

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 636

Most of the people had already left the Locke Group at night, but Matthias was working overtime. Meanwhile, Heather quietly sat on the sideline while waiting for him without any complaints. He initially wanted to complete his work earlier, but she wouldn't allow him to do so and insisted on him to finish his work first.

After opening the office door, the two of them emerged one after another and saw that Lara was still waiting for them. With a glance, he said, "It's late. You should head home now."

The most hardworking staff in the Locke Group was probably her as she wouldn't leave work if Matthias was still around.

With a smile on her face, she replied, "Director Locke, I'll leave when I'm done packing up my stuff." Her face looked so innocent that no one would suspect that she had other intentions.

After returning the smile, he left with Heather, but Heather's instinct was telling her that Lara wasn't as innocent as she seemed.

Inside the elevator, Heather approached Matthias and whispered next to his ear, "Does Lara like you?" In the past, she would never pay any attention to something like that, so she definitely was planning something when she abruptly said those words to him.

Then, he stared at her in confusion as he couldn't understand why she would ask him this question. Looks like he doesn't know about my intention, she thought. "I can't quite understand what you mean," he answered seriously as he knew that he couldn't afford to give her a casual answer; otherwise, there would be a lot of trouble.

"I meant what I said," Heather responded speciously while examining the emotions on Matthias' face.

When the elevator doors opened, he was still puzzled, so she decided not to mess with him any longer. At that moment, he looked so nervous that even she was worried for him, as if he had done something terribly wrong.

"There's nothing between me and Lara," he quickly denied. Besides, he had never thought about liking her since he always treated her like his little sister.

"Don't be so nervous. I'm just asking," Heather replied in a gentle tone as she didn't want the atmosphere to become awkward.

"I'm not nervous," Matthias awkwardly refuted. Now, he finally understood the nervousness of being questioned by a woman.

"Are you really not that nervous?" She leaned toward him with a playful smile on her face.

Looking at him, she felt that his anxious looks were really adorable, so she couldn't help but tease him a little.

However, he didn't know that she was messing with him and he thought that she actually

cared about his situation with Lara, so he firmly replied, "Of course not."

"You really don't feel that Lara likes you?" Heather brought up the topic of Lara again as she wanted to see his anxious looks.

"How many times do I have to say? There's nothing between me and her," Matthias

explained again with a headache. Why did Heather suddenly mention her and keep clinging

onto the topic? I have a feeling that I'm now being watched.

"Don't you two have an intimate hierarchical relationship?" Heather emphasized on the word 'intimate', making his face even more gloomy.

"Heather," Matthias called her in helplessness as he didn't know what else to say. Why do I

have the feeling that she is catching me having an affair?

“Matthias, what are we having tonight?” Heather casually asked while completely changing the topic.

However, Matthias didn’t immediately react to her as his eyes blinked. A while later, he finally replied, “What do you want to eat?” He couldn’t bring himself to act dominant in front of her as he always ended up following her decision.

“I want to eat Korean food,” she answered after thinking about it. It was often she who made the decisions when it came to dating, so she couldn’t help but remember his weak looks when he was younger.

Meanwhile, he didn’t say anything as he would eat whatever she wanted, but she noticed the faint expression on his face.

While raising her brows, Heather asked, “You don’t like to eat Korean food?” After all, the taste of Korean food was way different than the cuisine they usually had. “No.” Whenever he was together with her, Matthias would try his best to please her even if it involved something he didn’t like.

“Director Locke, if you continue to treat me like this, I’m afraid that I’ll be spoiled in the end.”

She took the initiative to hold his hand, which was something she herself felt was weird.

Why am I suddenly so proactive toward him?

“I want to spoil you for the rest of your life.” Matthias wanted to give her everything he had, to shelter her from danger, and to give her his whole world.

“I don’t like to be spoiled.” Heather did not mean what she said. “I only hope that you can be honest with me.” Her last words pointed to another meaning, but he couldn’t figure out what it was.

“Are you blaming me for something?” Matthias asked innocently. Initially, he thought that

she was moved by him, but she was actually questioning him. I just can't guess a woman's mind.

"You really are not fun at all." She tried to pretend that she was in a good mood, but she didn't even know what she was talking about.

"You really are weird today." Matthias also noticed her being strange, as if the person in front of him was a completely different person. She usually won't say something like this.

"Don't you like it?" Heather asked sensitively. She was still smiling earlier, but suddenly, her face became serious in an instant.

"No, I really like it." In front of her, he always acted like a naughty kid who couldn't say anything because he did something wrong.

While interacting with her, he would often think of the stern Chester when he was a kid. It's obvious that inside my heart, I always wanted to rebel against Grandpa, so how did I end up loving this kind of woman?

Therefore, Matthias could only carefully preserve their relationship without breaking the balance they had at the moment. Since he first met her, he already decided that he wanted to be suppressed by her. Even though it might look unfair to the normal eye, he was actually enjoying her treatment.

"Matthias, am I wrong to treat you like this?" Heather was starting to blame herself.

Everytime I tell myself that I need to treat him better, I always end up bullying him.

She felt that she couldn't exempt herself from treating him badly. I used to hate those

women who are reliant on other people's love, but now, I've become one of them.

"What are you thinking about again?" He reached out and ruffled her hair. Whenever he

looked at her, his heart would soften as he wanted to give her the best of everything.

“Aren’t you angry that I always bully you?” she tilted her head and asked.

At that moment,

her eyes were full of innocence, as if she was a little girl who had never stepped foot in this

world before.

“When have you bullied me before?” Matthias was confused. I don’t think I’ve fallen to a

point where I’m always bullied by her!

“Aren’t you annoyed that you always need to follow what I want to do?”

Heather was

puzzled. This is something that I can’t do.

“I’m happy as long as you’re happy.” He stared at her blankly as he couldn’t figure out why

she was suddenly so emotional, which was a rare thing in itself.

“Even I think my treatment toward you is unfair.” She smiled. It

sometimes really feels unfair

toward him since I always force him to do something he doesn’t want to.

