

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Matthias waited all night long. Under the influence of alcohol, he pulled through and waited stubbornly in place. Meanwhile, Heather was finding it hard to fall asleep in her room; she didn't take his words seriously and gradually dozed off as she blamed him for his absurd attitude in the middle of the night.

The next day, Heather departed to work early in the morning with dark circles under her eyes—last night was simply the unluckiest night of her life. When she received some strange photos out of the blue, she contacted Myra immediately; only a fool wouldn't understand what the photos actually meant.

Because of that, Heather and Myra were on video call for a long time. Myra and Tony kept their guard up at once and decided to take note of the matter. After all, it was terrifying to be followed around by a stalker while they were on a trip overseas.

After worrying about it for some time, Heather finally fell asleep out of drowsiness, only to be woken up by Matthias' phone call. After that, she spent a long time before dozing off again, but she woke up naturally at the crack of dawn. In the end, she couldn't get a good night's sleep at all.

Heather hadn't slept well ever since she'd returned from overseas. That morning, the Langstons avoided talking to Heather as soon as they noticed that she was in a bad mood. She left the house without even having breakfast. In the meantime, Matthias was still stubbornly waiting for her in his car. When the front gates opened up, Heather immediately noticed his car outside—how could she forget the very car that she'd crashed into? Heather fished out her phone. Its screen was horribly cracked, but it was still functional. Then, she tapped into Messenger and saw that Matthias had sent her loads of text messages after his first one. She skimmed through each and every one of them; his unusual behavior made her forget that she was supposed to check up on Myra first thing in the morning.

A round of hesitation later, Heather got down from her car and went up to Matthias' vehicle before knocking on his window.

Matthias wasn't sleeping deeply, so he woke up in an instant. Heather was staring at him while she bore a weary and lifeless complexion as soon as he wound down the window—the dark circles under her eyes were distinctly visible.

The woman who was usually elegant with her presentation seemed a little different today. Matthias didn't know what she had gone through to end up looking like that; in fact, he was oblivious that he was none other than the culprit of her sleepless night.

"What on earth do you want from me? You're even all the way here in the Langston Residence." Heather didn't know what to do to make Matthias leave her alone. She was exhausted and no longer had the strength to keep on competing with him.

"I have something important to tell you." Matthias remembered the reason he came. Even though it was the next day, at least he was finally able to see her.

At the very least, Heather had taken the initiative to come up to his car and knock on his window—this could be a good sign. However, he was unaware that the reason behind her gesture was only because she didn't want the Langstons to notice that Matthias's car was parked outside their home. She only came over to shoo him away.

"I'm busy today." Heather rejected him instantly. Just then, she thought of Myra—she had set an alarm as a reminder to call her friend. If it weren't for Matthias' interruption last night, she wouldn't have gotten confused over the matter.

"I'll pick you up at the Langston Group tonight," Matthias replied nonchalantly and completely disregarded her rejection.

"I'm busy tonight, and I'll be busy tomorrow. Actually, I'll be busy for the entire week," Heather snapped. She didn't want to argue with Matthias a second longer, for it'd be bad if Blake spotted them together.

“I just need a bit of your time,” Matthias responded to her patiently, and he was trying his best to keep his temper under control.

“Please leave my home; I’m going to work.” Heather didn’t want to continue this conversation. After all, she had more important things to do.

With those words, she left without another look at him. Her brain was currently bombarded with too many things, and she didn’t have the mental capacity to ponder on Matthias’ sudden change in attitude.

Meanwhile, Matthias started driving as he followed behind Heather’s car. Right now, Matthias wasn’t feeling any better himself—he hadn’t slept all night, so he was extremely tired as well.

Heather noticed his car from her rearview mirror, and she knew all too well that he was a stubborn man who wouldn’t give up before reaching his goal.

From the looks of it, the only way to escape was to hide. She stepped on the gas in effort to lose him as she video called Myra with her faulty phone.

It was currently at night where Myra was, and she was in the hotel with Tony. They’d already started taking precautions immediately after hearing about their stalker from Heather earlier in the day.

Fortunately, Tony had always been a careful person; he had hired a bodyguard to protect them from the dark even though they were on a honeymoon trip. It was possible that the stalker was aware of this bodyguard, so he hadn’t made his move just yet. Tony speculated that the observer knew quite a lot about their current situation, but they had no clue as to who he was—they couldn’t even make out his appearance.

