

TMBA 921

[Chapter 921 Do You Have A Death Wish](#)

Evelyn snapped out of her thoughts, depressed as she remembered the past. She scratched her long hair, annoyed and restless.

Her phone buzzed at that moment. It was a message from Sheffield. "Sorry, Eve. I didn't have my phone on me. I was in the lab. Are you okay now? Forget the past. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. It doesn't matter. But promise me that you'll never see that guy alone again."

She bit her lower lip and fretfully bent over the desk. Finally, she texted him back. "I want to see you, Sheffield."

"I'm coming!"

In an instant, Sheffield put away his phone, changed his clothes and walked out of the lab.

Around ten minutes later, he reached the entrance of ZL Group. One look at the heavy security and he knew that he couldn't just talk his way in. He took out his laptop and hacked into the face recognition system of the company.

After successfully registering his face, he turned off the laptop, put on his sunglasses and got out of the car.

As he walked to the entrance of the company, he deliberately lowered his head and pretended to play with his phone. Then, as low-key as he could, he stood in front of the face recognition scanner.

"Clear!"

the robotic sound from the scanner confirmed. The two security guards at the door, who were staring at Sheffield for a moment, looked away.

Sheffield flashed a smug smile as he smoothly walked past the security.

However, the very next second, the smile froze on his face. A group of people were coming in his direction and he broke out into a cold sweat. He thought to himself, 'Lady Luck has obviously turned her back against me! Of all the people in the world, I had to run into the one person who hates me the most right now!' Carlos was leaving the company with some men.

Sheffield was quick to react and immediately headed in another direction.

But it was too late. Even though he was wearing sunglasses, Carlos still recognized him.

Carlos' face darkened. He walked towards the doctor in quick strides. When he heard the footsteps behind him, Sheffield quickened his pace too.

The three assistants with Carlos exchanged confused looks, but followed their boss nevertheless.

The footsteps behind him became clearer and clearer. Sheffield muttered, "Oh crap!" He picked up his pace again.

"Stop! Which department

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in his apartment.

"Dad." Evelyn couldn't stand it anymore and got up from her chair.

Carlos raised his eyebrows and gestured for her to sit down. "I have taught you many times to be calm in any situation, no matter what happens. He's only been here for a few minutes. What's the rush?"

Evelyn didn't know what to do or say.

Sheffield winked at her and mouthed the words, "Don't worry."

Evelyn believed that Sheffield was a brilliant man. It was just that common people wouldn't be able to decode the lock.

After observing it for a while, Sheffield asked Carlos, "Mr. Huo, may I use Evelyn's laptop?"

Carlos had no idea what he was planning to do. "There are a lot of important documents on her laptop. No one is allowed to use it." That meant Sheffield couldn't touch it.

"Dad, he can use my desktop computer..." Evelyn cut in. Although there were some documents on her desktop computer, they were not as important as those on her laptop.

Carlos frowned at his daughter's meddling, but Sheffield dashed towards her computer and blew her a kiss.

Evelyn stepped aside and reminded him in a low voice, "Don't push yourself too much. We can find another way to get you out of here."

Sheffield sat down in her chair. Instead of replying to her concern, he patted her chair and said, "Your chair is really comfortable. I should get one of these for my home."

Carlos sneered, "You are not rich enough to afford that chair." He wanted to seize every chance to mock Sheffield, just in case the doctor turned the tables some day in the future.

### [Chapter 922 Thats Mr. Huo For you!](#)

Sheffield was indeed in dire need of money because of his research and development. Carlos knew this.

Even though he was being laughed at, Sheffield kept his temper. "It is true that I can't afford to buy this chair now, but I'm looking forward to the day I will be rich enough to buy the manufacturer of this chair," he said calmly.

"I'm looking forward to it too," Carlos snorted.

Silence befell the office again. Leaning against the windowsill, Evelyn watched Sheffield as he typed something on her laptop really fast.

Carlos frowned when he saw how fast Sheffield was. 'Could he be...?'

Three more minutes passed and Carlos stood up from the couch. "I don't have time to waste on you. If you can't unlock the door within the next two minutes, I'll open it myself. The security will escort you out of the building and our lives." 'Good riddance, ' Carlos thought to himself.

