

TMBA 1021

[Chapter 1021 I Dont Make Mistakes](#)

The way Sheffield addressed him bugged Peterson. He gave his son a hard look. "Qi Group? Bankrupt? You're pulling my leg. It's valued at more than 50 billion, ranked among the top 300 companies in the country."

ZL Group was first among those 300, of course. Theo Group used to be the second. But bad business decisions over the past two years had booted them out of the top 30.

"So if Qi Group is doing well, that means Sexton's just greedy!" Sheffield crumpled the lawyer's letter into a ball and then threw it over the desk and into the waste basket.

At this time, Tobias called. "Mr. Tang, Mr. Qi's lawyer wants to have a talk with you."

"A little busy now. Can't he talk to our legal department?" Sheffield hung up the phone after that.

Tobias was confused. Sheffield was being sued, and he had no lawyer. He refused offers of representation. So who else should the lawyer talk with?

Peterson wasn't happy about how Sheffield was handling things. He announced harshly, "I think you're making a mistake."

And he knew it all was because of Evelyn. 'Women are really trouble.'

"I don't make mistakes," Sheffield disagreed in an arrogant tone, raising his eyebrows disapprovingly.

Peterson felt helpless. Sheffield had always been a hothead. "I wouldn't blow him off. He has a lot of connections where it counts. He could make things difficult for Theo Group."

"So what?" Sheffield retorted as he scribbled something on a file. But, shortly after, something occurred to him. He looked at the man on the sofa and asked, "Are you afraid of him?"

Peterson was taken aback by his question. 'Me? Afraid of Sexton? You kidding me?' "Of course I'm not. I just think you need to take responsibility for what you did. Besides, you did break that boy's ribs."

"Now that's not fair. Sounds like you think I'm the guy in the wrong. His son has a filthy mouth. If Sexton Qi doesn't know how to parent his kid, then it's up to me. If my kid ever insulted a lovely, elegant woman like that, I'd break his ribs too. All of them."

By now, Peterson started regretting ever starting this conversation. He found himself growing more annoyed by the minute

t.

Sheffield threw him another glance and said, "I think she feels guilty about Richard Qi's death. She might need a little time to sort herself out." He finally put down the pen in his hand. "Imagine this: if three women were assassinated because of you, wouldn't you blame yourself for their deaths? Wouldn't you feel bad for their families?"

"Point taken," Joshua nodded. He thought everybody would feel guilty in that case.

"Okay, my father left. You need to do the same. Don't make me kick you out." He was too busy. And he had to meet a client later.

"Oh, hey—do you remember the cutie pie, Gwyn?"

"Of course I do!" The thought of Gwyn brought a genuine smile to Sheffield's face.

Seeing his smile, Joshua whined, "I'm your best friend, and you only met Gwyn once. Why doesn't your face light up like that when you see me?"

"Are you comparing yourself to Gwyn? Don't flatter yourself!"

Joshua's heart was broken! "Sheffield Tang, we're done!"

"What about Gwyn? We're done if you don't tell me now!"

Joshua walked behind Sheffield and put his arm around his neck. "I really want to strangle you."

"Strangle yourself. Do the world a favor!"

"Hey, okay, okay, I'll tell you." Joshua let go of his neck and said, "Terilynn tells me that Gwyn's always saying 'Uncle.' So she thinks it would be a good idea if you spent more time with her. Given her PTSD, maybe it might even help her. So what do you think?"

[Chapter 1022 Seventh-Level Injuries](#)

"For her? Anytime. Just tell me when and I'll free up my schedule," Sheffield said, excited at the prospect. He loved that little girl.

Joshua got jealous. "You know, you keep trying to shoo me out. You were so busy you didn't even meet my gaze. You even asked me to leave. As soon as I mentioned Gwyn, you say you'll make time for her. I'm your best friend. How can you be nicer to a little kid than me?"

Yet his complaint didn't make Sheffield nicer to him. "How about this? Next time if you don't bring Gwyn with you, don't bother coming see me."

Joshua bellowed, "What the hell? Are we even still friends?"

"Yes—if you call Terilynn now and ask her when she's bringing Gwyn over. Otherwise, no."

Joshua was so angry that he turned to leave. "Hey, don't forget if you drop Gwyn off here, then you can snatch some quality time with your lady-love. Like, getting a room. There's some motivation for you," Sheffield reminded him calmly.

