

TMBA 691

[Chapter 691 No Hope](#)

"Hartwell is on his way to D City, and so is the Li family. Your uncle has gone back to the military base for more information. Blair, where are you now? I'm coming to keep you company. Wait for me," Joslyn said worriedly.

Blair was silent for a moment. Then, she took a deep breath and said in a rather calm tone, "You don't need to come. His body has not been found yet, so there's still a chance that he has survived. I'm going to D City to look for him." "I must go.

I need to see for myself whether he is dead or alive, ' she swore.

After ending the call with Joslyn, Blair decisively asked her manager for some time off from work.

She quickly booked a flight ticket, packed her luggage and headed towards the airport. She stared at her suitcase as she was waiting in the lounge to board, an empty look in her eyes. All of a sudden, tears gushed out of those lifeless sockets and streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

She covered her face with both her hands and bent over, crying hysterically.

Blair felt frustrated. She blamed herself for being too weak. Crying wasn't going to solve anything, but that was all she could do.

'Wesley, please be safe...' she prayed, again and again.

After venting her emotions, she gradually stopped crying. Wiping the tear stains, she boarded the plane that would take her to D City.

Just as she was about to put her phone on flight mode, she got another call from Niles. The young man spoke in a comforting tone. "Blair, we just arrived in D City. Don't worry. Lady Luck is always on my brother's side. He'll be safe and we'll surely bring him back."

"Niles, I'm on my way to D City too. Wait for me there."

Niles was taken aback. He didn't expect her to take action so soon. "Okay. I'll tell Mom."

It was drizzling when Blair set foot in D city. Without bothering to buy an umbrella, she hurried towards the spot of the explosion.

The wharf had been cordoned off. A lot of people were gathered around the place; the atmosphere felt solemn and heavy. The deafening sound of the weeping and wailing of the victims' families resonated in the area.

Since Wesley had been using an alias while he worked as a spy in D City, his true identity was still being concealed by the military. When Blair asked the local police about Wesley's condition, they all looked at her in confusion and shook their heads since they had no information about such a person.

Blair called Niles immediately and got to know that they were resting at a temporary lounge nearby. She gave h

een sucked out of her. He felt sorry for her. Wesley would be heartbroken too if he saw her like this.

After a while, Blair continued to walk along the shore and shout towards the sea.

She didn't stop her futile efforts until two o'clock in the morning.

Rescue operations went on for two more days. The rescue ships found more and more dead bodies. There were no survivors.

Three days later, since there was no hope of finding any survivors, the officials had to give up on the rescue operation.

The military decided to hold an official funeral for Wesley, since he had sacrificed himself while on a mission. They had to welcome the hero back home, even though they couldn't find his body.

Everything was ready for the funeral—his portrait, the flowers, the gravesite. They just needed to fix the funeral date and hold the ceremony.

It was a miserable week for Blair. She couldn't remember what she had done every day of that week. The things happening around her didn't feel real.

She couldn't accept the fact that Wesley had died. He had lied to her...

He had promised her that he would come back as soon as possible; he asked her to wait for him. But, he didn't come.

All those negative thoughts haunted her mind. The Ji family tried to cheer her up, but to no avail. Blair had locked herself up in her world of despair, with no way for her to walk out.

The day before Wesley's funeral, Joslyn got a call from Blair. "Hi, Joslyn. Is Patrick asleep?"

Joslyn had been worried about Blair. She was glad that the girl had finally called her. "Yes. He has gone to bed. Blair, you should get more rest. You've tired yourself out. Do take care of yourself, okay?"

[Chapter 692 Attempted Suicide](#)

"Will do. Joslyn, thank you for keeping me company all these days. I'm all right now. Please spend more time with your son," Blair reminded. A few days back, Blair and the Li family had no choice but to leave D City after the rescue operation had been called off. Joslyn worried that Blair would do something impulsive, so she had stayed with her friend all day long ever since she had come back home.

"I know. Mom said he was very well-behaved while I was gone." Joslyn realized how lucky she was in her life. Although Hartwell was as busy as Wesley used to be and wasn't often home, at least, she knew that he loved her. She never had to suffer much in the matters of love. At that thought, she couldn't help but feel sorry for Blair.

