

Chapter 493 I Can Be Even Crazier

The kiss deepened, growing more passionate by the second.

In the seclusion of the bedroom, Edwin found himself struggling to contain his desires. After being separated from Laura for so long, he held her delicate form and was consumed by a burning feeling, yearning to possess her at that very moment.

Laura hesitated, torn by conflicting emotions.

Undoubtedly, she had feelings for him.

Yet, as their bodies pressed together, the weight of their disparate backgrounds and the presence of the Evans family downstairs left her feeling uncomfortably rigid, though she conceded.

"What's troubling you? Don't you want this?"

Edwin traced with his tongue the path of her teardrops as he asked, his tone soft and tender.

Unable to resist, he captured her lips once more.

Outside the window, in that instant, fireworks sparked in a brilliant display of light and color.

In the night sky, bursts of color soared and exploded at their zenith, casting a bright light upon the darkness. Amidst the enthusiastic chatter of onlookers reveling in the fireworks display, Olivia's voice faintly punctuated the background.

"Wow!" she exclaimed.

Edwin held Laura close, their youthful countenances beautifully illuminated by the fireworks' radiance.

Gradually, Laura ceased her futile resistance.

Her gaze fixed upon the window, her thoughts adrift.

Refusing to surrender, Edwin breathed softly into her ear. "Isn't Olivia absolutely charming? Can you picture her as your sister?"

Laura's mind snapped back to reality.

She found herself enveloped in his embrace, her face pressed against his pristine white shirt, inhaling the fresh scent of recently laundered fabric.

Raising her head, she saw Edwin's striking profile.

In her attempt to push him away, Laura grappled with the undeniable difference in physical strength between the genders.

Yet, Edwin remained steadfast, unyielding.

He leaned in closer, his eyes brimming with an overwhelming sense of possession as he inquired softly, "Shall we go out to see the lantern show or linger here for another kiss?"

Blushing, Laura averted her gaze. "I choose neither," she retorted, her embarrassment palpable.

Edwin's unwavering scrutiny continued.

It was the look of a man captivated by a woman. Despite their time together, even cohabitation, he had never regarded her with such profound intensity.

Beneath that gaze, Laura's feminine instincts stirred softly, awakening within her.

Suddenly, she felt uneasy.

And irritation bubbled up within her, even more pronounced than before.

Why did Edwin get to dictate everything? Why did he have the privilege to walk away whenever he pleased, only to return whenever he missed her? Why did she have to be his plaything? Didn't she have a say in what she wanted?

Tears welled up in Laura's eyes, but she persisted in pushing him away.

Edwin gently caught hold of her hand.

Bending down, he retrieved her coat from the couch, draping it over her shoulders and deftly fastening the buttons.

"I'll take you out to see the lantern show," he offered.

With a clear familiarity with the layout of Peter's villa, Edwin guided Laura down a different staircase from the second floor, leading her straight to the backyard, where his car awaited.

Laura adamantly refused to step into the car. "Edwin, have you completely lost your senses?"

He simply hummed softly in response and suggested, "Well, if we don't go, I might just get even crazier. How about we give your father another gift together? Say a little baby."

Infuriated, Laura's hand connected with his cheek in a sharp slap.

Her natural disposition was so gentle; it must have been sheer frustration that drove her to such an outburst.

But her slap lacked force, a mere brush of a breeze.

Edwin refrained from touching his cheek. Instead, he ran his tongue across the wall of his mouth and emitted a soft, amused chuckle. "Why not put some more strength into it? Are you concerned about hurting me?"

He couldn't resist the urge to tease her, but just a little.

Gently guiding her into the car, he followed suit and swiftly pulled away.

As they got near the villa's gate, the security guard approached.

"Mr. Evans! Why are you leaving amidst all the celebrations?" the guard inquired.

Edwin lowered the car window and nodded with an air of dignity. He then retrieved two packs of cigarettes from the glove compartment and handed them to the guard, who was overcome with gratitude. The guard stammered, "Mr. Evans, you're too kind! How can I possibly accept your cigarettes?"

Despite his words, he accepted the cigarettes gladly.

Edwin's smile widened. "Hard work pays off."

He then closed the window and steered the sleek black Rolls-Royce out of the driveway.

The security guard, clutching the precious cigarettes, wore a delighted

expression as he carefully stowed them away. Then, in a sudden burst of realization, he exclaimed, "Did I just see that correctly? Was it Miss Laura in the car?"

Laura and Edwin together?!

