

TMBA 941

### [Chapter 941 Chaos](#)

"So what are you going to do now?" Joshua asked, wondering why it was so difficult for him to figure out what Sheffield was thinking.

"First of all, I need to apologize to Evelyn!" That was Sheffield's number-one priority right now.

Joshua, however, couldn't understand why Sheffield would apologize to Evelyn. After all, she was the one who stood him up. "I'm not kidding. Before you say anything to Evelyn, just hear her out first," Joshua insisted.

Sheffield smiled and reassured him, "Don't worry. I'm not going to argue with her. I love her too much for that. She said there was something wrong with the new product launch. I'm just driving her home right now."

"You must be under some sort of magic spell to love her like this, Mr. Tang," Joshua added.

"Maybe! But I willingly subject myself to her spell."

"Yeah, yeah. Now you're just showing off!" Joshua wanted to lighten the atmosphere, at least to make Sheffield happier.

"You're right, maybe just a little. But, hey Mr. Single, it's not like you have anything better to do than to listen to me brag about my love life!"

Joshua feigned annoyance. "Damn it! I'm single and I'm happy!"

"Fine. Go ahead enjoy your single life. I'm going to pick up my girl."

"Get outta here!"

Sheffield hung up the phone and pulled out the location of where the new product launch event was taking place. After securing his luggage, he drove straight to his next destination.

On the way, Sheffield wondered if he would be disappointed in Evelyn, especially after what had happened today, if he had no idea of her previous pregnancy.

However, there were no ifs or buts about it.

Sheffield had no right to blame Evelyn for what had happened today. After all, the pregnancy had put Evelyn's life at risk.

No matter what Evelyn had done, she was absolved of any kind of blame or accountability, at least in this case.

At ZL Group's subsidiary

When Evelyn arrived at the venue and stood in front of everybody, all the reporters swarmed out of their seats in excited unison.

At the end of the day, the person standing before them was Evelyn Huo, daughter of the CEO of ZL Group and the most influential female executive in Y City.

All of a sudden, hyperactive came

, and as such, the incident was viewed by almost everyone online. The conflict had become a hot topic for discussion online. The words "ZL Group's new product launch event" had sparked a sensation on the Internet. The amount of searches had soon reached five million.

The number of searches online under Evelyn Huo, the trustworthy CEO of Trend Company soared through the roof. As graceful as a queen, Evelyn showed neither anger nor embarrassment in the difficult situation. Netizens were amazed by her composed disposition and elegance. She had become their goddess.

The live broadcast was still on-going. As a matter of fact, Nadia was the one who had arranged for the security guards to get the media journalists out of there. However, Evelyn stopped her. The viewers had only seen the beginning of the story. If they were to stop the broadcast now, it would look like their company was trying to hide something disgraceful. It would change the entire narrative of the situation. Evelyn wanted everybody to see the whole truth. And if her company was in the wrong, she would set things right and hold the person in charge responsible.

Five minutes later, Nadia hurried inside with her phone in her hand. She briefly told Evelyn about what had happened.

It turned out that last year Trend Company had begun demolishing clusters of dilapidated housings in the city. When the people involved in the affair knew that it was related to the ZL Group, they began asking for exorbitant prices.

#### [Chapter 942 Im Sorry Youve Gone Through All Of This](#)

The protesters were asking for fifty million dollars as compensation for every two-story house. When the manager of Trend Company who was in charge of the relocation project didn't compromise, they ganged up on him one day after work and beat him up.

Now, they had become these so-called "nail households"—families who didn't accept the compensation and refused to leave their home. The result was that, over time, they became more anxious and they started to cause more trouble than they did before when they saw that the other houses around them were already torn down.

Under everyone's expectant gaze, Evelyn spoke on the microphone. "The amount of monetary compensation for housing demolition is mainly determined by two factors. One is the assessment price of the legal house property, and the second is the compensation for house decoration according to the market price. We have hired professionals to assess the price of each house property of the West Village and calculate the compensation price for decoration. After the calculation process, we've estimated that the fair compensation for each household involved in this relocation project to be 1.2 million. However, in light of the problems, our company has agreed to increase that amount to 1.5 million. We are willing to help, but don't you think asking for 50 million dollars is being highly unreasonable?"

This produced such an uproar that the reporters stared at each other in awe. "Fifty million? That doesn't sound right?"

"How can they come here and make such unfair demands?"

