

TMBA 781

[Chapter 781 Giffords Woes](#)

Gifford was almost three years old, and Blair was now seven months pregnant with her second child.

One night, the little boy woke up because he had to pee. He turned on the bedside lamp, got out of bed and went to his bathroom.

As he walked out of the bathroom, he suddenly remembered the monsters from his favorite cartoon—Journey to the West. He quickly opened the door and ran towards his mom's bedroom.

When he arrived at the door, Gifford heard strange noises coming from the room.

He turned the doorknob quietly and popped his head into the room. What he saw shocked him! His mom was pressed against the bed, and his dad was bullying her!

The young boy was angered.

Gifford pushed the door open, and ran towards the bed, crying loudly, "Mommy!" He was terrified for her.

Wesley had heard noises at the door while he was having sex with Blair. But he was too focused to stop and take a look. He didn't expect his son to barge in like this.

Wesley immediately covered them with the quilt. Crying, Gifford stood next to the bed and tried to lift the quilt off his parents. "I won't love you anymore, Daddy! How could you bully Mommy like that?" he cried.

Embarrassed, Blair grabbed the quilt tightly to stop him from lifting it. Gifford, on the other hand, wanted to drive Wesley out of the bed, so he kept tugging at the quilt.

Since Blair was pregnant, Wesley hadn't had the chance to have sex with her for a long time. He had pleaded with her for so long, and she had finally agreed. Yet, their romantic moment was interrupted by their only son. Wesley was so mad, and Gifford's cries made him even angrier.

He threw back the quilt and began to put on his pajamas in front of his son.

Gifford, who had been crying nonstop, raised his head. When he saw his naked father, he was shocked and lowered his head to look at his own. He stopped crying.

'Daddy's willy is so terrifying! Mine is cuter, ' he thought.

In order to not wake up the elders, Wesley closed the bedroom door. He had no idea that his son was secretly feeling sorry for him.

'Does Daddy feel inferior because of his horrible willy? I feel bad for him now. I better continue to love him...' The little boy was deep in thought.

"You little dev

said in a soft voice.

"Good night, Daddy." Gifford yawned. He was indeed sleepy. He decided to go to his mom as soon as he got up in the morning.

After making sure that the boy was sound asleep, Wesley heaved a sigh of relief and went back to his bedroom.

Blair was not asleep yet. Upon seeing him, she asked, "How's Gifford? Is he asleep?"

"Yeah." Wesley took off his pajamas and threw them away. "That boy is so hard to deal with," he complained. He missed the innocent baby Gifford used to be. Back then, he would listen to whatever Wesley said.

Blair cast a reproachful glance at him. "I told you to lock the door, but you didn't listen. You can't blame him."

"I didn't expect this to happen." He pulled Blair into his arms. After what had happened, he would make sure to lock the door next time. He didn't want their intimacy to be interrupted again.

Blair rested her head on his shoulder. "Get some rest."

"Mm hmm."

But his moves betrayed his thoughts. She grabbed hold of his hand. "What are you doing?"

"We must finish what was started. That is good virtue. You get some rest; I'll finish it on my own."

Blair rolled her eyes. 'Really? How can I fall asleep with you torturing me?'

When Evelyn was almost five years old, Blair had given birth to Gifford. Debbie had given birth to Terilynn soon after that.

Now, three years later, Blair gave birth to Yvette Li. Another two years down the line, Debbie gave birth to Matthew, her third child with Carlos.

[Chapter 782 Wesley And Blair—The Final](#)

Gifford gazed at his sister, just born and wrinkled all over, and he whispered, "Finally, someone to go through training with me. Maybe Dad will let up, for once."

Unfortunately, the little boy was wrong. He waited patiently for his sister to grow up. But even when Yvette reached the tender age of three, Wesley still didn't seem interested in training her. He'd take the two out for a jog, but that was as intense as he got with Yvette. Eventually, he'd take Yvette home, and play the harsh taskmaster with Gifford.

Their third baby, Erica Li, was unplanned.

By the time Erica Li was born, Evelyn was fifteen years old, Gifford was ten, Terilynn nine, Yvette seven and Matthew all of five years of age.

Niles had two kids—a six-year-old girl and a boy a year younger.

When Cecelia discovered that Blair's third child was another daughter, she was so happy that she immediately gave Blair three million dollars.

She was a fair mother-in-law—she had also given Irene three million dollars after she gave birth to a daughter.