“It’s my pleasure.” A few simple words from Matthias were enough to move Heather. He was

persistent and dedicated to his feelings, and to some extent, he wasn’t much different from

Tony.

“The people around you will feel that I’m too much and try to defend you. Would anyone

around you hope that we won’t be together?” she asked tentatively.

Somehow, she felt that

something was wrong with Lara, so she wanted to see his opinion.

However, Matthias didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at Heather’s question. “What are you

thinking about?” Her spontaneous thoughts are really terrifying. Why would she mention this

all of a sudden? This is such a headache.

“I’m wondering whether some people around you hate me or not,” she suggested. I’ve

already made myself very clear. He should be able to connect it to Lara, right?

“Of course not. They like you a lot. Nikolai always talks to me about you. He thinks that we are a good match.” Matthias immediately denied her assumption. Instead, he was worried that the people around him would like her too much, especially Nikolai, whom he assumed had feelings toward her. Upon listening to him, she instantly furrowed her brows. I don’t know whether he is too smart or stupid. Does he really not understand what I’m saying? She stared at his eyes, but it was obvious that he wasn’t messing around with her. Therefore, Heather could only follow up on Matthias’ words. “Do you think we are a good match?”

“Yes, Evan has often said that we are really suitable for each other. He also mentioned that he has never seen anyone this harmonious with me.” Evan helped a lot in Matthias’ pursuit of Heather. I need to find a chance to properly thank him. “Harmonious?” She felt as though she had heard something outrageous. Why can’t I see the harmonious part between the two of us? We aren’t harmonious at all. “Huh?” Matthias looked at her as he couldn’t understand what her tone meant.

“What about Lara?” She had no choice but to mention that name because she didn’t realize that he would be that dense toward relationships. “Lara?” He didn’t know why Heather mentioned her again as it almost seemed like she had a grudge with Lara. Therefore, he asked her instead since he couldn’t understand the affairs between the two women. “Do you really care about what Lara thinks of you?”

“Are you hoping that I care?” Instead of answering him, she asked another question. “Why is the subject coming back to me again?” He was frustrated with Heather’s constant

line of questioning as he couldn't avoid them.

Matthias didn't want to continue discussing those 'unappetizing' topics before dinner, so he said to her, "Let's talk about something else. I don't understand why you keep mentioning Lara today."

At that point, it was better for him to be truthful since he didn't know what else he could say.

"You don't like to talk about her?" Heather looked at him with a faint smile. Looks like he is really upset with me talking about Lara.

"You seldom interact with Lara and she rarely mentions you, so I don't know how to answer your question." He really wanted to end this topic as soon as possible; otherwise, he wouldn't even have the appetite for dinner.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 637

There were techniques for two people to mingle well with each other, but sadly, Heather and Matthias knew none of it. It would sometimes be better if one of them could change the way that they spoke, but they always ended up bickering with each other.

Before they could even have dinner, their moods were already unpleasant. They had already lost their appetite by that moment and were now staring at each other in an awkward atmosphere.

"Send me home to the Langston Residence." Heather wasn't in the mood to eat and she didn't want to stay with him a minute longer.

Meanwhile, Matthias looked regretful as he realized that his tone was a little out of order earlier. Even if she wasn't a whiny girl, she would still be infuriated when he didn't properly answer her question. "It's almost time for dinner. I'll send you back after we have eaten

something.” He tried to change her mind so that she would stay. “No.” She immediately rejected. After what had happened in the past two days, she didn’t have the appetite to eat anything and sudden thoughts in her head didn’t help to improve her mood either.

Upon seeing her determination to leave, he didn’t continue to force her to stay, so he sent her home. At least she lets me send her back home, which means she is not that angry with me.

Heather had remained silent on the journey, so Matthias tried to start a conversation with her. However, all of his attempts were shot down by the frosty look of her face. Whenever her expression became cold, it felt as though the temperature had instantly dropped—like the chill came from her body.

In his heart, he had regretted what he said earlier. I can’t believe I’m arguing with her because of Lara. Looks like the tiny conflicts in life are inevitable.

“Heather.” As they were about to arrive at the Langston Residence, he couldn’t help but softly call her.

“Yes,” Heather flatly replied.

“Are you still angry at me?” Matthias asked worryingly. Compared to her frosty looks, he would rather face her anger because he was terrified of her at the moment.

While looking outside the window with an emotionless face, she responded casually, “Why would I be?” However, her reply had only fueled the anxiety inside his heart.

“Heather, I know that I was wrong. Please don’t be like this, okay?” He had no choice but to apologize to her even if he didn’t think that he had done something wrong. There’s no wrong in apologizing to her.



However, Heather then turned around and revealed a cold smile as she immediately saw through Matthias' thoughts.

"You don't need to apologize to me. You did nothing wrong. I was just being unreasonable,"

she murmured in a way that didn't seem like she was an unreasonable person.

"Heather, I admit that I shouldn't have spoken to you in that way. Please don't be angry at

me, alright?" As he thought about it, he realized that his tone was different than usual when

he spoke to her.

"Matthias, do you feel aggrieved when you are with me?" she suddenly asked. She felt that it

was unfair that the president of the Locke Group was so dejected in front of her all the time.

However, Matthias looked at her in confusion as he couldn't understand her question. In

fact, he never felt aggrieved whenever he was together with her, but he sometimes just

couldn't understand why she was angry at him.

"Forget about it. Your eyes have told me everything." Heather rolled her eyes at him while

calming down a little inside her heart. Even though she knew that she shouldn't be angry at

him today, she still took his love for granted.

At the moment, he wanted to look into a mirror to see what was happening with his eyes.

Since he felt that she wasn't that angry anymore, it was a good thing.

"Just take the left turn ahead." Heather noticed that Matthias was in a daze, so she kindly

reminded him.

His expression suddenly changed as he didn't expect to reach her home this soon, so he

regretted it a little since he wanted to be with her for a while. At the same time, he was also

frustrated at himself for not taking the initiative to talk to her in the beginning. Why did I

start to talk to her when we are almost arriving at her house?

