

TMBA 731

### [Chapter 731 I Dont Mind Waiting](#)

When she paused for breath, Blair remembered how Wesley acted like a player when he went on that mission. He had special training on how to flirt with women.

But when he was done with the mission, all his training flew out the window. He was just the same old boring Wesley.

Wesley didn't like what she said, but he decided it wasn't worth being mad over. "That wasn't cool. Besides, I have something else in mind. Can you call me 'honey?' I'd really like that."

She replayed a scene of their intimacy in her head, and she blushed furiously. She shifted her gaze from him and said bashfully, "I...already called you that."

"Yeah, but only in bed."

Blair was shocked by his blunt manner. Her face was burning crimson red.

"No way. Not again," she announced in anger.

"Don't tick me off."

"You mad at me?" Her face was deadpan but there was a pained look in her eyes.

Wesley pulled her into his arms, embracing her tightly. He said between gritted teeth, "Not really. I can't stay mad at you for long anyway. I don't know what to do with you."

She had an answer for that, but she didn't say it out loud. 'How about hold me tight and never let me go?' Blair buried her face in his chest, wearing a happy smile. He was obviously giving in, yet he still sounded stiff. Didn't he know how to be tender and loving?

Besides, she was the same. She didn't know what to do with him either.

What happened between him and Patty was always in the back of her mind. It haunted her, ate at her soul. 'It was for the mission, ' she told herself. But that didn't make her feel any better.

She was angry that he treated Megan so nicely. But she told herself that it was because Megan's parents had saved his life. If it were not for Megan's parents, he would have died long ago and she wouldn't be able to meet him.

When they had sex the first time, he said between gritted teeth that she was shameless. She was hurt. But she tried her best to erase that from her memory.

"You know I don't mind waiting. As long as I know you'll be with me," she said quietly. Waiting for him was not hard at all. What frustrated her most was not knowing what would split them apart. They fought like cats and dogs, and every time they had a fight, she didn't know if they'd be okay after that. He didn't know how to cool her down. Sometimes, they wouldn't even talk or text each other for a while afterward.

Wesley silently listened to her

for being brave enough to tell her. She was also happy he shared his heart. He asked her what she thought. That was improvement. "Promise me one thing," she said, looking him in the eye.

"Go on."

"Whatever you choose, stay alive." As long as he was alive, even if they were apart, she would have the courage to live on.

Wesley was silent once again.

This was the problem that bugged him from the start. That was why he took so long to ask Blair out. "I'll try my best," he promised.

Blair stood on tiptoe to help him straighten his collar. "I gotta go now. It takes a while to get to the train station." XH City was large and spread out. She had to go back to the hotel first and then to the station. It would take her at least two hours.

Wesley lowered his head to kiss her lips. "Wait for me."

"Mmm hmm. But Wesley..."

She didn't like being sad like this. So she raised her eyebrows and joked, "Well, if you can't stay alive, then tell me. That way, I can marry another guy who can be with me every day."

His Adam's apple bobbed. He repeated, "I told you before. Military marriage is protected by law. We can't get divorced."

Blair snorted, "Don't take me for a fool. As long as you apply for a divorce, of course we can."

"See, that's just it. I won't do it. Blair, stop trying to get rid of me. You're mine forever—unless I die! And I don't plan on it."

She pinched his arm heavily. "Wesley, never mention the word 'die' again."

"Yeah. I hear you."

On the other hand, Niles had run out of patience. He finished his lunch a while ago, but he didn't dare to interrupt the loving couple.

### [Chapter 732 Thats Our Home](#)

Left with no other choice, Niles decided to take a nap in the car. Just as he was about to drift away to sleep, a knock on his head jarred him awake.

In a haze, he slowly squinted his eyes open, feeling annoyed. "Who hit me? How dare you disturb my sleep..." As he rubbed his eyes and his vision cleared, Nile finally saw who it was. "Oh, Wesley...Blair..."

Blair got in the passenger's seat in silence.

"Take good care of your sister-in-law on the way back home. If she gets hurt, you'll be very sorry," warned Wesley.

"What if you're the reason why she's hurt? Am I supposed to be responsible for that too?" Niles retorted, pretending to be angry.

A chuckle escaped Blair's lips. The naughty boy's words amused her and took her mind off the thought that was making her sad.

Wesley had his fist raised, about to punch Niles, but he froze when he suddenly saw the smile on Blair's face. Her smiling face struck a chord in his heart. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

He drew back his fist and looked back at Niles. "Contact me if you need my help."

