

When they got back to Bradford City, it was already late, so Heather sent Leon back to his hotel first.

After he left, only Heather and Matthias were left in the car, so the atmosphere was somewhat awkward.

"I'll send you back," Heather said to Matthias.

"Go straight to the Langston Residence. You don't have to send me."

Matthias refused

Heather's offer, because he wanted to accompany her home. What kind of man would need

a woman to send him back?

"Okay." Heather scoffed. "Well, in that case, you can get out of the car now!" Matthias said

himself that he didn't need her to send him back, which meant that they could go their

separate ways now.

"I want to see you get home safely." Matthias didn't have any intention of getting off

whatsoever. It wasn't easy for them to be alone together, so he certainly wouldn't let go of

this opportunity.

"No, you don't have to." Heather refused. He had refused her kindness, so why couldn't she

do the same?

Matthias noticed the resolution on her face, which left him at a sudden loss for words.

Heather wasn't going to start the car—that decision was more than obvious.

"Heather, are you that reluctant to let me send you back?" Matthias fixed her with a gloomy

look. Whenever they were together, Heather wouldn't spare his feelings at all.

"This is my car. I'm afraid it's not right for you to say that you'll send me back." Heather

picked this moment to be stubborn, so Matthias was simply speechless. He truly didn't

know when she would finally be gentle with him.

Matthias wanted to say something else, but when he caught sight of Heather's

expressionless face, he couldn't get the words out.

"If I don't get out of the car, will you keep spending time with me?" The words that he let slip

weren't exactly polite, but Heather's attitude made it impossible for him to continue being soft with her.

Heather swept an inexplicable glance over Matthias, not understanding how she managed to provoke him. Seeing how disgruntled he was, for a moment, Heather didn't know how to fight back.

For a while, neither of them were willing to budge. Then, Heather opened the car door. "I

don't want to waste time with you here. It's late, and I want to go home earlier to rest."

Faced with Heather's cold attitude, Matthias was done with being given the cold shoulder, so he gave her a cold smile.

"Okay. I'll get out." Matthias wanted to be harsh with her, but when he looked at Heather's face, his heart softened in an instant.

Watching as Heather's car whizzed off, Matthias felt mocked. He chuckled and shook his

head as he thought about how he only had himself to blame for his current situation.

At that time, he understood that loving a person was just self-inflicted self-torment.

Sometimes, he thought that Heather loved him a little, but sometimes he had to wake up and face the reality of her cruelty.

There were many times when Heather wanted to change her behavior, but everytime she

spoke, her words would come out harsh. She was always critical of Matthias. Time and time

again, Heather would ask herself why she couldn't be nicer to him.

When she arrived home, it was already 12.00AM. Lying on her soft bed, she closed her eyes

and seemed to hear the bell striking midnight.

The bell rang continuously, causing her heart to be in turmoil. Not only did going out with

Matthias not strengthen her feelings, it actually worsened their relationship.

Does loving someone mean making things difficult for them? Heather really wanted to know

the answer to this, and she even wondered if there was something mentally wrong with her.

She had written books related to psychology before, yet her own mental state wasn't sound.

At night, the air was cold. Heather didn't like being in air-conditioned rooms, so she wouldn't

turn it on unless absolutely necessary. However, she didn't like those heating facilities either.

Fortunately, the indoor temperature of the Langston Residence was designed to be constant. As long as it didn't drop below zero outside, it wouldn't be too cold.

When Heather woke up in the morning and opened the window, she looked out and was surprised to see icicles.

She was completely oblivious to what happened the night before. In just one night, the temperature had dropped so low.

When she exhaled, her breath was foggy. At this moment, her face felt so cold that it hurt, so she quickly closed the window.

The weather changed overnight, proving that this year's winter was truly different. It had

been a long time since she last experienced a winter like this.

There was slight joy in Heather's heart. After changing into thick pajamas, Heather left the room.

Looking at the living room from above, Heather didn't see Robert anywhere, so she decided

to go to his room to look for him. Filled with excitement, she ran to his room.

Robert's room door wasn't closed, so Heather rushed right in. The butler was handing

Robert a bowl of medicine, and she even heard him coughing.

"Grandpa!" Heather greeted cheerfully.

When Robert's gaze landed on Heather, he panicked a little and finished the medicine in one gulp.

The bowl in Robert's hands caught Heather's attention. She went straight over and narrowed

her eyes at him while asking, "Grandpa, what's wrong?"

Heather wanted to retrieve the medicine bowl from his hands, but Robert handed it directly

to the butler, and their eyes met for a moment.

The butler hurriedly left with the bowl, and Heather couldn't stop him in time. She found this move to be strange, as it seemed like Robert was hiding something from her.

"Grandpa, what medicine were you drinking?" Heather continued asking.