"Yeah, they have gone too far this time! I support ZL Group and Trend Company!"

The reporters' discussions made the ten-odd troublemakers blush with shame.

One of them, however, wasn't convinced. "We've lived in West Village for decades. What we've asked you to compensate is not the market value of our houses, but our love for our homes! Fifty million is nothing to ZL Group. Why can't we ask for this amount as compensation?"

"Right! Do you think we don't know how much you sell each of those apartments for after the reconstruction? Tens of thousands of dollars per square meter, perhaps? Don't try to hide the fact that you will make a lot of money from this. If you ask me, you guys are the ones who are greedy and heartless!"

Once Evelyn realized that these people were making a fuss out of nothing, she stopped feeling afraid. "Who is greedy and who isn't, is a question I would like to leave for the lawyers of ZL Group. I'm sure the

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.

withdrew her eyes from the window. She raised her hand to cover her eyes, trying not to let the tears in her eyes fall down. "Sheffield..."

She called out to him by his name.

He replied in the same playful tone as usual, "I'm here, honey. You can continue with your work. Remember to come and sleep with me when you have time."

However, Evelyn didn't laugh. On the contrary, she wanted to cry.

She put down her hand and looked at the man in the driver's seat, who had been restraining his emotions. "Stop the car!" she demanded.

She wanted to get out of the car and look for Sheffield.

In a calm voice, Calvert replied, "There are journalists tailing us. Wait a minute."

"So what? Stop the car!" All she wanted to do was embrace Sheffield and nothing was going to stand in her way.

"You want the journalists to snap a picture of you two? I hope you realize that you, ZL Group and I will all be affected by this sort of publicity. Evelyn, please try to calm down! Even if you don't care about yourself, you should at least consider about the reputation of ZL Group!"

Sheffield heard what Calvert had said over the phone. "Be a good girl, Evelyn. He's right. Just go on and make sure to call me later when you're free. I'll catch you later. Bye!"

Before Evelyn could respond, he hung up.

The whole world quieted down eventually. Sheffield looked away as he sat in the driver's seat and took out a few plum candies from his pocket.

He unwrapped one and put it into his mouth. 'I wonder how Evelyn eats this stuff?

I'd better tell her to stop eating these candies, just in case her gastric mucosa starts acting up, ' he thought to himself.

### [Chapter 943 Morning Sickness](#)

Sheffield fished out his phone and called Joshua. "Dude, when do you get off work? Wait, in fact, why not just skip work today? I have a really expensive bottle of wine. Care to join me for a drink?"

If this were in the past, Joshua would have dismissed him and told him off in an instant. However, knowing that his friend was having a bad mood, he agreed, "Okay. Where shall we meet?"

"In my apartment. We can sleep after we're drunk and we can continue to drink after waking up!"

"Wait! What? Do you want to drink yourself to an early grave?" While speaking with Sheffield on the phone, Joshua told his colleague that he was leaving and then went to change his clothes.

"Of course not! The world is such a beautiful place. Why would I possibly want to die?" 'Even if I wanted to die, I wouldn't choose to drink myself to death. I would only die from having excessive sex with Evelyn, ' he thought to himself.

"What do you want to eat? I'll bring some food to your place."

"Don't bother. We can just get food delivered to us!"

"Will I be lucky enough to have dinner cooked by Chef Tang?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I only cook for my woman!"

Joshua cleared his throat and imitated a woman's voice. "Chef Tang, I can be your woman tonight."

"Dude, that's not even funny!" Sheffield got goosebumps from Joshua's words. Then he hung up the phone on Joshua.

Pulling his face away from the phone, Joshua gasped in shock. 'That man doesn't have a romantic bone in his body. How did Evelyn even fall in love with him?' he wondered.

When Sheffield twisted the car keys into ignition, his phone rang again. He assumed it was Joshua and was about to scold him, but when he saw the caller ID, he smiled. Coincidentally, it was another friend of his. "Colonel Li, long time no see. How have you been?"

"Cut the crap! I'm in Y City now!" Gifford had just returned from his mission. His body was covered in mud with weeds sticking out of his mouth. Sitting on a rock and looking at the wasteland in front of him, he felt bored out of his mind.

"What a coincidence! I'm in Y City too," Sheffield said while tapping the steering wheel.

Gifford rolled his eyes and said, "I'm leaving tomorrow morning. That means, you and Joshua are spending the night with me!"

"No problem! I don't even mind sleeping with you!"

