

TMBA 881

[Chapter 881 You Have To Trust Me](#)

If Sheffield had known what Carlos had told Evelyn the previous night, he wouldn't have brought up the topic of money in front of her.

Evelyn wiped the tears off her cheeks and said in a calm voice, "I still have some money left. Why don't you take it?"

She didn't know why she said that to him. Did she really want to give him money? Or did she just want to test him?

Sheffield sighed. "Evelyn, you have to trust me," he said. "Even without performing surgeries or racing, I can still afford to do my research, and also support you. If you are curious about me, I don't mind having a face-to-face talk tonight, and we can..."

He began to flirt again. She interrupted him, "All right, I understand. Now, shut up! Go on with the surgery."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Evelyn placed her head on the office desk and felt her depression creeping up on her again.

When Calvert walked into her office, she was staring at a document in a daze. It was a subsequent document regarding the deal between ZL Group and the First General Hospital. Sheffield had signed his name on the contract on behalf of the hospital.

"Evelyn!" Calvert sat down in front of her and called her in a soft voice.

She raised her head from the document to look at him with a frown. "Why are you here?" He could now enter her office freely. Her father had granted him access.

Calvert took out two tickets from his suit pocket and placed them in front of her. "Tickets to the concert of the famous pianist, Jimmy Mi. It's on the day after tomorrow. Let's go together."

Evelyn was in no mood to go to a concert, especially with him. She refused indifferently, "Thank you, but I'm not interested."

"Not interested?" Calvert asked, feigning surprise. "I heard from Uncle Carlos that you had passed level nine of the National Piano Grading Test. Is it the concert that doesn't interest you, or is it me?"

Evelyn replied honestly, "I'm not interested in you or the concert."

He only smiled. "Evelyn, I like your upright and unyielding character. But, I know that you will come with me. Just keep the ticket for now." He looked at

quinted at his friend. "I haven't slept in two days. This better be worth my time."

Joshua pushed the man back into the apartment and closed the door. He looked him up and down and asked, "Did you hear the rumors on the Internet?"

"Rumor?"

"Yeah." Joshua nodded impatiently.

Sheffield sneered, "I already knew it yesterday. I don't need you to report everything to me."

"Dude, I'm talking about the latest gossip of this morning. I have bigger news for you. Where were you at seven o'clock last night?" Joshua asked in a mysterious tone.

"I was performing an operation. If you have something to say, just say it. Why are you beating around the bush?" Sheffield really wanted to kick the man out into the Pacific.

He hadn't left the operating table until a little over ten o'clock last night. After that, he had headed straight to the research lab and had stayed there until this morning.

"Did you know that Evelyn went on a date with Calvert?" Joshua asked. Thinking of the rumor on the Internet the day before, he added, "Not the date two days ago. This was last night."

'Last night?' "She didn't tell me anything about a date. And I didn't check my phone either," replied Sheffield as he scratched his messy short hair.

Only Carlos and Joshua knew about his relationship with Evelyn. Carlos wouldn't tell him anything about her, so Joshua was the only one to keep Sheffield informed.

[Chapter 882 Hacked!](#)

"Calvert and Evelyn went on a date. It's all over the tabloids. Photos of them leaving the office together, going on a date, and Calvert driving her home. They even interviewed Carlos. Do you know what he said?" Joshua told his friend in a grave tone.

Suddenly, Sheffield had a bad feeling about this. "What did he say?" he asked.

"Carlos said that Evelyn and Calvert were dating right now. They're getting engaged."

Sheffield fell speechless. He had just woke up. How could his woman be about to get engaged to another man after a scant few hours? How could he have lost her that fast?

However, Sheffield tried to brush it off. "He's trying to make me give up. I won't fall into Carlos' trap."

"Well, duh. But Evelyn's about to get engaged to another guy. Why are you acting so calm?" Joshua felt anxious for his friend.

He regretted turning Carlos down when he suggested Joshua get engaged to her. At least he might be able to let them see each other, if covertly. But now they had a problem. Calvert loved Evelyn with all his heart. There was no way he was letting her out of his sight.