Holding in his coughs, Robert completely ignored Heather's questions and proceeded to

change the topic to Matthias. "Heather, how have you been getting along with Matthias

recently?"

"Grandpa, don't change the subject. You have to answer my question first," Heather said solemnly. Robert was too good at deflecting, but she wasn't going to let him get away with it.

"Heather, why didn't you knock before you entered my room?" Robert turned serious as well.

He didn't want to talk about this, so he could only change the topic to her.

"Grandpa, we'll talk about these insignificant things later. You need to answer my question first," Heather pressed on with extreme patience, as she intended to pester Robert till he gave her an answer.

"Heather, let's not talk about this for the time being," Robert stated outright. He noticed the disappointment in Heather's eyes, and he didn't want things to be like this either, but he really couldn't tell her about it.

"Grandpa, you know I'll definitely find out what I want to know." Heather hoped that Robert would personally tell her, rather than for her to find out through her investigation.

Robert heard the threat in her tone and was slightly angered. Her words made him uncomfortable, although he knew that she only said it because she cared about him.

"Heather, when did you start being so rude?" Robert asked a little irritably.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa, but I just don't want you to hide things from me. I know you have quite a few minor health problems, but the medical industry is so developed that there aren't any insurmountable problems. I don't want to see you experimenting with those home remedies anymore. We should trust the doctor, shouldn't we?" Heather understood that Robert was secretly trying some home remedies. She had always wanted to find out what exactly was wrong with his health, but so far, there was no progress.

Originally, she thought this incident wouldn't happen again. But, now that she had

unexpectedly seen it, she couldn't hold back from speaking her mind.

"Shut up. I have my own judgments. You should just be concerned with your own business."

Robert had no patience to listen to Heather anymore, and his anger was evident.

"Grandpa—"

Before Heather finished speaking, she was interrupted by Robert. "Stop investigating my affairs, and stop doing things that will disappoint me. You've always been my pride, so I don't want to argue with you."

Looking at how stubborn Robert was being, Heather seemed to see herself. It turned out that she completely inherited her stubbornness from Robert.

"I'm sorry, Grandpa. I just wanted to help out. I'm really scared." Heather confessed her feelings, as she was truly afraid that she would lose him one day.

"Don't think so much. I'm tired. You should go out now!" Robert turned away, not wanting to look at her. He was afraid that his heart would soften.

When Heather walked out of Robert's room, she was a little upset. She figured he must've been diagnosed with an incurable disease. Otherwise, there was no need to hide it from her.

The only person with knowledge of this matter must be the butler, but he completely obeyed her grandfather's orders, so there was no way she could get any information out of him.

On her way out, she bumped into the butler. Upon seeing how worried Heather was, he found it a little hard to bear.

However, he couldn't possibly go against Robert's orders. Not to mention, everything would turn messy if Heather found out about it.

Heather didn't want to stay stuck at home, but wanted to go out for a walk instead. Thinking of Myra, she hurried back to her room.

Because Heather didn't like to carry her phone with her when she was at home, it was

always left in her room. Yesterday, she forgot to check her phone, so she didn't know if Myra had responded to her.

After opening the door of her room, Heather walked straight toward her bedside before turning on her phone, which was on the bedside table.

This time, Leon didn't disturb her, and there were no missed calls or text messages from Matthias. Her phone was completely silent, as if the entire world had abandoned her.

Heather then opened her Messenger. Usually, she would have unread messages from

Matthias, but today, there weren't any.

If Matthias didn't text her today, it meant that she must've really hurt him last night.

She only had unread messages on Messenger from Myra. Last night, the latter had even sent Heather a video, but unfortunately, her phone was turned off then. She came back too late at night, and also she forgot to charge it in the car. If it weren't because she needed to check the time last night, Heather would've completely forgotten that her phone had run out of battery. It was only because of that that she went to her bedroom to charge it. By the time the phone turned on, Heather was already asleep, so she didn't notice the messages on Messenger. Myra's message was simple. All she asked was if Heather had time to come out and meet with her. Myra's stomach was getting bigger each day, so Tony didn't allow her to go out to work anymore. She had to stay home all day, which was why she wanted to go out for a walk.

Before this, Myra had asked her friend, Estelle, out as well, but she had gone overseas for a shoot, and it was unknown how long it would take before she would return to Bradford City. Meanwhile, because Myra was not in the office for the time being, Tilly had more work to handle. She was so busy with work every day that she didn't even have time to spend with her boyfriend, much less hang out with Myra. At present, the only person Myra could ask out was Heather, because her company had yet to open, so she currently had a relative amount of spare time. Seeing that Myra wanted to meet up as well, Heather immediately dialed her number. However, after the call was connected, she didn't hear Myra's voice, and no one responded for a long time. Occasionally, she would hear the faint sound of electric current from the phone, but not Myra's voice, which made Heather suspicious. Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 580

A minute had passed since the call was answered, but no matter what Heather said, there was no response on Myra's side. Heather suspected that Myra's phone was having some issues, so she ended the call. After pondering for a bit, she decided to video-call Myra on

Messenger.

