

TMBA 1061

[Chapter 1061 We Are Destined To Be Together](#)

"Thank you, Eve." Sheffield was touched by her words.

He didn't expect Evelyn to leave her family for him. She had done so much for him already. She had even given birth to a beautiful baby for him. What else could he ask for?

"What for?" she asked. All she wanted was to be with him. She didn't want to lose him again.

He didn't say anything. They sat in the bath for a while, and then he said, "Gifford, Joshua and I are going to play mahjong tomorrow, and we need a fourth player. Would you like to join us?"

Since Gifford had not been busy lately, the three men had time on their hands to hang out together.

She teased him deliberately, "I better join, just in case you invite some other woman to play with you in my absence."

Knowing that she was joking, he smiled and asked, "Do you know how to play mahjong?"

"I don't." She had never played before, but had seen others play. She didn't think there was any need to learn until now.

"I will teach you tomorrow."

"Okay."

After a few more minutes of cuddling in the bath, they came out of the bathroom and jumped straight into bed. Just as Sheffield was about to get on top of Evelyn, her phone rang, interrupting their romantic moment.

Sheffield groaned in anger. "Who is that?" he spat.

Evelyn cast a casual glance at her phone and answered, "It's Matthew."

Sheffield felt like punching Matthew in the face for his horrible timing. "Why is he calling at this hour?"

Evelyn, unlike Sheffield, was grateful for the call from Matthew. All Sheffield wanted to do was hug her all day and have sex 24/7. He was too clingy.

"Hi Matthew, what's up?" Evelyn asked, picking up the call, ignoring Sheffield's protests.

"Evelyn, did you hear from Mom?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"She is planning to run away from home again."

'This again?' Evelyn thought. She was calm despite the news. "You know Mom. It's nothing new." 'She must have heard that Dad is going to break all ties with me. She is probably just throwing a tantrum at him,' she thought.

"I don't know. She was really angry when she called me and was crying too. She said that Dad was talking about breaking ties with you, and that she didn't want to see him anymore. She's going to run away to the US, and asked me to pick her up."

"Should I go

hair was tied up with a snow-white ribbon. He looked charming in it.

And when he smiled at her, he looked more handsome than ever.

Sheffield stood in front of her and twirled once. It was then that Evelyn remembered the boy she had met a long time ago. She blurted out, "Sheffield, have you worn an ancient costume before?"

"Hmm, yes. It was almost ten years back, my friend had held a cosplay party and asked me to help him."

Evelyn's heart skipped a beat. "Was the party held in a mall?"

"No, but we did go to a nearby shopping mall to eat. Why? What's wrong?" Sheffield asked doubtfully.

'It was him! Wow! We had met so long ago.' She laughed and when she saw the confused look on his face, she explained, "I once saw a boy in a white traditional costume like this in a shopping mall. Although I only saw him from behind, I was kind of attracted to him somehow."

Women always paid attention to beautiful things. She was no exception.

Although she had to leave without seeing his face, the boy in white stayed in her heart for several days.

Sheffield's eyes lit up. "Eve, are you saying that you met me a decade ago?"

Evelyn didn't deny it. "Yes."

He ran over to hug her, exclaiming exaggeratedly, "Eve! We are destined to be together!"

"What? I only saw you from behind, Sheffield. It's not much of a destiny, is it?" she asked, amused by his enthusiasm.

"Haven't you heard about the Law of Attraction? You've been obsessed with my back for so long. That's why I found you!" he said excitedly.

[Chapter 1062 Rich Ladies And Scholars](#)

Evelyn laughed. She was amused by Sheffield's strange logic about love.

Just as she opened her mouth to counter him, the doorbell rang.

She looked at Sheffield in confusion. "Are you expecting someone?" She was still in her pajamas since she hadn't left the apartment all day.

"No. It's probably just Joshua or Gifford." Sheffield shrugged. Besides Evelyn, only those two would come to his apartment unannounced.

But when he opened the door, Sheffield was surprised to see two people he was least expecting to come knocking at his door.

Matthew stood outside the door with his usual frown, accompanied by a teenage girl. She looked like a quick-witted, mischievous girl. Sheffield had never seen her before. He asked Matthew, "Your girlfriend?" 'She looks underage. Matthew, you little...' Sheffield thought in disbelief, staring at the pair.