Joshua thought on that. He had to admit it sounded pretty good. So he took out his phone and dialed Terilynn.

Then, he slipped into Sheffield's lounge to start flirting with her on the phone, leaving Sheffield no chance to eavesdrop.

Sitting at his desk, Sheffield could do nothing but watch as Joshua closed the door to his lounge. 'Jerk! That's my private room.'

Ten minutes later, Sheffield knocked on the door and said, "Hey bro, I gotta leave. I have a meeting. What did Terilynn say? We nail down a time yet?"

Joshua didn't open the door until a minute later. His hair looked like a bird's nest. "Yeah. Before 10 a.m. tomorrow. Mind if I stay here a while?" he asked with a goofy smile. A red flush spread across his face.

"Did you use my bed?" asked Sheffield, staring at Joshua's messy hair.

Joshua looked back at the bed. When he talked to Terilynn, he had been so enraptured he couldn't help rolling on the bed, totally forgetting Sheffield was a neat freak. 'Oh, crap!' "Ha ha, sorry, man. I'll fix that for you right now!" he grinned.

Sheffield dragged him out and kicked him hard in the rump. "Come on, get out!"

Joshua flew into a rage. He put the phone to his ear. "Never bring Gwyn here, Terilynn. Sheffield's being an ass!" he said quickly.

Sheffield looke

Humph! He just wants to try and talk me out of this! Tell him no!"

The assistant hesitated and reminded him, "Mr. Qi, we're cooperating with Theo Group on several projects. Why don't you meet with him? Anyway, they're in the wrong."

Sexton considered what the assistant said. The Qi Group and Theo Group were working together on major projects, so it was indeed unwise to strain the relationship. After a moment, he nodded and said, "Very good, then. Set it up."

On the fifth floor of Alioth Building

Peterson opened a bottle of 30-year-old liquor and poured a glass for Sexton. "Mr. Qi, I never beat around the bush. I'm here for my son. I apologize on his behalf to you and your son."

"Mr. Tang, your son wouldn't apologize, and even threatened to hurt my son further. I bet he doesn't know you're doing this," Sexton said with a sneer. Sheffield was always a stubborn hothead. He would never let his father apologize to the Qis.

Peterson explained, "My son's bark is worse than his bite. He just acts tough and doesn't know how to behave himself. We've known each other a long time, Mr. Qi. Please forgive him."

"Hey, Peterson, why haven't I seen this son of yours before? Why on earth did you put him in charge? Sterling's a good guy. Why not make him CEO? He is much more mature and prudent than Sheffield. I don't understand. Why did you choose him over Sterling?"

Sterling had been working for Theo Group for years, so almost everyone in the business circles knew him.

[Chapter 1023 Why Not](#)

Peterson told Sexton, "To tell you the truth, I feel guilty about screwing up Sheffield's life. When his mother was set up and tossed in jail, I didn't believe she was innocent. She died of depression. Sheffield was rebellious and mad at me. He did many things that pissed me off. But instead of owning up to my

part in it, I disowned him. But I regretted everything as time went by, so I resolved to make it up to him. You want to know why he's like that? It's my fault."

"There are better ways to make it up to him. You can't hand a large company like that over to him. He does what he wants, just because he has the support of Theo Group behind him."

Peterson didn't reply to that. He knew better than anyone else that Sheffield behaved like that was not because of Theo Group, but because he had been like this since he was a child. And Peterson had been less than an ideal parent.

He had cleaned up a lot of Sheffield's messes. And after he had disowned Sheffield, he never cared about Sheffield's life again.

What he didn't expect was that Sheffield had the money to invest in research. And his projects turned out to be success stories. The son he had disowned had made over ten billion thanks to his business moxie and would make even more in the days to come.

What bugged Peterson most was that Sheffield cut a deal with ZL Group, and they got most of the profits from his research. Theo Group didn't benefit from it at all.

It seemed that Evelyn was more important to Sheffield than his father thought.

"It's complicated. Mr. Qi, let's have a toast to the future. This is fine liquor that's been aged for 30 years." Peterson raised his glass.

"Okay! To the future!" They clinked glasses.

Before the meeting was over, Sexton insisted, "Now, I'll drop the suit if Sheffield apologizes to Roscoe in public and pays three times the amount in medical expenses."

