

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Since she was unable to stand the man's gaze any longer, Heather asked without mincing her words, "Has Grandpa been here today?" She felt she was too unlucky—why would she

run into this annoying guy by mischance?

The golf course manager shook his head. "I didn't see Old Master Langston today."

Heather stared right into the depths of the golf course manager's eyes. After a long time, she said frostily, "You're lying."

Perhaps she shouldn't expose his lies so directly, but Heather decided to take a gamble.

The golf course manager was obviously lying; if Robert had never been here, why hadn't Blake come out after going inside for such a long time? There must be a plot behind this.

Heather tried hard to recall if the Langston Family had offended anyone lately, but she couldn't think of anyone after racking her brains. Someone had to be plotting against the Langston Family, or such a fishy thing wouldn't have happened. Besides, she could feel Robert's presence here. Heather was a very sensitive person, and she believed in her

sixth

sense. As she clutched her cell phone tightly in her hands, she regretted not calling the police. Now, it would probably be difficult for her to find an opportunity to do so.

However, the man laughed instead of blowing up when he heard how categorical Heather sounded. "Old Master Langston has indeed been here, but he has left long ago. I'm just joking with you."

As she looked at the man's flippant expression, Heather replied in disgust, "Do you think that

I was born yesterday? Just admit it if Grandpa has been here. Why are you joking with me?"

She had a wrong impression that this man was still treating her like a kid. He also behaved

in such a weird manner at that time, so she just knew that he wasn't a good person. Had she

known it earlier, she would've blown his cover directly in front of Robert. Even more so, she

had a feeling that Robert's disappearance must have had something to do with the man before her eyes. Thus, she glowered at the golf course manager and asked, "Where the hell

is Grandpa?"

The golf course manager grinned before he burst out laughing again. "Old Master Langston

has already left. Is there a misunderstanding between us?" However, his laugh seemed like

a provocative gesture in Heather's eyes.

"Don't brush me off with this. I'll never let you off if something happens to Grandpa."

Heather summoned up her strength as she planned to subdue this man directly. Even

though there was a feeling of disgust and a lingering childhood fear within her, she believed

that she had no problem tackling this man with her ability.

The smile on the golf course manager's face finally vanished. "Calm down, Miss Langston. Old Master Langston has really left this place," he said with an anxious expression; it seemed like he was afraid that Heather would misunderstand him.

Heather didn't believe him, though. Why would he have such a perverted look on his face at

the beginning if he was afraid of being misunderstood by me? she thought to herself. She took out her cell phone right away, but to her great shock, she couldn't get a cell phone reception at all. After looking at her cell phone in disbelief, she looked at the man with her

widened eyes full of anger. "What trick did you pull? Why isn't there a cell phone reception?"

Unwilling to reconcile herself to this, she switched off her cell phone and turned it back on,

and her suspicions slowly became clear.

"Some mobile phone jammers have been installed in our golf course to serve our guests better—that way, they can concentrate on playing golf," the golf course manager hurriedly

explained as he panicked somewhat. Heather looked much more intimidating than she had

been when she was a child, and it frightened him thoroughly.

"That's bullsh\*t. There can't be such a place. Those who play golf here are either wealthy or

influential. What would happen when their cell phone signal is jammed? Can your golf course take responsibility for the consequences?" Heather asked while pointing at the golf

course manager. She firmly believed that he was a bad guy right now, and she even suspected that Robert had been kidnapped.

"Our golf course introduced this new policy recently, and it's been widely praised by our customers. Our customers also understand this, so they typically have their matters arranged before coming here. That way, they won't be kept from their private affairs," the

golf course manager explained to Heather.

However, Heather didn't want to listen to this man's nonsense anymore. She stepped up right away and subdued him immediately. She twisted his arm and threatened, "Take me to

see my Grandpa."

The man screamed in pain before he begged with an imploring look. "Please, my lady—you're breaking my arm!" He never expected Heather to grab his hand with such tremendous strength. Before he could get a clear glimpse of what was happening, Heather

had already subdued him.

Heather was particularly good at Judo since she liked subduing an opponent in one move.

She tightened her grip on the manager, and he immediately screamed in pain. Then, she said fiercely, "How dare you keep wasting your breath? Take me there!"

