

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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All of a sudden, what was lovely weather turned into a massive downpour. Resting her arms on the window frame, Heather stared out of the window. As soon as they got to their seats, the unanticipated rain came storming.

She observed the scurrying pedestrians outside the window and thought that the storm was

unusual, given how it wasn't reported in the weather forecast. There were only a few passersby who put up their umbrellas calmly. The messy scenery was indeed more captivating than the lifelessness inside the store.

The unconcerned trio appeared particularly picturesque in this gloomy weather as they relaxed in the shop. Heather casually traced circles on the rim of her cup, looking especially elegant from the side—a view that stunned Leon, who was sitting opposite her.

On the other hand, Myra looked extremely serene. An entirely different aesthetic, but no way

lesser than that of Heather's. Perhaps, thanks to the contrast in their personalities, this duo was able to stick around each other for so long.

No one dared to make a sound as they did not want to disturb the peace. Occasionally, Heather would giggle to herself, seeing how even the gregarious Leon stopped talking.

Suddenly, Myra's phone vibrated. After checking who it was from, she immediately answered the call. The call was from Tony, who had just got out of his car as his driver put an umbrella up high above him.

"You can see us by the window once you're at the entrance," Myra informed him. At Tony's speedy arrival, she failed to hold back her sweet smile.

He hung up and pushed open the tea place's door as he ordered his driver, "Don't wait for me. You may get off work now."

As it was raining outside, the driver was confused by the unprecedented fact that Tony asked him to leave. Regardless, he tactfully heeded his order and kept his questions to himself as he handed Tony the umbrella. While on his way earlier, Tony got worried that the

rain would persist, so he intentionally bought two umbrellas.

After all, Myra and Heather would eventually split up to go home. If the storm went on, the umbrellas would prove useful. Initially, Tony intended to have his driver wait for them, but he

couldn't determine how long the duo would hang around. Therefore, he decided to dismiss the driver, intending to personally drive home later.

After placing the umbrellas at the counter, Tony slowly walked toward Myra. The moment the door was pushed open, he immediately spotted her. How smart of the girls to pick such a convenient spot!

However, something else intrigued him—the man facing Myra, who had his back to him.

Before that, Tony had assumed it would only be the two of them and he did not expect the attendance of another man.

It was obviously not Matthias judging from the man's figure, so Tony didn't particularly mind

his presence. He walked straight toward the group and as he was approaching them, he intimately called out, "Myra."

Suddenly, both Myra and Leon turned to look at Tony in unison. This was Leon's first time seeing the man in the flesh despite knowing him very well thanks to the documents.

Meanwhile, Heather gave him a welcoming smile. Although she was known to admire Tony, the sight of it was somewhat surreal. As it was rare for her to eye someone that way, almost

like there was a trace of respect in her gaze, Leon got slightly jealous about the fact that she had never looked at him the same way despite having been friends for so long.

Finding no other available seat, Tony decidedly sat beside Leon, and it just so happened to be directly opposite Myra. While Tony and Myra were exchanging lovey-dovey looks, the remaining singles enviously shot each other a knowing look.

Recalling what Heather had mentioned about Myra and Tony's relationship, Leon felt a little envious. It was indeed a precious occurrence for such an influential man to wholeheartedly commit to a woman.

While drooling over the fact that Tony was able to find a woman to devote himself to, Leon started fantasizing about the idea of "eternal love".

Nonetheless, love was never that simple. After having met so many women, among the ones he could and couldn't have been with, Leon had never found one that could tie him down.

Unfortunately, he couldn't feel such a sensation even from Heather. While he longed for a partner to spend his life with, he was not willing to forgo his personal freedom—something that he would not hesitate to give up a relationship for.

"Nice to meet you." Leon took the initiative to greet Tony as he extended his hand out for a shake.

Tony shook Leon's hand in return and they interacted courteously. "Likewise." The former then decided to forgive Leon for interrupting his ogle toward Myra.

