

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Matthias came to the office early in the morning to have a discussion with Nikolai regarding their next move against the Hart Group; it seemed that Tony was totally unbothered by Matthias' act of provocation toward him.

"Is Tony not planning to return to the Hart Group and call the shots?" In Matthias' hand was a bunch of photos of Tony and Myra—they were currently on vacation overseas.

Tony was bearing a grin in most of the photos. From the looks of it, he wasn't worried about what was going on in his home country at all. Following that, Matthias's gaze shifted toward Myra. The two of them looked like a match made in heaven; even Myra's smile was exceptionally radiant. At that moment, it made Matthias recall the first time that she'd smiled at him many years ago.

It was precisely her healing smile that had penetrated his heart like a beam of sunlight.

Many moons later, her smile was still as tender and irresistible as before.

Matthias let out a wistful sigh at the thought of that. He had seen Myra a few times in Bradford City, but she was always on her guard in front of him; it seemed like she could only be her true self whenever she was around Tony.

If Matthias really took Myra away from Tony, he was sure that she would never be happy with him—some things were just as clear as day without the need to explain. However, part of Matthias was still stubborn and unwilling to let go; he tried to control his persistent inner callings many times, stopping himself from doing anything that might hurt Myra.

All these years, Matthias hadn't once given her contentment in life—that point alone caused him a lot of unbearable pain. Thus, he didn't want to be the one to shatter her very source of happiness either, so the only thing he could do was to control himself.

"There's no way he'd rush back in the middle of his honeymoon. After all, he's such a proud and strong-willed person." Nikolai's reasoning was logical; if he were in Tony's shoes, he wouldn't have chosen to return either.

Without a doubt, it was Tony's once-in-a-lifetime marriage with the one and only person he loved dearly. Besides, the honeymoon period was a special and irreplaceable experience in itself—nobody would want it to be interrupted.

"Perhaps Tony has underestimated our abilities," said Matthias with a deep, meaningful smile.

Tony had always been a successful businessman; he was also gifted in managing and directing a business. He probably had a rational reason behind his decision, for he'd never abandon the Hart Group entirely due to his personal commitments.

Nikolai cast a doubtful look at Matthias. Indeed, he hadn't considered that possibility since he was mainly looking at things from an emotional point of view. Nikolai was quite a sentimental person to begin with; even though Matthias greatly admired that quality of his, more often than not, he hoped that Nikolai would mature from it and have a more professional mindset. After all, emotions were a businessman's greatest weakness.

"Tony cares a lot about the Hart Group; there's always time to have another honeymoon, but the Hart Group is irreplaceable." Matthias placed the photos face-down on the table. He didn't want to look at them anymore, for it would only add to his sadness.

"Sir, are you saying that Tony is wholeheartedly enjoying his honeymoon overseas because he thinks that the Locke Group isn't able to threaten the Hart Group?" Nikolai finally caught on. After giving it some thought, he felt that Matthias' explanation was more reasonable than his.

"Yes." Matthias nodded. Nikolai was able to think on his feet and he understood things quickly. Other than that, he was pretty intelligent as well—Matthias thought that he was a promising young lad to train.

"We've been looked down on," Nikolai muttered sarcastically. After Matthias' kind reminder, Nikolai immediately figured that the Hart Group was incredibly powerful and well-prepared

in all aspects possible. More accurately speaking, there was a huge gap between the Locke Group and the Hart Group in terms of their capabilities, especially since they were in Bradford City.

“Exactly.” The look on Nikolai’s face was precisely what Matthias wanted to see. Right now, Matthias’ eyes were clouded with secrets of his own; it was impossible to tell what he was thinking.

Nonetheless, Nikolai didn’t really understand Matthias’ plan. Even though the latter had made it clear that he wanted to make a move against the Hart Group, he only gave a vague idea of what he wanted to do. Aside from the man himself, no one knew what he had in mind.

“We’ll take it one step at a time; the Hart Group isn’t an easy opponent, so this might not be our best chance.” Matthias gave Nikolai an ambiguous statement, for he didn’t feel the need to thoroughly explain certain things. Moreover, it wasn’t a bad idea to keep it mysterious for now.

Since Matthias was cryptic with his words, Nikolai had no idea what he was keeping under wraps—after all, Matthias was giving away very few hints. Therefore, Nikolai stared into Matthias’ eyes for a few moments in search of an answer. He couldn’t ask his boss directly, and Matthias wouldn’t tell him the truth even if he asked either.

