

**Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
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After the two exchanged glances, Heather said to the stall owner, "I don't like free gifts."

The stall owner seemed to have expected that she would respond in this way and he

countered, "Oh dear! I know I look like a con man when I give away the cross necklace like that."

Never did they expect that the stall owner would be so straightforward as he started

muttering to himself. Surprised, Heather and Matthias looked at each other, thinking that

this stall owner was interesting.

"Actually, this necklace is related to you. It's not an ordinary cross necklace. It has a long

history behind it." The stall owner was really talkative and he had been talking nonstop even

though Heather and Matthias did not respond to him.

Feeling bored, Heather replied, "How long is the history?" She glanced at the cross necklace.

How could she know when she was not an expert in this field?

"That's a good question. Look at this cross necklace." The owner picked up the necklace as

he spoke before he handed it to Heather.

"Okay," Heather reluctantly responded, not knowing what he meant.

"The darker the wood is, the older it is. The darkening of the wood is due to its reaction with

the air," he explained to her.

Standing off to the side, Matthias listened to their conversation quietly.

He believed that

ordinary people couldn't deceive him and Heather, but since she was interested in staying

and listening to the stall owner's nonsense, he might as well keep her company and see

what the stall owner had up his sleeve.

“So how many years has it been?” Heather felt that he wasn’t answering her question at all.

If it wasn’t for her good mood today, she would have already left by now.

“It’s been more than 30 years. I made this myself when I was young.

Although its

workmanship is a little rough, it’s really a precious item,” he said in a nostalgic tone as he

touched the necklace.

Somehow, Heather had a feeling that the stall owner was someone with an interesting life

experience. Thinking about it for a moment, she asked, “You made all these by yourself?”

Nodding, he flashed a prideful smile. “I used to treat them like treasures back then.”

“If they are your treasures, why are you selling them now?” Not to mention that he is giving it

to me for free. Of course, Heather didn’t say this last part out loud.

Hearing her words, the stall owner smiled, looking like a mischievous child. “I’m old and my

children don’t like these things. I might as well set up a stall and see if these treasures of

mine will meet its destined new owner.”

With her eyes widened, Heather looked at him in disbelief. “Sorry, but you look like you’re still

in your forties.” At most, the stall owner should be in his fifties; he didn’t seem to be at the

age of retirement yet.

Upon hearing that, the man laughed. “Your words make me happy!

Actually, I’m already in my sixties.”

Heather shook her head as she murmured, “Interesting. There’s a saying that goes, ‘seeing is

believing.’ It seems that eyes do lie too.” The old man looked way too energetic and lively for

sixty years old. In fact, he actually looked young.

“Miss, you’re indeed interesting! Looks like I have to give this necklace to you.” The stall

owner took down the necklace and insisted on giving it to her.

Although Heather liked this necklace a lot, she would not accept gifts from strangers.

Instantly, Matthias seemed to notice her hesitation so the very next second, he took out all the cash he had.

He rarely carried cash around when he went out, so he had only two or three thousand with him right now.

“Sir, your cross necklace looks great but my girlfriend will not easily accept free gifts from others. It ‘ll only be appropriate for me to buy it from you and give it to her.”

At this time, Heather was still thinking about the cross necklace, so she didn’t pay much attention to Matthias’ words. Seeing that Heather did not deny it, Matthias was delighted as if he was on cloud nine.

Looking at the other man, the stall owner finally accepted the cash as he said, “It’s rare to come across people like you all these days. Indeed, I made the right choice.”

Matthias could tell from his eyes that the stall owner was not a greedy person. It seemed that they had really met an interesting person.

“Thank you for your understanding.” Matthias politely said to the stall owner.

This way, Heather could get what she wanted without accepting it as a free gift from the owner. Satisfied, she smiled brightly at Matthias.

Suddenly, she had the urge to praise him for his wit and they looked into each others’ eyes affectionately.

Meanwhile, the stall owner continued talking, “It’s great to be young. Should we be friends on Messenger?” He took out his mobile phone as he spoke.