Therefore, he stopped the car all of a sudden and placed both his hands on the steering wheel. Then, he turned toward Heather and stared at her in a way that made her want to just jump out of the car.

After that, Matthias approached her and kissed her lips. She didn't expect the sudden kiss at all, but she didn't dislike it either. Instead, she felt especially secured when his aura completely engulfed her body at that moment.

"Heather, whenever I look at you, I feel that I can't bring myself to leave you." She could see the reluctance in his eyes.

"Stop fooling around," Heather uttered softly. Her face was now slightly blushed as she didn't know how to respond to him.

Matthias still refused to start the car again and the distance between the two of them was so close that they could practically hear the other person's breath. When she heard his heavy breathing, she suddenly had the urge to push him away and hug him at the same time, which was contradictory.

"Heather." He placed his head on her shoulder while speaking in an extremely loving tone.

"Matthias, stop this." Heather couldn't hold on much longer.

"Heather, please don't be mad at me. I know that I always say the wrong words and I can't say anything to please you." Just like a naughty kid, he continued to murmur while reflecting on himself.

Therefore, Heather coaxed Matthias like a little child. "I don't blame you." Somehow, she felt that she was slowly falling into his hands and was helpless to do anything about it.

"I've angered you." He then spoke in a childish tone, which she found really repulsive.

When did he learn to speak like that? However, it was really effective on her even though she

was trying hard to resist it. "I'm going home." She wanted to open the car door, but he had pressed her so hard against the door that she couldn't catch her breath. "Don't you want to stay with me?" Again, Matthias pretended to be pitiful, which softened Heather's heart.

In the past, she never believed that she would one day fall for this trap, but ever since she met him, she felt that many things that seemed impossible in the past now had the possibility of becoming true.

"Matthias, please stop pretending to be pitiful. This isn't how a man should act," Heather snarled. He really is hard to shake off. At the start, he promised to bring me home, but now, he had a sudden change in mind. Even though she had scolded Matthias, he wasn't embarrassed at all. Instead, he smiled, which made her feel that he really had a thick skin.

"Please stop acting like this; otherwise, I'll be really mad," she added in a serious tone to convince him to stop messing around.

He immediately withdrew his hand that he placed on her waist. He was frightened by her stern attitude and didn't want to enrage her later on.

Then, he looked at his hand with disappointment while thinking about the warmth he felt moments ago. Everytime I want to be intimate with her, I will always get ruthlessly rejected in the end. I really am a failure.

"If you don't drive me back, I'll just walk home by myself." Heather had planned to leave the car in anger and walk back to the Langston Residence.

After listening to her, Matthias quickly responded, "Heather, please don't be angry. I'll start the car right away."

Upon seeing the smile of pleasure on his face, she halted her movement. Matthias is a

stubborn person, so I don't want to argue with him any longer. Quickly, the car took a left turn and drove a few hundred meters before it arrived at the Langston Residence. Meanwhile, Heather looked straight ahead while Matthias, who was behind the wheel, kept glancing at her. Not long after that, the car slowly stopped outside the entrance of the Langston Residence. Then, he immediately alighted from the car and ran to the other side to open the door for her. While standing outside the door, she said to him, "You should head home now!" She never planned on entering the house with him.

However, he revealed a mysterious smile. "Don't you want to invite me in for a cup of tea?" What a corny idea, she sneered inside her heart. "I think what you need now is dinner." Heather then glanced at his belly and raised her brows. "No. All I need right now is you." Matthias began to talk in a sweet way again, as if he hadn't confessed to her moments ago in the car that he didn't know how to please her with words. Even though his words were sweeter than sugar, she glared at him in disgust. Why do I have a feeling that he is becoming more unserious? Most people become more serious when they are in love, but why does it feel as though he is resembling more like a playboy? He must have learned it from Evan! The more Heather looked at him, the more she felt that he was aspiring to become a second Evan. Therefore, she blinked her eyes in disgust while considering whether to invite Matthias in. "Heather, aren't you going in?" he urged as he had already decided to enter with her.

In the end, she didn't want to embarrass him, so she agreed to let him in. Immediately, his face was filled with joy as he stood next to her like a perfect couple. When they entered the living room, Heather's phone rang. Today was so comfortable for her that she almost forgot that Myra was now being held to ransom. "Miss Heather." Heather's expression immediately changed while her heart was being hung by a thread. How could I not recognize this voice? He is the kidnapper who has been contacting me for the past two days. "I'm here." With Matthias beside her, she couldn't reveal too much to him, so she remained unfazed on the surface. However, he could see that she was acting strangely, so he nervously stared at her while guessing who had called her.

"Miss Heather, you are acting bolder lately. Do you still remember our promise?" The kidnapper spoke in a teasing and disdainful tone. "What do you mean?" Heather asked flatly without revealing her emotions, but it only made Matthias even more curious about who the person was on the other end of the phone. "Miss Heather, shouldn't I be the one asking you this question? I wonder what your intention is by bringing Director Locke into your home." The kidnapper's tone became more sarcastic, which she wasn't pleased with. "So what?" Heather couldn't speak much since Matthias was next to her. "Why don't I send you another video so that you can see how Mrs. Hart is doing at the moment?" The kidnapper threatened her, causing her to immediately feel a thump in her heart. She was afraid that she would see the image that she feared the most.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
638

The moment Matthias noticed Heather's increasingly ugly expression, he quickly reacted by asking her immediately, "Who was that?" He had a tense look on his face and his expression was as somber as hers. She calmly glanced at him and didn't respond to his question. However, her meaningful look spoke volumes. "Aren't you heading back?" Heather shifted her eyes nonchalantly toward the other direction. She urged him to leave as she needed to have some alone time and calm down.

