

TMBA 931

[Chapter 931 Out Of Your League](#)

"Well, good. If you need any help, just let me know. I'm on your side." Miranda liked youngsters who were hardworking and had a positive outlook.

"Oh Grandma, you are so kind. Thank you so much!" Sheffield was deeply touched by her words.

His own grandma had passed away so early that he had never had the pleasure of being pampered by her.

While they chatted, Evelyn left to keep Savannah company.

The Huo family members had a silent understanding. They didn't want to talk about anything unpleasant on Evelyn's birthday. So even after Evelyn had left, instead of asking about her pregnancy, Miranda continued to talk to Sheffield about his work and research.

As the birthday party was about to end, Sheffield found Evelyn chatting with Savannah. "Evelyn," he called.

She turned to him. "Yes?"

"Miss Xiang, may I borrow Evelyn for a minute?" he asked Savannah with an apologetic smile.

She nodded. "Sure." Turning to Evelyn with a smile, she said, "Go ahead. I'll go and find Grandma."

"Okay."

"Can you show me around your room?" Sheffield asked Evelyn with a mysterious grin.

"Is this what you wanted to talk about so urgently?" Evelyn sighed helplessly.

"I'm just curious. I want to know more about you," he explained.

Evelyn searched for Carlos and Calvert. They were chatting in the living room. "Okay," she agreed and walked to the stairs, Sheffield following her close behind.

Calvert saw them from the corner of his eye and felt his heart burn.

He had been with Evelyn for a long time, but he had never been to the second floor of the Huo family manor. And yet, she was taking Sheffield to her bedroom.

The second floor was simple, yet luxuriously decorated. Evelyn pushed open the door to the innermost room and let Sheffield in.

He walked into the big room casually and looked around curiously. Evelyn stood near the door, hesitating and wondering whether or not to close the door. Before she could decide, Sheffield stepped towards her and closed the door.

And without a word, he pulled her into his arms. Evelyn doubted his intentions from the beginning, but now she knew what was on his mind, and it was clearly not

ince Ji, you are still here. I thought you would have left already. Never mind. Take a good look at her closet so that you can finally realize how out of your league she is."

After seeing Evelyn's huge closet, Sheffield had decided that even if he succeeded with his research, he would continue working hard to give her an even better life than what she had now.

Calvert ignored him.

With no trace of embarrassment on his face, Sheffield winked at Evelyn openly.

'Exactly how thick is his skin?' she wondered, rolling her eyes.

When Calvert reached the door to the collection room, he glared at Sheffield. The man was blocking the door, and seemed to have no intention of giving way. "Move aside," he ordered.

Sheffield propped one elbow against the wall to support his tilted head with his fist. "No. Everything inside this room is extremely precious. What if something goes missing after you roam around inside?"

Evelyn was speechless, and Calvert was humiliated and enraged. 'Who the hell does he think I am? A thief? I am the son of a diamond merchant. Why would I steal from others? This is ridiculous!' "Mr. Tang, haven't your parents taught you to respect others?"

Sheffield arched an eyebrow. "Of course, they have. They have taught me to respect decent human beings."

Calvert's hands clenched into fists. He wanted to beat the hell out of the impudent man, even though he knew that he couldn't win against Sheffield.

[Chapter 932 A Birthday Gift](#)

Sheffield put on a playful smile and continued to provoke Calvert. "Come on! Hit me! It's even more fun because you know you can't take me down, but I know that you want to! I can see it in your eyes! Go on! Hit me!"

Evelyn sighed, bringing her palm to her face and shaking her head.

Calvert grunted angrily, as he raised his fist and took a swing at Sheffield. Now, had this been any other day, Sheffield would have easily dodged him with a simple sidestep, but instead, he deliberately allowed Calvert's fist to land on his face.

The muffled sound of the strike drew Evelyn's attention as she raised her head abruptly.

Evelyn panicked when she saw Sheffield's face jerk because of the forceful punch. She rushed to him in an instant and stood beside him. "What the hell are you doing, Calvert? What's wrong with you?"

'And what was Sheffield doing? Isn't he supposed to be good at fighting? Why did he let Calvert punch him?' she wondered.

Sheffield cast a defiant glance at the angry Calvert, temporarily revealing the cunning smirk he had hidden from Evelyn. He turned to her with a pitiful look while covering his face with his hand. "Ouch... It hurts!"