Sheffield didn't reply. His eyes were fixed on the codes that were continuously changing on the screen.

Carlos became even more curious as to what he was doing, so he paced towards the desk.

But before he could catch a glimpse of the screen, Sheffield pressed the Enter key and said, "Done!"

He memorized the six digits and closed the pop-up window. "Mr. Huo, don't blink," he said with a naughty grin.

Carlos remained expressionless and watched him walk to the password lock on the door. Sheffield mumbled as he tapped in the numbers, "5-8-9-7-3-2."

Beep! The high-tech smart lock was now deactivated.

All three people in the room had different looks on their faces. Sheffield had a devil-may-care smile; Evelyn was surprised and also excited. Carlos was on the verge of erupting as he fisted his palms.

When the two men made eye contact, the smug look in Sheffield's eyes seemed to be saying, "Gotcha, Mr. Huo! I'm better than you thought I was, aren't I?"

Evelyn trotted over to Carlos and grabbed his sleeve nervously. "Dad, you cannot go back on your words now."

Carlos was already fuming with rage. And his daughter had been siding with Sheffield all this while, which made him even angrier.

Rubbing his hands together, Sheffield asked in a mischievous tone, "So, Mr. Huo, may I have the honor of hanging out with your daughter today? Tomorrow is her birthday. I haven't had the time to buy

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Carlos placed his left hand on his waist and pinched his forehead with the other. He was misled when he saw how fast the man had worked on the desktop earlier. For a moment, he had mistaken Sheffield for Star Anise.

He closed his eyes and pointed to the door. "Go! Leave now!"

Sheffield's grin grew wider and he called to Evelyn, "Now or never. Go get your stuff! Time to have some fun!"

Evelyn's lips curled into a smile. "Take it easy. He is a man of his words."

"Who knows? I don't trust him," Sheffield said, rolling his eyes.

Evelyn sighed helplessly and went to get her things.

As she walked to the door with Sheffield, she turned around and looked at the old man standing in front of the window. She said in a grateful voice, "Dad, thank you. We are leaving now."

Carlos didn't respond.

Sheffield imitated her and said with a smirk, "Dad, thank you. We are leaving now."

Carlos turned around and looked at him coldly. "That's Mr. Huo for you!"

"Yes, Dad. It's a fine surname. Maybe I could take it."

"Fuck off! I don't need a son like you!"

"That doesn't matter. You will have a son like me sooner or later." Before Carlos could kick him out, he grabbed Evelyn's hand and dragged her towards the office door.

There were several rows of security guards outside the door.

Evelyn let go of Sheffield's hand and collected herself. Returning to her usual emotionless self, she said indifferently, "Thank you for all your hard work. You may leave now."

"Yes, Miss Huo." The guards left in line.

### [Chapter 923 Lollipops And Sex](#)

With both hands in his pockets, Sheffield leaned against the door and watched as the guards scrambled away obediently. "They have a lot of respect for you. You are really cool, Ms. CEO."

Evelyn turned to look at him and asked in a low voice, "Are you coming or not?" If they didn't leave soon, her father might really change his mind and chase after Sheffield again.

"Yes, Of course! Let's go! We're gonna have so much fun, my little girl."

Evelyn rolled her eyes. "I'm older than you."

"Doesn't matter. I'm your boyfriend." He leaned closer to her body shamelessly.

They were about to reach the Secretary Division and Evelyn pushed him away. "Watch your manners. This is my office," she scolded.

Sheffield moved away at once. "Yes, ma'am!" He put on his sunglasses and pulled back the hood of his coat. Almost no one recognized him now.

"Why do you want to take me shopping suddenly?" she asked, getting into his car.

"Like I said earlier to your father—to buy you a lollipop," he replied with a smile as he fastened the safety belt for her.

"Can you be serious for a moment?" She rolled her eyes again.

"I am serious. I'm really taking you to the supermarket to buy a lollipop." He had a wronged expression on his face, like he was offended that she didn't think the lollipop was important enough.

Evelyn said resignedly, "Fine. Since I am already here with you, take me wherever. It's up to you now."

"For real?"

"Yes."

"Then, let's go to your place, and we—"

"Except that!"

"Fine, let's do it in the car—"

"No!"

"How about a hotel?"

