

Chapter 490 Edwin, Have You Lost Your Mind

Edwin's grip on the steering wheel was tight, betraying the tension that contrasted with his seemingly casual tone.

"It's already what it is. My coming back won't change anything," he said.

On the other end of the phone, Mark cursed in frustration, "Damn it!"

Annoyed, Edwin ended the call abruptly. He pulled up to a red light, his car halting with a screech. As he watched the numbers on the traffic signal count down, his gaze was distant, lost in thought.

He had made an effort.

After breaking up with Laura, he had tried to move on with Vanessa. But even her beauty left him feeling nothing. The thought of a lifetime with her, even in a distant, separate living arrangement, didn't appeal to him.

He couldn't fathom having children with her.

Laura had been his first and only significant romantic experience.

They had shared many firsts. Everything had felt right with her, and he had never seriously considered anyone else. Perhaps his lack of interest in other relationships stemmed from being wholly satisfied by her.

Leaning back, Edwin's head thudded softly against the headrest.

A honk from a car behind him snapped him back to reality as the light turned green.

He drove on, reaching his company's parking lot.

After parking, he hesitated for a moment before dialing Laura's number. She didn't answer, leaving him to wonder if she was upset or crying.

Running his fingers over his phone, Edwin was a mix of annoyance and confusion.

He decided to call Alexis. The phone was answered promptly. "Take

Laura out for dinner," he said tersely.

Alexis responded with a light chuckle, "Why should I spending time cheering your girl?"

Edwin's tone was frigid as he spoke. "Marcus has always been after a certain oil drilling project, hasn't he? I'll let him have it."

Alexis, intrigued, asked, "But why should I get involved? That's a gain for Marcus."

Edwin's frustration was palpable. "Just name your price, I'll meet it."

Alexis agreed, much to his relief.

After the call, he sat lost in thought.

He knew his love for Laura was genuine, yet he also recognized the limitations of what he could offer her. Even without Vanessa in the picture, a future together seemed unattainable.

Walking into the company, he was met by Tina's surprised look.

She had expected him to be with Miss Smith for her wedding dress fitting.

Removing his coat, Edwin walked into his office. "Bring me the file for the Zenith Corporation partnership."

Tina nodded.

While fetching the documents, she mused to herself about how love troubles often turned men into workaholics.

She returned with a substantial stack of paperwork.

Edwin delved into it, working until Tina reappeared at day's end with a complicated look. "Mr. Evans, your father called. He's inviting you to dinner."

Without glancing up, Edwin quipped, "Has he become that gentle now?"

Tina, feeling uneasy, hesitated.

Edwin prompted her to repeat Mark's message. Taking a deep breath, she relayed, "Mr. Evans said, 'Tell that bastard son of mine to roll back here!'"

Her delivery was hesitant, almost fearful of Edwin's reaction.

Edwin closed the file with an air of composure. "That sounds more like him," he commented, prompting a weak smile from Tina.

As he prepared to leave, Tina quietly informed him, "Miss Smith called several times. I told her you were unavailable."

Pausing, Edwin replied with a hint of appreciation, "Tina, you've just earned yourself a raise."

Her face lit up with excitement.

He then made his way downstairs, got into his car, and drove home.

At home, Mark was dining with Cecilia, his tone reminiscent of his gentler, younger days. Edwin settled casually at the table and asked the maid for a plate. Midway through his meal, he caught his father's stern gaze.

With a chuckle, Edwin teased, "Dad, you're always hovering around Duefron these days. Ever thought of checking in at Czanch? Olivia might be dating someone in secret while you're away."

Mark, unamused, shot back, "Don't bring Olivia into this. You promised Grandma you'd settle down and continue the family line."

Cecilia, unaware of the whole story, offered Edwin a piece of fish, glancing at her husband. "Isn't this just a small lovers' spat? We had our fair share of breakups back in the day. Maybe you should do some self-reflection."

Visibly irked, Mark pointed at Edwin.


"Finish your meal and come upstairs. We need to talk. And stop hiding behind your mother. You're 26! It's time to stand on your own."

Edwin's smile grew slowly.

Noticing Cecilia's inclination to intervene, Mark added firmly, "Don't baby him. He's full-grown now, capable of his own decisions and mistakes."

Cecilia inquired, "What's he done now?"

Mark, feeling somewhat embarrassed to discuss it, didn't answer and instead hastily made his way upstairs.

Cecilia turned back to Edwin and said reassuringly, "Don't worry about him. He's just experiencing a midlife crisis." 

Finishing his meal at a leisurely pace, Edwin offered a gentle smile to Cecilia. "I'm sorry, Mom," he said softly.

Cecilia, blissfully unaware of the situation, responded, "It's okay. I can wait a few more years to have grandchildren. But honestly, I don't really want you to rush into marriage. Being Grandma makes me seem so old!"

Touched by her words, Edwin gave her a warm hug.

As he prepared to follow his father upstairs, Cecilia, still concerned, called out, "Try to have a nice conversation with him. Don't make him angry."

Edwin nodded in acknowledgment.

In the upstairs room, Mark had set up what felt like an interrogation. As Edwin walked in, Mark sarcastically commented, "Relying on your mother has certainly made you confident! If you're so brave, then stop using her as a shield." For a moment, he paused. Then asked, "What's happening with you and Vanessa?"

It was clear Mark wasn't a fan of Vanessa, but in some way, he believed Edwin's marriage would bring stability.

Yet, Edwin was not playing along.

Mark, a man of keen insight, lit a cigarette and pointed at Edwin, demanding an explanation. "Well? Don't make me wait!"

Unfazed, Edwin mirrored his father's actions, lighting his own cigarette.

He took a slow drag and replied calmly, "We do not have feelings for each other anymore, so we ended it."