Sheffield was well-versed in the game. He knew that women were soft-hearted creatures who couldn't refuse candy to a crying baby. Evelyn was no exception. Although sometimes she seemed to be cold on the surface, deep down she was a kind and affectionate person.

Last time when Sheffield hurt Calvert, Evelyn chose to care about the one who was hurt.

Evelyn's facial expression soured and she coldly said, "I think you should leave, Mr. Ji."

Moreover, Sheffield added more fuel to the fire. "Evelyn, today is your birthday. How could he punch me in front of you? Shame on him!"

Evelyn blew on his wound and said, "I'll have someone bring some ice cubes here."

"Evelyn, it's not as serious as you think. He's just faking it!" Calvert pulled the woman aside before she could fetch the servant. 'I can't believe this! My fist barely grazed his cheek, let alone hurt him!' Calvert sulked.

Evelyn broke free from his grip and yelled at him, "What? You come to my home and you can't even show me an ounce of respect? Once again, please leave my room, Mr. Ji!"

Her words infuriated Calvert, but since this was the Huo family's residence, he had to suppress his anger. Lowering his head in disappointment, he walked out of the closet with Evelyn.

As soon as they left, the painful look on Sheffield's face

Now that all the other guests had left, Calvert had no other reason to stay back any longer. He too bid farewell to the Huos and left soon after.

On his way back, Calvert leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes to get some rest. Suddenly, the chauffeur stepped on the brakes, throwing Calvert forward as his forehead hit the back of the front seat.

"What the heck? Keep your eyes on the road!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Ji. I'm sorry, but there's a car blocking our path," said the chauffeur.

Calvert looked at the car and saw Sheffield come out of it.

As their eyes met in the darkness, Calvert suddenly had a bad feeling. "Reverse the car. Turn around and leave."

The chauffeur looked in the rearview mirror and awkwardly said, "There's another car behind us."

The muscles on his face twitched, but Calvert didn't say anything.

Sheffield casually lit a cigarette, knocked on Calvert's window in the back seat and handed another cigarette to Joshua, who had just gotten out of the car.

Calvert rolled down the window, staring at the two men smoking and asked, "Is there something I can do for you, Mr. Fan?"

Taking a drag on his cigarette, Joshua nodded at him. "Yes. I have something to discuss with you. Why don't you come out and have a talk with us?"

After hesitating for a while, Calvert opened the door and got out of the car.

Sheffield and Joshua exchanged an understanding look with each other as they both took off their coats and started rolling up their sleeves, without uttering a word.

Calvert understood what that meant and he tried to get back in the car, but Sheffield reacted fast and shut the door in a jiffy.

[Chapter 933 An Orphan](#)

Sheffield nonchalantly put his coat on the roof of Calvert's car, as did Joshua.

"Call for help!" Calvert ordered his chauffeur. However, he knew that it was already too late.

The chauffeur hurriedly took out the phone from the glove compartment and made a phone call.

This time, it was Sheffield who made the first move. While Calvert was still preparing himself for the fight, the doctor took the opportunity to launch a blow and knocked the tall guy to the ground.

Joshua was awestruck by the agility displayed by Sheffield. It had been a long time since he last saw Sheffield fight someone, but judging by his skills, it seemed as though he had improved instead of regressing over the years.

Sheffield noticed his friend's petrified expression and shouted angrily, "Hey, what are you waiting for?"

Then he focused his attention towards Calvert again. 'How dare you punch me like that in front of Evelyn?! Did you think I was going to let you get away with it after you disrespected me in front of her family? Do I look like a pushover to you?'

"Oh...right!" Coming back to his senses, Joshua put the cigarette in his mouth after flicking the ash away and began to beat up Calvert with Sheffield.

Meanwhile, the driver in Sheffield's car who was arranged by Carlos quickly called his boss and said, "Hello, Mr. Huo? Mr. Tang and Mr. Fan have blocked Mr. Ji's car and they are beating him up now! What should I do?"

Carlos paused to think for a moment and then calmly said, "Just act like you didn't see anything. No matter what happens, don't meddle!"

"Y-yes, sir!" the driver stuttered. He looked rather nonplussed by his boss's instructions. 'That's strange. Isn't Mr. Ji the future son-in-law of the Huo family? Why wouldn't Mr. Huo help him?'

A few minutes later, Sheffield grabbed their coats from the roof of the car and threw one to Joshua, who was gasping for air. After he put on his coat, he gestured at Joshua with his eyes and then got in their respective cars.

