

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 621

Meanwhile, as the sky grew increasingly dark, the lights on the rooftop of the Locke Residence lit up one after another. Matthias had made a special effort to install decorative lamps of various colors on the rooftop when he invited Heather for a candlelight dinner last time, and these lamps looked very beautiful when they were all lit up. Before they realized it, Heather and Matthias had stayed on the rooftop for such a long time. It was already late, and she was wondering when she should head back. Just then, Matthias said to her, "I just hired a chef from France yesterday. You must try the authentic French cuisine today." He saw through her eagerness to go back. "I don't like French cuisine," Heather replied unceremoniously. She had never been polite to Matthias anyway. "I don't like French cuisine either, but this chef is amazingly good at making French delicacies. You must try it," he suggested. Heather smiled, for she could tell that Matthias was trying to use this excuse to persuade her to stay. However, she was really planning to go home. "It's getting late." Matthias looked at Heather in disappointment as he didn't want her to go back. They had been together all the time, but he felt that this wasn't enough. Such a strange feeling blurred his concept of time. "Let's have a simple dinner then," Heather said to Matthias since she didn't want to disappoint him.

Upon hearing her words, Matthias was naturally delighted. He smiled a hearty smile like a

kid who finally got their hands on the toy they liked.

“You’re smiling like an idiot.” Heather looked at Matthias with disapproval. In actual fact, it was easy to make Matthias happy—it was for Heather, at the very least. “I just want to stay a while longer with you.” Matthias had made himself clear previously.

Now that he had nothing to be shy of, he simply said whatever he should.

“Would you still fall in love with me if we start all over again?” Heather asked Matthias while resting her chin in her hand. Will we meet if we can start all over again? she thought to herself.

Matthias covered Heather’s eyes with his hand. “I’d profess my love to you sooner if we could start all over again.” Not only would he still fall in love with her, but he would also

profess his love to her sooner if they could start all over again.

Heather pushed Matthias’ hand away as she didn’t like other people treating her like this. If

it were someone else, she would have knocked them to the ground by now. “Don’t keep

sweet-talking me. An overbearing woman like me is never likable in men’s eyes,” she said in

self-deprecation. Men might be misled by her appearance at first, but they would normally

leave her once they got to know her thoroughly.

“I don’t like women that are too weak. I like domineering women; only such a woman can

stand by my side and enjoy the view of the beautiful world with me,” Matthias replied in

disapproval. If there were criteria for love, Heather happened to fulfill all of his requirements.

“Don’t keep saying nice things,” Heather said with a frown, though she almost burst with joy

upon hearing what Matthias said. Women liked to hear honeyed words, after all.

“I can’t stop saying pickup lines when I look at you.” Matthias had recently become good at

saying such cheesy phrases. He said a pickup line after another, making it hard for Heather

to defend herself against his advances.

“Do you have liquor?” Heather suddenly changed the subject, and Matthias was rather

surprised when she mentioned liquor for no reason. “I drank normal liquor a few days ago,

and only then did I know that good liquor tastes so different,” she explained. She recalled

the liquor that she and Leon bought that night and didn’t finish after a night of drinking. She

was really averse to the liquor’s taste deep down inside, and she later came around to the

idea that some things couldn’t be changed.

“Rumor has it that you only drink good liquor,” Matthias said in surprise.

He had opened a

liquor bottle worth one million expressly for Heather last time, yet she turned her nose up at

it.

“People have to change, after all.” The previous attempt to change herself was

unsuccessful, but she had taken a big step in that direction at the very least.

“You can change whatever you want, but you mustn’t do a disservice to your taste buds.”

Matthias believed that one could make do with everything else except for what they ate and

drank. His belief was similar to Heather’s, for they both insisted on having good food and

drinks.

“In that case, do you have good liquor to serve me with?” Heather asked with a smile.

Matthias nodded. “Of course I do. I have whatever kind of liquor you want to drink.” He had

gotten a lot of good liquor from Nikolai lately, so he had been brooding about not having

someone to drink these with him.

On the other hand, Evan threw Matthias and Heather a disapproving glance from the side.

They were a pair of drunkards; Evan didn't like drinking, nor did he like a partner that was addicted to alcohol. Therefore, he was totally uninterested in what they were talking about.

"Do you have spirits?" Heather raised her eyebrows at Matthias. She hadn't drunk spirits for a long time, for everyone drank either red wine or imported wine while discussing things overseas.