Peterson didn't say anything. He knew Sheffield would never apologize.

Peterson and Sexton ended the meeting on a high note, but neither of them thought it went well. Nothing got resolved, and Sheffield and Theo Group
ure he lost everything."

Sexton gleaned Carlos' threat and warning from his words.

He didn't want to go down this road, but he could do nothing about it. He knew Carlos meant business.

Whoever threatened Carlos' family ended up disgraced, broke, or dead.

Thinking of this, Sexton conceded. "Mr. Huo, all I ask is an apology from Sheffield Tang. After all, he hit my son. Is that too much to ask?"

"How will you get him to apologize? Mr. Qi, please think about it like this. If it were your own daughter, how would you feel? Wouldn't you want to beat him to death? Sheffield Tang did something I would have done. Are you saying I should apologize to Roscoe?"

"No, no. Mr. Huo..."

"If that's what you want, I can!" Carlos was sure that Sexton didn't have the nerve to ask him to do it even if he offered.

A cold sweat broke out on Sexton's forehead. He sighed heavily. "Mr. Huo, why are you defending Sheffield?"

"Defending him? Why would I do that? I just don't want to see you worry about the lawsuit with your busy schedule. If you're willing to compromise, then everyone will be happy."

Sexton realized he had no choice. But he was still curious about Carlos' attitude towards Sheffield.

"Mr. Huo, is it because you like him and want him to be your son-in-law?" he asked.

Carlos gulped down a glass of liquor and replied, "Both Sheffield and Evelyn are single. Why not?"

[Chapter 1024 Future Father-in-Law](#)

That shut Sexton up. Carlos' words did make sense.

Sheffield and Evelyn came from families of equal social status. He was competitive and smart, and she was attractive and brilliant. They made quite a couple.

Carlos left the building and got into his car. Debbie asked anxiously, "How did it go?"

"Are you done shopping?" he asked instead.

"Yes. I wanted to come upstairs to look for you, but I was afraid to interrupt." She and Carlos had left the manor together. While Carlos met with Sexton, she had gone shopping to keep herself busy in the meantime.

As Debbie stared at him, still waiting for an answer, Carlos finally replied, "What do you think? You asked me to handle it. How could I face you if I didn't do well?" He snorted.

Debbie had been extremely anxious ever since she had found out that Sheffield was being sued, especially after realizing that he had acted in defiance for Evelyn's sake.

Carlos couldn't bear to see her gloomy face all day. She had finally felt relieved after he agreed to help Sheffield make the problem go away.

Debbie's eyes brightened. "Sexton agreed to drop the lawsuit?"

"Yes."

She was thrilled! She grabbed his hand and urged, "Call Evelyn! Tell her the good news."

"No way!" Carlos refused arrogantly.

"Fine. I'll tell her myself." Debbie was just glad that the matter had been settled.

After a few minutes, Carlos said thoughtfully, "Sexton is the type of man who holds onto his grudges. It's true that he promised to withdraw the lawsuit, but I'm not sure whether he plans to leave Sheffield alone. He might deal with the brat in some other way."

"Oh! What should we do?"

"'We?' We are not gonna do anything. It's Sheffield's problem. What do I care? I am not the one Sexton hates."

Debbie rolled her eyes and snapped, "All right, let's play it by the ear. If Sheffield needs your help, we can talk about it then."

"No! There will be no more talking." Carlos didn't want anything to do with Sheffield after this. He had only helped him this time to make Debbie happy.

"Fine, then I'll help him!"

Carlos was enraged. He didn't understand why Sheffield was so important to his wife. First, Evelyn had fallen in love with that man and had fought against her own father to be with him, and now, his wife was threatening him to help Sheffield. Carlos couldn't fathom why she was so protective of him. Two of the most important women in Carlos' life were on Sheffield's side now. At

ck, earn it back from him!"

Terilynn seconded with a nod. "Mom is right, Dad. Sheffield didn't steal from you or rob you. He earned it fairly. What's wrong with that?"

Debbie and Terilynn didn't know about Star Anise. They both thought that Carlos had invested in Sheffield's research. He couldn't admit to them that he had been outwitted by Sheffield. "He schemed against me. I won't spare him," he threatened, glaring at the closed door.

Evelyn hadn't said a word until now. "Dad, he installed our company's defense system. What if he destroys it when you go after him?"

