

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 651

There was a tacit understanding between them. Truth was, Heather had long noticed Leon's complicated thoughts beneath his carefree character that he portrayed. She entered the villa behind him, keeping a distance of barely a step away from him. At this moment, she felt dejected somehow, as she knew that she might be giving in a lot more this time.

The large living room was spacious and empty. Leon gestured to her to take a seat at the couch, while he moved a chair very close to her before sitting on it. He then beamed at her. As a matter of fact, he had been waiting for her arrival and he dared not leave home for fear that he would miss her.

"Heather, why are you suddenly so courteous toward me?" He cocked his head to one side, wearing an expression that was as innocent as a child's.

"I can't rely on you for everything." She had started to reflect on herself and found that she was becoming more and more dependent on him, which was not a good sign.

It would be understandable if Heather relied on Matthias. Instead, the person she relied on and trusted the most was Leon although there wasn't anything special between them. They were merely friends and she was clear that the more she crossed the boundaries, the fine line that represented their friendship would become more vague. If she continued on like this, it would be unfair to Leon. She realized that it was very selfish of her to do so as well, and she knew that she had owed him a lot.

"I like to be relied on by you," Leon murmured as he gazed at her fervently. Even if her heart

belonged to someone else, he yearned for his passionate feelings toward her to be returned.

Heather, on the other hand, avoided his gaze. I can't continue on like this. I know that what I

did was wrong, so I have to change this.

And so, she went straight to the point and refused to give him any chance to even fantasize

about it. "I don't like... I don't like to rely on anyone." Looks like I won't be able to seek his

help without going against my conscience.

"I understand how you feel. However, you have encountered an unprecedented threat this

time, so I hope that you can think this through. I'm able to help you and I'm willing to do so."

He laid out the facts straight as he did not want to miss this chance; he had to give it a try

even if his efforts might go in vain.

Heather let out a bitter smile as she mused, The way he put it doesn't sound like he's trying

to help me; in fact, he sounds like he's forcing me instead. Heather then looked into his eyes

and saw his desire in them. It dawned on her that this was a hunt and she was his prey.

"Stop forcing me," she replied, feeling exhausted. She did not know if she should do as he wished.

Leon rose from his seat and looked down at her from his height.

"Heather, think of it as you

helping me, okay?" Both of them knew each other's thoughts and wished that the other

party would give in.

"Leon, you know that it's impossible for us to be together; we are not suitable for each

other," Heather countered, her brows tightly furrowed. Things had come to the point where

she was caught in the middle.

He smiled, surprised by her firm standing. He was a little disappointed but it was nothing

out of his expectations.

“What do you like about Matthias?” Leon asked reluctantly. When he first saw Matthias, he knew that this was the man that Heather liked but he had no idea why, so he hoped that she could give him an answer.

“I myself don’t even know why. Everyone thought that I would make a good match for him, and I was interested in him as well. Still, I don’t know why I fell in love with him, nor do I know what I like about him.” Heather, too, was puzzled about what made her fall for Matthias and hoped that someone could give her an answer. Disappointment filled Leon’s eyes as he peered at her in a daze. “You can reject my feelings but not my help.” He knew that she needed him to fight alongside her at this very moment, and he wanted to be her sweet little angel forever. Their eyes met mid-air and both of them refused to give in. In the end, they smiled at each other before averting their gazes.

“I should head back to the Langston Residence,” Heather announced as she got up from the couch. The atmosphere was so awkward that she couldn’t bear to stay here any longer. He nodded without trying to keep her here. When Heather had gone far away, he yelled at her from behind, “Heather, let’s work together—put on a show with me. It’s to help each other.”

Heather had rejected his help, but what if he offered for them to work together? Leon wanted to help her by putting it in the form of a cooperation and the truth was, he had planned everything out in his head. On the other hand, Heather turned around with her brows slightly furrowed. I wonder what he means by working together? And what does he mean by putting up a show?

“If you are interested in it, why don’t you stay and hear me out?” A mischievous smile played on his lips. Based on his understanding of her, he believed that she would not reject him again.

Sure enough, Heather paused in her steps; his words had attracted her attention, although she had no idea how she would be able to help him in return.

“Let’s talk upstairs.” Leon looked cautious, which made his plan seem legit, so Heather decided to trust him this time. In the end, she walked up to him and went upstairs beside him. Then, he led her to his room.

The moment he pushed open the door, it felt as if they had arrived on a different continent.

Heather was so shocked that she couldn’t resist the urge to comment, “Wow, this is rather fancy.”

A cryptic smile appeared on his face. “This is how it looks after I made some minor alteration on what was left by the previous owner.” The entire villa was initially designed in a rather ostentatious way. Although Leon had tried his best to alter it, he couldn’t change how flashy it felt overall.

