

TMBA 951

[Chapter 951 Ex-girlfriend](#)

All of a sudden, the door to Evelyn's office was pushed open and a familiar dandiacal man stepped in shortly after.

She shut her eyes and shook her head, then squinted to get a better look. She assumed that the long hours of work was causing her to hallucinate because she was staring at someone who had been gone for many days now.

With her elbows propped on the desk and her hands rubbing her temples, she tried to relieve the fatigue.

"Let me do it!" The man's gentle voice rang in her ears.

Evelyn could no longer tell whether this was dream or reality when she heard Sheffield's voice.

He put the bag in his hand on her desk and gently pressed her temples with his index fingers.

The fact that he had studied Chinese medicine before was undeniable in the way he had succeeded in calming and relaxing Evelyn's state of unease.

It wasn't until much later when Evelyn finally came to her senses and realized that he wasn't just a figment of her imagination. Instead of opening her eyes, however, she leaned her head back and softly called out his name. "Sheffield..."

All the while, Sheffield's absence had led her to believe that perhaps he did not want to see her again out of anger and resentment.

"I'm here," he said.

Evelyn's heart skipped a beat when she heard his voice again. Moreover, judging by the tone of his voice, Sheffield didn't seem angry at all.

A few minutes later, she grabbed one of his hands and said, "I'm fine now."

Sheffield embraced her from behind and kissed her softly on the head. "Did you miss me?"

Evelyn feigned indifference. "No."

Needless to say, the man was unconvinced. He gently grabbed her chin to pull her face closer and as their lips met he pecked at her lips.

A slight moan of pain escaped Evelyn's lips, her grip on his shirt tightening. She complained, "Why would you bite me?"

"I missed the taste of your lips." He stepped out from behind her and leaned against the desk.

Evelyn pursed her lips. The pain was gone. "What are you doing here?" she asked, still feigning indifference.

"I'm here to see my wife." He opened the bag he had brought along with him and said, "Look what I got you here. This is a cup of Fresh Milk Tea with Black Pearls from Nayuki, an MSW Durian Supr

s still sent him messages. If she had been the jealous type, she wouldn't have made it this far with him.

Putting down the fruit fork, she stood up from his lap and started to pack her things without saying a word.

With a hand around her waist and his face against her belly, he soothed her, "Alright, alright. Don't be mad at me! That woman and I never officially dated. I don't think calling her my ex-girlfriend would be true. What made you think I was with her all these days? Even our friends from college couldn't bring us together."

'That means they tried to bring them together at some point.' Evelyn looked at him coldly and said, "If you never had any interest in her, why would they do that?"

"All right. To be honest, I was interested in her at the beginning, but later something happened and I was not interested in her anymore!"

"What happened?" she asked.

He held her by the wrist and made her sit on his lap again, hoping to tell her the details slowly.

Gillian was very beautiful. She was the campus belle. And Sheffield was the most handsome hunk in college. As with any typical college story, Sheffield's friends used to tease him and Gillian.

Everyone in college thought that they would make a great pair.

As Gillian was a good-looking girl, Sheffield didn't stop their joke at the time because he was a little interested in her.

Moreover, he even tried to get close to her and often asked her out for dinner and fun. Sheffield thought she was a good girl until...

[Chapter 952 Dangerous Attention](#)

One night, Sheffield went to a friend's birthday party. It was late when the party let up. The guests were split by gender 5/10—more guys than gals. Gillian was Sheffield's plus one.

And it wasn't clear where they stood. Were they a couple? Sheffield had kissed and held her hand. But it never went any further than that.

But he did want more from Gillian. He even asked her out, and she turned him down. He didn't know whether she was trying to make him want her more, or she just thought he wasn't good enough for her.

There was a BBW (Big Beautiful Woman) at the party. Maybe 160 cm and 75 kg. She was there alone, and no one seemed interested in talking to her. "Hey, guys! I live out in the sticks, and it's kind of a drive. Would one of you handsome gents mind driving me home?" she asked the boys still at the party.

Before the boys could say anything, Gillian said sarcastically to the girl, "Get a load of you! And for you it would need to be a wide load. You think anyone's going to try and assault someone who looks like you? Gimme a break! Try walking. You could stand to drop a few pounds."

Some students laughed, some sympathized with the girl, and some were quite disappointed in Gillian.