"Bullshit! Do you really think I'm a fool?" Mark exclaimed, his frustration evident.

Edwin's demeanor shifted to a grave seriousness.

He walked over and locked the door, and then turned to Mark with a sharp whisper. "What do you want me to say, Dad? That I'm only in love with Laura? That I want to be with her, have children with her, and that I have no interest in Vanessa? Or should I admit that marrying Vanessa would be a mistake, and I'd still end up longing for Laura?"

Mark's head throbbed with pain.

Lost in his emotion, he shouted, "Edwin, have you lost your mind?"

Despite his father's outburst, Edwin remained composed.

He met Mark's gaze calmly and said, "You're the one who brought her into my life. If it weren't for that, I might be happily married to someone else by now, not trapped in these feelings."

Mark's anger slowly subsided.

Closing his eyes briefly, he said, "We can't change the past. I didn't bring her into this house for you to use her or toy with her emotions."

"Dad, I'm not playing games," Edwin whispered, his voice soft but impactful, each word resonating like a note on a piano. Mark looked at his son, almost as if seeing him for the first time.

For years, Edwin had shown little interest in women, to the point where Mark wondered about his son's preferences.

But now, it was clear that Edwin, too, had fallen for someone.

Trying to control his rising temper, Mark countered, "I can't accept this. Not just for your sake, Edwin, but for our family's, and for Laura's too. Think about it. If she joins our family and clashes with your mother, how will they coexist? You know Laura's personality."

Edwin's gaze fell, his voice soft yet laden with emotion.

"And what about me, Dad? Have you ever considered that this might be the only love I'll ever have in my life?"

He didn't attempt to argue further.

His tone, even more composed than before, conveyed resignation. "Let it be, Dad. I'll sort out my own issues after Laura's married."

Mark was taken aback by Edwin's revelation.

Throughout this ordeal, Edwin had maintained a stoic facade, but now, Mark could see not just pain but also confusion in his son's eyes. As a father, it was a poignant moment he couldn't ignore.

His voice softened.

He was known to indulge his children, but this issue was too significant to be brushed aside lightly.

He wanted to say more, but Edwin interjected, "Let's just leave it there."

With those words, Edwin left the room.

Outside, Cecilia was waiting, phone in hand.

Vanessa's father had called her, requesting a meeting.

The Smith family's serious approach to this potential marriage was clear, highlighting its importance.

Sensing the gravity of the situation and as a mother perceiving Edwin's lack of feelings for Vanessa, Cecilia faced a dilemma.

She softly asked Edwin, "Do you have someone you care about? Mark and I aren't overly concerned about family backgrounds. As long as she's likable, gentle, and sensible, that's all that matters."

The concern in her voice brought a wave of sadness over Edwin.

He embraced his mother, aware that the woman he loved was likely the last person Cecilia would accept.

"I'm fine, Mom. You should get some rest," he said gently, masking his true feelings.

As Edwin ascended the stairs, Cecilia's eyes followed him, filled with worry.

When he disappeared from view, she went into the study where she found Mark, smoking one cigarette after another.

Taking the cigarette from his hand, she admonished softly, "You should smoke less, for your health."

Mark closed his eyes, a gesture of silent agreement, as Cecilia massaged his shoulders.

In a low voice, she informed him, "Thomas called. He wants to meet. I think it's about Edwin and Vanessa."

Showing no sign of jealousy, Mark responded pragmatically, "Go see him. You saw how Edwin is. You know what to discuss."

His response indicated a certain level of resignation.

Cecilia, observing her husband, ventured cautiously, "Mark, are you and

The conversation eventually veered away from the marriage topic, ending somewhat ambiguously.

Returning home, Cecilia told Mark her day.

She had little of substance to share about the conversation she had with Thomas, instead mentioning the pleasantness of the restaurant and the remarkable dishes of the new chef.

Mark, somewhat exasperated, remarked, "I sent you to talk important business, not to reminisce about old times with Mr. Smith."

With a teasing tone, Cecilia replied, "We did have our dates back in the day, and you were quite supportive, even blessing me as a well-wisher. Has your tolerance waned with age?"

Mark defended himself, "Are you calling me narrow-minded?"

Unable to resist the moment, he then scooped Cecilia up and gently tossed her onto the bed.

Her playful resistance was met with affection.

Nestled against his shoulder, she murmured, "At our age, and you're still so spirited."

As Mark's hands wandered under her clothes, he teased her, "Age hasn't dampened your spirits, has it?"

Cecilia's cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and delight.

What followed was a passionate expression of their love—

Afterwards, Cecilia playfully scolded him as she pinched his waist, "You really got carried away!"

She contemplated taking a bath to soothe her soreness.

Mark retrieved an ointment from the bedside table, applying it gently to her. His voice was soft and tender. "I might have been a bit too enthusiastic, just a bit jealous after your lunch date with another man."

Cecilia felt a surge of warmth in her heart.

She hugged him closely, her voice playful yet curious. "Thomas mentioned Edwin has someone special in his heart. Has he spoken to you about this?"

Mark's heart tightened at the mention.

The idea of Thomas discussing such matters with Cecilia irked him.

He knew the potential fallout this revelation could have on Cecilia, Edwin, and Laura.

After reassuring her, Mark made a discreet phone call. "Yes, Mr. Evans, I understand," came the reply from the other end.

The next day, the Smith family's company stocks took a nosedive.

At a shareholders' meeting, Vanessa faced harsh criticism due to rumors of the Evans' overseas subsidiary targeting their company.

Believing Edwin was behind it, she called him in frustration, "Edwin! This is a harsh move!"

Edwin, sitting across from Mark, listened to Vanessa's accusations but didn't refute them.

After the call, he turned to Mark, his brow furrowed in concern. "Dad, was this your doing?"

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