“The previous owner must have considered himself a king. Look at that bed—it’s obviously a bed fit for royalty.” Heather pointed at the conspicuous bed at the center of the room.

“Heather, we are here for business,” he reminded her resignedly as he wondered what she had in her mind for getting distracted so easily.

The two of them sat at the round table placed in the room, which she actually found

strange. In fact, there were many things that Heather would like to comment about, but she

kept it to herself as their priority now was the business and she didn’t want to stray away

from it.

The talk lasted for the entire afternoon. In the end, she found his plan extremely dangerous and she knitted her brows into a deep frown.

“Leon, have you really thought this through?” she asked, her expression grim.

He looked at her and nodded firmly. “I’ve thought about this clearly. I have no other choice and will eventually need your help.”

Heather looked at him, feeling sorry for him. It was unexpected that Leon was actually troubled by this matter. I can’t believe that a 7-foot tall man like him is living such a miserable life.

“Are you sure that you want me to help you? I’m afraid that I may mess things up,” she added worriedly. She had never done something like this before, so she was worried that she couldn’t do a good job.

“Heather, have pity on me. Please help me!” He looked at her pitifully, as he couldn’t think of anyone else who could help him out with this other than Heather.

“Have you thought of getting Paige to help you?” Heather thought that perhaps the other woman would be more reliable than her. Moreover, Leon was quite interested in Paige.

Leon let out a bitter laugh as he looked at her. “You know how my family is—they see themselves as nobles. With Paige’s background, the Old Master won’t accept her.”

Heather rubbed her pulsing temple. This is going to be such a pain.

However, Leon had helped her unconditionally no matter what sort of trouble she had faced before this, so it wouldn’t be nice of her to ditch him this time.

“Heather, you have to help me.” Leon begged her and he nearly dropped to his knees.

Heather was put on a spot. Although they could kill two birds with one stone by doing so, she felt a little guilty toward Matthias. The latter and her were just like lovers and almost everyone treated them as a couple. If she were to agree to Leon's request this time, the person who would be given the hardest blow would definitely be none other than Matthias. In the end, she couldn't make up her mind right away. She needed some time to calm down and digest things before she could make a decision so she murmured, "Give me some time to think about it, alright?" Leon continued to peer at her with pitiful eyes, which made Heather feel really awkward, as if she had done something unforgivable. I feel equally bad for not being able to give you an answer right away! "Heather, how long do you need to consider this? Time waits for no one." He sadly tugged the corner of her clothes like an abandoned child. However, she was no procrastinator either so she muttered, "One night. I will give you my answer tomorrow morning." She preferred thinking about her problems at night. If she made a decision that she did not regret even after she woke up the next morning, she would most probably stick to it. "Heather, you have to think about it carefully. This is beneficial to both of us. Don't reject my request and end up making things difficult for the two of us," he reminded her again, hoping that she could immediately agree to him.

"I understand. I will think about it carefully," she awkwardly replied. She was aware that this was very urgent to him, but his request was something that she had never expected.

She left Leon's villa in a daze and with many matters that required her thorough consideration in her head. Each and every step after this would be challenging. I didn't expect that so many things would happen. How am I supposed to help others when I can't even protect myself? The piles of problems in her hand now gave her a headache.

If all this were to happen in the past, she would not think twice before agreeing to it for the sake of the benefit it would bring. Now, however, things were different—she now had a man named Matthias Locke in her life.

Heather was in a dilemma because she did not want Matthias to go through that sort of pain. Nonetheless, being caught in between a rock and a hard place, she did not have much choice to begin with.

Leon sent her a message and she tapped on it to read it. 'Heather, is it because of Matthias?' He couldn't bear to ask this when facing her, so he asked her via a message as soon as she had left.

She didn't know how she should reply to him because it seemed wrong no matter what she replied, so she ignored his text.

In the cab, she propped her head on her palm as she looked outside the window. I'm now back in Bradford City, the place I'm familiar with.

The sky was gloomy, the blue sky and white clouds nowhere to be seen. This city wasn't exactly beautiful, but it was the place where Heather was born. She kept leaving this place but always ended up coming back. In all honesty, she had a feeling that she might never be able to leave Bradford City for her whole life.

The driver scolded and cursed when the cab was stuck in the traffic due to road repairing that occurred everywhere in the city. This was just how life was—her realistic life. She

adjusted herself into a more comfortable posture as millions of thoughts ran through her mind. I still have a long, long way to go.

Leon's villa was located very far away from the city center, and the wind that blew at her along the journey had calmed her mind. Rationally speaking, she shouldn't reject Leon's request since this would be a win-win situation.

