

## Chapter 494 Do You Want Me

Laura was on the verge of speaking.

However, Edwin's laughter interrupted her, and he interjected, "She's not my girlfriend!" A brief pause ensued. "She's my wife," he declared.

The shop owner, playing along, exclaimed, "You tied the knot at such a tender age, young lady! But you've certainly chosen wisely. Just look at your husband. He's a remarkable individual, a rare find! In all my years of running this place, I've never encountered someone as radiant!"

Laura refrained from contradicting him.

Her expression did tighten slightly.

Delighted, the proprietor busied himself, attending to their needs.

Edwin ushered Laura to a seat, choosing the one facing the wind to shield her, and tenderly clasped her hand.

Laura instinctively withdrew her hand, cautioning, "Don't just touch me like that."

Following that exchange, a palpable silence enveloped them.

Both of them couldn't help but reminisce about the countless times he had touched her during their three-month cohabitation.

Laura had been his first, and, as a man newly acquainted with such pleasures, he had yearned to be intimate with her nearly every day. Laura, equally inexperienced, had yet to discover the true depths of such pleasure, since he hadn't showed her properly.

In hindsight, Edwin's gaze took on a deeper hue.

His ears even tinged with a shade of crimson.

At that moment, the owner arrived with a brazier, its lively fire radiating warmth, and set up a makeshift screen for privacy, further enhancing their comfort.

The proprietor also presented them with their signature dishes,

accompanied by a few other seasonal delights.

"These gingerbread cookies symbolize warmth and joy. Congratulations to both of you, and may the coming year bless you with a beautiful addition to your family!" He then turned his attention to Laura. "You appear quite young. Have you graduated from university yet?"

Laura maintained her silence.

Meanwhile, Edwin, displaying his thoughtfulness, smiled and answered for her. "We're newlyweds, planning to relish these moments for a few more years."

The owner's wife, her hands gently rubbing together, chimed in, "Such a lovely young lady. Anyone would find it hard to let go!"

Her husband playfully nudged her, adding, "I was hesitant about having a third child as well, since I want to spend more time with you."

In response, the owner's wife blushed and teasingly tugged at her husband's ear. "Oh, come on! You're far too old for a third child. Stop talking nonsense; don't make us the laughingstock."

The couple exchanged banter and retreated indoors.

Edwin then handed Laura a small fork and encouraged her, "Go ahead and eat! It'll help warm you up."

Laura accepted the fork and took a delicate bite of a cookie.

The taste was undeniably delightful.

Smiling lightly, she took another bite, her eagerness apparent as the warmth of the treat still lingered. She nibbled on it gently before glancing up to find Edwin gaping at her intently. Lowering her eyes, she whispered softly, "Don't talk nonsense like this in public in the future."

Edwin emitted a thoughtful hum in agreement.

He added, "Next time we go out, I won't refer to you as my wife, only my girlfriend."

Laura's voice remained gentle. "I'm not your girlfriend either! Edwin, let's just put this behind us after the meal and part ways. We're simply not suited for each other."

Edwin didn't say anything.

He continued to dine gracefully, occasionally tending to Laura's needs.

Under the table, his warm hand affectionately held hers.

It was a warmth that enveloped Laura.

It was one she couldn't refuse.

Edwin leaned in, his voice a soft murmur. "Once we've finished eating, let's take a stroll, and then I'll escort you home."

Laura couldn't quite discern his intentions, but she couldn't depart. Edwin seemed like a ticking time bomb, on the verge of detonation, and she had no desire to create a scene over their relationship.

She attempted to convince herself.

However, deep within, she acknowledged that she was holding on to the comforting warmth he, and only he could offer.

She yearned to indulge just a little while longer.

Just for this one night.

Edwin displayed exceptional tenderness toward her, and as a result, Laura's demeanor softened, rendering them a striking portrayal of newlyweds. After their meal, the ancient street had become even busier than before, filled with numerous young couples taking leisurely strolls.

The street itself was adorned with shops peddling various trinkets.

Those weren't particularly valuable items, but they held the kind of charm that young girls often adored.

Edwin gestured ahead. "Let's have a look."