Sheffield was very disappointed. When he heard what Gillian said, he thought she was very ugly now. No matter what she looked like on the outside, she was a hideous monster inside. And that was all he saw when he looked at her now. He held the fat girl's shoulder and walked towards the parking lot. "Let's go. I'll give you a ride! I'm sure it's on the way!"

The others watched them leave, dazed by what just happened.

Gillian realized what was happening after a while and called, "Hey! What about me? I don't want to leave yet, and you're my ride."

Then he turned his head and replied, "Call the cops. You're pretty hot, and attract some dangerous attention. I'm sure they'll protect you and give you a lift."

Gillian understood what he meant. Her face went pale.

Since then, Sheffield decided to break up with Gillian. Instead, he started hanging out immediately straightened himself up, and walked side by side with her in the corridor.

Evelyn wondered what was up. Why was he behaving, all of a sudden?

After leaving the company, Evelyn stared at his sports car and suddenly thought of something. "Who was that woman in your car the other night?"

Sheffield was confused. "Which night? What woman? Are you sure?"

Since he had been with Evelyn, there had been no other woman around him.

Evelyn's tone was cold. "Still pretending? I'm sure it was you. It was getting late. Maybe 8 or 9. Some chick sat in the passenger seat of your sports car."

After looking at his own car for a long time, he finally remembered. He pointed to his car and said, "Oh! That was... Take a guess!" He realized who she was talking about. He decided to make fun of her.

However, Evelyn wasn't in the mood to play games. "Not interested."

With that, she walked towards her car. Tayson was waiting for her.

Sheffield grabbed her hand hastily. "Evelyn, I'm sorry. I'll tell you." He opened the door of his own car and helped her get inside. "It was my mother-in-law!"

What? ? His mother-in-law? Evelyn was confused.

"I was going to have dinner with my mother-in-law. How could I not let her get in my car?" Then he helped her fasten the seat belt and smiled.

Evelyn finally realized what he meant. "You mean you were with my mom?"

[Chapter 953 III Always Trust You](#)

"Awesome. You've finally come to terms with the fact that you're my wife. Yeah, you're right. It was our mom," Sheffield smirked.

Frustrated, Evelyn closed her eyes. 'Tricked me again!'

"I have a question for you," Sheffield said. After sitting in his car, the smile on his face vanished. He swiped his phone a few times, then showed her a photo on his screen. "Care to explain this?"

Evelyn took his phone. She saw a photo of her and Calvert.

The pic was taken at an odd angle. It looked like they were kissing.

Calvert was really good at starting shit. He sent pictures of him and Evelyn to Sheffield and sent the pictures of Sheffield and his ex-girlfriend to Evelyn. He wanted Evelyn for himself, and wasn't above a little trickery to get her back. He just wanted to mess up their relationship. He figured that this was the best way to do that.

Evelyn deleted the picture. After handing Sheffield his phone back, she asked, "Who do you trust, me or him?"

Sheffield tucked the phone back into his pocket and started the car. "I trust myself." He trusted his own judgment. The woman he loved would never cheat on him.

They say seeing is believing, but he didn't believe it for a minute.

Not satisfied with the answer, Evelyn asked anxiously, "You don't trust me?"

Sensing the implication behind her question, he sighed inwardly. How could he not trust her? He winked at her and said, "Tell you after you kiss me."

Evelyn was astonished. 'Can't he just drive carefully?'

But it was just a kiss. Without a word, Evelyn leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

Sheffield wasn't completely satisfied. "Just the cheek? That's not good enough. How about on the lips?"

Evelyn lowered her head in frustration and ordered, "Stop the car!"

Her tone was stern. Sheffield thought that Evelyn was mad at him because of his joke, so he apologized immediately. "I'm sorry. I was just joking. No need to get all hot under the collar like that."

"You gonna stop the car, or do I need to pull the e-brake?" Evelyn asked

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nned Evelyn.

Carlos' face darkened. "He's not a member of our family. Uh uh. No way."

Miranda and Debbie looked at each other. Miranda shook her head disapprovingly and told Carlos, "Carlos, I think Debbie's right. I feel bad for the boy. Why should he have to spend the holidays alone? After all, he's not an outsider. We can invite him to dinner. We only need to prepare one more pair of chopsticks."

Carlos wanted to say something, but Debbie interrupted him, "Mom has a point. It's just one more pair of chopsticks. What good is all this money, Mr. Huo, if we can't do anything good with it?"