Tony had contacted their bodyguard that day; he told him to pay attention to their surroundings and find out if they were actually being followed.

That afternoon, Myra and Tony intentionally took a walk on an open street that was relatively easier to expose the stalker’s identity—it was the bodyguard’s idea, for it would help him in his mission to capture a photo of the stalker’s face.

Tony was still upset at their bodyguard for not being able to spot the stalker beforehand; how could he overlook something so potentially dangerous that was lurking right around the corner? Not only that, he only knew about it after it was pointed out by some stranger back home.

At the thought of that, Tony wanted to fire the expensive bodyguard right away, but considering the fact that they were in dire need of protection, he swallowed his anger.

Hence, he could only look forward to how the guy would perform from now on.

Luckily, Tony wasn’t disappointed this time—the bodyguard successfully completed the mission and took a photo of the stalker’s appearance. Later on, Myra and Tony studied the photos sent over by the bodyguard. The two of them racked their brains to identify the mysterious follower, but they didn’t make any breakthroughs.

Hence, Tony told the bodyguard to find out the stalker’s identity as soon as possible; the stalker was likely receiving orders as well since he was a stranger to both Myra and Tony.

That night, the couple had trouble falling asleep, so they started discussing this matter. Just then, Myra received a video call request from Heather and immediately accepted it.

Before long, Heather’s tired face came into view, and Myra stared at her screen with a surprised look on her face. It was still night time over there during their previous call, so Myra hadn’t noticed her friend’s haggard demeanor. Now that it was daytime, she could see it clearly.

“Why do you look so tired?” Myra asked worriedly.

Heather was driving as she responded, “I didn’t sleep well last night.” At that moment, Matthias’ face popped up in her mind again. He was indeed a bad luck charm to her—her life was never smooth-sailing whenever he was involved!

“Less talk about me—how’s it going over there?” Heather was confident in Tony’s abilities, and she believed that he could definitely settle it without a hitch.

Despite that, she couldn't help but feel concerned for their safety. Moreover, with Myra being pregnant, there was no room for risks. Last night, Heather suggested that they return home as soon as possible under their bodyguard's watch. At the very least, it was safer in Bradford City since things weren't as convenient in a foreign country.

"It's all in control and everything's going according to plan. Also, my guess was right," Tony replied calmly as he squeezed into the camera's view.

"You're saying that the stalker has been hired by someone else, right? Are you able to find out who's plotting against you, then?" It wasn't good news—the issue wouldn't be as difficult to handle if the stalker was someone they knew.

If they knew the stalker, it'd be easier to deduce his intentions. However, the problem right now was that he was a stranger—it definitely made things a lot harder. Nobody could say for sure if his target was Myra, Tony, or even the both of them.

More importantly, they didn't understand why they were being followed in the first place. They'd been followed for quite some time now; since the stalker hadn't taken any action up until now, his goal seemed to be even more complicated than a simple assault.

It was unknown when he would make a move or what dangerous stunts he had planned. Nothing could be deduced at the moment, and this was quite a troubling matter indeed.

"I'm still investigating; it's highly probable that this could be the work of a family enemy."

Tony had a bad feeling about this. After all, 'enemy' was quite a broad word in his case.

After many years of mingling around in the corporate world, the Hart Family had gained quite a few enemies—it was the same for Tony. However, as he gave it some thought, he found that those disputes weren't deep enough to send a stalker on their tail.

Investigating the identity of the enemy wasn't an easy task, and right now, Tony's hands were tied. On the other hand, Myra also considered her own family—it could be one of the Stark Family's enemies as well.

"Could it be Cameron?" Heather made a wild guess. Cameron had mysteriously disappeared after failing to acquire the Stark Group, and she thought that someone like him wouldn't give up so easily.

"I can't say for sure," said Myra as she voiced her opinion. She had the same suspicions too, for she couldn't think of anyone else besides Cameron.

She wouldn't be surprised to see him pulling any absurd tricks, but deep down, she hoped that this had nothing to do with him.

Was Cameron planning to willingly ruin Myra's life before letting it go? Sorrow welled up within her chest as she thought about her own father doing something like that to her.