Blair pondered this for a whole week and finally remembered how she had gotten pregnant this time.

It was a dark and windy night. Blair had just come back from work. She didn't expect Wesley home so early, but there he was.

She wore a knee-length cold shoulder shirt that she bought on impulse two days ago. It was basic white cotton, revealing her shoulders and lovely collarbones. She was definitely sexy.

She felt like a completely different woman. By the time she got home, Wesley was walking down the stairs.

His eyes lit up when he saw his wife. After Blair said hi to the elders in the living room, Wesley told her, "Good! You're home. I need to talk to you." Blair had been taken in by this countless times, yet she still followed him to their bedroom. She was always too trusting.

One could imagine the result. Her shirt was torn from her, and he had his way with her.

While they were both naked, they found there were no condoms. Blair urged Wesley to buy them, but he said he would buy them next time.

a smile. "Next time, I'll wear a pair of white gloves to check if there's dust in their dorms. I'll check their beds and see if I can bounce a coin off them..."

Blair burst out laughing. She knew he was serious as he had already begun to teach Gifford how to make his bed military style. "Come on! Lighten up! By the way, you are as amazing as ever. You are more than forty, yet you outran a group of young men."

"Do you know why?" Wesley suddenly stopped in his tracks.

A gust of wind blew over. Ginkgo leaves floated down from the ginkgo trees in the yard, passing by them.

The scene was lovely. It was a perfect time and place for lovers' honeyed words.

Blair blinked, and looked at her favorite and the most important man in her life like a little child with a slightly crooked head. "Why?"

Wesley looked her in the eye and said in a charming voice, "I tried my best to run the five kilometers, just because I imagined you were waiting there at the end."

Wesley's tone was matter-of-fact, yet Blair was still moved. With their fingers entwined, she stood on tiptoe and kissed him. "You know we'll live happily ever after, right?"

Wesley nodded his head heavily. "Count on it." Deep in his heart, he thought, 'Not only in this life, but the next life as well.

Blair, thank you for coming into my life. You are the most wonderful woman in the world.'

[Chapter 783 This Had Nothing To Do With Him](#)

In the Huo family's villa

Crack! Went the whip! A man was kneeling in the middle of the living room, and a line was drawn across his back. Blood welled in that line. He was being beaten by a whip the thickness of a man's finger. The beating was merciless, the whip striping the man's back with welts and torn flesh.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The clothing the man wore was sliced to bloodstained ribbons.

The beaten man was in his twenties. He was dressed in black casual clothing, and his face had well-defined angles. He clenched his teeth and endured the pain. He didn't beg for mercy at all.

The men standing nearby were frightened, shuddering. They squeezed their eyes shut with every stroke.

When the whip was about to land on the man's back again, someone opened the door and peeked in. A girl wearing a light yellow dress darted towards them. "Dad! Don't! Why did you hit him? Stop it!" She rushed to the man kneeling on the floor and spread her arms to protect him.

Whip in hand, Carlos looked at his younger daughter and ordered in a cold voice, "Get up."

Terilynn shook her head. Tears streamed down her red cheeks as she looked at the welts on his back. "Dad, Evelyn said the sex was consensual and she didn't blame that guy. She asked you not to interfere. This had nothing to do with Tayson. What did he do to deserve this?"

The man in her arms had a pale face. Terilynn's protection made his heart flutter.

Carlos, on the other hand, grew angrier when he thought of what had happened to Evelyn. He treated Evelyn like a princess; her every wish was his to grant. But now she was in the hospital, hurt because of another guy. Flames of rage danced in his gaze.

He turned to look at the bodyguards in the room and ordered, "Take her away."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

Terilynn, however, refused to let go. She held Tayson Jin tightly and yelled at the top of her lungs, "Dad! You can't do this to him. You could kill him! Dad!"

Although Carlos knew her feelings for Tayson Jin, he feigned ignorance and asked, "Terilynn, why are you protecting him?"

She was stunned and lowered her head to avoid looking her fath

to go with her and protect her there? You can't, at least not quickly. Why not let Tayson do it? You can decide what to do with him after they get back," she suggested.

"Hey, Miss Huo, I know what you're trying to do, but I'll do whatever your father says," Tayson Jin said.

"Dad, I said you should look for the jerk who hurt Evelyn. Just think about what I said, okay? Dad, just be rational."

