

Chapter 498 Edwin Officially Announces His Love!

Cecilia didn't give much thought to Mark's suggestion.

She simply agreed. "That's true! I should also get Laura something."

She leaned in to whisper to Mark, "The poor girl seems a bit intimidated by me. I'll probably get her a big gift to help her relax."

It could have been the passage of time or the fact that her children were now grown, but the events of the past didn't seem to bother her as much as they were.

Cecilia headed upstairs to prepare the gift for Laura.

Mark watched her go, his gaze soft with affection.

Peter nudged him. "Have you not told her yet?"

Mark spoke quietly. "We'll let the kids do the talking."

Half an hour later, Edwin arrived at the Garcia's large villa.

Aside from the servants, Laura was the only one there, reading by the fireplace.

The fire blazed warmly, and she had just finished taking a shower. She smelt divine.

As Edwin entered, the servants, sensing his relationship with Laura, greeted him warmly. "Mr. Evans is here!"

Laura looked up and saw Edwin, his black wool coat dusted with snowflakes.

She frowned slightly, wondering why he was there.

Edwin knelt down beside her, gently smoothing her damp hair. "Dry your hair and come with me for dinner at my parents' place."

Laura's heart fluttered.

She remained still, looking at him, until he repeated, "Come on."

He asked a servant to bring a hairdryer, taking on a role that seemed almost host-like.

The servants, thinking they made a good pair, went upstairs cheerfully.

Laura bit her lip. "I don't want to go. What would it look like?"

She then thought of Vanessa, who had been in Czarny and even visited Evans Garden.

Laura's insecurities were heightened by Vanessa's bold pursuit of Edwin, making her hesitant to join his family for dinner.

As the servant brought down the hairdryer, Edwin began to dry Laura's hair while sitting on the sofa.

Laura attempted to move away, but he gently held her in place, speaking softly. "I've just come back from Duefron. It's been over 20 hours since I slept. Please, no more arguing for now, okay?"

Laura looked down, beginning to speak, but Edwin interrupted.

"I don't accept it," he murmured.

"We like each other. Why can't we be together?"

In Edwin's mind, if love could be easily replaced, it wouldn't be true love. He had always been certain about his desires and never regretted his choices.

Without further words, he continued to dry her hair and then gently patted her back. "Go change your clothes."

Laura wanted to speak, but Edwin's gaze, weary and sincere, held her. "Laura, do you really not want to be with me?"

Indeed, he was visibly exhausted, not having slept for 20 hours.

Laura, filled with questions about Vanessa, silently ascended the stairs.

In her room, she pondered her feelings for Edwin.

She did want to be with him and wondered if she could muster the courage to fight for it.

Looking at her reflection, a joy-filled stranger seemed to gaze back at

her.

The mirror reflected her answer.

When she returned downstairs, Edwin's gaze lifted to her.

Laura was dressed in a purplish-pink-colored dress and a white long down jacket, exuding purity and charm.

She quietly asked the servants to prepare a gift she could present to the Evans.

Edwin waited silently as the servant handed him an air-freighted fruit basket.

After that, he openly held Laura as they walked out, switching to holding her hand when she expressed concern about propriety.

Laura had little choice but to comply, whispering as they got into the car, "I'll drive."

Edwin, with an almost-smiling expression, placed the fruit basket in the trunk and closed it.

"Why, worried about me?" he asked.

Laura didn't reply, and just sat in the driver's seat.

Edwin, still holding the car door, whispered softly, "I'm not that tired yet. I'll drive."

But Laura refused to move.

Edwin observed her for a moment before laughing suddenly. "You're acting just like a wife."

Laura's cheeks turned a light shade of red. "I'm worried about you. You shouldn't make fun of me like that."

Her gentle rebuke only made her more endearing to Edwin. He wished he could take her somewhere secluded to tease and please her without end.

Yet, he also wanted to spend this night with her and their families.

Resigned, Edwin settled in the passenger seat, watching Laura drive skillfully. He asked softly, "When did you learn to drive? I've never seen you behind the wheel."



Laura replied, pressing her lips together, "I learned at 18 but never really liked driving."

Edwin nodded in understanding.

At a red light, he reached out to hold her hand, but Laura gently pulled away. "I'm driving!"

