

Chapter 585

"If you really don't want to give up, the worst that can happen is that we'll fish and die, and anyway, I don't want anything to do with you!"

When she finished, she turned never to look at him again and strode forward.

This time, Evelin was truly terrified.

She wasn't stupid, she wouldn't have failed to see that Tailor Feng had just really moved to die with her.

This maniac!

It's okay that she's dead, but what about Mom?

How could he be so selfish with her, just because she hadn't agreed to go home with him.

Evelin was simply heartbroken, wiping her tears as she walked forward.

All the grievances could no longer be endured at this moment and turned into tears that flowed down together.

I don't know how long I've been walking, but in any case, it seems like my legs are a little numb.

Only then did she find a place on the side of the road and sit down.

And not far away, where she hadn't noticed, was the black Ferrari, which had actually been following silently behind since she'd left.

In the car, Tailor Feng looked at the girl sitting not far away, under the streetlight, holding her knees, crying sadly, a heart also ached hard.

In fact, it was as if he was in a daze just now.

Just think, make sure you get her to say yes.

He actually just wanted to hear her say it himself, and it didn't matter if she was willing, even if that willingness wasn't so willing in the middle.

He needed proof too much.

As if by saying yes, she could prove that she was more or less still a part of her heart.

She didn't seem to hate herself that much.

He really hadn't meant to hurt her!

How could a woman he loved so much that he would rather die than let her get hurt in any way, and how could he actually drag her with him to the crash?

Tailor Feng closed his eyes, in pain.

It was a long time before, with trembling fingers, he pulled a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket, took one from the pack and lit it.

It was already eleven o'clock at night.

The road was very isolated and there were no people around, not even passing cars.

The girl just sat there quietly, her head buried in her lap, not knowing if she was still crying.

And the man sat in the car, smoking cigarette after cigarette until the pack was almost finished, and then he pushed open the door and got out of the car.

Evelin was actually tired of crying.

What I just said wasn't angry, but it wasn't what my heart most truly wanted to say either.

When you're tired, you don't have much energy to walk anymore, and with the night being a bit chilly, you don't want to move the whole thing any more.

So she just sat there with her legs like that, quietly, burying her head in her lap so she could at least get a little warm.

It was then that something warm suddenly fell from my body.

She was slightly startled, and when she looked up, she saw Tailor Feng's handsome face.

His face was cold, and the dim light from the street lamp spilled over his head, cutting his features into deeper and deeper dimensions.

Those peach blossom eyes that had been brimming with laughter were now devoid of any smile, only endless coldness and darkness.

He was only wearing a white shirt, and his jacket came off to cover her body, and Evelin didn't have to sniff carefully before a faint, not unpleasant scent of tobacco leaped in at the tip of her nose.

Her heart choked, and her eyes, which had been tired of crying, suddenly grew a little sore again.

I was about to ask him in a bad mood what he was doing here again, but without a word, the man just bent over and picked her up across the room.

His arms were so strong, and it was a completely different feeling than the hangdog unreliability he usually displayed.

Like a really mature man with a roof over her head who can stand up for her and shield her from the elements.

The entire time, Tailor Feng didn't say another word.

Carry her into the car, buckle her seatbelt carefully for her, then get into the driver's seat and start the car.

The car drove down the silent road late at night, and the whole time, neither man said anything else.

There was a silence in the car, but underneath it, it was as if a thousand words had already been said, but none of them were audible.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at the bottom of the apartment building where Evelin was staying.

I don't know why, but Evelin's heart was still not happy even though she had arrived home.

It's like, obviously she knows that it's all safe now.

He would never do anything to her again, never hurt her again, but there was just a place in his heart that was so empty, like he'd forgotten something he hadn't said, like he'd lost something, and it was so hard.

But she didn't say anything in the end, just opened the door in silence and got out of the car.

As he stood on the floor, he remembered that his clothes were still on him, so he took off his jacket again and handed it back to him.

Taylor Feng watched her movements in silence the entire time, his original pair of deep eyes quietly staring at her like stagnant water.

It wasn't until I watched her take off her clothes and place them on the passenger seat that those dead eyes loosened slightly.

Evelin didn't look at him anymore and turned around to head for the flat.