Tony caught the disappointment and pain on her face as she recalled the things Cameron had done which were more barbaric one after another. He quickly said, "It's probably not him—it's most likely one of the Hart Family's enemies." Aside from offering Myra comfort, Tony sincerely hoped that it wasn't Cameron, though the latter's disappearance was rather strange.

"Have you guys captured a photo of the stalker's face?" Heather immediately changed the subject. Cameron was Myra's father after all, and Heather felt that she shouldn't have brought up his name.

"Yeah." Myra nodded and Tony raised his phone to display it in front of the screen.

Heather studied the man's face and gave it a thought before she said to them, "Send me the photo; I'll help you out with the investigation."

Heather was the only one who knew of the situation so far—Tony didn't want to spread the news, so he hadn't told his brothers. Things were still under his control, and he had confidence that he would be able to settle it on his own.

It didn't take long for Heather to receive the photo from Myra after their call ended. Her eyes narrowed at her screen; unfortunately, she couldn't see the photo clearly as she had shattered her screen last night. As a result, she had to get a new phone right away.

With that in mind, Heather decided to make a stop at the store since it was still too early for

work. However, she wasn't sure if the store was open yet at this time.

Right now, Matthias was still following Heather behind her car. She took an annoying look at his car from her rearview mirror, wondering why he was being so persistent. He kept repeating that he had something important to tell her, but every time he'd told her those words in the past, it turned out to be an exaggeration compared to what he actually had to say.

Heather made a turn into an alley which was still empty at this hour while Matthias followed behind. She eyed the rearview mirror before making a sharp turn all of a sudden—she was so quick that Matthias didn't have time to react at all.

With that, the two cars collided into one another and their airbags inflated immediately. Heather had already considered the possibility of an injury before she decided on that stunt, and she didn't do it on impulse. She simply wanted to give Matthias a piece of her mind.

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He hadn't expected Heather to make such a move at all, and Matthias bumped into her vehicle head-on since it was too late for him to dodge her car. As he muttered an expletive under his breath, he immediately flung his arms over his head while his car shook violently. Perhaps no woman could be crazier than Heather. She staggered out of her car after the crash, and Matthias also got out of his car soon after that.

Then, Heather stopped moving and fixed her unexpressive eyes that showed no sadness or joy on Matthias. Meanwhile, Matthias suppressed his anger and approached Heather step by step. He didn't expect that Heather would actually do such a dangerous thing as to crash her car into his. "Are you insane, Heather?" he scolded loudly. Heather was simply courting death, for even Matthias didn't have the nerve to do such a thing.

However, Heather merely stared at Matthias without any response until he got close to her. Matthias could no longer conceal the anger on his face as he grabbed her, but she didn't even look at him, and her tone of voice was extremely chilly. "Don't touch me. I'll pay you for the car." She had no warmth about her.

Matthias let go of Heather, but he had to constantly remind himself of the purpose for coming to her. "You don't have to pay me; if you want to pay me for the car, just give yourself up to me as compensation." As he spoke, he kept a slight distance away from her. He mustn't risk big losses for the sake of small gains. At any rate, neither of them suffered any injuries in this time's car crash.

Unfortunately, Matthias's car was completely wrecked in the crash. The car was his favorite, yet this was already the second time Heather had bumped her car against it. The last car crash only resulted in a scrape, whereas the damage done to his car this time seemed quite serious.

"I'm begging you—please don't follow me around anymore. I have many matters to attend to right now, so I don't have any time to waste on you." Heather was really tired of getting along with Matthias in such a way. Nothing good would happen whenever she was with him, for he brought her lots of trouble.

"What do you want to do? I'll keep you company." Matthias tightened the screws on Heather. He decided to put on a brazen front this time, for he had to persuade her no matter what.

I want you to stay away from me, Heather thought to herself. Could this be Matthias's retaliation? She grew increasingly wary at the sight of his 'malicious-looking' face.

"Please give me a chance." Matthias was pondering in his mind, thinking about how he should profess his love to her. The thought of professing his love made him blush, for he no longer had the motivation he once had when he was younger.

A nameless atmosphere filled the air between them as Heather didn't know what Matthias meant by the word 'chance.' Just then, they heard the wailing of police sirens. Since they did not know who had 'kindheartedly' called the police for them, they looked at each other in dismay. Now, they were in trouble by attracting the police.

