

Chapter 482 It Turned Out That He Was Edwin

Edwin watched Laura in silence.

His heart twinged as he noticed her crouched down, cradling the Labrador in her arms in silence. The urge struck him to leave the car and sweep her up in his arms.

He yearned to whisk her away, to conceal her from the world.

Gripping his chest, Edwin shut his eyes.

Upon opening them, despair washed over him.

What was he doing now?

The outcome was precisely what he'd envisioned. Yet doubt nagged at him. What was churning in his mind?

His chapter with Laura had closed. As expected, his engagement to Vanessa was on the horizon, while Laura would find her own happy ending, maybe with Dylan or some other man.

Without a flicker of emotion, Edwin rolled up the window and drove off.

The ornate glass door of the villa swung open, revealing Dylan.

In spite of the chilly night, barely scraping 10 degrees, he sported just a black tank top and well-worn jeans, his stature tall and imposing.

Under the soft glow of the porch light, he fixed his gaze on Laura.

Their history stretched back years.

When he first met her, she was such a fragile little thing, more delicate and tinged with melancholy than now.

He was merely two years her senior.

Back then, his life was a parade of beauties.

So Dylan never contemplated entangling his life with the innocent Laura, not until she entered Edwin's orbit. He couldn't bring himself to expose Edwin's true identity to her, especially now that they had parted ways.



Perhaps, in his silence, Laura might see her time with Edwin as nothing but a misstep.

Dylan watched her, his voice gentle in the night air. "Your mom called. She's coming by tomorrow."

Laura froze.

Time stretched out before she whispered, "I'm alright. Please, don't mention any of this to her."

With a soft exhale, Dylan conceded. "I haven't said a word. But you need to take your medicine."

Laura had been visibly spiraling these last few days, a shadow of depression creeping back in, which had Dylan worried sick.

It had been years since she'd battled these demons.

Thinking of Edwin, the man responsible for her pain, stirred a fierce protectiveness in Dylan. He wished he could make Edwin pay.

But Dylan was blind to the web of secrets entangling the Garcia and Evans families, and the motivations behind Edwin's pursuit of Laura. He only saw a man who seemed to toy with Laura's affections.

Laura needed a moment to gather herself after Dylan spoke.

Releasing the Labrador, she stood up.

With a comforting touch on her shoulder, Dylan whispered, "Go on, take your medicine now."

She didn't put up a fight and went with him inside.

In the kitchen, Dylan handed her a glass of water and the pill, which she took without a word.

Her compliance was striking, her demeanor unpretentious.

Her only act of defiance had been her affair with Edwin, which Dylan had vehemently discouraged, supposedly for the sake of her work. But his reasons ran deeper.

Edwin could easily toy with someone as innocent as Laura.

Handing her the glass, Dylan was about to leave for the kitchen when Laura's voice stopped him.

It carried a new resolve.

"I'll forget him, Dylan."

Dylan waited a beat before replying with a raspy, "Okay," and then he stepped away.

In the kitchen, he smoked a couple of cigarettes, trying to calm the storm inside.

The urge to confront Edwin was overwhelming. How could someone born with a silver spoon have the heart to wound Laura?

Laura was the epitome of simplicity, her desires modest.

Morning came, and so did Lina.

Dylan had driven to the airport to fetch her. On their way back, Lina's concern spilled out. "How's Laura?"

He kept his eyes on the road, his voice light. "Just a little down with the change of weather. She's fine, really."

Lina exhaled a mix of relief and concern. "Peter and I worry about her in Duefron by herself. We're grateful to you."

A grin spread across Dylan's face. "Looking after Laura is always a joy. She's my good luck charm."

He wasn't overstating.

Laura, with her acclaimed designs, had become a darling of the high-end fashion scene, her creations bringing in a handsome revenue.

Dylan benefited, too.

Content yet anxious, Lina reflected on Laura's prospects.

They pulled up to Dylan's place an hour later. Laura was there to greet them.

Dylan, hauling goodies from the trunk, beamed. "Look what your mom's brought."

Laura wrapped Lina in a gentle embrace, murmuring "Mom" softly.

Lina's affection for Laura was palpable.

The small talk flowed, centering on Peter and Laura's brother, as Laura listened intently.

But Lina had more than casual conversation in mind.

Rumors of Edwin's impending blind date had reached her ears.

Laura, a year Edwin's senior, was still unmarried, a fact that often troubled Peter.

Laura's beauty and talent, though, were undeniable.

Peter had always wondered why Laura remained single.

He had his connections in Duefron and tasked Lina with more than just a casual visit to Laura; he wanted her to scout for a suitable match. But they respected Laura's independence. Peter believed in letting Laura chart her own course in matters of the heart.

Lina, a seasoned navigator of life's complexities, recognized the affection Dylan had for Laura.

As parents, Lina and Peter wished for a trustworthy partner for their daughter, someone who understood her need for kindness and patience. Dylan fit that image.

