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Tailor Feng looked at the teary-eyed Evelin sadly and reached out to brush away her tears.

Evelin's body shivered violently, but in the end, she held back from opening his hand.

What should he do if he raised the price again, then it looked like Zhu Yi might really have to agree to his request.

Evelin thought desperately and closed her eyes.

Tailor Feng quietly looked at Evelin, watching the thick and slender eyelashes tremble slightly, watching her helplessness revealed by her desperation, watching her weakness, her everything, his heart softened a little.

Tailor Feng stretched out his hand and hugged Evelin tightly in his arms, coaxing in a low voice, "It's okay, I'll be good to you."

The tone of his voice is just like he already treats Evelin as his woman.

Evelin's body trembled fiercely, and finally, she couldn't hold back anymore and pushed Tailor Feng away.

Tailor Feng was pushed by her and looked at her with some surprise, "What's wrong?"

Evelin was shaking with anger: "Tailor Feng, you obviously have so many women, why did you have to come to trouble me alone! Don't you think it's good to let me go? We're not going to cross rivers!"

Tailor Feng's eyes reddened.

He clenched his hands and gritted his teeth, "I can't believe you don't know how I feel about you!"

Evelin trembled violently again.

She closed her eyes with some finality. Not at all, and it's nothing to do with me."

"Con! Lo! Yao!" Tailor Feng hatefully gripped her shoulders, frowning in pain.

But Tailor Feng seemed as if he couldn't see, his hand clenching tighter and tighter, "Do you know how much my heart hurts? You know what!"

Evelin endured the pain and turned her head over, forcing herself not to look at Tailor Feng: "I don't know, it has nothing to do with me either."

At this moment, Tailor Feng really kind of wanted to scrap Evelin.

Was it so she could stay quietly by her side? Is that so she won't be so disobedient?

But Tailor Feng still resisted the urge.

He couldn't let go.

But his emotions Evelin didn't understand and couldn't empathize with.

She was incredibly angry now, and if there wasn't still a shred of sanity left, she would have chosen to curse Tailor Feng fiercely.

Rao, Evelin still felt as if the emotions in her chest were going to explode her.

She stared at him with equally red eyes, full of hatred, "Tailor Feng, I hate you."

Nothing could break Tailor Feng's heart or drive him crazy more than those three words.

He suddenly felt a little ridiculous.

He'd sacrificed so much for Evelin, but she said she hated him?

Well, how funny, and how ridiculous.

But he didn't say anything, just slowly walked up to Zhu Yi.

Then, under the astonished gazes of the crowd, he threw a fierce punch and knocked Zhu Yi to the ground.

"Say you agree." Like a madman, Tailor Feng picked up Zhu Yi by the collar, "Say you agree."

Word by word, he used an almost threatening tone to force Zhu Yi to agree to this matter.

Evelin sucked in a breath and roared out in a low voice, "Tailor Feng you let go!"

I said, rushing up in big steps, trying to pull Tailor Feng away.

Zhu Yi was so beaten by the circle that a scarlet line of blood oozed out of the corner of his mouth.

But he laughed, a little arrogantly, "I, for one, would not agree to that

.Tailor Feng you're dead to me. Not only that, but when I marry Evelin, I will invite you over so that you can watch us become husband and wife and never part for the rest of our lives."

He originally wanted to promise Tailor Feng, but Tailor Feng he was too much of a bully.

In that case, let's all die together.

He won't let go of Evelin, and likewise, he doesn't want to think about getting better.

This statement undoubtedly infuriated Tailor Feng.

Tailor Feng didn't care about Evelin's obstruction, raising his hand to punch Zhu Yi again.

It was then that Sonja finally couldn't resist.

She strode forward and slapped Tailor Feng fiercely, "Tailor Feng! You stop!"

Tailor Feng was a little confused by her slap, but underneath his eyes, there was more mockery and anger.

Tailor Feng let go of Zhu Yi, and Evelin even stepped forward to help the latter, staring at him with anger.

Tailor Feng couldn't care less about these two at this point.

He narrowed his eyes dangerously, stepping closer to Sonja.

The atmosphere was appalling, and the eyes were filled with ferocity.

Sonja was forced to step back by his momentum, to the point where one finally failed to stand and fell to the ground.

She trembled and looked at Tailor Feng.

She had never seen such a fearsome Tailor Feng.

In her impression, Tailor Feng was either suave or flowing with flowers, and even though he occasionally exuded some momentum, there was no time like now that she felt like she would die in the next moment.

Yes, in the current Song Jia Jia's mind, Tailor Feng was already so terrifying that he might raise his hand and kill her in the next second.