"Sheffield!" She was annoyed. "Knock it off!"

He sighed, feeling defeated. "All right. Let's go and get you a lollipop."

To her surprise, he really did take her to a supermarket.

He grabbed a lollipop from the candy shelf and asked her, "Which flavor? Strawberry? Coconut? Do you like blueberry? What about mango?"

Evelyn looked at the candy aisle and then at the two kids near her. "I don't want any of them."

"No, you must get one. You'll love it, trust me."

"Eating candies will destroy my teeth!" she argued.

"One lollipop won't damage your teet

out laughing. He was amused by her serious tone. 'She is so darn cute! This woman would be the death of me!' "Rest assured, Evelyn. No matter how many desserts you eat, you won't get fat as long as you are with me."

"And why is that?"

"Because I know how to make you lose all those extra calories, honey. Why don't you move in with me and find out all about the exercise schedule I have planned for you?" he asked with a confident smirk on his face.

Evelyn turned beetroot red. 'He is talking about sex again! Is that the only thing on his mind? Geez!'

"Sheffield!" she called, staring into his eyes.

"Yes?" Puzzled, he looked back into her eyes, trying to figure out if she was angry. As he was about to coax her, she said, "I'm allergic to mangoes." Saying so, she looked away from him.

Sheffield's smile vanished. He savored the lollipop in his mouth and confirmed that it was mango.

Evelyn was allergic to cats too. Since she said that she was allergic to mangoes, he didn't doubt her words.

He reached out to take the lollipop out of her mouth. "Spit it out!" he said anxiously. "I'm sorry, Evelyn. It's my fault. I'll take you to the hospital right away."

Evelyn gritted her teeth, unwilling to let him take the lollipop out. She stood there and watched him worry about her.

"Evelyn, be a good girl. Spit it out," he coaxed her gently as if he were talking to a child, but she refused to open her mouth.

#### [Chapter 924 You're A Bad Girl](#)

There was a smile in Evelyn's eyes. Then she felt like crying when she saw how worried he was. 'He must trust me a lot. Now I feel guilty.'

"Sheffield!"

"Yeah, honey?"

"I have a secret to tell you."

"Mmm...maybe later. Now spit that out. I'll never buy a lollipop again!" He pinched her cheeks with both hands, but Evelyn just wouldn't open her mouth. He couldn't force her, so he resigned himself to worrying. She was allergic after all. Would her face swell like a giant balloon?

Evelyn shook off his hands and said with a smile, "The secret is... I was just kidding!"

"Okay, I know. Be a good girl. Spit out the candy." 'How can she be so stupid? She knows she's allergic to mangoes and yet she's still sucking on it. Wait a minute! She turned me down and I still shoved it in her mouth. It's all my fault!' he thought.

Evelyn burst into laughter. "I'm not allergic to mangoes. I was just messing with you. Because you're always talking about sex." She felt a little guilty when she finished talking. Was it fair to make him worry like that?

It was then that he realized that he had been tricked by Evelyn. It turned out she was not stupid at all. He was the fool all along.

But anyway, he was relieved that she wasn't really allergic to mangoes. He complained helplessly, "You're a bad girl!"

Hearing that, Evelyn tilted her head and looked at him while biting the lollipop. "You know I learned from the best—you."

After hearing what she said, he could not help bursting into laughter. When he calmed down, he took her into his arms, their bodies close to each other. Then he said, "Since you're such a bad girl, I'll have to punish you!"

"Oh? And how will you do that?" Evelyn wasn't afraid of him at all!

A mysterious smile appeared on Sheffield's face. "You'll know in a minute!"

After they went to the underground parking garage, they found his car. When Evelyn was about to open the door, Sheffield stopped her. "Look, Evelyn! What's that on the back seat?" He didn't have his sports car. Today he drove the sedan. He opened the back door and waite

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Evelyn didn't expect him to say that. Her face reddened.

Joshua had walked in on her and Sheffield like this twice. It was so embarrassing.

It took Joshua a while to realize what was going on. "Ooohh..." he drawled. With a cunning smile, he said, "Man, you're such a player. How about this: I need some greenbacks or I'll snap some pics and sell them to the papers."

'Is he threatening me?' Sheffield kissed Evelyn on her lips and tossed his phone away, ignoring Joshua.