There were only a few people on Heather’s Messenger list. She didn’t even have her business partners’ contacts, so how could she add a stranger that she had just met a

moment ago?

Noticing her hesitation, Matthias took out his cell phone and asked, "Can I add you, sir?"

Once again, he had resolved the awkwardness. After all, the other party was a man in his sixties, so Matthias should at least show some of his respect.

Hearing Matthias' words, the stall owner shook his head. "No. I'm only making friends with the new owner of my cross necklace." Never did Matthias expect that he would be so stubborn.

With her eyes slightly narrowed, Heather didn't know what the old man was thinking.

Somehow, she felt that something was not right.

"Why do you want to add me on Messenger?" Holding the cross necklace in her arms, Heather looked like an ancient heroine.

Smiling, the stall owner answered, "You may not believe it. Most of the people that took a fancy to my cross necklace are in a difficult situation. I also had such a period of time back

then, so I guess I could be of great help to you with my experience."

Looking at his sincere expression, Heather hesitated again. She probably didn't expect that

she would actually take out her mobile phone without her knowing it.

After adding the owner on Messenger, Heather walked away with Matthias. Confused, the

latter asked, "Why did you agree to his request?"

In all honesty, Heather herself had the same question. "I don't know. It was as if I was possessed."

Initially, Matthias didn't believe in the theory of the supernatural either. But what happened

today was really absurd. Heather seemed as if she was possessed and he couldn't find a

scientific way to explain it.

"Could it be that we were scammed?" Matthias asked tentatively. After all, he and Heather

had met countless people at work and had experienced all kinds of situations. There was no way they would get deceived by such a trick. “That’s impossible. We’re both in the business so we wouldn’t be wrong in evaluating others. Furthermore, I believe he was telling the truth.” Heather said as she played with the cross necklace in her hand. It was just that she still felt a little uncomfortable with the man’s approach and there was an inexplicable feeling within her. However, since they had added each other on Messenger, it

was not too polite of her to delete his contact. Therefore, she could only leave things as it was for the time being. “We’ve gained a lot at the night market today.” Matthias carried dozens of shopping bags in his hands. A woman’s desire to shop was really too terrifying, but he was satisfied with the process and outcome of it. “Matty, I bought a lot of useless things.” Heather looked at the bags that Matthias was holding. It seemed that those things wouldn’t be of any use to her. “Buy it if you like it. The main purpose of these things is to make you happy.” His honey-coated words were getting so proficient that Heather couldn’t even look him in the eyes. Yet, it still felt great listening to those words. At this time, she was already exhausted so she didn’t want to continue shopping. In fact, what the stall owner said just now had messed up her heart a little. Looking back on her recent situation, she felt that she had indeed never encountered such a dilemma before. Can it be that it was really something supernatural? The next second, Heather stared at the cross necklace in her hand. Indeed, the workmanship of it was less satisfactory. She was always a person that liked things with

exquisite workmanship, so why did she end up buying such a roughly made cross necklace?  
Moreover, the color of the wooden cross necklace was too dark and Heather didn't like this shade of brown at all. In other words, she had no idea what caused her to buy it. What happened just now was like a dream. When she was on her way back, she deliberately passed by the place again, but the stall was no longer there. The cross necklace was not there and neither was the old man. Everything seemed just like a dream.

Tugging at Matthias' sleeve, Heather asked curiously, "Where did the man go?"

Matthias didn't know the reason behind it either. After thinking about it for a moment, he asked a middle-aged woman who was setting up her stall, "Excuse me, do you know where the man that sells cross necklaces went?" He had a feeling that this person should know his whereabouts.

"He went home. He has a rule for himself. As long as he gives away a cross necklace, he'll wrap up and head home." Initially, the middle-aged woman didn't want to answer. However, after seeing Matthias' fine-looking face, she responded diligently. Everything became even more strange now. Never did Heather expect that she would meet such a person. That man's eyes were as if they could see through her and that had Heather feeling rather uncomfortable.

Recalling that time she looked into the man's eyes, she felt as if he had seen through all her secrets. It was as if she was standing naked in front of that person with no privacy at all.

