

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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As they couldn't think of anywhere to go, both Heather and Myra remained quiet. Upon seeing their reaction, Tony continued to speak, "Since we are in the eastern suburbs, we might as well drop by at the newly opened hot spring resort."

The word 'hot spring' sounded especially tempting under such weather, so both Myra and Heather agreed to it. There was a new high-end hot spring resort in the eastern suburbs. It had just begun its operation not long ago, but Tony somehow knew about this place although he had been abroad when the resort started its business.

It seemed like he still cared about Bradford City despite not being physically present in the city; he paid attention to everything that happened in the city, no matter how big or small it was. This showed that he didn't really let himself loose during the honeymoon trip, which explained why he insisted on sticking to the original plan. Although he was not physically in Bradford City, he still knew the city like the back of his hand.

After arriving at their destination, Tony's tall and sturdy figure alighted from the car. He opened the door for Myra while Heather got down on her own on the other side. After all, she was single and did not have a man to treat her as nicely.

Heather followed Myra and Tony from behind. Spending time with the two lovebirds for too

long actually made her unconsciously long for romance. Tony placed an arm around Myra's waist and slowed down his steps to match with her pace. Behind them, Heather lowered her

gaze, wondering if there would be a day for her to have a man to pamper her too.

When they were walking up the stairs, Tony's thin lips were pressed into a hard line. He paid

extra attention to Myra as a pregnant woman must not slip.

Heather slowed down her steps behind them as well; her figure seemed strong yet fragile alone. They entered the hot spring resort one after another, but before they even arrived at the actual hot springs, they were shrouded in fog that made the place seem dreamy.

The hot spring resort adopted a vintage style in its design. Heather noticed that there were screens everywhere to partition the space. The clothing provided by the resort to the customers to wear when soaking themselves in the hot springs was not swimwear but vintage style bathrobes. The staff stressed that the nice-looking bathrobes had great water-proofing abilities despite not being tightly fitted. They recommended not wearing undergarments when soaking in their hot springs; just wearing the bathrobes provided by them would do.

The bathrobes were designed to resemble a yukata, and wearing undergarments underneath them would easily wet the undergarments. As the bathrobes provided in this high-end resort were all designed for single use only, they were all brand new. The customers were free to leave with the bathrobes or they could just discard them.

Therefore,

the practices were pretty hygienic.

Moreover, the cleanliness of the hot spring was guaranteed, and even pregnant women could use the facilities without any worries. Of course, a temperature too high would have negative effects on the baby, so they also had a special zone for pregnant women.

The special zone had a much lower water temperature. As Myra was in the middle stage of pregnancy, soaking herself in a hot spring was actually beneficial to her body. Her tired body

required some release to relax her tensed and exhausted muscles.

However, to Heather's surprise, she actually bumped into Matthias here and met his gaze midair. It's such a small world, she thought.

Before Myra went abroad, she had come across the news about Heather and Matthias, so she had pestered Heather for an explanation. If it was not for their sudden encounter with Matthias, she would have forgotten about this. However, she still remembered the unpleasant incident between Locke Group and Hart Group, which made her feel wary of him.

Matthias was equally surprised to see them. Bumping into Heather was not surprising, but the sight of Myra and Tony behind her was. The four of them had changed into the bathrobes given. Heather was wearing a red bathrobe, while Tony chose to wear a black one, which was his favorite color, and Myra had a white one on her.

On the other hand, Matthias was wearing a dark blue bathrobe. They bumped into one another in the small corridor, and the three of them looked at Matthias at once. Tony appraised him and found that the latter was much leaner than him; Myra, on the other hand,

stared at Matthias with a complex look in her eyes.

This was not the first time she met him, but when she saw him this time, an image of the past popped up in her head—it was a teenage boy in a white shirt. When she squinted her eyes in an attempt to take a proper look at his face, she found that she couldn't see his face clearly.

It was as if Matthias' face matched the teenage boy with a blurred face from her memory. She tried her best to recall the face of the boy, but her efforts were in vain.

When Matthias took notice of the hint of sorrow in Myra's eyes, he couldn't take his eyes off

her. It was as though there was a force driving him to do so, and he didn't know what was wrong with himself. Even if Heather was on the verge of skinning him alive with her gaze, he

still found it hard to avert his intent gaze.

It made Heather disappointed. Matthias claimed that he had let go of the past and even confessed his feelings to her, but in the end, he still ironically ate his words the moment he saw Myra.

Tony noticed the unusualness as well, so he glared at Matthias in anger. This was the first time anyone had the guts to stare at his wife so brazenly.