"Got it!"

Wesley pulled out his phone and as he slid his fingers on the screen, he said, "I'm wiring you some money. Buy whatever your sister-in-law needs and bring them to her. If you need more, just let me know."

'Wiring me money?' Niles' eyes lit up in excitement, but dimmed just as soon as they had lit up when he heard Wesley continue. "Keep accounts and ask Blair to sign her name on every bill you pay. I'll check the balance when I come back. If there's even a penny less, I'll take away three days of your salary."

Whatever hint of excitement that lingered on Niles' face had now vanished into thin air.

He fired up the engine, stepped on the gas and sped away.

Wesley watched the car drive away into some distance, but just as he was about to turn around and leave, the car suddenly stopped and started backing up. Confused, the soldier stopped moving and stood rooted to the spot.

"Brother, goodbye!" the young doctor said mischievously. Both Wesley and Blair were rendered speechless by the young man's childish behavior.

Before Wesley could respond, Niles stepped on the gas again and sped off. This time Wesley didn't move until the car was out of his sight.

The train back arrived on time. Blair took the seat near the window, pensively watching the view outside.

One mile, two miles...She was going farther and farther away from Wesley. She was starting to miss the man already. When would they meet again?

Suddenly, the sound of her ringtone derailed her train of thoughts. It w

ision is yours to make. I won't get in the way of that."

The thought of being under the same room with Megan seemed like an absolutely impossible suggestion. However, she didn't want to put Wesley in an awkward situation.

"Blair!" He called her name out loud, clearly a bit angry.

"What?" she answered impatiently.

In a stern voice, he stressed, "The apartment is ours, not just mine alone. That's our home. You have the right to make a decision."

Blair flashed a sweet smile. "Fine. Promise me that it will just be for a few days? Let her leave as soon as possible."

"Okay, no problem."

"And I'm going to set three rules."

"Whatever you want."

Blair happily replied, "I'm not going to talk to her myself, so you need to tell her my conditions. First of all, no matter what happens, she's not allowed to enter our bedroom." That was their most private place in the apartment. She didn't want any outsiders in there, especially Megan.

The soldier grinned at the woman's ability to be so sweet and petty at the same time.

"Okay, what's the second rule?"

"Second, keep the apartment clean. She must clean up after herself."

"Easy."

"Third, she's not allowed to bring any guests to our home... Oh, there's one more rule. She has to call me 'Aunt Blair.' That's all."

"I see. I'll pass on your words to her."

"Mmm hmm. Well...when will you be back?" she asked quietly. It had been almost seventy days since they had seen each other. She missed him so much that she was on the verge of becoming depressed.

"Not sure yet, but it'll be before the end of next month!" Give or take, forty days to go.

After this mission, Wesley was planning on staying with Blair longer than he did the last time.

### [Chapter 733 So Much Time With Wesley](#)

"Okay, I see." Blair talked with Wesley for a while longer before hanging up.

The next day, Megan showed up at their apartment with her luggage. When Blair came back home from work, the girl was already inside sitting idly on the couch, watching TV.

She didn't even say hi. Instead, she took out her phone and loaded up a game as if Blair wasn't even there.

Blair changed into her slippers, turned off the TV and asked Megan coldly, "So, it's just you and me. Why did you ask Wesley if you could move in?"

Megan raised her head and smirked. "No reason. I just want you to know that Wesley cares about me. He never turns me down. Observe." She gestured at the room.

Blair found her ridiculous. "Seriously? What do you think will happen? Aren't you afraid that I'll sneak in your room and kill you in the middle of the night?"

Megan cast her a wary glance. "Damn, you're violent. Wesley told me you weren't very girly."

"Coming from you, I'll take that as a compliment. I have no reason to hold back around you. And just so you know, Debbie already knew Mr. Huo was alive; she's back, and has become quite the pop star. Rich, powerful...I'd think twice before messing with her."

Everyone knew Debbie returned to Y City. The city was abuzz with gossip about it.

Carlos wouldn't let a thing like amnesia or a car accident keep him down. He was back to work, the current general manager of ZL Group. Only problem was, he didn't remember Debbie. Stephanie was the woman on his arm. Debbie was trying everything in her power to win him back.

Of course, Megan knew about it, too. She bit her lower lip to hold back an angry retort. "Thanks for the info, but it's none of your business. Debbie won't lay a finger on me. Carlos can't remember anyone, not even Debbie. But he remembers me. Besides, Wesley's taking care of me. I don't care who hates me. You, Debbie. Wesley won't let you guys hurt me."