Blair admired Joslyn very much too. How she wished she could have had a loving son with Wesley! But she could never have that anymore—not for the rest of her life.

'Maybe in my next life...' she thought to herself.

"I'm really happy for you, Joslyn. You're lucky to have married into the Ji family. They are all kind people. Grandpa, Uncle, Aunt and my two cousins. They treated me so well after my parents passed away. I owe them a lot. But I seldom expressed my gratitude to them. I was thinking I could pay them back once I was more successful, but..." 'I won't have that chance anymore either...'

Joslyn sensed that something wasn't right about her. She became nervous and asked, "Blair, are you okay?"

"Why? I'm all right. Don't be so scared, Joslyn." Blair chuckled.

'Was I just overthinking?' Joslyn wondered. She comforted herself thinking that maybe she had been worrying about Blair too much. Blair was in a terrible place right now, but she was a strong girl.

"Okay then. I'm relieved to know that."

"Tomorrow is his funeral," Blair said quietly. She wanted to see him.

"Blair, I'll always be by your side. Please stay strong..." Joslyn didn't know how to comfort her. Sometimes words were just too powerless.

Blair smiled. "I will. So many people still live on even after losing their loved ones." It was just that their world would be different and colorless. And they might never be truly happy ever again.

Blair had lost her parents a few years ago, and now Wesley was gone too. Without them, she couldn't lead a happy life.

"I'm glad that you

d to panic. She could hardly stand.

Hartwell urged her quickly, "We need to give her first aid! Come, turn her to one side."

"Okay!" She wiped off her tears and listened to Hartwell's instructions.

Eventually, the ambulance arrived and took Blair to the hospital in time and had her stomach cleaned. She was saved.

After that, Joslyn didn't dare leave Blair's side. She stayed in her ward the whole time to tend to her. She was afraid that Blair would attempt suicide again if she was left alone.

The next afternoon, Blair woke up.

As she slowly opened her eyes, she saw Joslyn staring at her, chin propped up in her hands. Excited that her friend was finally conscious, Joslyn shot to her feet and pressed the nurse-call button.

Blair looked around her, confused about the situation. Why was she at the hospital? Was she still alive? Did she come back from death?

The doctor checked her thoroughly. There was nothing serious, but she definitely needed some psychological guidance.

Hartwell had already contacted a good psychologist. Once Blair's condition was a little better, the psychologist would begin her treatment.

The doctor left the ward after the check-up. Before Blair could speak, her phone rang. It was from Niles. Joslyn answered the call for her. "Hello, this is Joslyn, Blair's friend. Do you have something to tell her?" "Yes! Something important!" Niles said excitedly. His voice was so loud that even Blair could hear him. Joslyn tapped on the speaker button. "Please go ahead. She can hear you."

[Chapter 693 Thirty Sleeping Pills](#)

"Blair...my brother..." Niles paused, excited to tears. "He's still alive," he said, relaying the good news.

Cecelia had already heard the news. When she discovered Wesley survived the explosion, she didn't doubt a word of it. She knew it. Her older son wouldn't be taken down so easily. His funeral was tomorrow, but it seemed there was no need. She was right—Wesley was alive! When she heard about this, the happy mother took down the black and white portrait and destroyed all the decorations for the funeral. She was this close to setting off fireworks to celebrate.

Blair, lying in the hospital bed, widened her eyes in great shock. Did she hear him right? Wesley was still alive?

"Blair, you were right. My brother never lied. He didn't lie to you. His mission is going on smoothly, and he'll come back on time just as he promised."

Hearing only her breathing, Niles continued, "But don't tell anyone. His mission is top secret. In fact, he was on that ship and fell into the sea when the ship exploded. But someone rescued him and took him to safety. He was unconscious for a few days, though."

"W-where is he now?" It almost cost all of Blair's energy to get out those few words.

"He's back in D City now. He returned to his undercover work shortly after he regained consciousness. That's all I know. What he's doing there, I have no idea. I just wanted to let you know he's alive."

Her heart was full of happiness, and Blair broke into happy tears. Wesley was alive! She was so excited that it took a little for her heart to stop racing. 'Thank God! He's alive, and so am I.'

She was so grateful she thanked the powers that be again and again in her heart.