"After having heard about you for so long, I've finally got to meet you in person!" Tilting his head, Leon smirked as he continued to introduce himself. "I'm Heather's junior, Leon." He pointed at Heather while he spoke, to which she responded with an embarrassed look on her face.

For some reason, Heather didn't know why Leon was behaving so excitedly. The man was on cloud nine when he first met Myra, and now even more so when facing Tony. Is there really a need to be this ecstatic?

After looking at Leon, Tony turned to Heather and a rare smirk made its way onto his apathetic face. He then briefly introduced himself. "I'm Tony, Myra's husband."

Seeing how Tony wasn't hostile toward the unexpected man, Myra hinted something at him with her eyes, to which he had a sudden epiphany.

Meanwhile, Heather, who was feeling rather awkward, remembered something bitter when Tony arrived. Although it seemed like he wasn't going to pursue the matter between her and Matthias any further, she acknowledged that his vexation toward Matthias was no less intense, and that made her wonder what he would do to get back at the latter. The peaceful environment shattered and the quartet did not have any more exchanges, which made Heather visibly uncomfortable. Perhaps Myra and Tony didn't sense her uneasiness but Leon, who understood her very well, recognized it as he caught the minor twitches in her eyes. However, it was possible that Heather purposefully displayed it to signal something to Leon because, at that moment, it was impossible for anyone other than him to suggest departure. Hence, Leon was most suitable to propose it. As the thoughtful man that he was, he attempted to come up with an excuse to leave the place as he subconsciously looked at the couple. Finishing the cup of coffee in his hand, Leon turned to Heather and inquired, "Heather, Paige just sent a text asking what time we'll arrive at the office." Like a master deceiver, he spat the question without a change in expression, and the couple wasn't at all suspicious toward his utterance. Picking up on his act, Heather played along and exclaimed, "Oh—I almost forgot about that! Tell her we'll be there very soon." Leon clicked into Messenger and immediately lowered his gaze to his phone and pretended to text Paige, as if he was actually replying to her. Heather then took the opportunity to inform Myra about her leave. After whispering to each other for a moment, they joyfully stated their goodbyes. Getting up from her seat, Heather deliberately waved at Tony and announced, "We'll get going, then. Be sure to drive safe later!" Tony, too, responded with a jerk of his head. "Don't worry, I know what to do. It's still drizzling outside and I left an extra umbrella for you at the counter. Don't forget to take it."

Leon thanked him swiftly. Touched by Tony's gesture, the former thought that he was quite a kind, discerning man, one worthy to befriend. Heather smiled and nodded at Tony. She realized that she would discover a new trait of his each time she met him, and she felt relieved that Myra had found herself a fine man. Watching as Heather and Leon left, Tony moved to sit beside Myra. It seemed like he did not have the intention to go home as he asked for Myra's opinion. "Where are we going next?" Thanks to the synergy they had between them, at Tony's question, Myra understood that he intended to hang around some more.

“Anywhere you want,” she murmured, knowing he already had a plan in mind.

“Since I don’t always get off work early, let’s go watch a movie.” In truth, Tony was somewhat relieved that Heather and Leon left early as he was eagerly anticipating some alone time with Myra.

“Don’t reserve the entire theater or I’ll feel spooked if we’re the only people inside.”

Recalling

the time when Tony booked an entire theater for her, Myra felt rather bland. Instead, she preferred to be in a space filled with people, which would give her the joy of being in a cinema.

“We’re not going to the cinema,” he claimed with a mysterious smirk. Tony, who was often apathetic to others, would always morph into a colorful man when he was around Myra. Despite that, his resistance to watch a movie among a crowd hadn’t changed. Since Myra got pregnant, he became even more wary and he disallowed her to visit places that were crammed with people.

“There’s a private theater not far from here, so it’ll be just you and me.” Prior to that, Tony had already made the reservation and the only thing left to do was to bring Myra over.

“Alright.” In addition to his desire to give her the best in everything, Myra knew that what Tony did was solely out of concern, so she did not object.