Her pace wasn't fast, or even what could be described as slow.

She herself didn't know why she was so slow, as if her feet were tied to something and she couldn't walk.

Each step lifted was incredibly heavy.

A hidden voice in the back of her mind was telling her it was over.

It's over!

After today, no matter how many regrets and unresolved feelings remain, no matter how many struggles and tangles remain, it will all be over.

From now on, they would really have nothing to do with each other, and she wouldn't have to be deliberately embarrassed or have someone in her life who would drive her crazy every time she was angry.

But, again, there will be no one else who will repeatedly come to her rescue in her most desperate moments.

Her life will once again be in stagnant water, never to make a single ripple again.

But isn't that what she wants?

Hadn't she lost her heart nah, a long time ago?

She would always remember that sun-filled afternoon when she happily went to the Feng family villa to play with her Yat brother.

But Brother Yat had gone out and had not yet returned, and the maid of the house, because she liked her so much, kept her and gave her some toys and told her to wait in the drawing-room for Brother Yat.

She was so happy, she just played and played and waited.

I waited for a long time, but not only did I not wait for Brother Yat, I also waited for Brother Yat's mother.

— Lone Warbler.

The one who was the proud woman with eyes above her head.

The first time I was in the room, I thought I'd see you again, but I didn't think you'd see me again.

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It was originally just an unintentional joke by the adults.

But unexpectedly, Lone Ying's face changed abruptly when she heard this.

She suddenly turned her head, stared at the maid with a serious face, and said, "Don't talk nonsense! Humph, what kind of family is our Feng family? The person Yi'er is going to marry in the future, even if it's not the princess of Wang Hou's family, it should be the daughter of a noble family, what kind of thing is that girl?"

"But it's the daughter of an adjutant, the old man respected her father, that's why he allowed her to come over often to play, but you have to know, our family is no longer in the army, that adjutant is useless, in business, can their family help Yi'er?"

"So, in the future, don't let me hear such words again, our Feng family will never allow our own son to marry a low-born woman like this, understand?"

The maid hadn't expected her to suddenly become so serious, and was so frightened that she turned white.

Promise in succession, "Yes, ma'am, I know."

Only then did Lone Ying nod her head in satisfaction and continue to the living room.

However, as soon as the two of them stepped into the living room, they saw the little girl standing there, looking at them with a confused look on her face.

The little girl isn't really very little anymore, she's nine years old, and she already understands a lot of what the adults say.

Although it wasn't understood that clearly, girls were always a bit more precocious than boys, and even if it wasn't clear why they had to say that they were fixing up with

Brother Yi or something, they could still hear from the tone of the Lone Warbler's voice that she was dismissive and full of herself.

At that moment, the maid saw her and her face swished.

Very embarrassed, he ran over and asked with a compensatory smile, "Miss Evelin, what are you doing here? How come people don't even squeak in here, look we don't even see them."

Her eyes were panicked and her hands were so panicked that they hurt her as she gripped her small arms.

But tiny Evelin, didn't show any pain, but stared straight at Lone Ying.

Lone Ying looked at her indifferently, without any embarrassment or guilt on her face after being caught bad-mouthing her.

She just stared at her coldly and then smiled disdainfully.

"Now that you're here, let's go to the backyard and have some snacks, it's not a wasted trip."

Afterwards, he turned to take her to the backyard.

Unexpectedly, Evelin suddenly opened her mouth in a brittle manner.

"No, Aunt Solitary."

She set down the small toys she had, one by one, in a regular pattern on the table.

Then, without fear, he straightened up, looked at the Lone Warbler, and said word for word, "I've had enough fun for today, thank you for your hospitality, I'm going home."

After saying that, he turned and ran out.

She hadn't been to the Feng family since then.

She would never be able to forget the disgusted and despicable face that the solitary Ying had when she looked at her.

It was the first time she had ever felt malice from this world while living in it.

The company's main business is to provide a wide range of products and services to its customers, and to help them to make the best use of their resources.

Otherwise, it wouldn't have been possible to buy a house and still start a business when you took the girls south.

So, she had a pretty good family before that.

But even at that time in her family, she was still unabashedly disliked by the Lone Warbler.