Before Matthew could reply, the girl shook her head back and forth in a hurry. "Hello, handsome! No, I'm not his girlfriend. We are barely acquainted." She side-glanced at Matthew. The most contact she had had with him was a year ago when she had gone to America and had to stay at his place for a few days. But even then, they seldom talked to each other.

She looked away from Matthew, more interested in the handsome man who had opened the door for them.

"Erica?" Evelyn called. She was about to go to the bedroom to change when she heard the girl's voice from the corridor. Confused, she walked towards the door.

Sheffield moved aside to make way for the guests.

As soon as they entered the living room, Erica ran into Evelyn's arms. "Evelyn! I missed you so much!" It had been half a year since they had last met.

Evelyn was still surprised, but also put her arms around the girl. "It's really you! When did you arrive in Y City?" she beamed. Being around Erica had always been blissful for her.

"I met Matthew at the airport. He said he was coming to see you. So, I tagged along," Erica said in a chirpy voice. When Matthew's flight touched down at the airport, he was informed that Wesley and Blair were coming to Y City with Erica as well. So, he had waited for them at the airport.

"Wow, this is such a pleasant surprise! Well, have a seat. I have to change my clothes. I will be right back," Evelyn said.

Erica nodded, "Okay." Jus

' Sheffield shook his head with a smirk. "Your father is no ordinary old man. You know that."

"You are not an ordinary man, either. I won't just sit idly and watch my sister get cut off from our family. You are coming to the Huo family manor with me later to try every means necessary to get Dad's approval."

"Sounds like a plan, but I have an appointment to keep with Joshua and Gifford this afternoon. Shall we go there tonight?"

"Gifford? You know my brother?" Erica looked at Sheffield in astonishment.

Only then did Sheffield realize that they had the same surname—Li. "Oh! So, you are Mi—I mean, the sister Gifford always talks about?" Sheffield said.

"You were going to say 'Miss Troublemaker, ' weren't you?" Erica scoffed. She knew her brother well enough to know that much, but she didn't care. "My brother wouldn't say anything good about me. I know that."

"I'm sure that Gifford was just exaggerating. You're a cute girl," Sheffield said sincerely. After all, she was only fifteen. It was normal for a girl of her age to be energetic and cause a little trouble here and there.

"Yes, he is definitely exaggerating. In fact, I'm a really nice girl," Erica declared proudly.

If either Wesley or Gifford were present there at the time, they would have thrown Erica out of the room. She was the worst troublemaker they had ever met.

Sheffield burst into laughter. He was impressed by the girl's personality. "You're right. Anyway, I'm going to see Gifford this afternoon. Do you want to come with me?" he asked.

[Chapter 1063 Mahjong](#)

Erica's eyes lit up. "Of course, I'll go with you. I haven't seen my brother in such a long time. Besides, I'm all out of money. I need his to replenish my allowance," she said, winking at Sheffield. She was actually desperate for some financial support. Her father was strict and wouldn't give her a penny more than her monthly allocated allowance.

Sheffield was surprised. As far as he knew, they were a military family. And Gifford was loaded. How could Erica not have any money?

"Really? Do you need a loan? I can help," he offered.

"No! Thanks, though. You just need to take me to my brother. I can get some from him."

Gifford hadn't told her that he was on leave. Now that she knew he was back, she would show up to surprise him.

"All right, I'll take you to him," Sheffield nodded in agreement. He turned to Matthew. "Matthew, join us."

Matthew asked instead, "What's Evelyn's plan this afternoon?"

"She is coming with me."

"Fine, then."

After spending some time at the apartment, at noon, the four of them went to Orchid Private Club. When they arrived, they found Gifford and Joshua lying lazily on the sofa, talking.

"Evelyn!" The two gentlemen shot up to their feet and greeted her.

Evelyn smiled and said playfully, "I'll be intruding on your guys' get-together this time."

"Please, you are always welcome. You're one of us. We haven't had the chance to meet in a long time. Come, sit with us," Gifford said with a grin. His white teeth shone brighter against his tanned skin.

As he was about to settle down on the sofa, a clear voice came from behind them, "Gifford! My dearest brother, I've missed you so much!" Erica stormed into the room. She grinned widely at him, thinking, 'Ah! There is my dear allowance!'

She passed through the crowd and threw herself into her brother's arms.

Gifford was dumbfounded. Holding his younger sister in his arms, he wondered how she had gotten wind of his return. The corners of his mouth twitched. "How did you know I was here?" he asked.

'She definitely has an ulterior motive for addressing me so nicely.'

Erica blinked innocently. "I came back with Mom and Dad."