"Even after so long, you're still as shameless as ever. I swear if you were standing in front of me, I would have punched you in the face already!"

Sheffield giggled and said, "Come on! Do it!"

"Shut up, you moron!" Gifford hung

Sheffield throwing Gifford's clothes into the washing machine, Joshua smiled and said, "His woman is indeed beautiful! He is totally obsessed with her."

"It's hard to believe that! A playboy like him will never be faithful." Gifford took off his underwear without feeling shy at all.

Joshua, however, rolled his eyes and looked away. "Let me tell you a secret. His woman is my ex-girlfriend. Hahaha..."

"Oh wow! Sounds like the three of you are caught up in a messy situation. It seems that a lot of interesting things have happened during my absence."

"Yes! Now, go take a shower. I'll tell you everything in detail later," said Joshua.

"Is that woman the one whom Sheffield was so attracted to that he stayed in D City for one more week?"

"Yes, that's the one!"

As soon as he got the answer he wanted, Gifford turned around and entered the bathroom.

While Gifford was in the shower, Sheffield scowled at Joshua and said, "Can't you just shut up?"

"Why would I? It feels great to share everything about you with Gifford!"

Sheffield threw the mop to him and said, "Mop the floor!"

"You must be joking! I don't care enough to mop the floor!" Joshua snorted. He should have asked Evelyn to find a cure of his unhealthy obsession with cleanliness.

"You don't want to do it? Don't ask me for help if you have something wrong with your kidneys in the future," Sheffield threatened. A sly grin crept up on his face.

Joshua kicked him in the leg. "My kidneys are in good shape. Thank you. I'm not a playboy. Do you think that everyone is like you? Get out of my way!"

"Whatever! My kidneys are better!" 'Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to make Evelyn happy every night,' Sheffield mused.

#### [Chapter 944 Give Me A Hug](#)

Joshua agreed with Sheffield on this. After all, he had walked in on the doctor having sex with Evelyn, twice—once in the nightclub and the other time in a car. "I just want to ask you what other places you haven't tried with Evelyn," he said.

"Ah, man! Too many places!" Sheffield turned off the vacuum cleaner and grabbed the mop. "I'll try it with Evelyn in many other places: a park, a riverbank, a beach, a mountain, the company, or a tree... And I want to try it on your bed too."

"My bed?" Joshua lit a cigarette. "Okay, let's take a step back. First of all, you're a pervert. You need to see a shrink. However, would you be interested in a threesome?" he added.

"Would you be interested in getting run over by my car?" Sheffield cast him a cold glare.

Joshua was rendered speechless. After all, it wasn't him that started this verbal battle.

Half an hour later

While biting into a succulent piece of meat, Gifford looked at the man with a bottle of liquor in his arms. Turning his face, he said to Joshua in a confused tone, "He is being a little weird today, don't you think?"

Joshua comfortably leaned his back on the sofa, sitting with one leg over the other and said, "Yeah. There's a picture of his woman with another man on the Internet. Everyone's been cheering them and giving them their blessings. No wonder he's acting weird today."

Gifford looked puzzled. "Why?"

"Oh, because everyone thinks that the other man is her boyfriend. Sheffield is just her secret lover that nobody knows about."

Gifford's eyes shot up in bewilderment. How could such a popular and experienced playboy like Sheffield be reduced to such a miserable state? "That woman is not simple by any means. The fact that she could convince Sheffield to willingly be her secret lover, is a testament to her unwavering deviousness." Joshua laughed.

Sheffield squinted his eyes and yelled at him, "Don't speak ill of her like that!"

"Wow! Why are you so protective of her?" Gifford pulled out a piece of roasted duck and devoured it happily.

Sheffield yawned and took another sip of wine. Pensively staring at the liquid inside the bottle, he couldn't help but think of Evelyn again. 'I miss you, Evelyn,' he thought gloomily.

Swirling the glass of red wine casually, Joshua decided to fill Gifford in on what had happened. "Today, our Maestro Tang got stood up by his woman. Not only had he suffered the loss of money for the two first-class flight tickets, when he rushed back to look for her, he also had t

turned out, the woman Sheffield was in love with was Evelyn. Needless to say, he needed all his luck to be with such a gorgeous woman.

"Isn't he here?" Evelyn broke the awkward silence.

"Yes, yes. Evelyn, come on in." They hurried to make way for her to come in.