"Miss Huo..." Tayson Jin tried to stop her from talking. Seeing that Carlos' face was as dark as ink, Tayson Jin stood before Terilynn and said, "Mr. Huo, I'll do whatever you want."

Carlos looked at Terilynn with chilly eyes. She shuddered and pouted, "What, Dad? What did I say? You of all people—"

"Tayson!" Carlos suddenly said, cutting her off. The bodyguard snapped to attention.

"You'll fly to America with Evelyn the day after tomorrow. If she gets hurt again, you will kill yourself. Got it?"

After a pause, Tayson Jin answered, "Yes, Mr. Huo."

Terilynn heaved a sigh of relief since Carlos decided to let Tayson Jin off the hook. She wanted to hug the bodyguard. But Carlos was here and she was not sure if Tayson Jin had the same feelings for her. She let it go and tried not to think about it.

Carlos stared at Terilynn, and she made an excuse to get out of there. "Well, the only reason I'm here is to get something for Evelyn. I'll get to it."

After saying that, she rushed up the stairs.

[Chapter 784 Bury Him Alive!](#)

Tayson left to have his wounds treated. Carlos and his right-hand men were left in the living room. "Find that man and bury him alive!" Carlos' voice was indifferent, yet it was filled with an incredible murderous aura. 'Evelyn nearly died because of him; he should pay with his life,' he thought furiously.

Dixon got closer to him and asked, "Mr. Huo, what if Miss Evelyn Huo finds out?"

Carlos didn't respond. After pondering for a while, he ordered, "Find some women to seduce him. If he falls for the trap, then kill him!"

Dixon nodded, "Got it, Mr. Huo. And, what if he doesn't fall for the trap?"

The killing intent in Carlos' eyes decreased a little. "Then, break his leg!" This was the biggest concession he could give in his punishment.

If it weren't for Evelyn who had pleaded with him to not interfere, he wouldn't easily let go of the man who had hurt her.

At the nephrology department of Y City First General Hospital

"Dr. Tang, I'm leaving."

"Dr. Tang, where are you planning to spend the night?"

"Dr. Tang, I'm so envious. There are so many girls around you."

The popular Dr. Tang leaned lazily against the wall of the corridor, wearing his white doctor's gown. He had a stethoscope hanging around his neck. He had fair skin and a charming smile on his face.

His eyes shone, and it felt like they had a sensual voice of their own. As he cast a casual glance at a nurse nearby, she immediately flushed and her heart raced wildly in her chest. She whispered into the ear of another nurse, "Dr. Tang is so handsome. I can't even breathe when he's looking at me."

"I can't breathe either, though he's not even looking at me! Look at that face! Such delicate features. Did he have a plastic surgery or something?"

"I'm so glad that he's a member of our nephrology department. Girls from the other departments must be so jealous of us."

"That's true. Anyway, we gotta leave. Dr. Tang is leaving too."

The doctors and nurses left one after the other. Sheffield took the stethoscope off his neck and went back to the duty room.

He changed into his casual clothes, grabbed his wind coat and left the nephrology department.

On his way home, a dozen men in black suits came out of nowhere and blocked his path.

Sheffield slammed on the brakes, and the car stopped in front of them, only a few centimeters short of hitting the men.

One of them knocked on the car window. "Get out!" he ordered.

Sheffield opened the door and got out of his car calmly. He looked around and asked in a casual tone, "Hey guys, what's up?"

"Sheffield Tang?" someone asked.

"Yeah."

"Good! Guys, let's do this. Break his leg!"

Sheffield flashed a wicked grin and didn't seem frightened at all. He fished his phone out of his pocket and dialed a number. "Bro, I'm at the Harvest Road and in deep trouble. Bring some guys with you."

As he spoke, he took out a pack of cigarettes and placed one between his lips. He lit the cigarette and asked, "May I know whom you work for?"

"You don't need that information. All you need to know is that we're about to break one of your legs."

'Huh?' Sheffield flicked the ash from his cigarette and asked, "What did I even do to you?"

"You did nothing to us. But you offended someone you couldn't afford to offend. And now, you'll pay for it. Guys!"

The men rushed towards Sheffield and as they were about to grab him, Sheffield quickly dodged. "Guys, even if you wanted to kill me, I would still want to know who I am dealing with. Whom exactly did I offend?"

A middle-aged man walked out of the group and sized Sheffield up before saying, "Our boss has ordered us to break your leg. You hurt his precious daughter while in D City."