"Ouch! My arm is breaking! Both your Grandpa and brother are here, but I can't take you to

them." The golf course manager felt like he was on the brink of death, for Heather was torturing him completely. Instead of making it quick, she tightened her grip on him bit by bit—it was killing him slowly.

"Do you still want your arm? Take me there—I don't want to repeat myself for the third time!"

Heather threatened as she kept on tightening her grip. He certainly deserved this even if she

ended up breaking his arm. I'll level this place if he dares to kidnap Grandpa, she thought to

herself. The more she thought about this, the angrier she felt.

Strangely enough, no one was seen in the golf course. Even though she hadn't entered the

area, it was truly strange that there wasn't anyone outside to receive any guests. Heather was worried about Robert's safety, and Blake didn't emerge after going inside. However, she

didn't know who would be so audacious to do that.

"Okay, okay, I'll bring you there. Be gentle." The golf course manager took Heather inside at

the risk of being fired since he could no longer bear the pain. After a long walk, they finally

came into sight of the golf course. Immediately, Heather spotted Robert at a glance. At this

moment, he was talking to a man beside him whose face she couldn't discern, whereas Blake stood aside with an aggrieved look on his face. In any case, Robert seemed to be safe.

Just then, Heather heard the golf course manager's voice below her. "Can you let go of me

now, my lady?"

Heather directly gave him a shove without caring whether he would fall or not. Then, she quickly went up to Robert and shouted, "Are you all right, Grandpa?!"

Upon hearing Heather's voice, everyone on the golf course who hadn't noticed Heather at first had their gazes drawn to her. Robert's face fell at once when he saw her; when she finally came up to her, he gave her a slap across the face. "Who let you come over?"

Heather looked at Robert in disbelief. She was startled by how angry Robert was, for he had

never slapped her before. The right side of her face swelled up after the slap, whereas Blake

had a gloating look. As she covered her slapped cheek, she stared straight at Robert.

"I told you to stay in the study and reflect on your mistakes—how dare you sneak out?

You're

getting more and more unruly. Go back home!” Robert was seldom so rough, but he seemed particularly abnormal today. Despite her tough character, Heather couldn’t accept such a contrast for a moment.

Blake, who had been watching this scene gloatingly at one side, was also scolded by Robert. “What are you waiting for? Hurry up and take your sister back!” The innocent Blake

got the blame as Robert’s eyebrows rose in anger.

“Okay.” Blake approached Heather and silently tugged at her sleeve, signaling her to go back with him.

However, Heather knocked his hand off directly. She said with a frosty expression, “I’ll go back myself. I’m sorry for interrupting you while you’re discussing something.” Then, she left

without a backward glance.

Blake looked at Heather from behind before shooting a glance at Robert to ask him what to

do. Then, he heard Robert chiding angrily, “What are you waiting for? Just keep up with her!”

Upon hearing Robert’s words, Blake went after Heather at once. Even though he was also scolded by Robert, he felt as though he could die with no regrets—he’d lived long enough to

see Robert giving Heather a slap. The more he thought of this, the more he felt that it was his lucky day, and he rejoiced in secret. However, it didn’t occur to him that the identity of the

person who was playing golf with Robert on this day wasn’t simple, and Heather’s arrival had messed up Robert’s plan completely.

Only after Heather left the golf course did the man beside Robert comment meaningfully, “Your granddaughter is very interesting.”

Upon hearing this, Robert turned pale at once. Meanwhile, the man’s mouth curved into a

smile so menacing that one wouldn’t dare to look squarely at it.

On the other hand, the golf course manager was still screaming in pain. Robert gave him a fierce glare; he had told him to stop Heather from coming in, yet he didn’t expect that Heather would still barge in anyway. “Let’s call it a day. I’m sorry for making a spectacle of

myself in front of you, but my health doesn’t allow me to exercise for a long time. I’ll be leaving first,” Robert said politely and respectfully as he was a bit afraid of the man in front

of him.

The man wasn’t old, and he exuded a noble air; he was like a proud emperor whom people

could only look up to. “I’ll personally pay you a visit tomorrow,” he said, stressing each word.

“She must be at home as well.” It was clear from the aggressive way he spoke that he

wanted Heather to welcome him at home together with Robert.