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The Langston Residence was still the same as ever. It had been refurbished a few times over the years in order to keep up with the latest trends, but all that still seemed tacky to Heather.

At this very moment, a sense of familiarity welled up inside her—nothing could compare to this feeling that she felt now when she finally returned home. The security guard at the door noticed her and smiled at her, and Heather, who had always been indifferent, returned the smile this time.

He gaped at her from behind, shocked by her amiable attitude that she seldom revealed in front of others. The next instant, he blushed—nobody could resist her smile.

She walked to the living room and when she was passing by the garden, she gently touched the blooming flowers with her hand. At that moment, she immersed herself in the beauty of the scenery, for she knew that the Langstons would be destroyed in the near future.

In the living room, Robert was talking to the butler when Heather tiptoed to his side. She then shook her head at the butler to gesture to him not to inform Robert about her arrival.

With his eyes slightly squinted, Robert seemed to be resting or contemplating something.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and muttered, "Heather, you're back."

To her surprise, Robert was able to notice her arrival although she was so quiet. She wrapped her arms around him from behind and said to him in a sweet voice, "Grandpa, I've missed you." She had merely left for a day, but it felt a lot longer than that.

"What have you done recently?" After holding himself back for some time, he was

determined to get to the bottom of it this time.

She whispered in his ear, "Grandpa, can you believe it? Our biggest fear has arrived."

Upon hearing that, Robert was shook to the core and he instantly understood what she

implied. The butler had no idea what they were talking about but from their expressions, he

was able to tell that it wasn't something pleasant.

"Come with me to the study," Robert uttered in a low voice.

Heather continued to wear a bright smile on her face, giving away nothing as she helped

Robert upstairs.

The butler stayed behind as he knew that they had something confidential to talk about and

at the same time, he had to continue with his unfinished task.

Staying beside Robert all these years had allowed him to learn how to read the old man's

mind based on his body language. Therefore, the butler could tell that Robert wanted him to

complete organizing the living room as soon as possible.

The door to the study upstairs was opened and Heather helped her grandfather in. Robert's

health had deteriorated lately but because Heather's attention had completely focused on

Myra's kidnapping case, she had failed to notice that his health was getting worse by day.

Presently, she asked worriedly, "Grandpa, how are you?"

However, Robert waved at her. "I'm fine. Tell me—what exactly happened?" he asked, feeling

rather helpless. He did not expect that someone would create trouble right under his nose.

“Grandpa, I can’t hide this from you any longer because I need you to deal with it together with me.” After a thorough consideration, Heather decided that she had to inform Robert about this, else she had no influence over the Langston Family’s action.

“What exactly happened?” Upon seeing how cautious she was, Robert suddenly had a sense of foreboding.

“A mysterious force that we don’t know of has entered Bradford City. We don’t know what their motive is. However, they now have kidnapped Myra and are using her to threaten me and Tony. They wanted the Hart and the Langstons to join forces to go against the Moriarty Family.” She briefly summed it up with a calm tone, yet the message she conveyed was shocking.

Robert’s expression instantly changed. Looking at Heather, he was able to guess her thoughts and he was disappointed.

“Heather, are you going to put the Langstons at risk for the sake of Myra?” In all honesty, he never thought that she would choose to risk the entire Langston Family.

“Grandpa, don’t you understand? We have no other choice. Do you really think that he only has Myra in his hands?” She looked unblinkingly into his eyes, determined to tell him how serious this matter was.

“Are you implying that he has a member of the Langston Family in his hands as well?”

Robert glared at her in anger; he never expected that she would prioritize those relationships over their family’s safety.

“Grandpa, the mysterious force has the capability to easily capture anyone and destroy

anything and everything that we care about. They leave us no choice,” she enunciated slowly. The reason why she made this decision was not because of some sentimental issues, but because they had come to the point where there was no turning back.

“I don’t believe that this power is so influential in Bradford City.” Robert found it unconvincing when the mysterious man had only captured Myra, who wasn’t anyone important to him.

“Grandpa, I’ve seen what he is capable of, so I believed that he wasn’t pulling our leg. Now, he is using Myra to blackmail us and wants us to play his game and follow his rules.

However, this is also a chance that we could use to turn the tables around.” Heather was not pessimistic about the current situation. Since we are going to play a game, let’s see who can play better.

“Nonsense! The Moriarty Family has been targeting us for a long time, so how could we go and provoke them instead?” Robert was actually afraid of the Moriartys and he had no intention to get into conflict with them, so he had been avoiding them all this while.

“Grandpa, since you know that the Moriartys have been targeting both the Hart and Langston Family, why don’t we join forces and deal with the Moriartys together?” In contrast, Heather found this an opportunity as she believed that they would be able to take down the Moriarty Family if the Langston and Hart Family joined forces.