By now, Evelyn knew that Sheffield was Star Anise. She also figured that since he was so good at IT, it must be a piece of cake for him to destroy their entire defense system in the blink of an eye.

She remembered the times when Sheffield had offered to fix her computer issues, but back then she had believed that he was only trying to create some sort of trouble for her. Now she realized how ignorant she had been at the time, and how little she had believed him.

"Y-y-you!" Carlos grunted at Evelyn. "He took a billion from me! I'll get back at him! You just wait and see!"

"Come on, Carlos. I heard from Dixon that ZL Group has made billions of dollars through Sheffield's research project. However much he had taken from you, he has already paid it back in double and more. Just take the win," Debbie said before Evelyn could respond, casting a burning glance at him. But seeing how upset he was, she didn't have the heart to get mad at him. She patted his back to make him feel better. "Calm down. Stop throwing a tantrum. You might scare Gwyn."

[Chapter 1025 Dumb](#)

When he heard Gwyn mentioned, Carlos calmed down a little. He took the kid from Evelyn. "We can't let Sheffield know he has a daughter," he warned. He realized they couldn't hide it forever, so he added, "At least, not until she's three! Remember what's at stake." He paused and cast a stern gaze at Terilynn. "Especially you, Terilynn, if you let Sheffield know, you and Joshua will have a hard time. And, Evelyn, you can't tell Sheffield until you guys are married. If you do, I won't allow the marriage to happen."

Evelyn reacted quickly and her eyes lit up with hope. "Married? You mean, I can be with Sheffield?"

Carlos' lips twitched. Did he say the quiet part out loud?

Terilynn felt he was being unreasonable, and howled, "Dad, why mess with me and Joshua? You can't bully Sheffield, so you take it out on us. That's unfair!"

"Fair? Who said anything about that? You'd better get your boyfriend to toe the line," Carlos snorted. Although he couldn't bully Sheffield now, he could at least make things hard for Joshua, a common prosecutor.

Blowing on her nails, Terilynn winked at Carlos. "Then we'll elope."

"You..." Carlos couldn't even complete his thought.

"Keep your voice down, honey. Don't scare Gwyn," Debbie reminded him.

Carlos hastily patted the little girl on the back and coaxed her in a soft voice, "I'm sorry, Gwyn. I didn't mean it. Don't be afraid. You're okay. Yeah. You're good." He smoothed her hair back. His lovely granddaughter was the only thing that could calm him down.

The other three women shook their heads without a word.

The next morning, Joshua and Terilynn walked into the offices of Theo Group. They had Gwyn in tow. They entered the elevator from the underground parking lot and went straight to the top floor, so almost no one saw them.

In the CEO's office

Sheffield was hard at work. Gillian put Nastas down, adjusted her clothes, and walked over to the young CEO's desk. She put on her best smile and said, "My brother-in-law asked me to drop off Nastas with you. He's been missing you."

Sheffield was about to turn her down, but changed his mind when he thought o
was told.

Gwyn randomly picked out a fresh strawberry.

Then Sheffield told the boy, "Your turn."

The boy picked up the pack of milk tablets again and clumsily fished out a piece. He handed it to Gwyn. "Eat, please."

But Gwyn turned her face away. The boy seemed a little angry now and barked, "She won't talk!"

'Really?' Sheffield's face immediately darkened at the boy's words. "Hey, you. What are you talking about?"

"She's dumb!" Nastas said this loudly, afraid his big brother might not hear what he said.

The next second, Sheffield caught the little boy's arm and gave him a pop on the butt. "You are so rude! We don't point out people's faults here. Besides, she's not dumb or mute! Now, you won't say that again, right?"

Actually, it didn't hurt at all. Sheffield wasn't aiming for that. But it was the first time that Nastas had been disciplined by Sheffield. He was sad and afraid, so he cried, stammering, "N-no."

Only then did Sheffield let go of him and lifted him from the sofa. "You're a man. Act like it and quit crying!"

"Sorry, big bro." The boy hiccupped and stopped crying.

"That's better. Let's eat!" Sheffield turned to Gwyn and scooped her up in his arms. In a tender voice, he cooed "Gwyn, is that a good strawberry?" He took out a tissue and wiped the juice from her face. But she made no reply to his question.

Gwyn just took another bite of the strawberry, and nodded.