Robert looked reluctantly at the man in front of him, but he had no choice other than to agree since he couldn't turn down the man. Facing this man put him under tremendous stress, and he was frustrated at having to be so respectful to someone of a younger generation.

After Robert left, the man looked at him from behind with a wicked smile. Perhaps he would

stay in Bradford City for a while longer.

Robert shook out his sleeves in anger when he walked past the golf course manager. He didn't expect the manager to be so useless; had he known it earlier, he would have looked

for an excuse to have Blake go out and inform Heather. That way, the man wouldn't have seen her.

He pulled a long face throughout his way home, for he was inwardly preoccupied with worries about Heather and what might happen the next day. Heather wasn't the most beautiful among his grandchildren, but she resembled his younger sister the most. Should the younger generation really be involved in the enmity between those of the older generation back then? What a sin this is! he screamed inwardly.

The Langston Family lost a daughter back then, whereas the Moriarty Family lost its heir. Robert thought that the matter was already over, but the Moriarty Family still refused to let

the Langston Family off even until now. Robert didn't expect that the Moriarty Family would

come to him after so many years, nor did he expect that the Moriarty Family had become so

powerful that even the Langston Family would find it difficult to deal with them. The problem

was not only about business right now, for Robert was worried that the tragedy might repeat

itself. Had he known earlier that the Moriartys would come to him, he wouldn't have let Heather come back from overseas so early.

He even suspected that the Moriarty Family had been waiting for Heather's return since they

picked her out of everyone else. He hoped more than anything else that his granddaughter

would attain happiness in life, so he couldn't ruin it. However, he couldn't sit by and watch as

someone else destroyed the business empire that the Langston Family had spent a century

to establish.

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Heather's car sped throughout the entire journey. Since she had never been treated like this

by Robert before, she directed all her rage at her car.

Meanwhile, Blake's heart leaped in his throat for her as he followed behind Heather's car. Considering how fast her car was going, it would be strange if Heather didn't get into an accident. He kept praying that nothing would happen to Heather, for Robert would certainly

blame him if she got into one.

However, even if Heather didn't care for her life while she was on the road, Blake still wanted

to live to see tomorrow. Soon, he ended up lagging behind and eventually lost sight of her.

Blake thought that Heather must have returned to the Langston Residence, so he took a nearby shortcut and rushed over there. However, when he reached his destination, he saw

no trace of her car. After waiting for her inside the house, there was still no sign of Heather

even when Robert arrived. The first thing Robert asked was Heather's whereabouts.

Blake looked at Robert, unable to tell the truth despite his troubled thoughts. All he could do

was give a half-hearted, sloppy reply, telling the older man that Heather hadn't returned to

the Langston Residence yet.

Robert was already in a bad mood, and he immediately lost his temper upon hearing Blake's

answer.

"Blake, I told you to follow Heather, but you lost her." Robert was furious as he glared at Blake. He wanted to fully direct his ire at him, but Robert stamped down on his emotions in

the end.

Now that things had come to this, there wasn't much use in getting angry. Besides, Robert

was not unfamiliar with Heather's temper; it was perfectly normal for Blake to be unable to

keep up with her, but Robert was still worried that she would come to harm. Heather had been in a car accident that very morning, and they ended up arguing about it in the afternoon. Robert had only hit her out of a moment of frustration during their fight, and he

regretted it once the deed was done. After all, the Moriarty Family had come fully prepared;

they would end up meeting Heather sooner or later.

The Moriarty Family had yet to make their move, but the Langstons were already in a state

of complete chaos. A sense of helplessness rose within Robert.

"Grandpa, Heather drove like a madwoman. I couldn't keep up with her at all," Blake explained wearily. In the end, the one Robert worried about was his precious granddaughter.