“Enough with this nonsense! Heather, you’ve let me down,” Robert snapped, his eyes full of disappointment. He never thought that Heather would actually have such a daring thought.

“Grandpa, do you think that I’m selfish?” She stubbornly went down on her knees in front of

him. "I don't want anyone to lose their lives because of this," she said this with utmost sincerity.

"What about the Langston Group? Have you considered the century-old foundation of that group?" he questioned her, having no intentions to help her up.

"Grandpa, which do you think is more important—human lives or the century-old foundation?"

You may not be aware that Myra is merely the beginning. This is not something that can be resolved by sacrificing her life. In fact, the other party could even destroy our family."

Heather deliberately stressed on her last sentence as she firmly believed that the mysterious man had such capabilities.

Her words triggered Robert, causing him to glare at her, enraged. The next moment, he walked up to her, raising his hand and giving her a tight slap on her face. A handprint instantly appeared on her fair face. If this were to happen at some other time, Heather would feel aggrieved but this time, she merely smiled, unfazed by his treatment toward her.

"Grandpa, in the end, I still lost to the Langston Group. In your eyes, I'm always second to the Langston Group." The sorrow in her eyes broke his heart. Robert did not know how to respond to her. He had indeed gone overboard today and his palm actually stung now. I must have been out of my mind! Have I actually hit Heather?

"Grandpa, the Langston Group is always your top priority and our lives are insignificant compared to that!" Heather continued to trigger him. She had to convince Robert to accept her idea because there was no room for failure as this matter involved the lives of many.

Robert's body trembled. It was unexpected to him that Heather, who had always been meek

and sensible, would say such words to trigger him. Looking at her with his deep gaze, he did not know how to respond to her.

“Heather, I’m sorry.” He bent down to her level to meet her eyes, squatting down in the process as she was on her knees.

“Grandpa, I don’t need your apology. I know your concerns and I understand them. But, is the Langston Group really more important than the lives of the Langston Family?” Tears

brimmed in her eyes as she really felt heartbroken this time.

Robert, who had never seen her like this, instantly gave in. “Heather, I’m sorry. I was wrong

and I should have trusted you.” he mumbled, apologizing to her non-stop. Guilt welled up

inside him and he felt that he was a failure who did not deserve to be Heather’s grandfather.

“Grandpa, I don’t blame you for it. I just want you to see this clearly. The Langston Group is the blood, sweat, and tears of the Langstons, but the people are still our most important

assets. Without the Langston Group, the Langstons can still rebuild its glory but without the

people, we have nothing.” Her words came from the bottom of her heart as she was

determined to change his mindset.

Robert looked at Heather in distress. He was conflicted, wondering if he should go all out

for the chance to save their family. Since Heather had put it this way, it seemed like the

Langston Group was now in a dire situation. Which option should I choose?

“Heather, I understand where you are coming from, but I can’t let the century-old Langston

Group be destroyed in my hands,” he snarled. The efforts of their ancestors would go down

the drain if the Langston Group were to fall.

In the end, Heather had no choice but to bring up the person who had scarred his heart in an

effort to change his mind because she knew that this was something that Robert could never let go. And so, she countered, "Grandpa, do you still remember your younger sister whom you used to favor the most, Claris? I'm sure that you don't want to see tragedy repeating itself!"

Upon hearing the name 'Claris', Robert seemed to fall into a daze, as if she was standing right before his very eyes. Sorrow filled his eyes and hidden beneath them was a deep sense of guilt.

"Heather, don't force me." At that point, he started to beg for her to stop as he really couldn't bear to listen to her anymore.

Heather's back was straight as she knelt on the floor. She refused to allow Robert to continue evading this problem and she had to make him face up to it. And so, she continued to stress her point and she muttered, "Grandpa, stop evading reality.

We should let bygones be bygones, but we cannot allow tragedy to repeat itself." Although Heather felt distressed for her grandfather, she knew that if she allowed him to 'escape' this time, she would never have the courage to help him to get over this hurdle again.

Robert's face blanched. Knowing that he was not in good health, Heather had to finish this quickly for fear that he would pass out.

She had to make sure that he resolved his emotional entanglement when she managed to gather the courage to point things out. She couldn't back down, nor could she allow him to do so.

However, Robert tried to switch the topic without a trace. "Heather, get up," he murmured.

Upon hearing that, she shook her head. "Grandpa, if you don't agree to my request, I won't

get up.” She remained on her knees, acting very rebelliously in front of him for the first time.

“Heather, please don’t torment me.” Robert had no strength to continue to talk to her. He felt

as if he was dying and it was as if he was on his deathbed.