'Mr. Huo?' Hearing the way she addressed him, Carlos knew that he had to think twice before he continued. Shaking his head, he said, "That's not the point. He's not one of us. He's not a relative. Not a friend of the family—"

"I'll take him as my godson now!" Debbie put down her chopsticks and acted like she was going to leave the table.

Hadn't Evelyn been through enough? Her three ex-boyfriends had died one after the other. Finally, she had met someone she loved very much, and Carlos wouldn't let him anywhere near her. Besides, it was only dinner. Why the big deal?

"This is complete B.S.!" Carlos grunted. 'Doesn't she have enough godsons already?' Carlos' best friends' kids all called Debbie "Godmother" happily every time they saw her.

[Chapter 954 Brother-in-Law](#)

"Then, we'll vote for it." Debbie's sharp gaze pinned Carlos down, who couldn't even utter a word anymore.

Terilynn didn't want to let go of the opportunity, and she licked her lips. "Dad!" When Carlos turned toward her, she lowered her head and glanced sideways. "He'll spend the Spring Festival with us sooner or later..." She paused the words she spoke in a low voice for a moment only to raise her head at Carlos with determination in her eyes. "How about we ask Brother-in-law to come and practice it in advance?"

A smile appeared on Debbie's face, and she thanked her younger daughter in her heart.

"What Brother-in-law?" The words only ignited the fire within Carlos' heart as he sent a fierce glare at Terilynn. "No way! Don't call him that!" Carlos knew his persistence would be futile, but he couldn't just give up that easily.

The color on Debbie's face changed from pink to red in an instant. "Sheffield will be her brother-in-law sooner or later." She threw another sharp glare at Carlos. "There's nothing wrong for Terilynn to call him that in advance."

Evelyn was silently chewing her food, acting as if she was all alone. She knew everyone in her family very well. Even if Evelyn said nothing, she knew what the outcome would be. She believed that the heated debate among her family members would soon come to an end.

"Debbie," —Miranda, who had been sitting silently, raised her head and gazed at her daughter-in-law with a sincere smile on the face—"if you make Sheffield your godson, remember to bring him to me. I want him to call me Grandma."

"Okay, Mom." Debbie chuckled under her breath.

Both mother-in-law and daughter-in-law ganged up on Carlos.

They were the two most powerful women in the Huo family. If they were to come to a decision together, Carlos would be like a lost puppy, not knowing what to do. The situation in front of his eyes was the same, and he couldn't find any possible comeback to refute his argument.

Evelyn was right. Without even uttering a word, the discussion was settled in her favor.

She saw Carlos going back to his study when she was on her way upstairs after dinner. Evelyn shrugged, thinking it might be another video conference as usual. But then she thought of something and stopped right before the door to Debbie's bedroom. She knocked twice.

Debbie opened the door, and the corner of her mouth lifted. "Come in, Evelyn."

Evelyn walked into her parents' bedroom. After closing the door behind her, she gave her mother a tight hug. "Mom, thank you," she whispered and placed her head on Debbie's shoulders.

Debbie's heart melted when she saw her daughter's response. As a mother, she could only pat her head affectionately. Ever since Debbie found out about Evelyn and Sheffield's relationship, she wanted to do her best to bring them closer. She even had tried to find many opportunities for them in front of Carlos.

"You are welcome. It's not easy to meet a person you like. Of course, I will support you unconditionally."

Evelyn backed off and sat on the bed, urging her mother to sit beside her. She cast a sincere gaze at Debbie after a moment of silence. "Mom, I don't want to be engaged to Calvert."

If Calvert weren't in the picture, a huge burden would be off of her shoulders. She could go out with Sheffield without any concern.

"Your dad is indeed getting old." Debbi

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ecause of the intensity of emotions. "Thank you, Auntie!" Somehow, he was able to squeeze out a small thanks.

"You're welcome." Debbie paused for a moment before continuing as if she remembered something important. "Remember to eat regularly even if you're busy. Health is the most important thing."

"Yes, I will."

"Okay, please go ahead with your work. Bye."

"Bye!"

Sheffield stared at the phone for a long time, and a warmth embraced his heart. His mood lifted instantly after the phone call. Even the two simple dishes and one bowl of soup in front of him seemed to be delicious to him. He used his chopsticks to gulp the food one after another, savoring the taste in his tongue.

In the blink of an eye, time passed and only two days were remaining for the arrival of the Spring Festival. At that time, Sheffield had already decided to sneak into Evelyn's office as usual.

Evelyn was staring blankly at a piece of paper. Sheffield had written some words on it. Every curve of it looked professional and sweet at the same time. A gush of warmth flooded her heart at the thought of him.