Joslyn couldn't help but cut in, "I'm really happy your brother's alive. But why didn't he call Blair and let her know? Does he really love her? It's lucky that we got Blair to the hospital in time. Who knows what would have happened otherwise!" Joslyn became angrier as she said it.

"Got Blair to the hospital? Why? What happened?" Niles asked.

Joslyn raised her voice. "Blair couldn't live without your brother. She took sleeping pills to commit suicide."

"Joslyn..." Blair called out in a weak voice to stop her. Now that things were over, she realized what she did, and how stupid it was. She felt embarrassed hearing Joslyn recount the story to other

d you tell me who that guy is? And who's that woman he's with?"

The bartender quickly put the money into his pocket without being noticed by others. "Oh, that guy? That's Wayne Chen, Malcolm Chang's grandson-in-law. And she's Patty Chang, Malcolm's granddaughter."

"Grandson-in-law?" This address caught her attention. She held her glass tightly.

"Yeah. You're not from around here, are you? Don't tell me you have a crush on Wayne too. You girls are all the same. You all want to climb into his bed. Sure, he's a hot guy. Give it up, lady. A few days ago, you might have had a chance. But it's too late now."

"What do you mean?"

Blair was stunned.

The bartender flashed a naughty smile. "Sorry. I've said too much already. What you gave me only goes so far."

Blair took in his meaning. Luckily, she had brought enough cash with her. She generously stuffed another wad of bills into his hand. "Go ahead."

"Wayne's a playboy. He collects pretty girls like other people collect baseball cards. But he and Patty got their marriage licenses a few days ago. The old man warned him if he fooled around on his daughter, he'd cut off his little Wayne!"

"M-marriage... licenses?" Blair could hardly think of it. He was married to someone else?

"Yeah. They got married. A few days ago. Oh, right! Last Monday, Wayne booked our whole club and proposed to Patty. Patty was so happy she cried."

'Last Monday...' That was the day she tried to kill herself with pills.

How ironic! He married another woman while she tried to kill herself over him.

[Chapter 694 Be A Bad Woman](#)

The words that spilled from the bartender's mouth pained Blair's heart to the core. 'Wesley proposed to someone else.' "How... How did he propose to the woman called Patty Chang? I mean, what did he say?" she continued to ask, suppressing the sadness in her heart. She never knew Wesley would be that romantic. A proposal. Who would have thought?

"Well, nothing in particular. He just put the ring on Patty's ring finger, but that gesture was enough to get tears falling. She couldn't wait to say yes. Everybody in D City knows that Patty is head over heels in love with the guy. I bet that she would've proposed to Wayne if he hadn't done it first. So, Wayne didn't need to do a whole lot," the bartender blurted out. Since Blair had paid him a ton of cash, he poured out every fact that he knew.

He kept prattling on about the gossip and rumors surrounding Wayne and Patty. But his words landed on deaf ears. She was immersed in her own sad thoughts.

She didn't need any more information now. All she knew was that Wesley was married to a woman named Patty.

She reached for the ring that Wesley had given to her. She'd hung it on her neck like a pendant. A sardonic smile crept along her face as the ridiculous fact sank in.

When she took the sleeping pills that night, she'd worn it then, too. Because she wanted to leave this world with the most precious thing in her life. But this man bought another ring and gave it to another woman.

To make sure the bartender was straight with her, Blair paid off a few other waiters. She still couldn't believe the story. Much to her disappointment, she got the same answers.

Wesley did get marriage licenses for Patty.

Oh, to be precise, it was Wayne who married Patty.

But in Blair's mind, Wayne or Wesley, it meant the same. They were the same guy. Wesley did everything, though. He was Patty's husband now.

The next thing Blair knew was that she was already outside the night club. She couldn't even remember walking out of it.

Without a specific destination, she wandered along a street near the club, just like the first time she visited the city.

She walked to the same footbridge where she saw Wesley and his men last time. But this time, there was no one in camo fatigues, or uniform for that matter. And more importantly, no Wesley.

He was busy flirting with his new bride in the club.

A ton of dark thoughts flooded her mind. For a moment, she was overwhelmed by the urge to jump off the bridge and end everything.