At that instant, Matthias took the hint and he chose not to bargain with her any further. She was now on the defense and resembled a porcupine with all its thorns on display, causing him to lack the courage to say even a single word. "I'll head back right now," he responded calmly and followed her wish. Frankly, he had never criticized her actions but acceded to her all the time. "I won't keep you any longer then. Keep safe," she said courteously. Then, she heartlessly cast him aside without giving any regard to his confusions. She watched him leave the place before she resolutely turned her back on him. She was in a rush to return to her room. The video had already been sent over to her, but she wanted to view it in private and she didn't dare to click into it outside of her bedroom. She hated to have her every single move spied on, but then she seemed to be entrapped in an invisible web. It was the first time ever that she felt so insecure. Heather found herself being suspicious of everyone around her and she found herself less assertive of the things around her; overall, she realized that she had turned into a cynical person. She disliked this feeling and even more so, she started to hate herself; she hated

her emotions and judgment.

As soon as the door slammed shut after her, she immediately clicked into the video. As usual, the beginning part was totally dark. The content of the video resulted in her furrowing her brows into a thin line. She looked quite dejected after watching the short video clip.

Then, the screen on her phone darkened and she placed it down. Her expression slightly changed, but she repeatedly told herself in her mind to calm down. The kidnappers were just trying to use the video clip to cause her emotional distress. Besides, the grainy quality of the video clip was not indicative of anything. Despite that, she could vaguely make out Myra's outline from the blurred visual. In the video clip, Myra was wearing a thin, white dress and she stood shivering amidst the cold air, atop a darkened building. Myra's dark-colored hair fluttered loosely in the air and her slightly protruding stomach was prominently displayed in the video clip. Frankly, she was unable to withstand such a harsh environment in her current condition. Although it seemed that the kidnappers hadn't taken any drastic actions, in actual fact, they did.

In the video, Myra seemed to be perched precariously on the edge of a cliff and if someone else lightly pushed her from the side, she would be doomed. Heather tightly clenched her fists. These b\*stards! I knew that they wouldn't come up with anything good! Soon after that, she received another phone call from the kidnappers and she snickered, This is quite timely.

Heather answered the call and her voice sounded unusually cold. On the other end, the kidnapper said slowly, "Miss Langston, my videography skills are quite exceptional, right?"

The person had said those words quite shamelessly.

“Release Myra! I will agree to anything,” Heather spoke in an exceptionally calm voice. She didn’t have anything much to say with the kidnapper and she only had one single objective right now. Although the kidnapper used the same phone and phone number to contact her multiple times, she was still unable to detect their precise location because there was something that disrupted her investigation.

“Miss Langston, be patient. You can’t gain anything if you are too anxious,” the kidnapper continued to tease. Meanwhile, Heather tried hard to suppress her urge as she knew that there was no point in telling the kidnapper off.

“What is the actual motive of the person hiding behind your back?” Heather sneered. There was definitely a mastermind behind the kidnappers’ back. Otherwise, how else could they have possibly and completely hidden Myra out of the public eye in such a small city like Bradford City?

The kidnapper didn’t expect Heather to say those words and he paused for a moment. Soon,

he came to his senses before he responded calmly and nonchalantly, “Miss Langston, why don’t you treat this as a riddle and try to solve it?”

She hated the way he teased her. So, the reason why they kidnapped Myra is to invite me to join this guessing game? How ridiculous! “Are you going to release Myra if I manage to solve this riddle?” she questioned with a somber tone of voice.

At that moment, the kidnapper laughed out loud and Heather found his laugh quite

repugnant as she hated this feeling of being led on by her nose. Her anger had been simmering for the past two days.

“There’s no harm in you thinking this way, Miss Heather,” the kidnapper replied vaguely



His obscure reply meant that there was no way to determine the outcome, but Heather decided to try her luck anyway. If the person who was manipulating everything found enjoyment in playing such games, then she wouldn't mind joining him for a good game. After all, she was quite confident in her own abilities. The only problem was that the stakes were extremely high for this game; she had to win in this, so she couldn't help but feel anxious. She wondered what Tony was currently doing. Is he making any effort to rescue Myra? She fervently hoped that there was someone else who would stand up and fight alongside her. Heather knew that there was hardly any foolproof plan, so she didn't dare to take the risk with Myra's life. Furthermore, Myra was also expecting a child. As soon as Heather thought about that, she strongly abhorred the heartless actions of the mastermind behind the kidnapping. They are already wicked enough to kidnap a pregnant woman, but to threaten their friends and family with her life is definitely despicable. "What is it that you want me to solve?" It was then that Heather realized that she still hadn't discovered the topic of the riddle. As such, how could she solve it? "You are an extremely bright person, so don't tell me you haven't figured out the riddle yet?" The kidnapper's voice was full of scorn. In actual fact, they hadn't actually provided the exact topic of the riddle. "I don't like to beat around the bush. Why don't you just be frank about your intentions?" Heather tried to probe for more information from the kidnapper as she currently had insufficient information on hand. "Haha..." He guffawed and subsequently ignored her by disregarding her words. "Miss

Heather, this is all for today.” As soon as he said that, he hung up immediately.

The situation was the same each time and the kidnapers held the upper hand. Heather had

no choice but to passively go along with it. After hanging up the phone, she remained silent

but could not seem to figure out how to start tackling the problem. Does he want me to

reveal his identity in person?

She stared at her phone in frustration. At that moment, she anxiously wished that she could

make her way to the other end via the phone call and exterminate the arrogant kidnapper.

However, there was nothing else that she could do for now. Despite her utmost efforts, she

was unable to discover any information at all. It seemed that the other party had already

seen through her moves and she was constantly at her wit’s end while facing them. She was

fighting a struggling battle, which seemed quite pointless.

Heather was preoccupied with her thoughts regarding the riddle after she hung up the

phone. She was completely clueless about the topic. How can I even solve the riddle if I

don’t know the topic? For the first time ever, she doubted her quick wits.

I’m such a

blockhead right now. I can’t even figure out anything! At the moment, she was quite upset by

her own incompetence.

As the sky darkened, Heather’s phone rang once again. She stared at the screen and

hesitated to answer the call.

Her phone rang continuously for quite some time and she had no choice but to answer the

call. At the same time, Matthias’ voice rang out from the phone and his voice was clearly

audible to Heather.