Without hesitation, he led Myra away, leaving Heather and Matthias rooted to their spots. After a long while, Heather made herself move forward. She whispered to him when brushing past him, "Stop lying to yourself. The person you like is not me." This time, she was

certain that Matthias was still in love with Myra, and she would perceive his crazy behavior in the past as nothing but his wicked pranks.

Matthias extended his hand to grab her but retracted it midway—he had no right to stop her.

“You are as childish as a high schooler who made a bet with his peers to chase a girl.” With that, Myra hastily left. What she said was not an uncommon occurrence in high school, but it was a childish act that she especially despised. After giving careful thought to his past actions, one would find them of little difference.

Green veins slightly popped up on Matthias’ hands, but he was not able to give any proper explanations for his earlier actions. It was as if there was a spell that glued his gaze on her. He had noticed a glimmer of hope in Myra’s eyes, as if she could remember him at the next instant. However, it was all for nothing, and he even hurt Heather. Despondently, he thought

to himself, I’m the worst.

In the interim, Myra soaked herself in the warm water of the hot spring and even dipped her

head under the water. However, Tony pulled her head up. He suspected that her unusual behavior had something to do with Matthias, which worsened his impression of the man.

When Heather arrived, she happened to witness this scene. Myra’s gaze was so piercing that it shocked her. She was the one who separated Myra and Matthias back then. If Myra recalled everything... Heather couldn’t begin to imagine what would happen.

Soon, Myra looked to the side, and Tony took notice of the trace of hatred in her eyes. He was clueless about the agony in her heart. Amidst the fragments of memories, she seemed to hear a male voice repeating himself, “It was Heather who caused us to be apart; it was Heather who ruined our relationship.”

She had no idea where these pieces of memories came from. Though she seemed impassive on the surface, she was actually suffering on the inside. Heather inched toward Myra as she also noticed the latter’s hostility toward her, making her exchange glances with Tony.

“Myra, what’s wrong? Are you alright?” Heather’s voice was unbelievably gentle; Tony had never seen this gentle side of her.

“I’ll leave Myra to you for now. I’ll be right back.” He had to go and look for Matthias to find out what was going on.

Meanwhile, Matthias was soaking in the hot spring in the VIP private room by himself, unaware of Tony’s arrival until the latter approached him.

When Tony noticed the distant look in Matthias’ eyes, which was pretty similar to Myra’s, the

puzzlement in his heart grew.

“Who exactly are you?” Tony asked directly.

His question snapped Matthias back to his senses. Matthias looked up at Tony, who seemed as if he was going to throw his fist at his face at any time.

“An illegitimate child of the Langston Family and the Director of Langston Group,” he replied

neither humbly nor arrogantly, which also served as a reminder to Tony that he couldn’t possibly tell the latter about their past.

If Tony really wanted to know, he had to investigate the matter on his own. Matthias used to

regard Tony as someone who got in the way of his relationship with Myra, but now, Tony annoyed him more than he used to. Hence, he felt that he did nothing wrong by attacking

Hart Group, be it due to private or business reasons.

“Why did Langston Group provoke Hart Group?” Tony threw him his second question.

“Because Hart Group is the best corporation in Bradford City. If Langston Group would like to

take its place, we have to start off by taking down the leader.” Matthias continued to answer

Tony’s question honestly.

“You knew Myra before this?” Though it was a question, Tony’s tone was adamant. Since Matthias had long known Heather, it would be quite likely for him to know Myra as well.

“Hah!” Matthias chuckled and said nothing, which made Tony really want to break his set of neat white teeth.

“This is my private area for now. Director Hart, please leave,” Matthias unabashedly said to Tony, but his expression remained unchanged.

Tony narrowed his eyes, exuding a menacing aura. Matthias had really angered him this time. He had never been enraged by their business competitors—even if unscrupulous means had been used. However, when Myra was involved, he swore that he would never let

things slide.

“Myra is my wife. You’d better keep that in mind.” After saying that, Tony rose up from the hot spring and looked down at Matthias from his height.

Matthias remained quiet, coldly watching Tony as the latter left. After that, he immersed his

whole body into the warm water that smelled like sulfur. Things were moving in an unpredictable direction.

When Tony returned to Myra and Heather’s side, Myra’s emotion had stabilized. Thus, he intended to take her away but was stopped by Heather.

“Myra seemed exhausted. The resort provides a place for customers to rest, so you can just carry her there later,” Heather murmured as Myra almost dozed off.

“What do you know about Matthias?” He gave off an intimidating air. A hint of fluster flashed

across Heather’s eyes, and her hesitation confirmed his suspicion that she indeed knew something that he didn’t

“Why mention Matthias all of a sudden?” she asked as she avoided his gaze.