Blair sneered, "We'll see about that."

Afterwards, Blair hadn't said another word to Megan during her stay in their apartment. The drama queen had deliberately made a mess of the place to piss off Blair, but the young translat

tuck her gently into bed. He treated Megan so tenderly, as if she were a fragile glass doll. Blair was livid.

When Wesley was just about to walk away, Megan suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and sobbed, "Didn't you and Uncle Carlos take care of those guys? Why are the thugs still after me? Who told them where I live? Help me! I'm scared. Boo...hoo..."

Wesley furrowed his brows deeply. He pried her hands away and tried to keep his distance. He stood by the edge of the bed and explained, "Those gangsters were part of larger crime families. Don't worry. I'll handle it. I'm also trying to figure out how they found you. You can rest here and be safe."

"But... I want to go back to Y City with you. How about I move in with you? Only you can help me feel safe."

Wesley was baffled. "You're better off here. I have to go to work, so I can't be around you all the time. Trust me, this is better."

"It doesn't matter. I'll stay in your apartment. Just bring me food every day, and that's enough. Or are you worried that Aunt Blair won't like it? I'll ask her myself. Is that okay? If she says no, then... Ahem..." She coughed again, struggling to breathe.

Wesley calmed her down. "Don't get all worked up, now. Blair has nothing to do with this."

Megan steadied her breath and emotions before speaking again. "But Blair told me that Debbie was back and both of them hate me. I'm really scared of them..."

#### [Chapter 734 Is Megan Crying](#)

"Why do they hate you? And why are you so scared of them?" Wesley's face displayed the confusion that was in his mind perfectly. He had doubts as to whether Blair really spoke to Megan like that.

"I don't know... I feel like Aunt Blair and Debbie aren't very fond of me. Perhaps it has something to do with you and Uncle Carlos adopting me and treating me so well. They don't seem happy about that..." Megan spoke in a pitiful tone.

Blair, standing in the doorway, was overwhelmed by an urge to slap the hypocritical girl's face. Clenching her teeth, Blair tried to keep her anger in check.

Oblivious to Blair's presence, Wesley took a look at his wristwatch and said, "Don't think about it too much. We're obligated to take care of you. I..."

"Uncle Wesley!" Megan chimed in.

A hint of impatience flashed in his eyes. "What now?"

"I don't know how to say this, but I saw Aunt Blair with another man last time. They seemed...very intimate. It was the same man who tried to kill me... Aah! Aunt...Blair?" Megan drew a sharp gasp of shock all of a sudden. She stared at the doorway, pretending that she was shocked by Blair's presence.

Wearing a smirk on her face, Blair couldn't help but applaud for Megan's excellent performance.

When Wesley turned around and saw Blair walking in, his eyes sparkled with excitement. He had missed her so much. "Blair," he called out to her.

Blair, however, did not give him a response. Instead, she walked up to the bed, gently placing her purse on the night stand and grabbed a glass of water. Staring at the water for a moment, as if to think, Blair suddenly shifted her gaze towards the girl lying in bed. "Did you fall sick?"

"Yes..." Megan looked at her, terror evident in her eyes.

Wesley was surprised to see such look in Megan's eyes. That was the same look she had with Debbie around. Why was she so afraid of Blair too?

Before Wesley could put his finger on the matter, Blair poured the water onto Megan's face without warning. "Ah!" the sick girl screamed.

Megan was soaking wet mess, her mouth agape and eyes protruding from their sockets in astonishment.

Wesley quickly pulled out a few tissues and was about to wipe Megan's face, but Blair grabbed hold of his arm. When he gave her a puzzled look, Blair stared into his eyes and said, "Wesley, do you think it is appropriate for you to care for her so much in front of me?"

He glanced at the tissues in his hand and then at

changed into her pajamas. She looked at Blair contemptuously and said, "Did you two argue over me again?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, but you're not that important to me. Why would I quarrel with Wesley over you? Who do you think you are?" Blair leaned against the door frame casually.

"Then why did you come back?" Megan pulled a long face.

Blair stood up straight. "I came back to teach you a lesson on behalf of your uncle!"

Slap!

Blair's words were followed by the thundering sound of a loud slap. The suddenness of the act caught Megan by surprise.

