

## Chapter 564

Evelin didn't doubt it and reached for the clothes, thinking that Cheng Special Assistant was at least a close friend of Tailor Feng's side, converting a good face, "Thank you for your hard work, come in and have a glass of water."

Special Assistant Cheng waved his hand in succession, "No, thank you Miss Evelin. I have things to do and I have to get back."

Walk outside as you speak.

Evelin saw him into the lift without reluctance, and only then did she close the door.

Tailor Feng soon came out of the bathroom with only a towel around his body, revealing a lean upper body and slender calves, his hair damp, and droplets of water sliding down his chest over his beautiful mermaid muscles, s\*xy and seductive.

Seeing Evelin standing in the doorway with her clothes, he opened his mouth and asked, "Is Coldness here?"

Evelin was shocked and turned back, her eyes snapping shut.

fu\*k, this man, huh?

Despite the experience of that night, her memory of the man's body was vague, after all, the man had been drugged and she was dying of torment, so where could she remember anything else?

At this time, the man naked upper body, strong, muscular distinct, messy wet discovery, a pair of dark eyes deep lost, thin lips cherry red, living a pair of beauty out of the bath look, is simply a crime.

Evelin involuntarily swallowed her saliva, it was difficult to move her gaze away and landed on the towel at his waist, her beautiful eyes fell, and her eyebrows stood on end, "Didn't I say you're not allowed to use my towel? Why do you still use it!"

Tailor Feng innocently spread his hands, "I don't like the material of the new bath towel."

"Bullshit, it's all the same!"

"Yeah? It's not like that."

Evelin was so angry that her lungs were about to explode, she was a germaphobe and never shared on personal items, let alone things like bath towels that were in direct contact with her secret parts.

But now, not only was this man occupying her bathroom in a dignified manner, he was using her towel!

It's really....

Tailor Feng ignored her fire-breathing eyes, took the clothes, turned around, saw her still standing there, and raised an eyebrow, "I'm going to change, are you sure you don't need to duck?"

Evade your sister! It's her house!

Evelin really wanted to jump on him and bite him to relieve her anger, but when the man smiled evilly and went to pull the towel, she still instantly turned around and walked out.

She doesn't want to deal with this shameless man!

The door slammed shut, and Evelin stopped at the door for a moment, only to feel her stomach ache with anger, only then remembering that she hadn't eaten a bite of food since morning today.

Looking at the time, it was 7pm, and it was obviously a bit late to order takeout, so I had no choice but to take a deep breath and head to the kitchen.

Evelin is a good cook, but the most you can eat when you're alone is noodles, which are nutritiously thoughtful and effortless.

As soon as the water was boiled, Tailor Feng suddenly appeared in the doorway, saw her busy at the stove, and asked with interest, "You're cooking?"

Evelin snorted and directly ignored him.

He didn't care, he came around and spun around, with the familiar command, "Remember to make an extra copy!"

"By what?"

Evelin couldn't stand it any longer.

..."

"Does Er Shao eat eggs?"

Evelin instantly changed her face a hundred and eighty degrees, blinking her beautiful eyes and smiling all over.

Tailor Feng nodded in satisfaction, as if reluctantly, "Whatever! I don't think you can cook anything here, so I'll just have to do it."

Afterwards, he sailed away in a dashing manner.

As soon as the man's figure disappeared out of sight, Evelin put away a dogged smile and changed colour.

Eat, eat, eat! Eat your sister!

She dropped the spoon in resentment, her beautiful eyes turning, her gaze falling on the chili powder in the spice section, her lips curling in an evil smile.

In less than ten minutes, two steaming bowls of noodles were brought out, one large, red oil splashed with noodles, topped with two fried eggs, aromatic and colorful, a sight to behold, while the other small bowl was only garnished with a few green vegetables, much lighter in comparison.

In the meantime, Tailor Feng saw her place the large bowl in front of him and hold the small bowl herself, "Is that all you're going to eat?"

Evelin sat across from him, the heat in the bowl puffed her face slightly red, showing a bit of coquettishness, and said with a smile, "I'm an actress, I have to stay in shape, so eating this is enough."

Taylor Feng, however, handed over an egg with his chopsticks, "You are allowed to relax for once today."

Evelin's eyelids jumped and she stood up in a hurry to put the bowl away, "No, no, really! I've got a movie coming up, and I wouldn't look good on camera if I gained weight."

To show sincerity, I nodded vigorously afterwards.

Taylor Feng held up his chopsticks and looked at her for a few seconds, but eventually believed her under her sincere little eyes.

One bite down and the face changes suddenly.

Evelin fled the scene before the man got angry and took the bowl to the kitchen.

