

## Chapter 481 She Really Left Without Taking Anything

Inside the black Rolls-Royce.

Chris drove in silence and refrained from uttering a word, despite feeling sympathy for Laura's pitiable appearance.

Edwin sat in the back seat.

The car's interior was rather dimly lit, with only intermittent neon lights from outside filtering in through the window.

Edwin's face darkened.

Throughout the entire journey, he had a clear view of Laura through the rearview mirror.

Her figure appeared small and vulnerable.

He left her and she stood barefoot in the dark.

He used to worry about her getting cold, but now he was ruthless in his decision to leave her.

Edwin couldn't help but wonder if she was crying, if she was still pondering what she had done wrong, if she believed she had angered him and that was why he didn't want her.

He lowered his head and smiled with self-mockery.

From beginning to end, he hadn't really planned to be with her.

Never.

The next moment, a fist collided with the bulletproof window, creating a loud noise that startled Chris.

He immediately stopped the car and opened the door, stunned to see Edwin's bloodied fist, a large part of it now black.

It was evident that Edwin was in a terrible mood.

Chris, summoning courage, suggested, "How about we drive back? There should be first-aid kit at the apartment."

Edwin looked up at Chris and asked an inexplicable question.

"What kind of person do you think she will marry in the future?"

Chris, unsure, didn't dare to speak. He silently fetched some gauze to tend to Edwin's wound, and then suggested taking him to the hospital.

However, Edwin replied lightly, "It's just a minor injury. You don't need to take me to the hospital. Drive me back to the villa."

Chris hesitated but complied, and half an hour later, they arrived at the large villa.

Edwin stepped out of the car, his slender frame appearing tall and erect against the dark night. The sight of his broad shoulders and strong waist was visually pleasing.

The villa's servant was taken aback upon seeing Edwin.

Why did he come back at this hour?

The servant contemplated asking Edwin if he wished to have a midnight snack, but Edwin gestured with a wave of his hand, signaling that he preferred not to engage in conversation.

Edwin went upstairs by himself and collapsed onto the plush bed.

He didn't tend to his wound. He simply closed his eyes, but couldn't get rid of the image of Laura in tears.

He covered his eyes with his uninjured hand, smiling bitterly.

During the night, Edwin drifted into a hazy slumber.

Upon awakening, he could hear the sound of light rain outside.

Suddenly, he sat up, his gaze fixated vacantly on the darkness beyond. The outside was shrouded in blackness, save for a faint glimmer of pale light in the sky. It gave an eerie and unsettling atmosphere.

Edwin's Adam's apple bobbed.

Edwin couldn't help but think about Laura. Had she returned to the apartment? Or was she still standing outside in the rain?

He wished to believe that she was smart, that she would take the house,



He wanted nothing more to do with her. He resolved to sever all contact from this point onward.

But he couldn't shake off the feeling of unease. He decided to take a shower, hoping it would wash away his anxiety.

The warmth of the bathroom enveloped him, but it failed to soothe his restless mind. Edwin wrapped a bath towel around his waist and stepped out of the bathroom.

Five minutes later, he was in his sports car.

At three o'clock in the morning, the black sports car came to a sharp stop.

In less than a quarter of an hour, he arrived at the scene where he had left Laura.

Edwin didn't get out of the car immediately.

He sat there, gazing at the slender figure squatting on the side of the road through the windshield. Laura was still there, squatting down, hugging herself, and burying her head in her knees.

Edwin had studied psychology and recognized this posture. He understood that it was a human instinct to seek protection in such circumstances.

Laura's body was drenched, and she trembled from the cold rain.

Edwin took out a cigarette and lit it with trembling hands. He smoked in silence, his black eyes locked on her.

It felt like a silent tug of war. He expected her to leave sooner or later.

After Edwin finished his fifth cigarette, he couldn't sit still any longer.

He opened the car door and got out.

His leather shoes made a distinct sound as they tread on the wet pavement.

Laura looked up, her wet hair clinging to her figure, and her clothes soaked through.

Her long eyelashes were adorned with raindrops, giving her the appearance



Chapter 481 She Really Left Without Taking Anything of a helpless, wet puppy.