Since there was nobody else there, Megan didn't need to pretend to be a weak girl. In an instant, she narrowed her eyes and glared at Blair. "How dare you! I might lose to Debbie, but you? I'm sure I can defeat you easily. What if Wesley sees me lying on the floor with a red mark on my face?"

"Why don't you give it a shot?"

Smack! Blair delivered another tight slap across her face.

Blair didn't care what Wesley would think of her. She wasn't afraid of being misunderstood by him, because if push came to shove, she would just leave him.

Wesley had almost arrived at the airport when he received a call from Blair. "Wesley, I'm at your house."

Wesley slammed the brakes and slewed to a stop in a cloud of dust. He had been fooled by the woman.

Immediately, he made a U-turn in the middle of the empty street and drove back home. "Wait for me there," he ordered.

"Fine. But can you hear something now?"

Wesley listened carefully for a moment and then sighed, "Is that Megan crying?"

"Bingo!" She let out a chuckle. "You have such good ears!"

### [Chapter 735 Whos The Handsome Guy](#)

Wesley let out another heavy sigh. "What happened?"

"I slapped her in the face. Twice," Blair said into the phone in a smug tone.

Wesley remained silent, not knowing what to say.

She continued, "Should I wait for you to come back and beat me to a pulp, or flee away as quickly as I can? After all, I have heard people say that whoever dares to lay a finger on dear Megan would be doomed to an eternity of pain."

Wesley sensed the sarcasm in her voice. He warned, "You'll only be doomed if you don't wait for me there. Stay put!"

Blair grinned, as she played with a strand of her red curly hair. He had wanted her straight, black hair back the very day she had had this new hairstyle done. She had been waiting for him to take her to the hair salon. More than six months had passed since then, but she still hadn't gotten the chance. Instead, the very first thing he had done after coming back was visit and take care of Megan. She seethed with anger at the thought. "Sorry, sir. I've had enough of this."

"What do you mean?"

"I hate Megan, but you want to be responsible for her for the rest of your life. If I choose you, I have to put up with her crap too. I know that I can't divorce you since a serviceman's marriage is under protection. So, I'll just disappear. That way, you won't be able to marry another woman either. Perfect plan, isn't it?" Blair wasn't good at playing dirty tricks like Megan. She would lose this game in the long run if she continued to fight against the girl. So, she thought it would be better if she stayed away from all these people for the time being.

Wesley stepped on the accelerator. "Just wait for me at the house."

"Fine," she agreed without hesitation.

However, when he reached home, the only sight waiting for him was a wailing Megan with her swollen eyes. Blair was long gone.

He called her again. But her phone was switched off.

By the time he flew back to Y City and hurried to her office, Blair had already quit her job. It was an urgent resignation. Orion had signed the resignation letter for her.

Left with no choice, Wesley headed back to the military base. Using their tracking system, he was able to locate her. She was still within the city limits, in the countryside.

'What's she doing way out there?'

He called Adalson. It was only then that he knew that Blair's paternal grandparents lived in the countryside.

A pang of guilt filled his heart. They had been together for such a long time

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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.

ier is Blair's husband." She told Blair off, "You naughty girl, how dare you lie to me? Young man, come in."

"Thank you, Grandma. Grandpa, it's a pleasure meeting you." Greenwood nodded. Wesley took the food bags and followed Marie into the house.

Blair was left behind, speechless.

In the small living room, the two elders entertained their grandson-in-law with much hospitality. They made tea and cut some fruits for him. "Wesley, please feel at home. Have some of this orange. Your grandpa just bought it from the market. It's fresh."



Wesley took the orange gratefully. "Thank you, Grandma."

"Don't be so formal. We're family."

Greenwood sat opposite him and handed him a pack of cigarettes. "Need a smoke?"

"I used to smoke a lot. But I have quit now." He still planned on having a child with Blair.

"I see. Are you here to pick Blair up?"

Wesley threw a glance outside the window. The woman had gone back to weeding on the vegetable patch. "I wanted to apologize to her. I won't leave here until she's willing to go back with me."

Greenwood tapped his cigarette in the ashtray and asked with concern, "What happened? Did you tick her off? Adalson told me that you are an officer in the army. And you have a rich background. Did you cheat on my granddaughter?"

"No, no. I would never. I just came back to Y City from the border after a long assignment. But I was occupied with something else and didn't get a chance to contact her sooner. She's still angry about that." Wesley intentionally left out Megan's name.

Greenwood nodded understandingly. "I see. That's not a big deal. Rest assured. I'll persuade the girl."