But then she thought of her family. Her gra

d, shutting down her emotions and regaining her composure. Pretending not to see him, she turned to the man next to her and continued laughing and talking.

"Blair," Wesley called out.

Blair didn't stop but her date turned around and remarked, "Sounds like someone's trying to get your attention."

She maintained the smile on her face. "I didn't hear a thing."

"You heard me alright. Hi, Blair." The soldier had already walked up to them and blocked their way.

The smile froze on her face. "I'm sorry, sir. Do I know you?"

Wesley threw a glance at the confused man beside her. "She tell you she's married?"

The man was even more confused. "No."

Blair was stunned too. "What are you talking about, Wesley?"

"Now you know me." Wesley shifted his gaze back to her.

Blair was left speechless.

The well-dressed man was from a rich family. If it were any other guy, the man would have stepped up to defend his lady's honor. But this was Wesley. Well-connected, well-respected. He just figured it wasn't a good idea to cross him. Looking at the rank on Wesley's uniform, the well-dressed man instantly broke free of Blair's arm and said, "Blair, I should take off. Goodbye."

"No, wait. Stay, please..."

Blair called out to stop the man. But he fled as quickly as he could.

When the well-dressed man was out of sight, Blair smoothed her hair and pulled a long face.

She ignored Wesley and walked in the other direction.

Wesley stretched out his arm to stop her and stuffed the box of flowers in her arms. "Blair, I'm back. First thing I did was come and report to you."

'I bought you the red roses you like.

I'll give you everything you want from now on.'

[Chapter 695 Whom Are You Calling Honey](#)

Just those few words from Wesley were enough to open her floodgates. Blair had wanted to play it cool, but frustrated, she began to sob. "You coming back... has nothing to do with me. I'm not your leader; you don't need to report to me."

Deep down, her heart was stirred by the serious look on his face. He looked even more charming now.

He was so handsome that she almost forgot the scars he had left in her heart. It's said that in a love-hate relationship, even if the couple torture each other a thousand times, they would still treat each other as their first love—their one true love.

Wesley was her first love. She had been in love with the man for almost a decade.

Ignoring the curious gazes from the passers-by, Wesley pulled the woman into his arms, staring at her lovingly. "I want to have a child."

Blair was caught by surprise at his unexpected words, and her face blushed a crimson red. She pretended to not understand his words and said, "Then go to Patty or Stella. You can't possibly have a baby by staying here."

'I know Patty. But who the hell is Stella?' he wondered. But that was not the point. He said firmly, "I meant, with you. I want to have a child with you. Blair, come back home with me." He was going to show her their marriage licenses at home. A wedding was on his mind.

'Home?' That was such a beautiful word. Blair clutched at the corner of his suit, holding back her tears. She had to stay strong. "No, it's too late. Let go of me. I have a boyfriend now."

"Break up!" Wesley said firmly. If she didn't break up with whosoever she was dating, she was committing a crime. Servicemen's marriage was under special protection in this country.

"Why should I listen to you? Here, take your flowers. Don't disturb me again." She struggled out of his embrace and added, "Listen here. Without Wesley, Blair is having the happiest days of her life!" She threw the box of preserved roses back into his hands and walked away, clicking her high heels loudly.

As she turned her back towards him, his eyes quickly darkened. She was wearing a backless dress! Wesley gritted his teeth. She was not only dating another man during his absence, but was also bold enough to wear such revealing dresses.

Blair walked to her car. Wesley caught up to her and grabbed hold of her wrist. "Blair, let's talk."

"I don't want to talk, Colonel Li... Oh, sorry, Senior Colonel Li. By the way, congratulations on your promotion. Now, please let go of me. There are a lot of men queuing up to talk to me. So, if you want to have a word, please wait for your turn."

"Since you seem to

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She nodded perfunctorily, "Yeah, how lucky..."

Nonetheless, they decided to sit in their designated seats. They found the seats in no time. The movie was about to begin.

For some unknown reason, Blair felt like someone was watching her from the dark corner of the hall. Intuitively, she looked around the theater, but found nothing suspicious.

'Am I thinking too much?' She shook off the thoughts and focused on the big screen, trying to indulge herself in the movie.

However, at that moment, the door to the theater was flung open. A group of people stormed inside.

