

Chapter 486 Meeting You Is Quite A Challenge

Lina observed Edwin with a sense of unease.

Despite her love for this boy, the recent events had left her heart heavy, particularly for Laura, who had been misled and was now seeking treatment abroad.

"How long will she be away?" Edwin asked softly.

Lina wasn't sure, but she offered some advice. "Edwin, you're always intelligent and perceptive. You need to consider the impact of your actions. Continuing this way will only bring pain to you, Laura, and your parents."

With these words, she headed upstairs.

Upon entering the apartment, she found Peter just waking up. "Did Laura leave? Why didn't you wake me?" he asked, confused.

Lina, still frustrated with him, retorted while tidying the room, "You slept like a log. I couldn't have woken you."

Peter, scratching his head, apologized and asked about Laura.

As Lina moved dishes to the kitchen, Peter rolled up his sleeves to help. His cheerful attitude softened her irritation.

She shot him a glance.

After a pause, she couldn't help but express her concern. "You shouldn't have had drinks with Edwin."

Peter, not giving it much thought, replied happily, "I'm just so proud of him!

He just bought a major company. Did you see the news on TV? He looked as commanding as his father in his heyday." He playfully pinched Lina's cheek.

Lina let out a soft huff, still mulling over the situation.

Peter leaned closer, his voice gentle. "Isn't it wonderful to see that kid doing well?"

Lina, half-jokingly and half-seriously, pinched Peter's waist.

"You act as if he's your own son."

Peter, unfazed and still smiling, responded, "What's the harm in treating Mark's child as if he were our own?"

Lina, needing a moment, prepared a cup of tea and settled on the sofa with it.

Between sips, she teased Peter, "Just be careful. He might outsmart you one day."

Peter radiated confidence. "Sure, he's a big shot outside, but at home, he's still the boy we saw grow up. I can read him like a book."

Lina, growing tired of the topic, sipped her tea in silence, thinking to herself about the complexities of relationships.

Downstairs, Edwin had finished smoking two cigarettes.

Peter, on his way to take the trash out, was surprised to find Edwin still there. "Still here, Edwin?"

"I heard Laura's leaving today and wanted to see her off," Edwin replied, his voice even.

Peter joined Edwin outside, the two men sharing a smoke.

Peter, ever the conversationalist, mentioned, "Lina scolded me for drinking with you. But it seems you and Laura are making amends. Did you reconnect in Duefron? We're like family and we should stick together, I always say."

Edwin offered a small, knowing smile, which Peter took as affirmation.

As he stamped out his cigarette, Peter reminisced. "You used to dislike her, remember? Ripped up her drawing. But Lina fixed it. Said it was a drawing of your mom in her wedding dress. And it was."

At this, Edwin's fingers quivered, a pang of remorse striking his heart.

Edwin vividly remembered that incident—his unjustified anger, his loss of control, and the hurt it caused Laura, who back then couldn't even voice

her feelings.

Overwhelmed, Edwin abruptly announced, "I need to head to the office."

Peter, quick to respond, put out his cigarette.

"Of course! Don't let us hold you up," he said cheerfully.

Edwin opened his car door, got in, and drove away rapidly.

A few minutes into the drive, he realized he was unconsciously heading towards the airport.

The GPS voice was soothing, yet his heart was in turmoil.

He didn't turn back, driving straight to the airport. At the terminal, Edwin saw Laura with Dylan.

Dylan was handling the luggage check-in while Laura, small and seemingly vulnerable, stayed by his side.

After getting the tickets, Dylan gently tapped Laura's shoulder, guiding her towards security.

Edwin watched their figures slowly vanish, staying silent, not calling out

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He rationalized his presence, telling himself he just wanted to see her one last time.

Back in his car, Edwin received a call from Tina. Without hesitation, he instructed, "Cancel all my appointments for today."

Tina, surprised by his uncharacteristic disconnection from work, complied.

"Okay, Mr. Evans!"

Just as Edwin was about to end the call, Tina added, "Oh, Mr. Evans, Miss Smith called. She said she couldn't reach you all night!"

Edwin's brow furrowed.

Vanessa?

He had nearly forgotten about her amidst everything.

After the call, he dialed Vanessa's number.

Was she still overseas?

He scrolled through his phone, hesitating over a number but ultimately refraining from calling.

Rising from his desk, he put on his wool coat and exited the office.

Outside, snow gently blanketed the streets.

The holiday spirit was alive, with couples sharing affectionate moments, a common sight in the festive season.

Edwin was driving aimlessly, considering stopping for a meal, when his phone rang.

It was his parents.

He listened and responded mechanically, his attention drawn to a scene outside.

There was Laura, in a white down jacket and a red woolen hat, playfully engaged in a snowball fight with children. Her boots were damp from the snow, but she seemed indifferent, her face rosy from the cold and excitement, fully immersed in the moment.