#### [Chapter 736 Shes A Weird Girl](#)

Greenwood was about to stand up to have a talk with Blair. Wesley stopped him and said, "Grandpa, please. I'll talk to her myself."

"All right. Do as you wish."

Wesley walked out of the house. Seeing Blair still squatted down on the vegetable patch, he quickly took off his coat and cap, and put them aside. He didn't want her to do all this strenuous work. Blair was picking up weeds and throwing them aside angrily, as if she were venting her anger on the plants. Wesley lifted the angry woman to her feet and pulled her out of the patch of farm land.

Ignoring her angry protest, he rolled up his sleeves and began weeding. Although he didn't have much experience in this kind of work, he was a soldier who had undergone all kinds of harsh training. It wasn't a big deal for him.

Blair left him there alone and after washing her hands, she asked her grandfather, "Grandpa, do we have enough firewood?"

"Uh, no. We need some more. I'll go get some," the old man said, getting up from his chair.

"Grandpa, please rest. I'll get it." Blair grabbed the long rope which her grandfather usually used to tie up the wood.

"Girl, stop. You are not strong enough to carry the wood back!" Marie tried to stop her granddaughter, but the girl rushed out before she could say anything else.

Wesley heard the conversation and walked over to her. "Grandma, don't worry. Leave it to me."

"O-okay... Thank you, Wesley."

He easily caught up to Blair and silently followed her to an empty land behind the house. A pile of firewood was stocked there for their daily use.

When she was about to reach out for the wood, he pulled her away and grabbed the rope from her hand. He bent down to gather a few pieces of firewood together, tied them up tightly with the rope, and threw them over his shoulder. He carried them back to the house with ease.

Blair's mouth hung open in amazement. She wanted to give him a piece of her mind, but chose to be silent.

Before the sun went down, Wesley had finished all the chores and farm work which Blair had planned to do—carrying the firewood to the courtyard, cutting them into pieces, weeding the vegetable patch, and drawing water from the well. And he did it all so efficiently, like he had years of experience doing it.

When night fell and the two elders were busy cooking in the kitchen, Blair took the chance to push the man out of the door. She urged in a low voice, "We don't have enough rooms here for guests. Leave now."

He tried to find an excuse to st

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"You're beautiful too."

Blushing, she tried to get away from his reach. "Let me go!" She threw a glance at the door of the living room, afraid that her grandparents would see them.

Wesley wrapped one of his arms around her waist. She was unable to move an inch. "Honey, did you miss me?" He had missed her a lot.

Blair struggled and warned in a hushed voice, "Wesley, let go of me. They are going to walk in on us. LET ME GO!"

Seeing the fury in her eyes, he slowly moved his arm away and freed her.

"Jerk!" As soon as she broke free, she ran out of the room without turning back.

Watching her receding figure, Wesley took another bite of the dried dough stick, grinning from ear to ear.

The two elders had prepared six dishes to welcome Wesley. The food looked so delicious that it made Blair's mouth water.

Her appetite was aroused, and she couldn't help but eat more than usual. She ate a big bowl of rice, along with the other dishes. She was so full that she touched her round belly and paced up and down to help with the digestion.

Thanks to their hospitality, Wesley ate more than usual too. He couldn't sit down either.

After dinner, Wesley said to the grandparents as he grabbed Blair's hand, "Grandpa, Grandma. We're going to take a walk in the village. We'll be back home after a while."

"Okay. Go east. There are some street lamps there at the entrance of the village. Don't go west. That path leads to the mountains," Blair's grandfather reminded them.

"Got it." With that, Wesley dragged Blair out of the house, giving her no time to say no.

The road was dark. Blair couldn't run away, so she had no choice but to follow him.

### [Chapter 737 A Night In The Reed Field](#)

The narrow village path was shrouded in darkness. After walking for a long time without a single street lamp in sight, Blair felt that something was wrong. "Wait, which direction are we walking in?" It was too dark and she couldn't tell the direction.

Wesley said honestly, "West."

"What? But Grandpa told us not to go west!" Frightened, Blair stopped in her tracks at once.

Wesley smiled, "It'll be an adventure."

"No way! Even the elders of the village don't go exploring into the deep western mountains. I'm not going any further than this!" Blair gripped his hand tightly in fear.

"I'm with you. Don't be afraid. Even ghosts won't get close to you while I am here. You won't see anything you don't want to."

The very mention of ghosts made her jump in fright. She was more scared now than before.