Joshua sat on the other end of the line patiently.

But after a long while, he didn't hear a word from Sheffield. And then he saw the car swaying slightly.

His face was as red as an apple. After giving a quiet cough, he immediately asked his friend to walk with him towards his own car. "They have CCTV in the parking lot. Remember to go to the monitoring room and destroy the footage," he said on the phone as he was leaving.

However, no one answered him. He was so depressed he hung up the phone.

Looking at his phone, Joshua cursed in his mind, 'Sheffield is really a piece of work.'

His friend looked at him curiously and asked, "Who were you talking to? Is Maestro Tang in the car? What happened?"

"Don't ask. It's not your business anyway," Joshua replied indifferently. His friend had a big mouth. If Joshua told him Sheffield was getting some car sex, everyone would know by tomorrow.

### [Chapter 925 Sheffield Is Crazy](#)

"Okay!" The man shut up at once. Joshua didn't sound happy, and he was right—it was none of his business.

He didn't want Joshua or Sheffield mad at him.

Taking time to compose herself, Evelyn covered her red cheeks and sat up straight, brushing her long hair, letting it spill down her shoulders and back.

Sheffield made sure the mess was cleaned up, and took the driver's seat again. Through the rear-view mirror, he looked at the woman in the back seat and said happily, "Get some rest. Then... to Shining International Plaza!"

Evelyn rolled down the car window and gave him a stare. "You'd better think about how to deal with Joshua."

Joshua walked in on them twice now when they were trying to be intimate. It was too embarrassing for her to see him again.

Sheffield stepped on the gas and chuckled casually. "Don't be embarrassed. Just act like nothing happened. Joshua and I have even watched someone have sex in front of us. This is no big deal."

'In front of them?' Evelyn snorted, "You two are really something. So, was it fun?"

"Not even. She was supposed to be some big time model. She wasn't nearly as hot as she thought she was. She was with her boyfriend, and they couldn't wait. It was rude, and pretty boring. So we left," he answered honestly.

'Men are really pigs. They go crazy at the sight of a pretty face,' Evelyn thought. She sneered, "I sincerely hope you're not comparing me with her." 'What kind of woman would do something like that in front of other people?'

Sheffield grinned apologetically, "Of course not! You know I only have eyes for you."

Tired, Evelyn leaned against the back of her seat and replied casually, "I guess I shouldn't be shocked. I always knew you were a player, and this proves it." When she was with him, she had seen his phone blow up. Not a minute would go by before some girl would text him. He didn't seem interested in them, though.

This guy was a fuckboi. What was more, he was so good at it.

Sheffield made an exaggerated gesture, clutching his chest. "You wound me! I've been a good boy. I spend most of my time on the trials for that new drug. I go to bars

ver, Calvert didn't care at all.

Then Sheffield took something from his pocket. Evelyn saw it was a scalpel.



She hurried to stand in front of Calvert and said, "Hey, hey! Put that away!" Then she turned and warned, "Mr. Ji, let me go! Otherwise, you'll never see me again!"

It wasn't that she didn't want to see Calvert get hurt. Actually, he deserved it. But she didn't want Sheffield to actually hurt him. Calvert's family was not poor, and they could make life difficult for the doctor. He might even go to jail.

Nonetheless, instead of letting go of her, Calvert just pulled her closer. "It's your birthday tomorrow. Rowena and I came here to pick out a gift. But what about you? You turned me down and now you're shopping with another guy. How could you do this to me, Evelyn?"

That morning, Calvert texted Evelyn and invited her to go shopping. But she said no.

Evelyn's wrist was turning red, thanks to Calvert's tight grip. She raised her head and looked at him coldly. "Mr. Ji, I've told you before we have nothing to do with each other. I don't owe you anything and I have nothing to be sorry about. For the last time, let me go."

The elevator came and stopped at their floor. Since no one walked in, the elevator went up, summoned to another floor.

Calvert was about to say something when he felt something cold against his arm. He looked down and saw a scalpel which seemed to be ready to cut him.

#### [Chapter 926 You Dont Deserve Her](#)

Sheffield warned, "You have run out of time, Calvert. And since you've made your bed, you will lie in it. Tomorrow's headlines will say that the handsome Prince Ji slayed his own wrist and died."