Captivated, Edwin watched, barely registering his parents' voices on the phone.

The sound of a car honking behind him pulled him back to reality.

Beep, beep, beep—

He drove off quickly, but soon parked his car in the nearest lot and stepped out for a closer look.

Then he saw Dylan appear next to Laura, easily dispersing the kids.

Laura clung to his arm, laughter lighting up her face. Dylan affectionately ruffled her hair and helped her up from the snow.

They soon got into a black Hummer and drove off, passing Edwin.

Laura, in the passenger seat, caught sight of Edwin. She remained silent though, her lips pressed together.

Dylan, noticing Edwin's tall figure too, offered a light cough. "It's all in the past. Don't dwell on it," he advised.

Laura simply nodded in response.

Edwin watched their car vanish into the distance. He returned to his own car, his shoes and trousers wet from the snow. It didn't matter to him.

His appetite had disappeared, his mind swirling with one question—

Were Laura and Dylan an item now?

The phone in Edwin's car rang once more. This time, it was Mark.

"Edwin, Vanessa's here celebrating with us. When are you coming?"

Edwin's brow furrowed at the mention of Vanessa being at his house.

He disliked feeling manipulated, especially by women. Vanessa had agreed to a partnership. Why was she at his home now?

"I'm tied up with work," he replied curtly.

Mark, exasperated, shot back, "Work, my foot! I can hear other cars on the street. Come back now! We're all waiting for you for dinner!"

After ending the call, Edwin lit a cigarette, sinking back into his seat amidst the smoke.

He pondered cynically about Laura and Dylan. Did it matter?

He and Laura couldn't be together anyway.

Vanessa was a practical choice for a wife, usually not overly demanding — Resolved, Edwin finished his cigarette, started the car, and headed back.

As he arrived at a plush villa in Duefron, the family driver greeted him cheerfully, "The house is lively today, Mr. Owen. Mr. and Mrs. Garcia are here too!"

Edwin, fixing his clothes, walked into the hall. Mark immediately commented on his wet attire, "Where have you been? You were not snowball-fighting with others, were you?"

"Just watched a snowball fight," Edwin replied with a slight smile.

Mark teased Edwin playfully, "Quite the adventurer, aren't you!"

But at a glance from Cecilia, he quickly quieted down, always respectful of his wife in public settings.

A servant offered Edwin dry shoes.

Vanessa, smiling lightly, said, "Since Mr. and Mrs. Garcia are here, I'm quite surprised Laura isn't. She's quite a talented designer."

Peter, ever forthright, said, "That kid's busy!"

Lina, more diplomatic, added, "She has her life. We're here to enjoy ourselves and see you and Edwin. We can't always involve the kids. Some might think we're just freeloaders."

Vanessa offered a small smile in return.

Peter looked confused. "You're usually so quiet, but you're really speaking up today!"

Lina shot back playfully, "And you're usually so smart, but you're really thick today!"

Peter laughed, turning to Mark and his wife. "Seems I've spoiled her too much!"

Lina then gestured for Edwin to take a seat, helping him with his coat.

She said with a gentle tone, "Were you really so captivated by a snowball fight? You're soaked! Even as an adult, you seem to forget your limits."

Her words carried an underlying message, which Edwin understood all too well.

Vanessa observed the family interaction, feeling slightly like an outsider amidst their warmth and familiarity.

As Lina headed towards the kitchen, Edwin discreetly followed her.

In the solitude of the kitchen, Lina's expression softened, and she said gently, "Ask what you want to ask."

Edwin hesitated before asking, "Laura's back in town, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is," Lina confirmed.

"And her health? How is she doing?"

"She's doing quite well!"

Edwin ventured further, "And Laura and Dylan— How are they together?"

"They're good," Lina replied succinctly.

As she dished out some food into a plate, pressing it down firmly, she handed it to Edwin.

"Here, this should fill you up. But remember, what's in other's plate isn't for you. Your path is different now. It seems that Smith girl was dropping hints, both openly and behind the scenes. She might know something. I can look after Laura, but you also need to handle Vanessa and her cryptic ways. If Laura owed you anything, she's long since settled that debt."

Lina's frustration was evident.

Edwin's past with Laura was one thing, but Vanessa bringing it up and being sarcastic was unacceptable.

Tears welled up in Lina's eyes, a mother's heartache evident, yet she had to maintain composure in front of Vanessa and everyone else.

Edwin softly apologized.

In the warm light of the kitchen, he assured her in a low voice, "I'll stay away from Laura. And I'll speak with Vanessa."

"That's for the best," Lina said, leaving the kitchen.

Left alone, Edwin stood silently, hearing the lively conversations in the hall. Yet, he felt disconnected, his mind drifting to the image of Laura laughing in the snow, wishing he could be there instead, even in the freezing cold.

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