And how lucky she was. If she hadn't come, she would have no idea where to get her allowance from. It had been a long and painful process to persuade Wesley into bringing her along. Now that her brother was he

to the restroom. By the time he was done, three of the others were already at the automatic mahjong table.

The seat opposite Joshua was empty.

Matthew was sitting on the sofa busy on his cellphone. Gifford asked him, "Matthew, don't you want to play?"

"I have something to deal with. You go ahead," Matthew said without looking up from his phone. Since he was not in the office, he had to deal with all his business matters on the phone.

"All right!" Gifford took the empty seat.

After Sheffield briefed Evelyn about the rules, including what was a win and what was a pung, they started to play.

The game-play went normally at the beginning.

But Evelyn had never played mahjong before, so she continued to lose.

Sheffield felt heartbroken seeing her lose again and again, so he sneaked up to her when she went to the ladies' room and whispered a trick in her ear.

Half an hour later Evelyn cleared her throat and announced, "Sheffield cooked fish for lunch today." Both Joshua and Gifford looked at Evelyn, confused.

Sheffield, who was sitting opposite her, discarded a tile. "One Bamboo!"

Evelyn was quick to react. "Pung!"

Meanwhile, she discarded a tile too. "Two Bamboo." Joshua and Gifford had no idea what was going on. Since she was trained by Sheffield, she had his M.O.

After a while, Evelyn said, "The earrings I bought the other day look great."

Sheffield discarded another tile. "Three Character!"

"Kong!" Evelyn called. She grabbed the three-character tile and put it next to her own three three-character tiles, all face-up.

[Chapter 1064 Bad Man](#)

Two more rounds in, Evelyn said, "Everything is ready except..."

Sheffield took the hint and discarded another tile. "East Wind!" He had two east-wind tiles as the pair in his hand. But, he gave one up. He didn't care, as long as Evelyn was having fun.

She smiled and showed her tiles to everyone. "Gentlemen, I have mahjong!"

Joshua and Gifford were stunned. Evelyn was new at mahjong after all. How could she win so easily? They looked at her tiles and then at Sheffield's.

They quickly realized what had happened!

"Sheffield, you cheated!"

"You've gone too far, man!"

Evelyn was confused. "Is giving hints not allowed in the game?" Sheffield had told her earlier that she could tip him off about what tiles she needed.

"Of course, it's not allowed!" Joshua said, waving his hands about in frustration. He cast a burning glance at Sheffield and unwillingly handed a few of his chips to Evelyn. Sheffield sat there with a calm expression, as if he had no idea what they were talking about.

"Oh," Evelyn said, looking at Sheffield. She realized that he had cheated to help her win. No wonder the other two remained silent during the game, without giving out hints.

Sheffield chuckled. He said to Joshua and Gifford, "Why the long faces? I was just trying to make my girlfriend happy. It's just a small sum. Don't be so petty."

Gifford snorted, "The lover gets the priority, huh? We are your friends; make us happy too!"

Sheffield retorted with no trace of guilt, "Friends are important, but I'll betray you for my girlfriend any day."

"Is that so? Fine, we'll keep that in mind," Joshua said angrily.

The next round began. Now that Evelyn knew the rules, she had no intention of cheating again.

As they were drawing tiles, Joshua said, "Evelyn, let me tell you a story."

"Okay," she said.

He began to narrate. "There was once a man who loved a woman very much, but this woman got engaged to someone else. Heartbroken, the man went away for two years."

Sheffield sat up straight and eyed Joshua. 'What is this idiot up to now?'

Joshua continued, "Two years later, he came back and told his best friend that being faithful to one woman was such a stupid idea and that he would forget all about his daughter."

Gifford gaped and turned to look at Evelyn, who was smiling. He had never heard of her ever being pregnant. He wanted to ask Sheffield if he was sure, but didn't dare because he didn't want to get

knocked out cold by him. He asked instead, "When did this happen? Why didn't I know about this till now?"

Blair was even more confused than he was. "Didn't you know, Gifford? I told you."

"No, you didn't. You and Dad knew?"

"Yes, of course." Wesley and Blair had known from the beginning.

Gifford felt like beating Sheffield to death. It seemed he was the only one in the room who didn't know that his best friend had a daughter.

But it was not the right time to settle scores with Sheffield. He tried to look gentle and waved at Gwyn. "Hi little cutie, I am..." He was stuck. Turning to Blair, he asked, "Mom, what is she supposed to call me?"