Rowena screamed and grabbed Sheffield's wrist immediately. "Please! Don't hurt my brother! Calvert, let go of her!"

Sheffield's eyes clouded with disgust as he stared at the hand on his wrist. "Take your dirty hand off of me."

Rowena blushed with embarrassment and let go of him quickly.

Calvert hesitantly let go of Evelyn. He stared coldly at Sheffield as he told her, "Evelyn, I'm not letting you go. You're going to be my woman eventually."

Sheffield blew on the scalpel and sneered, "Everyone can dream, but not all dreams come true." He put away the scalpel, held Evelyn's hand and pressed the elevator button.

"Don't be so cocky, Sheffield. I'll propose to her soon. Uncle Carlos has promised me her hand in marriage." Calvert would take everything he wanted, at any cost.

His words didn't bother Sheffield. He kissed Evelyn's long hair and mocked Calvert, "Oh please, you are just a man who is in an ambiguous relationship with his sister. Aren't you ashamed to ask Evelyn to marry you? You don't deserve her."

Rowena's expression changed. She explained in an urgent tone, "No! My brother and I are not in that kind of a—"

Sheffield snorted, "Bitch, stop pretending! I've seen more women than you can imagine. I saw through your act the moment I lay my eyes on you. Only an idiot like Calvert will believe you."

Calvert was infuriated. He raised his fist and rushed towards Sheffield. Evelyn swiftly came around and stood in front of Sheffield. "Don't you dare touch him!"

Clenching his fists, Calvert glared at Evelyn and scolded, "Why are you protecting this murderer?"

'Murderer?' Evelyn retorted angrily, "Sheffield is not a murderer! Don't you watch the news? The forens so that he could know her opinion.

The hues were mainly white and pink, suiting a princess. It wasn't Evelyn's style at all, but as far as Carlos was concerned, she would always remain his beautiful princess.

Moreover, she didn't really care about the decoration. She was just happy to be with her family.

Later that evening, she phoned Sheffield. "Are you in bed?"

He was elated that she had called him. "No, I'm at the hospital," he replied.

"Why are you at the hospital?" Before dropping her back at the manor, he had told her that he was going back to his apartment.

He explained, "The surgeon on duty had something else to handle, so I had to come in to perform the surgery in his stead."

"Oh, okay. I wanted to ask you—"

Before she could finish, a woman's voice came from the other end of the line. "Dr. Tang, we have a new patient. Kidney failure. It doesn't look good. Dr. Zhu wants you to take a look."

"Okay, I'll be right there. Evelyn, I have to go. Talk to you later. Good night."

She nodded. "Okay. Go ahead. Good night."

She was disappointed as she hung up. She had wanted to ask if he was available the next evening. She couldn't ask him earlier, when they had been together.

'Well, I'll just have to ask him tomorrow.'

### [Chapter 927 She Was Happy](#)

It was the middle of the night. As soon as Sheffield had a break from surgery, he sent a message to Evelyn. "Happy birthday, honey! I just stepped out of the OR. My birthday wish for you is to be safe and happy forever! And when you make a wish, make sure it's to marry me!"

Evelyn woke up at past seven o'clock the next morning. When she saw the message, she couldn't help but giggle. He had sent it at about 2 a.m.

'He was up late. Probably still asleep. I'll call later.'

Today, Evelyn was dressed in an outfit of light apricot: wool wide-leg pants, a wool coat with a white, thin cashmere sweater underneath, and black high heels.

Sheffield picked those out for her.

She walked into her collection room, took out a set of diamond jewels decorated with yellow gemstones and a white handbag.

The jewelry and the purse were also gifts from Sheffield. She was going to pay for them herself, but Sheffield wouldn't hear of it. He insisted on paying for them.

He told her that she needed to wear this outfit on her birthday. That was how she could show him he was important to her.

Evelyn felt he was like a spoiled brat. To make him happy, she found it was easier to just do as he said.

Although Carlos didn't ask her to go to work today, she still had a meeting with a business partner. So essentially, she was working. As soon as she emerged from the car, the flashes of cameras greeted her. This was not ZL Group, but the other company whose representative she was meeting. The paparazzi followed her to the entrance to the building.