'In D City? Whose precious daughter?'

A pretty face popped up in his mind.

The wicked smile on his face disappeared. Stubbing out the cigarette, he asked in a serious tone, "How is she now?"

"Not good."

'Not good?' Sheffield fell silent.

His friends arrived soon after. A dozen cars braked all around them, and men stepped out one after another, standing behind Sheffield.

The two sides stood opposite each other in a tense atmosphere. When the men behind Sheffield were about to rush forward to fight, he stopped them.

He looked at the middle-aged man, lifted the wind coat and showed his long leg. Without any hesitation, he said, "Do it!"

Everyone stood stunned. The group who had come to break his leg looked at each other before staring at Dixon.

Dixon made a gesture with his hand, asking them to go ahead.

Ten minutes later

Sheffield's friends carried him into his car; his face was pale as a ghost. "Take me to the suburbs in the west of the city," he said in a weak voice.

His friend started the engine and drove towards the suburbs in the west.

The man sitting in the passenger seat turned around backwards and asked, "Sheffield, why did you let them do it?"

Sheffield chuckled and looked out the window calmly. After a while, he said, "If I had a daughter whom I spoiled rotten for nearly thirty years and she was hurt by a man, I would skin him alive instead of just breaking one of his legs."

The man raised an eyebrow. 'So, he hurt a woman, and this was her father taking revenge?'

In the suburbs

Sheffield was quickly carried into a villa. The old man living there got out of his bed, put on his clothes and hurried to the emergency room for medical treatment.

Sheffield flashed a wide grin despite his pale face. "Master, good evening. Sorry to bug you, but my leg needs to be treated immediately."

The old man frowned. He didn't ask what had happened. Instead, he began the treatment.

At dawn, Sheffield was carried out of the room with his leg in a plaster cast.

"Now tell me. What happened?" the old man asked, staring at his disciple as he wiped his hands clean.

Sheffield hadn't gotten injured in years. The old man couldn't imagine who could have broken his leg.

Sheffield sat in an armchair and answered in a weak voice, "Nothing serious. Will my leg fully recover?"

"I thought you wouldn't ask." The old man threw the towel into the basin angrily.

Sheffield scratched the back of his head. "I don't want to walk with a crutch for the rest of my life," he said with a pout.

"Don't worry. It will be okay. You're a doctor. You don't need me to tell you how to treat your leg, do you?"

"No, I don't. Thanks, master. I gotta go now." He gestured to his friends to help him stand up. "This is great! I can now stay at home and rest for a couple of days."

The old man shook his head and stared at his retreating figure.

His friends dropped him back at his apartment and left soon after. Sheffield lay in bed alone. His wicked grin was now gone.

His eyes were full of affection as he thought about that woman.

Four months ago

At the Rainbow Guesthouse in D City's old town

Four low-key luxury cars slowly stopped at the entrance of the guesthouse. A handsome bodyguard in a black suit got out of the passenger seat of the second car and pulled open the door to the back seat.

"Miss, we are here."

"Mm hmm."

A pair of beautiful white branded shoes came into view, and then, a woman in a beige waist-length casual dress got out, holding a brand bag.

[Chapter 785 Ladies First](#)

The woman had fair skin and wore thick sunglasses. After getting out of the car, she looked at the guesthouse and asked the man holding the car door for her, "Has the room been booked?"

"Yes, miss. The Presidential Suite on the third floor, with a view of the sea."

"Good."

Three other bodyguards appeared and took six suitcases out of the trunks of the cars and followed after her.

In the lounge hall on the ground floor, a group was chatting and laughing. When the woman entered with her bodyguards, they stopped and looked at her.

"Wow, who is that? Looks like a rich lady," one of them said.

"Are you sure?" one of her friends asked skeptically. "I don't think so. Why would someone so rich stay in a guesthouse instead of a star hotel?"

"Oh, come on! Look at her clothes. They probably cost at least a hundred thousand dollars. And look at those suitcases. I'm pretty sure each of them costs tens of thousands of dollars."

"What? Are you serious? If she is so rich, then why is she here? In a guesthouse?"

"Well, this is the closet guesthouse to the old town. Besides, there are Presidential Suites on the third floor with a sea view. Dr. Tang stays on the third floor too."

"That makes sense."