Since the lights had been turned off, Blair couldn't see who they were, but she didn't care. However, a moment later, two men in camo fatigues sitting in front of her caught her attention.

It was then that she realized that the seats around them were all occupied.

Her heart began to race rapidly in her chest as something dawned on her. She slowly tilted her head to her left side and found Wesley sitting cross-legged next to her, emitting a graceful aura.

As if sensing her gaze, he slowly turned his head to face her, meeting her eyes. Flashing a smile, he said casually, "Hey honey, what a coincidence."

'H-honey?' Blair almost choked on her own saliva. In a huff, she retorted, "Whom are you calling honey?"

"You."

She rolled her eyes at him. Uninterested in his nonsense, she questioned, "What are you doing here?"

"Seeing a movie."

Blair's colleague heard them talking, but he couldn't hear what they were saying, so he interjected curiously, "Blair, do you know him?"

"No!" Blair denied without hesitation.

The two soldiers sitting in front of them suddenly turned around and smiled at Blair. "Hi Blair! What a coincidence!"

[Chapter 696 The Tables Are Turned](#)

Two men in green camo fatigues sat beside Blair's date and leaned their bodies close to her. "Hi, Blair. Been a long time."

It was Bowman, one of Wesley's men.

The man sitting behind Blair patted her shoulder. "Hey, Blair. Remember me? I'm Lenard."

Blair remembered him, of course. But why were they all here? And why now? She took a deep breath and turned to Wesley, who kept his head forward, eyes on the screen. It was like he was there just to watch the movie. "What's going on, Wesley?"

Wesley turned to her and answered, "It's movie night. We're here to watch the movie. You're not?"

'How can I enjoy the movie with you guys talking to me?' Blair rolled her eyes.

Bowman and his companions kept talking to Blair's date, distracting both of them. Bowman even told him, "Man, let's get out of here and light up. I'm having a nic fit."

Blair's date could feel something was up, but he wasn't sure what was going on. He followed the two of them out of the theater.

The moment the three were out of sight, the rest of the soldiers except Wesley stood and stretched.

"Now that they mention it, I really want a smoke, too."

"Me too. Let's go. Chief, we're taking off. Enjoy!"

Wesley nodded indifferently.

Blair was dumbfounded. 'Why does it look like Wesley and I are on a date?'

Blair's date followed Bowman and Lenard outside the theater and around the corner, lighter in hand. But suddenly the two soldiers stopped and cornered the guy. Bowman fished a marriage certificate out of his pocket and showed it to the man. "Check this out. Blair's married, so she's off-limits."

When he saw the photo and names on the certificate, the man's heart skipped a beat. "I'm really sorry. Blair never told me."

Bowman put the certificate back into his pocket. "That's okay. I get it. You couldn't have known. Blair's...um...mercurial. She was trying to make our chief jealous, and was using you to do it. They're fighting.

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also drove her to her apartment.

"Yeah. Makes sense. Chief has it bad for her. Horndog."

Bowman kicked Lenard's leg and threatened him, "What if I walk into the theater now and tell him you called him that. What do you think he'll do to you?"

Lenard's reaction was not what he expected. "Do it! I don't care. Go in there and tell him." He was sure his fellow soldier wouldn't go in there and interrupt their chief.

And he was right. Bowman just snorted and said, "Fine. I did have a girl in mind. She's good girlfriend material and I was going to introduce you. But just for that, I'll set her up with Rodney, instead."

Rodney, who was walking behind him, immediately approached. "Really? Thanks, Blowman."

Bowman kicked him in the leg. "Call me Blowman again, and I'll..."

"You'll what? Beat my ass? Everyone calls you that. You plan to take everyone on? Live with it. Blowman," Rodney said with a silly grin.

"Get lost!"

The group left the Cineplex, talking and laughing.

Inside the theater

Blair and Wesley were left alone. She stared at the screen, pretending he didn't exist.

However, Wesley was not here to watch the movie.

Before long, he began to do what they left him alone for. He grabbed Blair's hand. She struggled hard, but he refused to let go.

[Chapter 697 Till the World Ends](#)

Now that she couldn't watch the movie, Blair scolded Wesley like a naughty kid. "Just sit there and watch the movie. If you don't want to watch it, just leave! Quit bugging me!"

