

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 625

Robert rarely chased Heather out of his study directly, but he drove her out mercilessly this time because of Matthias. Heather thought to herself, I didn't act unworthily of Matthias this time.

The butler was waiting outside the study, and Heather shot him a glance since he was the one who snitched on her. She glowered at him in displeasure, but she couldn't place all the blame on him for this since he had always been loyal and devoted to Robert. In the end, she could only blame herself for failing to take notice last night. When she switched on her cell phone again, Heather saw that Matthias had made several calls to her. However, she was in no mood to answer his phone calls right now.

Meanwhile, Matthias was busying himself in his office. After the conversation with Robert just now, he was having a profound self-examination. Right now, he couldn't get through to Heather on her cell phone, and this distressed him terribly. What Robert had said was still fresh in his mind, and he realized that he was in the wrong. However, he just couldn't understand why Robert had disconnected the call so abruptly. Matthias wanted to call Heather and ask her why, but he never managed to get through to her. Furthermore, he heard over the phone that Heather's cell phone had been switched off. He wondered if his remark had displeased Robert. He knew how important Robert was to Heather, so he naturally didn't dare to slight Robert. If he wanted to win Heather's heart, her grandfather was the first person whose favor he had to win. At the thought of this, he

panicked even more. He didn't know what attitude Heather would take if he had displeased the old man.

Matthias' desk was piled high with documents. His productivity had been seriously affected these days, and now such a thing happened. He wished he could grow a pair of wings and fly to the Langston Residence directly. Meanwhile, Heather's cell phone was finally silent for a while, only to beep again with a notification from her Messenger. She looked at the series of text messages on her device with a long face. It seems like Matthias will never let me off until I have a good talk with him, she thought to herself as she opened dozens of messages from him. However, she couldn't expose Robert's previous lies, so she could only go along with what Robert had told Matthias. 'I'm awake, but I'm feeling a little unwell right now. Don't text me.'

Matthias asked concernedly, 'Are you unwell because you drank too much alcohol last night, Heather?'

How could Heather be in the mood to talk to Matthias at this moment? She replied briefly, 'Nope.' She didn't want to continue the conversation since her head was also in a whirl right now.

Matthias could tell the perfunctoriness in Heather's words. Everything was fine last night, so he should have received a lovey-dovey phone call in the morning if things progressed normally. Unfortunately, Heather was always a loose cannon. She was giving him the cold shoulder right now, and it made him wonder if he had really done something wrong.

When she saw that Matthias had gone silent, Heather worried that he might be reflecting on

his mistakes again. Therefore, she sent him another message to reassure him. 'Don't think too much. I'm just feeling a bit out of sorts, but this has nothing to do with our drinking session last night. I need some quietness right now.'

Upon seeing Heather's message, Matthias calmed down temporarily, but he couldn't help feeling that there was a hint of reluctance in her words. However, just as Evan had said, he needed to give each other enough space. This was what he had been lacking in; he often placed great strain on his relationship with Heather, and it caused the both of them to feel suffocated. 'Okay, have a good rest then.' He stopped pushing her since such a problem couldn't be solved any time soon. Moreover, he still had no idea what exactly had happened.

Upon seeing Matthias's reply, Heather finally heaved a sigh of relief. She didn't sleep well in the first place and was told off by Robert early in the morning. Her head was throbbing, and she just wanted to lie in bed at this moment. When she was working hard outside, she would think about how blissful it was to go back to her room. If it weren't for the phone call at 10.00AM, she would have probably slept until that afternoon. She was surprised to see the caller ID displayed on her phone's screen, for she didn't expect Myra to call her on her own initiative. She immediately answered the phone, but what she heard over the phone was a man's sepulchral voice. "Hello, Heather Langston."

Heather could easily tell from the voice that this man was not Tony, and every cell of her body tensed up. "Who are you? Where's Myra?" she asked in a stern voice.

The man responded unhurriedly, "Myra is in my hands."