“You already have plans, right?” In the end, Nikolai could only afford to inquire this much, though he couldn’t be sure of what Matthias was actually planning.

“Just follow my instructions,” Matthias replied in a playful manner, keeping his turbulent thoughts of planning to himself.

Nikolai nodded. He had a hundred percent trust in Matthias, so he was already used to carrying out his orders dutifully. Nikolai had always believed in Matthias’ judgement; throughout his time under Matthias, the man had never made any huge errors in terms of decision-making.

When Nikolai was heading out, a question escaped his lips without a second thought.

“Matthias, are you and Miss Langston...”

Before he could finish, Matthias cut him off. “Let’s not discuss private matters at work.”

Back then, Heather had said the same sentence to him countless times; now, it was time for him to shut others up using the same exact words.

Nikolai stared at Matthias helplessly; since his cousin had put it like that, it wasn’t a good time to continue pressing on. Even so, he noticed that Matthias had been acting strange ever since he returned from Myra and Tony’s wedding. Nikolai knew a thing or two about his cousin’s past with Myra, but he didn’t expect her to have such a huge influence on his well being.

Nikolai even considered the possibility that Matthias would go easy on the Hart Group just because of Myra. After all, Matthias didn’t come to Bradford City primarily to go against the Hart Group; he was only doing so because they were coincidentally in the way of the Locke Group. Matthias never liked being pushed around by others, so it was no surprise that he would want to surpass the Hart Group.

The chances of the Locke Group getting along with the Hart Group were slim, so they could only be rivals in business. With that in mind, Matthias massaged his temples worriedly.

Myra was stuck in the conflict between the two companies, and Matthias felt that his plans wouldn’t do Myra any good—it seemed that whatever he wanted to do would somehow cause harm to the woman.

Matthias was at his wits’ ends; back then, he only wanted to help Myra by intervening with the Stark Group’s business. In the end, he’d somehow managed to help her, albeit indirectly. Despite all of that, things were different now—he was planning to face the Hart Group and shatter their leading reputation in Bradford City. Truth be told, Matthias felt a little guilty inside; the corporate world was a merciless battlefield, whereas Myra was so in love with Tony.

From the couple's wedding day, Matthias could tell that the Hart Family occupied an important place in her heart. In other words, she probably valued the Hart Group a great deal as well.

Since Matthias wanted to challenge the Hart Group, the company could very well go bankrupt in the midst of their ruthless corporate war—things might not end well for them. If he were to really force the Hart Group into bankruptcy, he couldn't imagine how much Myra would hate him. Just then, Matthias quickly shook away the strange thoughts in his head; it was simply too much to think that he could force the Hart Group into bankruptcy. Right now, the Locke Group had all of its eggs in one basket. If they were to offend the Harts... At that moment, Matthias recalled the Deputy Mayor of Bradford City being one of the Harts, as well as the fact that the family had quite an influence in the army as well. Matthias wasn't sure if his decision was the right one or not. From the looks of it, it was more probable that the Locke Group might meet its doom instead. At the same time, Matthias couldn't wait to surpass the Hart Group with his own strategy.

As a stubborn and headstrong person, Matthias was willing to give his all even if he was bound to fail; he'd only stop if he decided against it on his own will. Moreover, the Locke Group's outstanding potential could easily make them one of the Hart Group's best rivals, so it was quite difficult to tell which party had the upper hand.

On his desk, Matthias had a pile of documents waiting for him to look through every day. Even though Tony wasn't personally present at the Hart Group, the company was operating just as usual. Tony was quite adept when it came to preparing for any sort of situation beforehand, so he more or less had a prediction of Matthias' next move.

Initially, Matthias planned on taking the opportunity to attack the Hart Group while Tony was away on vacation, for he had expected the company to be in chaos without its leader. To his surprise, the Hart Group was unexpectedly strong while defending themselves; it seemed like they didn't have anything to fear even without their director around. Matthias couldn't tell if it was thanks to Tony's prior instruction before he left, or if the Hart Group was actually filled with highly capable employees.

Regardless of the truth, things weren't going in Matthias' way; he'd already heard about Tony's achievements back in Tasia City. Nevertheless, Matthias never believed that Tony had the power to predict the future. It wasn't until he arrived at Bradford City did he experience Tony's exceptional way of handling things in the shadows first-hand. As a result, even Matthias couldn't fully recognize Tony's abilities.

Right now, Matthias was taking every step with caution—he knew that his opponent had the skills to win every battle. Even though Tony was unclear about Matthias or the Locke Group's true capabilities, it was the same for Matthias regarding Tony as well.