+120 Points at most

When she saw Edwin, a glimmer of hope flickered in her eyes, but it soon dimmed. She stared at him, her lips trembling, but she couldn't find her voice.

Edwin looked down at her, not offering a hug or any soft words.

He had decided to separate from her completely, and he couldn't afford to be careless now.

He urged her to leave, but she remained motionless.

Edwin's Adam's apple bobbed slightly, and his tone grew harsh as he said, "Even if you stay here for three days and three nights, it won't change my decision. Tell me, how much more do you want? I'll give you whatever is reasonable."

He took out his checkbook, ready to provide her with a financial cushion.

Laura murmured softly, "I don't want your money."

Edwin, trying to maintain his resolve, continued, "You're strong-willed. Then stand up and leave. If you ever see me in the future, avoid me. Don't let yourself be taken advantage of by other men. Consider this a warning."

Edwin's heart ached as he said these words.

He couldn't comprehend why he was here, doing this.

Laura looked up at him, but he remained cold and unyielding.

After a prolonged silence, Laura finally stood up, her body trembling uncontrollably.

She didn't look at Edwin anymore, lowered her gaze, and softly said, "Alright. I'll move out soon. The apartment and the money... I won't take them. I won't disturb you anymore. Don't worry."

Edwin clenched his fists, struggling with the emotions inside him.

Laura didn't say goodbye to him. She slowly walked into the apartment building and disappeared in front of him.

Edwin stood there, enveloped by the dark night.

He lit another cigarette by the roadside and smoked it slowly. He wanted to

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ensure her safety, even though they were parting ways.

+120 Points at most

That was all he needed to do.

After Edwin smoked half a pack of cigarettes, a black Land Rover sped toward him and halted at the apartment gate.

A tall figure stepped out of the car.

Edwin recognized the man's face.

It was Dylan Wright, Laura's agent.

Dylan was around thirty years old. He was a seasoned industry professional with a fiery temperament.

He knew Edwin's identity and kicked the car door shut with force before glaring at him. However, he chose not to engage in a confrontation and walked upstairs.

Edwin suspected that Dylan had come to visit Laura.

His heart felt conflicted, as if his own territory had been invaded.

Edwin chuckled at himself.

He and Laura had parted ways, and they would both move on and find new partners. There was no reason for him to feel this way.

The sky bore a faint white hue, and the rain had ceased its relentless downpour.

A faint sound emanated from the entrance, drawing Edwin's attention. With Dylan's assistance, Laura emerged, her fragile form wrapped in Dylan's denim coat, lending her an almost ethereal fragility.

Dylan clutched a modest duffel bag in his grip.

The trio shared an awkward gaze, the atmosphere charged with unspoken tension.

Laura's eyes remained fixed on Edwin, her silence speaking volumes.

At last, Dylan swung open the car door, offering Laura his support as she entered obediently.

As the car door clicked shut, Dylan turned his attention to Edwin. A striking figure, Dylan exuded an aura of primal confidence, not one to be trifled with.

Edwin squared his shoulders, bracing for the impending confrontation.

Dylan donned a deceptive smile. "Mr. Evans, I've heard much about you. Laura may not recognize you, but I do. It's really something for you to pretend someone else and maintain a relationship with her for a year. But hey, fine, it's a consensual relationship and she was indeed happy. So I won't hold it against you." He paused, a note of sternness creeping into his voice. "I have one simple request though. Now that you've parted ways with Laura, sever all ties completely. I'll take it from here. Your apartment remains untouched, save for her absence. I presume someone as charming as you won't struggle to find companionship elsewhere. Oh, I neglected to mention that I can be rather overly protective. If you have a change of heart and continue to bother her in the future, I won't hesitate to confront you physically. At that point, I won't care whether you're the illustrious scion of the Evans family or not," he cautioned.

A steely resolve etched into Edwin's voice as he replied, "Rest assured."

"That's great."

Dylan nodded curtly, fixing Edwin with an unwavering stare before departing.

The car door opened and slammed shut, the Black Land Rover vanishing into the distance, carrying Laura away.

She just left.

She left with another man.