Even after a while, however, Myra still did not pick up; perhaps she wasn't even online.

Feeling that something fishy was going on, Heather tried calling Myra's number again.

This time, no one answered. Heather started to have a bad feeling about this. What is going on? She knitted her brows together. Someone answered the phone earlier, but why is there no answer now?

When she tried to call Myra again, the line was apparently busy. Heather stared at her phone

in disbelief. The whole situation was rather unusual; she didn't think it wasn't just a simple

phone bug anymore. Where on earth is Myra right now?

Heather put down her phone and fell into deep thought. I haven't seen Myra for a few days.

She hasn't been active on her Instagram Stories lately, nor has she reached out to me. In any

case, this silence is quite inconceivable.

Suddenly, her phone rang. Seeing that it was a call from Myra, she answered it immediately.

On the other end of the call, Myra's worn-out voice came through. "Heather."

"Myra, are you unwell?" Heather felt that her voice didn't sound right at all. Could something have happened?

"I'm doing great. Did you want to talk to me about something?" Her voice sounded extremely stiff. Heather's intuition was telling her that Myra was hiding something from her.

"Myra, we agreed yesterday to meet up today. Do you have time now?"

Heather thought that

if she saw Myra, she would be able to figure out a thing or two. Seeing Myra this way,

Heather was even more desperate to meet up with her now.

"Heather, something came up at the last minute, so I won't be able to go out with you." Myra

refused gently. She was so excited about meeting up yesterday, but something suddenly

came up today.

Heather was getting a strong feeling that something was wrong. It was apparent that Myra

was, indeed, keeping her in the dark. "Are you at home now? What's so urgent?" Heather

wanted to confirm her location so she could go look for her.

"I'm outside. I'll talk to you later." Her voice sounded slightly flustered.

Right after she

finished speaking, she hung up the phone.
After getting hung up on, Heather simply stared at her phone miserably.
Myra did not tell her
where she was, so she couldn't go look for her. Regardless of what had
happened to Myra,

Heather wasn't able to rush to her side. What exactly happened that Myra
is keeping me
completely out of it?

Thinking about it for a moment, Heather decided to give Tony a call.

Perhaps he would know

some things she didn't.

After calling him a few times, however, she still couldn't reach him.

Putting her phone away

dejectedly, she wondered, What are those two doing? They're being so
mysterious. Did they

get into an argument with each other? Is this situation happening because
they are in the

middle of working things out at the moment?

Thus, Heather decided to go to Myra's house. If she guessed right, then
they would be at

home now.

With that thought in mind, she quickly got moving. She didn't like to
meddle in other people's

affairs, but she was especially worried because it had to do with Myra.

By the time she arrived at their new house, it was already noon. She
pressed on the doorbell

and was greeted by the Hart Family's helper.

"Miss Langston, what brings you here?" The helper was familiar with
Heather. She knew that

Myra and Heather were really good friends.

"Where's Mrs. Hart?" Heather asked while assuming that Myra was
probably inside the
house.

"Mrs. Hart is not home. May I know why you're looking for her, Miss
Langston?" The helper's

smile was a little unnatural. Hence, Heather tried to get some clues from
her expression.

The helper became even more restless under Heather's gaze. At the same
time, Heather

also felt like she was being impolite. Looking at the helper with a smile,
Heather replied, "It's

nothing major. We agreed to spend the day together today. She should be
back soon."

She did her best to sound relaxed and ease the helper's nerves. As much as
she wanted to

go inside to wait for Myra, the helper was standing in the way of the door
without any

intention of letting her in. It was strange because it wasn't proper etiquette at all.

"When Mrs. Hart went out, she told me she would be back very late. So..."

The helper was

looking at Heather with a troubled expression. The tension felt awkward between them now.

Heather laughed it off nonchalantly. "Is that so? I guess she really has forgotten about our

plans today." Since she wasn't able to enter the house, she might as well find a way out for

herself.

Upon leaving the place, she heard the door shut tightly behind her.

Turning around to look

intently at the villa behind her, she felt like a pair of eyes was watching her from the window

on the second floor.

After that, she left the place without looking back. Having been to Myra's new house, she felt

like things were even more suspicious now. Not only had Myra stammered over the phone,

the helper was also acting abnormally. Additionally, she wasn't able to reach Tony on the

phone.

At the thought of that, she tried to call Tony once more but only heard a precise automated

female voice come through the phone.