Earlier, she had first seen that piece of paper when she failed to contact Sheffield for the entire night.

She had kept it in the drawer ever since as if it was her eternal treasure, occasionally staring blankly at it while working.

Evelyn had a missed call from her office. She just assumed that it had been one of her assistants calling her using the phone in her office, but now she realized that it was Sheffield.

The pin-drop silence in her office ended when she heard the creak of the door. She panicked, knowing exactly who entered her office at this time. By the time she raised her head, Sheffield was already inside the room.

He would always show up like this out of the blue. Evelyn hastily grabbed a file and put it on the piece of paper she was looking at a while ago. In her panic, she failed to cover the whole paper, and more than half of the written words were exposed to Sheffield, which she hadn't noticed yet.

The corners of his lips curved up, as he knew exactly what she was doing, but he pretended to be ignorant. He took out something from his pocket and placed it in front of her. "Do you know what it is?"

[Chapter 955 The Handkerchief](#)

Evelyn shook her head.

"Kiss me, and I'll show you." Saying so, Sheffield leaned closer to her.

Evelyn was used to his tricks by now. She sighed and gently pecked him on his cheek.

Sheffield's eyes brightened up. He removed his hand and smiled. "Tah da! I made it myself. It's kinda small, though," he said, a bit embarrassed. "But I am good at embroidery, aren't I?" he gloated. Evelyn stared at the hand-made pink soft satin hankie.

A pair of mandarin ducks were embroidered on it, along with some emerald lotuses, and two small letters on the bottom-right corner—ST.

'Did he...?' She looked up at the man in astonishment.

Sheffield knew what she was thinking. He nodded with a smug smile. "Oh, yeah. Did it by myself. All for my beloved woman. You're moved, aren't you, Eve?" he asked, winking.

Evelyn couldn't find the right words. She was indeed moved. She let her eyes settle upon his long, thin fingers.

It was difficult to imagine him, sitting on a couch, doing embroidery.

She chuckled, but her eyes turned red. This man always found a way to make her smile.

While she was distracted by his loving gesture, he grabbed the note she had hidden under the document.

Evelyn couldn't stop him.

He began to read the note with a grin. "Evelyn, my darling, I owe you an apology..." He looked at her and apologized directly in a serious tone, "Evelyn, I truly am sorry."

He continued to read the note, "I will make it up to you in the future. I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you..."

His tone and sincere expression made Evelyn's face burn red. "Enough! Shut up!"

She stood from her chair and tried to take the note back from him, but Sheffield stepped back and kept a distance from her.

When he saw the next sentence in the note, he sighed. But that was all in the past now. So, he skipped to the end and read aloud the last words on the note. "Your dear Sheffield."

Evelyn walked around the desk and returned to her office.

Later that evening, Evelyn received a message from him. "Eve, you go ahead to our meeting place first. I'll join you there. Be safe on the way."

He sent her the location along with his message. The address was to a resort in the suburb.

It was still snowing outside when Evelyn finished all her work. She was ready to leave earlier than usual.

Before she could leave, however, Carlos walked in. "Evelyn, are you going somewhere?" He was holding a file in his hand. His eyes fell on Evelyn's handbag, and she seemed all set to leave the office.

She answered nervously, "Yeah, I need to attend to something."

As the observant man he was, Carlos sensed that his daughter was pretty nervous about his sudden appearance. "It's snowing. Are you going home early?" he asked calmly.

"Uh, no... I have an appointment with a friend, Dad."

"I see," he said, nodding. "Will you come back to the office later?"

She was meeting Sheffield at a resort. "No," she answered firmly.

"I see. Well, come back to the manor after meeting your friend. Matthew's flight will be arriving soon."

Evelyn fumbled, trying to find an excuse to stay with Sheffield. "Dad, I'm not sure if I can make it to the manor."

Carlos looked at her and compromised. "All right. Go then. Be careful."

[Chapter 956 Phoenix Resort](#)

Carlos knew his daughter well.

Evelyn wouldn't be this nervous if it weren't for Sheffield. She must be on her way to meet him.

Evelyn heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Dad!" She thought she had fooled her father.

Evelyn got in her car and told Tayson, "It's getting dark. Don't drive too fast. Safety is the most important."

"Yes, Miss Huo."

Carlos walked around Evelyn's office, sniffing the air at the same time. He had sensed a familiar smell in the air. Even though he wasn't sure yet, his mind had already guessed that it was Sheffield.