“Heather, I’m home.” It was quite odd for him to arrive home after such a long time and it

was also out of the ordinary for him to call her about this.

“Why did you take so long to arrive home?” Heather questioned instinctively. It had been at

least two hours since Matthias left the Langstons. Although they lived quite far from each

other, it didn’t make sense to take two whole hours for him to arrive home.

He replied, “Why don’t you take a guess of what I did?” Although he had asked at a whim, he

never expected to touch on a raw nerve.

“I don’t want to guess. I hate guessing games!” His words had reminded her of the situation

with the kidnapper. They want me to solve a riddle and now, he’s also trying to make me

guess! This is so annoying!

A perplexed Matthias didn’t know what was going on. Why did she lose her temper when I

didn’t even do anything wrong?!

Heather hung up the phone on him in anger. It was quite unusual for her to express her

anger so explicitly.

“Heather,” Matthias mumbled her name over the phone quite feebly when she had in fact

already hung up the phone on him. He figured that it was unwise to persist in calling her. As

for Heather, after she had calmed down, her earlier actions then dawned upon her. She

didn’t expect herself to lose her temper at Matthias without any qualms.

At that instance, she had even regarded him as the kidnapper. Right now, she loathed her

current behavior. In fact, there was nothing suspicious about him, but she had jumped to the

conclusion that he was indeed the kidnapper and had even intended to condemn him for

that. Initially, she pondered over whether to apologize to him, but she ended up brushing it

off. She had to remain focused on the situation on hand and had no extra time for him. His presence in her life seemed to be quite disruptive to her emotions and she disliked being in such a state. I need to keep a cool head so that I can rescue Myra from the hands of the kidnappers as soon as possible. Heather had no idea that Tony had already executed his plans to rescue Myra and she assumed that she was working tirelessly alone. I can't fail in this! I must win this battle!

For the entire night, Heather found herself in a restless state. She self-torturously recounted every single detail after Myra being kidnapped, but she couldn't find a single flaw. Although she was keen to investigate the incident in detail, the kidnappers kept a close eye on her, which gave her no chance to show her capabilities. It was barely seven o'clock in the morning when Heather woke up earlier in the morning and she looked at herself in the mirror. Her skin was usually as smooth as snow, but today she noticed that she had dark eye circles and there were pimples on her chin too. It was the first time that she had ever felt such pressure. Her electric toothbrush vibrated with a buzz, but she was currently lost in her thoughts. Another day had gone by with the time passing so slowly that it was torturous for her. However, it also felt like she was being rushed at the same time. Heather didn't know whether Myra could persevere but to be honest, she found it quite hard to go on. She could not stand her own incompetence of being unable to save her best friend and she despised her current self. She stared at herself in the mirror in a daze before she reached out for her lipstick by the side and wrote "riddle" in red on the mirror. Next, she narrowed her eyes and looked at the mirror. She felt that she nearly had her answer.

There were some things that were about to be revealed and she wanted to grab this inspiration. She had linked everything together and suddenly thought of Everly. The kidnappers were in fact ones who meant what they said, but why didn't they kidnap Every then? It was Everly who had lost, but why? Heather felt that she was quite close to the truth. She held her breath as she realized that perhaps Everly was the critical point. On that eventful day, she had in fact made multiple phone calls to Everly, but how was it possible that Everly had missed every single phone call? On top of that, her reaction that day was evidently making Heather feel suspicious.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
639

Early in the morning, Heather didn't even bother to apply any serum and she went straight upstairs to talk to Everly. Luckily she went there early, as the latter was just about to leave the house.

Everly was in an exceptionally good mood and when she saw Heather, her lips curved into a smile as she greeted the other woman affectionately.

"Heather!" Everly didn't sense Heather's unusual behavior and she also didn't notice the flash of anger in the latter's eyes. Heather, on the other hand, studied Everly intently before asking, "Are you going out?" Everly's all dressed-up right now. It's so early in the morning, so where is she going?

"Yes." Everly seemed to be in high spirits and she looked quite energetic at the moment. It looks like she must have had a good night's sleep, Heather pondered over it and came to this insignificant conclusion. She felt regretful that she hadn't noticed Everly's change in

behavior previously. Right now, she was quite sure that Everly was going out to meet her

significant other. Who's the guy? she mused to herself as she saw the glowing expression on the other woman's face. Heather came to such a conclusion based on Everly's unusual actions recently, and this was the very first time she paid attention to this current situation—previously, she had never really thought about this. "Who are you meeting?" Heather pretended to ask with an innocent expression.

Just then, Everly, who was originally full of smiles, had a sudden change in demeanor and Heather managed to catch this slight detail. The latter focused her intent gaze on the former, which resulted in the former having no choice but to answer the question.

"Just a friend," Everly reluctantly replied. However, Heather naturally didn't believe her.

"Just an ordinary friend?" Heather persisted and her expression became sharper, which resulted in Everly being unable to meet her eyes.

Everly nodded and hummed, feeling quite helpless at the moment. Heather's being so overbearing; this is so stressful!

"It looks like your friend must be quite special to you," Heather muttered with a cold smile, which caused Everly to shiver out of fright.

"Just an ordinary friend of mine," Everly insisted once again. At the moment, she felt as

though Heather was her elder, and it made her feel inexplicably guilty.

Just then, Heather smiled and her whole demeanor softened. "Why are you so nervous?" In

all honesty, she couldn't quite understand why Everly was so nervous, and she came to the

conclusion that the latter was keeping a big secret from her.

However, Everly then murmured with an abashed smile, "Nothing much. I'm running late for

my appointment.”

As soon as Heather realized that, she stood aside and cleared a path for Everly while saying,

“Hurry up, then. Don’t keep your friend waiting for too long.”

Everly had assumed that Heather would persist in asking questions but unexpectedly, the

latter had willingly allowed her to go on her way. She, too, didn’t bother to consider the

situation too much because she was rushing to go out.

In the end, Everly was so preoccupied when she left the room that she didn’t even realize

Heather was still in her room. This further strengthened Heather’s deduction that there was

something wrong with her cousin.