[Chapter 1026 Playing Basketball](#)

Watching Sheffield holding Gwyn in his arms, Nastas looked at his big brother sadly. He wasn't holding him. So he requested, "Brother, hug."

Sheffield squatted down and held him too. One kid in each arm.

Feeling loved, Nastas clapped his hands happily and exclaimed, "Awesome!"

The two kids played in the office for at least half an hour more before Lea came to pick Nastas up.

At the sight of a stranger, Gwyn instantly hid herself in Sheffield's arms.

Staring at the little girl in pink, Lea asked, astonished, "Sheffield, whose child is this?"

"She's the daughter of a friend," he replied indifferently.

"Oh." Not bothering to think about it too much, Lea looked at her son and said happily, "Nastas, baby, it's time to go home."

After Lea and Nastas left, Sheffield cleaned up the office and left too, Gwyn in his arms.

There was a park beside the offices of Theo Group, which had a stunning variety of plants. Flowers and other plants were in pots, and also growing around the area—trimmed to provide access to trails and such. There was a football field and basketball court, as well.

The air was fresh, and it was a beautiful day. Sheffield put Gwyn on the lawn and pointed at the sun as he said to her, "Gwyn, do you want to play here awhile? The sun feels nice."

Gwyn just looked at him without saying anything.

Sheffield was patient and added gently, "I'll take that as a yes."

Unexpectedly, this time, Gwyn responded, "Okay."

Her short response sent a tingle of happiness through him. He felt that the little girl liked him, just like he liked her.

After walking around hand in hand with the girl, he called Tobias. "I'm in the park next to our offices. Can you get someone to bring a basketball here?"

"Yes, Mr. Tang."

Soon, an assistant arrived, a brand-new basketball in his hands. He looked at Gwyn curiously and handed the basketball to Sheffield without questioning it. "Here's the basketball you requested, Mr. Tang."

"Thanks!"

"You're welcome, sir. If that's all, I'll
y, so it was a small matter to take her there.

However, Gwyn simply pointed at the basketball.

"You want to play more basketball?" Sheffield asked in surprise.

Gwyn looked at him without saying a word.

He understood her silence meant yes.

But he didn't understand why Gwyn enjoyed basketball so much. Although he carried her around on his shoulders, she couldn't make a basket. She didn't have the satisfaction of being good at the game. Why did she still want to play basketball?

Even though he was confused, he returned to the basketball court with her in his arms.

But by now, both of the two baskets were occupied.

"Little princess, do you think we should wait a while or play something else?" asked Sheffield.

Gwyn didn't say a word as she looked at the basketball court. Sheffield tried to pull her away. "Let's do something else."

The little one didn't move.

Now he understood. He let go of her hand and said, "Okay, let's watch for a bit."

He took out a pack of tissues from his pocket and spread several tissues on the grass. He sat down first.

He had intended to have Gwyn climb onto his lap. When he tucked the pack of tissues back in his pocket, Gwyn, basketball in her arms, was struggling to do just that.

She was so cute! What she was doing amused Sheffield. He reached out and pulled her into his arms.

[Chapter 1027 Mr. Tang Did That](#)

Once Gwyn settled down in Sheffield's arms, he began prattling, "Gwyn, you and I have met twice now, but I haven't heard you call me 'Uncle' yet. And since we both like each other so much, could you call me 'Uncle' now?"

She didn't respond.

He continued, "Just once, please? That's all I'm asking. Come on, say it—Un-cle. Un-cle. Uncle!"

Gwyn stared at him. Immediately, Sheffield stopped. He saw something in her eyes. What was that? A look of dislike?

Did she think he was talking too much? 'Probably an illusion, ' he thought. So he went on, "Let's try again, Gwyn—"

"Uncle!" Gwyn called before Sheffield could get the word out of his mouth. A huge grin spread across his face.

He was elated. He had thought it might take him longer to coax her.

Sheffield gently kissed Gwyn's cheek. "That's my girl. Since I'm your favorite uncle now, you'll be under my protection from today onwards! If anyone dares to bully you in Y City, just call me and I'll deal with it for you."

Gwyn listened to him blabber, not quite understanding what he was going on about. She wondered how someone in the world could laugh so much and talk as much as her aunt Terilynn did.

But his voice was pleasant; she didn't hate it, even though he continued rattling on.

