

## Chapter 485 Don't Cry, Laura, Don't Cry!

Laura set aside the comic book she held.

She remained in contemplation for a brief moment before speaking in hushed tones. "I'm unsure, to be honest. But I believe that once he's engaged, he should stop from troubling me any further. Someone of his stature cannot afford to suffer a loss of reputation."

Lina sensed that her daughter was being wronged.

Certainly, there had been some historical animosity between the two families, but Edwin had already exacted his vengeance upon Laura. Why persist in tormenting her?

Surely, he couldn't be planning to make Laura his mistress, could he?

She would never consent to such an arrangement.

Nor would Peter.

Lina tenderly caressed her daughter's hair, whispering, "No matter the circumstances, Mom will always stand by you."

In truth, she held hope that Laura would encounter someone compassionate and empathetic.

In doing so, each party would find solace, and perhaps Edwin would cease his persistent pursuit.

Exiting the room and gently closing the door, Lina released a soft, wistful sigh.

She possessed a keen understanding of Edwin; he was undeniably exceptional.

However, he remained a man.

Men, by nature, had their own inherent imperfections, such as possessiveness or yearning for the unattainable. There he was, supposedly cozied up with Miss Smith, basking in her warmth during that chilly season. Yet, he had opted to be there, indulging in drinks with Peter.

Lina grasped the reality but refrained from confronting it head-on.



She rubbed her hands together and approached them with unwavering enthusiasm, urging them to consume more libations.

She hoped Edwin would get drunk soon.

Then she would summon Mark to dispatch someone to retrieve his son, brimming with machinations, averting any further embarrassment in their midst.

Lina possessed a well-earned reputation for her liquor tolerance, particularly when it came to potent drinks.

She could easily outmatch Peter in that regard.

Observing his wife's solicitous demeanor, Peter found himself struck with astonishment and gently patted her head as if seeking assurance. "Are you feeling all right?"

Lina proceeded to pour three modest cups without hesitation.

With a subtle undercurrent of bitterness in her tone, she remarked, "Edwin, this one's to your happiness. Your parents must be overjoyed to see you settled! Don't forget to bring Miss Smith over for a meal. While I may not excel in many areas, whipping up a couple of homemade dishes is well within my capabilities."

Edwin promptly downed his cup.

Lina mirrored his action.

The two of them engaged in an accelerated and relentless drinking bout, one cup swiftly succeeding the last, leaving Peter gaping in disbelief.

Beyond the window, a gentle drizzle began to descend, its soft pitter-patter creating a soothing ambiance.

Peter peered through the window, taking note of the rain outside. "This rain might pose a problem for Edwin's journey back."

In the blink of an eye, he discovered that his wife had imbibed herself into a stupor.

Her glass lay askew, spilling a neat trail of liquor.

Peter couldn't help but express his exasperation. "This woman! Always the one to steal the spotlight! And now she's truly outdone herself."



Ever considerate, Edwin draped a coat over Lina and gently encouraged Peter to drink more. Peter couldn't help but feel a certain wariness toward Edwin. Where had the young man acquired such an impressive alcohol tolerance?

He had intended to avoid excessive drinking, but Edwin possessed an uncanny knack for pressing his buttons.

A few words from Edwin and Peter were soon drawn into the drinking fray.

By evening's descent, Peter had succumbed to the influence of alcohol.

Beyond the window, the autumn rain cascaded, drenching the yellowed, withered leaves that lay scattered across the somber gray pavement, their plight accentuated by the downpour.

Absorbed in contemplation, Edwin lingered by the window.

A commotion from the bedroom drew his focus.

Laura emerged, encountering both her parents in inebriated states.

Her mother was sleeping on her bed, while her father sprawled on the sofa, mouth agape, producing a symphony of snores.

Laura wasn't naive enough to overlook Edwin's underlying intentions.

He simply yearned for a moment alone with her.

How contemptible!

Their gazes intersected, and as he pivoted to meet her eyes. His voice carried a hoarse timbre. "It's raining. Uncle Peter mentioned I could stay."