"Well, you would be her uncle."

Gifford looked back at the little girl and shook his head.

"No. Sheffield, Joshua and I had agreed that our children would be each other's godchildren. Little cutie, you can call me 'Godfather.' Can you say 'Godfather, ' little girl? Or you can just call me 'Daddy.'"

The people in the living room laughed out loud. They were amused by him.

Sheffield pretended to kick him. "Get out of here. Gwyn, call him 'Bad man'."

"B-ad... man," Gwyn obediently called.

As soon as she said that, Sheffield burst into laughter.

Gifford scowled. Sheffield was such a lousy parent.

[Chapter 1065 Carlos One Condition](#)

Evelyn cut in to stop Gwyn. "Sweetie, Dad was just kidding. You can't call Uncle Gifford that." Then, she turned to Sheffield, "How could you be such a bad example to your daughter?"

Gifford echoed her, "Yes Gwyn, your mom is right. Come here, little cutie, give me a hug!"

For a short while, it seemed like Gwyn was hesitant, and then she stretched out her small arms to Gifford.

Holding the little girl in his arms, Gifford was very careful with his every move. He scolded Sheffield quietly, "Some friend! How could you not tell me that you have a daughter? And a cute one at that too! I didn't even prepare a red envelope for Gwyn!"

Sheffield rolled his eyes at him. "In my defense, I just recently found out that I'm Gwyn's father. So how could I have told you earlier?" If he were being honest, Sheffield still couldn't believe that Gwyn was his daughter. Every time he saw the little girl, he felt as if he were dreaming.

"Yeah, yeah! I damn believe you!" Gifford sarcastically said while he glared at Sheffield. He then turned his attention to Gwyn as he carried her to the sofa. With a big smile on his face, he said, "I'm sorry, Gwyn, I didn't prepare any gift. Next time, I will come and see you with a red envelope, okay?"

Gwyn didn't understand what he was talking about. Only when she heard the last word did she reply enthusiastically with one word—"Okay."

"My goddaughter is so sweet!"

Meanwhile, Carlos had been waiting for them to stop talking. Once Sheffield and Gifford were done, he waved at Sheffield without any expression on his face. "Come here."

Sheffield and Evelyn exchanged a look before walking towards Carlos together.

Sheffield then greeted the others formally, "Hello, Uncle Carlos, Aunt Debbie, Uncle Wesley, Aunt Blair, Matthew, and Erica. I'm Sheffield Tang, a good friend of Gifford's, Evelyn's fiance, and Gwyn's father." He made his identity clear for everybody.

When Gwyn heard him call her name, she called back, "Daddy!"

"Good girl!" Sheffield turned and winked at his daughter.

Debbie was thrilled to see her son-in-law-to-be. She warmly smiled at Sheffield and said, "Sheffield, have a seat."

Blair scrutinized Sheffield from head to toe before asking Debbie, "He seems like a good man. Why would Carlos stop Evelyn from being with him?"

"He just wants trouble!" Debbie exclaimed, annoyed at the thought of what Carlos had done to mess with Evelyn's relationship with Sheffield. Once Sheffield and Evelyn sat down, Debbie placed all of the food in front of them.

Meanwhile, Wesley didn't actually have a good impression of Sheffield since he had seen him flirting with another woman. While looking Sheffield in the eye, he provoked him. "Why don't we go outside and settle this?"

Sheffield looked in a panic. "No, no, I wouldn't dare! Uncle Wesley, your skills are with Sheffield."

What confused her even more was that she was sure Carlos wasn't putting on an act. After all, the people present were very close to the Huo family. There was no need to pretend.

By then, Matthew had taken Gwyn from Gifford. So Gifford had the time to help Sheffield. With a serious tone, he said, "Uncle Carlos, Aunt Debbie, although at times Sheffield seems childish, he is a good man. Our years of friendship can attest to that. Ever since he fell in love with Evelyn, I've never heard him mention any other woman. He really loves her. Please let them be together. He'll make Evelyn very happy."

Carlos didn't respond.

Needless to say, Debbie had always been on Sheffield's side. With a content smile on her face, she said, "I know. I truly believe that Sheffield will treat Evelyn very well."

Sheffield thanked his future mother-in-law in his heart. He vowed that he would treat Debbie with filial love and respect, just like how he had treated his own mother.

Of course, he would be filial to Carlos as well. After all, Carlos would be his father-in-law very soon.