His phone was turned off now. Raising her eyebrows gently, she thought, It looks like things

are getting stranger. This definitely isn't good news.

First, Robert kept his disease from Heather all this time, and now, even Myra was hiding

something from her. Heather was suddenly in distress. Why is there a problem today with

the only two people I care about in my life?

At the moment, she did not know who to go to. She didn't want to ask Leon for help

anymore for she also knew that ever since the explosion last time, Leon had one more thing

bothering him. He couldn't even manage his own problems, so she didn't want to give him

more trouble. For a period of time, she had troubled him quite a bit. Thus, she couldn't keep

doing as she pleased anymore.

She also thought about Matthias. Nevertheless, she didn't want him to get involved in

anything that had to do with Myra. In that case, she could only rely on her own hard work to

look for an answer. At some point, she learned how to depend on other people for help even though dealing with problems on her own had always been her method of doing things.

Just as she was about to take the first step in her investigation, her attention was drawn to a car. It was a limited-edition Bugatti; it made clear the driver's exceptional status in society. She recalled this car belonging to Caleb Moriarty. I can't believe I'm seeing his car in front of Myra's house. Should I go up and say hi to him? Shortly after, the car door opened, and Tony stepped out. Heather was thankful that she was inside the car now, or else he would've noticed her. Since when did Caleb and Tony get so close to each other? Caleb is even sending Tony home in his own luxury car. They were chatting and laughing; it didn't look like they were in opposition to each other. Heather kept her eyes fixed outside the car window. Indeed, this was truly an unusual situation. She was still wondering why Myra wasn't with Tony. Even after waiting for a while, she didn't see Myra come out of Caleb's car. But when the car door opened earlier, she clearly saw the edge of a woman's dress. There's definitely a woman in Caleb's car, but that woman isn't Myra. Who on earth could that woman be? Heather felt puzzled. Moreover, she couldn't understand why Tony and Caleb were together. She didn't reach a conclusion regardless of how much she thought it over. For that reason, she decided to follow Caleb. Luckily, she was not driving the car she normally did. That way, people couldn't easily guess her identity by looking at her car. After Caleb and Tony exchanged a few more words with each other, they went their separate ways. Just then, Heather wished she had supernatural abilities to be able to see their expressions and listen in on their conversation. A while later, Caleb went back into his car. It was clear now that the woman had something to do with Caleb. Heather wanted to follow them to see for herself. For some reason, the edge of that woman's dress looked rather familiar to Heather, but she

couldn't remember where she had seen it before. While maintaining some distance, she followed carefully behind Caleb's car. I don't think he noticed me.

Once the car went on the overpass, Caleb suddenly sped up. If it weren't for the lack of cars on the overpass then, an accident would've taken place. The speed of the Bugatti surpassed that of Heather's ordinary Mercedes-Benz, so she watched in anguish as Caleb disappeared before her eyes. She wasn't sure which way he took to get off the overpass.

Before she had time to react, Caleb disappeared without a trace, and she could only pick a random path to get off. Once she was off the overpass, she tried to look for the platinum Bugatti but failed to find it. Before she realized, she had arrived in the city center.

Currently, the traffic was incredibly congested, so even if the Bugatti appeared in front of her, it would be impossible for her to follow after it.

"Did he notice that I was following him?" she mumbled to herself.

Nevertheless, it was expected. Caleb was a general—his acute countermeasure ability was not comparable to that of an average person.

If anyone were to blame, it was Heather's fault for wanting to follow Caleb.

She had alerted him already. At the time, she should've pretended as though she hadn't seen anything and quietly returned to Langston Residence.

She was truly torn between who to trust now. On the surface, Tony and Caleb were not hostile with each other, but she couldn't be certain. After all, Robert still addressed Caleb as a distinguished guest on the outside. It looks like Caleb is really putting on a great act.

Presently, the three families had yet to get into a fight with one another. I don't know when

Caleb is going to make his move, or has he really let go of the past and only came to

Bradford City to make a fortune?

Being reminded of how Robert was wary of Caleb, Heather felt like she still couldn't let her

guard down yet. At the moment, no one could be trusted, including Matthias.

In the past, she assumed that she could trust Leon, who wasn't involved in the family feud.

After the explosion, however, she had to face the fact that Leon's family situation was even more complicated.

She really did not know who to trust now. It was also impossible for her to speak her mind to Myra and tell her about her little secret. Everyone had their own secrets after all.

All of a sudden, Heather felt completely helpless. She had so many things bottled up inside that she feared she would reach her breaking point someday. If she were to push her limits every day, she would break soon. She couldn't find a way to alleviate the psychological pressure she felt.

"What else is real in this world?" For a moment, she questioned the value of existence and the meaning of life.