The smell of wine was even stronger in the apartment. Several empty bottles of liquor and red wine were scattered on the floor. On the other side, Sheffield was lying on the sofa like a dead person. She frowned and asked, "How much wine have you guys had to drink?"

With an embarrassed smile, Joshua quickly pointed at the man on the sofa and said, "He had drunk the most. Gifford and I just had a little bit."

Gifford took a look at Joshua but didn't say anything. 'I do remember seeing him down an entire bottle all by himself.'

Joshua ran to Sheffield and kicked his long leg. "Hey man, look who's here! Get up. Evelyn is here..."

All of a sudden, Sheffield grabbed hold of Joshua's hand and yanked him.

Caught off guard, Joshua fell over Sheffield.

But luckily, before he landed on top of the drunken man, Joshua propped himself up on his hands against the sofa. Otherwise, he might have crushed the doctor to death.

Much to his surprise, Sheffield once again reached out his hands and pulled Joshua close to him, rubbing his head against his chest. "Evelyn, you're here. Give me a hug..."

Wrapped in Sheffield's arms, Joshua was at a loss for words.

Seeing such an odd scene, Gifford, Joshua and Evelyn all were rendered speechless.

Evelyn stifled her laughter and coughed. "I'm glad to see that you are all here keeping him company. Perhaps, I should leave. See you guys later."

#### [Chapter 945 He Has Every Reason To Be Proud Of Himself](#)

Joshua wished he could slap Sheffield—hard. But he couldn't. He was held fast by the drunken doctor, who had him in a bear hug. So he called out, "Evelyn, please don't go. Gifford and I are taking off." He winked at the man near him.

Gifford got his subtle hint and walked to the balcony where his clothes were drying. "Yeah, Evelyn. Glad you're here. But we are just leaving." He picked up his still-wet clothes and gathered them in his arms without folding them.

It took all his strength, but Joshua finally broke free of Sheffield's arms. He kicked the drunken man hard before he left. He murmured, "Next time you won't be so lucky. I'll settle accounts with you next time."

He walked towards the door together with Gifford, still in pajamas. Gifford turned to Evelyn and said, "Thanks for taking care of him. Hey, if he gets in your face again, call me. I'll come right over and beat the crap out of him!"

"And me, you can call me too. I'll help you kick his ass," Joshua added. Although he could not take Sheffield in a one-on-one bout, he could try and hurt him if the doctor were distracted by another foe.

Evelyn was struck speechless. Did these two guys want to beat up Sheffield that much? "Yeah, you should go," she nodded.

Then the two men vacated the apartment in no time.

At the gate of the community

"Any idea what to do now?" asked Joshua, as he looked at a pajama-clad Gifford. He knew they were going to end up drinking, so Joshua had asked his driver to drop him off here and not wait around.

"I thought that would be obvious. We'll go to your place. I need to crash, and your couch is comfy. You don't mind, right?" Gifford had come by taxi.

Joshua rolled his eyes at him. "Listen to you. If I didn't know better, I'd think you were poor. You and Sheffield are loaded. I'm the guy short on pocket change. Why are we even friends?"

Gifford put his arm around his friend's shoulder, grinning from ear to ear, and said, "I'll sleep wherever you want. I'm easy!"

"Awesome. There's a bridge a couple blocks away. You can sleep under that."

"At least go there with me so I have some company!"

Joshua felt so cold he gathered his coat about him more tightly. "You wish!" he snapped.

"Cut the crap, dude. Just get me out of here," Gifford smiled.

Grudgingly, Joshua hailed a taxi and took Gifford back home.

He had to

at first. But then she realized that she wasn't good at housework, so she gave up on the idea. She squatted down in front of Sheffield and gently called his name, "Sheffield."

In his drunken state, Sheffield could barely stay awake. But he heard Evelyn's voice. He pulled her into his arms and nuzzled her neck. "Evelyn, I'm sorry..."

Evelyn choked with sobs. 'I'm the one who should be saying that. I came here to apologize to him. Why did he apologize to me, then?' she thought to herself.

She pressed her cheek against his lips. "It's me who's sorry. For everything. You don't have to apologize."

"No..." With his eyes closed, he shook his head. "Evelyn." He wanted to take her now. But there was no way he was going to do that in his state. Therefore, he let go of the woman in his arms and tried hard to sit up. The softness of the sofa fought him.

Evelyn held his arm and made him lean against the couch. He was trying to clear his head, and this wasn't helping.