"Noooo, I'm not going that way. I want to go home now!" She shook her head, turning around to go back.

Wesley locked her in his arms. "Don't run away."

"It's pitch-dark here, and we're not familiar with the village. We'll get lost," she pleaded anxiously.

They had seen a few houses scattered along the path a couple of minutes ago, but now, there were no signs of any inhabitants. They had reached a reed field now.

A gush of wind blew over the reeds. The rustling of leaves sounded ominous in the dark, silent night.

Wesley held her tight and whispered in her ear, "Don't worry. I won't go any further ahead."

"Then, let's go back to the house." She closed her eyes, not daring to look around the empty field.

He pecked a kiss on her lips and said seductively, "Honey..."

His voice sounded hoarse, full of lust. Blair had a bad feeling about where this was going. "W-what... What do you want now?"

"We have never done it on a field..." During a mission, he had once hidden himself in a field of reeds like this and had thought of Blair. The idea of having sex with her in a reed field had crossed his mind at the time. But he had shaken off the pretty picture at once since it wasn't possible then. Now that he was here, in a field of reeds, with the woman he had missed so much, how could he miss such a rare opportunity?

Blair was taken aback by his words. "Wesley, I'm warning you. You— Mmph!"

Her voice trailed off; his lips were on hers. Breaking the passionate kiss, he swiftly carried her to the patch of green land beside the reeds.

The leaves rustled violently, mingled with their moans of pleasure. Blair didn't think that Wesley had such a wild fantasy.

"Honey

s if they have a heater."

"Oh. When did you even have the time to buy and install the heater?" Blair was surprised by his efficiency. She had no idea when he did all this. He was with her most of the time.

"When you were busy calling out my name in your dreams," he teased.

Blair turned red, but she retorted relentlessly as she washed her face with the warm water, "How could that be possible? I was dreaming about Kinsley Feng last night."

'Kinsley?' Wesley frowned. "How do you know him?"

She paused and looked at him. "Sounds like you know him too."

"Just an acquaintance." He got to meet Kinsley because of Yates, but they didn't have much interaction.

Blair turned off the faucet. "Have you met him?"

"Yes." Far more than that, he had shared a tent with him at the foot of a mountain, for a whole week.

"Is he handsome in person?" she asked excitedly. In her excitement, she completely forgot to use her facial cleanser and quickly wiped her face with a towel. She then trotted closer to Wesley, eager to know more about the big star.

Wesley's face darkened. "No," he replied bluntly.

"Really? How come? He looks dashing on screen." Blair was a bit disappointed. She admired Kinsley. But if he wasn't really handsome, she might not be his fan anymore.

Poor Kinsley. He lost one of his fans at that moment.

"It's just make-up," Wesley said succinctly.

"Oh, I see." She finally remembered that she hadn't washed her face with the facial cleanser, so she turned on the faucet and washed her face one more time.

When she was finally done with her morning routine, Wesley had already chopped the firewood and also watered the vegetables.

### [Chapter 738 Four Hundred](#)

They piled into Wesley's off-road vehicle, and he drove Blair and her grandpa to the vegetable field, which was at the edge of the village.

The road was unpaved, so they needed a vehicle like this. Although the road was not a very good one, they were lucky it was wide enough for Wesley's car.

When they arrived, Wesley asked Blair to stay in the car. He and Greenwood would go to work in the field.

Blair wanted to go with them, and stuck up for herself. Wesley pointed to the muddy field and said, "Your shoes will get dirty."

"It's no big deal. I can wash them after we go back home."

"No. Stay here. Why don't you check WeChat if you get bored?" Wesley suggested while locking the car doors. He opened the sunroof to let some air in. Then he left with Greenwood.

Blair fished her phone out of her pocket with her lips pouted. 'Check WeChat if you get bored,' she mocked. 'Jerk!'

She put her phone back and looked around, feeling bored. When she looked up and saw the sunroof, she suddenly had an idea.

'Think you can lock me in the car? Not gonna happen!'

Blair took off her shoes, stood on the seat, and plopped her shoes onto the roof of the car. Then she eased herself through the narrow opening. She paused to take a look around.

'This isn't that high. I can get out this way,' she thought happily.

While harvesting the vegetables, Wesley looked back from time to time to check on Blair. Just as she exited the car, she heard him shouting, "Hey! What are you doing?"

He planted the shovel in the dirt and ran to his car.

