Cecelia hurried there, but Wesley was still unconscious.

Cecelia had seen her son wounded many times. The bandages, casts, slings and so forth were just part of the job. But seeing him lying in the ICU, covered in tubes and wires made her sob uncontrollably.

Blair held back her tears all this time. However, Cecelia's cries opened her floodgates as well. She covered her mouth and ran to the ladies' room, crying at the top of her lungs, tears streaming down her face.

She remembered how energetic and healthy he usually looked. This was the first time she saw him hurt, and it was a serious injury to boot. His life hung in the balance.

A dozen soldiers were wounded in varying degrees; Wesley lay in the ICU, motionless, covered in tubes and wires; Cecelia cried hysterically in Baldwin's arms. As these scenes replayed in her mind, Blair suddenly understood the reason why Wesley didn't want to get married.

If she were Wesley, she might do the same. No one wanted to make their loved ones worry every day and suffer sleepless nights.

But the country needed heroes like Wesley. Wherever the fight, whoever the enemy, the country would send their best. He followed a different path from others, a path of sacrifice, a path of service. He stood ready

ne as she remembered how she tried to flirt with Wesley back then. 'I guess I got off easy,' she thought.

"I bet that girl hates Wesley now," she commented.

"No." Talbot shook his head. "She vowed to win our chief's heart. She found his WeChat account and sent messages to him every day. But our chief never wrote back. He had her account deleted. She got to Lenard for help. So Lenard asked our chief why he deleted the girl's account. Do you know what he said?"

"No. What did he say?"

"Chief said...Ahem..." Talbot cleared his throat and imitated the way Wesley spoke. "I'll delete anyone I don't like. Any other dumb questions?"

Blair was amused by Talbot's funny expression. She asked with a laugh, "Anything else?"

"No, so much for this story. By the way, are you two really living together?"

Blair was surprised by his sudden change of the subject. She rolled her eyes at the nosy boy and said, "Wesley doesn't really come home that often. It doesn't make a difference whether we live together or not. Besides, we sleep in separate rooms."

"What? You two sleep in separate rooms?" Talbot was disappointed. "Wow. I wonder if he's impotent?"

A scene popped up in Blair's mind. Her face blushed as she stammered, "Ahem... How...would I know that..." She knew if he was impotent. He didn't seem to have any problem getting an erection. But she wasn't about to tell Talbot.

Talbot left the ward without noticing the man in the bed had opened his eyes. Neither did Blair. She turned on her laptop and was about to translate a document from her company.

[Chapter 654 Why Blame Him](#)

"Blair..." Wesley's voice was hoarse, still clearly heard in the quiet ward.

Blair was busy entering the password to her laptop. She paused and wondered if she was hearing things. Was Wesley calling her name?

As if knowing what was on her mind, he croaked her name again. "Blair..."

It was Wesley! She stood up from her chair abruptly, almost knocking it over, and rushed to his bedside. When her eyes met his, Blair was thrilled. "You...you're awake!" she exclaimed.

"Mmm hmm." He was as taciturn as usual.

Blair immediately pressed the nurse-call button. Seconds after she did this, the attending doctor was in the ward to give him a thorough check-up. While the doctor was checking on Wesley, she called Cecelia, who stayed in her and Wesley's apartment. She needed to hear the good news.

After the exam, the doctor said that Wesley was out of danger. All he needed was to have enough rest and eat some nutritious food.

The news that Wesley had woken up got out. He had more visitors now than when he'd been in a coma.

Whenever people came to his bedside, Blair would remain quiet, busy taking care of Wesley as if she were a nurse.

And when Cecelia came to take care of Wesley so that Blair could get some rest, Blair would leave the hospital. Wesley didn't have a chance to say a word to her.

Every day, Wesley's ward was overcrowded with flowers, fruits, supplements and various kinds of gifts. They ran out of room on the tables, and things were now being stacked on chairs or even on the floor. There were far too many well-wishers, too. He found dealing with these people really exhausting.

Three days later, he finally put his foot down and told his friends to stop coming to visit. He was happy when he did that—he finally got some peace and quiet, and was able to rest as per doctor's orders.

More importantly, he finally got the chance to talk to Blair. She was sitting at the bedside, peeling an apple. "Blair..." he ventured.

"Huh?" Blair paused, holding the knife to the apple, but didn't raise her head.