“We should let go of the past. Now, all I hope is for you to not repeat the past mistakes. I,

Heather Langston, swear to God that I will rebuild the Langston Group even if it is

destroyed,” she vowed with full confidence that she had such determination and ability.

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The grandfather and granddaughter stared at each other for a long time.

It gave Heather the

confidence that Robert’s heart had started to sway, so she persisted in trying to convince

him. Without his help, she would never succeed in this matter.

Unlike Tony, she didn’t have control of the Langston Group. For her to play this game, she

would need to have Robert’s support.

“I know you must be thinking that I owe you so much, Heather. Alright, then. I’ll support you

whole-heartedly this time,” he finally promised, just as Heather expected.

“Thank you, Grandpa.” Only then did she stand up. This was her first time kneeling for

someone and it would be her last.

“Remember that the Langston Group must live on, Heather, so think twice before you do

anything,” he exhorted. While Robert was willing to give her the power, he still hoped she

would be careful.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa. I will do my best to protect the Langston Group.”

After all, Heather

cared about the group as well, and would never risk it if she had any other choice.

“I believe you. You’re a good child. From now on, the Langston Group is yours.” At Robert’s age, it was time to relinquish his power to someone much younger than him.

“I’m sorry, Grandpa.” In truth, she felt ashamed for forcing him to step down and hand over control of the Langston Group to her.

Patting her shoulder, he reassured, “Don’t overthink it. I’m getting on in my years, anyway, and I should be giving up my power.”

While Blake was the one in power at the Langston Group all these years, the truth was that

Robert was actually the one in charge with Heather manipulating things behind the scenes.

For him to pass the torch on to her now proved how much trust he had in her. Even if he was

always fond of her, he hadn’t previously been willing to relinquish all of his power. Now,

however, he was truly taking a backseat.

“Don’t put yourself under too much pressure, okay? I trust you can turn the situation around,”

he said, no longer treating her as cruelly as before. After thinking about it, he had come to

the conclusion that what she said made sense.

Just because he highly valued the Langston Group, it didn’t mean he didn’t care about the

lives of his family members. Heather was right—if those people could kidnap Myra, there

was no saying whether they would harm a Langston as well.

That was something Robert couldn’t condone. No matter how important the Langston

Group was, it couldn’t compare to the lives of his family members. It was his failure to

understand that all those years ago that caused the death of Claris. Thus, he made the

decision to hand over the reins now.

“I hope so too, Grandpa,” Heather answered from beside him with an inscrutable look. He

didn't know what she was thinking about, but he could feel the weight of her burdens.

As he watched her leave, he let out a long and tired sigh. The road ahead would be treacherous and his only hope was that she would be able to survive it. Never could he have foreseen that all of the Langston Family's heavy burdens would ultimately rest on his granddaughter's frail shoulders. At this moment, he hated himself for being powerless and even more for not having fostered good successors. After everything Heather did for the Langston Family, all she had to show for it was their lack of understanding. Robert didn't know when he would be able to rectify the situation, but all he hoped was that they would show more understanding for the hardships she endured.

Meanwhile, as Heather walked into the study, she kept her back straight and her head held high. There wasn't any emotion in her eyes. She was long prepared for the difficult period that would ensue, but her family was not.

Time passed quickly and day soon turned to night. Under the lamplight, Heather read through her computer with a sneer on her lips. It seemed that unbeknownst to her, perhaps because she had been in Bradford City for too short a time, dark forces had infiltrated the place a long time ago. These dark powers had been in the city for a long time and could now be found everywhere. They had shocking might and while she couldn't be certain how scary they truly were, she dared not make a move for now. The situation was getting trickier and trickier, and her gaze grew hateful and even icier as her grip tightened on the computer mouse. She had to think of a way to flip the situation on

its head. Currently, it was looking increasingly worse for the Langston Family, and she couldn't imagine what would happen in the future. "Should I trust you, Matty?" Heather asked herself. How confused I must be to be thinking about Matthias at this time! However, she couldn't say yet if he was a friend or a foe. While she truly believed he cared about her, she wouldn't dare wager on his goals in business. There had to be a reason the Locke Group suddenly moved to Bradford City. While she tried to get the answer from him many times, he always succeeded in changing the topic. She was dying to know the intention of the Locke Family. After everything she heard about their head, she wished badly to be able to visit him at the Locke Residence. Truth was, she found it a pity that she never got the chance. Because Heather firmly believed that Matthias had to have some skeletons in his closet, she was determined to find an excuse to visit him. Unfortunately, such an excuse was hard to come by, not to mention that she couldn't leave Bradford City at this time. Feeling conflicted, she decided to take the initiative and seek out Matthias. As she opened her Messenger app and looked down at his familiar profile picture, she let out a small smile. It felt like she hadn't seen him in a while and now that she was looking at his picture, she felt wistful.