When it came to matters of such kind, although there were differences in their mindsets, both of them would compromise as they understood there was no need to make a big fuss over such trivial matters.

And so, the couple half-embraced each other under the umbrella. Fearing that Myra would get drenched in rain, Tony tilted the umbrella to cover more of her. As the weather had been

strangely unpredictable that year where it poured more than usual during fall, storms had been difficult to anticipate.

Since the theater was only a few dozen yards away, driving the car would be troublesome; thus, they decided to go on foot. As they trudged along the walkway, they could smell the scent of soil under the rain.

Myra, who always enjoyed walking in the rain, giggled like a child while Tony assiduously guided her in his arms, not wanting even a droplet to fall upon her.

“I’m not a child, Tony. Don’t be so tense!” she murmured as she aimed to loosen up her husband, whose face had become unintentionally stiff as he looked at others.

Witnessing how the other pedestrians passed them by so hurriedly, Tony got significantly cautious as he dreaded that they would splash stains onto her from stepping on the water puddles.

Tony pampered Myra to no end, and he had been taking good care of her, not letting her return to the Stark Group. Fortunately, the group had been back on track so there wasn’t anything that worried her.

Although the Locke Group was often antagonistic toward the Hart Group, they drew the line

at offending the Stark Group. Besides, with the Hart Group backing the Stark Group,

developments had been smooth and no other corporations would dare to trouble the latter.

“Tony, do you think Heather and Leon are a good match?” Myra quizzed out of nowhere. Since she had achieved such a sense of happiness, it was natural for her to wish a similar bliss upon her bestie.

As Tony was focusing on the path and the people around them, he didn’t pay much attention to her question.

Indeed, Leon’s appearance was truly one in a million, even more astounding than that of himself. Nonetheless, mischief and spontaneity were still burning brightly in Leon’s gaze, unlike what a mature man should possess.

“I don’t think Heather’s into dating someone younger than her,” Tony responded vaguely. After pondering about it, he would assume Heather to be interested in a man like Matthias. Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Myra was visibly disappointed to hear him say that. During the times they had spent together, Heather was never especially flirtatious with Leon. On the other hand, Leon seemed enthusiastic whenever he looked at Heather. Then again, when Myra carefully recollected Leon’s gaze toward Heather, she realized there wasn’t much real passion in his eyes.

Oh, Heather and her relationships! Forget about making progress with Philip, she can’t even do that with Lucas! Other than these two men, there were no other suitable men that Myra knew with the capabilities to fulfill her friend’s basic needs.

“Stop worrying about Heather’s love life. She may have plans for herself.” Tony stated firmly

as he got even more determined that there were some feelings between Heather and Matthias.

Back when they bumped into Matthias in the spa, complication and frustration filled Heather’s eyes when she glared at him. To Tony, this gave their connection away.

On the other hand, back at the tea place, the way Heather looked at Leon was as if she was looking at a little brother, with not even a trace of intimacy between a man and a woman. Presently, a pregnant Myra was undoubtedly foolishly adorable. Upon reaching the theater from the tea place successfully, Tony put down his umbrella.

As the private theater was on the fifth floor, they went in and looked for an elevator. While holding the umbrella with one hand, Tony grabbed Myra’s hand in the other, making them look especially lovey-dovey. Since returning from overseas, he was constantly occupied with

work, leaving no time for her. Thankfully, he got to get off work early that day so naturally, the first thing he would want was some alone time with his wife.

Myra and Tony arrived at the quiet private theater and were warmly welcomed by the reception staff. As expected from a private theater, the ticket prices were sky-high. Because

of her pregnancy, Myra shouldn't be watching movies that were stress-inducing. Thus, they went for a romantic film.

Looking at her discontented expression, Tony tugged on her hand. When they were selecting

a movie earlier, Myra insisted on watching a horror thriller, only to be instantly shot down by the man.

Due to the immense pressure from Tony, she could only pick a light-hearted, romance film, leaving her craving for a horror movie unfulfilled.