It was as if she was looking at a piece of rubber candy that was sticking to her house and wouldn't let go, and for the rest of her life she would never forget it and never want to see it.

That was why, to this day, she still didn't want to be with Tailor Feng.

She didn't want to see Lone Ying's eyes like that again, nor did she want her mother, at her age, to have to come along with her to suffer the malicious misinterpretations of the other side.

After all, no matter what her reasons were for being with Tailor Feng, when it came to Lone Ying, it would eventually turn out that she had gone to great lengths to seduce her son for the money as well as to marry into the gentry.

She didn't want to take any more of this misunderstanding and didn't bother arguing about it.

At nine years old, she didn't distinguish anything, and now that she's twenty-three, she's even less likely to say anything.

Evelin thought so, dragging her steps forward weakly.

But why are tears still flowing down uncontrollably when the decision is clearly made in my heart?

All she could do, over and over, was lift her sleeve and wipe the tears away.

Kang Lok Yau, be strong!

It's just a man, right?

There are so many men in this world, it's not like this is the only one, so what's the big deal if it's gone?

For the sake of your pride, for the sake of your self-respect, and for the sake of your pride, please be strong, and never again be treated with that look, and never again have your tormented mother have to worry about you in your old age.

Thinking so, she picked up her pace and walked quickly inside.

Yet at this moment, there was the sound of hurried footsteps behind him.

As if realizing something, Evelin's face shot white and her feet stepped faster.

However, how could she defeat a man, even if her steps were fast?

Tailor Feng quickly grabbed her from behind.

Evelin subconsciously struggled, shouting as she struggled, "Tailor Feng, let go of me!"

"I won't let go!"

Tailor Feng's death grip on her body was so strong that she felt pain, as if he was trying to strangle her into her bones and blood and become one with himself.

He placed his head on her shoulder, feeling her slightly trembling body, and his voice pressed up against the hidden, "Yoyo, I don't agree with the breakup."

Evelin shook fiercely!

The struggle stopped instantly.

Almost incredulously, he asked him, "What did you say?"

Tailor Feng repeated, "I don't agree to break up!"

He said, hugging her tighter, as if he was afraid she would disappear from sight.

You can even hear the emotions and reluctance in the voice that has been squeezed to the extreme.

"I don't care why you're leaving me, and I don't care if you like me or not, I just want you to know that I'm in love with you, hopelessly in love with you, and you can either stay with me or you can kill me, I can't stand living without you and I don't want to see you with another man."

"I feel like I'm going crazy just thinking that you're going to be with another man, Yoyo, don't push me or test my feelings for you because I really don't know what I'm going to do at that point."

"Even just take pity on me and try it out with me, truly, and put aside all preconceptions for a moment, will you? You don't want to meet my family, you can not see them, as long as you're happy, as long as you promise to never leave me again, everything is up to you, and if after you try, you still don't fall in love with me, well, then I choose to give up."

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Evelin shook hard again.

She never expected that Tailor Feng would say these words to her.

His tone was so sincere, so painful, like a dying man waiting for her salvation.

She never imagined that his love for her had gone so deep into the marrow of his bones to such a terrible extent.

What a proud, wanton, wanton man that is!

It was as if there was never anything in the world that could make him whisper so low.

But now, he's holding her like this and saying to her, please have pity on me....

Evelin's tears rolled out at once.

It was only after a long time that Evelin hissed and softly uttered a sentence.

"Tailor Feng, do you know what you're talking about?"

"I know."

Tailor Feng said in a low, hoarse voice, "I'm sorry, I was always thinking that I would tell you my true feelings if I waited for a response, I was always waiting for you to take the initiative to approach me, but I forgot that the person who initiated this relationship was clearly me, and the one who first took the initiative to approach you was also clearly me."

"I'm sorry, it was my pride that hurt you, I tried to give up once, but I couldn't, so Yoyo, will you give me another chance?"

"This time, it's not a deal, it's not a condition, it's just getting along like a normal couple, you can get mad at me, you can say whatever you want to me, let's get serious for once, okay?"

The man's words caused Evelin's tears to fall even harder.

It's just that his back is turned and he can't even see it.

After a long time, she managed to hold back her tears and said, "Why bother?"

Why bother?