After a moment's consideration, Sheffield said, "It doesn't matter. Evelyn loves me. This is so much fake news. We'll figure out a way through it. But enough about me. What about you? How's it going between you and Terilynn?"

Joshua didn't even know how to answer that. His friend was losing the love of his life, and he was asking about him? Sheffield didn't seem the least bit concerned. But when it came to Terilynn, Joshua was

happy. "Well, I kind of benefited from Calvert exposing the news that you were dating Evelyn. Terilynn thinks I'm a victim and feels bad for me. Ha-ha!"

Terilynn invited Joshua to dinner and explained in a roundabout way that her sister didn't mean to hurt his feelings. She tried her best to comfort the man. They were getting along pretty well, all things considered. They had a chemistry, an easy way about them. They were comfortable with each other.

Sheffield rolled his eyes and said, "A man and his son-in-law are natural enemies. Now we have the same enemy. With us against Carlos, he'll be the one on the ropes. Now get lost. I need my beauty sleep."

Joshua couldn't believe his ears. "How can you be so heartless? Evelyn is getting engaged to some other guy. How can you sleep at a time like this?"

"You don't get it."

"What?"

"I need more sleep. Carlos is not dumb, and with no sleep I won't be able to outwit or outfight him. Just leave me alone, okay?" Sheffield opened the door

re infected by some nasty virus. I know how to remove it. The clock is ticking. If you don't say yes within ten minutes, you'll lose much more than one point five billion," answered Star Anise.

In the Information Age, most important documents were stored electronically. Carlos was well aware of that and he knew Star Anise was not joking.

Suddenly, Carlos had a bad feeling. He asked, "Let me guess. The virus is your doing?"

"Hey, nothing gets past you, Mr. Huo. I can see why you're a CEO," Star Anise replied, and sent a smiling emoji which was so big that it covered Carlos' entire screen.

Carlos was enraged. "Think I'm a pushover?" Star Anise was so arrogant! He was not afraid to admit that he was the one who hacked the ZL Group's computers. And now he intended to blackmail Carlos into buying his internet security suite.

Star Anise sent another smiling emoji and answered, "You can only say yes. No one has beaten my virus. You see, I wrote it especially for you. It's got two payloads, making it doubly dangerous. First, my virus will overwrite the first megabyte of the hard drive with zeroes. The zeroes tell you what I think you are—a big, fat zero. You'll lose everything. You could use backups from the cloud, but I already took care of that. I just changed the password. The second payload will deploy shortly after the first. It attacks your BIOS, making you unable to start your computers at all. So when do you intend to pay me? I'd hurry. There are only eight minutes left, Mr. Huo."

Carlos' face soured at the hacker's words. He picked up his phone and called the IT department. "Get rid of this virus in five minutes. Otherwise, all of you will be fired!"

[Chapter 883 Change Tactics](#)

The IT director answered in a trembling voice, "Mr. Huo, we've never seen this sort of infection before. It changes every time it hops from one computer to the next. It moves code blocks out of the way,

inserts itself, regenerates code and data references, including relocation information, and rebuilds the executable. It's different every time, so established pattern definitions don't defend against it. What's more, we just can't keep up with it, since it replicates at an alarming rate..."

"Oh, is that so? Then you're all fired. Start looking for other jobs. We'll contract out for IT!" Carlos hung up the phone furiously.

Star Anise's message popped up on Carlos' computer screen again. "Mr. Huo, what's your decision?"

"One billion!" Carlos replied decisively.

"Deal." Star Anise added, "It's what I'd expected you'd offer anyway. So I was prepared to accept it. Perfect!"

Carlos' face completely darkened. If he could find out who the hacker was, he would skin him alive to vent his anger!

Carlos had thought he could track down who Star Anise was by investigating the bank account, but Dixon told him it was a dummy account. It had been shut down as soon as the hacker received the money.

He did leave them a group of numbers, which also couldn't be traced. It was for tech support and service.

Carlos wondered if he'd been tricked, but all the computers returned to normal. There was no sign of the virus that had infected them. Not only that, cloud backups were operating normally.

Successfully going through the employee recognition system at the ZL Group's parking lot, Sheffield drove inside and parked his car at a particular spot. Then, he went straight to the floor where Evelyn's office was.