Heather didn't expect such a thing to happen, but she couldn't get flustered at this moment. Hence, she tried her best to sound calm. "What's your purpose?" There was something fishy about this matter. After all, if he kidnapped Myra, Tony should be the first person he called, so why would he call her instead? The man answered contemptuously, "Tony has been too much of a hindrance lately, so I can only invite his wife over for a chat." Even so, Heather still didn't dare to be certain that Myra was in the hands of this man. Therefore, she asked, "Where's Myra? How can you prove that she's with you?" The man let out an ear-piercing laugh. "Since you have doubts, Miss Langston, I'll let Mrs. Hart make some sounds." Heather clenched her fists upon hearing how insulting the man sounded. At this moment, she wished she could kill this \*sshole himself. There was a brief silence over the phone as she tried to look for clues from the other end of the line. However, it didn't take long before Myra's voice was heard over the phone. "Heather." It was a brief sentence with no words to follow.

Heather shouted at her cell phone, "Myra!" Just then, the man's voice was heard over the phone again. "It seems that you two are really on the best of terms." Heather was very displeased upon hearing the man's tone of voice. However, she had to be even more imperturbable at this moment. So what if she heard Myra's voice? She still couldn't confirm that Myra was really in their hands. She thought about how Tony had always taken good care of Myra by all means possible. How could he possibly let Myra fall

into someone else's hands? This didn't make sense. "Her voice can be faked." She continued to voice her doubts to confirm Myra's actual situation, as well as to stall for time to gain more useful information.

"You are rather meticulous as they say, Miss Langston. I have sent you a video, so you may enjoy it." The man's rough voice sounded unusually unpleasant to Heather's ear.

"I'm warning you—don't do anything reckless!" Heather unconsciously threatened the man

as she was flustered by her concern for Myra's safety.

Heather didn't hang up the phone while watching the video. Instead, she tried to hold the

phone conversation as long as possible. In the video, Myra was locked up in a room

surrounded by transparent glass walls. Luckily, Myra was spotless all over, and she didn't

seem to have suffered any injustice. Even so, Heather couldn't control herself anymore

when she saw the video's beginning—she wished she could tear these kidnappers into pieces.

Heather still wanted to stall for time, but unfortunately, the man no longer wanted to keep

talking to her. He said directly, "Don't let anyone know that I've talked to you, Tony included."

Judging from the kidnapper's words, Tony was currently still unaware that Myra had been kidnapped.

"What exactly do you guys want?" Heather thought that the kidnappers wanted nothing more than money and power.

"I haven't made up my mind on what to exchange Mrs. Hart with," the man suddenly

remarked, seeming as though he was making fun of Heather. It even felt like this kidnapping

was carried out on a whim.

Heather tried to tempt the kidnappers with money. "You can ask for as much money as you want."

The man had wanted to hang up at first, but upon hearing Heather's words, he replied in resignation, "Is money the only thing that rich people like you care about? We're all

desperados; we're only afraid that we can't live to spend the money." Now that the kidnapper had finally revealed a piece of key information, Heather decided to keep it up; she mustn't let the kidnapper hang up no matter what.

"What do you guys want then? You guys didn't kidnap Myra for no reason, did you? Don't tell me that you guys aren't after anything." She continued to deal with them.

"That will be up to us." The man burst out laughing again. Heather told herself to calm down and never to provoke them. "I can help you guys if you want to be exempted from punishment for your crimes." She tried to persuade them with this.

"Haha! That's interesting. There really is nothing that you can't do, Miss Langston. It's too bad that we can't care less about it, though." The man was essentially making a fool of Heather as he strung her along.

As she suppressed her anger, Heather tried to sound calm as she asked, "What on earth do you guys want then?"

"Why don't you play with us then, Miss Langston? I heard that you're still a virgin," The man insulted Heather directly. Heather gnashed her teeth while suppressing her rage. She hated

nothing more than to come across such bandits, but she could do nothing right now. Just

when she was silent, the man continued arrogantly, "It seems that you're unwilling to

sacrifice yourself, Miss Langston. Who will sacrifice themselves for the sake of others at the critical moment?"

What the kidnapper said sounded quite convincing on first hearing, but his words were actually pure sophistry. Heather tried to analyze the kidnapper's background in her mind, but just when she was ready to respond to him, the man hung up on her directly.

