

**Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter
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After shopping for wine in the middle of the night, Heather and Leon went home. He opened the vehicle's trunk and took out a wooden box from it which contained several bottles of wine they had just bought.

The weight was nothing to Leon, and obviously it didn't matter to Heather as well. However, she thought it would be more suitable for the man to carry it.

The wind blew through Leon's hair before Heather reached out to fix it. It was quite cold

outside at night, and she wanted to return quickly to the warm room while Leon followed

closely behind her at that moment.

"You have to drink all of this, Heather. Otherwise, you'll be sorry." He pouted adorably.

Sometimes, he looked like an overgrown child.

"Yeah, don't worry." She nodded, wondering why he was so stubborn and how much the

incident back then had hurt him.

"Hurry up and get in," said Heather to Leon as she stepped into the elevator.

As he carried the box of wine, he smiled. Many times, Heather envied him for his 'casual'

lifestyle. She had no idea what kind of burden he carried, and he always looked positive and optimistic.

Just then, the clock sounded from the living room. She noticed the antique clock that looked

like it had a long history, and she couldn't help wondering why the previous owner kept

everything here.

"Did this house always look like this?" she asked, suddenly interested in the house.

"I made a few changes here and there." He glanced around the room, and his gaze shifted to

the second floor.

"This house isn't too bad!" He quickly took the opportunity to compliment the house he

picked, which was an exquisitely decorated villa despite being a second-hand house.

"Yes, you do have good taste," she said with a wry smile, noticing the feng shui of the room.

It seemed like the previous owner wasn't only a fan of European style, but they also paid

special attention to feng shui. Indeed, living in a house that was filled with positive energy would bring prosperity to the person. She wondered if the previous owner had run away, and what was the reason behind it. Like a detective, she began to explore the reasons. "You have a strange look on your face. Is there something wrong with my house?" Leon asked in confusion while looking at her mysterious face. It felt as though there was something in his house. "Nothing. I'm just curious about the previous owner of this place," she said plainly, wanting to know more about the previous owner. Leon stared at her bewilderedly, not knowing what she was up to. "Don't worry. The previous owner was just an eccentric old man with nothing special about him." He furrowed his brows at the thought of the old man's strange appearance, for he had never seen such a strange person. He frowned in dissatisfaction, thinking of certain unpleasant experiences. "An eccentric old man." Heather tried to recall any details, but it seemed like there was no such person in her memories. "Well, would you like a drink?" Leon reminded her. For some reason, he felt like she had no interest in drinking anymore, for her attention had already drifted elsewhere. "Yes." She spoke in a firm voice. With that, he opened the bottle of wine. This was the most expensive wine they could buy at this time, and he tried to give her the most expensive one. She took a whiff and immediately noticed the difference between this and good quality wine.

When he saw her subconscious frown, Leon began to worry that she would spit it out after taking a sip. She had been pampered since young, so he didn't know why she was making things difficult for herself. However, what he was worried about didn't happen. Heather took a sip and revealed a soothing smile. As she glanced at Leon's nervous expression, she didn't know what to say. It was just a glass of ordinary wine, not poison. "You're amazing, Heather." Leon couldn't help but applaud her. She had finally changed his

perception of her.

“Don’t be a smart*ss.” She rolled her eyes at him. “Drink.”

The two then went back and forth, and Heather’s tolerance was as good as Leon’s.

One

glass after another, the bottle was soon emptied out.

Meanwhile, the air was filled with the smell of alcohol. Heather sat on the chair

while Leon

spread across the couch, uncaring of his image.

“I wonder how those girls at school, who see you as a noble man and prince, would react if

they happen to see you like this,” she said teasingly.

Meanwhile, he didn’t mind it at all since he wasn’t an uptight person. As far as

manners

were concerned, it was just an act he put on in front of people and a trick he used to get

girls.

“I call this my true nature.” He brought the wine to his mouth and drank it all in one gulp.