Tayson received their keys from the reception, and they walked towards the stairs. At that moment, a young man in a white casual shirt and black pants came down the stairs. He looked at the girls in the lounge area and said with a smile, "Sorry that I'm late, girls. I was on an important call."

As he walked down, he saw the woman opposite him.

Tayson immediately stood before her to prevent the young man from knocking into her.

Sheffield could tell that the woman was from a rich family and the men around her were her bodyguards.

He sized her up. 'Wow, her skin is fairer than mine, and her lips are so plump.'

Sensing his intense gaze on her, Evelyn raised her head to look at him. Sheffield winked at her playfully and stood close to the handrail to make way for them. "Ladies first," he offered.

Tayson cast a casual glance at him and said indifferently, "Thank you."

Evelyn looked away and continued walking

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

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

ce his presence around her.

Evelyn arrived at the first floor and saw a man sitting in the lounge hall, smoking. Before she could see his face clearly, a group of women surrounded him. "Dr. Tang, why are you here? Wanna go out on a date with me?"

The man put out the cigarette when he saw Evelyn. She remembered that face; his eyes were so magnetic, as if they could talk. When he had winked at her back then, she felt the electricity between them.

Sheffield fanned his hands in the air to get rid of the smell of tobacco. "Sorry, but I'm waiting for Horace. We are going for dinner," he answered. However, he wasn't looking at that woman. His gaze was on the aloof beauty walking down the stairs.

Evelyn wasn't wearing her sunglasses this time. She had pretty eyes that caught many people's attention.

Her clothes didn't have any logos on them, but one could still tell from her demeanor that she was from the high society.

Their eyes met, and Sheffield's heart skipped a beat. He raised an eyebrow and gave her a mischievous smile.

Evelyn looked away, her face deadpan as she left the guesthouse.

'Wow! Interesting!

I've seen aloof women before. But none of them have managed to get my attention. This woman is something special, ' Sheffield thought to himself.

A wicked grin appeared on his handsome face. He didn't know how to describe his feeling, but he wanted to get close to her and learn more about her.

[Chapter 786 You Want To Bang Her](#)

Outside the guesthouse, Evelyn watched the tourists come and go around the old town, her eyes empty. She started to wonder what she had come here for.

She wanted to go sightseeing, but she didn't know where to start.

When was the last time she had gone shopping? A couple years ago, she guessed. She couldn't quite remember. If she needed something, she would have it delivered to her home or office. So, she didn't need to go shopping on her own.

And she hadn't traveled for years either. Her father treated her like a delicate vase and never allowed her to go on business trips. As a result, she seldom had the chance to leave Y City.

"Hi!" A man's cheerful voice broke her train of thought.

She saw the man whom she had just seen in the lounge hall. He was looking at her with a wide smile on his face.

Another man and two women were standing next to him.

Evelyn didn't respond.

"How about I buy you dinner? I know some delicious local food places around here," he offered. Sheffield always had many women by his side, but he had never tried to woo anyone before. Women willingly chased after him.

However, he couldn't help but take a fancy towards this woman. The moment she left the guesthouse, he followed after her.

Evelyn cast a cold glance at him, still saying nothing.

Sheffield's heart skipped a beat. 'I have met her three times now, yet she still hasn't said a word. Is she...mute?

How unfortunate!'

While Sheffield was wondering if Evelyn was dumb, Tayson walked over and stood between them. He cast a warning glance at Sheffield, his eyes burning with a murderous aura.

The man beside Sheffield asked him in a whisper, "You know her?"

Sheffield shook his head. He didn't know her, but he wanted to.

"Oh, I get it. You want to bang her." Horace's eyes widened and a wide smirk spread across his face.

Sheffield shook his head again. 'I want more than that.

I want to marry her and make her mine alone. I want to be the reason behind her smile every day. I want to make love to her until she begs me to stop.'

"Sheffield! Are we having dinner or not? I'm starving!"

Horace's voice brought him back to his senses. He shook off the weird thoughts in his mind. He couldn't imagine marrying someone whom he had just met.

A wise man ha

that." She finally mustered up some courage to say it.

Tayson was stunned for a moment. After confirming that the stall was relatively clean, he nodded, "Okay."

Sheffield cut the queue and walked to the head of the line. He took out a hundred-dollar bill and gave it to the girl in the front. "Do you mind giving your candy apple to me?" he asked with a charming smile.

The girl was mesmerized by him, and without any hesitation, she gave hers to him.

