

Chapter 480 He Had Never Wanted To Be With Her For Long

The woolen blanket was slowly pulled away.

It revealed Laura clad in an oversized black shirt; her entire form seemed vulnerable.

Edwin embraced her with a passionate kiss, their connection intensifying.

Their intimacy deepened.

Once their passionate encounter concluded, Laura found herself in the bedroom.

It was quite dim.

In truth, Laura harbored a fear of the dark, especially in confined spaces, which left her feeling uneasy.

A haunting memory resurfaced from her childhood. She couldn't forget how her sitter locked her in the storage room as she indulged in card games.

Upon the woman's return, she completely overlooked Laura.

Laura endured a bleak and damp confinement for a grueling forty-eight hours.

When they eventually discovered her, Laura was on the brink of dehydration.

Despite her fear of the dark, Laura found solace in Edwin's presence; fear began to dissipate.

Following their intimate encounter, Laura felt a restlessness and the urge to shower, yet the twenty-six-year-old man was brimming with energy. She made a slight move, only to find herself beneath him once more.

Laura closed her eyes and all she could see was darkness.

Edwin was out of her sight.

She gently brushed her fingers against his handsome face and, in a low, husky voice, called him Nelson.

Edwin found himself in a daze.

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Edwin found himself in a daze.

At that very moment, he wanted so bad to reveal his true name, Edwin Evans. However, he refrained, instead channeling his inexplicable emotions into their intimate connection.

Suddenly, the room was bathed in light.

Edwin excused himself to the bathroom for a quick shower. Upon his return, he felt revitalized. Retrieving his trousers from the foot of the bed, he produced a velvet box and playfully brushed it against the tip of Laura's nose.

"Is this for me?"

Laura draped herself in the blanket, perching on the edge of the bed. Her complexion bore the faint blush of post-lovemaking contentment as she inquired with glee.

Her heart raced with anticipation.

Yesterday had marked her birthday, and now he presented her with a velvet box.

Could it possibly contain a ring?

Edwin offered a gentle, hoarse smile and encouraged her, "Go ahead, open it."

The gift was meant for her the previous night, but their passion had left no time for exchanges.

In a different mood, he finally presented it to her.

Laura cast a glance at him before lowering her head, her hands trembling slightly as she devoutly opened the box.

Nestled inside the box was a delicate pink diamond necklace.



The pink diamond itself measured two carats, with the surrounding smaller diamonds artfully arranged to resemble a pair of wings.

It exuded a distinctly feminine charm.

Laura's initial reaction held a touch of surprise, accompanied by a subtle hint of disappointment. Yet, she was a person content with even the smallest kindness shown to her. Swiftly, she lifted the necklace to her neck and asked, "Is it beautiful?"

Her slender collarbone and flawless skin added to the allure.

Edwin gazed at her, his voice growing even hoarser than before.

"Yes."

Laura requested his assistance in fastening the necklace, though he found himself inexplicably irked. He reached for a pack of cigarettes on the bedside table, extracted one, and lit it. As he carefully secured the necklace around her neck, Laura expressed her discomfort, saying, "I'm worried your cigarette might burn me."

Edwin took a long drag, exhaling a plume of smoke.

Shortly after, he extinguished the cigarette.

He gazed at her with profound intensity. "I'll whip up something for you. Are you hungry?"

Unable to resist, he tenderly ran his fingers through her long, lustrous hair.

Laura's hair possessed a unique charm. It was jet-black, fine, and velvety, cascading over her shoulders.

Every time they made love, her ebony hair sprawled like a dark contrast against the pristine, snow-white pillow, creating a striking visual tableau.

Laura gazed at him with a deep sense of reliance.

Once he departed, she donned his shirt and hurried to the bathroom to wear the pink diamond necklace herself in front of the mirror.

She cherished it all the more because it was a gift from Edwin.

Outside, Edwin invited her to share a meal, and she found herself famished.

Her abdomen lay flat, a subject of his frequent attention during their intimate moments; he'd often comment on her slender physique.