This time, besides Nadia, there were two more people working as secretaries. Nadia was the first one to spot Sheffield. She stood up and greeted him. "Good morning, Mr. Tang."

"Hello! Your boss in? I have something for her." Sheffield shook the paper bag in his hand. "I know I normally let you have first dibs, but this is Evelyn's favorite food."

Nadia smiled. "Thanks, Mr. Tang. But, our CEO is busy right now..." She forgot to explain the CEO inside the office wasn't the one he wanted to see.

"Don't worry. I won't disturb your boss. I just came here to give her something and I'll leave. Don't been around, Sheffield wouldn't mind being punched by Carlos to get her sympathy. Now that his woman wasn't there, no one would feel sorry for him. And Carlos wouldn't agree to let him be with Evelyn just because he had beaten the guy. Sheffield didn't want to be pounded on for nothing. So, he ran even faster to put more distance between them.

When Evelyn came back, she bumped into Sheffield who had just jumped into the elevator. Before she could speak, she saw Carlos chasing after him.

In shock, she called out, "Dad! What are you doing?"

His daughter's shouts pulled Carlos back to his senses. He rested his hands on his knees, panting as he watched the elevator doors slowly close.

From inside the elevator, Sheffield cocked an eyebrow at Carlos and said in a loud voice, "Bye, Evelyn!"

Carlos straightened his clothes and snorted at his daughter. Pointing at the closed elevator, he asked angrily, "How did he get in here?"

"Well, I... I gave him a pass." Actually, Evelyn didn't know how Sheffield managed to get through security and come up here.

Carlos took out his phone and dialed Dixon's number. "Print out a photo of Sheffield Tang and send it to the security department. If he gets in the building, rough him up and throw him out!"

"Yes, Mr. Huo," replied Dixon.

Evelyn didn't know what to say.

In Evelyn's office, Carlos checked the smart lock. It didn't work anymore.

When she saw a paper bag on her desk, Evelyn didn't dare open it around Carlos. "Dad, what happened?" she asked. "Why were you chasing him?"

[Chapter 884 Very Childish](#)

"You see what kind of man you're hanging out with? Why is he so rude?" Carlos cast a burning glance at his daughter and added, "Humph. He broke a smart lock worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in just a few minutes. Seems like the brat has some clever tricks. Next time I see him, I'll charge him ten times that!"

Carlos then told Nadia to order a new one.

Looking at the broken smart lock, Evelyn said helplessly, "Since when did you care about the cost of a lock so much?"

Sheffield was running out of capital for his drug research project. Ten times the price of the lock would be a few million. She didn't think he could afford that.

"I won't allow him to take one more cent of my money. If he can't afford it, I'll go to First General Hospital to collect the debt and let the doctors and the patients know that he is not a good man!"

"Dad... Don't you think your behavior is..." Under Carlos' withering gaze, Evelyn cleared her throat and changed her words. "You're acting like a kid throwing a tantrum!"

She sighed inwardly. Her father had never been able to stay calm when it came to Sheffield. Maybe because Sheffield was so good at ticking people off, or maybe Carlos was getting old and becoming more and more childish.

Carlos had never encountered such a rude, cocksure man. Even though he already spread the news that Evelyn was going to get engaged to Calvert, it still didn't stop Sheffield. He just wouldn't stop bugging her.

Thinking of this, he glanced at his daughter's desk. There was a light brown paper bag that Sheffield left there.

He walked toward the desk. But before he could reach it, Evelyn quickly grabbed the paper bag and tucked it in the drawer. "Was there a reason you came by?"

Carlos looked at her coldly. "I'm serious about you marrying Calvert. Make sure you're ready." Finally, he reached out his hand and demanded, "Give me that bag."

"What?" Evelyn played dumb.

Carlos stubbornly walked around the desk, whipped open the drawer, and grabbed the paper bag. "I'll take that!"

"Dad!" Evelyn stood up and called out to him.

Carlos didn't stop or even turn his head.

"That's mine. Give it back."

Emotionless, Carlo

ianist, was performing. He almost never came to the city. The tickets were sold out. Most of the guests were from the upper crust.