Finally, Sheffield got tired of talking too much. He lay on the lawn to enjoy the sunshine, regardless of his obsession with cleanliness.

Gwyn dropped the ball in her hand by accident, so she ran after it. Sheffield watched her closely as she skipped after the ball.

When she came back holding the basketball, she walked around him, looking for a comfortable spot to sit on. After much consideration, she chose to sit on his stomach.

Sheffield laughed. "You are a very smart girl. This is indeed a comfy spot to sit on. Soft, huh?"

It was almost noon when they returned to his office. Sheffield had planned to book a table in a restaurant and invite Joshua and Terilynn to lunch.

But Terilynn told him that Debbie had asked the chef to prepare Gwyn's lunch at home. So, she fell into a deep silence.

"I have something to ask you." She ignored his nonchalant attitude.

"Fire away." He stood up from his seat and walked to the French window in his office. He looked down, hoping to see her figure downstairs, but he was on the 99th floor. He couldn't see anything on the ground from that height.

Evelyn insisted, "I can only ask you face to face."

"I'm not in my office right now," he lied, leaning against the window.

"Fine, forget it."

"Okay," he replied flatly.

Evelyn didn't hang up yet. She told Felix, "Take me to Rock Bar."

"Yes, Miss Huo."

"Wait!" said Sheffield anxiously.

Evelyn winked at Felix, who was about to start the car. He understood and stopped.

"Why are you going to the bar this late at night?"

Evelyn smirked. "What do you think I would do in a bar this late at night? The second son of the Li family and the youngest son of the Cao family are my alumni. They just invited me to a gathering there."

"But why did they choose a bar to have a reunion?" he asked, frustration clear in his voice.

"Isn't that normal? We're done here, Mr. Tang. You can get back to whatever you're doing. Bye!" Evelyn hung up without hesitation.

She looked at her phone and counted, 'One, two, three, four...'

Before her count reached five, her cell phone rang. She grinned, seeing his caller ID.

[Chapter 1028 III Marry Him Right Away](#)

For quite some time, Evelyn's phone had been ringing. As she looked at the caller ID, the smile on her lips reached her eyes. She chose to ignore her phone as she graciously got out of the car.

Evelyn walked to the gate of Theo Group's office building and just stood there while staring at her phone, still ringing endlessly.

In less than two minutes, a man ran towards the entrance from the inside with a phone in his hand.

When Sheffield saw the woman at the gate, he turned around and ran back as fast as he could. He pretended that he didn't see Evelyn in there.

However, it was too late, Evelyn had already seen him. Rolling her eyes, she turned to her phone and finally answered it.

"Sheffield Tang, you will never be able to see me again if you don't get here in a minute!"

Half a minute later, he showed up at the entrance again.

The first thing he did was yell at the guards. "Didn't you know who this is? How dare you not let Miss Huo in? Do you want to lose your jobs?"

"Sorry, Mr. Tang, it's our fault. Please forgive us." The guards quickly bowed their heads in apology. But on the inside, they were all complaining. 'It's so hard to be a guard! Why is this our fault? He never told us to let her in.'

With nonchalant eyes, Evelyn just watched as Sheffield put on an act. After chewing the security guards out, he finally turned to look at her. "Yo, Miss Huo, come on in. I'm sorry about that. Let's go to my office and have a cup of tea."

Evelyn just remained where she was standing. "I thought you weren't in your office."

Her words came to him like a raging tornado. If it were someone else, this would be an awkward moment for he had just been caught in a lie. But since Sheffield was really thick-skinned, it was just too easy for him to get away with it. "Really? Who told you that? As you can see, I'm right here. Anyway, let's just go upstairs."

Not really in the mood to argue with him, Evelyn just silently followed him.

In the CEO's office, Sheffield placed a bottle of juice in front of her. While he sat opposite her, he casually asked, "I assume there's a very specific reason why you came to see me at this hour, Miss Huo?"

"You are Star Anise." It wasn't a question, but more so a fact.

"Yes, I am," he candidly admitted.

"Son of Peterson Tang, the hacker Star Anise, Maestro Tang, a doctor, Vernon's apprentice. How many identities do you have exactly? More importantly, what else are you hiding from me?" Evelyn had enough. Initially, she simply thought that he was just a doctor who was too weak to protect himself. Later on, he revealed himself to be the respected Maestro Tang in the racing circle. Just a few days ago, his identity as the son of Peterson Tang, the former CEO of Theo

think you're doing? We haven't seen each other in two years. I was too anxious earlier. So, that one doesn't count. Round two!"