"Why do you..." He stopped mid-sentence.

It was rea

lair did for him.

Wesley paused for a while and nodded, "Okay." Then he continued to eat the soup.

'Ugh! This man is impossible, ' she thought to herself, anxious and annoyed. "I like Blair a lot. If you keep acting like this and she leaves you one day, I swear I'll disown you! And don't think you can find just anyone. I used to think that as long as you were going to get married, that was fine. But not anymore. It has to be Blair!"

Wesley's face twitched at his mother's words. He simply nodded, indicating that he got it. Actually, he had made up his mind that he would not get married.

If he had to, then he'd marry Blair. That made perfect sense to him.

Carlos had also been seriously injured, but his condition was better than Wesley's. While Wesley was still lying in bed because of his injured leg, Carlos showed up in his ward with a pale face.

Damon and Curtis followed behind him.

Damon scanned the ward and asked curiously, "Where's your little girlfriend?"

"What are you talking about?" Wesley rolled his eyes at him.

Damon nodded, "All right. Fine. Where's Blair? She took care of you while you were unconscious. Where is she?" Damon had visited Wesley a few times when he was still in a coma, and saw Blair taking care of him every time.

"She's working," Wesley simply answered. He looked out the window, wondering if the foreign guy was still hitting on her.

[Chapter 655 Like Being Shot In The Head](#)

When he heard what Wesley said, Damon pulled up a chair and sat beside his bed. "Bro, you and Blair have been living together forever. Why haven't you put the moves on her yet?"

Wesley looked at Damon and said seriously, "Cut it out. We live under the same roof, but we're in different bedrooms."

There was disdain in Damon's eyes, like he thought the bedridden guy was an idiot. "You kidding me? You haven't gotten laid? What's wrong with you?"

"I'm living with her so I can always protect her," Wesley said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Curtis chuckled and teased him, "You can't be serious. This is a joke, right?"

Carlos, on the other hand, thought of his wife, who was now in England. "My wife is mad at me over this. What about your girlfriend? She mad, too?" he asked. He assumed Blair was mad at Wesley too, just like Debbie was. She should be here, taking care of Wesley, right?

Wesley didn't bother saying anything more about his relationship, and just said "Mmm hmm" in response.

To be honest, Wesley still didn't understand why Blair was mad. Just because he got injured protecting Megan? Couldn't be! Although Blair would fight with him from time to time, she was still a kind-hearted girl. She was pretty level-headed, to boot.

Damon leaned forward and looked at Wesley conspiratorially. "Dude, be honest with me. Ever see a girl and think 'I really want to bang her?' Seriously."

Wesley looked at him, expressionless. The contempt was obvious in his eyes. "Why do you ask?"

"Just asking. Can a girl crack that cold exterior? Do you know how it feels? I'm dying to know."

'How it feels?' Wesley didn't think he needed to hide anything from one of his best friends, so he nodded, "Of course. It feels like being shot in the head by a Kar98k." He only felt like that when he was with Blair.

The other three didn't know what to say.

'No wonder he's still single. He made a sexy moment seem like a murder.'

Damon was really curious what a tough, cold man like Wesley would be like around a woman he loved. So he asked, "People always talk about 'the look of love.' Your eyes should be full of tenderness when you're around your girlfriend. Does that happen when you're around Blair?"

Wesley's lips twitched as

her. If she woke up now, she would be scared out of her wits.

Finally Wesley left the apartment. Talbot was waiting for him, restless as an ant on a hot pan. Seeing Wesley, he jogged over and asked, "Chief, you feeling all right?"

Wesley's face was as pale as a sheet. "I'm good. Well, back to the hospital," he said.

"Sure, Chief." Talbot looked at the closed apartment door in confusion before helping Wesley to the elevator.

Spring sprung. Blair hadn't visited Wesley for eleven days.

Neither Blair nor Wesley seemed to care, but Cecelia was anxious!

Even though Wesley wasn't fully recovered, she flew back home, leaving her injured son behind. Before boarding the plane, she called Blair and told her she had urgent things to deal with and asked her to take care of him.

Left with no choice, Blair came to the hospital after work.

When she arrived at his ward, he was having supper. He greeted her calmly and asked, "You eaten yet?"

"Not yet. I'm going to a party tonight. I just came by to make sure you were eating. I got to go now." She turned around and left. She hadn't even stayed in the ward for two minutes.