Lina held off on any matchmaking plans.

She decided to observe for a while.

Dylan showcased his culinary prowess with a homemade Spanish dinner, earning Lina's compliments. She hesitated and in the end, didn't voice her thoughts on Laura should probably move out.

The bond between Dylan and Laura was unique, akin to a star and their agent--mutual care was part of the package.

They often shared living spaces, a common practice in showbiz. Lina, considering this, chose silence.

Laura broke the lull. "Mom will come to my place after we eat."

Fresh from a breakup, she wasn't ready to traverse the path of a new relationship.

Her apartment had sat empty for three months.

Dylan had kept it clean though, sparing her mother any hint of her recent split with "Nelson." It was a detail Laura chose not to disclose.

Once home, Laura and Lina were alone together.

Lina, setting down her bags, remarked softly, "Dylan really looks out for you."

Laura agreed. "He does; he's very good to me."

Lina's smile hinted at deeper implications. "You see what I'm saying."

Laura wasn't one for household chores but showed filial respect by brewing a fragrant tea. They settled on the dark leather sofa, sipping and chatting comfortably.

Lina contemplated bringing up Mark and Cecilia but decided against it, sensing Laura's emotional wounds were still raw and likely didn't expect to reconnect with Mark anytime soon.

Instead, Lina shared news of her son's life abroad, as well as his wife's pregnancy.

Laura offered a warm smile. "I'll send a gift to my brother and his wife."

Lina waved off the gesture.

"You always pick something lavish. They're well-off; save your money. We've set aside a dowry for you."

Laura expressed her gratitude in a soft tone.

Sensing Laura's despondency, Lina attributed it to her ongoing battle with illness rather than emotional turmoil.

Encouraging Laura to rest, Lina busied herself tidying and shopping for groceries, preparing a nutritious soup to bolster Laura's health.

In her bedroom, Laura lay in a fetal position, the pain of Lina's words unearthing memories of a hoped-for wedding with a man now lost to her.

She had once sketched out her dream wedding dress, only to later tear the



With a gesture of chivalry, Dylan suggested Lina enjoy the panoramic view from the front seat.

Lina accepted, intrigued.

Despite Dylan's occasional brusqueness, he had a talent for making people feel at ease, charming Lina effortlessly.

Lunch was at the Regent Hotel, chosen by Dylan for its famed roast goose.

He unbuckled his seatbelt with a smile. "Nothing beats the flavor of their roast goose fresh from the kitchen. You're in for a treat."

Lina's spirits lifted; she hoped the outing would provide Laura some much-needed respite.

The hotel's restaurant gleamed with opulence, its glass and crystal chandeliers casting prismatic light.

It was bustling, but Dylan's foresight ensured they had a reservation.

Laura trailed behind, the soft hues of her dress complementing her braided black hair, a style that subtly accentuated the delicacy of her features.

A hush fell over Dylan's previously animated tour of the restaurant's highlights.

Laura's gaze lifted in tandem with the silence, and suddenly, the air seemed to tighten. There, at a table, was Nelson.

He was in the company of what appeared to be a well-appointed couple, and opposite them, a family trio including a young woman. She was confident, striking, seemingly his contemporary.

He was there for a blind date.

Just three days after parting ways with Laura, he had already arranged to meet someone new.

The truth became painfully clear: not only did he lack affection for her, but he also never regarded her as his partner.

Yet, what truly paled Laura's complexion wasn't just Nelson's swift move on...

It was the company he was in.

feigned casualness, she offered, "Is her condition serious? Should I arrange for a specialist?"

Laura remained silent, withdrawing her gaze from Edwin, shaking her head subtly in response.

Cecilia, noting Laura's reticence, felt a pang of sympathy. She turned to Dylan. "Is this Laura's partner?"

Under normal circumstances, Dylan would never stir Laura's emotions negatively.

But now, witnessing Edwin's callousness—having discarded Laura and now on a date—Dylan felt compelled to act.

With a protective gesture, he enveloped Laura's shoulders. "Yes, Laura and I have been together for nearly eight years. It seems we'll likely marry before your son. Rest assured, when the time comes, our wedding invitation will grace your estate, Mr. Evans and his whole family included."

Cecilia's naivety didn't catch the undercurrents.

Mark, however, perceived Dylan's biting tone.

Had Edwin done something they didn't know of?

As Dylan concluded, he looked down at Laura, who met his gaze, eyes brimming with tears.

Dylan, through clenched teeth, feigned an allergy. "I seem to have developed an allergy to goose. Maybe we should go to another restaurant."

He courteously inquired if Lina would mind.

Given the discomfort, Lina concurred, and they promptly excused themselves.

All the while, Dylan's arm remained a comforting band around Laura, supporting her as they left.

He knew if he slackened his hold, even slightly, Laura might crumble. She clung to composure, refusing to unravel before the Evans family, safeguarding her final shred of dignity...