At about a quarter after six o'clock in the evening, Sheffield arrived at the gate of the concert hall. He called Evelyn, but she wasn't answering.

At half past six, he was about to head to ZL Group to find Evelyn when his phone rang. "Where are you? Are you off work yet?"

Not knowing why he suddenly asked this question, Evelyn answered honestly, "I'm outside."

"Are you still busy?" Sheffield talked on the phone as he watched the throngs making their way to the concert hall. He turned around and happened to see a familiar figure.

A woman in white fashionable dress, holding her phone to her ear, emerged from a car. The man in front of her was Calvert in a black suit jacket. All eyes were drawn to the striking couple.

"Yeah, I have something to do." Evelyn didn't want to let Sheffield know that she had gone to a concert with Calvert.

Sheffield stared at the woman who got out of the car with the man's help, and asked, "Then what about me?"

"What do you mean?" Evelyn was confused.

And so was Sheffield. 'What does Evelyn mean to do this? Why didn't she tell me she didn't want to go to the concert with me? Why is she playing dumb now?' he wondered.

Calvert held her hand and put it on his arm.

Evelyn wanted to pull it back, but with so many people around, she didn't say anything more.

[Chapter 885 The Piano And The Proposal](#)

"Hello? Sheffield, are you still there?" Evelyn asked softly when Sheffield didn't answer.

He came back to his senses and took a deep breath before replying, "It doesn't matter, Evelyn. Just go ahead with your own business." Without waiting for her answer, he hung up.

Evelyn stared blankly at her phone. 'What's wrong with him? He is being really weird, ' she wondered with a frown.

It was ten minutes to seven o'clock, and three-fourths of the hall was filled with audience. Behind the music hall, Sheffield leaned against the wall and continued to smoke his cigarettes, one after the other.

When he was done with the last one, he took a few puffs and stubbed it out before striding into the hall.

His seat was in the middle of the third row. The seats around him were filled, except the two in the middle.

He fixed his eyes on the first row. In the dead-center of the first row was a woman in a beautiful white dress, along with a man in a black tux.

There were several reporters not too far away from Calvert and Evelyn. The two of them were continuously being photographed.

The concert began at seven o'clock sharp. Jimmy, the piano maestro, stepped onto the stage and the hall fell silent at once.

Evelyn's heart was not in the music. She couldn't help but reach for her phone. Sheffield had sounded rather weird when they had spoken earlier. She wanted to text him to check what was going on.

"Evelyn, what's wrong?" Calvert leaned closer and whispered in her ear.

They were so close that from where Sheffield sat, it looked like they were having an intimate moment. His heart stung.

Evelyn put her phone away. She distanced herself from Calvert and said coldly, "Nothing."

"Mm-hmm."

After his performance, Jimmy announced, "We have a special program for you, while I take a small break. Enjoy the show, ladies and gentleman!"

Evelyn was lost in her own thoughts when Calvert stood up from his seat. Under everyone's confused gaze, he walked onto the stage and shook hands with Jimmy. After sharing a few words with him, the pianist walked off the stage and Calver

way from the man in front of the piano. Calvert stood up from the floor and looked at Sheffield with a murderous aura.

But Sheffield didn't seem to notice. He slowly glided his fingers along the piano keys.

Many professionals and enthusiasts in the audience knew at once which piece he was playing as soon as he began the first note.

"Grande Valse Brillante! I can't believe my ears. He is very talented!"

"Wow. Such a beautiful tone, and he's so handsome as well!"

"Is this for real? His fingers are so agile."

The audience, including Evelyn, was shocked. She stood still and stared at the piano, as she watched Sheffield's fingers dance on the keys. There was a casual, charming smile on his face. He was playing with great ease.

The melody was like the sounds of nature, flowing with the clouds and echoing through their bodies.

When the performance was over, no one spoke. Before anyone could react, Sheffield stood and walked up to Evelyn.

He had a cynical smile on his face.

Sheffield grabbed the microphone from Calvert's hand forcefully, and said to Evelyn in a casual, lazy voice, "Playing the piano for a proposal? I can do that too. It's really not a big deal. Evelyn, I love you. His aquamarine means nothing. It's just an experimental achievement. But I'm different. Although I don't come from a rich family like him, I have the heart and the grit to support you."