Hearing the woman's reply, the two did not ask further questions and left the night market

hand in hand. Instantly, Matthias was keenly aware of the changes in Heather's emotions.

Unlike her relaxed mood at the beginning, she looked a little depressed at this moment.

"What's wrong? Are you still thinking about what he said just now?"

Matthias leaned close to her ear and asked.

"No, I'm just getting a little sleepy." Heather casually replied.

"Well then, I'll send you home." It was indeed getting late, so Matthias gave up dragging her to stroll around.

"No. Let's go to the parking lot and get our own cars. Then, we head home separately."

Heather didn't want him to send her as that would take too much of his time.

"Don't reject my kindness," Matthias murmured and he insisted on sending her. How can I let her go home alone at night?

Heather, on the other hand, continued to decline his offer. "I have my own car. It's not a good idea for two cars to go side by side on the road!" However, Matthias was acting like a child at this time.

"Then, leave your car in the parking lot overnight and I'll take you home in my car." Matthias refused to give up and still insisted on sending her home.

"Matthias, do you have to be more stubborn than me?" Heather asked helplessly. He was so stubborn that sometimes she didn't even know how to refuse him.

"I have to be a gentleman. A gentleman won't let women go home alone." Matthias answered with a seemingly convincing excuse, leaving Heather feeling dumbfounded.

In the end, Heather compromised and muttered, "Fine, we'll do as you wish then!" She wanted to leave a pleasant memory for him tonight, so she had no choice but to obey his words.

Gently, Matthias pecked her lips. "Good girl. I'll reward you with a kiss."

Meanwhile, Heather

grumbled to herself, What a shameless man!

That being said, she wasn't angry with Matthias either. Anyway, he had

been a rascal for a

long time. She knew that he was trying his best to make her happy and

she didn't want to

disappoint him too. It was just that once her mood was affected, it was

difficult for her to

recover.

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On the way back to the Langston Residence', Heather did not utter a

word. Looking at her,

Matthias guessed that she might still be thinking about the cross

necklace. There were

times where he wanted to talk to her, but he eventually gave up.

Even until she exited the car, he had no intention of talking to her as he

was in a dilemma.

Recalling how she had been acting abnormally for the past few days, he

finally had

something figured out. As much as many things could be left aside for

the time being, but

once they were brought up, everything would completely change.

"Heather," Matthias reluctantly called out to her.

Upon hearing his voice, she turned around and with a faint smile on her face, she replied,

"I'm heading back. Don't miss me too much." Just by a glance at

Matthias' face, Heather

knew what was on his mind.

After thinking about it for a moment, he stepped forward and stared at

her unblinkingly.

Knowing him well enough, she had already guessed his next move.

She immediately stretched out with her hand and stopped him. "No,

don't do that." It was

better for them to stay low profile in front of her house.

At the same time, Matthias had expected that she would react in this

way, so he did not



push his luck any further. "Have a good night then," he responded awkwardly.

While nodding at him, Heather answered, "You too."

The atmosphere between them suddenly became weird as both of them were at a loss for

words. After looking at each other for a long time, they turned around without saying

another word.

Then, as Heather walked toward her house step by step, Matthias entered his car and

looked at her back for a long time. Instantly, he felt that she was so far away from him and it

left his heart feeling empty.

By the time she turned around, he had already left. With her lips slightly curled, she felt that

many things would change after they went their separate ways today.

"Matthias, no matter what happens after this, don't blame me," Heather muttered under her

breath as she had already thought some things through.

After she returned to her bedroom, she sent a message to Leon, 'I accept your proposal.'

As soon as he read her message, he was beyond excited. Although he had already expected

that she would say yes, he still couldn't suppress the overwhelming joy within him when he

saw her reply.

'Don't let anyone know about this,' Leon replied to Heather; it was mainly because he didn't

want Matthias to know the inside story.

'Okay.' Heather didn't know whether she had made the right decision.

Since she had already

accepted Leon's proposal, she was ready to embrace what was about to come.

She couldn't imagine how Matthias would react when he learned about this. It was like she

was playing with fire. The moment news of her relationship with Leon appeared in

tomorrow's papers, many people would definitely sneer at her.