'What are you doing, Matty?' She asked inanely in the text since she didn't know how to express her longing. On the other end, a notification appeared on Matthias' phone and seeing that it was a message from Heather, he quickly opened the text. These few years, he had missed her a

lot, yet had been unable to take the initiative in seeking her out. 'Missing you,' he quickly replied. It always took him only seconds to reply to her messages, and the thought that he was always waiting to hear from her made Heather smile. 'I missed you as well.' It had taken her a long time to learn how to express herself so affectionately. In the past, she would never have said it out loud even if she was thinking about him. Now, she was different and would boldly admit it if she missed him. 'Are you in Bradford City?' he asked since he knew that she had traveled, but not if she had returned. 'Yes,' she quickly responded. At this point, he couldn't help smiling and asking tentatively, 'Can I visit you?' She has to be at the Langston Residence right now and I can't wait to see her! he mused to himself. As for Heather, she wanted to see him too although it was the middle of the night. 'Yes,' she replied. 'Wait for me, then. I'll be there soon.' Immediately, Matthias put on his coat, wishing he had wings so that he could fly to her. With a wicked smile, she texted, 'I don't want to wait for you.' 'Wait for me,' he repeated in exasperation.

'I want to go to you.' It was just a few simple words but Matthias hardly dared to believe his eyes. In fact, he was starting to question whether it was actually her at the other end of the conversation. 'No, I'll go to you,' he emphasized, tamping down his excitement. Of course he wouldn't have her drive to him at this hour of the night. He simply had to go to her. 'You're always the one coming to me, so can't I make my way to you this time?' she asked, her question heavy with meaning.

Nonetheless, even if Matthias was touched, he wasn't willing to let her travel to him. 'I don't think it's safe for a woman to be out and about at this time of the night.' It was better for men to do it. Ultimately, he was still chivalrous, especially when it came to her.

'Let's meet in the middle, then,' Heather insisted. She would feel guilty if they met at the Langston Residence.

Immediately guessing her thoughts, he asked, 'Is it because you don't want me to go to the Langston Residence in the middle of the night?'

Even though they both knew that was the truth, she neither confirmed nor denied it. 'Does it matter? I just want to drive my car out.'

'It's best not to go out in the middle of the night,' Matthias continued to advise, worrying about her as if she were a child.

'You always go out in the middle of the night. Pray tell—what's so bad about going out so late at night?' she mocked him.

'It's best for a lady not to go out in the middle of the night,' he amended. 'There are too many baddies out and about.'

With a chuckle, she asked patiently, 'Are you assuming that I'll run into a baddie or that I won't be able to handle them? It's not as if there aren't any gun laws here. As long as they're not carrying a gun, they wouldn't be able to do anything to me.'

That was the only scenario Heather feared. However good she was at martial arts, she would not be able to outfight a gun. Nonetheless, she had yet to run into a gun-toting criminal.

'Fine, I'll take your word for it. Let's meet in the garden,' he told her, arranging for them to meet in the small garden next to the pedestrian zone that he estimated was equidistant

from both of them.

'Okay,' she gladly agreed, since the pedestrian zone was likely to still be lively at this hour.

Before going out, Heather simply donned a coat. Her make-up was still intact and needed no

touch-up at this moment. From the garage, she chose a white car that was not only a

two-seater, but would also be more visible at night.

By now, Matthias was already well on his way to the meeting point.

Nevertheless, she did

not hurry as she started up the car. When she thought of the fact that she would see him

soon, her mood lightened immensely.

The security guard at the gate was astonished to see Heather leaving at this hour but,

having no right to question the Langstons' comings and goings, he simply opened the gates

for her.

As the car exited the villa, she rolled down her car windows and allowed the night air to

caress her cheeks and clear her mind. She was coming to like the night, for it permitted her

to cast aside the troubles of the day and vent her messy emotions into the darkness.

It would take about half an hour to reach the garden and she enjoyed the cold night breeze

the entire way. It woke her up but at the same time, her heart was starting to race from

nerves.

Just then, a call from Matthias broke the silence of the night. After connecting her phone to

her earpiece, Heather answered the call.

"Hello?" she asked neither too softly nor too loudly. Upon hearing her voice, Matthias

suddenly missed her with a passion.

"Where are you right now?" he asked as he sped up, unable to conceal his excitement. He

only hoped to be able to see her as soon as possible.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Listening to Matthias' voice, Heather closed her eyes in enjoyment. Throughout the journey, there weren't many cars along the way. A moment later, she opened her eyes again and his voice was still sounding from the other end of the line.

"Can you stay on the line?" Heather murmured, suddenly reluctant to hang up as she wanted to keep talking to him.