Then the reporters posted all the photos of her on the Internet. The headlines read, "Evelyn Huo, the Most Stylish Socialite Princess."

They weren't wrong—she looked like royalty in the pale apricot outfit and red lipstick.

And she just happened to be extremely photogenic. Any one of those photos they took could have been taken at a professional photo shoot. Evelyn once again went viral on the Internet.

Then, some netizen did some looking and figured out the price of her outfit. The clothes were the latest offerings from an international brand and cost \$360,000, and the sweet party?" she asked.

"Not yet. I figured I'd call him later." No matter what the future might bring, it was her birthday. She hoped that Sheffield could come. It would make the day perfect.

"Nice! Don't give up, Sis. I will support you, whatever you decide!" The happiness in Evelyn's eyes moved Terilynn. She decided to side with Evelyn and Sheffield.

Evelyn went upstairs and looked down at the first floor. Debbie was in the living room, trying to get ahold of a pastry shop. She told the bakery the desserts must be delivered to the manor on time. Then she called the florist and asked the flowers to be delivered earlier.

Several servants were helping move tables and chairs, and there were also professional chefs on hand. They were starting to prepare dinner.

Evelyn smiled and felt quite happy now.

She went back to her bedroom and looked up the news. As expected, there were many admiring comments. And most of them sent their blessings to her and Calvert.

Evelyn wondered if she and Sheffield would get the people's blessing one day.

She called Sheffield, but to her surprise, his phone was powered off.

She called him a dozen more times, but his phone was still off.

That afternoon, it was the same story. She asked Tayson to go to Sheffield's apartment to check it out.

Later, Tayson told her Sheffield's apartment was empty. And the car he liked to drive wasn't in the parking lot either.

### [Chapter 928 Savannah](#)

'What if I can't get in touch with Sheffield today?' Evelyn thought to herself, flustered. He had told her he would be available for her birthday.

At noon, the Huo family had a wonderful lunch with their family friends in a fancy hotel restaurant. The guests were primarily the families of Curtis, Dixon and Damon.

Carlos picked up Miranda and they arrived at the villa at six o'clock in the evening. Calvert came in shortly after with a bouquet of flowers cradled in the crook of his left arm and an expensive bottle of wine in the other. However, Sheffield's phone was still switched off.

About ten minutes later, Joshua rang the doorbell carrying his gift in a simple paper bag, tied with one big red ribbon. The moment Evelyn opened the door, the first thing she asked him was, "Have you seen him?"

Joshua knew who she was talking about without further elaboration needed. He shook his head and replied, "No."

"Can you get in touch with him?"

"I can try, but if Sheffield doesn't want to be found, no one can get in touch with him."

Joshua was speaking the truth. However, Evelyn's heart ached, and there was a pit in her stomach because she was so nervous. 'That's true. Once he disappears, even I can't get in touch with him,' she thought bitterly.

At half past six, a servant came in to report, "Miss Huo, there's a lady waiting outside for you. She says she's an old friend of yours and she's here to celebrate your birthday."

'A lady? My friend? Could it be...?' Evelyn was taken by curiosity. "Where is she now?" she asked immediately.

"At the doorway."

'At the doorway?' Evelyn was more convinced of her assumption as she ran to the door and opened it.

The person standing outside was exactly the same person Evelyn had in mind.

The woman was dressed in a light green coat, a beryl hat and a white scarf. She was sitting in a wheelchair with a smile on her face. With a smile that could warm any heart, she reached out one hand to give Evelyn a neatly wrapped package and said, "Happy Birthday!"

The familiar voice drew out Evelyn's smile as she knelt down and hugged the girl sitting in the wheelchair. "Savannah..." she sighed heavily, seemingly relieved. Evelyn had missed her very much.

Savannah patted Evelyn on the back as her eyes shimmered brightly against the light. "It's been a while and I must say, I've missed you a lot!" she said.

A gust of cold wind blew over as Evelyn let go of her. She stood up, taking a deep breath, walked behind her and pushed her wheelchair forward. "Come on in. L

re was the reason why she didn't notice a change in the atmosphere. She looked very happy to introduce Sheffield to the others. She dragged him forward by his hand and said, "Sheffield, come here." She introduced the doctor to her family with great interest. "Mom, Carlos, this is Sheffield Tang. He's a doctor at the Y City First General Hospital. Don't let his looks fool you; he is actually very good at what he does."

