

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 405

Her memories were hazy and vague. For a brief moment, she felt like she managed to grasp onto something, but unfortunately, it slipped away from her again. In the end, she couldn't remember anything at all.

No matter how hard she tried to recall, nothing came to mind. Memories that flashed quickly in her mind seemed like a dream that was out of reach. Myra stared at Matthias across from her in frustration, and in the end, she still couldn't remember how she was related to him.

When dessert was served, they both ate in silence. Matthias had ordered a glass of warm milk for her, as he thought it would be safe for pregnant women.

Just as he said, the colorful fruit cake was delicious. This dessert shop had really good desserts that weren't too sweet and had a nice texture.

Neither of them spoke to break the silence. Myra lowered her head and ate the piece of cake in front of her quietly.

Meanwhile, Matthias would occasionally raise his head to look at her with a dotting look in his eyes. However, this small space made her a little anxious, and it was as if she could hear his breathing. Soon, she was starting to feel uncomfortable under his gaze that looked as if he had known her for a long time. In fact, the affection in those eyes terrified her and made her uneasy.

They couldn't go on like this, so Myra decided to break the silence between the two first. "Director Locke, do you have something to say to me? Is it about Stark Group?"

She deliberately reminded him that the two of them were only meeting privately for business. In any case, he was hiding a lot of secrets, so she had to deal with him carefully.

"Regarding Stark Group, I've reached an agreement with your father," he said openly.

At once, a trace of displeasure flashed in her eyes, but it was quickly suppressed as she casually looked away. Then, she said, "So, you're on my enemy's side." Since he had made it so clear, she didn't see the point of beating around the bush.

"Where did that come from?" he said with surprise in his voice, as if he was completely unaware of the feud between her and Cameron.

"What exactly is your goal? There is no profit to be made from this dying business, so what are you doing by stepping in at this time?" she asked in confusion. Matthias' behavior was not consistent with that of a normal businessman. In fact, the average businessman would not muddy the waters at this time.

"I don't want to see Stark Group fall. With my investment, I believe Stark Group will revive," he said seemingly truthfully.

"An outsider shouldn't worry about Stark Group's affairs. Director Locke, why won't you tell me what your real motives are?" she said in a curt manner. She wasn't going to be fooled so easily by him.

"You're right. I am an outsider, but Stark Group and I have benefited from each other, so I had to step in to help," he said unexpectedly, causing Myra across the table to frown even deeper.

"Why don't I know about this? Since when did Stark Group help you?" She didn't believe a word he said at all, and she didn't think that he genuinely wanted to help. Instead, she felt that he was making the muddied waters even muddier.

"I'd like to know this too. I'd like to know why you have no recollection of the past at all." He half crouched, bending his waist to lean closer to Myra.

How he wanted to crawl into her head to take a closer look. Did she really lose all her memory, or was she just unwilling to recognize him? This pained him. Time and again, he forced himself to stay calm, but all his will would vanish every time he saw her.

"I'd like to know too." She looked at him indifferently, not a trace of fear on her face.

"Since it has come to this, we shouldn't dwell on it anymore," Matthias said in disappointment.

“Whatever makes you feel better,” she said earnestly. She had no recollection of any entanglements with him at all, but he kept staring at her with a look as if she had betrayed him that made her feel queasy.

“Miss it once, and you won’t miss it a second time. Certainly, you will realize that nothing comes for free, so you’ll cherish it even more.” He stared into her eyes and spoke slowly, as if he was making an oath.

Myra turned away, avoiding his burning gaze. There were just too many emotions behind his eyes, and it made her feel pressured.

“It seems that you have already made up your mind about Stark Group.” She rushed to change the topic and tried to steer the conversation back to the right direction.

Just then, Matthias said sternly, “Then we have nothing else to talk about. What needs to be said has already been said. Since there’s nothing else to talk about in terms of business, we can talk about ourselves,” he answered rather casually. However, Myra had no intentions of chatting further with him. After all, she had only met him several times as far as she could remember.

“I’m not used to talking about my personal matters with someone I don’t know well.” She responded lightly, and she appeared to be brazen.

In his eyes, she saw a hint of disappointment that made her heart wrench, as if she owed him something.