Meanwhile, lying feebly on the ground, Calvert stared into the dark sky and clenched his fist tight before mustering the remainder of his strength to slam his knuckles to the ground.

'Sheffield Tang, I swear to make you regret ever meeting me in this lifetime!' he vowed, wincing in pain.

After the two cars left, Calvert's chauffeur got out of the car and then tried to help the wounded man up. However, as a conceited man, Calvert didn't want others to see him in such a miserable state. He sat up from the ground on his own and yelled at the chauffeur, "Get your hands off me! I can take care of mys

meant to make Evelyn pregnant without her consent.

"I don't understand why Evelyn must get engaged to Calvert in the first place? Is that really necessary?"

"Just think of it as a test for Sheffield." Carlos couldn't walk away from this. After all, he had given his word to Calvert, and he had every intention of keeping it.

"What if Sheffield gives up on Evelyn? Do you expect me to just stand by and watch Evelyn marry Calvert?" Debbie asked.

"Of course not!" Carlos had many ways to separate them and cancel the engagement without damaging Evelyn's reputation.

Debbie was rendered speechless. She didn't know how to further this discussion with Carlos. "I hope that someday you won't come to regret your decision."

"I never regret anything I do."

"I hope so."

Sheffield had a busy schedule at the hospital the following day. On the way to the research and development base, he received a call from Savannah, Dollie's sister.

In fact, when he met Savannah last night, he had guessed that she was Dollie's elder sister, even though Evelyn hadn't mentioned it to him.

If it was a call from Dollie, Sheffield wouldn't have answered it, nor would he agree on an appointment.

But since it was a request from Evelyn's best friend, he had to agree to a meeting for the sake of Evelyn.

At the Pacific Coffee Shop

A man in a set of beige casual outfit sat down across Savannah and Dollie. Savannah was shocked to see the man there. 'It's really him...'

Last night at the Huo family's manor, when she heard Miranda say that Sheffield was a doctor from the First General Hospital and that he was working on a research project, Savannah began to suspect whether he was the same man that Dollie was in love with.

[Chapter 934 Mortal Enemies](#)

Sheffield sat in front of Savannah and Dollie. Looking at the admiration in her sister's eyes, Savannah was sure of one thing.

It certainly looked like Evelyn and Dollie loved the same guy—Sheffield.

Dollie figured she'd get busted for her little lie about Sheffield being her boyfriend. But he was her ticket back to a rich life, so for her and her father's sake, she kept it up.

But Sheffield wasn't having any. He didn't want to talk to her at all. And he also wanted to destroy her. So letting Savannah talk to him was Dollie's best option. She was sure if Sheffield truly liked Evelyn, he would let the Xiang family go since Savannah, Evelyn's best friend, was a member of the family.

Sheffield didn't summon a waitress to get any drinks. The young doctor wanted to get straight to the point. "If I were you, Savannah, I wouldn't get involved. The Xiang family is a mess."

However, he was not Savannah.

She was soft-hearted. True, the Xiang family was super mean to her, and Sidell wasn't a good father, but she was still too kind to blow him off. Him or the Xiang family.

Before she could say anything to him, she was embarrassed by his words. "Mr. Tang, Sidell is my dad. I can't just watch you do this without saying anything."

Sheffield looked at her, expressionless. "I get it. But there's a saying: evil actions bring revenge. Heard that before?"

The man in front of her was different from the one she had met at Evelyn's birthday party. Last night, he was bubbly and cheerful, but the guy sitting opposite her was a stranger, cold and distant.

"I know my dad hurt you and you won't forgive him. That's why I brought Dollie along, so she could apologize on behalf of the family." She would do anything to make Sheffield drop the lawsuit.

Sheffield curled his lips, revealing a mocking smile. "Apologize? Do you think I'd actually accept their apology? Will an apology bring my mom back to life?"

"No, it's not like that..."

"Too little, too late, my dear! Don't waste my time!" His mom died

ip with Sheffield. She drove a wedge between us. And you are still protecting her! You're such a useless, ungrateful brat! So you lost the use of your legs. Big deal. You don't help me, I'll take your eyes and hands too!" Dollie said to her in a cold voice. She might not be able to stand up to Evelyn or Sheffield, but dealing with a disabled person was a piece of cake.

Savannah was aware Dollie was threatening her. Her disability made her easy to bully, so Dollie took advantage of that. But she had no choice. After all, Dollie was her sister. She had to go ask Evelyn for help.