[Chapter 886 I Dont Need Him](#)

Blushing, Evelyn wanted to say something, but Sheffield interrupted her. With his intent gaze focused on her, Sheffield continued, "He's a zero, not a hero. He can't even play a level nine etude. Stick with me and I'll play you a level ten piece every day. Chopin, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Jimmy...pick your poison and I'll play it for you."

"Sheffield!" Evelyn called out in a hushed voice. "Hey, cut it out..."

Sheffield was too bold. There were thousands of people watching them. He wasn't shy because of the attention. On the contrary, it fired him up.

"I'm not messing around. Evelyn, if you don't believe me, you can ask Jimmy, that old guy, if I can play his compositions."

'That old guy?' The audience in the concert hall burst into an uproar when they heard how Sheffield addressed the well-known pianist. They were laughing—mostly.

Finally, Jimmy took the chance to walk onstage. He strode over and rapped his knuckles against Sheffield's head. "Brat! Come to ruin my concert again?"

Not only Evelyn, but everyone else stood there, mouths agape.

Everyone was whispering to one another. "Who is that guy?" "Why is he trying to ruin Maestro Jimmy's performance?" "Do they know each other?"

As the scene unfolded in front of him, Calvert's face darkened. 'Obviously, that asshole knows Jimmy pretty well, ' he thought.

Sheffield massaged his head as he pleaded, "I'm sorry, master. Please, give me one more minute. I just want to ask my girlfriend to marry me."

Before Jimmy could say anything, Sheffield had already reached out to Evelyn and said, "Evelyn, I want to marry you. But I haven't had a chance to get rings yet. Can you say yes first? I'll buy the rings later, I swear."

Evelyn was a little worried. "What are you doing? My dad..." she reminded Sheffield in a low voice.

"Evelyn, I mean it," he said sincerely, smiling.

The young CEO was embarrassed. But, the audience didn't mind. They just sat back and enjoyed the show.

Just then, another person broke from the throng. She lifted the hemline of her dress as she walked onstage. "Sheffield."

Dollie walked towards them with deliberate steps. Seeing her, Sheffield frowned slightly.

"How much you'll need to finish your project. It's several billion dollars..."

"So what?"

Evelyn turned a corner and disappeared from Sheffield's sight. Dollie threw a glance at Sheffield, who was still talking to the young man, and decided to catch up with Evelyn.

When there were only the two of them left, Sheffield stopped smiling and scoffed, "So, tell me: why me? Do I know him? Does he know me?"

The person was not annoyed by his words. When he remembered what his boss told him, he didn't try to persuade Sheffield any further. "You have a bright future ahead of you, Mr. Tang, if you don't screw things up..."

"It's none of his business. Let me say it one last time, butt out! I don't want any help!" After saying that, he stalked off to join the others, leaving that young man there alone.

Just as they got to the car, Dollie stopped Evelyn. "Miss Huo, I have something to tell you." She didn't wait for Sheffield because she had been waiting for a chance to talk to Evelyn alone. Without Sheffield around.

Evelyn turned to look at her and replied indifferently, "I don't think we have anything to talk about."

Calvert opened the car door and was waiting for her to get in.

Looking at the arrogant Evelyn, Dollie didn't get angry. Instead, she put her hand on her own belly and asked happily, "Miss Huo, did you know I'm pregnant?"

Evelyn glanced at her flat belly and asked calmly, "Okay, and? Where are you going with this?"

[Chapter 887 Dollies Choice](#)

"It's Sheffield's kid," Dollie said with a smug smile while paying attention to what was happening behind her.

It was rare for Evelyn to smile around her. She approached Dollie in high heels. Dollie took a step back warily, covering her belly. "What do you want?" she asked.

"What do I want?" Despite Dollie's reluctance, Evelyn took another step forward and reached out her hand to touch her belly. "Why not share your good luck with me? That way he can get me pregnant too. Miss Xiang, if Sheffield knocks me up, who do you think he will marry: me or you?"