Now that they were in private, Laura no longer felt the need to maintain courtesy.

Suppressing her emotions, she uttered brusquely, "Leave!"

Edwin remained motionless, his dark eyes locked onto hers. His intentions remained a puzzle, even to himself; all he knew was that he yearned to be near her.

Laura endeavored to retreat to her bedroom.

Yet, after merely a couple of strides, she found herself ensnared from





Chapter 485 Don't Cry, Laura, Don't Cry!  
behind.

+120 Points at most

Gently, she was pressed against the door, her back against the sturdy frame of a young man. Many times within that apartment, after his return from a business trip, he had longed for her ardently. However, at that moment, Laura experienced only discomfort.

She struggled vehemently, but his grasp remained firm.

"Release me!" she implored, "Mr. Evans, I want no part in this. Are you attempting to coerce me now?"

Edwin persisted in holding her from behind.

Her frame was petite, astonishingly soft, akin to cradling a fragile little rabbit.

Tears welled in her reddened eyes.

Edwin had indulged excessively, a recklessness he wouldn't typically entertain, given the complexity of their relationship.

Holding her in his arms, he instinctively nestled by the curve of her ear.

"Just allow me this moment. Laura, grant me the privilege to hold you."

Laura grappled with an overwhelming discomfort, tears streaming down her face as she fought tenaciously, yet found herself unable to break free.

She couldn't summon a scream.

A tinge of anguish flickered across Edwin's handsome visage. His countenance burned with fervor as he whispered incomprehensible words against her skin, words she couldn't fully decipher nor care to. What she did know was that he eventually pushed the door to her bedroom and guided her inside.

She was pressed against the door panel.

The typically reserved man cradled her face, his fervent lips meeting hers.

Laura's eyes widened.

Tears traced their way down her cheeks.

Edwin tenderly licked them away, his voice a gentle whisper. "Don't cry.

37,6%



Exclusive Super Benefit

13:02

Chapter 485 Don't Cry, Laura, Don't Cry!  
Laura, please don't cry.\*

+120 Points at most

She forcefully pushed him away.

Her chest heaved with profound emotion, her eyes red and piercing as they locked onto his. "Edwin, wasn't it you who rejected me? Wasn't it you who sought vengeance, toying with my emotions? Your objective has been achieved. I am in agony. Can't you simply leave me be, grant me some peace?"

Beyond the room, autumn thunder rumbled.

Abruptly, the bedroom light extinguished, shrouding their faces in the faint twilight.

Edwin locked eyes with Laura, their gazes interlocked in an unspoken exchange.

After what felt like an eternity, he moved closer, capturing her hands and lowering his head to engage in a deep, lingering kiss, a departure from their usual fleeting moments.

He kissed her with an intensity that defied restraint, exploring her with varying depths and angles.

The kiss surpassed any of their prior encounters in terms of passion and duration.

A resounding slap landed, striking his face.

"Is this enough? If it is, then go!"

However, Edwin enveloped her in his embrace, abstaining from another kiss, but clinging to her firmly.

Once more, he offered an apology.

It was not for toying with her emotions.

In truth, deep within, he acknowledged that genuine feelings had blossomed for her, that he had grown fond of her. However, as Laura astutely pointed out, their connection was doomed; he couldn't promise her a future.

Aside from that lingering kiss, he possessed nothing else to offer.

With a heavy heart, Edwin departed.

Outside, thunder growled intermittently, akin to a beast grumbling in the darkness, and bolts of lightning pierced the night. Laura slowly sank to her knees, embracing herself tightly as her body involuntarily quivered.

Meanwhile, Edwin remained seated in his car downstairs.

The rain poured relentlessly, windshield wipers laboring tirelessly, his visage still obscured.

He sat in contemplative silence.

Inebriation prevented him from taking the wheel, yet he resisted any thought of assistance. He merely yearned to sit there, as close as possible to Laura.