The next day, she woke up early in the morning and saw Robert at the dining table with a newspaper. It seemed that she was in the newspaper again. As she was extremely familiar with his behavior, she laughed at herself while glancing in his direction. A second later, she took the initiative to speak, "Grandpa, what's so nice about those titbits?"

Upon hearing her words, Robert put down his newspaper as his eyes were filled with coldness. Heather knew that she had once again forgotten about his previous warning.

Indeed, she shouldn't have been so close to Matthias after everything that had happened.

"I hope you know your place." Robert made sure his every word was loud and clear enough for her to hear him.

At the same time, the other people at the table looked at them in confusion as they lost track of what was being said. She casually flashed a faint smile at them. "I'm hungry. Let's eat." After seeing that no one was digging in, Heather took the initiative to do so.

Not wanting to refute her in front of everyone, Robert handed the newspaper to the housekeeper, "Take it away." He knew that everyone else was curious about the contents of the newspaper.

Without the need to read the newspaper, she already knew how the report was being written. She was intimate with Matthias last night, so there was no doubt that she would be on the headlines today.

After breakfast, she immediately left the Langston Residence, not allowing Robert to call her to the study room for a talk. She had heard enough of his great principles. She didn't want to argue with him, nor did she want to waste her time talking to him in the study room because, after all, she had no intention of changing her decision at all.

The reason why Heather left the house early in the morning was to meet Leon. She still had a lot to discuss with him, yet there wasn't much time left for them. After an hour's worth of driving, she finally arrived at his villa. Before she had the chance to knock on the door, he had already opened it from inside. Upon seeing her puzzled expression, he smiled as he asked, "Are you surprised? My reaction is so fast that even I am taken aback." Not in the mood to listen to Leon's gag, Heather pushed him aside and went straight into the villa. Walking behind her, he looked at her back with dissatisfaction as he wondered when she would be a gentle lady. "Heather, you're gradually losing your comical side," Leon noted as he chased after her. "I'm in a terrible mood right now. How do you expect me to have fun?" An annoyed Heather snapped. Upon hearing her words, Leon gave her a bitter look because it was rare to see her being this honest. He asked tentatively, "Heather, did something happen to you?" Yet, she didn't bother to listen to his nonsense as she replied coldly, "Let's cut to the chase." He initially wanted to have another few words with her. It was just that he didn't expect her to be so impatient. Therefore, with no choice, he was forced to delve into the main topic of their meeting. "Heather, do you know that my family dinner will be the night after tomorrow? So, we don't have much time left. We must get ourselves tangled up with some topics today," he said with a solemn expression. On the other hand, Heather looked for a seat and sat down before she asked, "Which banquet?" It was an important question.

“The one in Bradford City. I don’t know what is in that old man’s mind. He suddenly came over to the city,” Leon responded with a troubled voice. He had always been hiding from his grandfather, yet he didn’t expect Dave to make the trip to the city.

Her expression immediately changed as she felt that there must be a complicated reason behind this. “Is your grandfather coming to Bradford City in person?” She remembered that he had once mentioned that his grandfather was not in good health, so for him to travel so far to the city was indeed a strange decision.

“Yeah, I even have a feeling that he isn’t coming for me this time.” Somehow, everything was extremely strange this time. Even though Dave was here in the city, he didn’t send anyone over to capture Leon and instead allowed the latter his freedom. Although the old man had made a weird request, it was still an acceptable one. He even gave Leon a long time to finish his work and that in itself was merciful enough.

“Maybe you’re indeed not the reason why he came.” Heather suddenly thought of the mysterious power in Bradford City. Well, fantastic! Now that the international forces were involved, she didn’t know what to feel about it.

Leon glanced at her with a strange feeling because it seemed that she knew something about it. With squinted eyes, he had a feeling that she did not tell him the truth. “Heather, we’re on the same boat right now. We have to be honest with each other,” he hinted.

“Don’t you think that there have been too many forces coming to Bradford City recently? And surprisingly, everything is still as peaceful as it is? Don’t you feel that it’s somehow similar to the calm before the storm?” Heather exaggerated the atmosphere as she replied.