But to her surprise, Tailor Feng saw her fall to the ground and then didn't advance any further, but tidied up her sleeves and collar and licked her lips, "Song Jia Jia, I'm giving you a chance to tell me now, tell me in what capacity you're beating me and in what capacity you're ordering me."

Sonja was trembling with fear.

But her heart's adoration for Tailor Feng and the efforts she had made made her very unhappy.

So Song Jia Jia took a deep breath, plucked up as much courage as she could, looked at Tailor Feng and tried to argue, "I'm your girlfriend, you said that I'm the most agreeable person to you at the moment."

"Oh? Like this?" Tailor Feng suddenly laughed.

Tailor Feng originally had a pair of peach blossom eyes, and after suddenly smiling at this time, he was so demonic that he didn't look like a person should look, and it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that he was a beautiful man who came out of a painting.

Song Jia Jia had been so scared of him before that she had lost her brain somewhere, so much so that after she saw Tailor Feng's smile, she actually thought he was agreeing with her.

Unfortunately, she didn't see the cold sarcasm and killing intent in his eyes at all.

So, after hearing Tailor Feng's next words, she felt full of humiliation, one didn't hold back, and lowered her head and cried.

Tailor Feng said, "Girlfriend? I've had so many girlfriends. Which one are you? Besides, you're a sl*t in bed, but to my satisfaction? I don't know what you're presumptuous about."

"You lie! I've obviously never slept with you!" Sonja cried out, "You're insulting me!"

Tailor Feng hooked the corner of his lips and said nothing.

Yes, that was exactly what Tailor Feng was aiming for.

He was just trying to humiliate her on purpose.

None of the guests were industry bigwigs, and Tailor Feng's words at this time would be no big deal to hear in normal times, but at this moment, it was an extreme humiliation for Song Jiajia.

After today, even if Song Jia Jia tried to defend herself, it would be impossible for her image to return to her previous innocent and well-behaved appearance.

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This was a fatal blow to Sonja, who started out as an innocent.

However, Tailor Feng didn't care about that.

He's never been kind to women he doesn't care about.

If Song Jia Jia was just spot on with her death, he could still look at her as meek and good before and barely leave it alone, however....

Heh, does Song Jia Jia think he, Tailor Feng, is anyone's fighter?

He could tolerate Evelin because she was the love of his heart, the only woman he had ever identified with.

Why is Sonja so floaty? Think you can beat him and get away with it?

Thinking of this, Tailor Feng felt a burst of amusement.

But what he didn't know was that Evelin's body shook violently when she heard this.

So, wasn't he the only woman he had ever been with....

Evelin's eyes were a little dim, but she said nothing.

She wasn't in a position to care about that, and more importantly, she couldn't care about that.

The situation was momentarily at an impasse.

No one dared to come up to obstruct Tailor Feng anymore, but the four people involved had no more to say.

The outsiders didn't dare to intervene because they were afraid of angering Tailor Feng, while the insiders made no move because they didn't know what to say.

In the end, it was Tailor Feng who broke this atmosphere of silence.

He tidied his sleeves as he turned and smiled at Zhu Yi, "I'll give you one more chance, give her up and I'll give you endless glory and riches, but if you don't know what's good for you, I'll make the entire Zhu family die for you."

Evelin and Zhu Yi's faces faded in blood for a time.

Evelin finally couldn't resist.

"Tailor Feng, why are you targeting me like this? Let me go." Evelin shook her lower lip, her strength eventually softening, "Please, let me go."

Tailor Feng was so shocked by the word "beg" that he couldn't regain consciousness for a long time.

He and Evelin had been childhood sweethearts for ten years and had always known how strong she was.

But now, she said the word "beg" to herself, just to get him to let her go and let her marry Zhu Yi.

Well, what has he done to himself?

"Is he that good." Tailor Feng's tone of voice was suddenly much calmer, quieting Evelin's heart to panic.

Evelin shook her head in her heart, no, she just didn't want him to see the mess she was in.

But her body nodded.

"Yes." Evelin's voice was soft, so soft that a little farther away, you wouldn't be able to hear what she was saying.

But Tailor Feng had been waiting for Evelin's answer, all his senses were waiting for her voice.

Then he waited for that answer.

Tailor Feng only felt the blood in his body freeze.

He burst out laughing, a laugh that grew from small to large and finally resounded throughout the room.

This laughter made Evelin's heart panic.

She wanted to walk up to him and hug him and tell him that she actually loved him, that she actually didn't want to marry Zhu Yi.

But she knew she couldn't do that.

She could only hold Zhu Yi in her arms for dear life and not let go.

Zhu Yi felt the tightening of Evelin's arm, his heart filled with guilt and emotion.

