

**Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
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On the road, Myra kept thinking about the name 'Matt'. It sounded very familiar, but she couldn't remember where she had heard it before.

"Matt? Matthias Locke?" she mumbled to herself, as though she had thought of someone, but she felt like she was spewing nonsense.

At the time, she did not think that going to the cemetery was a wrong decision. She preferred to hear some things from the relevant person themselves and not someone else's retelling of it, especially since she couldn't be certain whether that person was telling the truth or not.

The suburbs were a bit colder than the city center, especially at the cemetery, where the spooky dampness in the air was a lot heavier. Getting out of the car, Myra made sure to put on a thick coat. Tony was right in telling her to put on more layers earlier.

She first went to her mother's grave, where that person would be meeting her. Even though Tony exhorted to her that the driver must follow her, she still did not let the driver follow her to the grave. Instead, she asked him to wait for her in the car and even asked him to keep an eye on his phone in case she needed help later.

Because the person she was meeting later was mysterious, she needed to take safety measures beforehand. The driver was tall and strong; he also had some fighting skills. If something went wrong, she could call for the driver right away. To clear Myra's suspicions, that person had informed her that a woman would be meeting her here.

It was for this reason that Myra wanted to come and take a look. After all, women were slightly weaker. Later on, the person even sent Myra the photo of the woman so Myra could immediately identify who she was supposed to meet.

Looking at the thin woman in the photo, Myra hesitated over and over again, but still decided to come over. When she told Tony that she wanted to go to the cemetery at the time, she

was still debating over whether to go or not. She most definitely wanted to visit her mother's grave, so she made the decision to go for that reason.

Indeed, she was reluctant to meet an unfamiliar woman, but that person went on to tell her a bunch of things while keeping her on the phone. In the end, Myra decided to go meet the woman with all the suspicions she had. She only heard half of the story over the phone; the latter parts were what she wanted to know more.

When Myra saw the thin woman in the cemetery, she started to feel a slight regret. At first glance, she couldn't grow fond of the woman; she kept feeling an inexplicably chilling presence from the latter.

When the woman began to tell her the details, it made her astonished. By the end of it, Myra was covering her ears and telling the woman to stop talking.

"That's enough. I don't want to hear it anymore. I'm going back now." Myra shot the woman a glare. She regretted coming to this meeting today.

Regardless of whether the woman was speaking the truth or not, she shouldn't hear it from her. If it were true, Myra wanted to hear it from Heather herself.

If it weren't true, then Myra would regret having doubted her. After chasing the woman away, Myra stood in front of her mother's grave alone. For a while, she wasn't able to put her mind

at ease.

At this moment, her phone indicated that she was getting a call from Heather. In the middle of being overwhelmed with emotions, she answered the call, and that was how one thing led to another.

“Mother, should I believe her?” Myra was looking at her mother’s picture on the gravestone. Her mother had passed away at the prime of her life; she still looked beautiful in the picture. Having stood there for a long time, Myra felt out of it until the driver arrived behind her. Tony had been concerned about Myra being at the cemetery and decided to call the driver straight away. He learned from the driver that Myra hadn’t come out of the cemetery yet after having been in there for a long time. Upon hearing that, he asked the driver to go in and look for her.

“Mrs. Hart, the cemetery is cold. You shouldn’t be here for too long.” The driver reminded her not to stay in the cemetery any longer. Even he, a big man, felt chilly there. Not to mention, Myra was pregnant.

“Okay.” Finally, she was willing to leave the cemetery.

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Meanwhile, Tony was also taken aback by a situation that had unfolded in Hart Group. It was unexpected that Caleb had dropped by on his own two feet, but it was even more shocking when Caleb invited Tony out to talk over some business.

Tony didn’t know whether Caleb had hidden motives or whether it was a coincidence. The place Caleb wanted to meet at happened to be right next to Tony’s house.