Finally, she moved her lips and said, "I'll do it..."

It took her a long time to call Evelyn. She forced a smile and asked, "Hi, Evelyn, you busy now?"

"Yeah, a little. Why don't we meet around five o'clock?" Those two hadn't been able to talk to each other in a while. Savannah had been abroad, and Evelyn was eager to get together so they could catch up.

"Okay, then. I'll let you get back to it. See you later."

"Okay, bye!"

Sheffield had spent the whole day at the research lab. He knew Evelyn had no time to spare today, so he decided to burn the midnight oil in the lab.

When he went to get a glass of water, he saw several missed calls and tons of text messages, one of which read, "It's Matthew Huo."

'Matthew? My future brother-in-law!'

[Chapter 935 That Was My First Time](#)

Without hesitation, Sheffield put his work aside and called Matthew back.

As soon as the call got through, Matthew's assistant answered, "Hello, Mr. Tang. I'm Mr. Matthew Huo's assistant. He is in a meeting now, but he asked me to tell you that he would like to meet you at the Waterfront Cafe tonight. Would that be a good time for you, Mr. Tang?"

'Really?' Sheffield glanced at his watch only to find that it was already past nine o'clock at night. "Okay. When will his meeting end?"

"Mr. Matthew Huo has to catch the early flight tomorrow morning. This is his last meeting for the day. It has been on for about half an hour. I think it will come to an end very soon." The assistant meant to say that Sheffield should set off now and wait for Matthew at the cafe.

Sheffield smiled and replied, "I see."

After hanging up the phone, Sheffield told his subordinates to handle the rest of the work before he changed his clothes and left for the cafe.

At the Waterfront Cafe

A waiter came up to greet Sheffield enthusiastically, "Good evening, sir! Do you have a reservation?"

Sheffield thought for a second and said, "Do you have a reservation here under the name of Matthew Huo?"

"Oh, yes. Are you Mr. Tang? He has a private room reserved on the second floor. Please follow me."

Sheffield followed the waiter to the second floor of the coffee shop.

The reserved room was decorated in a modern style with an independent restroom attached to it. Several bookshelves lined up against the walls, filled with all kinds of books. On top of a large wooden table was a self-grinding coffee maker and a wide selection of coffee beans to choose from. There was also a vintage piano just next to the table; a few leather sofas and a few potted green plants.

Sheffield ordered a cup of freshly ground coffee as he took a seat.

After the waiter left, he walked to the piano and opened the hinged fall-board that protected the keyboard. As his slender fingers casually struck a few keys, a beautiful tune filled the silence in the room.

After falling out of interest very quickly, he slowly shut the fall-board and pulled open the curtains of the French window. The first thing that came to his sight was the building of the Theo Group.

Standing in front of the French window and looking at the words "Theo Group," Sheffield fell into deep thought.

Although Theo Group was not as influential as ZL group, it was one of the leading enterprises in Y City. Both of them were internationally recognized companies, and ranked top 100 in the world.

Rumors had it that the health of Theo Group's boss was getting worse every year. Th

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.

found out that she was pregnant after she came back from D City."

'Oh, so Evelyn isn't pregnant now...' Still in a confused state, Sheffield fell back on his seat, struggling to make sense of the situation. 'Wait... Evelyn got pregnant after she came back from D City?' Coming back to his senses, he shouted, "Impossible! I clearly remember using protection that night!"

Matthew pulled a long face. "Are you trying to say that my sister got pregnant with another man's child?"

"No! I didn't mean that." 'I know that Evelyn isn't that sort of person, but how else would she get pregnant? How did that happen? What did I do wrong to make that happen?'

A series of questions started popping up in his mind.

Unable to come up with an answer that made sense, he fell into uncertainty. "Perhaps it was because...that was my first time. I may have used the condoms in the wrong way?" But then he shook his head and muttered to himself, "But...it didn't seem like that. I couldn't have been so clueless..." Although Sheffield hadn't had sex with a woman before meeting Evelyn, he knew just enough about sex as any man would.

If he didn't even know how to use a condom in the correct way, he wouldn't be having sex with a woman in the first place.

Sheffield's puzzled murmuring made Matthew feel impatient. "So far from what I can understand, you're telling me that my sister got pregnant with someone else's baby?"

"No, no, no! Perhaps the quality of the condoms wasn't as good. After all, they were just freebies from the guesthouse. It could have broken during..." Sheffield remembered how badly he wanted Evelyn that night. All he could think of was being with her.