"I do." Matthias seldom drank spirits as well, but he kept a few good bottles of spirits at home for decoration.

"Let's drink something different today," Heather suggested with great interest. One could tell that she was in high spirits today.

"I'll drink with you to the very end," Matthias agreed readily. He was even willing to drink poisonous wine as long as he had Heather keeping him company.

"Let's get as drunk as a lord then." Heather wasn't petty either, so she would drink since she had initiated it.

Not only did Evan fade completely into the background, but he would also be reduced to a liquor-serving waiter later. He thought there was nothing he couldn't do at Matthias' place, and he was determined to find time to ask Matthias for a pay raise since it was tiring to work all year long without rest. He looked at Matthias resentfully.

Meanwhile, Matthias only had eyes for Heather and wouldn't even hesitate to sell him out ever since he fell in love with her. It was said that buddies were like one's arms and legs while women were replaceable, but what happened in Matthias' case was quite the opposite—he could even use his buddy

to please his woman. "Here's the liquor you want." Evan tossed the liquor in front of them with a reluctant expression. Matthias didn't expect Evan to still be so angry. Now that Heather hadn't mentioned the subject of dancing again, he thought he had a lucky escape, so why would Evan still take this to heart? However, he had indeed offended Evan today, so he decided to pour the liquor himself instead of arguing with him. Heather sniffed as the fragrant smell of liquor wafted out from the bottle, and her mouth curved in a charming smile. One should enjoy all the pleasure that life afforded, and liquor was a good thing. She glanced at Matthias from time to time while playing with the wine glass in her hand. Matthias raised his eyebrows at her as if to challenge her. "Don't get drunk. This liquor has a high alcohol content." "Don't worry," Heather replied confidently. "It's hard to say who will get drunk first." It seemed that Heather wouldn't stop until she got drunk with Matthias, and Matthias was happy with this. It would be great if Heather became so drunk that she couldn't go back to the Langston Residence. After they toasted each other, Heather finished the liquor in her glass in one gulp, and Matthias couldn't help but clap his hands. "This is extraordinary." Then, he finished his drink in one gulp as well.

This liquor was so strong that one could get hospitalized after drinking it, and Evan couldn't sense what was so good about this liquor as he almost got drunk just by sniffing at it. Ancient people described good liquor as the ambrosia of the immortals, but Evan hadn't

drunk a bottle of good liquor that could convince him completely of its goodness so far.
Soon, the bottle of liquor was almost emptied. A scarlet blush crept over Heather's face, and Matthias couldn't help but lean toward her. Not only did he try to reach out to touch her alluring face, he even wanted to kiss her.
Heather dodged Matthias, and both of them tottered a little. "This liquor is really good."
Heather looked regretfully at the already emptied bottle of liquor. They had drunk too fast and finished the liquor soon after they tasted it.
"It's too bad that we can't enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content since there's only a bottle of it," Matthias agreed.
"In that case, we'll just drink the other liquors." Heather didn't want to stop like this since she was finally in the mood for a drink.
As for the cuisine prepared by the French chef, they only ate a few mouthfuls of it casually.
How could they care about whether the dishes were delicious or not when all they could taste was the liquor?
Evan pondered over what to do with these two drunkards later. It was easy to scoop Heather up in his arms and carry her away, but Matthias was very tall, so Evan considered dragging him away instead.
Just then, Matthias ordered Evan, "Get us another bottle of liquor, Evan."
"May I ask what kind of liquor you need, sir?" There was a specialized wine cellar storing all kinds of alcohol in the villa's basement, and Evan didn't know what kind of alcohol Matthias wanted.
"Brandy," Heather answered in Matthias' place.

Evan had to worry about them when they asked for a bottle of spirits. It'd be strange if they

didn't get drunk this time, for they had asked for brandy after finishing the spirits stored in the cellar.

Matthias nodded in agreement, though. "Brandy would be nice. Get us some ice as well."

Matthias liked spirits, and it was a great pleasure to drink with Heather. Heather could hold her liquor as well as a man did. Now that she finally met her match, she naturally had to have a drinking contest with Matthias.

"I'm afraid that you won't be able to go back to the Langston Residence when you're this drunk," Matthias said provocatively. As he was half-drunk and half-sober, he couldn't help saying what was on his mind.

"Grandpa won't be worried since I'm at your place." Heather smiled. She looked extremely charming under the influence of alcohol.

"Would you be worried then?" A scarlet blush crept over Matthias' fair face as well.