**“It’s fine. Heather will come back,” Robert replied, feeling completely exhausted. He didn’t have the energy to care about this, for he believed that Heather was a rational lady. Blake promptly nodded and said, “She’ll definitely come back once she has cooled her head.”**

**Both grandfather and grandson were close, and they didn’t have any grudges with each other. The two of them immediately assumed that Heather would come back soon lest she got into an accident.**

**Meanwhile, Heather had calmed down considerably after staying outside for a while. Then, she thought about Robert’s odd actions; perhaps her grandfather was hiding something. She immediately turned back and returned to the Langston Residence so that she could get the truth from him.**

**However, Robert was already sleeping by the time she returned home. Things weren’t adding up, for her grandfather had gone to bed when it wasn’t even dark outside yet.**

**What was stranger was the words that Blake relayed to her from Robert.**

**“Grandpa said that you shouldn’t go to the Parkers tomorrow; it seems like he doesn’t want you to see them anymore.” Of course, Blake loved making things to be more than they seem.**

**Heather glared at Blake. She believed the first part of the message, but for the second part,**

**she wouldn’t believe it at all unless it came straight from Robert’s own mouth.**

**“Why can’t I go to the Parkers’ tomorrow?” Heather asked in confusion.**

**“That’s because it’s Thanksgiving tomorrow! We’re going to have dinner together with the**

**entire family, and everyone at the Parkers will be on break. Have you forgotten?” Blake asked in a smarmy manner, delighted that he had managed to fool Heather.**

**“Lame,” Heather said with a huff.**

**“Now that you’re back, let’s have dinner together,” Blake said to her.**

**“I’m not hungry. I’m going back to my room.” Heather simply brushed past Blake, and she looked like she wanted to be left alone.**

**When she returned to her room, Heather regretted it a little. She was hungry, but she decided**

**not to eat just to prove a point. Fortunately for her, she had plenty of snacks squirreled away**

**in her room. However, when she searched for her snacks, she didn’t find anything—all she**

**found was a letter.**

**Heather opened it and she immediately wanted to cry. Could there be anything worse than**

this? She was hungry and wanted to eat some snacks to fill her belly, but it turned out that

Robert had disposed of all her snacks, citing concern for her health.

As she read the words neatly penned on the paper, Heather had the urge to just go berserk.

Staying with the Langstons was too much of a pain, and she wanted to leave this place. After gritting her teeth in anger, Heather simply washed up before lying on her bed; she was

prepared to just lie there and be lazy. At that moment, messages popped up one after another as she stared at her phone, so she picked the device up lazily.

Matthias was the one who had sent most of the messages during the sudden barrage, yet Heather was in no mood to scroll up and read all of them. Not only that, Matthias' messages

were mundane and boring, so it didn't matter whether she replied or not.

However, Leon's message startled her. Heather hadn't expected for Leon to have already dug up all that information on that stalker in such a short time.

Initially, she had thought that the stalker was no one special; who would have thought that

he would have such a background instead? It seemed like a waste of the stalker's talents to

make him track Myra and Tony, and it was no wonder that Tony's hired men didn't pick up on

him. If the stalker hadn't been discovered by chance, he would probably still be following behind Myra and Tony in silence.

Heather started a video call with Leon. "Can the average person even hire someone this top-tier?" Heather asked Leon despite knowing the answer.

Things would be better if the one who hired the stalker was Cameron, but if it was someone

else they didn't know, that would be more bothersome. After all, it would be a pain to slowly

check each suspect and find the true person behind it by elimination.

"With the Langstons' influence, no. Not even the Harts can hire them either. Tell me—do you

think any ordinary person is capable of hiring him?" Leon looked at his tablet in disdain, and

he wondered why Heather was being an idiot.

"Amazing."

Heather hadn't expected the stalker to be someone special. Logically speaking, the Langstons and the Harts were among the most powerful, influential families in Bradford City.

If they couldn't even hire him, Heather didn't dare to imagine who could have been the one to

hire the person stalking Myra and Tony.

"Yeah, I've heard rumors about the organization that the stalker belongs to, but I hadn't expected it to be real."



It was like Leon had just opened a door to a new world.

“In that case, aren’t Myra and Tony in danger?” Heather asked worriedly.

Leon looked at his tablet screen while he played a mobile game on his phone. He was rather

relaxed about this, for he didn’t have ties to neither Myra nor Tony.

“Relax, they’re in no danger. Other than having someone know every single one of their actions, there’s nothing else that can endanger them,” Leo breezily replied.

Heather didn’t quite understand, opting to flick the window with the video call away. This situation could no longer be explained properly with words, and she wanted a more detailed explanation.