As a man himself, Edwin couldn't help but sense Dylan's affection for Laura.

Perhaps, he should be relieved that she was being taken care of.

Deep in thought, Edwin ascended the stairs, reaching his apartment door.

It remained impeccably neat like when he left hours ago. In fact, Laura wasn't one to keep things in their places, and it was always Edwin who would clean up after her.

Her belongings had always been scattered about, tiny trinkets of unknown origin.

Those things were still there.

Laura only took away her clothes and a few important design drafts of the studio.

The other items remained untouched, which meant she didn't want them anymore.

Edwin proceeded to the main bedroom, spotting a man's black shirt atop the bed. It was her favorite. Occasionally, she'd don this shirt while he worked in his study, snuggling into his embrace, demanding his attention.

Yet, such moments were infrequent, as she busied herself with her own pursuits.

She was undemanding, content with the smallest gestures of affection.

A simple gift could brighten her mood for weeks, and she never once inquired about his income.

She contributed generously to the household expenses. She... treated this place as her own sanctuary.

Edwin sank into a chair, covering his face with his trembling hand.

Those three months of cohabitation held an inexplicable significance for him.

His phone interrupted his reverie, and instinctively, he anticipated Laura's call.

However, it was his father, Mark, whose voice sounded somewhat hoarse from having just awoken.

"Edwin, your mother will arrive in Duefron a day earlier than planned. She requires a hospital visit to collect her medication. I need you to accompany her. Your sister is swamped with schoolwork and can't attend. You know how your mother is. She's a perpetual child at heart. She won't go to the hospital alone."

Edwin's response was terse. "Understood, Dad. Send me her flight details, and I'll meet her at the airport."

Desperate to leave, Edwin made one final call to Tina, instructing her not to proceed with the apartment's disposal.

Just as he was about to exit, his gaze fell upon the bedside table, where a



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small velvet box sat.

+120 Points at most

His hands trembling, he retrieved and opened it, revealing a resplendent pink diamond necklace.

It was his birthday gift for Laura, and she didn't take it with her.

A sudden resolve overcame him. He dialed Tina once more, his tone resolute. "Hold off on selling the apartment."

Then, Edwin put down the velvet box, and left the apartment.

As Edwin settled into the car, the first light of dawn pierced his tired eyes, causing them to sting.

He pondered whether his discomfort stemmed from the sudden absence of someone he had grown accustomed to. He reasoned that with time, this peculiar ache would inevitably subside.

Clutching the steering wheel with both hands, he pressed the accelerator.

At two in the afternoon, he arrived at the airport to pick up his mother, Cecilia.

Tina accompanied him, their lively conversation a welcome distraction. Cecilia held a special fondness for Tina, who possessed an easy charm.

Cecilia assessed her son with a critical eye.

"You look thinner. Have you been busy lately?"

Your father mentioned that you've been excelling at work."

Edwin forced a smile and replied, "Perhaps I've been a bit occupied."

After a brief pause, Cecilia broached the subject of Edwin's impending marriage to Vanessa. She harbored reservations about it, primarily due to her past involvement with Thomas, Vanessa's father.

Cecilia was concerned about the potential future interactions between Edwin and Thomas. Surprisingly, Mark, Edwin's father, didn't seem to share her worries.

Edwin whispered, "Let's discuss it after I meet Miss Smith."

Cecilia patted his hand, offering support. "Make the decision that's best for



Edwin didn't say anything more.

The presence of Tina injected vivacity into their conversation, and she suggested treating Cecilia to delectable Duefron cuisine.

Cecilia chuckled, her easygoing nature shining through. "Have you forgotten that I was born and raised in Duefron?"

Tina feigned surprise, playing along to lighten the mood.

Upon reaching the hospital, Tina remained in the car while Edwin accompanied his mother inside.

Cecilia required medication every two months for her headaches, and she was well-acquainted with the doctor.

As they strolled and conversed, Cecilia noticed Edwin's injured hand, the bones clearly affected.

She was about to inquire when Edwin's gaze fixed ahead on the corridor.

It was getting cold lately, and last night's rain had swelled the hospital's transfusion room with patients who caught colds.