He smelled like alcohol, but it didn't make Evelyn uncomfortable. Maybe it was because he drank some high-end, luxurious wine.

"Evelyn..." He slowly opened his eyes.

But then he closed them again. 'If I knew she'd be here, I wouldn't have drunk so much, ' he thought.

"I'm here."

"I'm sorry." He felt bad she had to go through the ectopic pregnancy.

Thinking of this, he held the woman in his arms again. He rested his chin on her head to express his guilt. "If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have had to go through all that. You almost died..."

'So, he does know, ' she thought.

### [Chapter 946 My Future Son-in-Law](#)

"You know I'm crazy for you. Why didn't you tell me you were pregnant? Don't you trust me? Did you think I'd run away? I'm not like that. Evelyn, you must have been scared. Scared and hurting. I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you. I wish I could have taken your pain. Please forgive me... "

Sheffield whispered softly over her head. Evelyn couldn't hold back her tears anymore, letting them flow freely down her cheeks.

How could others think Sheffield wasn't worthy of her? He was a wonderful guy, loving her with all his heart and soul. Evelyn thought she wasn't worthy of him.

"I know I probably seem childish sometimes. And maybe Calvert acts a lot more mature than me. And you like that. I promise I'll be mature. I won't act like a kid anymore, okay?" He held her hand tightly and added affectionately, "Evelyn, I'll never give up on you. You're the only one I love."

Hot tears slid down her cheeks, and finally on Sheffield's hands.

One drop, then two, and more...

Sheffield sensed something was going on with her. He lifted her head and found she was crying.

Her face was covered in tears, which made his heart ache.

He immediately panicked and regained some sobriety. "Why are you crying, Eve? What did I do? Did I say something wrong? Evelyn, don't cry. I'll shut up if you want."

He lowered his head and gently kissed away the tears on her face, his lips caressing her eyelids, her cheeks, her lips. Evelyn cradled his neck and kissed him back.

The apartment fell quiet. The only sound that could be heard was them breathing.

A moment later, he pinned her onto the sofa, her long hair cascading down the side of the sofa.

He stared at the woman with eyes red from wine. "Honey, I'll never let you down!"

Evelyn kissed his lips. "You better not," she teased playfully.

The night passed with passionate hearts beating, taking comfort in each other.

In the Huo family manor

Debbie looked at Carlos worri

ses anymore. Before, you were angry with him for putting Evelyn's life in danger. Matthew said Sheffield didn't even know about the pregnancy. It was just an accident. And now, you're saying that he is too mysterious. I think you're just jealous of him, because he's younger and hotter. That's why you don't like him!" Debbie finally realized why Carlos would never give the young doctor a break.

Carlos' heart sank. When he was young, he had been so handsome that Debbie had been head over heels. Why would he be jealous of a young lad? 'I'm just getting on in years. She isn't as attracted to me as she used to be?' He unbuttoned his pajamas calmly. "How about we have another kid and let our other kids take care of it?"

Debbie blushed. She pushed Carlos away and yelled, "Go away. You're such an old perv!"

Carlos took her in his arms and sat down against the headboard. "Don't worry about Sheffield. I'll figure out what he does all day. Then I'll let him be with Evelyn."

Debbie wasn't in the mood to argue with him. "Whatever. I don't want Calvert as my son-in-law."

"I know."

When Sheffield woke up the next morning, he was alone in bed. Evelyn's scent still lingered in the air.

He pushed away the thin quilt, took his pajamas from the wardrobe, and opened the bedroom door.

#### [Chapter 947 Can You Forgive Her](#)

Sheffield could smell the aroma of toast, scrambled eggs and hash browns in the morning. Still in a daze, he rubbed his eyes yawning. He could hear someone making breakfast in the kitchen, while a cleaning lady was cleaning up the mess in the living room from last night. "Good morning, sir!" said the cleaning lady, as she nodded at him politely.

Sheffield concealed his puzzlement as he nodded back and awkwardly retreated into the kitchen. Much to his surprise, there he was greeted by a chef, not Evelyn.

He turned around and asked the cleaning lady, "Who asked you to come here?"

"A lady called in for cleaning services earlier on. I assume she is your wife?" replied the cleaning lady, uncertain as to who Evelyn was.

Since he was wearing matching pajamas, the cleaning lady simply concluded that they were a cohabiting couple.

'My wife?' The way she addressed Evelyn made his heart jump with joy. He grinned from ear to ear and said, "Okay, thank you!"