Matthew's lips twitched. "I'm not here to discuss about how strong you were in bed."

[Chapter 936 Its My Fault](#)

"I know..." Sheffield smiled bitterly. But then, as if just waking up, he suddenly thought of something. It was another important question. With a serious expression, he sat upright and asked nervously, "You said Evelyn was pregnant after getting back from her trip. So where's the kid?"

Matthew's voice became colder. "Gone."

"You can't mean—" In an instant, Sheffield's mind went blank. He felt a hollow in his chest where his heart used to be. The young doctor held his breath and stared at him. Now it was his turn to observe the tiniest change of expression on Matthew's face. Was he lying? He had to know.

"Thanks to you, yes. She almost died from the ectopic pregnancy. But you didn't know, did you? How can you claim to care about her and not know something like that? Is this how you show you love my sister?"

'Ectopic pregnancy? Almost died?' With trembling heart, Sheffield shook his head and cast a burning glance at the younger man. "This isn't real, right? Your dad's just trying to trick me. He wants to make me feel bad about Evelyn so I'll dump her. Did you think it would work? C'mon, Matthew, just between you and me," he said.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Matthew retorted, "Do you think you're worth that much? Think, man. The Huo family wouldn't make up a story like that. It wouldn't make Evelyn look very good, would it?"

Sheffield felt awkward. He knew the father and son of the Huo family wouldn't do a thing like that. At least, he realized it when he gave it some thought. He asked, "How soon did Evelyn know about the pregnancy? Was it when she got back? Or sooner than that?"

If it was true... Sheffield decided to shut that line of thinking down. He felt like his heart had been pierced by a knife. How much pain did Evelyn go through because of him?

"About three months after she came home. No one knew she was pregnant, not even her. She started hemorrhaging in the meeting room, and by the time she got to your hospital, she'd already gone into shock." Matthew stressed the words "your hospital," implying Sheffield could look into it himself if he didn't believe it.

"Wait..." 'Three months...' Sheffield suddenly remembered that the first time he saw Evelyn after he got back from D City was in the hospital. Evelyn was in a standard patient's gown and looked very weak back then. 'So maybe that's why she was there, ' he mused.

'An ectopic preg

e hand, he had gotten used to hiding who he was; on the other hand, Evelyn never asked him about it. She just took who he was at face value, which was what he wanted.

"Your explanations don't mean shit to me. Just think about it. That'll be enough." Matthew began to walk to the door.

Sheffield called out to stop him. "Matthew, I'm not giving up on Evelyn. There's no way. Man, in another life, we could have been friends. So what about it? Can we call a truce? I'll teach you to hack the security system."

His last sentence successfully drew Matthew's attention. He turned around and asked, "You a hacker?"

"More or less. I know a few tricks..." Even he himself wasn't sure if he was a hacker or a honker.

"Do you know Star Anise?"

"Of course! What? He your idol?" It seemed that Sheffield's mood had lightened up a bit. The playful smile returned to his face.

"My idol? He doesn't deserve my respect!" Matthew snorted arrogantly.

Sheffield was speechless. Indeed, like father, like son.

"Break into ZL Group's security system before you talk to me again," Matthew said before opening the door and left.

Sheffield extended his hand and tried to call him back. He wanted to tell him that he could do that now. Could they be friends now? But the arrogant man had already left.

And Sheffield was once again alone in the private room. As he stared at the cup of coffee that had gone stone cold, his smile once again disappeared. Thinking of what Matthew told him just now, he felt his heart ache so much he almost suffocated.

He took out his phone and called Evelyn.

[Chapter 937 He Likes Children A Lot](#)

"Hello." Evelyn was playing on her phone, so when Sheffield called her, she picked up quickly.

He could hear her soft voice clearly in the quiet room. It warmed his heart. "Eve, I need to see you," Sheffield said in a hoarse voice.

"Now?" Evelyn turned to look at Savannah, who was sitting next to her. She hadn't seen Savannah in a while and was enjoying catching up.

"Yeah, now!" Sheffield couldn't wait another second. His heart was practically leaping from his chest.

Evelyn didn't want to say goodbye to Savannah yet. "Not a good time. How about tomorrow? I'm with Savannah now," she said, pouting.

"Hey, if you need to go, then do it. Remember, I'm back in the city for good, so we can meet up whenever you like. I'm good. Really. Just drop me off at my place and do what you gotta do," Savannah offered.