Laura's complexion turned as red as a ripe tomato.

After splashing her face with cold water, Laura rushed to join Edwin for dinner. Despite the mixed motives behind Edwin's actions, he generally treated her well. Her self-sufficiency was limited, and he had indulged her quite a bit since she'd moved in.

When he was there, he took charge of cooking.

In his absence, he prepared extra food and stored it in the fridge, ensuring she could heat it up when hunger struck.

Still, she remained below 100 pounds, a fact that always struck Edwin when he carried her.

Seated in the dining room, Laura nibbled at her meal in small bites.

Meanwhile, Edwin stood by the French window, silently puffing on a cigarette. Despite the stack of documents awaiting his attention, his interest in them remained conspicuously absent.

His gaze inadvertently fell upon Laura.

Edwin's eyes held a profound complexity. He bent his head to tap the cigarette's ashes, a growing sense of unease weighing on him.

Three days remained until Saturday.

Within that time frame, he had to end things with Laura.

It wasn't exactly a breakup. More accurately, he planned to abruptly abandon her.

He had manipulated her, kindling her feelings for him and fostering her dependence.

He intended to sever their connection mercilessly when she was deeply in love with him.

It had been his meticulously crafted scheme, seemingly straightforward to execute. Yet, at the precipice of its completion, he found no satisfaction or pleasure in the prospect of revenge.

What had gone wrong?

Was it due to her docility, or perhaps the sheer pleasure he derived from their intimacy?

Edwin grappled with confusion.

However, his reserved and haughty nature deterred him from overthinking. He chose instead to adhere to his devised plan.

Considering that ending things with her had been his intention from the outset, why hadn't he followed through?

Edwin contemplated speaking up, but before he could utter a word, he observed Laura, holding the bowl of birthday noodles and laughing with genuine delight. "The meal you prepared is absolutely delicious. I haven't had noodles in such a long time."

Edwin's heart constricted.

Laura carried the bowl to the kitchen, and the rhythmic clatter of dishwashing ensued.

Edwin figured he could speak with her once she had finished the dishes.

Suddenly, a sharp crack pierced the air, accompanied by the faint sound of sobbing.

He promptly extinguished his cigarette and rushed into the kitchen, finding her standing amidst a sea of shattered porcelain. Fresh red blood seeped from her delicate shins.

Edwin muttered a soft curse, "You silly girl! Couldn't you have avoided that?"

Despite his reprimand, he gently scooped up Laura and settled her on the living room sofa.

As he tended to her wound, she nestled into his embrace, tears of pain escaping her.

Edwin peered down at her.

She seemed so petite and frail. It was difficult to believe she was a year older than him.

She even displayed a notable dependence on him.



Edwin hadn't been sure about his preferences before, but in his time with Laura, he found himself drawn to sweet and docile ones like Laura.

Upon finishing the bandaging, he gazed at her and suppressed the words he had been wanting to tell her.

No, it wasn't the right time. She was injured.

He decided he would end things with her the next morning.

While Edwin busied himself in the kitchen, Laura hurried to her studio, where she still had unfinished design projects.

Once the kitchen was in order, Edwin returned to the bedroom, but Laura was nowhere to be found.

He made his way to the studio door.

There, he found Laura completely engrossed in her artwork. The soft illumination of the table lamp accentuated the perfection of her profile, particularly her straight nose, which made her dainty face seem intricately sculpted.

Edwin observed her in silence.

In truth, setting aside her struggles with daily life, she was an exceptional young woman. Her talent in design was undeniable, exemplified by the award-winning work that had seemingly emerged out of nowhere.

The wedding dress design had undergone several rounds of bidding.

Ultimately, Edwin acquired it, integrating it into his collection.

Three years prior, he had invested six million dollars in her debut creation.

And months ago, Laura had shared her first intimate experience with Edwin.

As he entered the room, he observed her attentively unfolding the design on paper, and then casually inquired, "Is the client in a hurry?"

Laura kept her gaze fixed on her work.