He thought for a moment before using his phone to call Dixon. "Send me the surveillance footage of the 32nd floor." Carlos' face turned dark when he thought of Sheffield sneaking in the office again. He wanted to see just how skilled this man had been to attempt these stunts without a single shred of worry on his face.

"Yes, Mr. Huo." The call ended at that.

By the time Carlos got back to his office, the surveillance video had already been sent to his email.

He stared at the file for a moment and played the video. Carlos waited for a few minutes, fast-forwarding the footage where the staff moved about on the floor. It was then he spotted a suspicious person. Carlos watched the man with squinted eyes and recognition filled his mind. Even though the man was wearing a cap and sunglasses, Carlos identified him. The man was none other than Sheffield.

"Humph!" He had guessed it right. It was indeed that guy who had fooled Evelyn into going on a date when she should have stayed with her family preparing for the Spring Festival.

Carlos cast a curious glance at the man on the screen. Just how did Sheffield manage to get inside the building? Last time, Evelyn had told him she had invited Sheffield. Carlos wouldn't believe those words of his daughter in this lifetime!

He picked up his phone again to call Dixon for surveillance footage of the entrance to the building. Carlos watched five to six videos, but there was no sign of Sheffield.

A few more videos later, Carlos realized that Sheffield hadn't entered through the company's main entrance. He was the number one "target" of the security guards of ZL Group. The guards couldn't have let him in.

All the security guards were on the alert every day, especially the security guards at the entrance of the parking lot. Even though the system could tell the plate number, the security guards still would stop each car. They would look at the driver to make sure that the person wasn't Sheffield.

Half an hour later, Carlos finally found some clues. It turned out that Sheffield had entered the building in the car of one of ZL Group's clients.

Carlos looked at the client carefully. If he remembered correctly, the person was a general manager of Theo Group. The security guards were not allowed to inspect the client because of his identity. That was how Sheffield slipped inside the building.

"The general manager of the Theo Group and Sheffield..."

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she didn't receive any reply from him, Evelyn didn't mind. She put away her phone and went down the bridge.

She found a cobblestone path at the end of the bridge. Both sides of it were covered with red and white camellias. The snow was heavy, and yet, it couldn't hide the sweet fragrance of the flowers.

Evelyn raised her head to see a row of houses across the garden.

Joline pushed open the door to the house in the middle and gestured Evelyn to enter. She gave Evelyn a welcome salute in the ancient style. "Miss Huo, it's cold outside. Hot tea has been prepared in the room. Please come in!"

Evelyn's mouth curved up to form a pleased smile. "Thank you."

Just as Evelyn stepped inside the room, a rush of heat embraced her body, sending her relief from cold. It seemed that the ancient environment had a modern touch of a heating machine.

As soon as she entered, Joline closed the door, giving the entire room to Evelyn. Tayson waited outside the door for Sheffield's arrival.

Evelyn turned her gaze at the bedroom, only to be more surprised at what she saw. It was quite similar to an ancient bridal chamber!

The wedding words pasted on the windows and walls shined in the light of red candles. She could see a red-colored Six-Piece Bedding set on the king-sized bed that was two or three meters wide. It was like the wedding room in a costume TV series.

Evelyn sat at a round tea table in the bedroom, and her eyesight landed on a kettle. Steam floated out of it in the air. She opened it only to find freshly made tea inside.

She poured herself a cup of hot tea and took out her cell phone to call Sheffield.

Her lips had just touched the cup when she heard the sound of the door opening, and her heartbeat quickened.

Before she could stand, a figure appeared in front of her. Evelyn raised her eyes only to be trapped by the scene in front of her. Her pupils dilated when she saw him. She continued to gape at him in both surprise and shock without blinking.

[Chapter 957 Sheffield's Proposal](#)

Sheffield wore a red ceremonial costume. Apart from the white base clothing, the rest of it was all bright red, with dark red patterns. The apparel was designed with wide shoulders and a slim-fit waist. He had a belt adorned with jade. His skin was fair as ever. Standing there, he looked like someone who had just walked out of a painting.

His long black wig was held in place by a jade crown, and a few wisps of hair hung over his forehead. He held a sword, and his eyes twinkled with his signature charm.

The young doctor looked absolutely enchanting. There was a sinister undertone running through this as well.

When he saw Evelyn, his evil smile turned warm. He lifted up his long robe, knelt on one knee in front of her and cupped his hands. He said loudly, "My princess, I'm here to marry you!"