Being a cold and arrogant man like Carlos, Matthew never talked much. But at that moment, while holding Gwyn in his arms, he said, "Dad, you've been hard on me for the past twenty-one years of my life. Now that Sheffield is going to be part of the family, it's time for you to bully someone else. I need a break."

"Ha-ha." Gifford burst into laughter.

He realized that Matthew was even more miserable than him. Wesley was only strict with him in training, but he didn't belittle his son. Carlos, though, not only trained Matthew, but he was strict with him in every aspect. Nothing his son did was good enough for him.

Carlos gave a burning glare at Matthew and snapped, "You wish! I'll bully the two of you together!" In the days to come, he would have two men as his punching bags.

[Chapter 1066 Ericas Standard For A Boyfriend](#)

Carlos' words had a hint of menace in the way he said it, a low growl underlying his words. Sheffield trembled slightly, immediately forming an imagination of what his life would be as his future son-in-law. Taking Evelyn's hand in his, Sheffield whispered in her ear, "Please tell me you're going to save me when the time comes?"

Evelyn giggled, gently nudging him on the shoulder and said, "Don't tell me you're going to let him push you around?"

As far as she could remember, Sheffield's quick-wittedness and cunning use of guile saw him through any obstacle Carlos threw at him in the past. In fact, even though Carlos would never admit it to it, his failure to deal with Sheffield made him even angrier, so much so that he wanted to punch Sheffield's smug face every time he saw him.

"I mean...that was all in the past. Everything is going to change when I become his son-in-law," Sheffield said, his face turning pale with each word. Sheffield had a valid point, because at the end of the day once he and Evelyn were married, Carlos would become his father-in-law. Even he knew well that the father was always going to be the boss of family!

Sheffield never thought Carlos would let him marry his daughter so easily.

When he walked out of the manor, he caught sight of Gifford leisurely smoking a cigarette. "Did you get what I asked you to?"

Gifford tilted his head, gesturing towards his car and said, "It's inside the glove compartment. You've spent two years looking for it. Is it a gift for Uncle Carlos?"

"Yes!" Sheffield admitted without hesitation.

Gifford patted him on the shoulder and said, "Bro, I have to admit, I have a lot to learn from you."

Not only did Sheffield treat Evelyn with deep affection, but he also cared for his future parents-in-law.

After all, how could he not be good to Carlos and Debbie? "They've raised and cared for Evelyn for thirty years and now I'm just going to take her away from them. Buying them gifts isn't nearly enough to show my gratitude towards them for giving me their daughter's hand in marriage."

"What about Gwyn? Don't you think leaving her alone in that manor is a bit harsh?" Gifford asked.

"You think I don't know that? She is my daughter. How could any father bear to be away from his child?" Sheffield's lips broke into a cunning grin and he continued, "This will become my home too after we get married. I'll bring back Evelyn every day." In that case, it didn't matter where Gwyn lived because Sheffield could see her at any time he wanted.

Gifford admired Sheffield's perseverance and his devotion towards Evelyn. "Sounds like you're planning on becoming a living-in son-in-law!"

"So what? At least Evelyn will be happy. Not all women in the world can live with their parents after getting married. This is a

mily backgrounds coming together. Matthew, am I right?"

Matthew's attention, however, was focused on watching Gwyn playing. Everyone wondered whether he had heard what Erica had said, as he answered perfunctorily, "Yes, I think Erica is right."

"See? Dad, even Matthew thinks I'm right!" Erica cocked her head to one side with a sly smile, like a toddler coaxing a treat from a grownup.

Wesley cast a sullen stare at Matthew, who had long turned back to Gwyn. He snorted irritably towards Erica and said, "Two people with the same social status and family backgrounds? No problem. I'll just find a young man from a military family for you. That will be a good match."

"Please don't do that, Dad. Military men are seldom around their family. I'm afraid I might do something wrong if he doesn't return home for a long time!" Erica blurted out the words without even thinking, but everyone understood what she meant by the words "something wrong."

Wesley stood up at once and drew his hand back to deliver an open-handed reckoning.

Blair and Debbie had gone upstairs to have a private talk and Terilynn wasn't there at the moment. The only people sitting around the living room were Carlos, Evelyn, Matthew, Sheffield, Wesley, Erica and Gifford.

Gifford had seen this play before. When it came to Erica, Wesley's bark was always worse than his bite. Although he had raised his hand, he would never actually hit her. Even on the off chance that he did, he would never hit her hard enough to hurt.