“Right. True nature.” She laughed cheerfully. It was only natural that she let go a little after a

few drinks.

As they rambled on, they had never felt so relaxed like this. In fact, Leon found that she was

less sharp-tongued and even more gentle. Was this the power of love?

It was incredible. He leaned closer to her unconsciously, but she instinctively furrowed her

brows since she was still not used to others being so close to her.

“Heather.” The smell of alcohol brushed against her face, and Leon wanted to rest his face

against her.

“You’re crossing the safe distance, Leon.” In the past, she would have pushed him away.

This time, she didn’t do so since she wanted to be nice to him.

However, as she looked at the mischievous look on his face, Heather was itching to slap his

hand off her arm. Just then, he slumped toward her. He was quite heavy.

“Have you had too much?” She grabbed a fistful of his hair; it was slightly curly and felt good

to the touch.

“Nope.” He thought he was sober and perfectly fine.

“I’ll take you to your room.” Heather didn’t want to drink anymore, for she had no interest in

drinking with a drunk person. At that moment, Leon looked like he wasn’t able to hold

himself up anymore.

“No.” He hadn’t had enough to drink yet. With some booze in his head, he wanted to keep drinking.

“Stop messing around.” She was afraid Leon already had too much to drink, and he’d act like a child.

“No, Heather. Stop forcing me.” He looked at her sorrowfully, and it made her feel a little

uneasy—it seemed as though she had done something unforgivable.

That night, he was like a nonsensical child while Heather painstakingly took care of him. She

hadn’t been feeling sleepy in the beginning, and she was wide awake right now.

Hence, she

could only take care of Leon.

While Leon was yelling for this and that, Heather even suspected that he was deliberately

pretending to be drunk to mess with her. After all, his tolerance for alcohol wasn’t this bad.

“Liking someone is so painful, Heather.” Suddenly, he spoke dramatically. Heather put a

hand to her forehead, not wanting to listen to this at all.

“Yes, it is.” She agreed with him. Love was torturous and caused unrest to many.

“I don’t even have the guts to pursue someone. Am I too spineless?” Leon asked childishly.

“No, that means you’re more mature about your feelings,” she said politely.

Nonetheless, she

secretly wanted to knock him out with a punch. That way, she wouldn’t have to listen to him

blabber about random things.

“Aren’t you going to sleep yet?” She looked around searching for sleeping pills, wondering if

it would work.

After messing about throughout the night, she couldn’t stand it anymore and went back to

her bedroom during the day. After freshening up, she went to lie down on the bed in satisfaction, not caring whether Leon was okay. After all, he was finally asleep. In fact, she

hoped that he wouldn’t be awake anytime soon.

Not long after she left, Leon opened his eyes, and the haziness in his eyes vanished. Instead, he looked sober.

In fact, he hadn’t been drunk at all—he was simply messing with Heather to see how much

she would tolerate it. The result was unexpected; even after all his tricks, she was still

relaxed and simply didn’t take anything to heart.

Has she really changed because of love?

He wasn't sure about this, and Heather probably wasn't sure either.

Not long after lying in bed, she finally fell into a deep sleep. While she was asleep, the battle

between the Locke family and Hart family ensued again in Bradford City. Now, the two

families were considered rivals, and the two heads of the families couldn't see eye to eye.

By the time Heather woke up again, it was already bright outside. She glanced at the clock

and realized it was 3.00PM. Now, it was the most suitable time to go to the balcony and

soak in the sun.

With that, she climbed off the bed leisurely—such a relaxed and comfortable life was really

nice. It was no wonder Leon wanted to buy a villa. As it turned out, living in a villa was vastly

different from living in an apartment.

When she opened the door, she spotted Leon in the hallway. She walked over to him, and it

seemed like he was worried about something.

"When did you get up, Leon?" It was unusual for him to be up so early.

Usually, he would stay in bed for a long time, not to mention he was a drunken mess the

night before. When she thought about his childish behavior, she almost couldn't hold back

her laughter.