What made her angry was that Wesley didn't even try to stop her.

Blair wasn't lying. She had an office party that evening. By the time it was over, it was more than ten o'clock at night. Orion insisted on driving her home. After saying goodbye to him at the gate, she strolled towards the apartment building, pondering her relationship with Wesley.

[Chapter 656 Wesleys Blair](#)

While strolling to her apartment building, Blair thought about how she left Wesley alone in the hospital. She realized that it was a poor way to repay him, and he was as helpless as a kitten up a tree. The girl was considering paying him a visit when a man appeared out of nowhere.

The man wore a mask and a cap, and she couldn't see his face. She was startled for a moment, wondering if he was a bad guy.

She was about to run away when the man asked, "Are you Wesley's Blair?"

Blair was confused. "I'm Blair, and I know a Wesley. What's this about?"

Now that he had confirmed who he was talking to, the man looked around vigilantly before fishing something from his pocket and holding it out to her. "Please give this to him. It involves the lives of 128 people."

The man placed a micro-SD card in Blair's hand, and closed her fingers in a fist around it. Blair was more puzzled than afraid, and slowly opened her fingers, looking at the SD card in her hand. When she raised her head again, the man was gone.

She looked around, but only darkness met her gaze. She got goose bumps all over.

'This thing must be really important. I should probably call Wesley, ' she thought, closing her fist around the SD card. She took out her phone, about to call Wesley, but her battery was dead.

She had to turn around to hail a taxi; she decided to go to the hospital.

At this moment, she saw two men in masks approaching her out of the corner of her eye. Her gut instinct told her that something was not right. With that, she ran away as fast as her legs would take her.

Like she thought, the two men ran after her as well.

Blair realized that they wanted the SD card. She had to find a place to hide it. There! The perfect spot!

At the hospital, Wesley had closed his eyes, deciding to surrender to sleep. Suddenly, his phone began to vibrate under his pillow.

It was a foreign number. Wesley saw no red flags, since he did get called to service from all over. He sat up in the bed and answered it.

"Wesley Li?" The person on the other end of the phone was using a voice changer, pitched extremely low, so Wesley couldn't tell if it was a man or a woman.

"And you are?" Wesley asked.

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is..." The person paused, and then a woman's shriek came from the other end. "You hear that? I think you know that voice."

He did know it, to his consternation. And judging from how it sounded, she was in pain, or danger, or both. His hands balled into fists. "What do you want?" he asked through gritted teeth.

This was no accident. Whoever it was waited until he was laid up in the hospital, and then kidnapped Blair.

"She has something we're looking for. We asked her about it, but she won't talk. She's s

e couldn't drag Wesley into this. To focus away from the pain, her mind retreated. She pictured herself in a bridal gown, and Wesley in his dress uniform, medals glinting beautifully. Wedding music was playing, and everyone was happy. She could see it, hear it, smell it, taste it. It was as real as anything, and she felt safe and happy here in this secret place in her mind.

Their leader wore a black mask. He looked in his forties, based on the wrinkles around his eyes and his gray hair that spilled around the top edges of the mask. He was very thin. "Colonel Li, if you can persuade her to give us what we want, then you're free to go. Both of you," he said with a smile.

Actually, these people didn't know where it was. Who had it? Blair, or Wesley? The two men following the mysterious man didn't see anything too clearly. They just knew his plans, and lay in wait.

But even if she didn't have it, Blair was still Wesley's beloved woman. They kidnapped her to threaten Wesley. If she did have it, then torturing Wesley would be the way to make her cave. If she didn't have it, then Wesley might be able to track it down for them.

Wesley didn't fall for his trap. His eyes were locked on Blair's feet, and he said in a cold voice, "I have it, actually. I can give it to you, but you have to let her go first."

"Ha-ha! Turns out the news I bought is true! She's important to you." The man burst out laughing.

"She is." Wesley didn't deny it. Blair could hear this through her pain-filled haze. Her heart started to race wildly in her chest.

"After all, she saved my life once," Wesley added.

'I did? When did that happen?' Blair was confused.

The man sat on a chair. "You're a good man, Colonel Li. Let's cut the crap. Give it to me, and you two can leave. Otherwise, the only way you'll leave here is in body bags."