"Now, now, don't be wilful," Tony claimed in his usual tone that was gentle yet stern, effectively dismissing any further objection.

Soon, they entered the reserved room. In truth, the room was so spacious that it could contain two dozen people. Apart from the landscapes of exotic sceneries painted on the wall, the beds and couches made the room feel very much like a home theater.

Although the screen wasn't as enormous as that of a cinema, it was certainly bigger than a typical home theater's screen. At first sight, the room looked pretty classy while the viewing effects were as well up to the mark. Thanks to that, as well as Tony's willingness to sit through a romance film with her, Myra stopped whining about her initial desire.

"Do you even like movies like this?" she questioned softly.

"I like anything you like," he replied as he stared deeply into her eyes. As they were the only people in the dim room, he had a pulsating urge to kiss her.

"Eyes on the screen, please," Myra blurted as she avoided his peck. Although they were in a private space, anywhere that wasn't home to her was considered public. Hence, she couldn't

help but feel too embarrassed to make out with him.

"But I rather look at you," Tony proceeded with his amorous talk, to which Myra responded by covering her face with her hands. Unlike his apathetic front, he was an entirely different man in private.

"You said you wanted to watch a movie with me, so watch it with me. Even our child is focused on it." Immediately, Tony pulled Myra into his chest with a force so overbearing yet loving.

"I like cuddling during movies." he murmured as he embraced her tightly, resting his chin on the top of her head.

He squeezed her with his warm body from behind and his breath continuously brushed against her nose. Feeling as if she was completely wrapped in his embrace, Myra shook her head slightly. Meanwhile, Tony, who felt rather awkward placing his hand on her inflated abdomen, moved his hand upward.

"Stay still," he urged, pretending to be all serious as his hand was nearing her "valuable" parts, which caused Myra to feel helpless.

"Mind your hands," she retorted.

"You don't like the top? Guess I'll go down, then." As he spoke with a devilish grin, his hand swiftly slid downward.

“Stop it!” Myra got even more defensive toward Tony, who was constantly coming up with ways to take advantage of her. I’d rather you go back up!

At that moment, there were many things Tony wanted and was willing to experience with Myra, including things that were perfectly normal.

As long as she was by his side, even the dullest little things would turn into rainbows and unicorns, and he did not mind whatever they did. Even just by thinking about the goals they could achieve in the world, Tony would get energetic, intensifying his inclination to walk alongside Myra in every path they took.

At the beginning, they would chatter about topics irrelevant to the movie. As they gradually got immersed in the film, they eventually stopped conversing and simply enjoyed the movie in silence.

Feeling relaxed, Myra snuggled into Tony’s familiarly warm and sturdy embrace, one that belonged solely to her.

In a flash, the movie was over. As the couple walked out of the theater, Myra was already fatigued so Tony could only cancel his plans for dinner.

After retrieving his car, he drove her home. Feeling sleepy, Myra yawned but she immediately

covered her mouth as that would soil her grace.

“You’re getting significantly more sleep lately, aren’t you?” Tony laughingly quizzed, recalling

how he would warily move around in the morning so as to avoid waking Myra up from her sleep.

“I can never get enough of it,” Myra answered with a pout.

“Have something to eat when we get home, then shower before you sleep.” Tony understood

that when the drowsiness hit Myra, the only thing she would want is slumber and nothing else, not even food.

“Okay.” As if her bones had turned into jelly, all she wanted to do was curl up and sleep.

After all this time, she still couldn’t figure out why she had been so sleepy and she couldn’t help but wonder if this happened to other pregnant women too.

To stop her from sleeping in the car, which would cause her discomfort when she woke up, Tony tried to think up some topics to discuss with her.

“Myra, do you think we are expecting a boy or a girl?” In all honesty, Tony had never thought

of this before.

Intrigued by the query, Myra suddenly regained some energy as she thought about the question both of them had never wondered.

“Which one do you prefer?” she countered with a question of her own.