Leon had just gotten to an important part of the stage he was playing. By the time he passed the stage, Heather had already cut off the video call. Since he didn’t get another video call request from her, Leon hastily shot her one.

Heather didn’t pick up the first time, so Leon called her a second time. Sometimes, Heather

was rather like a little girl—for instance, when it came to her occasional pettiness.

As Leon’s face took up her entire screen, Heather frantically asked him, “If such a shady organization has their sights on Myra and Tony, why did you say that they’re not in danger?”

“You didn’t read the files I sent you properly, did you?” Leon eyed her in disdain.

“I don’t have time to read through all of it. Just explain it to me.” Heather had no patience at

all today. Right now, she was worried for Myra.

“As I’ve mentioned, they aren’t in danger. Do you think I’m lying to you? The guy they sent is

only supposed to track them and gather information on the couple. He’s not in charge of assassinating them, so there’s no threat to their lives,” Leon said in disgruntlement, still thinking about the game on his phone.

“There’s no telling whether they’ll send an assassin after Myra and Tony once they’ve gotten

enough information.” Heather was still worried, for she felt that Myra had a ticking time bomb by her.

“They won’t—your friend still isn’t important enough for that. She’s not some political figure

either, and there’s nothing about her that warrants an assassination. Sending a tracker after

your friend is already putting her on a pedestal.” After all, Leon did have some understanding about how the organization worked.

“Why are you so sure?” Heather asked skeptically.

“That’s because I wanted to join that organization back when I was in my second year of middle school, so I went everywhere to grab any information I could on them.” Now that Leon had discovered that the organization was something that actually existed and was close to him, he still felt that old excitement of his. He still had a slight thought about trying

to join them.

“Quit messing around and just be a normal businessman. Why do you want to rush over to some assassin’s organization?” Heather thought that Leon still hadn’t gotten over his edgelord phase.

“Geez, you won’t even let me entertain that thought. Every young boy has the heart of an avenging rebel within them,” Leon said with a look of pride. Meanwhile, Heather rolled her eyes at him.

“I won’t be going to the Parkers’ to work in a few more days, so let’s just run our business.

You, though—stop being such an edgelord.” Heather had already made up her mind. She would not continue to waste her time at the Parkers’, or she would never get anything done.

“You’ve already gotten everything in place. After all, you can’t just open a listed company at the drop of a hat. Do you think it’s like opening some small company that’s worth 200,000?”

Leon hadn’t seen anything that might indicate that Heather had been making preparations, so he took the opportunity to make a jab at her expense.

“My lawyer has been helping me all this while with the paperwork. Basically, everything is just about ready.” Heather was very concerned about her future company, and she couldn’t possibly not do anything to prepare.

“Who’s your lawyer that’s so incredible?” Leon asked curiously. He didn’t expect there to be such an omnipotent lawyer.

“My Uncle Alexander. He wouldn’t let me touch anything that he can help me with.” Having said that, Heather felt immensely grateful toward Alexander for saving her a lot of trouble.

“In that case, I’ll look forward to it all. Are you sure you want to open it in Bradford City though? This isn’t a great location.” Leon had been reading through the information that Heather had given him the last few days because he had nothing to do, and he also heard about how the business scene in Bradford City was doing.

To put it simply, the Harts practically had a monopoly right here. After all, they could be considered as the boss within the vicinity. Right now, the Locke Group had popped up, and they wanted to seize part of the Harts’ market share because of the sheer scale of their business.

Meanwhile, the Langstons were in an awkward position in Bradford City. Although they were

just a little below the Harts on the ladder prior to this, that was only possible because they also included their overseas branches. The Langstons themselves had completely no influence around here, and they couldn't be mentioned in the same sentence as the Harts when it came to financial power. Now that the behemoths known as the Locke Group and the Hart Group were duking it out, the Langstons could not get a foot in. Yet, Heather had to create a new company under these current circumstances. It was awkward, and no one had any idea how Heather would develop her company. Most of the sectors dealing with physical goods were already under the Locke Group or Hart Group's thumb, and it would be most difficult to carve a new path for herself. "Isn't that more challenging, though?" On the other hand, Heather was brimming with confidence. Leon knew that Heather was insane deep down, but he hadn't expected her to actually play with such a sizable fire this time.