"I woke up early. I was waiting for you to get up, and we..." He trailed off as he thought of

something.

"Yes?" She didn't like the fact that he didn't finish his sentence, for it made her feel weird.

"I woke up not long ago, and I was thinking if I should wake you up." In truth, he had gone

into her room once. He ended up not waking her up after seeing how soundly she slept.

Leon's words were contradictory, and she wasn't easily bluffed. As such, she sized him up

doubtfully.

"I'm starving." She hadn't eaten for a long time. Though she didn't feel it before, she was

starting to feel hungry right now. It wasn't a good feeling at all.

"You drank so much wine on an empty stomach yesterday. Are you really okay?" He suddenly remembered.

“What do you think?” In fact, she felt better than ever. Drinking and socializing was nothing at all to her.

“Let’s eat out!” Upon hearing this, Leon was starting to feel hungry as well.

“I want to stay in. Don’t you have anything at home?” She didn’t want to go out, and she

preferred to cook at home herself.

At once, Leon’s expression shifted as he stammered, “I just remembered that I don’t have a

fridge. I’ve been wanting to buy one, though. Thank you for reminding me.”

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The kitchen was in total chaos—Heather was busy cooking while Leon washed the ingredients at one side. They didn’t have any fresh fruits and vegetables, so Heather eventually solved the embarrassing problem by placing an online delivery. Indeed, everything was easier with the use of smartphones these days.

“You weren’t like this when you used to cook, Heather. Why does it seem like you can’t do

anything well today?” Damn it, why is Leon being so honest with his words? Heather was

already nervous and jittery at the moment, and she almost exploded in anger upon hearing

Leon’s frank remark.

“Shut up! Have you finished washing the ingredients?” Heather glared at Leon.

Perhaps he

shouldn’t have let her cook personally; they could’ve ordered takeout!

“Is there something you’re not telling me, Heather?” Just then, Leon leaned in close to her

daringly, but he failed to notice the woman’s darkening expression as he did so.

How could Leon still have the audacity to make such an outrageous comment in front of

her? Heather decided that she could no longer be so lenient to him, for she didn’t want him

to become too bold.

“Be careful of what you say, Leon,” Heather warned him coldly as she held the chopping

knife in her hand—clearly, she wasn’t kidding with her words.

Leon, who was still fooling around a moment earlier, went stiff with fright. He swallowed his

laughter, for Heather’s deadly glare was too terrifying to watch. As a result, he returned

Heather’s stare with a pleading look in his eyes as he tried to think of a way to soothe the

tense atmosphere.

He hadn't expected a simple meal to become so difficult to handle. As Leon rubbed his temples, the water on his fingers wetted his hair slightly. "Why don't we order some takeout if you don't feel like cooking today, Heather?" Leon turned toward her slowly and warily, afraid of accidentally offending her again.

"No way," Heather rejected him immediately. "Weren't you begging me to cook for you?" Leon nodded, but he felt quite dreadful inside. "The food's burning, Heather." With that, he pointed toward the pan next to her. Heather had been so immersed in teaching Leon a lesson that she'd forgotten to stir fry the vegetables. "Let's start over." Heather turned off the heat and tossed the vegetables straight into the trash can. Her gesture was swift and well-practiced, making it seem as though it was something she often did. "All right." Leon didn't have the courage to argue. At this rate, they would have to skip lunch and go straight to dinner if they continued on like this. In the end, the meal was finally ready after two long hours of preparation. Heather didn't think it'd take this long either as she told Leon to bring the dishes to the dining table. Meanwhile, she stayed behind as the soup was still cooking on the stove. While she stared at the bubbling liquid in the pot, her mind got lost in a daydream. Truthfully, Heather felt a little bored staying in a secluded area like this; Leon had always been an outgoing person, so she wasn't sure how he was able to cope with being cooped up here as well. She had also found out about the prices for the villas around the area. Since they were pretty overpriced, the occupancy rate was low. For that reason, it was no wonder that the area was so lifeless and quiet. After their meal, Heather and Leon went to the balcony. The balcony had a European style layout as well, and there was an eye-catching recliner armchair which Heather occupied ahead of him. Hence, Leon reluctantly headed to the sofa by the side—it would've been nice to enjoy the sun in the recliner armchair. "You're so mean to me, Heather," Leon grumbled in dissatisfaction. All of a sudden, his head started spinning as soon as he remembered the unwashed dishes in the sink.