“There is something dangerous about him. I don’t know what was his purpose for targeting Hart Group. I suspect that he was actually targeting me instead,” Tony enunciated. He could feel Matthias’ hostility. This inexplicable hostility gave him a headache, so he was eager to find out the truth.

“Targeting Hart Group is the same as targeting you and vice versa.” Heather’s words sounded confusing. She knew that Tony must have realized that something was off, but he was, in fact, the person she could never talk to about the past.

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They were in a standoff. As Tony didn’t want to continue to waste his time with Heather here, he gently carried the asleep Myra into his arms. Heather quickly took a towel and covered her with it. Judging from her actions, it was obvious that she really cared for Myra,

so she probably had her reasons for hiding the truth from them.

Heather seemed natural under Tony's firm gaze. Since she was able to say aloud in front of Matthias that she shouldn't be held fully responsible for the incident that happened years ago, there was no need for her to feel guilty toward Myra.

She watched as Tony left with Myra. Their initially wonderful trip at the hot spring resort had

been ruined, and the culprit was none other than Matthias. She intended to go and look for him, but the latter beat her to it.

It had been strange for Heather to stay at the pregnant women's zone to begin with, but Matthias' appearance made things worse. It was fortunate that there were no other pregnant women present at that time.

"I don't want to see you," she stated firmly with a furious tone.

Matthias came with a bottle of red wine and two glasses on the tray. As he poured some wine into the glasses and held the tray in front of her, he remained quiet throughout the process, resembling a puppet.

However, Heather pushed the tray back to him while coldly peering at him, refusing to have a

drink with him again. When Matthias disappeared back then, Myra had fallen sick for a very long time. He had hurt Myra deeply despite the fact that it was Heather's fault.

Heather genuinely felt that Matthias would not be able to give Myra happiness. Instead, he would only wound Myra further, so she was reluctant for him to get in touch with Myra again.

"Anger harms your health." Matthias approached her, but she immediately avoided him.

The corner of his lips curved upward into a smirk; he even extended his hand in an attempt to touch her but she avoided him.

"Are you jealous of her?" He looked into her eyes playfully. Her eyes had reddened due to anger, which was especially enchanting.

A beauty was stunning even when she was angry. Heather was still as beautiful as she had been when he first met her. Suddenly, he grabbed her arm so quickly that she did not manage to react in time. Repulsed by his touch, she glared at him with a look of disgust.

Matthias' complexion that was as smooth as a woman's gave her a slithery sensation. As she did not want anyone to notice her awkwardness, she warned him in a low voice, "Let go of me. Your touch disgusts me."

"Can't you look me in the eye?" he growled, disgruntled.

She hated how he was behaving, how he took advantage of his taller and stronger build and lifted her chin with force.

"Look at me. Take a proper look at me. I don't know what happened earlier, but I certainly read something from Myra's eyes." He started to explain to Heather about his previous actions in a commanding tone, but the latter had no intention to listen to him. All she had in

her mind now was to figure out a way to escape his grip.

Upon being ignored, he carried on with his explanation. "I could tell from her gaze that she recognizes me. The way she looked at me was as if she remembered our past."

Heather's body stiffened at his words and a chill ran down her spine. There would be a day when Myra regained her memories, but it must never happen now when she was pregnant,

for fear that she couldn't accept it.

"Don't ever let her remember the past, and don't ever appear before her again," she warned

him cruelly. She seemed to realize something—the more Matthias appeared in front of Myra,

the more the latter remembered.

"Don't tell me what to do. Why should I agree to your requests?" He was considering if he should strike a deal with her as he had really given up on Myra—his unusual behavior earlier

was merely due to the reminiscences of the past.

"If you are truly concerned about Myra, don't ever make her remember the unpleasant past.

You know that your disappearance had given her a devastating blow." Heather spoke the truth. Myra must never recall Matthias at this time; it would definitely trigger her.

"Both of us know who caused my disappearance. You are merely afraid that I will tell her the

truth about what exactly happened back then and destroy your relationship with her. A freak

like you only has one true friend since young, and that is Myra. You are afraid to lose your pathetic friendship." His every word agitated her and caused green veins to protrude at her temple as she glared at him in resentment.

Nobody had ever dared to say those words to her. In reality, Heather was a woman with an unpleasant character, a pathetic worm who lacked friends and families. She even seemed to

have no luck in romance.

With all the strength in every fiber of her being, she shoved him away and slapped him hard on his right cheek. Soon, his face became red and swollen, and just like that, the two glared at each other in indignance.

"Don't you insult me." To a prideful woman like Heather, his words poked her heart like a needle.