Following Debbie's words, Sheffield greeted them more enthusiastically. "Hello, Grandma Miranda, Uncle Carlos, Evelyn, Terilynn, and Matthew. It's nice to finally meet you all. I'm Sheffield Tang. Thank you all for welcoming me to Evelyn's birthday party." Most of the people sitting at the table were Evelyn's family, so Sheffield tried his best to make a good impression on them.

Despite her silver hair, Miranda, who was in her eighties, decided to dress young and she did so successfully. By some miracle, she managed to pull off looking like someone in their fifties. Miranda couldn't be happier in this moment. Her children and grandchildren were all present and in good health. Her life was a series of family dinners and vacations—something she was grateful to have. The happy life she had made her heart soft, unlike when she was young. The years had made her a more kind and loving person.

She looked the young man up and down with a smile on her face, and finally nodded with satisfaction. "My, my, you don't get to see such a handsome young man nowadays!" She was completely taken by his bubbly personality. In fact, deep down, she was already entertaining the idea of welcoming him to the family.

This was a phenomenon that was seldom seen in the Huo family.

### [Chapter 929 Its Sheffield](#)

"Oh, thank you, Grandma Miranda! You are so sweet!" Sheffield said, with a gentle and graceful nod.

The energy in the room was vibrant and festive. Debbie noticed the roses in Sheffield's arms and turned to look at Terilynn, chuckling. "Sheffield, you've met Terilynn, right? Why don't you just sit next to her?"

Debbie had deliberately left an empty seat next to Terilynn earlier on.

Sheffield, however, without saying anything, walked past Terilynn and went over to the main attraction of the party tonight—Evelyn.

When he stopped in front of Evelyn, Debbie walked up to him and reminded him in a low voice, "Hey, Terilynn is over there. This is Evelyn." Debbie's desperate attempt to fix up Sheffield with Terilynn was blatantly apparent.

With a smile, Sheffield turned to Debbie and explained, "Aunt Debbie, but I came here just for Evelyn."

"What?" The stunned expression on Debbie's face froze. However, the others seemed unperturbed and were all as calm as they were.

Sheffield pulled Evelyn up and handed her the roses. "Evelyn, happy birthday! Sorry, I'm late!"

Evelyn looked at Debbie, who was standing there in utter disbelief, and then at Carlos, who sat with a darkened face. Faced with her parents' watchful eyes, Evelyn didn't know whether to take the large bouquet of roses or not. She bit her lower lip and softly said, "Thank you..."

Joshua, having been Sheffield's wingman, cleared his throat and meekly said, "Evelyn, those roses are for you. Why are you just standing there?"

Evelyn cast an embarrassed glance at Debbie from the corner of her eyes and reached out her hands to take the flowers from Sheffield.

As soon as Evelyn put the bouquet of flowers in her arms, Debbie came back to her senses. She looked at Carlos, who was still silent, and said, "Is he the one you were talking about? The one with Evelyn in D City?"

'Oh my God! Am I the last person to know about this?' she wondered.

Carlos remained unresponsive. With a darkened face, he switched his cold gaze from Sheffield to Evelyn.

Carlos didn't deny it, and his silence had answered Debbie's question.

She looked down, patting herself on the forehead and murmured in disbelief, "Oh my God, it's Sheffield!" Debbie had spent almost half a month visiting First General Hos

behind him and then sat down. Calvert was sitting in between him and Evelyn, while Savannah was to his left.

He greeted the girl politely, "Hello, I'm Sheffield. Nice to meet you."

Savannah's mind, however, was still mulling over the fact that this man was responsible for getting Evelyn pregnant. Shaking herself out of her thoughts, she smiled and said, "Hello!"

The dinner began with everyone clinking their glasses of wine.

Soon after, Debbie temporarily set her thoughts aside and treated Sheffield warmly. "Hey, Sheffield. This roast beef has been carved from the cow's shoulders and baked by a professional chef hired by your uncle Carlos. Have a taste." The meat from a cow's shoulders was generally suited for barbecuing or hotpots.