"No, I won't," Heather replied boldly. The more she drank, the more outspoken she was.

When Evan came up, Heather and Matthias were talking about Bradford City's stock market.

It seemed that the two of them always had a lot to talk about, and ordinary people couldn't follow their trains of thought since they jumped from one subject to another.

"Bradford City's stock market is in a slump this year. I guess it won't take long before the stock market crashes." Heather inevitably elaborated a little when she talked about the stock market.

"That depends on how the stock traders will play with the shares."

Matthias wasn't very interested in the stock market. After all, the Locke Family didn't care about these since it had bigger ambitions.

"Traders," Heather repeated with a half-smile. "They can't pull any tricks. The stock market

crash is already destined to happen.” Meanwhile, she was planning to make a fortune from it.

“What are your plans?” Matthias asked curiously.

“I like surfing in the stock market.” Heather liked playing with shares, and this was especially so at such a moment where it was more interesting to play.

“It seems that it won’t be long before the Langston Family shows what they can do in the stock market,” Matthias responded curiously. It was quite interesting when he thought about it.

“No. It’ll be me, not the Langston Family.” This was Heather’s personal hobby, so the Langston Family wouldn’t be involved. Heather had a wide range of hobbies, and she liked to have a hand in many things.

“You’re speaking in such a way that even I’m itching to have a go.” Matthias wanted to play with Heather as well.

“Don’t do that. I like to play alone.” Heather turned down Matthias’ proposal for a collaboration since it was freer to be alone in the stock market.

“All right, it’s fine as long as you’re happy.” Matthias was terribly busy recently because of the Locke Group and the Hart Group’s affairs, so it was difficult for him to find time to invest in the stock market.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

622

In the blink of an eye, Matthias and Heather had finished three bottles of alcohol, each of which had an alcohol content of no less than 40 percent. At the sight of this, Evan was truly stunned and speechless. He feared that they would spend the entire night drinking as the

alcohol went to their heads.

He was secretly worried about the two of them, for he feared that they would suffer from

alcohol poisoning. The three bottles of liquor were of different types, and he didn't know if any chemical reaction would occur when these liquors were mixed in their stomachs.

"Get us another bottle, Evan," Matthias called Evan again. He was drinking recklessly.

"Sir, your health—" Evan said, but Matthias interrupted him before he could finish his sentence.

"Get us another bottle." Matthias shot Evan an icy look. He didn't want Heather to know

about his chronic illness, yet Evan brought this up.

Luckily, Heather was mellow with drinks, so she didn't pay any attention to their

conversation. Right now, she was starting to feel dizzy since it was easier to get drunk by

drinking different types of liquor at once.

Heather liked the feeling of stepping on air. She shook her head, trying to sober herself up a

little. The good liquor stored in the cellar of Matthias' home was indeed strong.

Evan reluctantly took out a bottle of vodka, which was probably the bottle of liquor they

drank with the lowest alcohol content. As he snatched the bottle of vodka from Evan right

away, Matthias ordered him, "Bring us all the spirits in the wine cellar."

Instead of stopping Matthias from fooling around like this, she looked at Evan with great

interest; it seemed like she was urging him even more.

Evan looked at the two of them in vexation. "You two must stop drinking," he protested

vehemently. Are they planning to drink themselves to death tonight?

"Why can't we keep on drinking when our appetites have just been stimulated?" As she

rested her chin in her hand, Heather looked at Evan with a serious expression. She didn't understand why he was so vexed.

"I'm afraid that you two won't have any appetite tomorrow. You two might even lose your stomachs," Evan replied between clenched teeth. He began to suspect that he had made a misjudgment, for he couldn't imagine how Heather and Matthias would spend the rest of their lives together in the long days to come. Were the two drunkards going to give birth to a little drunkard? At the thought of this, Evan thought they'd better have a daughter instead.

Heather and Matthias looked at each other with a smile. They didn't take Evan's words to heart since it was almost impossible to ask two people who loved drinking to stop at this moment. "Would you like to have a few drinks with us, Evan?" Matthias grabbed Evan. He reached out to the latter, whereas Heather had a gloating look on her face.

"I'm not drinking with you two." Evan pushed Matthias's hand away in disgust. He was already beside himself with rage, so much so that he wished a huge boulder would fall from the sky and crush these two demons to death.

"Come and have a drink. How could a man not drink liquor?" Matthias grabbed Evan and insisted that he drank some alcohol, giving Evan quite a headache. On the other hand, Heather chimed in from the side and said, "That's right. You're an adult man, so you'll be laughed at if you don't drink alcohol."