The laugh she had been holding back for so long burst out instantly, and she didn't dare laugh too loudly for fear that the man would hear her annoyance, so she barely restrained herself while covering her belly and laughing backwards.

In that bowl of noodles just now, she added a whole half bottle of chili powder.

Pervert hot!

I'll let you do whatever you want! I'll make you look bad! You deserve it!

Evelin had laughed enough and lay behind the door, carefully poking a head out to check out the restaurant.

But I saw the man sitting at the table, eating his noodles slowly and carefully, moving gracefully and looking at ease, without any abnormality.

Huh? Nope.

Isn't Tailor Feng afraid of spicy food?

That's not a face that won't change, you know, that's a whole half bottle of chili powder!

Seeing a bowl of noodles finished, the man pulled a napkin and elegantly wiped his mouth, Evelin frowned slightly, suspicious, and finally, pretending to put away the bowl, walked over and asked with a smile, "Mr. Feng, how does it taste?"

Tailor Feng looked up carelessly and looked at her, "Want to know?"

Evelin nodded.

"Come here!"

Though she didn't know what he wanted, she took a step forward, and suddenly the man reached out and took her wrist in a firm grip.

She fell into his arms at once.

Hot sensations hit her and the man lowered his head to capture her lips and k\*ssed her down hard.

Evelin wanted to suffocate several times.

At the same time, the spicy taste stimulated her to cry.

What's not spicy, it's obviously very spicy, this man, how can he be so perverted that he can eat such spicy chili without moving?

Evelin wanted to cry, but it was as if the man had recognized the need for revenge and grabbed onto her.

One k\*ss, hard, lasted for a full seven or eight minutes.

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He didn't let go until she felt her mouth go numb and he was in love.

The voice was dark, "Did you taste anything?"

Evelin covered her mouth, her tongue so numb that she couldn't speak at all, and could only stare at him with a pair of brimming peach blossom eyes, her curled eyelashes moistened by a layer of moisture, three parts aggrieved, seven parts confused, thrillingly beautiful.

Tailor Feng ink pupils were deep, deep eyes looking at her, eyes as thick as the waves rolling over.

Evelin was frightened by the sight of him, the palm branded on her waist grew hotter and hotter, she swished up and pushed him, "Rascal!"

Turned and ran to the kitchen.

Tailor Feng's eyebrows lightened, and he dropped his eyes and looked over himself, rubbing his brow with a headache.

What an abrasive little leprechaun!

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Evelin took out the milk from the fridge and drank two whole glasses before the spiciness in her mouth finally eased.

The man also drank a lot of water, and the stimulation from the chili pepper caused his lips to also have an abnormal scarlet color, and Evelin couldn't help but giggle as she saw him in such a mess for the first time.

Most of the anger in my heart was gone.

She looked at the time, it was almost eight o'clock, it was already all dark, the wind was strong, dark clouds were covering the moon, there were hints of rain, and she frowned, "Aren't you leaving yet?"

Dismissive and pushy tone.

Taylor Feng was a bit sullen, for so many years, it had never been people begging him to stay, where had he been kicked out?

Without moving his face, he pulled out his mobile phone, "Call the driver now."

Evelin saw this and said nothing more, leaving the living room to him and turning to go into the bedroom.

Shen Yun had taken on an IP costume drama for her a while ago, and it would start filming in a week, so she had to hurry up and familiarize herself with the script.

It's not a big production per se, but it's always been a hit due to the original's popularity, and with a great cast like Song Jia Jia joining the cast, it's not to be underestimated.

Thinking of Song Jiajia, Evelin couldn't help but quirk an eyebrow.

I can think on my toes that this woman will not give a damn, and then it will be another mess!

Alas!

Sighing, Evelin didn't want to think about it anymore, and simply threw it all away, only picking up the script and focusing on reading it.

What Taylor Feng saw when he came in was this scene, a woman sitting under a desk lamp, reading a script in earnest, the warm light hitting the side of her face, setting off the already beautiful features to become more and more three-dimensional and delicate, the skin delicate, the pink lips slightly pursed, the curled eyelashes flickering, like scratching at people's hearts.

His phone suddenly vibrated silently and he looked down at it, it showed an incoming call from the driver.

Ghostly, he clicked hang up.

Then he lifted his step and walked in.

The sound of the man's footsteps alerted the small woman under the lamp, and she raised her eyes slightly and asked him, "Is the driver here?"

Taylor Feng shook his head and frowned again, "There might be a bit of a traffic jam, I guess we'll be there soon."

"Oh, well, you'll have to sit down for a little while longer."

Afterwards, you ignored him and went off to read the script on your own.