Heather looked at the cell phone in her hand and suppressed the urge to fling it away. After all, there was still important information on her cell phone; she had recorded her conversation with the kidnapper just now, so this cell phone was very important right now.

At this moment, Leon was the first person who came into Heather's mind, for she believed that he must be able to track down the kidnappers. The kidnappers didn't allow her to let

Tony know about the kidnapping, but she was considering whether to give Tony a phone call. She didn't know what capabilities those kidnappers had, but they probably weren't

ordinary people since they managed to abduct Myra from the Hart Residence. After some careful consideration, she decided not to find Tony. Instead, she would seek help from Leon first. Leon was an expert hacker, so his superb skills would definitely come in handy.

However, it didn't take long before her cell phone registered a text message. It read, 'Do not seek anyone's help. I know that you want to ask Leon for help.'

Heather was surprised that the kidnappers had even thought about this, and she couldn't

help feeling that someone was keeping a close eye on her in the dark.

Now that she was at

a loss for what to do, she didn't know where to start. 'In that case, what can I do right now?'

she texted back.

The person soon sent another text message. 'Just stay in the Langston Residence and

pretend as if nothing has happened.'

It seemed that the kidnapper had planted a hidden stalker near the Langston Residence, so

Heather would definitely be noticed once she went out. She bit her lower lip hard as the problem was now serious.

Now that she couldn't ask Leon for help, she thought about what to do at this moment. Even

though her hacking skills weren't as outstanding as Leon's, she could actually be considered

a skillful hacker. However, she hadn't tracked anyone down using a computer for a long

time, so she didn't know if her skills had become rusty.

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She took out her computer, which hadn't been touched in ages, from the cabinet. Back then,

Heather had purposely looked for someone well-versed in PC building to make this

computer for her. Ever since she brought it back from overseas, the computer had always

been locked away in the cabinet. Today, it finally saw daylight again.

She switched the computer on. Heather had previously been overly reliant on Leo to the

point that her own skills had rusted by now. Although she wasn't a hacker, she was still very

informed about computers. In particular, she was skilled at obtaining information that she

wanted from them. With that, Heather entered the useful bits of information that she had

wrung from the kidnappers into the computer, believing that she'd be able to find some

clues from it.

"The outlaws." Heather kept repeating those words. "Are they from Bradford City, or did they

come from somewhere else?"

There had to be a complicated connection tying everything together.

Heather forced herself

to think calmly, but her heart was already accelerating with nervousness. After all, she had never met such kidnappers before; they didn't bring up any demands and only focused on humiliation. Not only that, they didn't allow Heather to contact anyone else.

Stranger still was Myra's disappearance, for Tony should have known about it instantly.

Heather's mind was filled with questions when it came to Tony's current whereabouts. At last, she came to a conclusion.

"There must be a spy around Myra."

At that moment, Heather recalled the new maid who had started working at Myra's house.

That woman was way too suspicious. As she pondered over this piece of information,

Heather thought of a breakthrough—she would use her computer to draw a picture of that

woman's face. Heather's fundamentals when it came to drawing was solid. Even though the

woman's face was already blurry in her mind. she would still do her best to recreate the

woman's likeness.

Soon, Heather had a draft on her screen. She looked at the picture on her computer, but

there was a nagging feeling that something wasn't quite right. Why was this woman's face

getting more and more hazy? This shouldn't have happened. After all, she had a strong

memory.

"What's the problem here?" Heather asked in agony. The woman's voice still rang out clearly

in her mind, so why couldn't she remember the woman's face?

"Something must be up, right?" Heather began to mutter to herself. She was forcing herself

to figure it out, for she didn't have much time. The sooner she figured out what she was

missing, the sooner she could rescue Myra from the hellhole she was in. But once again, the sense that she was being watched came over her again. Heather kept feeling that she was under surveillance, and the feeling left her uneasy. How could things have developed in such an awful direction? Heather immediately tossed her stylus aside, furious at this fruitless investigation. Initially, she thought that she would've been able to find some kind of breakthrough. If it wasn't for the kidnapppers, Heather would have immediately charged over to Myra's home this instant. Then, she'd be able to find out how that woman looked.