"You are welcome, sir!" The cleaning lady continued to sweep the floor.

Sheffield pushed open the door to the study and saw Evelyn sitting at his desk in her pajamas. Her eyes were glued to the screen of the laptop and her phone was propped up against her face by her shoulder. "I'll talk to you about this later." When she saw Sheffield come inside, she paused and continued, "I'll come to the company later. We'll talk then."

Putting away her phone, she stood up and pointed to the computer screen. "I was just checking my emails on your computer." There were many things that she couldn't understand on his computer.

Sheffield smiled affectionately and pulled her into his arms. "I thought I was dreaming last night. Turns out, you are really here."

When she recalled how passionate he had been last night, Evelyn blushed and looked up into his eyes. "Actually, I'm here to apologize." Last night, he had apologized to her first, and then she had no chance to speak.

Now, Sheffield deliberately didn't give Evelyn a chance to speak because he knew what she was going to say. He jutted his chin towards his laptop and said, "Are you done?"

"Yes, I was just going to turn it off."

"Allow me." Stretching out his arm to close the laptop, he walked out with her in his arms and e to a critical point, so his presence at the research and development center was of paramount importance.

His words left Evelyn in a trance. She wondered whether it was truly because he was going to be busy with work or he was just mad at her.

After leaving his apartment, Evelyn got in her car, rolled down the window and told the man standing outside the window, "Wait, there's one more thing."

Evelyn opened the car door and got out.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, it's something related to the Xiang family." After much reluctance, Evelyn weighed out all the pros and cons before she spoke.

She felt uncomfortable at the moment because she had never helped him in anything and he had never asked any help from her before. How could she ask him to make a compromise on the Xiang family matter?

The moment he heard her mention the Xiang family, the smile in his eyes disappeared.

For a while, both of them stood in silence as neither of them said anything to each other.

Finally, when Evelyn recalled the troubled look on Savannah's face, she said, "I know I don't have the right to meddle in how you deal with the Xiang family. I don't care about Sidell. He deserves it. I just wanted to ask...if you can be a little...lenient with...Dollie..." She was too embarrassed to continue. "For my sake, can you...forgive her? After all, she was just a kid back then."

Fortunately, Evelyn was only pleading with him instead of other men, because she wouldn't be able to bring herself to do that.

#### [Chapter 948 Im So Disappointed In You](#)

"If you don't want to let her go, it's okay." Evelyn took a deep breath. "I can understand. I was just asking."

She regretted as soon as the words left her mouth.

The thought of Sheffield's feelings hadn't even crossed her mind when she opened her mouth.

Before she could think more about it, Sheffield sent her a carefree smile. "Now that you've mentioned, I have to agree. If I don't, I'll end up humiliating you."

Evelyn's heart jumped when she heard his flat tone. She knew she had hurt him, but his tone was so emotionless that she couldn't tell what was going on in his mind.

She glanced at him awkwardly. "No, it's not like that..."

"You don't have to explain. If I don't let Dollie off the hook, wouldn't I look like a hostile person?" Sheffield paused for a while, only to give her a faint smile. "After all, she was only a child back then." He despised the phrase "she was just a child" so much that he felt his vomit crawling all the way to his throat. Sheffield hated saying it.

This was when Evelyn was able to sense a touch of irony in his tone, and she panicked. "Sheffield," —she grabbed his big hand in a hurry—"it doesn't matter. I will support you, no matter what." She paused and licked her lips in anticipation. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked. I just feel bad for Savannah. From now on, I won't do anything to cause you more pain."

His gaze lingered at the intertwined fingers for a long time, and his expressions melted. "Evelyn, you're my love. Of course, I will listen to you." There was a hint of disappointment in his eyes that Evelyn didn't fail to see.

She was the woman he loved the most.

He hadn't doubted the feelings he held in his heart. His eyes darted in Evelyn's face. Was he the man she loved most?

After all, she had never said she loved him.

Evelyn had already guessed what was going on in his heart, and a flush of guilt flashed on her pale face. She didn't know what to say. Sheffield sighed and pulled her in his embrace without letting go of their intertwined hands.

"Well, I know what to do, but..." He buried his face in her shoulders. "Evelyn, I'm so disappointed in you."

Still, he would not blame her. After all, she was the love of his life.

It was Sheffield who fell in love with her first. The person who had fallen in love with someone first was destined to be humble.