Knowing that in the end, no matter how much she got along, she would never agree to be with him forever.

Knowing that all the work that goes into it will be like a moth to a flame with no return, and the possibility of burning yourself.

Why do you want to keep going on?

What was so good about her that she was worth it to him?

Tailor Feng laughed bitterly.

In fact, he didn't know why he had to.

Just a voice in his heart was telling him that tonight, if he didn't try once more, he might never really get another chance again.

He just...didn't want to lose the one and only time he'd ever been truly affectionate!

Tailor Feng whispered, "Do you still hate me?"

Evelin didn't say anything.

Tailor Feng continued, "I threatened your mother's life and did that to you, and usually bully you all the time, do you hate me so much?"

Evelin was tempted to say no.

But when it came to my mouth, it became "yes."

Tailor Feng laughed at himself.

"So ah, all the more reason for you to promise me and then take this opportunity to torture me and return all the anger you've suffered in the past, wouldn't that be good?"

Evelin's tears, which she had already tried to suppress, once again surged out.

This man....

Seemingly sensing her weeping, Tailor Feng finally released her and gripped her shoulders with both hands, turning her body to face him.

Then, with her head down, she reached up and cupped her face, *kssing away each of the ksses* on her face.

Tears dug into my mouth, a salty, bitter taste.

But he k*ssed her lips without a hint of dislike until he had exhausted the tears on her face.

It was a lingering k*ss to the extreme.

It wasn't as if he hadn't *kssed her before, but it was as if there had never been a time when he had kssed* her like this, with a cherished, as if he was holding the most precious jewel in the world, k*ssing every inch of her skin, wanting to melt her whole body between his bones and blood.

Moonlight spilled down through the leaves of the forest beside the road, turning the ground into a dappled circle of white light and shadow.

The two of them k*ssed like that, obliviously, as if nothing existed in this world, nothing anymore, there was just the two of them.

Good thing it was late at night and there were few people around.

Coupled with the dim light, if you didn't look closer, you could barely make out the two other figures here.

I don't know how long the k*ss had been going on, but all in all, Evelin felt like she couldn't even breathe, and only then did he release her.

But it was only for a brief moment that he loosened his grip on her forehead, and his brimming eyebrows were a deep affection that had never been seen before.

Then, when she got her breath back, she k*ssed it again.

As if he couldn't get enough k*sses, he took over her heart a little bit more tenderly.

Evelin only felt her entire body trembling, and her legs were so limp that they would have almost gone to the ground if a man hadn't been holding them up.

There was a slight sound of insects chirping among the forest leaves.

The atmosphere around it was even more quiet and beautiful.

This time, it took a long time again before Tailor Feng finally let go of her.

There was no telling when the smile began to tint his brow again, perhaps when she couldn't help but fall into his arms, or perhaps, when she was soft and touched and forgot to respond to his k*sses.

Anyway, he looked happy, his eyes dark in the night, staring straight at her.

Evelin was so uncomfortable with him looking at her that she could only push her face away and ask against her blushing face, "What are you laughing at?"

Tailor Feng's tone was one of unbearable happiness, hugging her in his arms and asking, "Is that forgiving me?"

Evelin choked.

Tailor Feng was full of anticipation, carefully looking into her eyes.

Until she nodded imperceptibly and gave a soft "hmm".

Only then did he pick her up again like a little child, ecstatic.

Evelin didn't expect him to make this move, and was so shocked that his entire body was held in place for several turns before stopping.

She hit him on the shoulder in a grouchy way and said, "What? It's scary."

Tailor Feng smiled happily and said, "Yao Yao, thank you."

Evelin's heart was sore.

She managed a smile, "Thank me for what?"

"Thank you for being willing to give me another chance."

He said, taking her hand in his and placing it on his chest.

"I know that I have a lot of bad temper and that I have wronged you in the past, so don't worry, I will correct them all and never let you down in the slightest again."

Evelin was startled and looked up at him.

Looking at his earnest and sincere eyes, I don't know why, but my eyes suddenly became sore.

She managed a smile, didn't move to remove her own hand, and said, "We'll talk about these things later."

Taylor Feng noticed that she didn't look too amused, and only thought that she didn't believe what she said yet, and secretly thought that she would believe it later when she did.