With her eyes, she gestured at the maid, who accordingly, sliced a generous portion of black pepper beef and put it on Sheffield's plate.

Sheffield was so happy he grinned like a little boy and said, "Thank you, Aunt Debbie. This looks delicious!"

He put a piece of beef in his mouth and nodded. "The taste of black pepper is mild. I'm guessing the cook must be an Italian, right?"

"Wow! How did you guess that? That's amazing!" Debbie gave him a thumbs up. It was clear that Sheffield had seen the world with his own eyes.

The bountiful spread of food on the table was a mouth-watering combination of Chinese and Western cuisine. Apart from the Chinese house chef, the Western dishes were prepared by an Italian chef hired especially for tonight's celebration.

### [Chapter 930 True Beauty Never Ages](#)

Carlos scoffed at the excitement on Debbie's face. A housemaid came to the table with a plate of roasted lamb chops in her hand. He made a mockery of Debbie's tone and said, "Calvert, this is the New Zealand mutton chops. Freshly roasted. Have a taste!"

Everybody sat in stunned silence, baffled to see the man, who was infamous for his arrogance, act in such a childish and immature way.

What Carlos said made Calvert feel less awkward. "Thank you, Uncle Carlos," he said politely.

While cutting the meat with his knife, Sheffield thought to himself, 'Calvert, what a coward!'

When a small portion of lamb chops was placed in front of Calvert, Sheffield glanced at the lamb chops and came up with a joke in his head. He leaned towards Calvert and whispered, "Did you know that roasted lamb chops help to improve bodily functions and treat impo... Ahem! You should certainly eat a lot of it!"

Sheffield's voice was so low that the people sitting on the other side of the table couldn't hear him. However, Evelyn, who was sitting next to Calvert, managed to hear what he had said and she almost choked on her juice.

'Sheffield can be so mean!' she mused.

The others turned to look at them. Calvert's face darkened at their look of confusion. 'Would it kill this guy to be a little nice to me?'

Although Carlos couldn't hear what they were talking about, when he noticed the dispirited look on Calvert's face, he guessed that Sheffield must have said something to him. Casting a cold glance at Sheffield, who was busy eating, Carlos asked, "What? Dr. Tang, is the food not up to your satisfaction?"

Sheffield's heart skipped a beat when he heard Carlos. He grinned and said, "Of course not! How could all this delicious food not satisfy anyone? I was just feeling a little jealous of Calvert."

"Jealous? What for? Are you not happy with the dish my wife asked the housemaid to bring to you?" Carlos didn't hesitate to attack Sheffield, cunningly exploiting the loophole in his words.

"Of course, I am. Look, I've already emptied my plate. That was delicious!" Sheffield said, flaunting his plate at Carlos with a serious look. Then in order to further support his statement, he turned to the servant near him and said, "May I have some more please? One more serving for me, please. Thank you!"

"Yes, sir. Please wait a moment."

Infuriated, Carlos clenched his fist

things. There's an old saying that I think applies to you right now?"

It didn't matter to Miranda whether what Sheffield had said was true or not, because she felt very comfortable talking to him. Especially when he smiled, it would warm her heart. "What saying?"

"True beauty never ages! I didn't realize how true it was until I finally met you. Time can take away everything, but a beautiful temperament lasts forever and cannot be eroded with time!" There was not a trace of frivolity in his tone, which made everyone believe that his praise was sincere.

In the course of her lifetime, Miranda had heard many compliments from people, but hearing such sweet words come from a handsome young man like Sheffield certainly lifted her spirits. "Boy, you need to stop it with the flatteries!"

"Grandma, don't be so modest. I wouldn't lie to you. Evelyn, please tell Grandma that you agree with me."

Evelyn smiled and nodded her head. When she saw how nicely Miranda and Sheffield got along, she earnestly prayed so that someday her father and Sheffield could also get along in the same way.

Miranda was so happy that she chuckled at everything he said. "Okay, that's enough for now. I was actually hoping to ask Sheffield something." Turning to face the young man, she continued, "Sheffield, I heard from Debbie that you are doing a research and development project at the moment. How is it going?"

"Yes, Grandma. It's almost finished. I'm looking forward to launching it early next year." Next year was less than a month away, and Sheffield was going to get very busy very soon.