“I’m fine both ways, but I prefer to have a pair.” It didn’t matter to Tony what gender the child

would be but if he had to pick one, he would like a daughter.

If he were to own a daughter resembling Myra, he would have two precious treasures—big and small—all to himself. However, a boy wouldn't be bad either, as that would make Myra the family pearl.

“Oh—I'd like a pair of twins too! Who doesn't want a boy-girl pair?” Myra gigglingly stated. Despite her words, she acknowledged the odds for that to happen were extremely low. While they were still on the topic, Myra was led to another question. “What should we name our child?”

Tony pulled the car to a stop in front of a stopwalk and he shot her a sideways glance. “We have to think about this seriously.” In order to give their child a pleasant and noteworthy name, it was only natural for them to get earnest about it.

Myra toyed around with the idea of naming their child, but she couldn't think of one at the moment as she thought none of the names in her mind captivated her in particular. She thought that naming a child in itself was a tough job. In Latin, Tony referred to a “priceless one”, which perfectly described how much he meant to her.

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When they reached home, Tony had the servants serve the meal, including a daily, delicately-made nutritious soup. Staring at the bowl of thick soup, Myra pushed it to him. “You should get some nourishment too, Tony.”

He shook his head as he looked at the bowl of soup. “This soup is specially made for pregnant women. It's not suitable for men to drink it.” Although the kitchen crew often switched up the flavor, it was inevitable for her to get tired of the taste after continuously having soup for so many days, hence her reluctance to have it.

“But I'm too sleepy to eat!” Myra expressed like a spoiled kid, wanting to escape the fate of having to finish the soup.

“Finish your soup first.” Having seen through her tricks, Tony instantly pushed the bowl back

to Myra and insisted that she finish the soup.

And so, she helplessly swallowed down the soup spoon by spoon. After having some dessert in the afternoon, she wasn't that hungry. Besides, her drowsiness drastically reduced her desire to consume anything.

Seeing that, Tony ordered the servant, “Have the chef make another bowl and keep it warm.”

After that, he said to Myra, “Have a little food if you don't wanna drink the soup.”

As if she had hit the jackpot, Myra smiled in delight. After eating a little, she walked toward the stairs. Seeing how she didn't have an appetite, Tony lost his as well. After having hung around each other for so long, they were easily influenced by each other's little gestures. Recently, Myra's body had undergone many strange transformations, and that included her appetite and her sleep—losing her appetite when it was dinner time, only to starve in the middle of the night.

Tony would carefully study her actions and determine a pattern, including her ever-changing

craving for food as it would change at every meal, tormenting the chef and his crew.

When it came to healthy food, Tony would fulfill her every craving without hesitation; on the other hand, no matter how much she longed for junk food, he wouldn't even think to entertain her.

After a long time, he had figured out her behavioral pattern. If he got it right, Myra tended to

get up during midnight and cry for food within thirty minutes of waking up.

Having predicted that to happen, Tony would always have the chef prepare some food and soup beforehand. Then, when Myra had the appetite, the chef could serve them to her at ease.

Sometimes, when the servants and crew had already gone to sleep, Tony had no choice but to put something together himself. Although he had never been in the kitchen, he knew a thing or two about culinary. Besides, it wasn't an obstacle for him as he had never caused an accident in the kitchen.

Often, the kindest people were also the most empathetic as they would love someone unconditionally. The more time Tony had spent with Myra, the deeper his feelings for her got, thus, his desire to be a good husband got stronger.

Instead of remaining as the world-stomping man he was, he would rather fulfill his role as a husband and soon, a father.

His heart started to soften, and the ambition and aspiration he once had became nothing compared to the warmth he received from being with Myra. As such, how could he ever be harsh on her?

Despite that, love didn't turn him into a complete weakling as his principles and limits still remained, as well as his determination to accomplish certain milestones in his career.

However, every time he was around Myra, he would turn into someone else, like a complete

version of himself. Thankfully, Cupid had delivered him his other half, filling the void in his soul he once felt.