Heather was only willing to cook; she had left the cleaning and tidying to Leon, yet she even took away his chance of resting in the comfortable recliner armchair.

“Why did you decide on this place?” Heather peered into the distance. However, there wasn’t much of a view to look at since the balcony was located too close to the ground. “Sometimes, you just can’t explain it when it comes to love; I knew this was it the moment I laid my eyes on it.” Leon looked around his own villa. He loved it here, but he couldn’t explain why.

“It’s not like you’re looking for a soulmate.” Heather changed her position in her seat; it was rare for her to be so candid in front of others. After all, lounging against an armchair wasn’t an elegant position in her eyes.

“Tell me about Matthias, Heather.” Leon was in the mood to gossip. In fact, he had been wanting to ask about that for a long time, but Heather was always quick to avoid the topic. Hence, he could only go straight to the point this time.

“There’s nothing much to talk about. There isn’t anything interesting between us.” Heather felt no need to bring up their old disputes and rivalry from the past.

“I can see that Matthias is the reason you’ve changed,” Leon suddenly said with an oddly determined tone.

“Yes, partly.” Heather didn’t deny it, and she was rather open-minded with her response.

“I didn’t think you’d admit it so easily.” Leon was quite surprised. He’d thought Heather would brush him off with an excuse, but it seemed like she was planning to openly announce her relationship with Matthias.

“When you like someone, it’s only natural for you to change.” Meanwhile, Heather unhesitantly admitted that she did have feelings for Matthias.

Leon was astonished to hear such words from the latter’s mouth. At that moment, he felt a little unhappy inside. Sure enough, Leon had spent so much time and effort on her back then, but Matthias easily took the win from him.

“Have you really fallen in love with him?” In the end, Leon couldn’t help but ask her.

“Yeah, isn’t this what you wanted?” Leon used to actively create opportunities for the two of them to interact, so shouldn’t he be happy with such an outcome?

“Yeah, I just didn’t think it’d happen so quickly.” Leon assumed that Matthias still had a long way to go before he could pursue her. I guess love is a mystery after all. “Sometimes, you just can’t explain it when it comes to love. Perhaps I knew he was the one the moment I laid eyes on him.” Heather adopted Leon’s words from a moment ago, and he turned to her in dissatisfaction. Discontent filled his chest. “Congratulations to you and Matthias, then,” Leon replied stiffly. In fact, he sounded like a spoiled child who was throwing a tantrum. “Can we stop talking about Matthias?” Heather asked pleadingly. Even though the two of them had just buried the hatchet while she also confirmed her feelings for him, she wasn’t interested in making him the subject of the conversation. “Sure.” Leon went silent after that. Instead, he gazed at the view outside without a word. Leon was seldom as quiet as this, so Heather didn’t speak as well. She shifted her gaze into the far distance, wanting to admire the view a little bit more. The villa was conveniently surrounded by greens, and the beautiful landscape around them was aesthetically pleasing to the eye. Sunlight poured onto the tree leaves, and they projected gently swaying shadows onto the grass. At that moment, Heather found herself falling in love with the tranquility of the villa. It somehow felt freeing and comfortable to live here—it was peaceful and serene. Undoubtedly, Leon had reliable taste in such things. Nevertheless, the silence didn’t last long. Just then, Heather’s phone rang with a call from Matthias. She hesitated for a long while, debating if she should pick it up or not. Since her peace was already disrupted, she didn’t have a reason to reject the call. After much thought, Heather picked up under Leon’s watchful eyes; he became even more enthusiastic on top of his affinity for gossip. “Is there anything you need from me?” Heather asked Matthias before he even spoke. She deliberately lowered her voice as she wasn’t used to talking to him on the phone in front of Leon.