Matthias was surprised at her request and he was taken aback for a moment before responding, "Of course."

The topics of their conversation were random as they immersed themselves in each other's voices. At this moment, Matthias had slowed down his driving speed because he had to divide his attention into chatting with Heather.

"Was Singapore that fun?" he asked curiously as he listened to Heather's story about the country. Truth was, it sounded pretty interesting.

"Yes. You'll definitely like that place," Heather said with a smile, as if Matthias was right in front of her.

"Let's visit Singapore together when we have the chance, then."

Although Matthias had been to Singapore many times, it was always because of business affairs. Hearing her words, he really wanted to travel with her.

"Sure. Let's go to the casino together and win some big bucks!"

Heather's mood got even better. Talking to Matthias could help her forget about those worries for the time being.

And so, the two of them kept the conversation going until their phones were about to run out of battery. Fortunately for them, they would be meeting each other in ten minutes.

After parking his car, Matthias got down from it. Heather, too, would be arriving anytime soon. Right now, he was like a young and impulsive boy who had a foolish smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as he waited excitedly to meet his beloved girlfriend.

Soon, Heather also got out of her car. The two of them were still talking on the phone and

she asked, "Are you in the mini garden already?"

"Yes, I'm waiting for you at the heart of the mini garden." How much he wished he could

teleport to her side at this moment. He couldn't wait to hold her in his arms and look at her

pretty face right.

Heather looked around her with a smile, seeing that the streets were still full of people at

this time. It was no wonder that many outsiders that came to Bradford City would always

drop by the pedestrian zone at night just to feel its liveliness.

As she walked along the way, many people casted their gaze at her. She was always so

stunning. Although there might be many pretty faces in the world, it was rare to come

across a person as gorgeous as her.

Standing in the crowd, Matthias was exceptionally outstanding with his tall figure. Even

from a far distance, Heather could see him walking back and forth in place. Watching his

movements, she flashed a bright smile.

Heather planned to walk up to his side quietly, so she carefully hid among the crowd for fear

that Matthias would notice her. As she silently walked up and stopped behind him, she

smiled triumphantly for her success.

However, the very next second, he turned around and murmured, "Hat, you're getting more

naughty by the day." In reality, Matthias had noticed her a long time ago, yet he didn't call out

to her. Watching her mischievous behavior, he found it very interesting.

“Hmph! You’re no fun at all.” Heather expressed her dissatisfaction at him being too alert of his surroundings.

“There’s nothing much I can do about that. It’s my instinct.” Matthias was trained to be like this long ago. It was too difficult for him not to notice even the most trivial moments.

Refusing to continue this topic, Heather asked, “Matty, how can you be so fast? It should take around forty to fifty minutes for you to arrive here from your villa. How is it that you’re even faster than me?”

Heather thought that this didn’t make sense at all. Matthias had always been one step ahead of her and it was making her frustrated. It was as if she was always coming late on purpose.

“Because I don’t dawdle like you,” he teased her. He seemed to have become bolder now, for he even dared to make fun of her at this time.

Heather looked at him, dissatisfied. How dare he make fun of me? Turning around, she faced him with her back. He is always going against my words and getting on her nerves!

“Are you angry?” Matthias leaned over and looked at her puffed cheeks, thinking that Heather was the cutest person in the world.

“I’m not that petty.” She glanced at him contemptuously. Of course, she wouldn’t get angry just because of this.

Reaching out, Matthias gently ruffled her hair. He missed the feeling of it, but Heather didn’t like this action of his at all.

“Don’t touch my hair,” she said in an angry tone. Matthias is really trying to ruffle my feathers, huh?

“Then what about this?” He got closer to her and planted a kiss on her forehead.

Instantly, Heather pushed him away, “There are so many people around. Do you want to see us in the headlines tomorrow?” A flush immediately crept up her face as she grumbled to herself, Matthias is indeed too daring! “We’re officially in a relationship, so there’s no big deal with us being in the headlines at all. Could it be that you’re secretly seeing other men behind my back?” Matthias asked nonchalantly, not embarrassed in the least.

“Who’s in a relationship with you? Please mind your words!” Heather muttered, thinking that Matthias was pushing his luck as she had not yet agreed to be his girlfriend. It seems that he is really trying to get on my nerves! “Of course I’m talking about you! Aren’t we a couple? Didn’t we even talk about our marriage already?” Matthias answered confidently. The more they talked, the more nonsense he was spewing. “When did we even talk about marriage?” Heather gazed at him speechlessly, probably because she had never seen such a shameless man other than Matthias. Upon hearing that, he smiled and poked her dimple with his finger as he said, “Why are you getting nervous? Should I visit your parents tomorrow and ask for your hand?” he murmured, continuing to tease her. “No! You’d better behave yourself!” Heather warned him. Matthias’ nonsense was getting out of hand and if he continued talking, he might even come to the topic of their future child. “Alright, alright. But before I behave myself, give me a hug.” Matthias then took her into his arms and hugged her tightly. With her in his embrace, he was the happiest man in the world at this moment.