In a soft tone, she replied, "Not particularly. Howard mentioned that this lady isn't engaged yet, but she wishes to prepare well in advance." She was staring intently at her work. "Oh, and I heard she's quite a prominent figure in this city's upper class circle. You might even be familiar with her. Her name



Chapter 480 He Had Never Wanted To Be With Her For Long is Vanessa Smith."

+120 Points at most

Edwin must have heard it wrong. Could it be Vanessa Smith from the Smith family?

At that moment, an inexplicable chill coursed through his veins.

He had never met Vanessa in person.

Edwin had come across her images in magazines and newspapers. Her strong and assertive persona hadn't particularly appealed to him.

Yet, there was Vanessa, commissioning a wedding dress from Laura's studio.

Laura remained oblivious to her client's background.

Just as she had done many times before, she immersed herself in her work, sketching the wedding dress with a near-devotional focus.

Suddenly, Edwin found he could no longer linger in her space.

He abruptly exited the studio, finding solace in the night outside, standing before the French window.

Stars adorned the sky, their glimmer offering a momentary respite.

Beneath his feet lay the luminous neon cityscape, a breathtaking sight to behold.

However, the undeniable truth loomed over him. He had no lasting future with Laura. If his father had called him just a bit later, he might have indulged in his fleeting passion a while longer.

But it was time to bring it to an end.

When Laura finally emerged from the studio, it was well past one in the morning.

Such was her dedication to her work.

She frequently lost track of time.

Despite the dimness of the living room, she instantly spotted the figure seated on the sofa, a faint flush of embarrassment giving color to her cheeks. "You haven't gone to bed yet?" she inquired.

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Her instinct urged her to seek refuge in his embrace.

Autumn's chill still lingered.

He radiated warmth, making her fond of resting her feet in his lap.

The bright light illuminated intensely.

Beneath the crystal chandelier, Edwin's features remained somewhat obscured. Laura often found herself puzzled by him, and in that moment, her confusion deepened.

Uncertainty washed over her, leaving her somewhat hesitant.

Several thin sheets of paper rested on the coffee table before Edwin.

Among them was the apartment's transfer contract.

There was also a check for fifty million dollars.

As Laura drew nearer, the truth of the matter finally dawned on her. She bent over to retrieve the check, gazing at it silently as her eyes welled up slightly. In a hushed tone, she uttered, "Today isn't April Fool's Day. Today is my birthday."

"I'm aware," Edwin replied.

Edwin strived to maintain his composure.

He had changed into a new set of clothes, his shirt and trousers exuding a crisp, impeccable quality.

Leaning with one elbow on his knee, the finely tailored fabric accentuated his impressive physique. He appeared immaculate, akin to a poster model.

Laura stared at him with a sense of bewilderment.

She couldn't fathom what she had done wrong. After all, they had been intimate just hours ago. Was it due to her clumsy accident with the bowl, or because she had ventured to work independently without his company?

Edwin seemed to grasp her thoughts.

In a casual tone, he remarked, "Let's part ways amicably. This is for the best."



With those words, he began to turn his back on her.

Laura refused.

Despite her innate timidity, she summoned the courage to hug him from behind, her face pressed against his back. In a soft, heartfelt voice, she confessed, "I don't want to be apart from you. I want to be with you."

Edwin's heart skipped a beat.

He cast his gaze downward, fixing his eyes on her tightly clenched hands.

Her delicate fingers were entwined, their pallor giving way to a rosy hue.

After a brief pause, he croaked in a hoarse voice, "That's enough. Let go of me. I want to end this."

Having said that, he forcefully pulled away from her grasp.

He opened the apartment door and then slammed it shut in her face.

As Edwin stood alone in the elevator, his handsome visage remained devoid of emotion. He had achieved his goal; having invested a little bit of his time and energy, he managed to manipulate this young woman.

Edwin expected Laura to break down in tears.

He anticipated her reaction would mirror the abandonment he and his mother had experienced all because of her all those years ago.

In all honesty, he should have been content with the outcome.