“I miss you,” Matthias said out of the blue, and Heather felt a little uneasy at his sudden remark.

“Just get to the point.” Heather continued to speak with a serious tone.
“I’ve looked all over Bradford City, but I still can’t find you. Where are you hiding this time?”
Matthias asked curiously. He thought that he could easily identify her location, but the outcome was to his disappointment.
“I’ll be back tomorrow, so don’t try to track my whereabouts,” said Heather patiently. It was already out of the ordinary that she wasn’t snapping back at him.
“Is Leon hiding you somewhere?” Matthias asked. He was only guessing, but he couldn’t think of anyone else besides the man.
“Is this important?” Heather wasn’t entirely sure how Leon was able to keep her so well-hidden here as well.
“Have you been staying with Leon alone for the past few days?” Matthias seemed to be hinting at something else with his question.
Heather could tell that he was jealous, and she didn’t expect him to assume the character of a boyfriend so soon. Needless to say, Matthias and Leon were two of a kind—one was even bolder than the other when it came to prying into her business.
“Yes.” Heather decided that she wouldn’t let him get his way. She knew how to deal with Leon, so she naturally knew how to deal with Matthias as well.
“Do you guys stay together like this very often?” After finding out the strange dynamic between Leon and Heather, Matthias was a little concerned.
He knew that Leon was interested in Heather, but he never took the fact personally simply because he didn’t expect the two to have such a history together.
The two of them used to collaborate frequently; one could even say that they had experienced life and death together. Their close relationship was admirable, but it was also unsettling to Matthias.

Moreover, Heather even had feelings for Leon some time ago, and they had almost gotten together. Matthias didn’t feel right for the two of them to maintain such an intimate relationship, so he couldn’t contain his envy at all.
“Yeah.” Heather gave him a short and determined answer yet again, and Matthias’ heart went cold for a split second.
“What are you trying to say after asking me all of that?” Heather turned her impulse into

action. She couldn't let Matthias 'interrogate' her without a reason; she didn't like the feeling of being suspected, yet Matthias was challenging her limit so brazenly. Mutual attraction between two people didn't always mean suitability. Similarly, Heather and Matthias had countless contradictions in their personalities. Oftentimes, Matthias wanted to improve their relationship by turning things around, but the situation would end up becoming more ridiculous in the end. Not only that, his efforts wouldn't help at all; it'd make things worse instead. "I hope that I'll be the first person you think of when you need help one day." Matthias was very jealous of the fact that Heather liked to turn to Leon for help. After all, he was more than capable to help her out as well. At the end of the day, Heather just wasn't willing to put her trust in Matthias; deep inside, she'd rather rely on Leon. Even though Leon wasn't deliberately threatening Matthias, the latter had a strong possessive personality, so he couldn't ignore it no matter what. It was awfully difficult to occupy the number one spot in Heather's heart, and something like this could only happen through time. Unfortunately, Matthias, who was usually calm and calculative, made a mistake on his first step in a relationship—he was rushing into it. "Okay." Heather didn't express any dissatisfaction toward Matthias. On the contrary, she simply responded casually. Throughout the entire time, Leon had been studying Heather's expression from the side. The way they spoke seemed serious and business-like; from an outsider's perspective, it even sounded like they were discussing business matters.

However, one's facial expression would always reflect their heart. Even though Heather tried her best to hide her emotions, the slight shift in her facial expressions exposed her feelings inside. It seemed like Heather and Matthias were having quite an unhappy exchange on the phone, but their topic of conversation was unknown. Leon was suddenly interested to know what they were talking about when he noticed the emotional look in her eyes.