As soon as Everly left, Heather walked out of the room. Meanwhile,

Everly had already made

her way to the living room. As Heather looked on from upstairs, she

suddenly came up with

an idea.

Along the way, she carefully trailed after Everly, though she was worried that the latter would

notice her presence. Right now, Heather drove the butler’s car—a commonly seen car on the

streets—in order to mask her presence.

Meanwhile, Everly drove in an unsteady and frantic manner in the front, seeming to give off

a different vibe than before. Heather maintained a distance and didn’t follow too closely

behind as she was worried of being noticed.

Heather’s anxiety levels were off the charts and it stuck to her; after all, she wasn’t a

professional private investigator and she was worried sick that Everly would realize that

something was amiss. The cars on the road increased as time went by and Heather really

wished she had a pair of binoculars as she was about to lose sight of Everly’s car.

Heather's car was quite a distance away from Everly's car when suddenly, the latter turned right at the traffic light. As a result, Heather ended up completely losing sight of her car. It was a pain to encounter traffic lights when trailing after someone and just then, Heather was stuck at the lights so she could only watch helplessly as Everly's car drove further and further away. She banged on her steering wheel angrily while her eyes remained fixated in the direction that Everly had gone off. However, she was not quite resigned to her luck just yet and wanted to continue with her pursuit. And so, Heather hastily turned right in the same direction. Right now, she no longer had any qualms so she stepped on the accelerator to speed up. There were many cars in front of her and she could no longer identify Everly's car from the crowd. Everly usually kept a low-profile in the Langston Family and her car was also an inconspicuous one. Therefore, it wasn't an easy job trying to identify her car from those on the road. Heather racked her brain to come up with a solution and knew that she must not

lose sight of Everly. Right now, all I need is a bit of luck. Meanwhile, she decided to keep going and try her luck. She guessed that Everly was just in front of her and the road was quite a long one, so she hoped that she would be able to find her along the way.

Heather approached another traffic light but she still hadn't found Everly's car. She then narrowed her eyes and stared intently as she tried to figure out each vehicle registration plate. Suddenly, a white shadow flashed across her eyes—it turned out to be Everly's car that she



had been searching for for so long. Heather felt her spirits lift and it looked like the Heavens were on her side as well. She noticed Everly headed straight at the traffic light, so she hurriedly trailed behind her. The stretch of road that Everly took was quite long and Heather found herself driving along for about half an hour. Come to think of it, it seems that Everly is driving around in circles. There's quite obviously a shorter and more direct route to take, so why is she taking the long route? Heather's heart skipped a beat upon realizing this; she was worried that Everly had realized her presence, so she didn't dare to go any further and tried her best to keep a distance. Truth was, this trailing episode had used up all of Heather's energy. Meanwhile, she wasn't quite sure what Everly was trying to avoid. And so, she cautiously tagged along, all the way fervently praying for her cousin to get out of her car. If Everly kept this up, then they would have already spent almost an hour on the road. Heather glanced at her wristwatch for the time and revealed an impatient look. Perhaps it was because she hadn't expected this from Everly, so she boldly deduced that the other woman hadn't noticed her trailing behind. This made Heather even more curious as to who Everly was trying to avoid. It looks like the person she's meeting is someone significant, Heather mused, suddenly feeling a burst of excitement as she couldn't wait to see who the person was. Perhaps she would be able to get some of her answers by default after seeing the other party. Along the way, Heather was lost in her thoughts of figuring out the interlinked relationship of each of the families in Bradford City. However, there seemed to be a hidden, mysterious

force that she still couldn't quite figure out just yet. She had assumed that perhaps the

person that Everly was meeting up with was the mysterious force, but she was wrong in her assumption.

The car in front stopped all of a sudden. Meanwhile, Heather could feel her palms wet with perspiration, as this was the moment of truth and some secrets would be revealed quite shortly.

She raised her head to look outside and noticed that Everly had stopped in front of an inn.

And so, she gradually slowed down and waited for Everly to walk inside before stepping out

of her car. Heather could see the inn in front of her but she hesitated slightly. She realized

that she seemed to be suspicious of everything recently—be it her own family members or

Matthias—and she showed no leniency at all.

However, just as the answer was about to be revealed, Heather hesitated all of a sudden and

she wondered whether to enter the place or not. She wasn't quite sure of how to disguise

herself either, and was worried that she would be identified by Everly if she walked in

directly.

Heather remembered seeing in television series and novels that it was quite common to put

on a disguise first. Hence, she took out her phone and looked at her own face from the

front-facing camera as she grumbled to herself, It can be a pain to have such distinctly

exquisite features! No matter how hard she tried to disguise herself, there was no way she

could disguise herself as an ordinary person among the crowd.

Heather caressed her face and racked her brain for a solution.

Meanwhile, she cautiously

peered inside but didn't catch sight of Everly.

At the moment, Everly was most likely inside one of the private rooms upstairs, and Heather felt much emboldened with that thought. And so, she stepped out with her right foot and strode purposefully toward the entrance. Soon, a waiter made his way over to serve her and she smiled warmly at the waiter. Just then, she realized that there was an advantage in her looks and she planned to find out more information about Everly's whereabouts from him.

"Hi there, madam," he greeted politely.

From the outside, this place looked like an inn. However, the furnishings inside were of a minimalist style. Why is the furnishings so mixed up? Is this how people like things

nowadays? Furthermore, even a mere waiter was suited in a tuxedo, and Heather nearly

thought that she had entered into a high-end restaurant.

"This place is quite unique," she forcefully came up with a comment.

Meanwhile, the waiter smiled upon hearing her words. His features were quite delicate,

which caused her to glance at the other waiters, and she noticed that each of them were

attractive young men too. The waiters of this inn were all exceptionally good-looking.

"Most of our customers have the same sentiments," the waiter replied.

Just then, Heather contemplated on how to ask for information about Everly. After

pondering over it for a moment, she asked, "Is there a private room?"