More importantly, Matthias was uncertain whether the Hart Group's strengths and abilities on the table was all there was to them. After all, there wasn't anyone who wouldn't hide their trump card under their sleeves, and he believed that Tony was no exception as well. In other words, it was more accurate to say that Matthias had a feeling Tony wasn't as clean as he seemed.

Matthias was getting more enthusiastic the more he thought about it. He especially liked a tough challenge and loved the exhilarating feeling of winning an uphill battle. Not only was Matthias hungry for success, he even had a knack for taking risks; he was extremely excited to be able to come face to face with Tony.

On the other hand, Tony never once stopped worrying about the Hart Group just because he was overseas. In fact, his concerns heightened due to the Locke Group's constant taunting; they were intervening in almost every project that the Hart Group was involved in.

Needless to say, the Locke Group didn't miss any opportunity to catch the Hart Group off guard, be it publicly or in the dark. Perhaps it was Matthias' plan all along to light a fire in the cracks in hopes of fanning it into a scorching blaze.

Tony didn't expect Matthias to take advantage of his leave. To be fair, he didn't take the

Locke Group's advances to heart in the first place; not even Tony had anticipated the fact that the Locke Group's true target was the Hart Group.

It seemed that Tony had to run a thorough investigation on the Locke Group once he returned from his trip; he decided that he must get to the bottom of the Locke Group's true intentions. However, he couldn't afford to make rash decisions at the moment since he hadn't found out much about them just yet.

Tony didn't think much of it when Locke Group came to Bradford City, so he hadn't had any official dealings with the company. To think that they would target the Hart Group all of a sudden without any warning was pretty absurd.

Meanwhile, Myra stared at Tony who was currently enjoying the night breeze by the balcony. She walked over to him with quiet steps as she held a coat in her hand. Then, she went up to him and draped it over his shoulders.

"It's late, Tony. Aren't you going to sleep yet?" His behavior wouldn't be unusual in the day, but it was quite odd for him to be lounging outside in the middle of the night. Immediately, Myra thought of the Hart Group's current predicament.

"The scenery is beautiful at night; I can't help but want to enjoy it a while longer." Tony's deep-set eyes were fixed upon the bright lights outside the window as he spoke, for he didn't want Myra to see through his worries.

Just then, a gentle breeze passed by and ruffled her hair; Tony quickly closed the windows and smoothed out her messy hair.

"Are you having trouble sleeping without me hugging you to sleep?" Tony wrapped his arms around Myra, and she melted into his arms instantly like a gentle cat. He wanted nothing more than to shoulder all of her worries so that she could live a happy and carefree life.

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None of them mentioned anything about Bradford City. In fact, there were a few occasions where Myra almost did, but she quickly swallowed her words. After all, Tony had previously told her that the problems were never-ending; even if he solved them all, something similar would probably arise again in the future.

"Now that we're far away from Bradford, you seem to be in a much better mood than I am." Myra and Tony were having an idle talk about their everyday life. Indeed, Tony had been smiling a lot more often recently.

"Of course—it feels good to finally relax after working day and night," said Tony in satisfaction. More importantly, he was blessed to have Myra by his side every day.

To Tony, any day spent together with Myra was a happy one. When he thought about this, he swept her off her feet suddenly, earning a surprised shriek from her.

"Be a good girl and go to sleep." Tony headed to the bed with Myra in his arms.

Then, he carefully put her down and leaned in closer to her, nuzzling the tip of her nose affectionately with his.

"You usually sleep in until noon; why did you wake up in the middle of the night today?" As he spoke, his voice was soft and pampering.

Myra wrinkled her nose, for she was feeling quite ticklish from Tony's gentle scratches. "You make it sound like I sleep a lot." She was nothing like that—Tony was exaggerating and Myra was a little unsatisfied with that.

"Since you're awake, why don't we do something fun?" Tony said in a suggestive tone as he snuggled up to Myra even more. Right now, he was acting like a big baby in front of her, demanding her attention like a little boy.

"Stop it—I can't breathe," Myra complained. Tony was pressing his face against hers, and she had a strong urge to push him away with a slap.

"Fine, I'll let you go." Tony pulled away and propped himself up on the bed. He stared at Myra condescendingly as she lay beneath him.

Myra immediately turned away and faced her back toward Tony while pulling up the

comforter; she didn't want to hear any of Tony's sweet talk. From the sound of it, it was obvious that he didn't mean anything well—Myra had been tricked by him far too many times.