His sudden voice startled Blair, who was about to put on her shoes. She paused and turned to look at him. "What?" she asked.

Wesley reached his car, opened the door, stuck his head inside the car and pulled her down through the sunroof.

"Aargh!" Caught off-guard, Blair fell into the car, screaming at the top of her lungs. She thought she might hit her head, but she didn't. Wesley caught her just in time.

Left with no choice, Wesley agreed that Blair could stay outside. He asked Greenwood to keep her company, while he worked in the field alone.

Greenwood sat on a wooden bench and trimmed the vegetables they picked. Blair, however, had nothing to do because Wesley wouldn't allow her to lift a finger.

Near noon, Wesl

nd check on them when you get a chance."

The neighbors all nodded vigorously and gave him wide grins. "Don't worry. Will do."

"We've been neighbors for ages. We already do that."

Most of them never saw the cigarettes that Wesley gave them. A young man said excitedly, "Wow, Sobranie Black Russians? A carton tops a couple hundred bucks."

"Really? That expensive?"

Upon hearing that, Greenwood was shocked and was about to take the cigarettes back. "Oh, there's no need for everyone to get a pack. That's way too expensive! They should be fine with just one cigarette each!"

Before Wesley could turn him down, his neighbors burst out laughing. "Greenwood, you old fart! Look at the car he drives. You think he cares about a measly two hundred bucks? Money like his probably buys a lot of cigarettes."

Greenwood shook his head. "His car only cost four hundred bucks. It is less practical than my trike."

"Four hundred bucks?" The young man who recognized the cigarettes shook his head. "You gotta be kidding me, Greenwood. Who told you that?" After saying that, he began to study the car.

Greenwood coughed and pointed at Wesley, who was putting the rest of the cigarettes back into his car. "He told me."

"How's that possible? The car at least cost a few hundred G. Am I right, Wesley?" the young man asked.

Wesley smiled, "It's not that expensive. I'll get the rest of the vegetables."

"Hear that? It's not expensive. I gotta get to work too," Greenwood said and helped Wesley with the vegetables.

### [Chapter 739 She Had Him Fooled](#)

The neighbors all willingly came up to help Greenwood and Wesley. They were completely taken by Wesley and they couldn't stop praising him. "Greenwood, you have such a humble grandson-in-law. Although, he is some high muck-a-muck, he is still willing to work in the field."

"That's true! Most people try to hide their humble origins from others after they climb up the social ladder, but your grandson-in-law is not like them. Greenwood, how lucky you are!"

"If he weren't your grandson-in-law, I would have introduced him to my daughter."

"Come on! Your daughter is only eighteen. Don't be in such a hurry!"

"So what? She is an adult now. My wife was only sixteen when we got married!"

They chatted happily with each other until all the vegetables were unloaded. Then they finally left the yard.

Wesley was about to get inside the house and wash his hands when he saw Blair lean against the door frame staring at him. "What's up?" he asked as he walked over to her.

"Eighteen... What a young girl!" she teased.

'What does that have to do with me?' Wesley wondered. "I'm not into young girls," he replied. "I like women who are a bit more mature. Just like you."

"Huh?" Blair pretended to be shocked. "You mean you prefer older women?"

Wesley cast a meaningful look at her and said, "Are you implying you are an old woman? I won't allow you to say that."

Blair stifled the smile that had crept up on her face, and feigned anger. "If you're not into younger girls, then you must be implying that I am an old woman."

'What? That's not what I meant!' Wesley sighed helplessly, "Come here. Let me show you what kind of woman I like."

Blair shook her head and refused. "I'm going to help Grandma cook."

"Come on! I just need to make myself clear. I don't want to be misunderstood."

Wesley's voice trailed behind Blair as she hid in the kitchen with a face as red as an apple. Marie was just trying to light a fire when Blair put on an apron and began to cook without saying anything.

In the following days, Blair finally understood what Wesley meant when he said he was going to spend a few more days here.

It wasn't the scenic views that brought him to this place, but rather the seclusion and privacy that he rarely got to experience with her in the city.

At night, Blair would stare at the empty pitch-black sky and b

revealed his few teeth. "Ah...ah..."

Joslyn told her son in a soft voice, "Patrick, this is Wesley."

The boy opened his mouth to utter the word. "Va..." But that was it.

The two women laughed out loud at the same time. Blair urged the boy, "Wesley, Wes-ley."

Wesley cast a meaningful look at Blair, happiness filling every corner of his heart.