As she looked at the scene before her eyes, Heather wondered how to explain this situation to the police. Just as she was looking around for any surveillance cameras, Matthias leaned over and said to her, "There aren't any surveillance cameras."

"I don't have time to go to the police station right now." Heather looked at Matthias frostily. She didn't know whether she was teaching Matthias a lesson or giving herself a hard time, for even the police had been alerted this time.

"It's not a problem." Surprisingly, Matthias was unusually good-tempered that day. Heather thought he was going to blow his top, so it surprised her that he didn't seem angry at all. When the police car pulled over, Matthias stepped up and explained as if he was an outsider, "I'm sorry, but a car accident just happened."

The police officer glanced at the two cars. Both cars were luxury vehicles, so the two people before him seemed to be rich. Furthermore, there were no signs of distress on their faces. He wondered who these two people were, though he surmised that they must be remarkably wealthy. "Which one of them is yours?" he asked Matthias as a matter of routine. It was a car accident, after all.

Matthias pointed to his car and answered, "That's my car. I'm the one responsible for the accident, and I'm willing to take full responsibility for that." Since Heather didn't want to waste any time, he would settle this matter as soon as possible.

The police officer was baffled by this as he looked at Matthias with a frown. Is there anyone responsible for an accident who will take the blame so readily? Furthermore, the atmosphere was very weird since Heather was merely standing off to the side silently.

The police officer didn't come to his senses for a long while. Just then, he heard Heather rebut, "I'm the one responsible for the accident, and I'm willing to take full responsibility for that." She didn't want Matthias to cover for her since she was willing to admit her own wrongdoings.

The police officer's face seemed to have several question marks popping up on it. This accident was becoming increasingly weird; it was so strange that these two people were scrambling to take the blame for the car accident and talked so big as to offer to take full responsibility. "This is a surveillance blind spot. Which of you is responsible for the accident?" The police officer felt that he was being fooled. Do these two rich people have too much free time on their hands?!

"It's me," Heather and Matthias chorused.

Heather felt that Matthias was deliberately messing with her. She was the one who purposely rammed her car into his, yet he scrambled to claim responsibility for the car accident. Clearly, he was wasting her time in a different way.

"Please come with me to the police station, both of you," ordered the police officer as he was put on the spot. It seemed that the matter wasn't going to be solved for a while, so he'd better take them to the police station to have their statements recorded!

"I don't have time to go to the police station. I have something urgent to attend to." Heather had contacted Leon and asked him to drive over to pick her up. She had provided him with all the necessary equipment, so he would probably arrive in a minute.

Matthias thought for a moment before he agreed, "That's right. I don't have time to go to the police station either; I also have something urgent to attend to."

The police officer was bummed out at once. What do these two people mean? Both of them are putting on airs as if they're some big guns, he thought to himself. Just then, Matthias added on purpose, "We'll settle the claims for the cars ourselves, so we don't have to go to the police station."

However, this upset the police officer even more. Do they think they're in the right? They simply have no regard for the law! Thus, he said angrily, "This is not only about your cars. You two have damaged public property!"

Matthias glanced at the damage done to the public property before he frowned slightly.

"How much money should I pay as compensation? I'll pay the money right now," he asked

while taking out his wallet. Matthias pretended to be in a rush and continued, "I really have something urgent to attend to. I'll lose 100 million if I'm held up any longer."

His tone of voice annoyed the police officer, but Heather wasn't easy to deal with either. She echoed, "I also have an emergency to deal with. If you want to take my statement, you may go to the Langston Group and ask for me." She mentioned the Langston Group directly while glancing at her watch in a seemingly anxious manner. After all, almost everyone in Bradford City knew the Langston Group.

After the long dilly-dallying, the police officer finally had to let Heather and Matthias off due to the double pressure from them. On the other hand, Leon—who had arrived long ago—kept looking on without saying a word; it wasn't until the police car drove away that he opened the car door.

Since he noticed Leon's car a while ago, Matthias had been wondering why someone would drive to the scene of a car accident. When he saw Leon getting out of his car, he instantly got angry. He was immensely displeased since he didn't expect Heather to call Leon over directly.