However, the other people in the room had no idea about that.

Evelyn jumped up from her seat in a hurry and insisted, "Uncle Wesley, don't be angry. I think Erica was just kidding."

Carlos put down the teapot, stood up and grabbed Wesley's wrist. "What are you doing? She is just a kid. A good scolding would do the job. Why would you raise your hand?"

[Chapter 1067 Domestic Storm](#)

Wesley wasn't as furious as he pretended to be. He always assumed a strict face in front of Erica, because otherwise, she would never be afraid of him. But he had already given up on scolding her.

During this time, Matthew whispered something into Gwyn's ear. Shifting her gaze back to look at the angry Wesley, she ran to him with spread out arms and called in a sweet voice, "Grandpa! Hug."

At the sight of the little girl, Wesley's anger melted away completely. He crouched down and picked her up, laughing. "Gwyn, did Grandpa scare you?"

'Ah, no wonder Carlos is doing everything he can to keep Gwyn by his side. Who wouldn't want to spend their old age with such a lovely granddaughter?'

Erica saw that her father's mood had changed and made a face at Wesley before sitting next to Evelyn. "Evelyn, you're much nicer to me than Dad. I'll stay here with you hereafter! I can cook fried steak, drumsticks, make crisps and chicken popcorn! I can wash clothes and clean. I'm an expert. Let me stay here as your sister."

Wesley undercut her. "Evelyn, don't trust her. You think she can do all that? The only thing she does best is eat!"

Evelyn chuckled. She held the pouting Erica in her arms, and said, "Erica is just a teenager, Uncle Wesley. She will learn soon."

Erica nodded violently. "Yes! Yes! I learned to cook French fries and—"

"And you almost blew up the kitchen!" Wesley cut in without mercy.

"But I didn't! The kitchen is still intact. I also cooked steak once."

"You mean, charred steak."

Erica's face darkened. She protested loudly, "Dad! How can you treat me like this? I'm your daughter! Did you pick me up from the street or something? Why are you so mean to me?"

Everyone in the room laughed at her heated protests.

Wesley pretended to think about her argument for a while, and then nodded. "Actually, I found you in a trash bin. You are not my biological kid," he said, shrugging casually. It was hard not to believe that. After all, Erica didn't take after Blair or Wesley.

"Fine! I'll call Mom and tell her that you suspect her of cheating!"

"What? Hey, I never said that! Get over here! You're going to be punished for that!" With Gwyn in his arms, Wesley took two steps f

n you so much more. You should be satisfied with it."

Felton echoed angrily, "That's right! My wife's betrothal gift was also only a few million dollars. Dad is offering your wife more than a billion, and yet you are being ungrateful and greedy!" He turned to Peterson and said, "Dad, how can you be so partial towards him?" Sheffield was about to get a thousand times more fortune than they had gotten.

Sheffield looked around the table and asked calmly, "Both Kaylee and Felton have a problem with the betrothal gift. Daphne, Sandra, what about you? Do you have a problem with it too?"

When Daphne Bi married into the Tang family, her betrothal gift had also been the same as the others. But she was smarter than the rest of them. She shook her head slightly, saying, "As long as Dad is happy with the decision."

As a daughter-in-law, Daphne Bi had no rights to argue. But Sandra was Peterson's daughter. She wasn't afraid to speak her mind. "How can Dad be happy after giving away so much money? Sheffield, don't put him in an awkward position. The Tang family is a large clan. He needs to be fair to everyone. If he shows partiality like this, he will not be able to govern this family."

Lea had no say in such matters. She sat silently next to Peterson, eating her breakfast.

If Peterson gave away all the good stuff to Sheffield, what would be left for her one-year-old son? But even though she was dissatisfied, she could only silently bear through the conversation.

[Chapter 1068 Sorrowful Past](#)

At last, Sheffield turned to Lea. It seemed that she had no intention to speak, so he turned to Kaylee instead. "Kaylee, use your brain once in a while. What kind of family are you from? How could you even compare yourself to the likes of Evelyn Huo? Same goes for you and your wife, Felton. These women should be honored that they are able to sit at this table with the Tang family. The case with Evelyn, however, is different. She has agreed to marry me, and you should all be honored that she is willing to be a daughter-in-law of this family. You think giving her a mere one billion dollars as betrothal gift is too much? Sandra Tang, that is about the same amount of money that you have spent all these years. Am I wrong? Evelyn will soon be one of the Tang family's daughters-in-law. Peterson Tang will finally have a decent daughter."