He raised his head and looked at Evelin whose eyes were slightly downcast, unable to see her expression.

The game just felt like he had never loved her as much as he did in that moment.

"I'll be good to you, Evelin, I'll be good to you." Zhu Yi grasped Evelin's hand and solemnly assured her.

Evelin barely smiled, not replying.

If she could, she really didn't want to marry Zhu Yi, nor did she want to do this to Tailor Feng.

But when she thought of her vampire-like foster father, Evelin forced herself not to think about Tailor Feng.

She's not good enough.

He is, isn't he?

In that case, why delay him?

Thinking of this, Evelin felt a lot better all of a sudden.

But Tailor Feng was unaware of her inner activities.

At this point, Tailor Feng only felt like a joke.

He'd spent so much effort, so much money, trying to break them up, and yet they were so intimate and loving in front of him.

It's funny, isn't it?

Thinking of this, Tailor Feng's smiled mockingly.

He took a deep look at the two men on the floor, said nothing, and turned to leave.

Evelin was relieved to see that Tailor Feng had left.

But she was more worried.

However, she did not express this feeling, but helped Zhu Yi up and assisted him to leave the venue.

Song Jiajia stared at the backs of the two Evelin with hatred in her eyes, her expression fierce.

"Evelin, I'll make you pay for this!"

Evelin didn't hear Song Jiajia's self-talk.

At this time she sent Zhu Yi to his car and then watched him leave with a complicated expression.

The game didn't care about Evelin's abnormality.

He just assumed that Evelin was not in a good mood after all she had been through.

Little did she know that Evelin was worried about Tailor Feng.

Ever since Tailor Feng had left the venue, she'd been wondering how he was doing, if he'd done anything dangerous.

She couldn't care less.

She and Zhu Yi are in fact contractually married, he gives her resources and she helps him resist pressure from his parents.

The starting point of this marriage contract was inherently a trade of interest.

The only variable is that the games really like her and treat her well.

As a result, Evelin gradually developed some affection for him as well.

But mere affection is limited to that.

What Evelin really loves is actually still Tailor Feng.

She could probably guess just how deeply she had hurt Tailor Feng today, so worry was inevitable.

Therefore, Evelin's feelings towards Tailor Feng were actually somewhat complicated.

As she wandered the streets strolling destination wandering, Evelin suddenly heard the sound of a car horn behind her.

She looked back at the vehicle and noticed a man in the driver's seat.

She was all too familiar with that person, none other than Tailor Feng.

Evelin was stunned.

She didn't know what Tailor Feng was doing by appearing here at this point.

But Evelin instinctively had a sense of crisis.

It was also this sense of crisis that prompted her to suddenly take a step and run for air, and in spite of her high heels, run faster and faster.

But she was still a lot slower than the car.

It wasn't long before Evelin was caught up by Tailor Feng driving a car.

The car steadily pulled up beside Evelin.

Evelin didn't continue to run this time, she knew she couldn't escape.

"What the hell are you doing!" Evelin looked at Tailor Feng with forced composure.

Tailor Feng got out of the car and somewhat wobbled towards Evelin.

A strong smell of wine suddenly filled the tip of Evelin's nose.

She frowned at Tailor Feng, "Have you been drinking?"

Tailor Feng didn't answer her question, just suddenly grabbed Evelin's hand and brought her ruthlessly into his arms, "Come with me."

A point of fear arose in Evelin's heart.

She desperately kicked at Tailor Feng, trying to force him to let go of her.

But she didn't succeed.

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Tailor Feng still had deadly control over her movements, only this time, he attached himself to her ear and breathed heavily, "Don't ask anything, come with me first!"

Said Evelin, forcing her into her car before her shocked and panicked gaze.

Evelin was pressed into the passenger seat by him, and then Tailor Feng also got into the driver's seat.

Stepping on the car's accelerator, Tailor Feng increased the car's speed to the limit in one breath.

The car flew off at once.

Evelin screamed and closed her eyes, "Tailor Feng what the hell are you doing!"

Tailor Feng didn't answer her, the only thing that responded to Evelin was the deafening sound of a car engine.

Soon, Evelin was taken by Tailor Feng to his villa in the suburbs.

Pulling Evelin out of the car, Tailor Feng held her hand and strode towards the villa.

No matter how much Evelin struggled to escape, she couldn't really let go of Tailor Feng.

A great fear enveloped Evelin.

She didn't know what to say for a moment.

In fact, she could also choose to attack Tailor Feng with her not-so-deep taekwondo background.

But Evelin knew that if she did, then I'm afraid that Tailor Feng would really go crazy.

So Evelin endured her fear and gritted her teeth as she honestly allowed Tailor Feng to pull her into the villa, take her into his room, and finally, throw her onto his bed.