Evelyn's heart skipped a beat when she heard his words. She could still hear his warm breath against her sensitive skin that made her heart beat faster. "Sheffield," —she was anxious enough to tighten her hand that interlaced with his fingers, but she didn't let go of his warm embrace—"I'm sorry. I take my words back."

Sheffield smiled against her skin, and after giving her a gentle squeeze, he took a

moment of inuvious work. At least he wouldn't have to eat and live in the lab anymore. He leaned on the wall only to flip through his phone when his phone buzzed. The frown was back on his forehead again. It was from the department director of the hospital. "We have got a patient with a complex condition here, and you need to come to the hospital to participate in the afternoon's consultation."

Sheffield heaved a helpless sigh and went home. He took a shower and changed his clothes before hurrying to the hospital.

When he opened the door to the department, everyone greeted him with a bright smile. The nurses saw him again, and their eyes brightened. "Dr. Tang, you're finally here!"

"Long time no see, Dr. Tang!"

Sheffield leaned on the counter. "You really missed me," —he sent a wink at them—"didn't you?"

The nurses stared at the flirtatious face for a long time. A hint of blush appeared on their cheeks. Gosh! He was so good at flirting. "D-Dr. Tang, are you going to stay in the hospital?" a nurse stuttered.

By that time, most of the nurses had already recovered their functioning brain. "Yes, Dr. Tang, if we don't see you, we will have no motivation to come to work!"

Sheffield straightened up and put his hands into the pockets of his white coat. "I'm not sure yet!"

"Dr. Tang," —a younger nurse paused when her eyes shifted to the pen in his pockets—"your pen looks very precious."

The corners of his lips curved up, and he fondled with the pen. "Of course, this was a gift from my beloved woman."

The nurses didn't seem to focus much on the tenderness that his voice held the moment they heard his words. "What? Your beloved woman?" They stared at the doctor in shock. "So, Dr. Tang has a girlfriend?" The young nurse's face turned gloomy after she heard that the man in front of her was in love with someone else.

### [Chapter 949 My Wife](#)

"That's right. Well, I'll let you get back to what you were doing. I need to get to work myself." Without much explanation, Sheffield turned and headed for his office.

He happened to meet Horace. The other doctor was on his way to see a patient. Horace whispered, "Dude! There's a girl waiting for you. She said she was a friend. She's been here at least a good half-hour." He pointed his finger at the office.

Sheffield turned and saw a familiar figure through the window.

It was her!

Ignoring the curious looks from his colleagues, he walked up to the woman and said coldly, "It's been a while."

The woman was pretty. And fashionable. Everything on her was high-end, brand-name clothing. "Off the rack" was a foreign term to her. Beneath an ankle-length Khaki coat, she wore a knee-length cream-white dress with a pair of navy blue high-heeled shoes. A black shoulder bag completed the outfit.

Her light brown hair was parted in the middle. It was long, falling about her shoulders. She wore light make-up, brown eye shadow, and purple lipstick.

She smiled and said nothing.

"Let's go!" Sheffield gestured to her. He wanted to talk, but outside the office.

While the other doctors were whispering to each other about them, the woman followed Sheffield outside.

It was December and the temperature was scarcely above freezing. After wrapping her coat about her, she took a look at the man walking in front of her and smiled.

When they came to the corridor leading to the hospital garden, she spoke first. "I get it, Dr. Tang. You're busy. You don't text back or answer my calls. I came here three times hoping to see you. No luck. And today, I must have waited an hour before you finally took the time to visit." There was no blame in her tone, but a trace of helplessness.

Sheffield turned back to look at her. "Yeah, I've been really busy. There something I can do for you?" he replied honestly.

"I moved back. I found a job with a big company, working as the manager of the finance department." Gillian Chi lived here before, then lived abroad for a time. She had recently decided to come back. She thought of Evelyn, his eyes filled with love. "Not just a girlfriend. She's my woman, my wife!"

"You got married?" She raised her voice a little. She sounded like she might go hysterical.

"No."

The woman breathed a sigh of relief. As long as they weren't married, she still had a chance to win him back.

But Sheffield felt he had to elaborate. "It's only a matter of time before we do tie the knot. We'll have the marriage licenses sooner or later."

Gillian Chi couldn't believe her ears. "Do you love her that much?"

"Of course!" After saying that, Sheffield turned and headed towards his office.