His words dumbfounded both Kaylee and Felton. It was indeed true that none of the daughters-in-law could compare their families to the Huo family.

Sandra was furious. She had always hated Sheffield, and argued, "What is that supposed to mean, huh? You think I am not a good daughter? I spend my own father's money. What is wrong with that? And Evelyn Huo... She is not even married to you yet, but do you know how much you have spent on her already? You spent hundreds of millions on an engagement ring! And the wedding will cost billions of dollars. How can we afford to spend so much money for her? It would be better for you to marry a daughter from an ordinary family, just like our brothers did."

Sheffield was annoyed. He said in a much harsher tone, "How much I spent on the engagement ring has nothing to do with you or this family. I bought it with my own money. And I don't need the Tang family's help to support my wife. I can make enough money to support her myself. The old man is giving the betrothal present out of his goodwill. And I have already decided to give the Huo family another

betrothal present from my side. Sandra, if you are uncomfortable with this decision, why don't you file a divorce and marry a rich man instead? Maybe his family could give you better betrothal gifts."

The table was silent. Sheffield was always so blunt with all of them. He didn't care about their feelings. Sandra's husband

who had made a mistake. But she refused to admit the accusation and insisted on arguing with me. I wanted to help her when she was put in prison, but she refused." Peterson could only offer his help in secret, and he had succeeded in cutting down her sentence.

"Before passing away, you were the only one she was worried about. I wanted to contact you after you left, but I was too ashamed. I didn't want to see my sons killing each other, so..."

Sheffield gave him a quizzical look.

Peterson didn't look at him. His eyes were fixed ahead in the distance.

"Pierson has always wanted your grandfather's notes, but your grandfather gave it to you. You said that you burned it all, and I believed you. But Pierson didn't. That day, I deliberately made a scene to make him give up completely." Peterson was well aware of what Pierson had done to Sheffield.

"I used the incident about Kaylee as an excuse to drive you away from here. But what I didn't take into account is that you are as stubborn as your mother. I was angry at that time. I beat you, but you still refused to accept the mistakes. You let me beat you bloody..."

As Peterson recalled the scene from their past, extreme guilt washed over him.

"Stop talking." Sheffield looked at his father coldly. He was ashamed of his past and didn't want to hear any more of the old man's rambling. "I didn't come here to talk about the past. If you don't want to give the betrothal gifts, it's fine. I don't expect you to do anything for me."

[Chapter 1069 Build My Own Family](#)

Sheffield turned around to leave.

Peterson ignored his harsh tone and continued to explain with a sigh, "I just want you to formally come back to the Tang family. You are a strong man now. Even without my protection, you can take care of yourself. I'm relieved."

Ignoring him, Sheffield opened the car door.

"Sheffield," Peterson called desperately.

As far as Sheffield knew, Peterson was only acting sentimental to get his forgiveness. He stood there and impatiently scratched his hair. "You don't have to play the love card with me. I couldn't care less. If it weren't for Evelyn, I would've left Y City after proving Mom's innocence. I wouldn't have taken over Theo Group either. But because I did, I am being targeted by enemies from all over the place, and some of them are closer than you think, just waiting to stab me in the back. I don't want more trouble." And on top of the danger to his life, there was an endless storm of files to go through every day and he had no time to rest. It was frustrating.

The only reason why he hadn't quit his job as CEO was Evelyn.

If Sheffield was the unruly legendary beast, then Evelyn was the beast tamer, the only one capable of conquering him.

Peterson tried to persuade him. "Since you've already come this far for Evelyn, wouldn't it be good if you took back your place in the Tang family and included Evelyn's and your daughter's names in our family tree?"

"No, thank you. I'll build my own family. It'll be just the three of us in our residence booklet. No other Tangs! I need peace!" He didn't want a single other person intruding in their paradise, except maybe another cute kid.

And anyway, what was so good about being a part of the Tang family? Nothing! There was no good reason to insert their names in that family tree.

Peterson sighed heavily at his son's stubbornness and let him leave.

The old man stood there, pondering for a long time. And then, he had a better idea to persuade Sheffield.

At ZL Group

Evelyn was working on her computer when Nadia walked in. "Miss Huo, Mr. Tang from Theo Group is here to see you."

"Which

s car.

At first, Peterson had planned on taking Lea with him, but Sheffield disagreed. In the end, the father-son duo, along with a few of Sheffield's friends, went to the Huo family manor.