It never occurred to Dollie Evelyn would react like this. She had thought Evelyn would fly into a rage and dump Sheffield. "Sounds like you don't mind me having his baby," she said in a shrill voice. She glanced at Calvert and added, "Or are you two-timing Sheffield, Miss Huo?"

Calvert was on a phone call with his father, Langston, so he didn't pay much attention to what the two women were talking about.

Brushing off her words, Evelyn fired back, "Now that you're pregnant, you'd better stay home and not go out so much. You wouldn't want to miscarry. Think Sheffield will care if you lose the baby? I don't think so. Take care of yourself, Dollie. If it's a boy, you might be rich the rest of your life."

Evelyn's tone made Dollie very angry. Not only was she insinuating Dollie was a mistress, but also implied that the only reason Sheffield was around was the baby in her belly. This drove Dollie crazy.

Dollie balled her hands into fists, blazing with jealousy. Her face contorted. She'd known for a while how much Sheffield loved Evelyn. It was impossible for him to give up on Evelyn, so she was trying to trick the CEO into dumping him. "Miss Huo, you really don't mind Sheffield being a manslut? I find that hard to believe!" Dollie spat.

"Men always fool around before they get married, and they pick up a lot of mistresses along the way. After all, he has a pretty face. But has he ever picked just one girl? Or did

ts? Who told you he could do that?"

The fact that he addressed her father by his full name really shocked Dollie. He had never called Sidell by his name. She didn't know this guy anymore.

Her gut clenched when she saw his expression. "Sheffield, I... I'll apologize to Evelyn."

"Too little, too late! Get lost!" Sheffield snorted. He grabbed Evelyn's wrist and was about to escort her to his car.

But when they turned around, they saw a black Emperor parked nearby. The back window was half-open. There was a man inside.

When Evelyn saw the car, her heart skipped a beat. It was Carlos' car! She wrenched her hand free and told Sheffield in a low voice, "Go. He might not see you."

At the same time, Calvert caught up to them. He hadn't seen Carlos' car yet. Phone in hand, he came up to Evelyn and said softly, "Let me drive you home."

Evelyn wanted to turn him down, but she knew Carlos was watching her. She nodded and said, "Okay."

But before she could do anything, Sheffield grabbed her hand and said resignedly, "Baby, I'm not afraid of your dad. Really!"

'But I am. When he gets mad, he will do something really messed up!' Evelyn bit her lower lip and freed her hand. "I'll be okay. Just go!" When she saw Carlos, she was scared to death. If Carlos hurt him again...well, she didn't know what she'd do.

[Chapter 888 A Very Good Impression](#)

When Evelyn was about to get into the car with Calvert, Sheffield came over to the black Emperor and knocked on the car window. "Mr. Huo, can we talk?" he asked in a relaxed tone.

"You messed up my son-in-law's big moment, when he was going to propose to my daughter. What makes you think I want to talk to you?"

Leaning against the car door, Sheffield threw a glance at Evelyn, who waited outside Calvert's car. She seemed to be worried about him and her father getting into a fight again. Sheffield then said with a smile, "Mr. Huo, let's get to the point. I love your daughter. And I will for my whole life. You can do anything you want, but you can't take my life."

"Think you can bargain with me? I guess I need to be meaner to you, so you'll get the point," Carlos snorted.

Sheffield raised his brows at the woman wearing a worried face. "My life belongs to your daughter. You can't take it away. I don't get it, Mr. Huo. Why do you not want us to be together? She'll have one more guy to love her and protect her. Isn't that a good thing for your daughter? Why are you so against a guy caring for your daughter?"

Carlos sneered, "There are lots of people who care about Evelyn. Don't you get it? I hate you. Sheffield Tang, stay away from my daughter from now on, or I'll ruin your future. There are things worse than death."

Head resting in his hand, elbow on the car door, Sheffield said, "Well, ruin my future if you want. But you know I'm a doctor, right? You ruin me, then you put thousands of families that need my skills in danger. They need me to save their lives. You can't be that mean, can you, Mr. Huo?"

"Wrong. Thousands or millions. I'd sacrifice all of them, if it meant you couldn't hurt my daughter anymore."