After she ended the call, Leon gave Heather a knowing smile—he was probably the only person to have such a beautiful grin. Heather thought to herself that she probably didn't expose anything odd from the conversation earlier. Nonetheless, she'd received a call from Matthias just after admitting that she had feelings for him—that alone was unbelievably awkward for her.

"Looks like you guys are done talking, Heather," said Leon. His words seemed to carry more meaning than they let on.

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Before long, three days passed by in a flash. When their stay had come to an end, Leon was a little reluctant to leave. He turned to take another look at the villa, unsure of when he'd be visiting again—after all, he had bought this villa to be some sort of a vacation home. "Head over to Nordico Residence," Heather said to Leon as he sat in the driver's seat.

Leon blinked at her blankly, not understanding what she meant by that.

Heather quickly explained at the sight of his confusion. She said, "I recently bought a unit

there. Someone as lazy as you should just stay in an apartment."

When Leo realized that Heather had bought him a place, a brilliant smile appeared on his face. "You treat me so well, Heather."

Later on, Heather finally drove away on her own after making sure that Leon was settled in.

Instead of going back to the Langston Residence at once, she went to visit Myra instead.

When she knocked on Myra's door, a hint of nervousness filled her heart; it made her recall

all those years ago when she would clutch her exam papers in her hands after failing to achieve the highest grade.

Finally, the door opened. This time, the housekeeper's face was an unfamiliar one. She

studied Heather from head to toe slowly and carefully, probably unaware of the latter's identity.

"May I know if Mrs. Hart is home?" Heather asked her gently. Ever since returning from

Iceland, Heather had lost the cockiness and arrogance she once had. Now, she had a much softer and milder temperament.

"May I know who you are?" The housekeeper's eyes had a slight wariness in them.

After all,

she had just started working here not too long ago, so she'd rather keep an eye out whenever possible.

"Heather Langston. I'm a friend of Mrs. Hart's," Heather told her truthfully.

"Mrs. Hart isn't home." The housekeeper tried to dodge the question with a lie, and she

sounded a little nervous when she spoke.

Heather already had a feeling that Myra wasn't going to let her in, and she wasn't surprised

either. She told the housekeeper politely, "In that case, let me wait for her inside. I think she

should be back very soon."

The housekeeper was even more nervous at the sound of that, for she didn't expect Heather

to reply in such a way. She hung her head and occasionally stole a look at Heather.

Then,

she finally said after a long time, "That would be quite inappropriate."

"In what way would that be inappropriate? I'll just sit in the living room, so I won't be

disturbing anyone." Heather stepped forward and tried to go inside as she spoke.

The housekeeper looked up at Heather in a panic. She instinctively closed the door, but

Heather's hand was already placed against it; when it came to force, an ordinary woman

wouldn't be able to go up against Heather.

"Mrs. Hart has been out for a few days, so she won't be back for some time. There's no need

to wait for her, Miss," the housekeeper said shakily. Her eyes were begging for Heather to

stop putting her in such a difficult situation.

This new housekeeper seemed to look quite frail and pitiful. Unfortunately, the sympathy

card didn't work on Heather since she wasn't a man.

"Is that so?" Heather said sarcastically as the look in her eyes became sharp.

The little housekeeper felt suffocated under Heather's overbearing pressure, so she didn't

know how to handle the situation. Myra had informed her precisely to not let a 'Heather

Langston' into the house under any circumstances, and she was told to do whatever she

could to make the woman leave.

Myra still hadn't fully calmed down at the moment, so she wasn't ready to meet Heather.

However, the latter's personality was no secret to her; Myra had a feeling that she would definitely visit her upon returning from Iceland.

While the housekeeper was having trouble with Heather, Myra was already aware of the situation outside as she stayed in the bedroom. She frowned slightly and contemplated whether or not to let Heather in.