If Caleb had invited him over the phone, Tony probably wouldn’t have shown up. But since Caleb went straight to Hart Group, Tony didn’t have a choice but to show up at this meeting. Even though Tony knew a few past grudges among the three great families, on the surface, they were all people in business, and interactions when doing business was nothing out of the ordinary.

Presently, even the Langston Family hadn’t gotten into a feud with the Moriarty Family yet, so how could Tony start a fight with them first? Whether explicit or not, they still had to keep up appearances.

When Caleb came to pick Tony up in his own car, Tony did not turn his hospitality down either.

Inside the car, Tony spotted a woman. Huh. There’s actually a woman with Caleb. Going into the backseat, he could only see the side profile and the back of the head of the woman in the passenger seat, but not her entire face.

Throughout the whole drive, Tony kept guessing the woman’s real identity. Her side profile seemed to remind him of someone, but he couldn’t remember who.

When they got out of the car, the woman did not follow them out. He intended on taking a look at the woman’s face once he got out of the car, but he didn’t expect to see her with her head down.

He found it even more unexpected that the woman didn’t follow them out of the car. Hence, while pointing at the woman inside the car, he asked Caleb with a puzzled look, “Isn’t she coming with us?”

Caleb let out a dubious smile. “It wouldn’t be appropriate for a woman to be present in a

discussion among men.”

Indeed, Caleb was a little severe with his belief in the patriarchy. The people who worked in his family were mostly men, while the women were seemingly just accessories. Tony had a firm understanding of the Moriarty Family.

This time, not only was Caleb’s appearance suspicious, even the way he talked during the meeting was different from usual, though Tony and Caleb had only met once in Bradford City.

At the time, they were around a bunch of businessmen. The both of them only spoke a few words to each other, but Tony was still specially observant of Caleb that day.

Just like the rumors had claimed, Caleb was truly a reserved person who carried a chilling presence. One could even smell the faint scent of blood when they got close to him.

Killing one person would make someone a murderer; killing ten, a mass murderer; and whoever killed tens of thousands would be called a general.

Tony still tried to stay away from Caleb. Leisfeld authorities were currently going through an unrest, and Caleb occupied an important position as the youngest general of Leisfeld.

At this point in time, he should be in Leisfeld, safeguarding military order and the nation’s safety. Hence, why would he come to Bradford City now as a businessman, as though nothing was happening?

The two had their discussion inside a private room, but it didn’t look harmonious at all. They were each carrying an ulterior motive of their own.

“Director Hart, are you really not going to reconsider the collaboration?” Caleb wanted to work with Hart Group, but Tony never gave a reply.

Since they were meeting on their own today, Tony couldn’t drag things out any further, so he simply gave a rejection. Why would the Hart Group collaborate with the Moriarty Family?

Back then, the Moriarty Family went all out and nearly annihilated the entire Hart Group. The Moriarty Family’s methods were extremely malicious, so Tony would naturally be more aware of them. He was especially disgusted by the cut-throat competition in the business world, and he despised bringing personal grudges into work even more. Not only the Langston Family was worried that Caleb would destroy their century-old foundation over a personal grudge; the Hart Family was also equally worried for the same reason. Even if Caleb had remarkable capabilities, he still couldn’t mess with people in the government in Bradford City, much less the people in the military.

Hence, Caleb could only attack Tony and Hart Group now. Presently, Hart Group was gradually stepping out of Bradford City under Tony’s lead and advancing into the international market, so this was a critical point in time.

Tony would not allow anyone or anything to undermine Hart Group at this stage. Previously, Tony didn’t even bat an eye on the series of challenges Locke Group had put up against Hart Group seriously.

Locke Group’s power had always been a mystery, but Tony knew when they first came to Bradford City that they couldn’t take down Hart Group even if they used up all their skills. Therefore, at the time, Tony could still enjoy his honeymoon vacation with Myra overseas. The Moriarty Family’s appearance this time, however, changed the nature of things in an instant.