"Just relax and watch the movie," Wesley said casually.

'How can I do that, when you're stroking my hand nonstop?' she thought to herself.

When she'd finally had enough, Blair stood up and said coldly, "Out of my way."

Wesley sat on her left, blocking her way out.

"Where are you going?"

"To save the world!" she said impatiently.

"Yeah, right." Wesley looked her up and down with a smirk. A slip of a girl like that couldn't even save herself.

"Yeah! What? Don't think I can?" she spat.

"No, it's nothing." Wesley immediately shook his head. How could he look down on her?

"Get away!"

Wesley reached out his hand and pulled her towards him. As a result, Blair lost her balance. She sat down on his lap, hard.

They were so close to each other that her heart began to race wildly in her chest.

Wesley held her slender waist and whispered in her ear, "You're so thin. You need to gain some weight." If she were a bit heavier, she'd be more cuddly, and feel better in his arms.

Blair's face was red as a tomato. How could he say that? "I know I'm not as sexy as the other girls you see. They all look like models, huh? You'll never fall for a twiggy woman like me, that's for sure."

"You're cute when you're mad," he simply said.

"I don't care if you want me or not. There are a ton of men lining up waiting to date me. Let me go. I'm on a date."

Wesley grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him, but she was too embarrassed to look him in the eye. This was so awkward. He was trying to put the moves on her, and all she wanted was to leave.

Wesley played with her long, curly hair and said, "This isn't you. We'll go to a hair salon to get a better do. And I'll buy you some clothes—preferably with more cloth." He wasn't happy with what she was wearing. She wore a backless top and a mini skirt. If she raised her arms, you could see her be

making himself look more like a playboy. After some thought, he stated, "You're a Cancer, and I'm a Scorpio. According to the zodiac, we're a perfect match."

A lot of girls believe in astrology. Wesley thought Blair did, too.

'Seriously? He's talking about the zodiac? How cheesy!' Blair snorted.

In a calm voice, she said, "According to the zodiac, Scorpios are very romantic, which is exactly what Cancers want. I thought you didn't have a romantic bone in your body. But now I get it. You can be romantic around other women." She always thought that Wesley just didn't know what romance was. But now she knew she was wrong. She just didn't deserve his affection.

Wesley felt like a jerk. "Wayne Chen was a playboy. I had to flirt with those women. It was part of the mission. But I know I was wrong. It's all my fault. Madam Jing, please give me a chance to make it up to you."

"I'm not your madam Jing, and it's too late." Her reply was firm.

Wesley wiped her tears gently. "I can't date Garnet. We're part of the same branch of the military. We can't marry our colleagues. Besides, I don't want her. You know what? According to the zodiac, when a Scorpio and a Cancer fall in love with each other, they won't break up till the world ends. We're so right for each other. You know it, and I know it." Wesley vowed he would never let her go as long as he lived.

[Chapter 698 A Dog Bit My Clothes](#)

"Maybe. But you forget that there are a lot of Scorpios out there. I have my pick," Blair sneered and looked at Wesley. She wanted to know how he would react.

Wesley had a hard time with that one. Everything he wanted to say was caught in his throat. After some thought, he said, "But there's only one Wesley Li. You going to dump me?"

"Yeah." She looked determined.

"All right." He dropped his hand from her chin and nodded his head.

'So is he going to give up just like that?' Blair mused.

"Just sit here and enjoy. I'll get you a new blouse." He tried to give her his shirt again.

Blair took a deep breath and refused him. "No, thanks. I'll call Joslyn and have her bring me one."

"Okay." Wesley agreed again. What else could he do?

This gave Blair butterflies in her stomach. 'He's being awfully agreeable.' She fished her phone out of her purse and called Joslyn, looking distracted. "Hi Joslyn. You busy now?"

"Nope. Just playing with my baby."

"I've got a problem. You have a blouse I can borrow?" Blair stammered. She found it rather embarrassing.

"A blouse? What's wrong? Did you lose yours?" Joslyn was kind of worried about her friend, but she couldn't help being flippant. It was an odd request.