She was quite sure

that Everly must be in one of the private rooms.

"Yes, madam," he replied politely.

And so, Heather came up with an excuse. "Could you introduce each of the rooms to me? I

would like to pick one that suits me the most."

However, the waiter gave her a pained look. "Madam, we have five private rooms here, but

two of them are currently occupied,” He brought this up because he assumed that Heather wasn’t an unreasonable person.

“I understand. Then why don’t you lead me to the other three rooms to have a look? I would like to keep my options open,” she replied without missing a beat. Luckily, there are only two private rooms occupied at the moment so things will be much easier to handle.

The waiter did not suspect that something was off and he brought Heather upstairs. It’s quite rare to encounter someone like this, he thought to himself. This place was usually introduced by word of mouth and most people would directly ask for the private room they were after when they arrived. Hardly anyone would behave like Heather and request to pick her room personally. Nonetheless, Heather’s face was too attractive and her smile was captivating, so the waiter found himself going along with her suggestions without even being able to think straight.

During the selection process, Heather tried to probe for more information about the occupants of the other two private rooms. She was told that the five individual rooms were designed according to the four seasons. The most unique room was the fifth one, and the futuristic concept behind it was known as “The Fifth Season”. She then mentioned to the waiter, “I want to experience the charm of “The Fifth Season.” However, he replied regretfully, “That’s our main star of the place and usually you’d have to book in advance to get that room. Besides, the room’s already occupied. I’m really sorry but it’s not available.” As soon as Heather heard that, she portrayed a deep sense of interest and requested with a

cajoling tone, "Please, I would really like to have a look at The Fifth Season. Could you please bring me in for a quick look?" Based on Heather's deduction, she suspected that Everly was inside The Fifth Season. After all, that was the star of the place. Moreover, even if the latter wasn't in there, then she could cross that room off her list if she managed to go and have a peek. Heather insistently requested to take a look at The Fifth Season and came up with a reasonable excuse. However, the waiter had a torn look on his face. "I'm really sorry, madam. I'm not allowed to bring you there because that would be disruptive to our other distinguished customers. I'll get into deep trouble if I do so," he replied with a somber look on his face. However, his expression was one that managed to instill fear.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
640

His words made Heather all the more curious to have a look. I'm definitely going to take a look at The Fifth Season! Just then, she beamed widely because she was quite confident that it was only a matter of time before the waiter in front of her gave in to her request.

"Don't tell me that the customer from that room doesn't need their meals to be served, nor do they need any service?" she asked quite forcefully, causing the waiter to be quite intimidated.

"Well..." He looked at Heather with a torn expression.

"Please help me out here," Heather said while she took out some money. She knew that no one was able to resist the temptation of money. "If you're willing to help me with this small favor, then I won't let you be at disadvantage."

The waiter looked at the wad of cash in Heather's hands and he started to hesitate. Upon seeing that, she lamented deep down, Luckily I brought the money with me; otherwise, things might not proceed as smoothly. "Then I—" the waiter could not make up his mind and he seemed to be struggling. Just then, Heather directly placed the wad of bills into his hands; the money felt heavy in his hands and at that moment, he was quite tempted to take the offer. Although he was quite perplexed as to why Heather was so insistent on seeing the room, his decision was already swayed toward her and he had already shrugged off the constraints of his work ethics. "I'll take you there!" He hastily kept the money into his pocket. It's dumb to reject a gift of money! And so, Heather trailed after the waiter and mused, Luckily he didn't insist on knowing the reason! Come to think of it though, it must be quite common to encounter people who give out money recklessly here. The waiter knocked on the door to The Fifth Season while Heather hid by the side where she could clearly see the inside of the room. Once the door opened, then she would be able to take a glimpse of the whole room. Inside the room, a low male voice rang out, "Come in." Thoughts whirled in Heather's mind and she felt like she had heard this voice from somewhere before. Just then, the old-fashioned door creaked and then opened from the inside. She widened her eyes to look inside and tried to get a clear look at the person's face but unfortunately for her, the waiter was in her way. She narrowed her eyes and tried intently to get a clear look at the person's face. At the same

time, she didn't see Everly in the room so she was slightly disappointed. However, she also heaved a sigh of relief after that. If Everly wasn't in this room then obviously, she would be in the other room.

From Heather's current position, she could see that there were shadows outlined in the other room. She contemplated for a moment and decided that she would pick a room next to that one.

Just then, the waiter came out of the room with a gloomy expression. It was quite likely that the customer in the room was in the midst of an important discussion and had lost their temper at him due to the disruption.

Heather shot a sympathetic look at the guy. She had already made up her mind about her choice of room so she mentioned to him, "I would like to book the Autumn Room please."

He glanced at her with a confused look as he commented, "But then you haven't even seen the Autumn Room."

Heather smiled. "The Fifth Season isn't as good as I imagined," she murmured. "I've seen the Spring Room and didn't like it that much either, but I'm not a big fan of winter so I guess I'll just go with Autumn."

Upon hearing that, the waiter gave her a baffled look, quite likely because it was the first time he had ever encountered such a strange customer. However, since she had already made up her mind, that made things much easier for him too. "Sure, I'll make the arrangements right away," he responded politely.

Soon after that, Heather entered the Autumn Room and noticed that the decorations inside were quite apt with the theme of the room. The room was furnished in gold and yellow hues, and the whole place reverberated with the joy of harvest. This was a contrast to what she

had imagined because she had assumed that the theme chosen for this room would be 'The Autumn Bleaks', but it didn't cross her mind that they would have chosen a joyous theme like the 'Season of Harvest'.