"I'm sleepy. I'm going to sleep." Myra hugged the comforter close to her chest. She had to stand firm by her decision, and she couldn't fall into his trap again.

In response to her denial, Tony stroked her back gently, his fingers caressing her body smoothly. Myra wriggled momentarily under his touch and tried to shrug away his hand, but it didn't seem like Tony had any plans to stop harassing her.

"I'm so tired, and I want to sleep." Myra turned to face him again. Then, she put on a pitiful expression as she stared at him innocently in hopes of changing his mind.

Alas, she let out a silent cry of help as soon as she noticed the devilish smile on his face. In fact, Tony was waiting for her to turn around. With a peck on her cheek, Tony closed in on her once again, but Myra still didn't seem interested at all—not tonight, at least.

Tony's mouth twitched in slight disappointment as he shut his eyes. By the time he opened them again, Myra was staring wide-eyed at him.

The astonished look on her face tugged on his heartstrings, sending him a strong urge to make a move. Nonetheless, he understood and respected her wish. Myra wasn't in the mood to proceed from here tonight, so Tony controlled himself and simply kissed her sleepy eyes.

"Go to sleep, then!" Tony whispered in her ear.

After that, he wrapped his arms around her tightly as Myra's head rested snugly under his chin. He sniffed the top of her head and took in the fresh scent of her hair. Right now, the room that was shared by the two of them was their world, and they were the only ones in it.

"Wake me up earlier tomorrow, Tony," Myra reminded Tony before she slept. Indeed, Myra had been getting up later in the mornings with each passing day, and she was worried that it would cause a delay in their schedule.

"I'll let you wake up naturally." Tony pinched her cheek and closed his eyes immediately after that—he was getting tired as well after fooling around until past midnight.

The next day, Myra woke up under the piercing rays of the sunlight—Tony had pulled open the curtains, so the light penetrated freely into their room. The sun was pleasantly warm and Myra stirred from her sleep leisurely. However, Tony wasn't lying next to her when she woke up.

Her hand moved to the empty spot next to her by habit as she muttered to herself, "He's gone again." After some time, she finally opened her eyes and noticed that Tony was standing by the balcony, basking in the sun.

As the gentle rays of the sun enveloped him whole, he emitted a heavenly radiance similar to that of a celestial being. Myra could never get sick of watching Tony, for his face was stunning indeed. Her heart throbbed every time she saw him, and it made her feel like a teenage girl who was admiring her crush. In addition to that, Tony's alluring eyes were staring unblinkingly at her right now.

Myra got down from the bed under Tony's gaze as she dropped the comforter back down. Meanwhile, she was only wearing a pair of thin pajamas. The silky material of her clothes were slightly see-through, and Tony admired her figure which was vaguely visible under the thin fabric. Meanwhile, Myra took off her clothes in front of the man without a hint of reservation.

Tony couldn't take his eyes off the smooth skin of her back as she changed into a fresh set of clothes before him. This was nothing unusual in the life of a married couple; although Myra used to be shy of changing in front of him in the past, she was at ease with it now. By the time Myra finished changing, Tony was standing in front of her. She flashed him a comfortable smile in return.

"Where are we going today?" They had only come up with a rough schedule of their trip, so the specifics of their daily activities weren't planned ahead—they wanted to go with the flow.

Tony felt that their trip would be more spontaneous and fresh this way—they could have something to look forward to every night before going to bed. Under Tony's persistence, Myra didn't say much and agreed to his idea.

They hadn't encountered many rainy days throughout their time here, and it seemed like the sky was being rather cooperative with them. Today, the weather was clear and the breeze was cool—it was the perfect weather to be tourists. After a while, Myra and Tony were prepared to head out.

The two of them left the hotel while exchanging happy conversations. Tony wasn't dressed in formal attire like he usually would for work; today, he wore a set of sporty clothes and was even in matching outfits with Myra.

As they walked down the streets, they turned heads of passersby and even earned looks of admiration; Tony's well-built figure was bound to attract positive attention.

Tony held Myra's hand in his tightly, for he was afraid to lose her in the crowd. Even when his hand became clammy with sweat, the couple wouldn't let go of each other.

"Do you miss Bradford City at all after spending time in a foreign country?" Myra asked him curiously.

Tony shook his head and replied, "We're just traveling; it's not like we're never returning to Bradford." Tony pinched her nose as he spoke. He could never resist those tiny gestures to mess with her whenever he looked at Myra.