Evelyn hesitated for a while and then nodded her head. "Okay. I need to drive Savannah home first. Where do you wanna meet?" she asked.

"Anywhere is fine by me," Sheffield answered.

It was not until then that Evelyn realized that something was wrong with him. But she couldn't just come out and ask him right now. Not with Savannah there. And because of that, Evelyn was too shy to suggest meeting him at his apartment, so she said, "All right. Call you when I'm done."

"Okay."

After ending the call, Evelyn looked at Savannah, who was smiling. "Evelyn, I'm so glad that you met your Mr. Right."

She didn't know if Sheffield really loved Evelyn, but she knew her friend definitely had it bad for him. When she answered his call, she was practically glowing. Her mood lifted. She was a completely different person.

Compared to her indifference in the past, she was now tender and shy.

Evelyn lowered her head and said shyly, "Thank you." She herself was glad that she met a guy like Sheffield. She grabbed Savannah's hands and said, "Savannah, believe me. You'll meet the right guy someday."

Savannah lowered her head and looked at her legs, shaking her head. 'Even my own mother hates me. No man's gonna fall in love with a cripple, ' she thought bitterly.

When Sheffield walked out of the cafe, he spotted a group of people leaving the offices of the Theo Group. He didn't get into his car; instead, he walked across the road to get a better look.

A dozen led a gray-haired man to a car, and made sure he was safely inside. The deference they showed hi

s he passed through the green plants, he pounced.

Sheffield didn't even have time to get back in his car, but that wasn't his intent. He grabbed the guy's arm, and tried to redirect the attack.

The man countered, and did a spin jump that Sheffield backed up and avoided. The man landed adroitly. Sheffield figured out this guy must know martial arts.

Knowing that his opponent was a skilled martial artist, he shut out all other thoughts and concentrated on dealing with the guy.

Every time the man attacked, his dagger was aimed at Sheffield's heart. But Sheffield managed to dodge the dagger every time. He stayed just out of range, and the man couldn't reach him.

Sheffield tried to rip off the guy's mask, but he wasn't having any. Every time Sheffield tried to close, the man put his dagger in the way.

He took the scalpel from his pocket and spun it in his hand. He grabbed the scalpel firmly and began to fight back with the man brandishing the dagger. Every time the man thrust the dagger forward, Sheffield would try to cut him with the scalpel.

During the fight, Sheffield's phone slipped from his pocket and slid to the middle of the road.

Sheffield had no time to pick up his phone, as he had to concentrate on dealing with his foe.

A moment later, his phone rang. He knew it was Evelyn calling. He wanted to pick it up and answer it, but had to be quick to evade the man in black.

Not only that, the enemy took advantage of this and ruthlessly thrust the sharp dagger toward Sheffield's heart. He turned to dodge, but the attacker cut his shoulder with the dagger.

[Chapter 938 My Blood Is Running Out](#)

Suddenly, a car swooshed past in a blur, running over Sheffield's cell phone and crushing it under its wheels almost instantly.

"Sorry, but the number you've dialed is currently not in service..." Evelyn pulled her face away from her cell phone and stared at the screen in confusion as it was just ringing a few seconds ago.

She tried calling him again, but when she found that Sheffield's phone was switched off, a concerned frown appeared on her face.

Meanwhile, Sheffield snapped at the sight of his cell phone being pulverized. Incandescent with rage, his face contorted and foam flecked his lips as he rasped at his foe. In one swift motion, he drew his scalpel and slashed the man's stomach.

The man responded to the agonizing pain with an unearthly howl, accompanied by a berserk rage with which he threw himself at Sheffield. As he spun back around, with a clean right-footed roundhouse kick, he disarmed Sheffield of the scalpel.

Then he quickly picked up the scalpel and disappeared in the darkness.

"Ouch..." Sheffield shook his wrist, massaging it with the other hand. It was too late to run after the man now. More importantly, as he was in a lot of pain, it would do him good to retreat and live to fight another day.

Nevertheless, the man was very meticulous. He knew that he had to take the scalpel because it was stained with his blood. This reasoning implied that this wasn't the first time he had done this.

Sheffield turned around to look for whatever was left of his phone and he picked out the SIM card before going back to his car.

His right wrist was still painful from the kick, and the cut in his left shoulder needed immediate medical attention. He took out the first aid kit and wrapped some gauze around the wound to stop the bleeding before he drove away without hesitation.

