

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 565

After exiting Violeast Hotel, Matthias stormed into the rain. As he was too focused on finding Heather, he forgot to bring an umbrella. Given how on edge he was right now, he couldn't feel a thing despite the cold raindrops falling upon his skin. "Please be safe, Heather," he mumbled repetitively. "Achoo!" Heather, who was driving, sneezed before grabbing a sheet of paper towel to rub her nose. Am I coming down with a cold? Although the weather had been freezing since early in the morning, Heather didn't feel at all chilly, as her mind was completely focused on the issue at hand. Thus, she merely wore thin layers of clothes when she left home. Moreover, the heater in the car was able to keep her warm but sooner or later, she would have to exit her car and feel the wrath of the cruel storm. Staring out through the windshield, she had no idea where to go, though her mood had certainly gotten better after wandering around. When she remembered that her phone was turned off, she quickly switched it on. As she was worried that Robert might look for her, she wouldn't usually turn off her phone. Back when she was still studying overseas, she once turned off her phone in order to focus on preparing for her examination. Coincidentally, Robert had called her countless times, only to be ignored, and it in turn made him very nervous. When she turned it on the next day, Robert gave her a brutal lesson for missing his calls. Since then, Heather would seldom switch off her phone. Presently, when her phone was turned on, there was nothing from Robert; rather, it was Matthias who sent her a chain of

text messages and called her countless times.

Reading the messages, she realized that all of them were him asking for her whereabouts.

Upon reading them, she couldn't help but wonder why Matthias was so tense.

In order to keep him from worrying about her, she felt obliged to call him back. Seeing it was

a call from Heather, Matthias instantly picked it up and was instantly relieved when he heard

her voice.

"What's the urgency, Matthias?" Heather interrogated. Since he seemed so hasty in his texts,

he must have important news.

"Where are you?" Matthias' voice was a little raspy, perhaps because of his anxiousness.

"I don't know either. I'm currently on some overpass." With the heavy rain smearing the

roadside sign boards, Heather couldn't tell where she currently was.

Upon hearing that, Matthias thought it would be better to ask her to clarify things. "Where

are you heading to?"

"Home," she answered. Due to the hazardous nature of such atrocious weather, it would be

best for her to go home earlier.

"I'll wait for you there." Despite knowing that Heather was safe,

Matthias had to check on

her himself.

"What's the matter? Why can't you talk over the phone?" she inquired.

She didn't like

Matthias frequenting her home, especially in such weather. What excuse could he use for

the visit?

However, Matthias wouldn't give in. "I want to meet you. No—I have to see you."

And so, Heather helplessly compromised, knowing that Matthias would surely go to the

Langston residence if he said so. "Not at the Langston Residence, though. Let's find a

coffee shop,”
“Okay,” he agreed.

When they had settled on the place and time, Heather was getting down from the overpass.

It was not until she read the road sign did she realize she was already in the eastern suburbs.

That meant driving to the city centre would consume a lot of time but having made a promise, she had no choice but to turn her car around. Jeez! How did I end up in the suburbs?

In a blink of an eye, Matthias had already arrived at the promised spot while Heather was still on her way. With his clothes soaking wet, he had long lost the pride he usually possessed.

Knowing that Heather wouldn't arrive that soon, he made a call to Nikolai to have him bring over some clean clothes and an umbrella. Fearing that he would miss out on Heather's presence, Matthias didn't want to leave the coffee shop since he didn't know what time she would appear.

When Nikolai showed up carrying some clothes and an umbrella, he was shocked by the pathetic appearance of Matthias, who was as wet as a fish.

“Do you wish to get changed in the bathroom, sir?” As much as he wanted to laugh at

Matthias' rather humorous look, Nikolai held back the urge, as it would be a bad time to make fun of the former.

“Stay here. If Heather arrives, bring her over.” Matthias ignored Nikolai's question knowing deep down his assistant was laughing at him.

“Roger that,” Nikolai responded as he nodded his head.

Turns out it's Heather! No wonder he's in this state! Initially, Nikolai wondered who in the

world was able to captivate Matthias. However, it seemed like Matthias was growing more and more inebriated in Heather's charm as the things he would do for her got more extreme. Nonetheless, it was something rather pleasant. Knowing Matthias wasn't happy back at home, Nikolai hoped that he could experience more emotions and the connection he shared with Heather was able to warm up his freezing heart. After some time, Heather still had yet to show herself. Meanwhile, Nikolai, who was lowering his head and stirring his coffee, would occasionally look toward the door,

anticipating Heather's arrival. Suddenly, a bewitching woman entered the shop. Although she certainly looked like Heather, Nikolai wasn't sure that woman was indeed her. Then, he watched as the woman swept her gaze around as if she was looking for someone, until her eyes fell upon himself. "Nikolai," she greeted as she walked toward him. Nikolai had only realized it was actually Heather when she got closer. She seemed familiar from far away but seeing her close up, he couldn't help but be stupefied by her unornamented face. "Where's Matthias?" Heather, on the other hand, felt strange only seeing Nikolai at the table but not Matthias. "Director Locke has just gone to the bathroom," he answered nervously. Whenever he got to see Heather, his heart would always palpitate and he would feel embarrassed for that. Unlike the women, whose faces were rather unpleasant to look at after removing their makeup, Heather's bare face was heavenly. Undoubtedly, any men who saw her would have

the urge to protect her and that included Nikolai, who couldn't help sneaking some glance at her.