Right now, his every move made him look like a god. Her heart beat faster and faster.

Evelyn covered her chest with both hands, afraid that her heart would leap out of her chest. She was too excited to utter a single word.

Her reaction widened Sheffield's smile. Instead of standing, he raised the sword in his hand and unsheathed it.

It was fake. There was no sword blade but a diamond ring, recessed into the hilt.

He held the ring aloft with a huge grin.

When she saw that, she began to sob, shedding tears of joy mingled with sadness that broke her heart. She covered her mouth to stop herself from crying.

Sheffield took out the diamond ring, threw the sword hilt aside, and took her hand. Looking up at his beloved woman, he said sincerely, "Evelyn Huo, with no witness other than the heavy snow outside, will you marry me?"

Tears streamed down Evelyn's cheeks. How she wished she could confidently say, "Yes, I will!"

But she remembered she promised her father she would get engaged to Calvert. How could she say yes to Sheffield?

She finally couldn't help but slowly squat down and cry. She looked at him and apologized, "Sheffield... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..." 'I can't marry you...'

Sheffield's heart ached. When he saw the tears rolling down her face, he immediately threw the ring away, pulled her into his arms, and consoled her in a soft voice, "Evelyn, don't cry. It's okay if you say

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open-air hot spring pool.

The hot spring pool was exclusive to the House of Sound. The side door in their room was the only access to it. So no one else would be able to disturb them.

Snowflakes were still floating heavily in the darkness. The street lights were dim, to reduce glare from the snow. Sheffield led her into the pond carefully.

The pool had a dome supported by four thick pillars to prevent rain or snow. It was surrounded by lush trees and plants.

She gingerly stepped in, testing the temperature. It was just right. She eased herself the rest of the way in, and was surprised at how good it felt. Her gaze fell on the steps beyond, on which lay plates of fruit.

He embraced her, most of her body hidden in the water. They enjoyed the snowy night together, exploring every inch of their bodies. Awhile later, they relaxed, and started chatting. Suddenly he said, "Want to hear me sing a song?"

"I'd love to!" She hadn't heard him sing in a long time.

Sheffield cleared his throat and started to sing, "There is a pretty fish in an ancient fairy tale. She looks wistful and distant. People shed tears at her melancholy and beautiful songs. They say she's the curse of fishermen. Many sailors died looking for her. She has no soul. The sun is her home and the rainbow is her road."

It was one of her mom's songs. Shocked, Evelyn turned to look at him when he hit the chorus. "Ah—" He hit every note perfectly, and added a tinge of masculinity to the song.

[Chapter 958 A Day To Remember](#)

When Sheffield finished singing, Evelyn couldn't wait to ask, "How are you able to sing that so nicely?"

"Practice! I wanted to get it just right—for you." In order to make Debbie and Evelyn happy, he had spent many hours learning all of Debbie's songs by heart.

"Do you know all my mom's songs?" She looked at him expectantly.

Sheffield crossed his legs and played with her hand in the water. "Yeah. What do you want to hear?"

"My mom sang a song for my godmother Kasie. Do you know that one?"

"Piece of cake!" The man cleared his throat and began to sing, "That winter, the snow fell relentlessly. The night was blanketed in white. You saw me crying like a baby coming back from a hike..."

No matter which song Evelyn requested, Sheffield was able to sing it.

No wonder Debbie was so supportive of Evelyn being Sheffield's girlfriend. He cared about her. Because of his love for her, he had even learned all Debbie's songs—more than 100 altogether spread across several albums, EPs, and promotional singles. Evelyn was impressed. "How can you remember all the lyrics?"

Sheffield replied in a casual tone, "I had to memorize my grandfather's notes on traditional Chinese medicine. If I can do that, then a 3-minute song is nothing. It's also easier when you care about what you're doing."

The admiration in Evelyn's heart was obvious. She realized Sheffield and Matthew had the same ability: eidetic memory. They could remember what they read like it was a photograph in their minds they could refer to.

An hour later, Evelyn and Sheffield returned to their room.

Sheffield ordered room service. Nothing too fancy, just light dishes. Six different courses, four of them vegetables.

When they were almost done with dinner, his phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and said to Evelyn, "It's Joshua. I have to take this."

Evelyn nodded.

"Hey, Joshua!" He stood up from his seat, took out a cigarette and wiggled it. It was his way of telling her he was going out for a smoke.