Sheffield took it from her and winked. "Thanks."

Then, he quickly trotted towards Evelyn. "Here you are," he offered with a wide grin.

Evelyn looked at the candy apple. Instead of taking it, she asked in a cold voice, "What's your purpose?"

"What?"

"Your purpose."

He was amused by her suspicion. "You think I have a purpose to get close to you?"

"Don't you?" she asked in reply.

Every man getting close to her had their own reason; she was just a means to an end.

Sheffield raised the food box to her again. "Eat while it's still warm. I want to show you something."

After some hesitation, she took it and signaled Tayson with her eyes.

Tayson took his wallet out of his pocket and gave a hundred-dollar bill to Sheffield.

Sheffield didn't seem to mind at all. He put the bill in his pocket and said with a grin, "I need another hundred. I had to give the girl in the front of the queue a hundred AND a big smile. So, I need another hundred for my smile. It's not too much to ask, is it?"

Evelyn and Tayson were rendered speechless.

[Chapter 787 The Smooth Operator](#)

Tayson pulled another hundred from his wallet and handed it to Sheffield. Sheffield took it with a smirk and put it into his pocket. "I'll use this to treat you to something else next time," he said to Evelyn.

'He is a smooth operator,' she figured.

Sheffield produced his employee card and said, "See? I'm not a bad guy. I have a proper job. I'm a deputy director at Y City First General Hospital. The faculty of our hospital came for a trip here. I was only curious about you. Isn't it normal for a guy to be curious about a beautiful woman like you?"

Evelyn looked at his employee card. His name was in red. Sheffield Tang.

As he held out the card, she noticed his hands—long fingers and fair skin. Perfect for holding scalpels.

Tayson had been wary of Sheffield the whole time. He cautioned in a whisper, "Miss, we've come all this way for you to relax. Please don't stress yourself out on such trivial matters. I'll check him out."

As Carlos Huo's eldest child, Evelyn had been born into a powerful and wealthy family and had grown up under ultra-protection, which had eventually shaped her sensitivity to security. Even on a trip, she couldn't put her guard down.

She didn't respond to Tayson's concern, and elegantly took a bite of the Red Hot Candy Apple.

A little candy was left on her lips after she took the bite. Sheffield noticed it and handed her a tissue from his pocket. "You got candy on your lips," he said, pointing to her mouth.

Despite the fact that Sheffield was very much interested in her, he didn't want to look too eager. After handing her the tissue, he smiled and said, "Have fun. Bye."

He was vigorous. And there was a tinge of mischief in his smile. For a moment, Evelyn was charmed.

He really did leave and she didn't see him again until after she returned to the guesthouse.

When they got back to her room, Tayson handed her a file. "Miss Huo, he wasn't lying. His name is Sheffield Tang. 26 years old. He is indeed the deputy director of the nephrology department of Y City First General Hospital. He graduated from an American medical school. And from what we have learnt so far, he isn't a dangerous individual. And he came here before us."

This trip was a last-minute decision; there was no way

ast pace of the city, she did get some peace in this place. That evening, she called her parents and she was evidently in a better mood than when she had started her trip.

Evelyn slept in the next morning. When she woke up, it was already past nine.

After breakfast, she decided to go to the nearest attraction—Elephant Valley.

The road became much narrower as it approached the scenic spot. Cars couldn't go any further. So, the visitors could only get there by taking the sightseeing car.

When Evelyn reached the pick-up area, a huge group was already gathered there, and none of them had the sense to line up as they waited impatiently.

When a sightseeing car finally arrived, the crowd swarmed in and scrambled to get in.

The operator had to raise his voice to try and keep order. But no one cared. No one listened to him.

Evelyn frowned at the crazy scene. "Miss Huo, I can charter a car for you," Tayson said to her.

"Okay," she agreed.

No sooner had Tayson left than Sheffield showed up. Evelyn didn't see where he had come from; he had popped out of nowhere. He was wearing a casual pink jacket.

As he approached her, she could smell the mint scent on him. "Are you going to Elephant Valley?" he asked.

Evelyn met his amorous eyes and nodded.

"I have arranged a car to get there. Care to join me?"

"No, I—" She was about to turn him down, but he grabbed her hand. Startled, Evelyn's heart thumped.

His hand was big and warm, almost completely enveloping hers.