Many occupied chairs in the hallway, including Laura.

Her once-rosy complexion had drained to a pallid white.

She was wrapped in a thick overcoat, with Dylan seated beside her.

Laura drifted into slumber, her head resting on Dylan's shoulder.

With one hand tenderly cradling her, Dylan lowered his head and gazed at her affectionately.

Edwin clenched his fists, his emotions roiling within.

Yet, he opted to walk past them without confrontation.

Dylan's gaze grazed Edwin, but he chose not to acknowledge him, treating him as inconsequential.

It was only after he had walked a considerable distance and turned a corner that Edwin finally unclenched his fists.



Neither Edwin nor Cecilia uttered a word.

After a prolonged silence, Cecilia remarked, "I believe I saw that child just now." The mention of Laura remained a sensitive subject, so Cecilia always refrained from naming her directly.

Edwin tucked his hands into his pockets and offered a faint smile. "Did you? I didn't even notice."

After obtaining the medication, Cecilia brought up Laura once more. "I heard from Lina that she's become a successful designer and even won a prestigious award."

Cecilia sighed wistfully. "That's wonderful."

Edwin remained reticent, walking Cecilia back to the car, where Tina waited.

Tina was somewhat surprised. "Mr. Evans, aren't you going back with us?"

"I have some matters to attend to at the company. Mom, we'll have dinner together later," Edwin replied casually. He leaned in, planting a kiss on Cecilia's cheek, eliciting a smile from her.

Cecilia couldn't resist a teasing remark.

"You should use that affection to find yourself a girlfriend. You're already 26 and have yet to engage in a serious relationship. You're not as skilled as your father in that department."

Edwin snorted in amusement. "I'm leagues behind him."

Cecilia affectionately touched Edwin's face and said, "The past is behind us. No need to dwell on it. Your dad wouldn't be pleased to hear you speak that way."

Edwin smiled and closed the car door.

The black limousine gradually pulled away, and the smile quickly faded from his face.

Edwin found himself unable to explain the overwhelming melancholy that gripped him, nor could he rationalize the unease that flooded him at the sight of Dylan beside Laura.

After all, he had already severed ties with Laura, and it was only a matter of time before they each found solace in the arms of someone new.

There was no justifiable reason for him to be so consumed by this.

Furrowing his brow, he stared at the hospital's outpatient building, resisting the urge to approach it. Instead, he got into another car and curtly instructed, "Take me to the company."

By the time he concluded his work, the clock had already struck eight in the evening.

His mother had attempted to reach him twice, but he had no desire to return home.

He needed to be alone.

Edwin meandered aimlessly through the city streets at night, his thoughts in turmoil.

An hour later, his car halted at the entrance of a modest villa, the very place where Dylan resided. With Edwin's influence and resources, acquiring someone's address was a simple task.

The soft glow of orange lights emanated from the villa, lending it a cozy ambiance.

A white balustrade courtyard surrounded a meticulously manicured lawn, complete with a charming pink doghouse by the gate, a residence for a Labrador.

Edwin remained seated in his car, his gaze fixed on the villa from a distance.

He knew that Laura was temporarily residing here.

Even though that man she now lived with happened to be her agent, someone she had known for nearly eight years, Dylan was, undeniably, a man.

The door creaked open, and Laura stepped out with the dog.

She still wore Dylan's coat, paired with capri pants that accentuated her delicate figure.

She tenderly petted the dog, coaxing it into the small house.

The large canine adored her, lavishing her hands with affectionate licks.

Edwin observed Laura as she gently crouched down, wrapping her arms



around the dog's neck, her actions wordless but filled with profound emotion.

Memories resurfaced of when they had shared a life together.

She had expressed a desire to live in a villa like this, yearning for a dog to keep her company during Edwin's absences.

Fearing that he couldn't afford it, she had eagerly offered to contribute or even foot the entire bill.

Now, she had a dog in her arms, a pet they once dreamed of owning together.

Yet, it was a dog she shared with another man.

Edwin's eyes stung, and he couldn't help but wonder if she would be willing to embrace this tranquil existence with anyone who could provide it.

Edwin could offer it, but at the same time, Dylan also could.



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