At the suburbs

Sheffield's car stopped in front of a traditional Chinese courtyard house. He rang the doorbell and spoke into the video intercom. "Master, it's me, Sheffield. It's been a while."

There was no response at first, but then suddenly, a voice came over the intercom. "Fuck off!"

"Master, I'm hurt, again. It looks pretty bad," Sheffield said in embarrassment, rubbing his nose.

"Fuck off!" the man shouted again.

Sheffield was speechless. His master's remedy would help him recover rapidly, and he himself was too lazy to make the ointment. Leaning his back against the gate, Sheffield feigned weakness and said, "Master... Ah... my

from Matthew. "Hey, where are you?"

"In my apartment. What's up?"

"Is Sheffield with you?" he asked curtly.

"Sheffield?" Evelyn continued honestly, "He said he wanted to meet me this evening, but his phone is switched off and I can't reach him."

"He already knows that you had an ectopic pregnancy."

After a short pause, Evelyn asked, "You told him?"

"Yes.

I gotta go, talk to you later. Good night." With these words, Matthew hung up the phone.

Now he just wanted to know if Sheffield would go to Evelyn and apologize to her.

Sheffield, on the other hand, was still stuck at Vernon's place. Soon after the ointment was applied to his shoulder, Sheffield leaned over the table and fell asleep.

A night had passed.

When Sheffield fluttered his eyes open, he looked at the bright sky outside and suddenly sat up straight. He looked around and indeed he was in his master's guestroom.

Taken by curiosity, he looked under the quilt and felt relieved to see that he still had his pants on.

"Master, my dear master..." Sheffield cried, as he dashed out of the guestroom. He cried bitterly in his mind, 'I'm so screwed. Evelyn must have been waiting for me the whole night.'

In the yard outside, Vernon was practicing Tai Chi, and the boy next to him was airing out the Chinese herbs. When Sheffield came out, the boy greeted him, "Mr. Tang, good morning!"

"Good morning!" Sheffield waved at the boy and then rushed to the old man in front of him. "Master, you tricked me!"

Needless to say, Vernon must have made him smell some kind of medicine which took away his consciousness.

"Yes, I did!" Vernon didn't deny it.

[Chapter 939 Your Dear Sheffield](#)

Even though Sheffield was ticked off, he could do nothing about it! "Okay. Master, I'm taking off. I really have something urgent to deal with."

"Leave? You haven't washed your face," Vernon said.

Rubbing his face, Sheffield suddenly realized the old man was right. He had to go back to the bathroom to hurriedly wash his face.

He didn't leave until after breakfast.

He felt guilty about spending so little time with Vernon, so he promised, "I know we didn't get much time together. I'll drop by as soon as I come back from France."

Vernon snorted and squinted at him. "Well...you could let me tag along."

"I can't. I'm bringing my girlfriend along, and three's a crowd. I can go anywhere you want after I get back."

"Sounds like a plan. How about the South Pole?"

Sheffield was agape. "Get real, Master. You can't swim, and even if you could, it's just too cold. I'd worry about someone your age going there. It's not good for you." 'We'd freeze to death there,' Sheffield thought.

Vernon stared at him. "So are you going there with me or not?"

Looking at the old man, Sheffield suddenly felt bad for him. "Sure, Master. Whatever you want."

There was a glint in Vernon's eye. "Whatever I want. What a delightful philosophy! Okay, you can go now!"

"Okay. Bye, Master!" Sheffield trotted away.

Watching him leave, Vernon's boy disciple asked in confusion, "Master, do you know what he's been up to lately?"

"Humph! He's always so mysterious. I'm his master, and even I don't know much about him." Sheffield had only asked him for help when he tried to overturn the verdict regarding his mother, Ingrid. He had kept other things to himself.

The boy disciple nodded despite not understanding completely. But he didn't ask anything else and continued drying the medicinal herbs.

By the time Sheffield arrived at Evelyn's office, she hadn't gotten there yet.

He took out a pen and paper, and wrote a few words for her.

"Evelyn, my darling, I owe you an apology. I'll make it up to you. I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you! See you later today! Your dear Sheffield."

He gave it another once-over. Happy with what he wrote, he folded it up and put it on Evelyn's desk.

He looked at his watch. It was already

oveless marriage?"

Looking at the cold woman, he smiled bitterly. "If I could, I would have given up already! Can you stop loving Sheffield?"

Could she? Of course not!

