

Chapter 495 Shall We Stay Out For The Night

How could Laura possibly resist Edwin?

How could she not long for him?

Their most cherished moments unfolded during those nights when they fervently held each other close.

He possessed an intimate knowledge of her body, while she comprehended the intricacies of his desires.

In the grand scheme of things, they only truly had each other.

Amid this frigid winter night, their youthful forms pressed tightly together, they seemed on the verge of combustion, particularly Edwin, who burned with lust.

He unfastened his coat and enfolded her in his embrace.

A mere meter away, passersby came and went.

Yet, in the subdued light, they kissed with unbridled passion. Edwin's searing hand glided along her slender waist as if seeking to meld their very beings, and Laura let out a feeble cry. "Edwin!"

Edwin's body tensed ever so slightly.

He ceased their kiss, directing his gaze downward at Laura.

Laura didn't dare to move; she rested against his chest, feeling the wild cadence of his heart.

She lacked the courage to meet his eyes.

However, Edwin lowered himself once more, tenderly recapturing her lips, sucking it gently.

His fiery breath, akin to a potent aphrodisiac, left her with no refuge. Her voice emerged hoarse and raspy as she questioned, "You clearly desire this, so are you simply afraid?"

A glimmer of lucidity returned to Laura.

Unable to break free, she rested her head against his shoulder, her voice marked by a tremor. "Edwin, we shouldn't be doing this."

Edwin remained silent, retaining her in his embrace.

The snowfall was becoming heavier.

Large snowflakes adorned his black coat and the young man's hair with a glistening white.

Laura experienced a blend of embarrassment and sorrow.

Yet, it was solely on such snowy nights that she dared to extend her arms, gently wrapping around his waist.

Edwin regarded her and whispered softly, "We've done this at least a hundred times. I refuse to believe you've forgotten. I still remember you-"

Laura wouldn't permit him to finish his sentence.

She shivered within his embrace, uncertain whether it was due to the cold or some other emotion. Pedestrians had long since hastened away, leaving them alone in the expansive world.

When they returned to the car, Edwin made several futile attempts to start the engine.

He turned to her. "The car won't start! Securing a taxi is likely impossible. Shall we stay here for the night? I'll book for a room with two beds."

Laura occupied the seat beside him.

The snowflakes melted on her clothes, leaving her with a distinct chill, and causing her to shiver.

She gazed vacantly at the snowflakes outside, her voice barely above a whisper. "Should we consider walking back?"

Edwin's hand gently grazed her cold face. "That would take hours."

Laura felt a sense of unease creep over her.

She turned her attention to the car window, lost in contemplation. Meanwhile, Edwin released a soft sigh. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No."

Laura's voice was low, almost a whisper.

Absorbed in her thoughts, Laura was taken aback as Edwin simply drew her into his embrace.

With his lips brushing against her petite nose, Edwin whispered, "Stay for just one night. I won't hold you accountable for anything that might happen."

Exasperated, Laura vented her frustration by delivering a swift kick.

Edwin chuckled, unable to resist whispering into her ear, "Your desires are quite evident."

Though he didn't rely solely on his looks, he possessed a fair measure of confidence in his appearance. Laura harbored genuine affection for him, and at their best moments, a hint of infatuation often stirred within her.

The snowfall intensified, yet they persevered.

While Edwin secured their accommodations, Laura couldn't help but feel a sense of embarrassment.

She nestled against him, concealing her face within the folds of his coat.

Edwin patted her back and engaged in conversation with the receptionist.

"Sir, there's only one single bed room available. All other rooms have been reserved," the receptionist conveyed.

Edwin's brows furrowed.

He cast a brief look in Laura's direction.

The receptionist, misconstruing them as an ordinary couple, chimed in, "This room is truly exceptional. It boasts the finest amenities in our inn, including a spacious terrace for savoring the snowy view."

Edwin immediately made the decision and secured the room for the night.

Clutching the room card, he intertwined his fingers with Laura's and teased, "Feeling a bit shy, are we?"

Laura followed him in silence.

Their room was located in the rear of the establishment, and upon entering, they were greeted by a well-appointed space. An eighty-square-meter terrace afforded a stunning vista of the lake.

Edwin discarded his coat for it to dry.

Clad only in a white shirt, he proceeded to put the kettle on.

"Make yourself comfortable. Let's enjoy a warm beverage to ward off the cold," he suggested.