In the Huo family manor

The manor was bustling with people. Most of them were Carlos' friends. Wesley and Blair were already at the manor. Then came Damon and Adriana, followed by Curtis and Colleen. Ivan and Kasie were present too, along with Dixon and Garnet, Xavier and his wife and even Kinsley and Yates, accompanied by their wives.

On the way to the manor, Sheffield picked up Joshua and his parents. Gifford was headed to the manor on his own.

The manor was large. Even with over twenty people and a few servants in the living room, it still didn't seem crowded.

Since it was an important event, everyone was dressed formally. The men were in suits, and the women were delicately dressed.

The living room was bustling with excitement. Gwyn was playing with a windmill in her hand. Everyone took turns to hold her, and the little girl was very happy to see all these people in one place.

She exclaimed loudly when she saw Sheffield, "Daddy! Daddy!" She ran to him with a big smile on her face.

The little girl was dressed in purple, and she looked so adorable that even Peterson, who wasn't fond of kids, was excited to see her. He was so glad that this cute little girl was his granddaughter.

[Chapter 1070 The Betrothal Gifts](#)

Peterson already had a few grandchildren, both girls and boys. But he never gave them much affection.

There was no shortage of children in the Tang family. Peterson had recently fathered a child, too, now more than a year old. He had kids and grandchildren of all different ages. So a kid was nothing special in his eyes. Gwyn, on the other hand, was special. He found himself growing fond of her, in spite of himself.

Sheffield held his daughter in his arms and kissed her forehead. "Did you miss me, Gwyn?"

"Yes." Gwyn nodded and replied in a cute voice, clinging to Sheffield's neck. "Miss Daddy..." was what she could manage at such a young age.

"Good girl!"

After playing with his daughter for a while, he entertained thoughts about coaching her to call Peterson "Papa." But Peterson was busy greeting Carlos and the other people. He wouldn't be around to hear it.

Evelyn walked through the crowd to Sheffield and said with a smile, "Gwyn's not as shy as she used to be. You're probably a good influence on her." Evelyn was wearing a light-colored dress. She had her make-up and hair done by a professional stylist.

Today was a day to be happy, and Evelyn looked the part—charming, energetic, and smiling.

"My Gwyn is so awesome!" Sheffield exclaimed dramatically as he looked at his daughter. "Daddy just can't help himself. I'm going to get you a present!"

Gwyn smiled shyly and leaned her little head on his shoulder without saying a word.

There were tons of presents stacked on the table near Sheffield, along with a dozen or more boxes of expensive wines and cigarettes.

He scanned the tables, then found the special, colorful bag he'd bought. He handed it to Gwyn. "Check this out, sweetie. Daddy picked this out just for you!"

When the little girl took the paper bag and looked inside curiously, Sheffield gave the little girl to Evelyn and whispered, "Honey, please take care of her. I have to go be sociable."

"Okay!" Evelyn took the toddler from him.

With a carton of expensive cigarettes in hand, Sheffield joined the crowd and stood beside Peterson. At an appropriate break in the conversation, Peterson introduced him. "This is my son, Sheffield Tang."

Birds of a f

n't afford to support my daughter later on? I've discussed it with Debbie and we'll give him ten percent shares of ZL Group as a gift in return."

Ten percent shares of ZL Group was worth much more than thirty percent of Theo Group's.

Peterson was surprised. He shook hands with Carlos and said a bit excitedly, "That's really good of you, Carlos. You raised Evelyn so well. Now that she's going to marry into our family, we should give her those gifts as our gratitude to you folks. You don't need to give Sheffield anything."

"Please accept it. For Evelyn and Gwyn's sakes," Carlos insisted.

Peterson called Sheffield's name and gestured for him to come over. Sheffield broke off his conversation with Damon, and set down his drink. His father told him all about it. He wanted Sheffield to thank Carlos.

On hearing about the ten percent stock in ZL Group, Sheffield thought he was hearing things. He had drunk a lot, after all. He shook his head to make sure that he heard it right. "Uncle Carlos, that's generous of you. But I don't need it. I can support my wife and daughter."

"If I say you need it, you do. Just take it!" Carlos' order was non-negotiable. He didn't give Sheffield any chance to refuse.

After thinking for a while, Sheffield proposed, "How about this, Uncle Carlos? Write Gwyn's name on the share transfer contract. I'm her guardian, and she's the beneficiary. What do you think?"

That was a good idea too. Carlos agreed to it readily.