[Chapter 657 To Catch Bandits, Nab Their Ringleader First](#)

Wesley sneered. 'We can leave after we give you that thing? You think I was born yesterday? If I give it to you, then we're dead meat.' "I'll say this one more time. Let her go, and I'll give you what you want," he said firmly. There were pieces of broken glass in the soles of Blair's feet, and she was still bleeding. She needed to go to the hospital now.

Blair shook her head. 'Wesley is still hurt. There are more than ten bandits and they're all armed. He's doomed if he stands and fights.' She wanted to say something, but had no strength to talk. Wesley didn't look at her; he couldn't afford to let the bandits know he cared for her.

The masked man was chewing a betel nut in his mouth. "I can let her go. But how far do you think she'll get on her own? How about this? If she can walk by herself, I'll let her go."

Wesley walked towards Blair, and this move alarmed the bandits. They all raised their guns, aiming at him. Blair's heart raced wildly in her chest. "Watch out!" she tried to yell, but she could only manage a weak croak.

Who knew if he heard what she said? Wesley didn't even pause and continued walking forward. He squatted down before her and said in a voice that could only be heard by her, "Don't worry. They can't hurt me. Are you all right?" While speaking, he tore a strip of cloth from his T-shirt and wrapped her feet.

There were still pieces of broken glass in her feet, but this might stop them from bleeding. This was the best he could do for right now. "I'll be quick. Just hold on," he said in a soft voice.

Blair gave him a sweet smile despite the pain. "Mmm hmm."

She looked like a weak girl, but she could be pretty strong because of him. Although her feet were killing her, she clenched her teeth, determined not to cry.

After Wesley was done, he held one of her hands to check on it.

A pained groan escaped Blair's lips as the sharp pain shot through her arm. Wesley was heartbroken at her groan, and when he found the pinpricks in her fingers, his rage flared.

His face was rigid and tense because of his anger. He swore to himself that whoever did this to her would suffer the same fate.

The bandit leader lost his patience. "Give it up. I know you're hurt and

positions around the house while they were inside. When the leader approached where they were hiding, they sprang the trap.

As the saying went, "To catch bandits, nab their ringleader first."

Few soldiers were better at strategy and tactics than Wesley. These bandits certainly were no match for him in that arena. Wesley was laid-back about the whole thing.

Some of the bandits around him were scared out of their wits. They threw down their guns, not wanting to be filled with lead.

Two bandits, who were very bold, approached Wesley and pointed their guns at his head. One of them said, "Not so fast. Let our boss go! Otherwise, you won't— Aargh!" Before he could finish speaking, Wesley moved like a bolt of lightning and grabbed his rifle, slamming the butt in his face. He spun and pointed his newly acquired firearm at the other. The bandit surrendered and dropped his weapon.

When the leader saw this, he threw Blair to the ground rudely, ignoring her wounded feet.

"Mmmph..." She was in so much pain that her tears streamed down her cheeks. She grabbed onto the man's sleeve to steady herself.

The man took out a knife and yelled hysterically, "You got me, fine! But the bitch dies!" While speaking, he stabbed at Blair's neck without mercy.

However, someone was fast enough to stop him. The person kicked his hand and sent the knife flying. "Aargh!" the man cried.

Another person rushed over, jumped up, caught the knife and buried it in the man's arm.

[Chapter 658 Avenging Blair](#)

Garnet was the one to quickly kick the leader's hand. This was her first mission after she had started working in Y City. Wesley reacted immediately and caught the knife which had flown out of the leader's hand. He lunged forward to stab the man in the arm.

The man yelled in pain and couldn't hold onto Blair anymore. Without his support, she staggered and fell backwards. Garnet was the nearest to her and immediately caught her, preventing her from falling to the ground.

Seeing that Blair was now safe, Wesley didn't need to hold back. He tried to kick the man again, but the leader knew some kung fu and dodged his attack with some difficulty.

Supporting Blair with one arm, Garnet fired twice, and the bullets hit the man's leg. He yelped at the top of his lungs and went down on his knees, weak as pudding.

The goons were soon under control. Wesley walked towards Garnet and gently took Blair in his arms. He rushed towards a military car.

Two military doctors got out of the car. Wesley slowly placed Blair in the back seat and told them, "Her fingers and feet are hurt."

"Understood, Colonel Li."