Sebastian gave Tony a warning very early on. Hence, Tony already understood that when he ran Hart Group, he would most likely encounter a formidable opponent like the Moriarty

Family.

“Our products are in competition with each other to a large extent. For either of us, a collaboration would not bring about greater value.” Tony gave a high-sounding reason. No matter how hard Caleb tried to persuade him, he would never agree to a collaboration.

“It’s a shame. I’ve always wanted to collaborate with Hart Group. I guess there isn’t a chance for me to,” Caleb said with a regretful tone.

“Our businesses will still continue to develop, so I’m sure there will be a chance to collaborate in the future,” Tony said out of courtesy. At this time, he could only treat Caleb as someone he didn’t come to an agreement with in business.

“We’re unable to reach a business collaboration for the time being, but I’m wondering if I can be friends with you for now.” Caleb was being very initiative, which did not match up to the information written about him.

It was impossible for Tony to refuse now, so he just agreed as he recalled the first time he met Caleb.

Caleb was clearly just sitting there, but he had a presence about him that made it impossible for others to take their eyes off of him; even Tony was drawn toward him. He had the features of a nobility—every move he made embodied the characteristics of a businessman, along with the overbearing nature of a military general.

In the end, they did not reach an agreement, but Caleb still had a few drinks with Tony. The wine at this place was incredibly fragrant. After they finished drinking, they didn’t smell of alcohol but the light aroma of mature wine.

After a few drinks, Tony remembered that Myra was coming home soon. Since this place was close to his house, he wanted to go home and wait for her return. She might be sad having just been to the cemetery, so he wanted to keep her company during this time. The whole situation was strung up together. At the time, the myriad of things Heather noticed was all just on the surface. She didn’t know what had really taken place beneath all that.

To Heather, this day was a disaster; to Myra, it was a day that overturned everything; to Tony, it was an inexplicable day. Nonetheless, they all hoped that this day would be over soon.

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There was light rain outside. This year’s winter was particularly rainy—even more so than summer.

Heather only liked to watch the snow during winter, as opposed to feeling the heavy rain. Opening the window, Heather was still thinking about the strange things that happened yesterday. Up till now, Myra hadn’t called her yet.

She didn’t even reply to Heather’s message on Messenger. Resting her cheek on her hands, Heather recalled Myra’s tone on the phone yesterday.

Occasionally, the rain would splash onto Heather’s face, freezing her to the bones, so she closed the window. This kind of weather wasn’t suitable to have the window open.

The raindrops slid down Heather’s cheeks, but she didn’t care at all and appeared dispirited. Previously, she had vowed to Leon to postpone the opening time to a later date in order to investigate the explosion.

A few days had passed, yet Heather hadn't started the investigation. Deep down, she feared that she had already agreed with Leon's statement.

She only had a handful of friends on Messenger. Like Instagram, the users could hide their online status.

After clicking into Myra's profile, Heather looked at it for a long time as she contemplated whether or not to send her another message.

A new message came in, so Heather returned to the home page and saw that it was from Matthias.

Matthias sent Heather messages almost every day, rain or shine. She couldn't deny that she found his perseverance admirable.

When she thought about it, there wasn't anything particularly outstanding about her, so she wondered what exactly Matthias saw in her.

Women were always like this. Sometimes, they would think that they were exceptionally beautiful and simply flawless; other times, they would think that there was nothing special about them, and that they were no more than an ordinary woman.

Today, Heather was feeling insecure. Looking at herself in the mirror, she reckoned that she wasn't even that good-looking.

She touched her face, which was haggard because she didn't sleep until it was late last night.

Heather wasn't in the mood to respond to Matthias. But the more she ignored him, the more diligent he was in texting her.

Three messages came in succession. Heather gave them a sweeping glance, secretly in awe of Matthias' typing speed.