Laura walked beside him, and before long, Edwin gently draped his arm around her shoulders. She attempted to evade his grasp, but an oncoming crowd forced Edwin to swiftly pull her into his arms.

Her face nestled against his chest.

His scent, consistently fresh, bore the clean aroma of a man who worked in an office. Yet, Edwin was not overly fastidious, radiating a robust, masculine aura.

Laura found herself momentarily stunned.

Edwin's voice, pitched low, inquired, "Disappointed? My muscles aren't as firm as Dylan's."

His tone held a hint of bitterness, and Laura chose not to reply.

Edwin encircled her waist and asked softly, "What about Dylan?"

Laura didn't attempt to mask the truth. "He returned to Duefron. His parents have just come back from abroad."

Edwin lapsed into silence for a few moments and then pressed, "You understand what I'm asking about! Is there any emotional connection between the two of you?"

Laura hesitated, reluctant to respond.

She gently pushed his hand away and proceeded ahead, with Edwin trailing behind.

As they meandered, Laura occasionally perused the wares displayed in the roadside shops.

Having encountered numerous exquisite items, she was not easily impressed. However, her attention was soon captivated by a wooden comb, its texture and design catching her eye.

She picked it up and inquired, "How much does this cost?"

The owner, noting the imposing demeanor of her companion, quoted a rather steep price and spun a melodramatic tale of lost love to embellish the comb's value.

"Wouldn't you agree, this comb is easily worth two thousand dollars?"

The tale spun by the owner was nothing short of comical.

Laura couldn't stifle her laughter as she ran her fingers over the comb's teeth. "That's way too steep!"

However, the man beside her had already handed over two thousand dollars to the shopkeeper.

Despite her initial reluctance to engage with him, Laura couldn't help but comment, "It's not worth that much!"

Edwin turned to her and responded, "You haven't laughed in a long while. That story managed to bring a smile to your face; that alone makes it

worth two thousand dollars."

His words were laced with emotion, bordering on the sentimental, causing Laura's cheeks to flush faintly.

Even the owner appeared somewhat abashed.

Edwin nonchalantly remarked, "Keep it. We're not too concerned about the two thousand dollars. Doing business isn't easy for you anyway."

The owner couldn't hide his emotions.

The customer was not only generous but also possessed a handsome charm, complemented by his affectionate demeanor.

At times like that, he almost wished he were a woman.

As they exited the store, Laura displayed a genuine affection for the comb, scrutinizing it beneath the soft glow of the streetlights.

Delicate snowflakes danced through the night sky.

Her silhouette exuded elegance and beauty, her countenance radiating an ineffable gentleness.

Edwin struggled to articulate the fluttering sensation within his heart; that form of affection was entirely novel to him. Overflowing with fondness, he gently touched her hair. "A simple comb brought you such happiness, huh?"

Laura murmured softly, "I'll transfer the money to you later."

Edwin remained silent.

She gazed up into his profound eyes and took an instinctive step backward.

Edwin advanced, gently ushering her into a secluded corner.

They stood adjacent to a brilliantly illuminated and bustling alley.

They occupied a dim and secluded nook, shielded from view unless they were to cause quite a commotion. The notion sparked an electric charge in the air surrounding them.

Edwin comprehended that it wasn't the opportune moment.

Uncertain of Laura's receptivity, he nevertheless yearned for her, eager to

affirm her place by his side.

He embraced her, planting a tender, slightly urgent kiss upon her lips. "There's still over a thousand in cash in my wallet!"

Just a stone's throw away stood a distinctive inn.

Two vivid red lanterns adorned its entrance, akin to the fiery desire shared by young lovers.

Laura succumbed to the allure.

Edwin's kiss descended upon her, drawing her into a fervent embrace, their bodies pressed closely together, leaving only her delicate countenance exposed, her crimson lips tantalizingly inviting.

Edwin's kiss possessed a newfound intensity.

He cupped her face, shifting angles to explore inside her mouth, relishing the taste of her and savoring her soft, kitten-like whimpers.

The desire coursed through his veins, setting his blood ablaze.

He grabbed her waist, drawing her nearer.

Their lips locked in a passionate fusion, and he whispered incoherently, "Do you want this? Laura, do you yearn for this? Do you want me?"