Meanwhile, Myra was deeply asleep. One of the young men there spoke to the ringleader.

"This woman is pregnant. If we keep injecting her with sedatives, she's going to have a miscarriage." The young man had a polite and put-together look to him, and he wore a white coat over his clothes. In other words, he looked to have once been a doctor. However, no one knew how he had ended up getting entangled with this bunch of crooks.

The ringleader immediately slapped the young man's face, and the loud smack startled the others to no end.

"Is she Tony's wife or yours? Why would you care if someone else's wife miscarries her kid?"

the ringleader answered furiously, putting more emphasis on his words when he brought up Tony's name.

"Boss, you should know very well how powerful Tony is in Bradford City. If we end up maiming his wife permanently while toying with her, I'm worried that our lives will be unpleasant in the future," the young man said as he broke things down logically for the

ringleader despite the blood trickling from his mouth due to the earlier slap.

“You p\*ssy, when have our lives been great? I don’t care about having one extra enemy.” The

ringleader had lost all sense of reason. He looked insane, and it made the young man shiver

beside him. After that, he didn’t dare to make another peep.

The ringleader eyed Myra while she was locked up in the glass room. She looked pitiful.

“Hmph!” He gave a cold scoff and muttered, “If you have to blame something, blame the

fact that you’re Tony’s wife.”

From the looks of things, the ringleader had some personal grudge against Tony. Then, his

eyes moved to Myra’s slightly swollen belly. When it occurred to him that Tony’s spawn was

inside it, he wished for nothing more than to destroy it.

If it wasn’t for the fact that he still had to abide by his superiors’ orders, the ringleader would

have definitely tortured Myra without hesitation. After all, she was someone that Tony

treasured above anyone else. Causing Myra pain would be even more of a rush than causing

Tony pain, but the ringleader forced himself to tamp down his hatred.

After all, now was not

the time for revenge.

Meanwhile, Myra drifted in and out of consciousness. The young man hadn’t dared to overly

sedate her because of her pregnancy, so Myra could vaguely make out their conversation.

She was currently paralyzed in her daze, unable to move at all. Although she tried to shake

herself awake from her half-conscious state, her efforts were futile.

Right now, all she hoped for was for Tony to find her soon. Myra

believed that Tony would

definitely save her. To her, Tony was someone who was capable of anything, and she firmly

believed that he wouldn’t let anything happen to her.

Concurrently, someone knocked on Heather's door even though she had locked herself in.

Her train of thought derailed, she called out to the unwanted guest irately. "Go away."

The butler was left hapless outside her door, and he wondered if he made Heather

displeased because he had told Robert something he shouldn't have.

Still, he was a

responsible man; Robert had called for Heather to come downstairs to eat, so he needed to

relay that message to her.

"Miss Heather, the Old Master has requested for you to have your meal," the butler said,

pressing himself against the door.

Heather was in no mood to eat, so she answered irritably, "I don't want to eat. No one is

supposed to disturb me." Her tone was very unfriendly, and the butler already assumed that

she was still throwing a fit over last night's events. He had known how to cajole Heather

ever since she was a young girl, so the butler employed a kindly tone in an attempt to coax

her.

"Please don't bother me, okay?" Heather said, her tone still unfriendly.

She was now in the

middle of a critical task, so she could not afford to be distracted at all.

Anyone would have

been frantic by now, and their tone would be extremely scathing due to their bad mood. As a

result, the butler left angrily.

Nonetheless, he still had some boundaries he wouldn't cross. He must not let Robert know

about this interaction, for Robert was not in good health. If he were to find out that Heather

had said such things, he would certainly be furious again. When the butler came back to the

dining room, he whispered into Robert's ear and said, "Miss Heather is feeling unwell. She

has no appetite for dinner."

The other Langstons were all seated by the dining table. Although Robert knew that this was Heather's way of worming out of dinner, he couldn't possibly lose his temper right there. Hence, he nodded at the butler. "Send some food to her room later." Robert understood Heather's personality. She was a stubborn person, and she was someone who wouldn't budge her stance even when faced with another person's strong personality. To be fair, he had indeed crossed the line earlier with his words in the study. Still, Heather had never been this rude by going off her personality. In the end, Robert thought that he should personally go up to Heather's room later after dinner.