It was only when Tailor Feng's lean body pressed down on Evelin's petite body that she realized what she had just experienced.

"You let go of me! Let go!" She pounded Tailor Feng as hard as she could.

A sense of impending assault wracked her to death.

Evelin didn't know why she had offended Tailor Feng, or why he had done so.

Now all she could think about was saving herself.

She went crazy and attacked Tailor Feng with all the attacks she could use, but none of them really did anything.

Tailor Feng himself had some judo skills and was a grown man, how could he be easily pushed away by Evelin in such a determined mood?

But he still looked at Evelin with some sadness.

Yes, heartache.

He knew that Evelin hated it when he did this, and that she was very resistant to him doing it.

But he had to, because, well, he had no choice.

He doesn't want to touch another woman.

And now, only she could save herself.

But Tailor Feng didn't explain what he was doing.

Nor did he explain what had actually happened to him in the recent past.

He was just almost forceful enough to rip open Evelin's clothes, leaving as much of his own marks on her body as possible.

Evelin eventually gave up the resistance.

She closed her eyes in near despair and couldn't stop the tears from flowing from the corners of her eyes.

"Tailor Feng, I hate you." She murmured as the other man wreaked havoc on her, "Tailor Feng I hate you."

To Evelin's surprise, right at that moment, Tailor Feng suddenly stopped.

He lay breathing heavily on her chest, his body scorching hot.

"Roll." He said indifferently.

Then got up and headed for the bathroom.

Evelin was angry at this series of actions of Tailor Feng, but also worried.

She was acutely aware of the hint of something wrong with Tailor Feng.

Today's Tailor Feng was just too abnormal.

He was overbearing, but he wouldn't force anyone, much less her.

He's a bit shifty, but he wouldn't be so violent as to just let him roll.

And....

One of everything.

The cut was all about the fact that something had happened to Tailor Feng today.

But Evelin didn't know exactly what he had gone through.

After hesitating again and again, Evelin chose to stay.

She was a little worried about him.

Pushing open the bathroom door, what caught my eyes was Tailor Feng breathing heavily, full of a hidden expression.

He's taking a cold shower.

The water was so cold that it was but an occasional splash on Evelin, and she would shiver slightly.

Not to mention the fact that Tailor Feng was drenched from head to toe.

But despite this, Tailor Feng's face was very red and ruddy and abnormal.

His expression was also filled with patience, and a hint of pain.

Tailor Feng was so focused on resisting his own bad state that he didn't even notice Evelin's appearance.

Because of this, Evelin had the opportunity to take a closer look at him.

But Evelin watched for a good dozen days, all a bit confused as to what was wrong with Tailor Feng.

Until she saw the thing.

Evelin understood something at once.

She slammed the bathroom door back.

For a moment, Evelin was trying to escape.

But....

Thinking of Tailor Feng's pained expression, she couldn't just leave Tailor Feng behind no matter what.

So Evelin hesitated, but decided to help Tailor Feng.

Even if, she has to pay a very heavy price.

Before opening the door again, Evelin desperately tried to comfort herself.

After taking that drug, you shouldn't be conscious or remember these things.

Actually, Evelin was right in thinking so.

Tailor Feng's brain was blank at the moment.

All of his senses were focused on helping him resist this monstrous desire.

So much so that when Evelin entered the bathroom naked, he didn't react at all to who the visitor was.

All he could think about was that he couldn't let this woman go or he was done for.

So he ruthlessly hugged back Evelin and attacked the city like a madman.

On this night, Evelin experienced every possible impossible play of life.

When Tailor Feng finally drifted off to sleep, Evelin dragged her body, which was so tired that it was nearly broken, out of this house slowly.

She looked back at the villa behind her deeply, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

If she could, she'd never come back to this place in her life.

It was her shame, the most humiliating night of her life.

When Tailor Feng woke up, he stretched his hand to the empty space beside him in a daze.

After a few fumbles, he failed to spot the woman from last night.

"Who the hell is that?" Tailor Feng frowned.

I don't remember who that person was, but all of my senses from last night were déjà vu.

Familiar to the point that you have been through it all before.

But he hadn't had any other woman but Yoyo.

Thinking of this, Tailor Feng's pupils tightened abruptly.

He couldn't believe that everything last night was really going on with Yoyo.

If so, and if so, why did she do it?

Why did she still choose to stay and use herself as an antidote for him when she could have run away on her own and left him alone?

There was a bold idea forming in Tailor Feng's mind.

He was incredulous and more than a little happy and self-conscious.

Yoyo actually loved him, but had to choose to give him up because of something.

Yes, that must be it.