Heather took a seat comfortably by the table; there was a tatami mat in the room and this Japanese style simplicity was well-suited to her taste. She chose to take a seat by the tatami mat but she didn't even bother to give the actual dining table a second glance. Just then, the waiter handed over the menu to Heather. She glanced at it then turned to him and said, "Can I have my meal by the tatami?" He smiled at her in reply and nodded his head. "Our customers are our priority, so you can choose to have your meal at any section of this room." Heather was quite pleased with his response. Then, she randomly picked a few recommended dishes to order. After all, this was her first time visiting the place so it would be wise to pick a couple of their well-known dishes and have a taste. She looked at the coffee table in front of her and realized that the space was quite limited, so it would very likely be crowded later on when all her dishes were served. She frowned out of frustration at that thought. Soon after that, she picked up the teapot on the table and poured herself a cup of tea. Then, she lifted the teacup and took a whiff of the fragrant tea. It smells quite good, she thought and she smiled out of pleasure because she had an appreciation for good wine and great tea. However, right now, her priority was to find a way to determine the person in the room next to hers. She tried to place her ear to the wall and eavesdropped on the situation next door.



To her dismay, the soundproof system of the room was faultless and she couldn't seem to hear a single sound. Meanwhile, there was no way she could barge into the room so she remained at a loss for what to do. At the moment, the only thing that she was able to do in her room was to keep her eyes on the door to the next room and take note of the time they left the room. When that time came, perhaps she could work around this and open her door slightly to take a peek when they left the place. Meanwhile, Everly was currently in the Winter Room and would definitely walk past the Autumn Room when they left the place. There was only one route to get out so for safety purposes, Heather decided to employ a foolish tactic of waiting it out patiently. And so, she kept her eyes focused on the room next door while she ate her meal. I wonder how long will it take for them to end their discussion? she mused, starting to feel quite anxious.

Today's task required endless patience but Heather, who usually regarded time as the essence, was willing to spend her precious time on this today and wait patiently. After quite some time, she practically felt that she was about to become a mummy from all the time that she spent vegetating in the room. However, there was no activity at all from next door. What are they doing inside there? Even if there's something fairly important to discuss, how is it possible for them to take such a long time? Heather was really tempted to barge in there right away. She sat alone in the room and was bored out of her mind. It was near lunchtime and she wondered, Don't tell

me I have to take another meal here?  
She had had too much for breakfast so she was quite full just then and didn't have any appetite for lunch. At that moment, she was so impatient that she considered digging a hole and to find out what was going on next door. Throughout this excruciating ordeal, Heather was full of contempt for herself. Why did I choose such a stupid and passive move anyway? Just as she was about to give up, suddenly, there was some noise from next door. She was quite thankful for the design of this old-fashioned building which made such a loud noise. Otherwise, she wouldn't have realized the activity from next door, let alone be able to take a glimpse. Heather stood on guard by the door and as soon as their door opened, she would definitely be able to see the face of the customer next door right away. She opened a tiny gap by the door and observed closely. Luckily I haven't ordered a meal, or else the waiter would have come in right now. The door to the next room opened from the inside and Heather waited with bated breath. She could vaguely see a strapping male figure walking over. He neared her room and it wouldn't take too long for her to see his face. However, she suddenly noticed something and she didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the situation. That man had a mask on his face and his current attire looked out of place. Nonetheless, the person next to him was Everly and everything had gone according to plan. Unfortunately, though, there was a flaw in the final and most critical step. I wonder whether he's trying to avoid others intentionally or could it be for some other reason? Anyway, after spending such a long time and trailing after Everly, this plan is a flop.

Heather was quite displeased with this outcome. Meanwhile, she focused her gaze on the man's figure but unfortunately for her, he didn't utter a single word while walking out. After all, if Heather could put a voice to him, then it would make him easier to identify.

After the man left, she requested a piece of paper and a pencil from the waiter. Then, she quickly sketched the man's figure. She had quite good sketching skills so she banked

everything on this sketch she did. If I hand this to a private investigator, they should be able to come up with something!

Right now, Heather wasn't worried about the outcome but she was more anxious about running out of time. She was quite close to a few skillful private investigators in town and she was confident in their abilities. The only problem right now was that there wasn't much time left.

She had already contacted the private investigator that she trusted upon receiving the first phone call from the kidnapper but up till now, the private investigator hadn't managed to come up with the kidnappers' hidden lair.

On the surface, it seemed that Heather was busy trying to figure out the whole incident but

in reality, she was actually trying to help cover the tracks of the private investigator. She

clearly knew that she wasn't a professional in this field, so it would be much more reliable to

leave this investigation work to the hands of an expert.

She had succeeded in gaining the attention of the kidnappers. After all, they probably didn't

expect for her to engage the services of a private investigator so early on, and especially a

well-known one too.

On the way back, Heather immediately sent her sketch to the private investigator. Truth was,

she actually owned a phone that couldn't be hacked. It was one designed for her personally by Leon, and the privacy features it had was exceptional. Recently, she had been using this to keep in contact with the private investigator. Of course, she kept in contact with Leon as well using this phone. He had the same model too, and the male version was black while hers was white. Initially, Leon had designed this as a couple phone but Heather had ended up falling in love with someone else. Nonetheless, after that, if they had any private and urgent matters, they would normally use this phone to make contact.

The private investigator, also known as the Great Detective, looked at the photo on his phone and revealed a cunning smile. He had flown from miles away to get to Bradford City to investigate this kidnapping incident. This was his way of showing his respect to Heather.

"My darling Heather, I just got off the plane and I'm knackered. Could you please give me a break before I throw myself into work?" he teasingly replied to Heather with a flippant tone of voice.

"I'll increase your pay to 500,000. Just bring me the identity of this person right away,"

Heather countered swiftly. She didn't quite trust his words and knew that he tended to drag things on, so her only solution was to throw money at him.

"Darling, this isn't a matter of money." He smiled perversely. He hadn't seen her for quite

some time now and he recalled his previous encounter with her. She was dressed in a bright red dress and was so attractive back then. If only I can have a night with her, then that would definitely be my motivation to work hard.

"Where are you?" Heather was quite aware of his perverse nature, so she knew that he must

be raring to meet her. Although she couldn't stand his perverted manner, she knew that he was top in this profession and she had no better candidate for this job. "Darling, do you miss me as much as I miss you?" he murmured flirtatiously. In the end, Heather didn't want to waste her time beating around the bush so she said bluntly, "Send me your location and I'll head over right away."