"Look, I promised Dad I'd marry you, but I don't have time for this. I have to go. I'm not going to miss my flight because you have some weird notions of what I should or shouldn't do."

"Evelyn, I won't let you travel with another guy!" Calvert wouldn't let her go.

Evelyn was furious. "I'm not helpless, you know. I could make your life... problematic." She had just been too tired to deal with everything. If she wanted to, she could hurt him.

"Of course. I wouldn't expect any less from the daughter of Carlos Huo. You could ruin me financially, you could manhandle me. Go ahead. Do your worst. But just listen to you. What does Sheffield have that I don't? I love you more than that jerk ever will." Calvert got excited. He got closer to her, and she didn't back up. Taking this a sign, Calvert pressed her tightly against the door.

Feeling his weight against her, Evelyn completely lost her patience. She took out her phone from her bag and was about to call Tayson, but Calvert took it away in a swift motion.

He tilted his head slightly and moved in to kiss her.

Realizing what he was going to do, Evelyn pushed him away. Caught off guard, Calvert staggered back a few steps. He looked at the angry woman in disbelief. 'What is it with her? What hold does he have over her? I never get a chance to make my case.'

[Chapter 940 Waiting For You](#)

Evelyn straightened her clothes and warned Calvert in a cold voice, "Don't make me hate you more!"

Then she turned, opened the door and left the room.

Evelyn walked out of the Alioth Building in high heels. As soon as she hit the parking lot and was about to call Sheffield, she got a call from Nadia. "Miss Huo, bad news! Mr. Zhang had a heart attack. We're waiting for an ambulance now. The launch is a mess."

A heart attack? Resting her forehead in her hand, Evelyn said resignedly, "Get someone else. He must have alternates. We could also change the launch date. Can you handle it?"

"I don't think that'll fly. The product designer's here, but only you and Mr. Zhang know everything about it. There are CEOs tuned in to watch this online. They saved the date for that reason. If we cancel it..."

After three seconds of silence, Evelyn said decisively, "I'll be right there!"

To Evelyn, the launch of the new product was more important than jaunting off to France.

After she ended the call, she took a look at the airline ticket again. Takeoff was in 1.5 hours.

If you want to catch an international flight, you need to be there at least two hours early. Maybe even three. The plane was going to take off, and she wasn't at the airport yet. All she could think about was Sheffield.

She closed her eyes and leaned back in the seat of her car, pondering how to solve this problem.

It would take at least 20 minutes to drive from here to the venue holding the launch event, and making sure it would all go smoothly could take hours. The event itself was supposed to last three hours, with an open bar. If she could take ten minutes to make sure everything was in place to her satisfaction, she could leave it in the capable hands of her assistants afterwards. If she kept it down to 10 minutes and rushed to the airport after that, she should be able to barely catch the flight before it took off. She

opened her eyes and told Tayson, "Take me to the venue where the launch event is taking place. And step on it!"

"Yes, Miss Huo!" Tayson answered and started the car in a hurry.

Tormented by those thoughts, she took out her phone and sent a message to Sheffield. "Where are you?"

At that moment, Sheffield had arrived at the airport and was going through the security check. His phone had been put in the t

nto some last-minute business as a CEO. You could fly to Paris first and wait for her there."

On the other end of the line, there was a moment of silence. Then Sheffield said all of a sudden, "Did you know Evelyn was pregnant?"

"What?! She had your kid? Where is the baby?"

"It was an ectopic pregnancy. One of her fallopian tubes was torn open, and they took her to the hospital."

Joshua didn't know much about fallopian tubes, but he knew what an ectopic pregnancy was. "The baby died. Evelyn almost did..."

"Oh..."

Another silence followed.

Joshua lit a cigarette and leaned against the window. "I'm sorry to hear that. How did you find out? And are you sure it's true? Why didn't I hear about it before? I chat with Terilynn every day. How come she never mentioned it?"

"Matthew told me yesterday. I just want to tell you, don't use cheap condoms. They break easy, and they can break a relationship too." For example, he had accidentally hurt Evelyn.

Although Sheffield sounded more relaxed, Joshua could still feel his sadness.

Sheffield stood at the window, watching the plane taxi down the runway.

The plane had taken off, and yet the person he had been waiting for still hadn't arrived.

For a moment, he thought as long as Evelyn came to the airport, he would take her to Paris today even if there were only charter planes available. But transatlantic flights were pretty common. They could take another flight.

An hour later, Sheffield left the boarding gate with his phone. He was still on the phone with Joshua.