Taylor Feng was completely ignored, and his eyes flashed over the book in the woman's hand, and the lines outlined in red on it weren't really that good.

This play.

The main hold is still a male actor, the actress is just a foil.

Evelin originally didn't want to take this kind of role either, but she had to make the transition, and no big production dared to use her at first.

He snorted, "This is the kind of role that you wouldn't get popular even if you played it a thousand times."

Evelin looked up and frowned. Then as if remembering something, he sneered and lowered his head again.

It was clear that he didn't care.

Taylor Feng even more unhappy, walked over, holding his arm leaning against the woman's small beautiful desk, no words, "You want to transform, do not think of any other way? This kind of script, with all the drama on the actor, doesn't do you any good. Don't you know that? This kind of show only drains your audience's goodwill and eventually slowly overstays its welcome and becomes a roadkill that no one cares about."

What seemed like idle chat, to Evelin's ears, were somewhat sarcastic and provocative.



She closed the script and stood up, looking serious at Tailor Feng.

"Feng Shao, may I ask a total of more than five hundred artists of all sizes in the Anning International Artist Department, do you know them all?"

Tailor Feng raised his eyebrows and didn't answer.

"In this world, not everyone is born with a golden spoon in their mouth like you, Mr. Huo, and what they want, they have to fight for through their own efforts, even a hundred times more than ordinary people."

Evelin raised the dialogue book in her hand, looking sarcastic, "I now have a play to shoot, a professional agent with me, and even a script like this came to me wanting me to act, although it's not a big female play, although the actress is only a supporting role in a male play like this, but the actors and production crew in it are all reputable, and if you study it more, it's notNo chance of getting ahead."

"And have you ever thought about how many artists are signed to companies but no one even cares, and even after all the effort, they can't even get a small roadie role!Compared to them, I've been very lucky!"

"How difficult it is to make it in the entertainment industry, Feng wouldn't be unaware of it, but you know full well, yet you're still used to evaluating the results of other people's efforts with your superior eyes and that ridiculous sense of superiority, don't you think it's too much?"

The woman's words were hurled with a rare seriousness and solemnity.

Tailor Feng was stunned, as if he didn't expect her to be so excited all of a sudden, but instead, he touched the seriousness under her eyes, and his handsome brows narrowed.

He suddenly realized that the woman in front of him was different from the ones he usually saw.

Those women who are not bent on climbing the dragon and phoenix, even if they can not marry into the gentry, at least they can take the opportunity to become famous through speculation, after subterfuge in exchange for an important role is even more not a few.

And she, he had investigated, she was clean, and that night had proven that she had never had a man before him, and the reason she was still able to stay in a place like the entertainment industry, where there were a lot of snakes and snakes, was because she really loved making movies and truly loved the profession of being an actress.

Taylor Feng has been walking the streets for many years and has met all kinds of people, but only few like her.

In the bottom of my heart, I can't help but soften a little.

When Evelin saw that he didn't speak, thinking he didn't care about his point of view, she slumped back down and muttered, "Forget it, I knew it wouldn't make sense with a douchebag like you."

As I was saying that, the sky suddenly exploded and the earth shook with a rumble.

Evelin was shocked and unconsciously jumped up, but Taylor Feng's quick eyes and hands held her up so that she didn't fall down.

As silver snakes of lightning flashed outside the window, Evelin muttered, "It's raining?"

Taylor Feng frowned, "The weather forecast I saw this morning, there seems to be a typhoon tonight."

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Upon hearing that, Evelin was slightly stunned, then thought of something and pushed him away and quickly ran out.

On the balcony, the wind was howling, beans of rain like a life, Evelin just went out and was blown by the wind against the glass entrance door, muffled, arms suddenly tight, body fell into a warm embrace.

Taylor Feng looked at the sky outside and said in a deep voice, "It's going to rainstorm."

"I know." Evelin was blown away by the wind, "My poly is still out there."

She bought it just a few days ago, but she loves it and has been keeping it carefully.

The more troubled people get, the more they always want to use raising these plants and animals and whatnot to find some sense of hope.

It's like watching it thrive is a glimpse of a better life ahead of you.

After Evelin said that, she was about to rush out, Tailor Feng looked at the pots of succulent plants on the balcony and pulled her behind her, "Hold the basilica still."

The body rushed out and quickly brought in a few plants, then closed the glass entrance and locked the door tight.

Evelin found transparent tape and the two of them put some large glass on it to prevent the typhoon from shattering it, and the party was relieved when everything was done.

Outside the wind was howling, but inside it was quiet.

The two of them stood in the living room, staring at each other, Evelin was a little embarrassed, just now she was stern with people, now she has to let them help block the wind and rain and close the windows, it is really not very kind.