Growing up, Heather had never experienced any cold shoulder treatment from someone else. Right now, Myra was still mulling over her decision for the sake of Heather's pride—she knew that the woman highly prioritized her self-regard and dignity.

She had already given Heather a heavy blow before this, so she was worried that the woman might feel hurt again if she didn't give her a chance this time. Right now, it was simply too soon for Myra to get over what happened; deep inside, she still cared for Heather.

After all, Myra was awfully soft-hearted, so she couldn't truly hate Heather no matter what. However, Myra didn't wish for their conflict to grow bigger—if they really were to meet today, perhaps a bigger problem might arise if they weren't able to come to an agreement.

While Myra was debating with her thoughts, Heather was getting more and more persistent outside. In truth, she could have forced her way in with just a little push, but since she had come to apologize and not rob the house, it wouldn't be suitable to resort to force.

Just then, Heather took in the determination on the housekeeper's face. The fact that the housekeeper could be so relentless in keeping her stand with her small and weak stature was quite an applauding feat—she was extremely competent as a housekeeper.

The housekeeper seemed different from the usual stereotypical ones, so Heather had a feeling that she was a college student working part-time.

"Are you still in school?" Heather's tone of speech changed all of a sudden as she started showing concern for the housekeeper.

Other housekeepers wouldn't have bothered to respond if someone asked them personal questions, but the younger girl was naturally more than happy to see Heather change the

subject on her own.

“Yeah,” the housekeeper replied truthfully.

“Are you working here part-time?” Heather continued to ask.

The housekeeper nodded and said, “Yeah, it’s to cover my allowance.” She didn’t think

working part-time to support her expenses was anything embarrassing at all. In fact, to live

on her own hard-earned money was something to be proud of.

“Interesting.” Heather smiled. She thought to herself that it was unfortunate for the housekeeper to have met her today. If she were some promising, handsome young man at

the door, the situation would’ve probably played out differently—perhaps a beautiful

romance between an arrogant CEO and an ordinary girl might have unfolded.

“I really can’t let you in right now, Miss Langston. I’ll let you know when Mrs. Hart comes

back.” The housekeeper took advantage of Heather’s slightly better mood and quickly

brought up the main subject again.

Heather put on a sweet smile and said, “Okay.”

Once she finally let go, the housekeeper quickly closed the door. However, Heather hadn’t

moved her foot that was wedged in between the door, so the former couldn’t shut it at all.

As such, the housekeeper looked at Heather with a confused expression, not knowing why

she was doing this. The next moment, Heather swiftly retrieved a name card from her

handbag—she had the habit of bringing them around. “You can contact me here.”

When the housekeeper accepted the namecard, Heather was finally able to see the anticipated surprise in her eyes. Needless to say, the housekeeper probably had no clue that

the visitor had such a renowned status.

“Also, this might be off topic, but what’s your college major?” Heather decided to achieve her

goal by taking a detour.

“Finance,” the housekeeper said timidly. She finally recalled that Heather was none other

than a genius in business; she had looked up the woman’s information and achievements

before, but they were already long forgotten since it was quite some time ago.

Nonetheless,

she didn’t expect Heather to be standing in front of her right now.

In truth, Heather wasn’t that amazing to the extreme. However, in a place like Bradford City

where the corporate world was dominated by the male population, she was the most outstanding one amongst women in business. Hence, it was only natural for her to be looked up to, for diamonds were only sought after for its rarity. "I believe you're quite capable in a professional setting. You should work for me if there's a chance." Heather offered her an opportunity in hopes to seal the deal. The housekeeper lowered her flushed face. Indeed, it would be great to work under Heather. However, it did feel odd that Heather would offer her such an opportunity out of the blue. She can't be doing this just to enter the house, right? "May I know if there's anything you need in exchange for me to secure this offer?" The housekeeper was familiar with such tactics, for she didn't believe in free lunches. Heather chuckled. Ironically, she saw her younger self in the housekeeper's eyes just for a brief moment. Eventually, she shook her head and said, "I simply admire your talent." Heather promptly left after that, wondering how Myra had found someone like this to work for her. There was a period of time in the past when Heather used to disguise herself behind a tough facade as well.