Meanwhile, a pair of ill-willed eyes followed the couple wherever they went. However, Tony—who was sharp and perceptive by nature—didn't notice a thing.

In fact, it wasn't the first day that Myra and Tony were being spied on, but since they were traveling quite a distance today, Tony had arranged for someone to watch them and keep them safe in the dark.

However, the bodyguard didn't seem to notice the sneaky observer who had been tailing Myra and Tony for days as he waited for a chance to strike. Tony probably put too much trust in his bodyguard or was too eager to bring Myra around and have a good time, so much that he wasn't aware of the approaching danger.

In the meantime, office hours came to an end in Bradford City. Matthias was about to toss away the stack of photos on his desk, but he couldn't help taking another look at them before he did so.

This time, Matthias noticed something odd; he realized that the same passerby had appeared in two of the candid shots, and it was a highly unusual occurrence.

Clearly, the photos had been taken in two different locations—how could the same person appear twice? Matthias instantly had a bad feeling about this.

"Don't tell me that Myra is being targeted..." Matthias muttered to himself under his breath before he took another look at the photos and compared them side by side. Even though the man wore a different outfit along with a cap and sunglasses, Matthias could instinctively tell that they were the same person.

If this was true, it would be a huge problem. Matthias immediately summoned Nikolai to his office; he couldn't sit still as he thought of the possibility that Myra might be the target of this mysterious man.

"Do you have any negative films?" Matthias asked as he pointed at the photos on his desk. Nikolai scratched his head and replied, "The films are all with that person." He thought that there wouldn't be a need to keep the negative films, so he hadn't asked the photographer for them.

"Quick, get them from him right away," Matthias said in a rushed tone, for he was worried that the films were already destroyed.

"About that..." Nikolai trailed off helplessly. "He's definitely destroyed them... because I told him to." He felt extremely stressed out under Matthias' unbending gaze.

"Ask him again—I really need the films." Matthias was trying his best to calm down. Right now, he had to make sure that the two people weren't one and the same before he stirred up

any unnecessary trouble and made a fool of himself.

In response, Nikolai immediately dialed the photographer's number as Matthias stared fixedly at him. At that moment, the films were of utmost importance to him; it would be better to display those films on the computer screen and zoom in on the man for a more accurate judgement.

He knew that this wasn't something that could be settled through intuition alone. Although Matthias' heart was telling him that the two figures were indeed the same person, he wanted to find more pieces to the puzzle to make sure. After all, the person's face hadn't been clearly depicted in the photos, and Matthias wanted to know what he looked like as much as possible.

After hanging up the call, Nikolai turned toward Matthias and shook his head in dismay. Hence, the latter helplessly asked his assistant to take a look at the two photos he'd picked out.

"Come and see if they're the same person." Matthias pointed at the suspicious figure in the photos as he spoke.

Nikolai couldn't be sure even after studying the photos for a long time. He only said after a while, "They look alike, but I can't be sure." If Matthias didn't point it out, nobody would have wondered whether they were the same person in the first place.

"Zoom in on these photos for me. I need to make sure," Matthias instructed Nikolai. It was the least he could do right now; the photos might be blurry after the enlargement, but at least he could study them in detail.

Nikolai immediately got to work after being abruptly ordered. He zoomed in on various parts of the photos and printed them out in different dimensions before heading back to Matthias' office while carrying a stack of papers.

Matthias compared the photos thoroughly and asked for Nikolai's opinion as well. Much consideration later, he decided that there was a need to take note of this matter.

So far, he concluded that Myra might be in danger, but how was he going to send the message? He couldn't possibly warn Myra personally; with the Locke Group's current relationship with the Hart Group, Tony wouldn't listen to a word he'd say.

Besides, it wasn't practical for Matthias to fly all the way overseas to meet them—he didn't know which country they were heading to next! It wasn't an easy task to find a couple who were on a honeymoon trip around the world.

Not only that, something like this was quite difficult to convey through a phone call; the two of them would definitely be wary of Matthias' words too. Right now, he had no choice but to ask for help.

Hence, Matthias briefly explained the problem at hand to Nikolai, and the latter became quite concerned after hearing his words. Nikolai gave it some thought, and after some time, his eyes gleamed with an idea.

"You can ask Miss Langston for help, Matthias." Nikolai couldn't think of anyone else—Heather was the only suitable candidate to help him out.

However, Matthias frowned and went silent for a long while before he replied, "No, there's no way I'm asking her for help."