Evelyn nodded again.

After walking out of the room, he lit the cigarette. "Go ahead, I'm listening!"

"How's it going? Why didn't you

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te like ghosts. Besides, we are not going off the property. Who would we scare?"

She was relieved to hear that and followed him out.

After they walked on the bridge, Sheffield covered her eyes and said in a mock-urgent voice, "Don't look!"

"What? Why?"

"You'll find out. Just wait!"

Evelyn didn't protest. A few seconds later, a loud bang sounded from above. Sheffield finally moved his hands away from her eyes.

Evelyn opened her eyes and saw a trail of sparks rushing into the sky ahead of her. Golden and red fireworks bloomed in the air, falling like tassels. Half the sky was lit up.

At this moment, her eyes, her heart and her whole world were full of beautiful fireworks.

However, to Sheffield's eyes, heart and world, there was nothing but the lovely Evelyn.

"Sheffield, look! Fireworks!" She grabbed his hand and pointed to the sky with joy.

But when she saw the affectionate look in his eyes, she suddenly realized that he had done this. She asked in surprise, "This was all you?"

Well, if he didn't arrange it, how could they have seen it the moment they walked out of the room?

Sheffield kissed her hand. "Like it?"

Evelyn nodded and answered seriously, "Those are the most beautiful fireworks I've ever seen!" She would remember this day forever. No matter what happened in the future, she would never forget the happiness that Sheffield had brought to her today. It was like a dream.

[Chapter 959 The Courage To Elope](#)

"I'm glad that you like it," Sheffield whispered into her ears and circled his arms around her slim waist. He kissed the back of her ears and tightened his arms around her. Evelyn's happiness was the only thing that mattered to him the most.

The fireworks brightened up the sky. They varied in their shapes and sizes. Some were like the blooming chrysanthemum, while others seemed as if they were peonies. Several eyes lit up as they gazed at the scenery without blinking.

Women would raise their heads and express their admiration, pointing fingers at the fireworks.

Evelyn and Sheffield stood holding hands on the bridge. Their clothes fluttered in the wind. From a distance, it seemed to be beautiful scenery in the snow.

The fireworks kept blooming in the air for half an hour before they were over. Sheffield gently tugged Evelyn down the bridge by pulling their interlaced fingers. The two walked toward the courtyard.

The snowfall stopped, but the ground was still covered in a white sheet. It wasn't too cold, though, since they wore warm clothing.

They came to an empty area when a thought flashed in her mind. She cast him a meaningful look before letting go of his hands. Evelyn squatted down and began to write his name on the snow.

She admired her work, but still, she felt like something was missing. Her brows furrowed for a moment before she looked at the name in the snow again. She smiled and gave a quick glance at Sheffield only to add a heart shape around the name. Sheffield, who was gazing at her with a smile on his face, took his phone out to snap a picture of the scene to forever capture her ancient beauty on his phone.

Sheffield put his phone away and added Evelyn's name beside his only to admire the scene after standing up. Their names were close to each other, as were their hearts.

This moment was so beautiful that Evelyn wanted to freeze it for eternity. She touched the area of her chest where her heart was overflowing with warmth. Evelyn swept an affectionate glance at him and her mouth curved up.

Sheffield caressed her cheek. "Evelyn," —he paused for a moment, staring at her with eyes full of longing—"let me take you away."

"To where?" She frowned and cast him a confused look.

Evelyn gazed into his eyes, trying hard to see through his serious face. She wanted to know what he had been feeling, but she failed. That was when Sheffield smiled sweetly at her. "Let me get you out of here, to a place where no one knows us. I will support and protect you all your life. It will be just us and no one else to break us apart."

Her heart skipped a beat. If it weren't for her crazy rational mind, she would have nodded right there. She became desperately tempted as soon as she heard his words.

If they left this place and secretly eloped to another city or state, no one would know. They could start over

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.

."

"It's nine-thirty in the morning. Breakfast will soon be here. After eating, let's walk around. There is a beautiful maple forest. Imagine red maple leaves covered with white snow. How beautiful is that!"

It did sound beautiful, but... Her eyelids felt so heavy that they dropped again. "You are lying. It's winter. Maple leaves should have all fallen." Maple trees cannot live in a cold place.

"It's true in other places. But here, you would still see many leaves on the branches."

"I don't believe you. You're lying." Evelyn didn't want to get up. She could barely keep her eyes open.

"Liar! Liar! Pants on fire!"