With his hand grabbing his chin, he gave it a thought. "Now that you mentioned it, it really does have that feeling." How could he not have thought about it before this? Now, he was afraid just by the thought of it. "What are we going to do now? What you mean to say is that even my family is involved in this?" Thinking about the possibility of the storm happening, Leon could feel chills being sent down his spine. What was the reason behind this? What conspiracy were they planning by squeezing a bunch of forces into the city? "Just sit back and don't do anything," Heather answered helplessly. Since they didn't even know the inside story, what else could they do? "Heather, what's your plan now?" he asked dejectedly. All he wanted was to live a happy life, but why did he feel so restricted at this time?

Rising from the couch, she looked at him and responded condescendingly, "The first thing you need to do now is to change your way of addressing me." After listening to her words, Leon was confused. To him, calling her by the name "Heather" was good enough. So, he shook his head and answered, "No way, I'm used to addressing you like that. There's no way I can change that!" An annoyed Heather glared at him with anger. "Would you call your girlfriend by her name?" As soon as he heard the term "girlfriend," he flashed a strange smile. "This... That..." He was getting so excited that he didn't know how to respond to her at all. "Let me tell you beforehand. I don't like people calling me Hat. Other than that name, you can call me anything." Even Matthias had not called her 'Hat', so she didn't want Leon to have such privilege. "Baby Hatt?" Leon asked tentatively.

Heather's death glare had him changing his answer again a second later, "Haty?"

"Hmm?" Her voice was filled with threat.

"I can't call you Heather either, right?" he responded in distress since he still felt that his

initial nickname for her was the best!

Glancing at him coldly, Heather wondered why his thinking was so restrained at this time!

"Then, how should I address you?" he said with dissatisfaction. She had been rejecting all

his ideas while giving him a look of disgust.

"My English name. Have you forgotten about that?" Heather reminded him. In fact, she had

almost forgotten about her English name as well. Ever since she returned to the country, she

had never used it.

Upon hearing that, Leon smiled as he had almost forgotten about it.

With a smile tugging at

his face, he shouted, "Emily!" It seemed that it had been a long time since someone called

her by this name, which made her feel extremely nostalgic.

"Leon," she replied.

"Now, let's learn to be a couple." As she said those words, she held him by the arm. Since

they were attending the family dinner together, of course, she had to act as gently as she

could.

However, he was completely stiff while he stood on the spot. Pushing Leon in disgust with

her elbow, Heather asked, "Why is your body so stiff? Can you cooperate with me?"

An awkward Leon replied, "Heather, no, I'm not used to it." Then, he pushed her aside. This

was clearly what he initially longed for, but now that his wish was realized, he didn't know

what to do.

"Leon, we don't have much time to waste. Please be more serious." She didn't notice his

abnormality at all and she thought that he was pulling her leg. While shrugging his shoulders, he looked just like a pervert. "Heather, I can't stand being intimate with you. I feel so guilty like I'm a bad guy forcing you to do something inappropriate." He shook his head and his arms were flying around as he talked to her. Heather immediately rolled her eyes at Leon because she didn't know what he was talking about. A bad guy forcing me to do something inappropriate? That was funny! "Clear those evil thoughts in your mind. Remember this: we're now a couple." She grabbed his shoulders and forced him to look at her. "Look into my eyes. We're deeply in love, okay?" This time, she was not only saying it to Leon, but she was also trying to hypnotize herself.

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After resisting for a while, Leon could not help but laugh out loud. Then, he waved to Heather. "It's too difficult." He could not even continue to stare at her and burst out laughing continuously, as if his laughing point had been triggered. Annoyed by his actions, Heather pointed at him as she asked, "Can you be more serious?" I'm so mad at him that I can't wait to tear him apart. He tried to stop himself from laughing, but he was actually quite fearful. All of his laughter was to mask the uneasiness within him. In the past, he always imagined how it would be like if he and Heather were together as a couple. Although his wish was now granted, he felt uneasy. Even Leon himself thought that he was quite annoying, but he did not have the courage to look into Heather's eyes as he was feeling guilty. Even though he did not force her, he could

not get past his own mental barrier.