A moment later, they were done with their desserts and the two fell silent once again. Myra’s eagerness to leave was written all over her face, which Matthias noticed in her eyes and realized she really didn’t want to stay with him anymore. It seemed like their short time together was nearing its end.

“Miss Stark, are you really not going to have a casual conversation with me?” he asked as he was unresigned and fought for his last chance.

“I don’t know what to say.” She was polite, but it was merely perfunctory.

“Just think of it as talking to an old friend. We can talk about our hobbies and lives, can’t we?” His tone carried a sense of hope, which was a little unbearable to Myra.

"We seem to have only met twice," she reminded him, politely indicating that she wasn't familiar with him.

"We can get to know each other. Isn't this normal?" He slowly directed her, like he was demonstrating how to loosen her tongue.

"Do you work as a guidance counsellor on the side?" she asked jokingly. "I don't have any sort of psychological problems that require your help," she said in a partially serious manner.

"Do you not like me?" He pointed it out directly.

"No. I just don't make friends easily." She recomposed herself and looked at him with a solemn face.

Indeed, she rarely made friends. In her opinion, it was important that she felt comfortable around and compatible with her friends, instead of just making friends with anyone.

"Very well. It seems like I won't be able to be friends with you for the time being." He understood the meaning behind her words. At that moment, his smile was bitter as it turned out that they weren't even considered friends when they met again.

"That's not what I mean. It's just that business partners should stay business partners. Being friends is different. I can't lump every business partner into my friend circle. This is not only irrational, but also unfavorable to the smooth operation between two parties." Her explanation was a little far-fetched, but she didn't want to see the pained look in his eyes.

They had been so close for a period of time. How could she have just forgotten everything? It was as if the whole thing had been a joke, or even a dream!

In fact, sometimes even Matthias himself wondered if what they had was just a good dream. He could only reassure himself by touching the red string on his wrist every time just to be sure that it was all real.

The red string was hidden under the sleeve of his shirt. He was careful not to expose it because it was extremely meaningful to him.

After all these years, the red string was worn out, but he was reluctant to throw it away. As such, he kept it on and wouldn't simply remove it.

He even recalled that one afternoon where the sun was hitting Myra's face, making it glow so beautifully. She looked so soft and delicate.

At that moment, he thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world, and he vowed to marry her when he grew up. It was such an innocent and childish thought.

The red string was hand-woven by Myra herself, and she said that it would bring him good luck.

However, she would never know how much he cherished this gift from her. He even considered her as his lucky charm.

"I'm very happy to see you again. Perhaps I'm too greedy, and things are different because I was blinded," he said rather regretfully. Despite that, there wasn't a hint of giving up in his tone.

"I don't understand." She felt distressed. She didn't like this look on his face, so she spoke a little more bluntly.

"I don't know what I'm saying either. Just consider it as mindless rambling." He smiled painfully, as if admitting to the world that he was a fool.

"It's getting late. I have to get back to work." Myra didn't want to stay any longer as she still had some things to do.

"Okay, so that's it for today. Thank you, Miss Stark, for taking time out of your busy schedule to listen to my ramblings." The corner of his lips pulled into a resigned smile as his heart still faintly ached.

"If you can stay out of..." Myra spoke and stopped herself immediately, feeling that she had overstepped.

Since Matthias had gotten himself involved, there was no point in saying this. She had no right to demand that he not intervene in Stark Group's affairs anyway.

As the two were going their separate ways, she received a text message.

'Are you free to pick me up at the airport this week? I'm coming home, and the person I want to see the most is you.'

Just then, she tried hard to recall as she stared at the unfamiliar number on her phone. She was a little dazed. Her memory had been so poor recently that even she was frowning upon herself.

She thought the number looked familiar, and she was contemplating on replying. When she was in the middle of typing, she abruptly remembered the owner of this number.

Meanwhile, Matthias watched the change of emotions on her face and said softly after she put away her phone, "Miss Stark, I'll send you back."

Gazing at him, she almost forgot that he was right beside her. At that moment, she felt like she had done something stupid as her face turned red, and she was embarrassed.

"It's fine. My office is just a stone's throw away. You should hurry back to work, Director Locke."