"Don't do things that will make me look down on you, then. From the surface, you seem to be bursting with confidence, but you are, in fact, a pathetic worm with an inferiority complex." Yet again, he used the term 'pathetic worm' to describe her, an insult that hurt her

deeply.

"You dared not accept my feelings because you are afraid that the person I love is still Myra and that I have other motives for pursuing you. You thought about it a lot, yet you refused to

believe that I love you. It's your inferior self that made you believe an enemy like me will never fall in love with you. You don't believe that you have what it takes to make me fall for you." While Matthias emphasized his point, it sounded as though he was saying that to himself as well. They were both similar in character—if it wasn't for their inferiority complex,

the three of them would probably have been in different circumstances.

“Why can’t you believe that I have fallen in love with you the moment I lay my eyes on you?

I have loved you for so many years. Despite so, I have been trying to persuade myself to give up on my feelings for you because I resented you a lot at the same time.” With both hands on her shoulder, he shook her body as he tried to talk some sense into her while ignoring the

fact that his currently swollen face looked hideous. All he cared about at the moment was that he couldn’t get his feelings through to her.

“You should make it clear who you truly love deep down before saying all that to me. Ask yourself whether the person who you have set your heart on since the very beginning is me or Myra. Do you swear that you have never been charmed by her or liked her? If you told me

that she was the one you loved in the first place but you then fell in love with me, I might find

it more believable. However, you told me that the person you have loved since the very beginning is me and that Myra was the second choice because you thought that you were not a good match for me. Let me tell you this—you make a worse match for Myra.” Heather wantonly expressed her indignance. The more Matthias tried to explain, the further he pushed her away from him.

“I don’t know. Maybe I was too young and naïve. Now that I think about it, the person who made my heart race is undoubtedly you. It feels different to love you and to love her. At that

time, I just thought that as long as I stayed with her, she could keep making me feel warm in

my heart.” He seemed lost; he was searching for an answer as well, but nobody could give him one, and nobody could tell him if being charmed and liking someone were the same.

“I like Myra platonically, just like how you like her. Doesn’t she make you feel warm inside too?” he rebuked. He had taken relationships too lightly. Now that he reflected on his past, he realized that he had made a huge mistake.

“I like Myra, but I know that she will one day find the love of her life, and that person will hold

a more important place in her heart than me. These are two different kinds of love—love between best friends and love between a man and a woman. Don’t mix them up.” Heather stood firm on her views, stubbornly thinking that Myra was the person whom Matthias truly

loved and that all his confessions were baseless nonsense.

“Your stubbornness leaves me speechless.” He gave up on persuading her as she almost talked him into believing her words instead.

“Please leave now. You are disturbing me.” She pointed in the direction of the door. His action only made her find him more wicked and childish.

Left with no choice, Matthias scoffed and took his leave. It seemed like Heather would not be changing her mind, which instantly dispirited him. He had received kind treatment from the Langstons and gone to the gallery with Heather the other day, so he thought that they had a fresh and pleasant start in their relationship, but it turned out that he had made a fool

of himself.

Looking at Matthias from the back, she coldly added, “Matthias, no matter when you started

to fall in love with me, your actions make me look down on you. You claimed that Myra was the one you loved before this, but now you totally disregard her well-being. You don’t love anyone at all. What you call love is nothing but possession.” Having been through all that, she had seen through him—he was someone she would never fall in love with, someone who did not deserve her love.

With that, Heather clambered up from the hot spring and wrapped herself in a towel. Her expression was indifferent, devoid of any warmth. If it wasn’t for the fact that Myra was now

pregnant, she would have confessed the past to her. If Matthias continued to force her any further, she would have a breakdown.

There were private lounges in the resort. Heather found out where Myra’s lounge was and directly headed over. Her footsteps stopped in front of the door before she knocked on it and said, “It’s me, Heather.”

Tony soon answered the door, and then she went in. The room was heated to an optimal temperature. As Myra was sound asleep, Heather and Tony sat on the couch and looked at each other quietly.

The two of them silently waited for Myra to wake up; Tony pursed his lips with a solemn look on his face, and Heather’s expression wasn’t any better than his. Her cold expression seemed to make the temperature in the room drop by a few degrees.

With similar freezing air around them, they resembled two icebergs. Then, Heather averted her gaze and looked at some other place, while Tony did the same as well.

The atmosphere became awkward, with an invisible gap between them. He did not understand why she wouldn’t tell the truth, but she really couldn’t tell him. Therefore, at that

moment, there was only silence between them.

The clock ticked away. Sometimes, one minute seemed like an instant; at other times, one minute seemed like an eternity. Currently, Heather and Tony couldn’t wait for the time to pass by. When Myra finally woke up, they inwardly heaved a sigh of relief.