Wesley looked at the unconscious woman, his eyes full of affection. His hands balled into fists. Her eyes were closed, and her face was as pale as a ghost. He took a deep breath and got out from the vehicle.

Wesley watched as the car drove off. When it was out of sight, he turned around and walked towards the house. The criminals were being taken, under escort, to the vehicles.

"Wait!" Wesley stopped them, his face deadpan.

After questioning some of them, he let the soldiers take two-thirds of the bandits to the vehicles and he took the rest of them back into the house with him.

Soon, several noises came from within the house—the sounds of wine bottles breaking, and heartrending cries of the criminals.

After a significant amount of time, he brought the criminals out once again. Their faces were black and blue.

They were all barefoot, and their feet were covered in blood. Their hands lay limp at their sides.

The leader looked the worst. His mask was now gone, revealing his face which was covered in burns. In any other situation, he would have looked terrifying. But now, he couldn't even walk. He was also

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.

h, Orion."

Wesley's hands balled into fists when he saw the scene inside the ward. He turned around and left the place to find a doctor to treat his wound.

As he walked away from her ward, he couldn't help but remember what Blair had told him before.
"Orion is pursuing me."

"I'm a bit moved..."

"Wesley, do you think I should accept his love?"

Wesley recalled what he had answered to that.

He remembered saying, "If you like him, then you should go out with him." "Then don't break up with him."

Blair waited for Wesley all day, but she was disappointed.

The room was quiet in the dead of the night. All kinds of thoughts crossed her mind, keeping her awake. 'Wesley was not fully recovered when he had come to rescue me. Did he get injured again? Is that why he hasn't come to visit me?'

She picked up her phone with her left hand. It was less injured than her right. She scrolled down her contact list and found Niles' number. She wanted to call him, but on second thoughts, she decided to send him a message instead. "Niles, are you in bed?"

Niles' reply came quickly. "No, I just arrived at the in-patient department to visit Wesley."

"How is he?" she couldn't help but ask.

"I haven't seen him yet. Wait. Are you not taking care of him?" Niles was confused. His mother had told him that Blair was taking care of Wesley.

Apparently, Niles didn't know that Blair was injured. After some consideration, she typed, "I'm still busy working. You go check on him first."

[Chapter 659 You Have No Right](#)

Niles sent Blair a nodding-head emoji.

Whistling a peaceful tune, he tucked his phone back into his pocket, just outside Wesley's ward.

He was about to push the door open when he saw what was going on inside through the glass window. Wesley wasn't alone—Garnet was with him.

Mouth agape, he fished out his phone, opened the camera app and raised it. But he found Wesley looking at him with his sharp eyes. 'That guy must have eyes in the back of his head!' Niles exclaimed inwardly.

Under Wesley's watchful eye, Niles covertly took a photo of him and Garnet, pretending to call someone, phone to his ear. After a few seconds, he abandoned his pretense and sent the pic to Blair. "You busy now? Check this out," he texted, indicating the pic he had just taken.

And that was when Garnet appeared at the door.

Niles clicked the "send" button, put his phone back into his pocket, and waved at her with a smile. "Hi, Garnet. Come by to visit Wesley?"

Garnet nodded. "Yeah."

"Wait. How did you... Oh, that's right! You transferred to the base in Y City, huh?" His family talked about helping Garnet get a transfer to Y City, so Niles naturally knew a bit about it.

"Mmm hmm. Your brother helped a lot." Garnet cast a grateful glance at the man in the bed.

Niles whistled at his brother, came over and flashed a goofy smile. "He's a piece of work. With his contacts and reputation, it was a piece of cake to get you deployed here. Right, Wesley?" He tried to lick his brother's boots because he was afraid of being found out.

Wesley, however, didn't buy it. With a deadpan face, he spat, "Your phone."

"Huh?" Niles panicked. 'I guess he knows. Am I that obvious?' he mused.

Garnet couldn't help giggling. "Niles, you forgot to turn off your flashlight," she reminded him kindly.

Niles was dumbstruck. 'What? I was such an idiot!' he cursed himself inwardly.

Putting on a fake smile, Niles hummed and hawed over an excuse. "I guess I must have accidentally turned that on. Silly me—"

"Your phone! Now!" Wesley repeated in a cold voice.

Left with no choice, Niles took his p

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

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"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.

visiting your brother?"

"Yeah." The reply was short.