The things he was saying were of no importance, so Heather set her phone aside. When she looked at her phone, all she would think about was whether or not Myra would reply to her. Since the phone call yesterday, Heather felt a strong sense of uneasiness, and this emotion was messing with her thoughts.

Myra just needed to respond with one message for Heather's mood to return to normal.

Since meeting Matthias, she was ready to reveal the incident from back then at any time.

Heather couldn't think of any other explanations. She was worried that Myra knew about it already, so she was ready to confess.

Then again, she couldn't do it now—not when Myra was pregnant. Pregnant women couldn't be agitated, as it wasn't good for the unborn baby.

Besides Matthias, who else would know about this? The only person Heather could think of was him.

Yes. I have to confirm this with Matthias. If he wasn't the one who revealed it to Myra, then someone is secretly manipulating all of this.

Heather quickly replied to Matthias by asking outright, 'Have you met Myra in private recently?'

Matthias was puzzled by Heather's words. Why would she ask this out of nowhere?

Because of Heather's request, Matthias didn't meet Myra in private.

'No,' Matthias answered bluntly.

Heather took the initiative to invite Matthias to a video call. Without seeing him or his

expression, Heather couldn't confirm whether or not he was lying. Matthias quickly picked up. Through the video, it was obvious that he was in the office. He actually had on a pair of black-rimmed glasses when he was working. It was rare to see Matthias like this, and it brought about a touch of refinement. The call came in on such short notice that Matthias didn't have time to take off his glasses, so Heather asked casually, "You're short-sighted?" "No. These are anti-radiation glasses to relieve eye fatigue." Matthias took off his glasses as he spoke, then rubbed the bridge of his nose, looking rather tired. "Did you work overtime last night?" Heather guessed. In the beginning, she wanted to chat with him about their daily life so that she could come to that topic without appearing too abrupt. | "Yeah." Instead, after starting his video, Matthias felt a little restrained. Heather was being even more unusual. She rarely took the initiative, much less be the one to find topics to talk about. The more he studied her through the screen, the more he felt that there was a reason behind this. He feared that Heather had something to trouble him with again. "Did you turn on your camera to confirm whether or not I was lying?" Matthias saw through Heather's behavior at a glance, as people like her liked to judge whether or not someone was lying by looking at their facial expressions.

"It seems that you weren't lying." Heather forced out an awkward laugh. Matthias had exposed her purpose, which made it difficult for her to continue the video call with him. "Don't turn off the camera. Did you encounter any problems?" Matthias wanted to look at Heather a little longer, so he quickly thought of various excuses just so he could prolong their video call. "No. You're overthinking it." Heather denied, as she would never tell Matthias the truth. "It must be about Myra." Matthias was sure that it was because of Myra due to the fact that Heather usually acted unusual because of her. This made Matthias feel a little dejected. Just as Leon mentioned, he too was beginning to wonder if Heather was in love with Myra. As he pondered this, Matthias was somewhat envious of Myra. He didn't know when he would have a place in Heather's heart. "Stop making random guesses. I'm going to hang up." Heather hung up relentlessly, regardless of the struggles Matthias was facing. The light drizzle outside was just like Matthias' mood—splattering and cold. With Heather, he truly didn't feel the feeling of being in love. She had always been harsh to him, so he was completely unable to feel her fondness for him. Since Heather no longer bothered with him, Matthias continued burying himself in his work and the never-ending pile of documents. Tasks came in one after another, so there was always something on hand that he had to deal with. Matthias wanted so badly to toss this pile of documents straight into the shredder. Sometimes, he would get irritated after reading all the information. It felt as if he would become illiterate after just rapidly glancing through several lines. Shaking his head, Matthias tried to clear his mind. Caleb had been in Bradford City for so long, and he was the representative of the Moriarty

Family, yet he had never once come to look for Matthias.

There were many issues regarding their cooperation waiting to be discussed in person, but it seemed like Caleb wasn't in a hurry at all.

