

Chapter 479 You'd Always Return

Edwin turned, drawn by a faint stir behind him, finding the woman still caught in sleep.

A curtain of dark hair shielded part of her face; her delicate eyelashes rested on pale eyelids, casting tender shadows. Yet, these gentle details were but a mere echo of the previous night's fervor.

Mark's voice, edged with impatience, cut through the quiet.

"Edwin, are you even listening?"

Pulling together a casual smile, Edwin replied, "I heard you, Dad. I'll see you Saturday."

He disconnected the call and strode toward the bathroom, but was interrupted by the persistent chime of the doorbell.

He grudgingly opened the door.

There his secretary waited on the other side, clutching crucial documents.

The sight of Edwin, draped only in a towel, was a bit overwhelming; her gaze skittered away from the sharp lines of his torso.

The mere sight of it was enough to make people feel hot.

Once Edwin penned his signature on the paperwork, his secretary, Tina Adams spoke up, her voice carrying a hint of urgency. "Mr. Evans, the takeover of the Lewis Group starts at ten." Glancing at her watch, she added, "And it's already nine."

Edwin left the paper behind and returned to the sanctuary of his room, emerging freshly showered and dressed twenty minutes later.

He was about to head out when another soft rustle reached his ears. A familiar figure stepped out of the shadows. The tension in the air palpable as her eyes met Tina's.

Tina was well aware of Edwin's relationship with this girl--Laura Thomas.

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"Good morning, Miss Thomas," Tina greeted with practiced ease. "I'm Mr. Steve's secretary, Tina Adams."

Laura raised a curious brow.

Edwin had used 'Nelson Steve' as an alternate name, and Tina had been instructed to call him that only in Laura's presence.

The reason? It remained a mystery.

Laura looked stunning, draped in a loose-fitting man's shirt. Her lean calves were accentuated against the fabric.

Tina's eyes kept drifting back to her.

Edwin, sensing Tina's lingering attention, said with a touch of irritation, "Go wait in the car."

Once the door closed behind Tina, Edwin's gaze settled on Laura, taking in her apparent discomfort.

Softening, he asked, "Did last night's birthday surprise sit well with you?"

Her cheeks flushed in response.

Spotting her bare feet, he quickly fetched a pair of slippers.

"No more wandering shoeless," he admonished gently.

"I've got a meeting about an acquisition. We'll spend some quality time later tonight."

Laura's silent response was a prolonged, intense gaze.

A childhood accident had left her with aphasia; and even after receiving treatment overseas, words seldom escaped her lips. Aside from her parents,

she was mostly ensconced in her own world. That was until Nelson entered her life.

Their relationship had spanned a year, with Nelson introducing her to this apartment three months back.

She'd essentially moved in, with her studio relocated here, immersing herself in work. Nelson didn't always stay the night due to his demanding job.

The fondness in Laura's eyes as she looked at Edwin was palpable.

He was about to depart, but seeing the longing in her gaze, he couldn't resist pulling her into a tender embrace. "Make sure you eat," he murmured, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. "I've got some new recipes planned for tonight."

Laura nestled closer, nodding her understanding.

Edwin's gaze settled on Laura.

Though she was a year his senior, she was so sheltered, thanks to Peter and Lina's overprotective parenting. Laura wasn't acquainted with the nuances of household chores, nor was she keen on mingling in social circles.

She exuded an innocent naivete he rarely encountered, reminding him of someone he couldn't quite place.

Smoothing out his suit, Edwin made his exit.

Once inside the car, Tina shot him a knowing look, noticing the tousled state of his hair.

It was obvious they had a quick session before he left.

Tina remarked, "Miss Thomas is truly captivating. She's not at all how I pictured her."

Diving into the acquisition details, Edwin's attention momentarily wavered as he questioned, "How did you picture her, then?"

Wearing a knowing smile, Tina responded, "Given Miss Thomas' intricate and vintage-styled designs, I pegged her as modern and edgy. But in person, she's delicate; reminds me of a gentle creature that just tugs at your heart."

Edwin gave a half-laugh, signaling Tina to tread lightly with her words.



Being the perceptive woman she was, she swiftly shifted gears, diving into work chatter.

As the clock struck eleven, Edwin's latest achievement became the talk of the town. At 26, he had risen to the top, becoming the primary shareholder of the Lewis Group.

A massive 12 billion dollar asset shuffle put him in the spotlight.

Over the next couple of years, he had big plans to revamp the Lewis Group and reintroduce it to the market.

That evening, the Lewis Group threw a grand party in honor of this significant milestone.

Edwin, with his newfound status, was the center of attention.

High-profile celebrities and socialites gravitated towards him, but he maintained his distance, always having an eye for the finer things.

When Edwin's phone buzzed, Mark's name flashed on the screen.

Edwin greeted him with a grin.

After exchanging a few words, he shared some of his ambitious plans. Mark, usually hard to impress, genuinely admired Edwin's assertive tactics.

"It's only chapter one," Edwin remarked, an air of nonchalance in his voice.