"Vally..." This time Patrick had made some progress.

Wesley smiled and raised the little boy in mid-air which made the boy burst out in laughter.

Without a conscious thought, Blair rested her hand on her belly and wondered why she wasn't pregnant yet. After all, she and Wesley had been together for quite some time now.

The sense of loss in her heart grew stronger. It wasn't until this very moment that she finally realized just how much she wanted to have a baby of her own.

Joslyn put her arms around her best friend and whispered, "Your husband's always busy. That's why you haven't gotten pregnant yet. Don't worry. You'll have his baby sooner or later."

Blair immediately moved her hand away from her belly and retorted, "I don't worry about that at all."

Joslyn shook her head helplessly. "You're still so stubborn!"

Blair asked Wesley, "We are going to go shopping. What are your plans for today?"

Wesley looked at the boy in his arms and answered, "I'm done with my work today. He is pretty heavy for a baby."

"I'll come along with you so I can take care of him while you two are shopping."

Blair shrugged her shoulders at him and went back to the bedroom to change her clothes.

#### [Chapter 740 Blair Found Out](#)

However, just as Blair got changed and was about to take off, Wesley stood in the doorway and refused to let her leave. "What do you want?" she asked angrily.

"I don't like what you're wearing. You need to change," he said firmly.

She was wearing a white strapless top, leaving her shoulders bare. On top of that, she wore a black leather short skirt and silk stockings. If she raised her arms, you could see her belly button.

Blair looked at her clothes and shook her head. "No! This is my style now." After grabbing her coat, she was about to leave.

Wesley grabbed hold of her wrist, threw her onto the bed, pressed himself against her and held her hands against the bed. A movement of one hand, and Blair's top was torn apart.

Seeing her ripped top, Blair got furious and punched Wesley's shoulder as hard as she could. "Seriously? That's another top you owe me for!"

"No problem." Wesley got off the bed and adjusted his clothes. "Change. And if I don't like it, you don't leave. Simple as that."

Blair didn't know how to respond. The man was too overbearing. She gnashed her teeth and threw a pillow at him. "Get out!"

Wesley caught the pillow, put it gently on the bed and left the room.

In the living room, Joslyn was holding her child. The kid was drinking water from his bottle. Seeing Wesley leave Blair's bedroom, she asked casually, "Senior Colonel Li, why do you want to go shopping with us? You afraid she and I will run off together?"



Wesley sat on the sofa and answered, "I don't know what to do with her." He needed to keep an eye on her.

"Huh? You afraid that she'll run off and not come back?" Joslyn cracked a joke.

"Yeah." Wesley didn't deny it.

Joslyn's eyes widened. "Why would you even think that? She loves you. A lot."

"I know that. But it doesn't mean she won't leave me." He knew Blair well.

But it didn't matter. If she wanted to get even with him for what he had done to her, he'd play along. After all, he had plenty of time now.

Joslyn didn't know what to say.

Not long after, Blair walked out of her bedroom, wearing a light yellow knit top and a shoulder bag. Ignoring Wesley, she simply told Joslyn, "Let's go."

Wesley stood to his feet and scooped the little boy up i  
must be plotting something.

"I don't want to be with your brother anymore," Blair suddenly said in a serious tone.

Niles' heart raced wildly in his chest. "Huh? Why? You're married!" 'Oh my God! I'm screwed! Wesley will kill me!' he thought bitterly.

"I'm really tired of waiting for him. He has all these hot women who want him. Take Garnet, for example. She's so awesome, also a soldier, and I'm nothing compared to her. And that Megan Lan. I really hate her, but your brother always chooses her over me. He even had sex with Patty Chang!" Although Patty was behind bars, that didn't mean she was out of Wesley's life.

She had once seen a text message on Wesley's phone, and Patty's name had been mentioned. That was when she knew Patty wasn't gone and forgotten.

She had only seen the name, but not the full message. She didn't want to, and didn't dare to. She was afraid that she might not be able to handle it.

"Now hold on. My brother never cheated on you. He wouldn't even dream of it. Don't be so suspicious." Niles was really anxious.

"I just can't handle all the B.S. But don't worry. I won't try to kill myself again." She did her best to put Patty out of her mind, but she couldn't. And she didn't want to deal with Megan again. It was time to get out while she could. "Niles, if you don't help me, I'll tell your brother that it was you who drugged him."

"All right, all right. I'll do whatever you want. Blair, please don't tell my brother. He'll skin me alive!"