Blair cast a casual glance at Wesley, who was sitting in the front row. "Um...a stray dog ran up and tore the hell out of my top. My date shoed him away, but I'm a mess."

"Huh? That's weird. You're okay, though, right? He didn't bite you?"

"Ahem... No, he didn't get me. Just my top. It was an expensive one too, dammit. I'm at the cineplex right now. Theater 4, Ne Zha. So if you have something I could borrow..." "Yeah, I think I have just the one. Remember that blue one you liked so much?" Joslyn said. "I'll give it to the nanny and she can take it to you." After that, they said their goodbyes and hung up.

Blair put her phone away and tried not to look at Wesley. He was glaring at the screen, but could hardly bring himself to watch the movie. He seemed to have a fit of the sulks. And why not? There were worse things than being called a dog, but he didn't like it regardless.

Neither of them said a word.

Countless questions flooded Blair's mind. 'Why isn

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me in the first place.

Joslyn really didn't know why he did this. "Blair loves you so much. If you proposed to her, she would have jumped at the chance. Why did you go behind her back?"

Wesley watched a couple minutes of the movie, not knowing what to say. Finally, he answered, "I wanted to surprise her. But I gave her the envelope containing the licenses at the wrong time. She just threw the envelope away and refused to look at it. So I figured it was better that she did not know." Although she would eventually find out, Wesley was hoping to find the right time to tell her.

Joslyn said nothing. She didn't know what to say. On the one hand, she was happy for her friend.

On the other hand, she didn't know what to do. She didn't want Blair to keep suffering.

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't tell her right now!" she said.

"Please don't. When she forgives me, I'll tell her in person," Wesley said earnestly.

Joslyn calmed down a little, and somehow she found Wesley a little bit pitiful. "Um... I'll see if I can convince Blair to give you another chance. God knows why." Since Wesley hadn't slept with other women, Joslyn thought that Blair might forgive him. After all, he was just doing his job.

"Wesley, you really need to fix this. I don't even know if you can. She's waited for you for years. You didn't even call her, but she still waited. She even lied and told other guys she was married. It turns out that wasn't a lie, though."

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"I feel you, but Blair's having a really hard time of it. When you were by her side, she was happy. But things were different when you left. You focused on your job, and you weren't there when she needed you. But she didn't hate you for it. She just told me she missed you—a lot.

And Blair was in a really bad way after hearing you were dead. I really hate to remember those days. She used to be so strong. She hadn't contemplated suicide once, not even after her parents died. She tried to OD on sleeping pills after she learned you were dead. But in reality, you survived from the explosion and didn't even tell her. She waited for you, suffered for you, and then you run off and marry another woman. Oh, she knew it was your mission; she just couldn't accept it. She was a basket case then. Finally, she made the decision to dump you. It hurt, but what could she do?"

Actually, Wesley already knew about this. But hearing it from Joslyn made his heart break into a thousand pieces. He felt bad for Blair, and hated himself for hurting her so deeply.

"So that's how she ended up embracing hookup culture," Joslyn said with a bitter smile. "You know her. She's actually a conservative gal. She decided to not love so deeply, to play the field, but she wasn't happy. She went out with a lot of guys, but never slept with them. Once she dated the youngest son of the Liu family, and he wanted more than she was willing to give. So he beat her and tried to rape her. Wacian came to her rescue. He even taught Mr. Liu a lesson. Frankly, I think Wacian let that guy off easy. What if he actually got his way with Blair? It's not easy to bounce back from that." Joslyn stopped and shot Wesley a meaningful look.

She was pretty sure she made her point.

Wesley said nothing. He took out a cigarette from the pack and played with it absent-mindedly.

"By the way, the cancer lie wasn't Blair's idea. Did you know that?" she asked.

Wesley's eyes darkened and he shook his head. Neither he nor Blair had mentioned the cancer thing after that.

Joslyn sighed. "I knew

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.

racking her brain, she realized that they were the ones she'd bought in D City.

She had bought the clothes for him. But when she saw him holding two women, she threw the clothes in a nearby trash bin.

'Why is he wearing them? Did he fish them out of the trash can?'

No matter. Blair didn't care to hear his answer. She kept searching for her phone in her purse while trying to walk past him.

But he stepped in her path. She tried to move around him, but to no avail.