Once the call ended, Tina approached with an update. "Mr. Evans, your appointments for the day are wrapped up. You deserve some rest after today's whirlwind."

Feeling the weight of the day on his shoulders, Edwin handed Tina his drink and loosened his tie.

"I can feel the fatigue. Let the former executives of the Lewis Group know we're meeting at nine tomorrow," he instructed, already making his way out.

A sleek black Rolls-Royce awaited him outside. Chris Shelton, ever the punctual chauffeur, held the door open for him.

Chris caught sight of Edwin and promptly opened the car door, a gesture of respect.

Edwin slipped inside gracefully.



As he settled, Tina leaned closer, her voice gentle yet professional, "Good night, Mr. Evans."

Edwin simply nodded, his thoughts already drifting elsewhere.

A memory flickered--his promise to Laura about a homemade meal. He glanced at the time and sighed, realizing it was far too late.

The rich aroma of perfume encircled him.

Swiftly, he handed over his jacket to Tina, instructing, "Send this to dry-cleaning."

For a moment, Tina looked taken aback.

But before she could process, the limo's door clicked shut and the vehicle glided away.

Edwin's voice broke the silence after a while. "Pull over at the next corner; pick up some wontons at that restaurant."

Chris, well-acquainted with the routines and preferences in Edwin's life, grinned. "Ah, Miss Thomas' favorite?"

Receiving no response, Chris focused on the road while Edwin sank into deep contemplation.

Memories flooded back; the chance encounter with Laura overseas and his deliberate efforts to win her heart.

With his charm, looks, and knowledge about her, it wasn't challenging to captivate her.

Yet, he wondered if he'd put too much into this relationship.

In the subdued lighting, Edwin's thoughts meandered to the recent conversation with his father. There was an impending meeting with the Smith heiress on Saturday. Potentially, an alliance could be formed with her, which would mean ending things with Laura.

It wasn't his intention to juggle a lover post-marriage. Laura, as endearing as she was, wasn't part of his long-term plans. In fact, he initially just intended for her to taste love's cruel sting.

The mental image of Laura, vulnerable and heartbroken, unsettled him.



She was delicate, the type to weep at the smallest frustration.

As the vehicle pulled up to Edwin's apartment, Chris, his driver, remarked, "Your villa is way closer to your workplace, Mr. Evans. Why not have Miss Thomas move there?"

Holding a takeout box, Edwin shot Chris a piercing look that silenced him instantly.

He mused internally, letting Laura into his family villa? The place his parents once called home? Absolutely impossible!

Their connection was transient; a fleeting moment.

Entering his dimly lit home, he switched on the lights and moved towards the northern workroom, where he found Laura engrossed in her designs.

Dressed casually in his shirt and shorts, she was oblivious to his presence.

Drawing closer, Edwin lightly brushed her chilled legs, concern evident in his voice. "You're freezing. Why so underdressed?"

Startled, Laura's hand jerked, marring her design. Her voice a blend of frustration and surprise, she muttered, "This is your doing."

Acknowledging the blame with a soft, "It is," Edwin wrapped his arms around her, lifting her effortlessly from her seat.

Walking together, Edwin's hand brushed against Laura's trim waist.

"You skipped both breakfast and lunch, didn't you? Why would you do that?" His tone mixed annoyance with concern.

Hoping to defuse his irritation, Laura hugged his neck and murmured, "I had some breakfast."

Edwin shot her a skeptical glance.

For someone not particularly easy-going, he certainly showed Laura a lot of patience and care.

He settled her onto the couch, draping a blanket over her.

"Where's your jacket?" Laura inquired.

Edwin paused, searching for a response.



But being a smooth talker, he managed to shift the topic with ease, and Laura's curiosity was momentarily quelled.

Heading to the kitchen, Edwin began to prepare her dinner.

Laura, resisting the urge to return to her sketches and sensing his lingering frustration, shuffled in behind him.

Watching Edwin, clad only in a shirt, work his culinary magic, Laura found herself drawn to his undeniable charm.

Hesitantly, she wrapped her arms around his waist, and on a rare whim, let her fingers brush against his abdomen. "Did you eat?" she whispered.

His response came tersely. "I did."

A moment of silence stretched between them until she ventured, "You mentioned you'd be back early."

Turning off the stove, Edwin turned and locked eyes with Laura.

Bathed in the kitchen's soft lighting, his features were undeniably attractive, but she sensed a depth she couldn't decipher.

She cared deeply for him, but there was so much she didn't know about him, and she hesitated to probe since he didn't share.

His voice, deep and probing, broke the silence. "If I didn't come back, would you just let yourself starve? Would you continue like that indefinitely?"

Laura felt blindsided by his sudden intensity.

This was new territory for them.

Tears welled up in her eyes. After what felt like an eternity, she whispered, "You'd always return."

Something in Edwin's expression shifted, but before Laura could discern it, he tilted her chin upward, sealing their lips in a fervent embrace. In a whirlwind of emotions, she found herself lifted onto the kitchen counter.