Meanwhile, Leon leaned against the car while he urged Heather, "Hurry up and come over." As he spoke, he threw Matthias a provocative look. He had known Matthias for a long time, for Matthias was the one who previously tied Heather up in knots. Leon had such a person checked out a long time ago, so he knew Matthias to a certain extent.

As Heather hurried up to Leon, Matthias looked at his hand in disappointment; he could never hold Heather's hand in his. Seeing how compatible Heather and Leon looked as they stood side by side, he felt an inexplicable sense of loss. He wanted to speak, but his words were stuck in his throat. In the end, he could only watch as Heather got into Leon's car and left behind a heap of mess before him. He had an indescribable feeling inside him, for he had never been so upset.

Meanwhile, Leon made faces at Heather in the car and was greeted with a slap from her. Why must he make his face look so funny? she thought to herself.

"The way I see it, President Locke is very much enamored by you," Leon remarked without fear of death.

Heather's face froze visibly. "What nonsense are you talking about?" she muttered in an annoyed tone. After all, she didn't want to get involved with Matthias in any way.

However, Leon didn't stop asking for trouble. "Since you both love each other, why should you two keep tormenting each other pointlessly?"

Heather furrowed her brows as she had an urge to kick Leon out of the car directly. "You really are a blabbermouth." She didn't want to listen to his nonsense anymore, so she took out her earphones.

"Where would you like to go, my president?" Leon was still speaking in a bantering tone, but how could Heather know the care and thought behind his words? After watching Heather as she let one man slip after another through her fingers over the years, he was worried that Heather might actually plan to remain single for the rest of her life—he could never approve of this. Now that he saw Matthias, he thought that Heather could try dating Matthias even though he didn't have a good opinion of the latter.

"An Apple Store," Heather uttered icily. It seemed that Matthias was a great influence on her; he affected her mood, yet she stubbornly pretended that she didn't care about him.

Unfortunately, the various details about her response gave her feelings away.

Like a child who would never be satisfied, Leon loved Heather's haughtiness very, very much. "I don't know my way around here," he said in displeasure, for Heather was obviously picking on him for having no sense of direction.

Come to think of it, Leon couldn't be blamed for having no sense of direction. After all, he had just arrived in Bradford City recently, so how could he know the way to an Apple Store? However, Heather would never make someone else feel comfortable when she was feeling ill at ease. "Don't ever mention Matthias in front of me again," she said while taking Leon's

cell phone. After finding and opening the navigation app, she looked at him coldly and loftily. “Just follow the navigation instructions.”

Leon could only continue driving without any protests. He thought he’d better not mess with Heather at this moment, for her frosty expression seemed a bit scary.

On the other hand, Heather was somewhat peeved after checking the time; she had wasted more than an hour. Then, she wondered if she should go to church when she was free. She didn’t know if her birth chart was incompatible with Matthias’s, but his presence brought her so much bad luck that she simply took him for a plague that she couldn’t wait to stay away from. When the car stopped in front of the Apple Store, she instructed Leon and said, “Just wait for me outside. I’ll come out in a minute.”

Heather simply bought an iPhone 7 since it happened to come on the market. She was a marvelously quick buyer, so she told the salesperson what she wanted and picked it up directly. The phone in her hand had a black glossy finish, and it emitted a different feel compared to the previous models. Then, Heather quickly inserted her SIM card into it. The new cell phone gave her an indescribable feeling, though she couldn’t tell whether she felt good or bad.

After tapping into her Facebook, she immediately opened her photo album—she had the photo of the person stalking Myra saved there. Then, Heather showed it to Leon since they had some time while waiting for the traffic light to turn green. “Please check out this person for me.” She wanted to keep this matter quiet. Since Leon was trustworthy, she thought she’d better let him help her, for he must have a good way to do this.

“You’ve been ordering me around instead of giving me a welcome ever since I arrived in Bradford City.” Leon began to banter facetiously again. No matter what, he had to tease Heather every single day to be happy.

“What do you want—a car or a house?” Heather had always been generous.

“What a squanderer you are! You should give presents within reasonable limits. Don’t give away a few million at the drop of a hat. Your money didn’t grow on trees; instead, you earned them bit by bit.” Leon’s heart ached for the money Heather gave away, for he had seen with his own eyes how Heather got hospitalized after overworking herself. Sadly, Heather never cared about the money she worked hard to earn, and she was always lavish with gifts.