A cold wind blew, stirring Gillian Chi's hair. She felt chilled all the way to her heart.

In a car not far away, Calvert rolled up the window, scrolled to the photo he'd just taken on his phone, and ordered the driver, "Investigate that woman."

"Yes, Mr. Ji."

In the photo, the woman clutched the man's sleeve, and because of the angle of the shot, she seemed to be holding his hand.

The car drove away from the hospital.

That evening, after getting the answer he wanted, Calvert immediately sent the photo to Evelyn.

At ZL Group

Evelyn was in the meeting room, discussing business with several senior executives. Carlos was there as well. She put her phone between her and Carlos.

Her phone buzzed. Evelyn unlocked it and clicked on the message. She couldn't believe her eyes.

#### [Chapter 950 Carlos Suspicion](#)

When Evelyn saw the pic Calvert sent her, she quickly turned her screen off. She didn't want Carlos to catch a glimpse of it.

Too late! Carlos had seen it anyway.

Evelyn was a little embarrassed about it. She shifted in her seat and went quiet.

She wouldn't talk about it unless Carlos brought it up.

Carlos' face darkened. 'No wonder we haven't seen much of Sheffield. He's two-timing my daughter! I think another lesson is in order.'

Just then, Evelyn's phone buzzed as another message came in. This time, she was smart enough to keep her phone away from Carlos, balancing it on her leg under the table. She'd wait till she had a chance to check her messages away from prying eyes. When Carlos wasn't looking, she checked the top bar for notifications. 'His ex-girlfriend,' the message read.

She took another look at the picture. The woman held Sheffield's hand, looking up at him. It seemed that the two were talking about something.

The message was from Calvert.

She tried not to show any emotion as she turned the screen off again. She knew Calvert was trying to stir up shit between her and Sheffield. But that didn't make it hurt any less.

Sheffield had been busy for awhile now. He didn't even have time to see her, but he did have time to see his ex-girlfriend.

Evelyn was in a trance as the meeting continued. She had no clue what the others were saying. Her thoughts were a million miles away.

But none of this escaped Carlos. He knew his daughter better than anyone, knew something was bugging her. He ended the meeting early, a frown on his face.

When everyone left, only Carlos and Evelyn remained. "I'm surprised at you, Evelyn. Losing your cool over a random pic?" he asked.

Evelyn was confused. 'What does Dad mean?'

"I'm not trying to mend anything between you and Sheffield. But has he torn down those walls already? You were always the ice princess. And now a picture gets you upset." It wasn't just here. She was distracted at work, too. That angered him.

Embarrassed, Evelyn nodded, "I'm sorry, Dad."

Carlos stood up from his seat and said, "I can't tell you who to love. Think about this, though: this is the guy you gave your heart to. While you were working, he was with another gal. You might want to chew on that. Do you still love him? Do you still trust him? Those are questions you need to answer for yourself."

Then he left, and Evelyn was alone with her thoughts.

After a long while, she sneered. It was just a photo. When Sheffield was around Dollie, she was all over him, not the other way around. A photo didn't matter at all! Was it

nise was, the hacker would be able to wrest ZL Group away from him one day.

He called Dixon on internal line and instructed, "Go and check on Sheffield's R&D project. See if there's been any new funds, and how much he invested."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

Two days later, Dixon told Carlos dejectedly, "Mr. Huo, I couldn't find a thing."

"What do you mean?" Carlos put down his pen heavily and glared at the man.

"As far as we know, Sheffield himself keeps the books, while the rest of his team are only responsible for the research and development. They don't know how much money has been spent or on what. He's hid himself too well, and the people working with him are very tight-lipped. It is almost impossible to find out anything..."

Carlos' face went livid. "Then just keep an eye on Sheffield and his research and development center, and where they go for materials. If we know who their suppliers are, at least that's something." He didn't believe that there was no way to find out anything about Sheffield. He had a reputation to protect.

"Yes, Mr. Huo." Dixon shook his head resignedly and left the office.

Actually, many people wanted to know more about Sheffield. And there were also just as many people who wanted to have a hold over him and ruin him.

Sheffield also figured a high-level person had been investigating him recently, so he immediately hid the important things and burned the insignificant ones, so there wouldn't be anything for anyone to find.

In the dead of night, at ZL Group



Evelyn rubbed her temples and checked the time. It was already past 11 p.m.

She yawned as she put the documents back in the folder, and placed them on her desk. She was definitely ready for the end of the workday.