Sheffield's grin widened. Evelyn had to control the urge to roll her eyes at him. 'Uh, how childish he is!'

She pouted and got out of bed. Evelyn kicked him lightly. "If you don't control yourself next time, I'll send you to the Black Horse Guild." She couldn't handle this man in bed.

Black Horse Guild was a famous entertainment center in Y City. The men there were all super handsome. They got acquainted with rich women.

She went to the bathroom to brush her teeth. Sheffield tagged along. "Are you sure you're willing to do that?"

"Yes, I am. Or I'll be tortured by you to death!" She didn't hesitate to give her reply.

He saw her putting toothbrush into her mouth from the mirror. "If you send me there," —he gave her a playful smile—"I'll have to accompany all kinds of rich women every day and come back at night to sleep with you, would you like it?"

She paused her movements and looked at him from the mirror. "I wouldn't."

"There you go!"

"Then I'll send you to a monastery to be a monk." Her voice wasn't clear because of the paste in her mouth.

Sheffield chuckled at her response. "Then I'll go to a monastery later. You won't be holding me anymore. It will break your heart." He put the toothbrush into his mouth and began to brush his teeth.

[Chapter 960 Pay Respect](#)

Evelyn rolled her eyes at Sheffield, completely disregarding what he had just said.

After breakfast, she was surprised to find that Sheffield had asked someone to send over two outfits for them. Only after they had put on their white down jackets did she realize that they were actually wearing matching outfits.

They looked almost identical, except for the difference in size.

Evelyn looked at his white sneakers and then at her own. They were wearing matching shoes too.

Sheffield tied his shoelaces and then took out a pair of pink earmuffs; a pink scarf; a pink face mask and a pair of pink gloves from a paper bag, and wrapped Evelyn from head to toe.

In the end, only Evelyn's eyes remained uncovered, while Sheffield didn't even have a scarf or a hat on. She checked the bags out of curiosity and found that it was empty. There was nothing inside the bag for him.

She unwrapped the scarf from around her neck and said, "Here, take this!"

Sheffield stopped her and insisted, "Please, don't worry about me. I hardly wear a down jacket. This is enough for me. I'm not cold at all." In fact, with the down jacket on, he felt hot.

Even without it, the cold was never a problem to him. He was used to it. However, he wanted to keep Evelyn warm.

When Sheffield's firmness convinced her, Evelyn put the scarf around her neck and let him lead her out of Phoenix Resort.

After walking out of the resort, they turned a corner and walked to the path on the right where they had to take a few steps up a slight slope. No wonder he had prepared a pair of sneakers for each of them.

Evelyn glanced at the man to her side and asked, "Have you been here before?"

"Yes, I came here once with my friends. We camped here for a couple of days. But I discovered this spot first when I was passing by on one of my morning jogs here."

"Oh!"

After walking for about ten minutes, Evelyn came across a large area of maple trees. There were at least over a hundred of them—just as Sheffield had said.

Even the cold winds of winter couldn't make the trees shed all of their leaves. Although, there weren't as many leaves as there would be during late autumn; there were just enough for now. Clouds of red looked like the blushes of shy maids.

A gust of wind blew

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ect for the emperor. Mr. Tang, would you like to show me the courtesy?" Evelyn carried such an extinguished presence that if she had worn a Royal gown, she would have looked like an empress or a dignified princess from ancient times.

'Prostrate three times and kowtow nine times?' Sheffield thought about it and said, "Let's say I'm a general in shining armor, who only needs to be on one knee according to the ceremony." He knelt down

on his left knee, left hand on top of his leg and his right hand hanging down. "Little Tang at your service, my princess!"

Trying not to burst into laughter, Evelyn said, "You called yourself a general just a moment ago, but now you've turned into a eunuch. You're probably the first person in history to be demoted so quickly!"

Eventually when Evelyn calmed down, she found herself becoming childish as she had been with Sheffield for a long time. In fact, she was even participating in role play with him. It felt a bit silly.

'A eunuch?' The smile on his face froze. He got to his feet and walked up to her. "Evelyn, look at me. I don't look like a eunuch at all."

She winked at him naughtily, as she walked forward and said, "Really? Then why did you call yourself Little Tang?"

Evelyn had a good point. Indeed, he was the one who had referred to himself with that name. "Okay, but please, promise me that you won't tell anyone else about this!" He grasped her hand, pulling her into his arms and whispered into her ear, "Because I only want to be your Little Tang."