Laura observed Edwin as he moved about with ease, and a twinge of embarrassment crept over her. Clutching her phone, she grappled with how to explain the situation to her parents. Coincidentally, Lina's call came through.

Laura's voice was subdued, and before she could delve into the details, Lina grasped the situation.

Haha, the car broke down?

That's very convenient! Lina thought.

Refraining from pressing the matter further, Lina didn't wish to add to Laura's troubles. Instead, she advised Laura to return early the following morning and noted that it was fortuitous that Peter had become inebriated, preventing a potential uproar that evening.

Laura responded with a soft hum.

After ending the call, she raised her gaze to find Edwin watching her in silence.

Remaining wordless, she approached the window, her attention fixed on the snowflakes outside.

Edwin poured a cup of water and handed it to her. "Drink this and warm up a bit. I'll take a shower first, and then you should, too. Change out of these clothes so you won't catch a cold."

Laura found herself alone in the room with Edwin, and the prospect of taking a shower was met with reluctance.

Displaying a hint of irritation, Edwin remarked, "Is there any part of you I haven't seen? Just be a good girl, will you?"

Laura took her time sipping the hot water, her gaze fixed on the large bed.

She hesitated before inquiring, "Will you sleep on the sofa?"

Edwin categorically dismissed the idea. "Of course, we'll sleep together."

Laura's countenance paled with anger, and she opted to ignore him.

Edwin casually unbuttoned his shirt and intentionally jangled his belt, a playful glint in his eye. He proceeded into the bathroom, dressed solely in black boxer briefs.

Laura avoided eye contact, her gaze averted.

Edwin couldn't help but chuckle before disappearing into the bathroom, the sound of running water gradually filling the room.

Amidst the flowing water, an indistinct, husky male voice seemed to emanate, his words eluding comprehension.

Laura was no longer the naive girl she once was.

She found herself blushing uncontrollably, biting her lip, and hugging herself tightly.

Edwin was truly audacious.

When Edwin emerged from the bathroom, his imposing, robust frame swathed in a bathrobe, his expression was inscrutable. However, Laura knew better; her cheeks burned, and she adamantly avoided making eye contact with him.

Edwin drew nearer and gently took the cup from her grasp.

He whispered, "There's a bathtub. I've cleaned it for you. Why don't you soak for a while?"

Laura clutched herself, meeting his gaze with slightly moistened eyes.

Edwin suddenly grinned, leaning in close to her ear and murmuring, "I'm a man. Isn't such things just normal?"

He was dangerously close.

Laura attempted to resist his hold but found it futile.

A faint flush graced Edwin's handsome visage. "After we parted, have you ever been with another man?"

"No!" Laura asserted firmly.

Yet, those sentiments were challenging to put into words.

Laura tilted her head slightly, struggling to hold back tears to avoid feeling embarrassed.

Upon emerging from the shower, her nose was inevitably red.

It resembled a petite carrot.

Dressed in his bathrobe, Edwin was preoccupied with his phone, likely making a call home.

As a grown man, he wouldn't face scrutiny for spending the night out.

Watching Laura come out, he noticed her appearance, he deduced she had shed tears.

"Why did you cry?"

Edwin patted the space beside him, his tone gentle as he suggested, "Come here. Let me dry your hair."

Laura hesitated by the bathroom door.

She replied softly, "Edwin, we can't turn back the clock."

He observed her in silence, understanding the whirlwind of thoughts running through her mind. However, he deemed it inappropriate to dwell on such matters that night. On a snowy night like this, he believed they should be wrapped in each other's arms.

Even if their interaction remained innocent, the mere sensation of their warmth was enough.

Laura wasn't one to express her emotions violently.

Edwin swiftly reassured her, "I understand. Now come here. Let me dry your hair."

Laura broke into tears once more.

She reiterated, "Edwin, we can't go back."

Suddenly, Edwin rose from the bed.

He effortlessly lifted her and gently placed her onto the soft mattress. Then, the lights in the bedroom dimmed, shrouding them in darkness and silence, with only the sound of their breathing and heartbeats filling the

air.

Edwin leaned in for a kiss.

She resisted, tearfully pleading with him not to.

Edwin maintained his silence, his actions conveying his desire as he treated her with the utmost reverence, causing her to tremble violently. Laura, a delicate and inexperienced soul, couldn't withstand such intensity. She sobbed, biting her lip. "Please don't do this! Please, don't!"

Edwin looked up, his voice ominously low.

"Call me Edwin! Say my name!"