Heather was not used to being affectionate in public so she ordered, "Let go!" What if the others look in our direction? That would be so embarrassing! On the contrary, not only did Matthias not let go, he even tightened his hug as he murmured, "No."

"Why are you behaving more and more like a rascal these days?"

Heather glanced at him contemptuously. He was the president of the Locke Group but he had now degenerated into a gangster.

"I'm only a rascal when I'm with you." Matthias smiled contentedly. To him, being able to hold Heather in his arms was the happiest thing in the world. Therefore, he was reluctant to let go, for he wanted to continue enjoying her tenderness.

"This is the pedestrian zone," Heather reminded him, as she really didn't want to see herself in the news tomorrow. The paparazzi had yet to give up chasing after them.

In the end, Matthias reluctantly loosened his hold and murmured, "Heather, I miss you so much. It's been too torturing for me to resist the urge to look for you." Truth was, he had lost count of the times where he wanted to call Heather.

"Stop it. We're not acting in a drama right now." Heather laughed mockingly to herself. Love was a common thing, yet it could turn even the most prestigious person into a commoner.

Casually, Matthias held her hand in his as he said, "Let's go shopping." At this time, the night market had started operating on the streets. He had never visited a night market before and he guessed it should be the same for Heather as well, so he wanted to go on a shopping spree with her. In his opinion, girls tended to like the word 'shopping'. "Shopping?" Heather thought her ears were playing tricks on her. For a man like Matthias to

invite her to go shopping had certainly caught her off guard. "Only the night market is operating at this hour, though. Are you sure you want to go there?" Evan once told Matthias that girls liked shopping, so the latter planned to make use of what he had learned. He strongly believed that Heather would be impressed with his plan.

"The night market is also a great choice." Matthias had no idea what a night market was, as he naturally wouldn't understand the life of the commoners. The night market was lively and it was even more crowded than the pedestrian zone during the day. There were rows of stalls along both sides of the night market that sold all kinds of things.

"Alright then. Let's go to the night market." Heather, however, was different from Matthias.

She knew what a night market was like.

It was a place where they sold a large amount of counterfeit items.

Those well-known

brands could be seen everywhere in a night market. It was just that they were fake and the prices were so low that it was beyond her imagination.

Seeing that Heather accepted his invitation, Matthias smiled triumphantly. Now that his first

step had succeeded, he had to work even harder to please her from now on. Evan told him

that all Matthias had to remember was to buy everything that she took a fancy to when they were shopping.

In the end, there was nothing he could buy for her in the night market.

After all, how could he buy those cheap things for her?

As they walked down the market, Matthias was looking at those stalls with widened eyes.

Be it the clothes, shoes, or even the accessories... They were all too cheap.

Admiring the expression on his face, Heather smiled secretly as she thought to herself, He's too cute! Gradually, she, too, immersed herself into the night market. Some of the accessories were really cute, despite the rough workmanship. Looking at the phone lanyard in her hand, Heather thought that the grinning little monster on it was too adorable. The next second, the owner of the stall offered it at a price of 20. It was so cheap that it didn't seem premium at all.

Matthias, who was standing off to one side, was hesitant to pay for Heather. Twenty was too little. If it were two thousand, he would pay for it without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, Heather was thinking about whether to make the purchase or not, and she was still thinking if she should bargain with the seller. After all, the people next to her seemed happy while bargaining for a lower price. Therefore, she wanted to experience this kind of simple happiness too.

Puzzled, the seller looked at the dazzling couple in front of him. They were dressed in luxurious brands and one could tell that they were not ordinary people. To the seller, it was beyond incredible that they would actually stop by his booth to buy some accessories.

"Sir, is this little thing worth twenty? Did you jack up the price?" At last, Heather decided to put aside her image and bargain with the seller. She really wanted to feel the joy of bargaining.

Usually, everything that she bought was from luxurious brands and there was no room for bargaining at all. Today, she had finally come across the opportunity, so she had to experience it herself. It seemed that one would feel a sense of accomplishment if they made a successful bargain.

Upon hearing her words, the seller and Matthias were stunned. Never did the former expect that such a wealthy person would bargain with him.

On the other hand, Matthias was even more shocked that his jaw dropped. Heather was a person who would casually spend two hundred thousand in the blink of an eye, but she was now bargaining for an item that was worth a mere twenty. Suddenly, he couldn't help but have the urge to record this historic moment.