'I hurt Evelyn?' With a mischievous smile, he drew his face closer to the car window and said, "Mr. Huo, how could I hurt her? I love her too much to do that. To be honest, she hurt me... Scratch that—you're the one who keeps hurting me! Evelyn wouldn't hurt me."

The concert was over and people started to walk out of the concert hall.

Evelyn noticed the confused gazes from the crowd and had to get in Calvert's car. She didn't want to, but she didn't want the attention, either.

As soon as Calvert drove away, Carlos played his card

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.

and turn it down.

"I've heard that there's a new French dessert shop on Media Road and business is booming. I'll pick up one of their desserts for you next time I come. Thanks for your hard work, Miss Hua. I'm going in now!"

"Wait... Mr. Tang..." Nadia watched the man slip into Evelyn's office as fast as a rabbit, and then took a look at the food he left. She couldn't help but sigh resignedly.

'Miss Huo and Mr. Tang have a special relationship. I think I'll leave them alone,' she mused.

'I'll take off work after chowing down on this. If Mr. Huo asks about it, I can pretend to know nothing about it.'

At the thought of this, Nadia opened the paper bag and then the boxes. The food inside made her mutter in surprise, "Wow! It looks delicious! The packaging is pretty high-end. He must have spent a fortune on this. I know we're supposed to kick him out, but he's a really great guy!" Clean-shaven, handsome, generous, and friendly. Nadia didn't see anything to object to there. He'd made a very good impression on her.

When he pushed open the door to Evelyn's office, Sheffield saw the woman staring anxiously at her laptop. Hearing the noise, she looked towards the door and said, "Hold on. Ugh! This is so frustrating!"

After putting the other paper bag on her desk, he leaned forward and asked, "What's wrong? Eve?"

Evelyn rubbed her aching temples. "Nothing. Something's wrong with my laptop."

She looked as if she had been through a lot. "Anything I can do to help?" asked Sheffield directly.

[Chapter 889 You're Just Too Shy](#)

Without even raising her head, Evelyn refused Sheffield bluntly. "Get real. You're a doctor, so that would be great if I were sick. This is a computer, a completely different thing. Quit bugging me and chill for a bit."

After staring at the busy woman for a long time, Sheffield said, "Don't count me out yet. Maybe I am a doctor, but I know a fair bit about computers, too."

Evelyn didn't have the time or mood to bicker with him. She called the IT department and said, "Look. I can't get to my control panel, and I get an 'access denied' error when I try to open my browser. All my icons keep changing. When are you going to fix this? You don't know? Call Mr. Huo and ask him for the

security suite's tech support number. Just call him. Star Anise? I don't understand what you're talking about. Just get ahold of him and ask him to repair my Internet as soon as possible! There are important things on my computer. Just handle it!"

After hanging up, Evelyn looked at Sheffield, who was unwrapping the desserts for her. Somehow, she felt annoyed and said in a harsh voice, "I'm not hungry. I don't think you get how stressed out I am. The documents are pretty important."

Sheffield gave her a soothing smile and tried to coax her. "Did you forget what I said? A few sweets will turn that frown upside down. You can't do anything but wait, so grab a bite."

The screen of her laptop kept changing. Each time it refreshed, the icons were re-arranged, and even the names were misspelled. Evelyn got more and more annoyed. "I said no, Sheffield Tang. I'm not in the mood to eat! Find something to do. Play on your phone, sleep, anything! Leave me alone, or go away!" she spat impatiently.

He lowered his head and said in a soft voice, "Okay. I have some work to finish up in the research lab. The food's here if you get hungry. Don't forget the milk—it's still warm. It's cold outside. You should bundle up—"

"Cut it out. If you're going, just go," she interrupted him. Her head was about to explode. If she couldn't get to her data, the loss would be unpredictable.

As usual, the smile on Sheffield's face didn't fade away though his heart stung at her words. "Yes ma'am! I'm outies."

He turned and walked to the door. Looking at his back, Evelyn felt guilty all of a sudden. She stood up and said, "Sheffield..."

He stopped, but he didn't turn around, waiting fo

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.

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He took her hand and pulled her into his bedroom. "And it's your kid? Is she telling the truth?" she asked in reply.

Strictly speaking, this was the first time she had been in Sheffield's bedroom.