Edwin then lightly grasped her chin and leaned in for a kiss...

Laura froze, their faces inches apart.

His skin felt hot, and so does his tongue.

His playful teasing forced a response from her.

Edwin chuckled softly, deepening the kiss.

Laura, inexperienced, tapped his shoulder, making soft protesting sounds.

Eventually, Edwin released her.

Her lips, now a tempting red, drew him in for another kiss.

They spent a whole 10 minutes kissing at the intersection, the roads deserted.

Laura's cheeks were ablaze when they finally broke apart.

Her voice trembled as she said, "You can't do this again!"

Edwin caressed her lips gently, his voice husky. "I've missed you these past couple of days."

Ignoring his comment, Laura stepped on the gas.

He, unfazed, half-closed his eyes. "What about that busty guy at your house?"

Laura bit her lip, starting to say, "His name is Dylan. Don't call him--"

She couldn't bring herself to say that word.

Edwin laughed, feeling a tinge of jealousy but confident nothing had happened between Laura and her agent.

In high spirits, they approached Evans Gardon. Laura's nervousness became evident.

Edwin looked at her. "What's wrong, scared of meeting your future in-laws?"

Suddenly, Laura braked hard but still collided with the stone pillar in front of them.

Bang!

The emblem of the luxury Rolls Royce fell off with a clatter.

Laura commented, looking at the damage, "That's what you get for talking nonsense."

Edwin, unfazed, leaned back in his seat and laughed out loud.

The butler rushed over, shining a flashlight, and called out loudly, "Mr. Evans had an accident! Get some help here."

At his shout, everyone in the house came running out, with Mark and Cecilia at the forefront. They immediately noticed Laura in the driver's seat and their son, relaxed beside her.

Mark was on the verge of reprimanding his son when Cecilia intervened, opening the car door first.

"Laura, are you alright?" she inquired, and then turned to Edwin. "How could you let Laura drive?"

Edwin, undisturbed, chuckled in his seat. "She's a good driver! I just cracked a joke, and she got a bit upset, and now we're here."

Cecilia, curious, asked, "What joke did you make?"

Before Edwin could answer, Laura interjected, "Don't you dare say it."

Edwin looked at her, still wearing a lazy smile.

Cecilia wasn't naive.

She could read the situation between her son and Laura; her years of experience had taught her that much.

She chose to remain silent about it for now, though.

Inside the house, the atmosphere was a bit tense, with Laura feeling noticeably uncomfortable. Edwin maintained his distance in the presence of his parents.

He gave his little sister, who was holding a tablet, a nod.

Olivia ran over to Laura and clung to her arm. "Laura, please come and help me with this game," she pleaded, pulling Laura away before she could say anything.

At the dining table, the two were engrossed in the game, appearing very close.

Meanwhile, Edwin joined his father and the Garcia father and son in business discussions. Cecilia and Lina were deep in their own conversation.

The dinner table was lively, with delicious dishes being served one after another.

In the midst of this, Cecilia handed Laura a delicate box. "Here's your gift," she said.

Laura was taken aback, her eyes welling up slightly.

Mark, too, presented her with a gift, smiling. "Aren't you going to accept Cecilia's gift?"

Laura hesitated, her emotions evident.

She felt uneasy, unsure about her place in the house and whether she was genuinely welcome. She could tell that Cecilia had sensed something but she still chose to offer her a gift.

As she reached out to take it, Edwin's hand was quicker.

"Laura doesn't have pockets. I'll hold it for her," he said, almost making a statement with his action.

The room fell silent.

This gesture was almost like an official announcement, subtle yet clear.

All eyes turned to Cecilia.

Edwin, knowing he was pushing boundaries, waited for his mother's response. He was determined to be with Laura, regardless of her opinion.

Cecilia's expression shifted subtly.

She was affected by the situation.

Her son was with the daughter of someone she hated.

Edwin sought her approval.

Cecilia pondered. She knew she wouldn't stand in their way.

Edwin had to live his own life, and she couldn't prevent them from being together just because of her own resentment towards the poor girl's mother. That would not only keep Laura from the Evans family but also distance Edwin.

Her emotions were mixed and hard to articulate.