'Round two?' Evelyn's heart skipped a beat while she looked at him, surprised and perplexed. If they did it again, she would definitely have no strength to get out of bed. Gwyn was still waiting for her at home. She couldn't stay over that night. Evelyn covered his lips with her hand. "We already did it once. Now you want to do it again? What do you take me for?"

What did he take her for? Of course, she was the woman he loved most. "Can't we?"

"No way! I have standards, you know. I don't mess around with random men casually." She tried to push his body off her, but she was just too weak from what they had just done.

"But I'm not some random man and this isn't just casual sex."

"Oh, I think you are, Mr. Tang. So, please let me go!"

Disappointment was written all over Sheffield's face. "What happened to you? You were such an enthusiastic woman just now. What changed? Did I do something wrong?"

Evelyn's face had been a little red because of their sexual activity. Now, it became more flushed than ever before. She admitted bluntly, "Of course I was enthusiastic. I'm a normal person. I have my desires and needs. I will definitely feel something if you treat me like that. But it's getting late now. Let go of me!"

"Evelyn Huo!" Sheffield exclaimed. He could sense that she was in such a hurry to leave, and he couldn't understand why. "Is there someone you can't wait to see?" he asked, slightly annoyed.

Evelyn was confused for a second, and then she finally confirmed his suspicion with a soft "Yes."

The expression on his face instantly changed. He grabbed her wrists, held them above her head, and asked in a commanding voice, "Who are you going to see at this hour?"

[Chapter 1029 What Am I To You](#)

"Someone you don't know." Evelyn looked Sheffield straight in the eye while she answered his question. He had asked who she was meeting so late in the night. What seemed like a simple question was actually very hard to answer. But Sheffield had never met Gwyn before so technically, she was not lying.

"A man or a woman?" he demanded once more.

"Why does it matter to you? Who are you to ask?" 'Perhaps, the only way I could get out of here quicker is by making him mad, ' she thought.

With this thought in mind, her resolve not to tell him anything was set into stone. As expected, it completely infuriated Sheffield. "What am I to you then? Evelyn Huo, we had slept together two years ago. And just tonight, we slept together again. Are you seriously asking me who I am to ask?"

"I really need to leave right now. I can come and see you tomorrow if you'd like? Just, just not tonight." For the past two years, she had never been out late at night. The reason was actually because she needed to take care of her daughter. Every single night, she wouldn't be able to sleep in peace until she had checked on Gwyn.

Instead of answering her question, Sheffield pressed his lips on hers with a little bit of force.

After some time, Evelyn struggled out of his hold. A little short on breath, she mumbled, "If you dare touch me again, I swear I'll never forgive you! I'll hate you for the rest of my life!"

"Then do it! Hate me all you want!" Since Sheffield was becoming desperate, he thought that it would be better if she hated him. This way, she would still have thoughts about him, instead of completely forgetting him.

Evelyn realized that he had changed. He used to coax her and do whatever she said. He had never forced her to do anything before.

But now, he didn't seem to care what she wanted anymore. He didn't listen to her and was even making things difficult for her. This time, she was forced to suffer the scrutiny of his anger.

That night, their encounter ended in the gutter even though they had just engaged in the most intimate thing two persons could do.

It was already past midnight when Evelyn got back to the villa. Gwyn had already fallen asleep in Debbie's room. After standing in front of the said room for a while, she knocked at the door at last.

Carlos was still up. He opened the door and asked with a frown, "Why didn't you come back earlier? Do you know what time it is?"

Because of too much uneasiness, Evelyn wasn't able to answer. Instead, she asked, "Where is Gwyn?"

"She went to bed early. I don't want to wake her up, so let her sleep with us. You should get some rest as well."

"Okay, I just wanted to check on her." She walked p

come and see you after work tonight." Considering what had happened the night before, she decided to get off work early that night. She didn't want to miss saying goodnight to Gwyn for two nights in a row.

Unexpectedly, when she arrived at her office, she received a response from Sheffield. "I'll be at my house tonight."

Evelyn bit her lower lip. What he wanted was very clear.

It made her restless for the rest of the day. In order to prevent Sheffield from making trouble for her, she decided to call Debbie before she left to see him.