Meanwhile, Heather wiped the sweat off her forehead. She still hadn't found any clues, and she wished for nothing more than to smash the computer into pieces right now. The violent emotions she felt had intensified recently; although she previously wanted to change her thoughts, she felt like letting them burst the more she tried to repress them. "There's definitely something up with that woman." Heather was sure of this, but unfortunately, the woman's features were not drawn accurately. She had kept searching all this while, but she still couldn't find out the woman's true identity. "A university student who's working part-time too." Heather thought of Everly. Everly was currently studying at the best university in Bradford City, so perhaps she would know of a woman like this. Having thought of a possible breakthrough, Heather opened the door and rushed off in search of Everly. The latter should be downstairs eating dinner at this hour, and Heather had

no idea what Robert would think if she just ran downstairs like this because of her earlier altercation with him. Still, time was of the essence right now, and Heather could not let this matter wait anymore. She hesitated for a moment before charging downstairs to Everly. It was rare to see Heather like this. Her face was wan and haggard, and she was still dressed in her pajamas—even her hair was a tousled mess. Heather was typically well-groomed and put together each time she made an appearance, so her disheveled look greatly startled the Langstons. Robert was prepared to give Heather a lecture when he saw her, but then he saw the latter simply dragging Everly away under everyone’s surprised gazes. “I need Everly’s help with something,” Heather said as she pulled Everly upstairs. Blake couldn’t get enough of this sight, and he proceeded to make light of the situation. “Heather has been acting less like herself nowadays.” Robert eyed Blake, for he didn’t like people who spoke out of turn. Still, Blake couldn’t let such a good opportunity like this go.

“Looks like Heather has been staying at home for too long. It’s indeed a waste of her talents. Why don’t we let Heather work at the Langston Group again?” Blake said while grinning before he changed the topic. “However, her position has been given to Everly already. If she returns to work with us, what position should she take up instead?” Robert looked at Blake angrily. He truly couldn’t stand Blake’s deliberate attempt to fan the flames, so he just said, “I’m finished with my meal.” Then, he put his cutlery aside and gave his parting words. “Enjoy your dinner.” The Langstons, who had initially been watching the show, immediately put on solemn

expressions. After all, they didn't dare to let any signs of lightheartedness show on their faces again.

Blake had offended Robert again, and Robert was growing less fond of him by the day. He

even contemplated whether he should pull Blake from his position. In fact, Robert already

had that thought in mind ever since the Moriarty Family came to Bradford City. After all,

Blake's skills were not enough to face them.

And now, Heather and Blake were being antagonistic toward each other.

Robert had no idea

how he should manage the situation; Blake would not accept Heather, and it was clearly

impossible to get Heather to help Blake at the Langston Group. When he went upstairs with

the butler helping to support his weight, Robert asked him, "Have I really gotten old?"

"You are certainly not old. Your body is still well and healthy," the butler consoled him.

"Don't say things that will make me happy. Look at my grandchildren; they don't listen to me.

I truly have gotten old, and I can't manage them anymore," Robert lamented. If Heather

hadn't still been a filial granddaughter, Robert had no idea how chaotic the Langston Family

would be.

"Old Master, the children will make their own path. You don't have to worry yourself too

much. This too shall pass." The butler was more optimistic, and he was confident in the

Langstons' future.

"What on earth is Heather doing in her room?" Robert had been filled with curiosity when it

came to Heather's lack of manners earlier. He remembered that the butler had gone up to

her room earlier, so the butler should probably know a thing or two.

“She probably has something on her mind.” The butler didn’t know how to answer that, for Heather was rarely this rude. The butler felt that things weren’t this simple, but he didn’t want Robert to worry himself over this either. “Well then, never mind; I can’t keep her in line. I have an awful headache. Help me back to my room.” Robert didn’t want to keep worrying about this matter anymore. As such, he would leave Blake and Heather to their own devices.