He witnessed Laura and Edwin in the same car and didn't stop them!

The guard was so shocked and scared.

But what should he do? Should he report it, even though he had accepted Edwin's offering of cigarettes? He could never afford such exquisite cigarettes that come in two hundred a pack if it weren't for Edwin's generosity.

Edwin drove far, leaving the familiar surroundings behind.

He stole a glance at Laura, seated silently beside him.

Such moments of solitude in the car had become a rare thing for them.

Back when he had been actively pursuing her, it had been different. Laura had been more of a homebody, and their outings had been infrequent. Most of their meals were lovingly prepared by him, and she hadn't clung to him when work beckoned. They spent their free time cuddling at home and watching movies.

Their dates, while scarce, held a unique charm.

But that day, Edwin yearned to take her out.

Czanch, an ancient city, had managed to preserve its old town with exceptional care, and its street food was renowned for its delectable flavors.

As they idled at a red light, Edwin checked his phone.

His tone was soft and gentle. "There's a lantern show just ahead and some really nice food. Olivia has mentioned it a few times. Would you like to give it a try?"

Laura had been reluctant to engage with him, and her presence on going out with him felt more coerced than voluntary.

Edwin remained unruffled, his composure unwavering.

After all, he still possessed the finesse of a suitor, undeterred by Laura's reticence.

Their shared history had endowed him with a deep understanding of her temperament and her penchant for silence, qualities he found utterly endearing.

Having reached the parking lot, Edwin brought the car to a halt.

But Laura remained seated, unmoved.

He opened his door and said warmly, "It's time to step out."

She protested, "You go ahead! I have no desire to leave this car."

Edwin couldn't help but chuckle. "Enough of these childlike antics," he admonished.

When he set his mind to something, he could be quite stubborn. Despite being a year her junior, he often exhibited a far greater emotional intelligence.

Laura, appearing diminutive, found her confidence waning in his presence.

Observing her reluctance, Edwin tenderly drew her close, enveloping her in his protective embrace.

With one hand, he closed the car door behind them.

Leaning in, he whispered softly by her ear, "You seem to behave only when I'm holding you like this, don't you?"

Edwin, resplendent in his well-tailored suit and beside his luxurious car, cradling a girl in his arms, had already drawn the attention of onlookers nearby.

A flush of warmth crept into Laura's cheeks as she attempted to push him away. "Release me," she insisted.

Instead, Edwin draped his arm around her shoulders. "It's chilly out here!"

Indeed, the evening air bore a biting chill, with delicate snowflakes gently descending. Czanch's damp cold possessed a distinct character, separating itself from the winter in Duefron.

Still holding her close, Edwin offered a warm smile. "I should have insisted you wear a dress. Then I could wrap you in my coat like a little kangaroo."

It was an affectionate comment, and Laura, not devoid of sentiment,

couldn't help but be touched by it.

Yet, she concealed her emotions beneath a composed exterior.

Snowflakes descended gracefully upon their shoulders.

Strolling along the ancient streets, they found themselves immersed in a distinctive romance. The bright lights from the lanterns cast warm reflections upon the dark gray walls, imparting a sense of coziness to the winter evening.

Edwin remained at ease, while Laura couldn't shake her apprehension about being recognized.

Edwin led her to a bustling eatery; however, all the seats were occupied. The customers enjoyed their meal on that cold night.

The proprietor apologized since there were no tables available at the moment.

Not wanting to have Laura dine in the cold, he contemplated searching for another establishment.

Nonetheless, Laura stood captivated by a dazzling array of holiday-themed spiced cupcakes, seemingly unable to move her feet.

Edwin lightly pinched her palm. "Are you truly eager to have one?"

Anticipating her possible refusal since she was always such a gentle soul afraid of burdening others, he was surprised when she nodded gently and admitted, "They seem scrumptious."

Her eyes glistened with moisture.

Having born in Czanch, she had relocated to Duefron after a family tragedy and then headed abroad. She had never sampled those delectable local treats before. She yearned to savor them, hopeful that they might evoke happiness.

Observing the crowd relishing the delicacies, she presumed they must be utterly delightful.

Seeing her in that state, Edwin was overcome by a wave of tenderness. He gently drew her into his embrace and, with one hand, retrieved his wallet. He extracted ten one-hundred-dollar bills and addressed the proprietor, "Please set up a table outside and provide a heater."

The owner's eyes gleamed upon seeing the money.

He promptly responded, "Sir, you really care for your girlfriend."

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