She accosted him with a smile, "Can your driver still come in this rain?"

Tailor Feng coughed and pulled out his phone, "I'll call and ask."

When the call came through, he glanced at the small woman and saw that she was looking at him intently, so he had to get right to the point. "Why aren't you here yet?"

The driver who had been waiting downstairs was a bit confused, "Er Shao, I've already arrived."

"What? Is the third ring road collapsing? You're stuck in there? Okay, don't come over, it's such a big typhoon, watch out for accidents, go back!"

Driver: "...and..."

The phone hung up and Tailor Feng shook his head, expressing his helplessness.

"I can't help it, the heavy rain caused the collapse, so it looks like we'll have to stay here for the night."

He said, and when he did, he sat down on the couch.

When Evelin saw this, her eyebrows jumped and she subconsciously said a bad word.

She even stumbled and said, "That... there's only one room in the house, and the other room is piled with a lot of junk, so it's not convenient to pack it up this late, anyway, there's a hotel nearby, why don't you go to the hotel for the night?"

Her words were tentative in tone, but the rejection was actually quite clear.

Tailor Feng looked at her with a seeming smile on his face, but his eyes were a little cold.

"You want me to go sleep in a hotel?"

Evelin nodded her head in succession.

Afraid of offending him, he laughed dryly again and added, "That... I'm not afraid that you won't get used to living in my place, after all, you're so delicate and precious, I'm just a small place, worn and old, in case I aggravate you that's not good."

Tailor Feng stood up and sneered, "It's okay, I'm not afraid of grievances. If you're really worried about aggravating me, why don't you serve me better tonight, and maybe I'll give you a big house when I'm happy, how about that?"

I said, and reached out to gently pick at her chin.

Evelin stiffened and subconsciously took a step back, avoiding his hand.

Tailor Feng's fingers just froze in the air.

Evelin lowered her eyes and barely smiled.

"No, you can stay here if you really want to, I'll go and get you a room."

After saying that, he turned and hurriedly ran away.

Tailor Feng watched her back as she fled, narrowed her eyes, withdrew her hand, and laughed quietly.

Evelin quickly cleaned up the room for him.

It wasn't really accurate to say that she was cleaning his room for him, after all, she knew the young master's temper.

Usually she's the only one who lives here, so although it's 2 rooms and 1 living room, she sleeps in just one room, the other room has long been used for piling up junk.

One bed was full of piled cardboard boxes, and she had just moved everything out of the way and made the bed again.

Now, although it looked neat too, she would never dare suggest that the young master be allowed to sleep in that room.

So you have to give him the master bedroom and go sleep over there yourself.

When Tailor Feng saw this, he didn't embarrass her anymore and obediently went to his room to rest.

This night, I don't know if it was the uncomfortable sleep or if it was something on my mind.

Evelin didn't sleep well throughout the night, and in the middle of the night when she was confused, she even dreamed of the scene when her father had just died when she was a child a long time ago.

So hard and painful were the days when my mother dragged her skinny little body through the hard mud.

She knew she might not have to care about anything in her life or do anything anymore, but she had to take care of her mother.

Those gray, lightless years are in the past after all, and all is well now.

It didn't matter what she did, as long as she could heal her mother, even if it meant sacrificing everything.

This dream is deep and long.

A hot tear quietly dripped from the corner of my eye in the still, silent late night.

A man's low sigh suddenly sounded in the darkness.

Tailor Feng reached out his hand and gently wiped away the tears from her eyes before pinching the corners of her back before turning away.

When Evelin woke up again, it was already the next morning.

The sun shone in through the window, warming the entire room.

She squinted her eyes and stretched a bit, before suddenly remembering that Tailor Feng was still in the next room.

The realization startled her so much that she sat up, looked at the clock, and saw that it was nine o'clock in the morning, and blanched.

She said a bad word under her breath, then hurriedly rolled over and climbed out of bed.

However, when she finished dressing and hurriedly ran to the next room, she realized that Tailor Feng had left at some point.

I saw no one in the empty room, and when I touched the blanket, it was cold and cold and completely devoid of human warmth.

That means he's been gone a long time.

Evelin was relieved for a moment, not knowing whether to be relieved or lost, always feeling a little strange and a million complicated.

But it's good that people are gone, at least they won't try to get to her.

Therefore, she didn't think too much about it, right as if it was just a temporary emergency that Tailor Feng had left, and without even a phone call, she went to wash up.

After washing up, it was off to make breakfast to eat.

After breakfast, at about 10:30 a.m., Emotion came to pick her up.

Su Hong didn't even have any special work for Evelin these two days, only an interview show.