[Chapter 788 Runaways](#)

Sheffield leaned in towards her seductively. "Your sidekick has noticed me already. Followed everywhere by your bodyguards, aren't you? Isn't it annoying? Don't you want to be free; do whatever you want even if it is just for two days?"

It sounded tempting, and he had a point, but Evelyn had no choice. This was her life. She had been living like this since the day Carlos knew she was his daughter.

Sheffield didn't let go of her hand. "Your bodyguard is coming. Let's go! Run! I'll take you to the Elephant Valley."

Evelyn turned to look at Tayson. He was running towards them.

Subconsciously, she started running alongside Sheffield, her black curls billowing gracefully about her shoulders in the wind.

Sheffield turned to see if Tayson was catching up with them, but his gaze fell on Evelyn and he realized how beautiful she was at that moment. He couldn't take his eyes off her.

He was attracted to her the instant he had laid eyes on her. Earlier, he had the impression that she was a proud and distant beauty. But now, it was a different kind of beauty; she was unrestrained and moved with panache.

Whatever kind of beauty it was, Sheffield was dazzled.

They came to the sightseeing car he had chartered. He hopped in first and held out his right hand to her. Before getting in the car, Evelyn turned to Tayson, who was still running and was less than ten meters away from them. "Go back," she said to him.

Tayson stopped and watched Evelyn take Sheffield's hand and get into the sightseeing car.

As the car drove off, he wasn't sure if he should report it to Carlos. In the end, he decided to report it to Debbie. He took out his phone to call her. But then, he got a text message from Evelyn. "Don't tell my parents. I'll be back soon."

Tayson knew that they were heading for Elephant Valley. He could keep this from Carlos. He could also leave her be. But not today. He couldn't help worrying. The man she was w
ahead. She hadn't expected his chest to be so sturdy.

"Are you okay?" he asked tenderly, apparently worried.

She nodded. "Yeah. I'm fine."

The driver realized what had happened, and slowed down.

Sheffield wanted to give him a piece of his mind, but when the car slowed down, he decided to let it go.

Evelyn calmed down. He lifted her foot and put it on his lap. "I'll apply the mosquito repellent for you."

"I...I can do it myself."

She tried to pull her leg away, but Sheffield grabbed her ankle to stop her. "The road is narrow and the turns are sharp around this area. Sit tight. I'll do it."

Evelyn didn't object this time. She watched as he opened the bottle and applied some repellent on her shoe.

She couldn't help thinking, 'He is so careful. Is he as meticulous as this during a surgery?'

"Evelina," she said out of the blue.

"What?" Sheffield looked at her and continued to apply the repellent on her other shoe.

"My name is Evelina." Yes, she lied.

'I'm sorry, Sheffield.'

There were too many awful people in her life. They approached her with diverse purposes. In the end, they all belonged to the same kind—the ones who wanted to hurt her.

She had learned this the hard way. Kidnapping, threats, blackmail, murder. She had experienced them all.

[Chapter 789 Evelina](#)

Sheffield was always trying to get closer to her. Evelyn wasn't about to drop her guard.

"Evelina," Sheffield paused and muttered. "What a pretty name."

Then he started singing. "Like a lonely meteor traveling a light year, shooting across the vast, dark sky, in tireless pursuit... Who could change a heart committed for eternity? After the ups and downs, will you still love me..."

Evelyn listened as he sang. The look in her eyes, like the feelings in her heart, was complicated.

Sheffield was the first person to ever sing for her, other than her parents, of course.

He was also the first person who helped her apply bug spray. Although she had grown up surrounded by servants and bodyguards, Evelyn was always a do-it-herself kind of girl.

What she didn't know was that this was the first time Sheffield had ever sung for a girl he liked.

He had finished applying the spray, but he was still singing. He stopped singing and asked her with a smile, "You ever heard that one?"

Evelyn shook her head. She only listened to her mom's songs. She was somewhat sheltered.

Slowly, he released her foot. Then he lifted his own foot and put it on the seat in front of him to spray himself. "It's called Evelina. You like how I sing? I don't suck, huh?"

He looked at her expectantly.

Evelyn blushed a little under his gaze. She looked down and pretended to dust her pants. "Sort of. You're not as good as my mom."

In truth, Sheffield was a natural singer with an expressive voice and a handsome face.

But Evelyn wasn't going to tell him that.

"Your mom? What singers does she like?" Sheffield asked, still busy applying the repellent to himself.