Yet, the mere thought of Laura shedding tears left him with a peculiar sense of loss. He even entertained the idea of turning back and embracing her, reassuring her that it had all been a charade for April Fool's Day.

However, his rationality held him back.

He and Laura were never meant to be together.

That was the harsh reality.

From that point onward, their lives would take separate paths, never to cross again.

Edwin headed to the ground floor of the apartment building.



Chris was jolted awake by a late-night phone call, his thoughts still hazy as he rushed to pick up Edwin. What could have gone wrong? Why was Edwin embroiled in a midnight argument with Miss Thomas? Chris couldn't believe Laura would possibly kick Edwin out in the middle of the night.

But he didn't dare to ask.

He opened the car door, observing as Edwin climbed in.

Just as Chris was about to shut the car door, a slender figure emerged from the apartment building's entrance. That individual hadn't even had time to slip on shoes and stumbled clumsily.

Tears streaked her face as she sobbed uncontrollably.

She never had a romantic relationship before. Her mind was a mess when he ended things like that with her out of the blue. When he left, she finally realized he didn't want her anymore and would never return to her.

He wouldn't hold her in his arms anymore.

He wouldn't cook for her anymore.

The velvet box suddenly lost its meaning.

The engagement ring she had longed for would never grace her finger.

Laura's eyes welled up with tears, but she refrained from breaking into sobs. She had no desire to appear like a child throwing a tantrum in front of Edwin. She simply gazed at him and softly uttered, "Please don't go."

The night air turned cold.

The streetlights cast their glow on Edwin's prominent features, though his expression remained shrouded in ambiguity.

He regarded Laura in silence.

For the first time, he refrained from worrying about her and picking her up as she walked barefoot. Her leg wound served as evidence of her hurried escape, with blood oozing from the wound that had been torn open in her haste.

Chris, feeling perplexed, called out, "Miss Thomas."

Laura seemed oblivious to Chris's voice, her unwavering gaze locked onto



A vague realization washed over her.

He had never intended for their relationship to last. The apartment held scant evidence of his presence, having only a few articles of clothing from the season. The rest remained largely inconsequential.

It seemed he only bought the apartment to keep her.

He had never even considered being in a long-term commitment with her or envisioned a future together.

His attraction had been primarily physical.

It seemed he had grown weary of even that.

Laura had pieced together the truth, but she was reluctant to accept it fully. She yearned to hear it from him. Only then could she bring herself to let go.

Edwin gazed at her, his throat feeling constricted.

At last, he stepped out of the car.

Laura's body quivered slightly.

Edwin towered over her at 6.1 feet while she only stood at the 5.2 mark.

Whenever he held Laura, it felt like carrying a child. In his family, there wasn't a girl as petite as Laura. Even Olivia boasted two inches higher than her.

Edwin examined Laura from head to toe, and after a prolonged silence, he uttered in a chilly tone, "Go back inside."

Laura remained motionless.

Suddenly, he raised his voice, nearly coming across as harsh. "Go! I've never cared for you!"

She appeared startled.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, yet she remained meek. It was reminiscent of every instance she had been mistreated, enduring the pain in silence.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

She lifted her head to meet the enraged gaze of the man before her, his anger palpable.

In a daze, Laura managed a fragile smile.

Indeed, he was such an amazing man. How could someone like him ever have feelings for her?

She had never truly felt wanted. Except for Peter and Lina, no one had ever wanted her.

After a prolonged silence, she shifted her cold feet and whispered, "I don't want your house or your money."

"Fine."

Edwin's voice was colder than the night. Then he opened the car door and climbed inside.

Chris entered the car with Edwin, his body trembling from shock.

As the car's engine roared to life, Laura initially shifted to the side but then remained frozen there.

She stood in quiet solitude, her eyes fixed on the black limousine as it gradually receded from her view, slowly fading from her life.

Just as it had happened every time.

There was no exception.

All that she yearned for, all that she hoped to cherish, and all that she desired would only come by her.

She had never gotten any of it, not once.

Not once. Not even once.