Evan resolutely refused to drink as he pushed away the vodka that Matthias handed to him.

Matthias has never bothered me like this, so has the alcohol really gone into his head this

time? he thought to himself. "I don't like drinking," he stressed again, though he could hardly suppress the irresistible urge within him. "You'll like it." Matthias picked up the wine glass right away and held it to Evan's lips. Evan felt uncomfortable when he smelled the alcohol. "You're drunk, sir." He broke free of Matthias's hold. Speaking of which, Evan was quite skilled at fighting. "Evan is like a lady," Matthias said with a laugh. Evan wished he could kill Matthias right now, but he told himself to calm down and not argue with the two drunkards. "Evan is an intelligent yet unassuming man." Heather simply provoked him further by making such a judgment about him. They seldom saw Evan blowing up, but it seemed that they would succeed in enraging him tonight. Evan was getting increasingly furious right now, and he felt like a continuously inflating balloon that would explode right away at any minute. "I'll raise your pay starting from next month, Evan. Can't you have a few drinks with us tonight?" Matthias knew Evan's weakness, so he was never tired of tempting Evan with a pay raise. Evan was on the verge of an angry outburst at first, but he instantly calmed down upon hearing the words 'pay raise.' He had asked Matthias for a pay raise many times both implicitly and explicitly, and it was rare for Matthias to bring this up himself today. "Okay," he answered readily. Heather snorted with laughter. As it turned out, it was so easy to deal with Evan, and she finally understood why Matthias trusted Evan so much. Indeed, such a subordinate could be treated as a trusted aide. How she wished she could have a trusted aide whom she could deal with using money!

Evan sat down between Matthias and Heather, separating them directly. Meanwhile,

Matthias was slightly displeased by this. As expected, Evan was arrogant and wouldn't give

in easily. Therefore, he would definitely spite them.

"I'll be drinking, and you two will drink with me." Evan poured himself half a glass of vodka

before filling Matthias and Heather's glasses with it. This was totally unfair, but Heather

didn't mind these details. She simply emptied her glass since vodka was like drinking water

to her.

On the other hand, Matthias patted Evan on the shoulder after finishing a glass of vodka. "I'll

increase your pay by 10,000 with every glass of vodka you drink. Let's see how many tens of

thousands you can earn by drinking." Now that he had a great time drinking, he became

increasingly generous with money. He then filled Evan's glass to the brim with a

mischievous smile on his lips. He was quite mischievous by nature, after all.

Heather chimed in at one side, "It's so easy to make money while working under you,

Director Locke." As she spoke, she goaded Evan and said, "I would definitely finish ten

glasses in a row if I were you."

Evan looked at the vodka with a frown. The vodka had an alcohol content of 40 percent,

which was indeed much lower than that of the previous bottles of liquor. However, he really

couldn't hold his liquor. Was he going to drink himself unconscious here today for a pay

raise? Still, he didn't forget to remind Matthias by saying, "I had a glass of vodka just now."

Matthias nodded. "Yeah. There are nine glasses left." He had never behaved so

inappropriately in the past, but he was completely hyped up right now.

After drinking a glass of vodka, Evan was already a bit tipsy. His head was already spinning, but he forced himself to keep on drinking at the thought of how this was bound to his pay raise next month. Furthermore, he expressly recorded his conversation with Matthias on his cell phone lest Matthias go back on his word after sobering up. When Matthias was sober, he would play the recording to him to let him know how crazy he had been the night before. They drank and talked cheerfully, but Evan never expected that he could no longer drink anymore by the time he drank the sixth glass of vodka. When he saw how Evan's face flushed crimson, Matthias continued to provoke him and said, "There are four glasses left.

Do you want me to fill all the glasses for you?" Matthias gave Evan a glare as he wanted the latter to continue pulling his socks up, but Evan couldn't drink another drop.

Since there wasn't much liquor left in the bottle, Heather fanned the flames by suggesting, "Evan, why don't you finish this bottle of wine in a gulp? If you do that, we'll just consider it as drinking 10 glasses of wine."

Evan closed his eyes and steeled himself. Then, he directly picked up the bottle of vodka and poured the liquor down his throat, finishing all the liquor in one gulp with the attitude of someone who was swallowing medicine.

Matthias and Heather cheered at one side as these two drunkards were never tired of having fun. Evan had drunk a bit too fast this time, so he vomited all the liquor as soon as he downed them. Matthias was still feeling bad about his vodka, and he said to Evan, "You're terrible at holding your liquor."