Blair was puzzled. The reply made her feel like she was talking to Wesley. She took a closer look at the username, and it was Niles.

But Niles had never just sent one word to her. In fact, he never used one word when he could type ten.

Blair shook off the weird feeling and wrote, "How is your brother?"

"Much better."

Blair heaved a sigh of relief. "So Garnet's been taking care of him?" 'Niles knows I like his brother. That won't sound too weird, ' she thought.

"No."

Blair could feel something was wrong. 'Am I talking to Niles? He never talked like this!'

As she was still pondering over this, another message came. "Hey, Blair. Since my brother is fine, I'd like to go visit you."

This time, Blair wasn't the least bit suspicious. This was more like Niles. However, her left hand began to ache after texting like this. She had to send him a voice message saying, "No, no. That's not necessary. I'm okay. Just take care of Wesley."

"I don't need to."

"Oh right. Garnet's there. If you get tired of being a third wheel, you know where I am." Her voice was full of disappointment. If it weren't for her injured feet, she would have gone to visit Wesley.

Niles didn't reply to her.

Before long, someone walked into her ward. To her surprise, it wasn't Niles, but Wesley, who should have been in bed, recovering.

[Chapter 660 I Just Want To Keep You Company](#)

Wesley wasn't in patient clothing. He was wearing a green army T-shirt, camouflage pants and black boots—military fatigues.

His sudden appearance reminded Blair of Garnet. She was so jealous she didn't want to talk to him. However, he saved her again, so she couldn't just ignore him. "Hi, Colonel Li," she said.

'Whenever she's mad at me, she calls me Colonel Li,' Wesley thought.

He thought that she was acting really weird. 'She said she loved me, but she shared a hug with Orion. Now she's mad at me.

What did I do this time?'

Wesley stood beside her bed and stared at her bandage-wrapped feet and fingers. Seven digits total were covered with bandages, leaving only three fingers on her left hand free. 'So she typed those messages with only three fingers?' Wesley felt both amused and heartbroken.

"It was my fault you were kidnapped," he said apologetically. Blair was totally innocent. He felt bad that she was hurt because of him.

'Why's he being so formal?' Blair bit her lower lip and said in a low voice, "It was not your fault, but those thugs'."

"All of them are behind bars now." He made sure they paid for their crimes. They had gotten back double whatever they had done to Blair.

"Good to know." Then she remembered she wasn't talking to him, so she clammed up.

Although she was not a chatterbox like Niles, she could hold her own in conversation.

"Get some rest." Wesley guessed she was still weak and didn't have the strength to talk, so he prepared to leave.

"Wesley!" Blair called out and raised her head abruptly.

Wesley paused and turned to look at her. "Could you stay? At least for a little bit?" she pleaded.

Confusion was written in his eyes.

"Maybe till I fall asleep?" she asked with a hopeful expression. She was alone in the ward, and it got kind of frightening at night.

However, before Wesley could say yes, someone knocked on the door. "Hey, Blair, you up?" a voice asked.

It was Orion, flanked by two of his bodyguards with several shopping bags.

Orion didn't expect to see Wesley here. He knew Blair liked W

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"Sleep Curse" were freaking her out. She had to play on her phone to distract herself, though her fingers were killing her.

Before long, she had the urge to pee.

At first, she didn't want to bother the nurses. But then, she really couldn't hold it in anymore and pressed the nurse-call button.

Then she heard footsteps in the hall. Blair, who had been teetering between abject fear and an intense desire to pee, heaved a sigh of relief.

Someone opened the door and turned the light on.

Before Blair saw who it was, she said hurriedly, "Miss, I need to go to the bathroom. Will you please help me— Huh? Wesley?"

And yes, it was Wesley at the door.

'Why is he still here? I thought he left.'

Upon hearing that, Wesley walked over, lifted the covers and scooped her up in his arms. "Hey, hey, wait!" Blair panicked and tried to break free.

"What?" he asked.

"Um... Can you get a nurse in here?" She wanted to go to the bathroom. Her fingers were bandaged and she couldn't take off her pants.

Seeing her red face, he chuckled mischievously. "I'll help you with that."

"No! I mean, no, thank you. You need to recuperate. The nurses said I could always ask for their help."

However, Wesley didn't listen to what she said at all. He entered the bathroom with her in his arms. He didn't even let her use the wheelchair.

Then, they got to the most awkward part...