Logic insisted that it shouldn't persist.

Currently, only Dylan and Lina knew.

Yet, should he persist, more might uncover the truth, leading to an unmanageable situation. Moreover, by doing so, he risked hurting his mother's feelings.

Just let it go. He thought to himself.

What value did love hold?

Everyone's emotions mattered. Perhaps in six months, he'd despise himself for today's vacillation.

This wasn't his typical behavior.

Edwin reclined into the plush leather seat, his head making a soft thud against it...

A throbbing headache plagued him.

He closed his eyes, but Laura's teary gaze remained etched in his mind. She had wept, but her determination was unyielding.

She possessed a strength he had underestimated.

Standing tall, she had walked away from him resolutely.

What else was there to hold onto?

Dawn was approaching.



Suddenly, activity stirred ahead. A black Hummer hurtled toward him, its glaring headlights illuminating Edwin's countenance.

Instinctively, he shielded his eyes.

As the lights dimmed, revealing the approaching vehicle, it became evident that it was Dylan behind the wheel.

Dylan leapt from the car, draped in a leather jacket, radiating energy.

His glare pierced Edwin with fierce intensity before he ascended the stairs.

Ten minutes elapsed.

He carried the luggage downstairs with Lina and Laura trailing behind.

Peter, who had been thoroughly intoxicated, remained unconscious, oblivious to the unfolding events.

Upon exiting the building, Laura's gaze inadvertently fell upon Edwin's car.

She lowered her eyes, feigning indifference, while Lina gently squeezed her hand.

Dylan stowed the luggage in the trunk before draping his arm around Laura's shoulders. "Mrs. Garcia, don't worry. I'll take good care of Laura."

Lina found solace in his words.

She expressed her gratitude to Dylan, who appeared nonchalant about it.

"It's the least I can do.

We're leaving now."

He assisted Laura into the car and then circled around to the driver's seat.

Seated on the passenger's side, Laura couldn't avoid seeing Edwin. He appeared somewhat defeated, his eyes red as he gazed in their direction.

Dylan settled into the car, stealing a glance at her.

"Would you like to bid farewell?"

Laura shook her head. "No, there's no need."





Dylan offered a reassuring smile and gently pressed the accelerator, heading towards the airport.

Edwin clutched the steering wheel with a firm grip.

His knuckles nearly turned white from the pressure.

He hadn't anticipated Laura's swift departure. It felt as though he still had unfinished words lingering within him, yet they remained elusive.

And just like that, she was gone.

Edwin had no idea how long she would be away. Could Laura and Dylan have a future together?

Would Dylan pursue her?

Would she accept his advances?

Lina approached his car and tapped on the window.

Edwin stepped out, his voice rough. "Mrs. Garcia."

Lina had always harbored a fondness for him, yet she had also slapped him once for Laura. Unlike earlier, she was composed now.

With Laura gone, Lina believed it was time to convey some harsh truths to Edwin. She thought that might help him understand what he needed to do. She said earnestly, "Laura is going abroad to seek medical help. She has been battling mild depression, and recently, it has been worsening, possibly progressing into moderate depression. If you really do care about her, please stop pestering her. She's not like other people."

Edwin was taken aback.

Laura was unwell. How come he had never been aware of it?

Lina offered a faint smile and added, "That's the situation. Even if you two have feelings for each other, what good would it do? Your mother's opposition to your relationship would always come first to you. Besides, Laura herself would maintain her distance due to your family's circumstances. Edwin, Laura doesn't want to be with you. She might be fond of this 'Nelson' guy, but when it comes to Edwin, she can't afford to have those feelings."

Edwin felt someone had gripped his heart and squeezed it.





He gazed at the departing car, mumbling to himself, "I don't know what's come over me. I'm just filled with regret."

It wasn't that he was desperate to have her no matter what.


He simply couldn't bear to witness her tears. He couldn't bear to see her heart shattered.

Yet, he acknowledged deep within that it was he who had led her into this dark abyss.



Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



 I want no ads >