On the other hand, Heather had sobered up a little. She was somewhat nauseated by the filth Evan vomited up as a foul smell lingered in the air. Evan was completely drunk this time. He really had drunk himself into a stupor, though Matthias and Heather were sobered up a little when he threw up. Those who got drunk liked to fool around, and so did Evan. After wiping his mouth directly with the handkerchief, he insisted that he wanted to keep on drinking. "Liquor! I want liquor!" He was displeased upon seeing that there was no liquor left on the table. "There's no liquor anymore. You've finished the liquor yourself." Matthias had counted on Evan to go down to the basement and bring a few more bottles of liquor for them. However, who would have expected them to go so far by making Evan drunk right away? "Give me liquor. I can still have a drink." Right now, Evan was the one asking for liquor instead. Matthias couldn't help but frown. When he saw how wobbly Evan was when he staggered to his feet, he was extremely worried; he feared that Evan would step on what he had vomited earlier. Heather shot Matthias a glance, signaling him that he must keep Evan under control and not let Evan fool around at this moment. However, a drunk person couldn't be held in check at all.

Matthias tried his best to prop himself up as he stood up. Then, he came to Evan's side and steadied the latter. "You're drunk." He had sobered up by now, and he couldn't help but blush upon recalling how he had insisted Evan to drink all the liquor earlier. "No. I'm still sober. You're Matthias," Evan said while pointing at Matthias as he tried to break free of the latter's grasp.

“You really are drunk, so stop fooling around.” Matthias lowered his voice. How many drunk

people would admit that they were drunk, anyway?

“Let go of me,” Evan said irritably.

Evan became more aggressive as he got drunk, but Matthias wasn’t worried as he believed

he could still hold Evan in check. Therefore, he grabbed Evan’s arm in a firm grip.

“Let go of me.” Evan’s voice deepened as it seemed that he was about to lose his temper.

“Sober up a little, Evan Hemsworth,” Matthias called Evan by his full name right away.

This name was unfamiliar even to Evan since he hadn’t heard the name for a long time.

“Don’t call me by this name, Matthias.” He expressed his displeasure.

Matthias had to find a way to calm Evan down. He couldn’t let things go on like this, for Evan

was getting more and more emotional right now. He felt somewhat troubled; wasn’t he

asking for trouble by doing this?

“Can you guys still go downstairs?” Heather also thought that this was bad. She wondered if

they should get off the rooftop right away since the wind that night was quite chilly.

“Yes, I can,” Matthias and Evan replied in chorus.

Heather stood up right away. “I’ll go down first. Be careful, the both of you,” she said while

walking toward the stairs. She had completely sobered up right now, and she looked totally

unaffected by the alcohol.

On the other hand, Matthias followed closely behind her while supporting Evan. Heather

feared that the two men behind her would suddenly fall over, causing the three of them to

fall down the stairs right away. Luckily, they safely came down the stairs, but Evan was still

making noises. As it turned out, Evan looked so unsightly when he was drunk. It was left to

the servants to clean up the mess on the rooftop, whereas Matthias had to personally take care of the trouble caused by Evan here.

Heather looked at Matthias before glancing at the badly-behaved Evan. Then, she said with a smile, "I'll let you two off once for today. I must see you two dance the next time I come."

Surprisingly, she still remembered the pas de deux; Matthias thought she had forgotten about it.

Upon hearing Heather's words, Matthias looked ill at ease. He didn't know how to answer her.

When she saw Matthias' response, Heather continued on her own, "I'm going back first.

Take good care of Evan." She looked apologetically at Evan, who was as drunk as a lord.

Indeed, they had really gone too far today.

Matthias wanted to persuade Heather to stay, but he ended up saying, "Okay. Just be rest assured."

Evan was displeased, though. "I don't need anyone to take care of me. All I need is wine," he said while shoving Matthias directly toward Heather without Matthias noticing.

However, he pushed Matthias too hard and almost caused the both of them to bump right into each other directly. Luckily, Matthias steadied himself in the end and took the opportunity to hold her in his arms, avoiding the embarrassment of them bumping into each other.

At that moment, Heather was being held in Matthias' arms. She was still a little shy in front of outsiders, so she pushed his chest. However, Matthias was still enjoying the warm and supple body in his arms. He was so reluctant to let Heather go that he wanted to mix her into his flesh.