During this period, Matthias had sent someone to follow Caleb in order to find out his whereabouts.

Unfortunately, Caleb's counter surveillance methods were too strong, so it was hard to trace him. Once, a photo of Caleb and a woman was taken.

The woman in the photo was wearing a high-end custom-made dress, and she looked like a rather fastidious woman. Without a clear picture of the woman's face, they were unable to confirm the woman's identity from the blurry picture.

Matthias had studied the photo for a long time, but it was a pity that he came up with nothing. Nevertheless, he felt a vague sense of familiarity when he looked at the woman in the photo; he seemed to have seen her somewhere before.

However, after going through the process of elimination, he found that apart from Myra, it couldn't possibly be any other woman.

But Matthias clearly remembered that he had met with Myra that day, and he was sure that she wasn't wearing that dress at the time. Myra didn't even own such a dress.

Matthias instructed the stalker to continue following him and to try to be on the lookout for clues, as he wanted to see just what Caleb was playing at.

Matthias couldn't even tell when he started cooperating with the Moriarty Family, as the person who was in close contact with them was Chester.

Had it not been for his special instructions, Matthias might not have any dealings with Caleb at all.

Today, the stalker sent another set of photos. Matthias put on his anti-radiation glasses, and he even zoomed in on the photos more than ten times.

The stalker had unexpectedly captured a photo of Caleb and Tony talking and laughing together. The two of them were even having a meal together; they looked like a pair of old friends who hadn't seen each other for a long time.

The Locke Group had always been against the Hart Group. Since Caleb had a cooperation with the Locke Group, he shouldn't be so close to the Locke Group's competitors.

The stalker sent a message with the photos. 'Caleb sought cooperation with the Hart Group, but Tony flat-out refused.'

This sounded the alarm bells in Matthias' heart. Looking at the photos on the computer, he was a little troubled.

He was rather upset that Caleb had played such an unconventional card, and he couldn't understand Caleb's purpose at all.

However, one thing was certain—Caleb had no regard whatsoever for the Locke Group. Otherwise, he wouldn't have made such a move.

Matthias filed the photos and sent them to Chester. Seeking his instructions, Matthias asked, 'Should we continue to cooperate with the Moriarty Family?'

The answer was yes. Due to Heather, Matthias seemed like he wasn't particularly eager to cooperate much lately.

But, despite Matthias' implicit hints to Chester, there had been no substantial progress.

It seemed like it was a stupid thing for Matthias to have sent someone to follow Caleb, as the incidents captured were probably things that Caleb wanted to show him. Now that he was aware of his problem, Matthias immediately adjusted his combat strategy and removed all the people he had sent after Caleb. Before this, Matthias was still hung up on finding out who the woman next to Caleb was, but now, he no longer bothered. Matthias suspected that the woman was either Caleb's right-hand man or a woman who had an ambiguous relationship with him. Once he withdrew his manpower, it would be even harder to find out the identity of the woman.

However, Matthias didn't want to waste manpower and material resources anymore. Chester's determination was so firm that Matthias couldn't possibly persuade him to offend the Moriarty Family, let alone not cooperate with them. "Ask Nikolai to come in," Matthias told Lara, who was outside. After getting the order, Lara immediately informed Nikolai. In just a few seconds, he pushed open Matthias' door and saw the man sitting in a chair, his expression entirely grave. "Sir, you asked for me?" During working hours, Nikolai dared not casually address Matthias, so he called him 'Sir' most of the time. "There's something I need your help investigating," Matthias said straightforwardly. This caused Nikolai's heart to thump, as it was definitely not a good thing. At this moment, he was tempted to rush out of the room. To have his help personally requested by Matthias meant that the task had a high difficulty, so Nikolai was worried about whether or not he could complete the task. "Don't be nervous. It's a very simple task." Noticing how nervous Nikolai looked, Matthias deliberately spoke in a relaxed tone, as if whatever he was talking about was no big deal.