Despite being flattered all the time, he could deal with a setback or two.

"Well, she likes Debbie Nian."

"Ooh! I know her! She was one of the best singers. That voice was amazing! But I heard her husband banned her from singing eventually."

she asked nervously.

He turned back and said, "I never knew my name was so musical." He loved it when she said his name.

"You didn't answer my question," she said.

"Where do you think? You're going to ride an elephant."

"Um...no, I'm not." She refused to go any farther.

"What are you afraid of? I'll be with you."

Evelyn felt embarrassed, but she refused to admit her fear. "I'm not afraid. I'm just not interested in riding elephants," she denied.

Sheffield coaxed her, "But I'm afraid. You look brave. I need you so I don't lose my nerve at the last minute."

Evelyn shook her head again. "I'll wait for you here."

Sheffield didn't give up. "Where did you come from?"

"The same as you," she replied. 'Why did he want to know?' she wondered.

'She's also from Y City?' He was excited by her answer. "We traveled around a thousand km to get here. Are you seriously going to tell me you're turning down a ride on the elephant? Wow...just...wow. Evelina, life's too short for regrets."

Evelyn found his words made sense. She agreed.

With the staff's help, she got on a ladder and silently climbed onto the elephant. As soon as she was seated, she looked back. She was glad to see that Sheffield had gotten on the same elephant and sat behind her.

[Chapter 790 Do You Have A Boyfriend](#)

Sheffield wrapped his arms around Evelyn's waist, and their bodies pressed against each other. "Evelina, have no fear. I'm right behind you."

Biting her lower lip nervously, Evelyn nodded.

"Miss, mister! Would you like for me to take a picture of you two together? Only twenty bucks for one," a man shouted to them, standing by the elephant and pointing to his camera.

"Sure. Take a few," Sheffield said with a grin.

"All right!" the cameraman said gladly.

"I don't like taking pictures," Evelyn muttered.

Never once in her whole life had her pictures been exposed to the press. Carlos was a protective father.

Evelyn thought that Sheffield would ask the cameraman to leave. But he didn't. "Rest your head in my chest. Then, nobody will see your face," he suggested.

She didn't reply, so he leaned forward and blocked her face. "You're here on a trip. You're supposed to relax and have fun. No matter what you were like in the past, nobody knows you here; you can be yourself and live the way you want. Even though it is only for a few days, you can be happy."

'Live the way I want... I want freedom,' Evelyn thought bitterly.

The cameraman didn't know what the two were talking about up there. But since Sheffield was blocking Evelyn's face, he couldn't take a satisfactory picture from any angle. After reshooting several times, he started yelling impatiently. "Dude! Don't block your girlfriend. If I can't get the picture right, what are you going to use as a memento of this moment?"

"I'm not his girlfriend!" Evelyn explained hastily.

But with the elephant being so tall and her voice so low, only Sheffield could hear her.

He burst out laughing and leaned back to reveal her face so that the cameraman could take the picture.

"Evelina, I don't have a girlfriend. If you want—"

"I don't want anything," she declared firmly.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" he queried. If she did, that would be a problem.

Evelyn didn't answer his question.

He took her silence for a yes.

He loosened his embrace around her waist and moved back to k

turn. Her father had told her that she could stay away from all the noise for however long she liked.

"I can keep you company while we're both here. Trust me, I will be a better companion than your zombie-faced bodyguard. I'll take you wherever you want to go. What do you say?" Maybe it was because of his experience of overcoming obstacles, or maybe he was just feeling sorry for her, Sheffield wanted her to be happy.

And he was confident that he could put a smile on her face.

'Zombie-faced?' she laughed on the inside. "I'm surrounded by zombie-faced people. That's probably why I'm depressed," she said, only half joking. Her father, her brother, Tayson, her ex-boyfriends. Every man who was close to her was the stern type. Her mother was an elegant woman. Evelyn was relaxed only when she was around Terilynn.

"That is exactly why you should spend more time with me. Laughter is the best medicine," he continued to convince her.

By now, they had made a full circuit and was back to where they had started. Sheffield helped Evelyn get off the elephant.

As soon as she climbed down, the man leading the elephant said to her, "Miss, the elephant likes you. Do you want to kiss him?"

'Kiss the elephant?' Evelyn looked at the huge animal in shock. She looked into its eyes and it seemed to her like the elephant was smiling at her.

'Should I?' She felt stumped.