"Heather," Matthias called out from behind.

Hearing her name, Heather turned around to the voice. Matthias grinned at the sight of her bare face, as he preferred it that way rather than her usual sharp look. Knowing that she was safe, he finally felt relieved.

At this moment, Nikolai knew it was time for him to go as the duo had met each other. And

so, he murmured to Matthias, "If there's nothing else, I shall return to the Locke Group, sir."

Seeing that there wasn't anything in Matthias' hands, Nikolai assumed he had thrown the clothes away. With that, he screamed internally as it pained him to know the garments that cost tens of thousand had been discarded.

Shortly after, Nikolai courteously said to Heather, "Farewell, Miss Langston!"

Heather nodded her head to acknowledge his departure, unlike the constantly emotionless

Matthias, who immediately showed his emotions when Nikolai left. It was only a minute ago when he showed her a smile which he quickly withdrew upon

hearing Nikolai speak, and Heather scornfully looked at him for that.

"Why were you looking for me?" she got straight to the point.

"How would you like your coffee?" Matthias quizzed her, ignoring her question.

"Anything goes." As she didn't have any patience, she didn't want to waste much time on deciding what to pick.

Then, Matthias had the server come over and said something. To her surprise, he ordered

her favorite coffee with the exact amount of sugar she would like.

Surprised by Matthias' knowledge of her taste, Heather looked at him in astonishment. So

Matthias does have a tender side!

“Now speak,” she expressed with a scowl, not willing to turn a happy face just because he ordered her favorite coffee.

“Someone sent me this earlier.” Matthias pushed his phone over to Heather.

When she read the content of the screen, she was immediately baffled and reminded of the fishy text she received before the explosion.

Now that Matthias had received a similar message, Heather couldn’t help but suspect that it was the same person behind both messages. What can their intention be?

“This is why you’ve been calling me and spamming me with messages?” Matthias nodded. “Yes. I got worried because you didn’t answer my calls nor my texts, and even turned your phone off afterward.”

Considering how the sender was able to keep track of her every move and even her behavioral patterns, Heather was deeply spooked. Not only had they predicted her

reluctance to reply to texts, they even knew she would turn her phone off. Perhaps it was someone close to her?

Instantly, she felt like her every action was observed. However, how would anyone else know about the argument between her and Leon in the hotel room? That was a question that intrigued her deeply.

“Well—now that I know you’re safe, I can finally rest assured,” Matthias joyfully claimed.

However, Heather had to make sure of something, so she asked, “Did you go to the Violeat Hotel?”

“Yeah, but I got nothing.” Skipping over the fact that he had met with Leon as promised, Matthias intended to keep his words and avoid dragging the boy into this.

“Did you see Leon?” Heather curiously pursued. Theoretically, Matthias should know Leon, just as he should be aware of her relationship with the latter. “I did but he said you weren’t there, so I went somewhere else to search for you.” Although Matthias attempted to leave out as much detail as he could, Heather was rather meticulous about it and he felt guilty when looking into her eyes. Fixating her gaze on Matthias, Heather couldn’t help but feel that he was hiding something from her. Knowing him, he wouldn’t leave Leon so easily after getting a simple answer. No matter how I look at it, something is missing here. “He asked me to wait for you at the Langston Residence and continue to phone. Oh—and he claimed that the message was a prank by somebody else,” Matthias continued, revealing only the parts that were less important in order to prevent her from continuing to stare at him with a suspicious gaze. “I see...” Heather was piqued by the fact that Leon had yet to give her a call or a text. Typically, Leon would be concerned after reading such a message, rather than being rational. After all, he wasn’t a rational person. “What’s the matter?” Matthias queried.

Shaking her head, Heather answered, “Nothing. Everything is just weird to me. I feel like I have to dig the sender out and question his purpose.” After having gone through such incidents, Heather spared Leon the benefit of the doubt She had now set her sights on Caleb, which made her even more determined to approach the general and figure out whether he was pulling the strings. Having her mood affected by such irritating weather, Heather halted the discussion. Seeing that, Matthias looked into her eyes curiously and caught traces of murder in them.

“Let me send you home,” Matthias initiated an offer.

“It’s okay. Since we’ve already confirmed the nature of the text, you’ve got no need to worry

for me. I’ll return home myself and you should return to the Locke Group.” Not wanting him

to constantly disregard his work for her sake, Heather denied his offer.

Or else, she would

feel guilty for trapping him like a succubus would do an innocent man.