On the phone, she tried to make herself sound as natural as possible. "Mom, I'm not coming back home tonight. Could you and Dad please take care of Gwyn for me?"

"Why aren't you coming home? Are you going on a business trip?"

"Yes," Evelyn replied, deciding at that moment that a business trip would actually make a good excuse.

The next moment, however, Carlos' voice came from the other end of the line. "Evelyn Huo, do you really think I'll believe that poor excuse of yours?"

With a guilty conscience, Evelyn tried to greet him as normally as she could. "Hi, Dad." 'Dad was in the office a moment ago. How come he's back home so soon?'

"Are you going to abandon your own daughter for that little bastard?"

"No, Dad. Please don't take it the wrong way, okay? I'll come back later. You know how much I love Gwyn." Evelyn immediately defended her intentions. Gwyn was her own flesh and blood. How could she possibly abandon her for Sheffield?

With a snort, Carlos said, "As long as it's about Sheffield Tang, you're always so anxious. You have never figured out how to remain calm. I was just asking. Why are you so nervous? You've already told your mother that you wouldn't come back. How can you change your words so easily?"

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'I was nervous because you scared me,' Evelyn thought. But she didn't want to risk being at the receiving end of Carlos' wrath, so she kept that part to herself. "It's just a minor issue. I'll come home to take care of Gwyn after I deal with this."

"No need for that. Do what you've got to do. Your mom and I want to spend more time with Gwyn." Carlos knew that Gwyn would eventually be taken away from him to the Tang family. So, while he still could, he wanted to spend more time with his granddaughter.

Despite his stubbornness, Evelyn knew that her father had accepted Sheffield. He wanted them to get along with each other.

He didn't hate Sheffield much now. Debbie had told her that it was Carlos who had taken care of the matter with Sexton. He had also told Debbie to ask her to remind Sheffield to be careful, because Sexton was likely to seek vengeance by mixing up personal affairs and business.

Evelyn was moved to tears when Debbie had told her. "Thank you, Dad," she said warmly.

Carlos flashed a smile, but his tone stubbornly showed a trace of annoyance. "Don't thank me yet. I'll give you six months. If that brat doesn't marry you by the end of this year, I swear I won't give him another chance!"

"Okay, Dad!" She had to work hard for her own happiness, so that her parents could stop worrying about her.

If Sheffield was still unwilling to yield, then she would have to change her strategy.

Debbie was standing next to Carlos with Gwyn in her arms. After he hung up, she asked anxiously, "How did you know that Evelyn was going to see Sheffield?"

"I know my daughter better than anyone," Carlos said with an unfathomable look on his face.

Debbie sighed. "Do you think it was Sheffield who had made that love declaration on the screen of Theo Group's building?" Even Miranda, who had moved to Germany, had heard about the public love declaration. So, of course, Debbie would know too.

"Who else could be so ostentatious?" Carlos scoffed.

Debbie disagreed, "How is it ostentatious? He is romantic and is an emotionally available man. It's a rare sight these days. You should learn from him. I had suffered so much because of y

will take it for three million!" the head haggled. Sheffield was a rising powerful man in Y City and the hottest topic of conversation these days. The head of the media company felt that it was worth it to pay three million for a piece of sensational news about him.

Yet Sheffield was frustrated. 'News about me is worth only three million?' That was not good enough for him. "It concerns Evelyn Huo as well. Five million. If you are not willing, I'll find someone else."

"Deal! Shall we talk face to face?"

"No need. I prefer to do the transaction online," Sheffield told him. There was a special transaction platform for the media and the informants to make such deals.

"Okay."

"Good. Have someone wait at the entrance of ZL Group's office to follow Evelyn's car. You'll see."

The head sent him a furious emoji. "Are you kidding me? She has bodyguards. What if Carlos Huo finds out someone is tailing his daughter? We will be done for!"

"Fine, then follow Sheffield Tang. Now!"

"Got it!"

After waiting for a few minutes, Sheffield started the car.

As soon as he left the parking lot, a low-key domestic car caught up with him from behind.

He grinned and thought, 'The man in charge is efficient. I like it.'

Sheffield knew that the journalist wouldn't be able to enter his community. So, he told the security guard at the gate in advance, "My friend's car is right behind mine. Let him in."

"Okay, Mr. Tang."