After a moment, Cecilia removed a jade bracelet from her wrist and handed it to Edwin. "Put this on Laura," she said.

Edwin, overcome with emotion, could hardly speak.

Cecilia remained silent.

Her love for Edwin was profound, shaped by their past hardships.

She had always wanted to make amends.

Laura was Cathy's daughter, but if being with her made Edwin happy, Cecilia was prepared to accept it.

However, she needed time to process this.

Eventually, Edwin handed the bracelet to Laura, who now had a look of bewilderment.

Laura felt tears welling up.

She whispered, "Thank you, Mrs. Evans."

Cecilia responded with a faint smile.

Under the table, Mark quietly took Cecilia's hand, holding it tightly.

They observed Edwin slipping the bracelet on Laura's wrist. The bracelet was a sentimental piece from Zoey, who would have been so pleased knowing Edwin had found someone special.

Mark suggested bringing out some liquor.

Cecilia expressed her concern, but Mark reassured her, "I'll drink too much."

The Garcia family, tense throughout, relaxed only when the drinks arrived and Peter and Mark clinked glasses.

As the adults enjoyed their drinks, the younger ones grew restless.

Olivia soon pulled Laura outside to watch the firework show, urging the housekeeper to bring out more.

Outside, amidst the fireworks, Laura felt someone embrace her from behind.

She turned to find Edwin, slightly flushed from the alcohol, looking particularly handsome.

Laura asked softly, "Why didn't you put on a coat?"

Edwin simply smiled. "I'm not cold."

He lit a cigarette, and then moved to light more fireworks, sparks flying close to them.

Laura, naturally timid, stepped back.

Edwin embraced her, allowing her face to peek out and watch the fireworks.

Olivia, lively as ever, ran around them with a sparkler.

Edwin soon had her join them, holding both girls in his arms.

Olivia, without any hint of jealousy, asked Laura for a gift.

Laura, unprepared, was offered help by Edwin, who suggested she checked his pocket. As Laura reached in, Edwin looked down at her with a smile, brushing her hair back and giving her a light kiss.

Laura's cheeks flushed pink.

Olivia, always playful, soon ran off.

Under a wisteria tree, Edwin kissed Laura passionately, his breathing heavy.

Laura was surprised but didn't dare move, conscious of his closeness.

Edwin whispered to Laura, suggesting they find a private place.

Laura, feeling it was inappropriate on her first formal visit to his house,

hesitated to be intimate with him.

Edwin respected her reluctance and did not press further.

Instead, he simply held her close, allowing her some space while maintaining his affection.

Laura, shy and reserved, evoked a soft chuckle from Edwin.

In his arms, he playfully lamented in a low voice, "It's been so long, I almost forgot what it feels like."

Their last intimate moment had been nearly six months ago, and Edwin, being a normal man, naturally longed for closeness.

Laura, nestled in his embrace, quietly suggested, "Let's wait until we go back to Duefron! Then..."

Edwin responded gently, "Shall we move back together when we return?"

Laura remained silent, feeling it was too soon to make such a decision. Edwin kissed her tenderly, murmuring a compromise, "Then I'll move back to that apartment, and pick you up on weekends."

She didn't resist this idea.

Edwin, now comfortably a part of the Garcia family, dropped everyone off late that night.

Meanwhile, Mark lingered in the living room before heading upstairs.

Cecilia, having taken a bath, sat thoughtfully at her dressing table.

Mark approached, embracing her shoulders, offering silent comfort.

Cecilia broke the silence, musing, "They've been together for a while, haven't they? Did they break up before, fearing my anger?"

Mark openly shared all the details of their son's relationship with Laura.

Cecilia listened, her emotions complex and layered.

Mark, sensing her potential distress, gently comforted her, "The kids have been headstrong. I apologize, Cecilia."

Cecilia leaned into his embrace, reflecting for a moment before speaking. "I was headstrong in my youth too. If I hadn't been, our paths might never have crossed. If I condemn them now, I'd be denying my own past. It

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+120 Points at most

wouldn't be fair to Edwin and Laura.*

Their love, genuine and profound, mirrored that of Edwin and Laura's.

Realizing it was their son who had pursued Laura first, Cecilia saw no reason to hold the poor girl accountable for it.