Back then, she looked fragile and weak with her delicate and naive appearance, but the look in her eyes was tougher than anyone else's, just like the housekeeper from earlier. Perhaps Myra was the only one who remembered how she was back then; even Heather had almost forgotten who she used to be herself. Sure enough, as the years had gone by, the past was long forgotten. Meanwhile, Heather didn't have a choice but to return to the Langston Residence after leaving Myra's house. Sadly, she didn't have the chance to see the latter. However, since she was only there to offer her sincere apologies, she didn't mind visiting a few more times if she had failed on the first attempt. Third time's the charm, after all. It was pretty common for couples to have fights, and it was no different for best friends. Heather came to realize that she had always treated Myra like family, so she couldn't bear to lose that friend of hers no matter what.

She had to find a way to save their sibling-like relationship; at the same time, she believed that Myra felt the same toward her as well. One way or another, the conflict between them was sure to be resolved in time. When Heather arrived at the Langston Residence, the entire house was empty; there was no one in the living room. This wasn't unusual since it was still office and schooling hours, whereas the others were probably enjoying their day out at a mall. Right now, Robert was probably the only one at home. As such, Heather went straight to the study to look for Robert. She knocked on the door gently and his voice could be heard from inside at once. After she pushed the door open, her mouth curved into an affectionate yet spoiled smile as she stared straight at Robert. "Hey, little girl," Robert said gently. It had been some time since Heather last heard him call her that. "Grandpa." Heather went up to him. "You were gone for a long while again this time," Robert said with a sigh. These days, he seldom meddled in her affairs since he had already put his full trust in her.

Even though Robert was old, his mind was still sharp as ever—he was aware of everything that was happening in the Langston Family, so he understood Heather's pain as well. "I'm not leaving anymore, Grandpa. I'll settle down in Bradford City for good." Heather used to think of making a living somewhere far away from home where there were better opportunities, but she just couldn't leave Bradford City behind. Thus, she'd rather stay here—she was more than capable to be successful in this city itself, after all. "I know your ambitions, little girl. I shouldn't have kept you here in the Langston Residence." Robert understood all of Heather's recent struggles, and he knew that she was facing a lot of pressure from many parties. "I don't want to see our family fall either, and the Langston Family is my responsibility too. I understand now, Grandpa. I used to be too self-centered, and I should've cared more about the people around me." Indeed, when she recalled her past, Heather did used to

over-prioritize her own feelings. She wasn't willing to let herself get hurt even a little, whereas Robert had already tried to give her the best there was. "Why do you suddenly think so, little girl?" Robert looked at Heather with a surprised expression. At that moment, he felt like she had really grown up. She was different now, and there was an added sense of gentleness to her as well. "Do you not like how I've changed, Grandpa?" Heather smiled slightly and tilted her head to the side. She looked pure and innocent, and it seemed as though she had gone back 10 years in time. "That's not it, but I don't want you to push yourself too much." Even though Robert was happy with how she changed, he still felt unbelievably sorry for her. Just then, he was once again reminded of his sister who had died young. "You don't need to feel guilty for my sake too, Grandpa. Look carefully—I'm your granddaughter," Heather said, her words carrying another underlying meaning to them. She knew that her grandfather had been treating her as Claris all this time, for he was always guilty when he faced her. Moreover, he treated her with a sense of pity and regret that came from the longstanding knot in his heart throughout all these years. Robert still couldn't get over his sister's death. He blamed himself for it, and he couldn't forgive himself; he had always believed that he and the Langston Family were the ones who

killed Claris. Since he didn't have anyone to take his guilt out on, he could only give Heather all the kindness he could offer. Now, Heather no longer wanted to rely on such kindness; she wanted to help Robert untie the knot in his heart once and for all.