The decoration was modern. The room was mainly decorated black and gray. There were a lot of cabinets. And most of the things inside were not ordinary.

Evelyn took a closer look at the things in the cabinets. There was a cabinet of racer models. Next to it was a cabinet of various kinds of trophies—racing trophies, piano trophies, paper awards, certificates of honor, and so on.

He pressed her against a cabinet, his body against hers. His warm breath sprayed on her face. "Do you believe her or me?" he asked in a sexy voice.

"I trust you, of course." Evelyn never completely trusted Dollie. Actually, she asked him this question for two reasons. One was that she had found an excuse to come to his apartment, and the other was that it would be better if Sheffield told her personally that he was done with Dollie.

However, to her disappointment, Sheffield was not a man to play by the rules. "Evelyn, I know you love me. You even come and sleep with me when you have time." Then he kissed her on her red lips.

'What? He hasn't answered my question yet!

Why didn't he answer me? Is he feeling guilty?' she thought to herself.

More than ten minutes later, beads of sweat began to form on the forehead of Sheffield as he was advancing on top of her. He discontentedly looked at the woman under him and said, "Doesn't look like you're into it. Something wrong?"

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All Evelyn could wonder at that moment was whether Sheffield was feeling guilty or not. How could she focus on what they were doing while her head was not in the game? She snorted and said in a low whisper, "Because you didn't answer my question." Her voice was soft and sweet, with a hint of coquetry.

Sheffield chuckled and nibbled on her earlobe. Her chest rose and fell slowly. His evil voice rang beside her ear. "You may continue to put your mind elsewhere, but don't beg me later..."

Evelyn's breath hitched. 'Would I end up begging him?' Every time they had sex, he wouldn't let her sleep until she begged him to. She could hardly keep pace with him.

The next morning, Sheffield got up before Evelyn.

He'd had enough exercise last night. So, he decided to skip his usual morning jog. He ran out to buy breakfast and came back to the apartment soon.

Knowing that Evelyn wouldn't be waking up for a while, he put her breakfast in the microwave. He also got fresh clothes for her, including new underwear. He placed them neatly at the edge of the bed.

Sheffield went the extra mile and placed all the skin care products he had bought in advance in front of the bathroom mirror for her to use.

After doing all this in complete silence, he planted a gentle kiss on Evelyn's forehead and left a note on the table for her before leaving the apartment.

As soon as he got into his car, Sheffield made a call to Dollie.

It was only past seven in the morning. Dollie was still fast asleep. Jarred awake by the continuous ring, she felt annoyed. But when she saw the caller ID, she quickly picked the call. "Good morning, Sheffield!"

"Good morning. Come see me in the hospital later."

"Why?" Dollie was confused.

"I have something to tell you. Come straight to my office when you get here," he said.

His ambiguous words misled her. She thought that Sheffield missed her or had forgiven her. "Okay! I'll get there soon. Wait for me," she said cheerfully.

After hanging up, Sheffield smirked. Then, he stepped
glance, Sheffield headed to the room.

But Dollie called out to stop him. "Sheffield!"

He stopped and tilted his head to look at her sideways.

"Have you ever loved me? At least for a moment?" Dollie asked bitterly as she looked at the man's profile.

Sheffield looked her in the eye and replied bluntly, "No."

She gasped and then yelled, "Then, why did you approach me?"

"Think carefully, Dollie. Who approached who?" Without waiting for her reply, he pushed the door open and walked into the ultrasound room.

Leaning weakly against the wall of the corridor, Dollie thought of the first time she had met Sheffield. She could never forget that day.

She had met him for the first time in front of her home. The man drove his white convertible into their mansion and she was impressed by his driving skills and style. After a perfect drift in their parking lot, he got out of the car.

He was wearing sunglasses and had on a sky-blue casual shirt. The first three buttons of his shirt were left unbuttoned, vaguely revealing his sturdy chest.

Standing by the car door, he took off his sunglasses and locked eyes with her. A smile crept across his face as he asked, "Hello, beautiful! Is this the residence of Mr. Xiang?"

She was immediately attracted towards his playful, charming smile. Dollie was completely smitten at first sight.