It was rush hour, and Wesley had attracted the curious eyes of many of her coworkers. Losing her patience, she raised her head and asked in a cold voice, "What?"

Wesley just stood there.

"Just spill it," she said, rapidly losing her cool.

"Follow me." He grabbed her wrist and led her to his car.

"I'm busy. You have something to say, just tell me." Blair shook his hand off.

"I'm taking you to see someone." Wesley pressed his lips into a thin line of determination. "You have to come with me," he added.

"What if I don't?" Blair asked in return.

"Then I'll take you there anyway."

Blair was shocked into silence. 'Again? Does he know what boundaries are?' she thought angrily. "If you do that, I'll never forgive you," she threatened.

"Like you're not mad at me now," Wesley mocked.

He scooped her up in his arms, put her in the passenger seat and strapped her in.

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Blair just played on her phone the entire trip. She didn't utter a single word to Wesley, pretending he didn't exist at all.

They finally arrived at the Orchid Private Club.

Wesley pushed the door to Room 888 open. Several people were seated on the couch as a man stood aside, his eyes glued to the floor.

Before Blair could figure out who the man was, the people seated began to greet her.

"Hi Blair!" It was Damon.

"Blair, you are finally here!" Colleen welcomed her as she got up and went towards her.

Curtis nodded at Blair as a greeting.

Blair was perplexed. 'Why did Wesley bring me here?' She shrugged off her question and started to greet Wesley's friends one by one. "Hi, Mr. Han, Mr. Lu, and Colleen."

With the man's head lowered, she was still unsure who the man by the couch was, so she didn't greet him.

"It's been a while since we last saw each other, Blair. What's up?" Colleen asked with a smile.

Before Blair could even answer, Damon butted in, "Wesley just got back. Of course they've been going at it like bunnies, having sex every time they get the chance. Reunion after a brief parting is as sweet as a honeymoon."

Colleen let out a chuckle. Blair's face turned red as a tomato. "No, no. That's not quite it."

Wesley, however, didn't respond. He led Blair to the couch and sat down with her.

Damon's face was painted with mischief; a sly smile crept on his lips. "Come on, don't be shy. We're all adults here. It's perfectly normal to have sex. If Wesley didn't sleep with you after being gone for a while, there's probably something wrong with his manhood."

Blair had gotten more comfortable around Wesley's friends. She turned to Damon and said, "That's not true. He didn't sleep with me."

Damon looked at her, stunned in disbelief. "You're kidding me."

Wesley cast a warning glance at his buddy. Blair looked Damon dead in the eye and told him, "I wish I was kidding, but you know how things are with him. I understand."

"Huh?" Damon grew more confused.

"Wesley's never experienced a scarcity of women. In the past two years, never did he go through a long time woman-less. Didn't you know, Mr. Han? Once, he even had sex with two women. Both, at the same time. His life was not as sad as you thought it would

Once he did, the Liu family was surely destroyed.

His father chose the family over him. After all, he was only the youngest son. He had elder brothers more fitting to be heirs. Besides, his father had many other illegitimate children.

He dropped to his knees and pleaded, "Blair, please. I was wrong, and I admit that. Please forgive me. If you don't, my life will be over. Blair, I swear if you forgive me, I'll be nice to you in the future. No, no. I'll do whatever you ask me to do. I promise."

Blair was startled by his sudden movements and moved closer to Wesley by instinct.

'What did Wesley do to him? He looks so frightened.'

Damon and Curtis exchanged scornful smiles at the sight of Mr. Liu. 'Blair's the wife of the youngest senior colonel. Normally, you'd want to get on her good side. This asshole probably didn't know what he was getting himself into when he messed with her,' they both thought.

Damon stood up and took the cigarette pack. He went to Wesley to give him one, who was currently craving for a smoke. He closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead to ease the craving, but Damon's offer was not much of help.

He took a deep breath and told Damon calmly, "No, thanks. I quit smoking."

Damon didn't buy it. "You're kidding me, right?" Wesley was the heaviest smoker among them. Damon simply couldn't believe what he just heard.

'Is giving up smoking that easy?' he wondered.

"I must quit smoking for the sake of the next generation," Wesley replied in all seriousness.