“What the hell do you want?” she emphasized helplessly. Leon did not even reply to her,

which made her quite troubled.

He took a step back and sat on the couch. “I think it’s too difficult to pretend to be a couple

with you.”

Heather pinched her chin and looked at him in confusion. “You were the one who initiated

this, yet you are backing away now. Do you think it’s appropriate?”

As she questioned him, he felt slightly embarrassed and awkwardly looked at her. He did not

know what to reply to her, and he also felt that he was a failure.

However, he felt that he

could not maintain the pretense anymore.

“Heather, we don’t have to be serious when we are just pretending.”

Leon tried to run away

from the problem. Before this, he even thought of slightly taking advantage of her, but this

thought had completely disappeared in his mind.

Looking at his cowardice, Heather dramatically sighed. “Who do you think your grandfather

is? Do you think he’s someone whom we could easily fool?”

On a coincidental occasion, she looked into his family background. His grandfather, Dave,

was a legend who called the shots in Europe. She could not fathom how a legendary

character like him had raised a playful and easy-going grandson like Leon.

Heather knew that Leon’s family was exceptionally strict on him. I

wonder how he grew up in

that environment. He’s considered lucky that his grandfather did not tear him to shreds by

now.

Leon merely gave an awkward smile. As soon as he remembered his own grandfather, he

immediately lost all confidence and glanced at her with a troubled look.

“I guess no matter



how good we are at acting, we still can't hide it from him." She rolled her eyes at him and tried to console him. "Don't be so discouraged. I already told you to treat me as though I'm your actual girlfriend." After all, they were quite close to begin with, so she believed that they could overcome this difficulty. Leon merely shook his head in exasperation. "I know who my grandfather is. I'm afraid we aren't going to pull our tricks off in front of him." At this point, it was he who could not take it anymore. In fact, he regretted his previous suggestion. Heather hated people who gave up even before trying. Hence, she responded seriously, "Don't make me look down on you." She could only say such words to motivate him at that stage. Leon pouted with mixed feelings. As the situation became increasingly complicated, he could not continue to be that useless. Suppressing the uneasiness within him, he said, "Alright. Let's do it again."

He was not a decent person to begin with. Since he had pretended that Heather was his current girlfriend, he merely acted in the way that he usually would. After jumping down from the couch, he pulled her into his arms, "Heather, this is my grandfather, Dave." As Heather and Leon exchanged glances with each other, she felt that his introduction seemed slightly off to her. Then, she told him about it. "Don't you think that your introduction is too informal?" Upon hearing that, Leon scratched the back of his head as he smiled awkwardly. "I seldom talk to him, so..." He truly had no idea how to have a proper conversation with his grandfather at all.

“Is the relationship between you both this bad?” Heather had once tried to ask him about his family, but he passed it off with jokes.

Now, he felt even more awkward. He knew that she was almost being isolated at the

Langston Family and his situation was not any better than hers. His grandfather did not

even dote on him like how Robert had treated her, so Leon would occasionally envy her.

“In my years growing up, I can count the number of times we spoke with both my hands.” If

Dave had not tracked Leon’s location all the way to Bradford City, Leon planned to continue

avoiding him and acted as if he did not have such a grandfather.

Leon really hated his own family and he would sometimes direct his hatred toward Dave.

However, after thinking about it from a rational point of view, he realized that Dave had been

treating him quite well, so he slowly let go of his hatred toward Dave.

Since young, he had grown up with hatred toward his own family and he had spent a long

time convincing himself to overcome it. He even once thought about destroying his own

family, but he gave up on the idea in the end. It was mainly because Leon did not have the

power to do so and he did not want to work with the enemies of his family. Apart from that,

he actually did not hate Dave that much.

“In that case, I bet it’s not because of you that he’s coming all the way to Bradford City this

time around.” Heather confirmed her hypothesis even more firmly, which was another bad

news for them.

“I’ve already thought of that. It’s just an excuse for him to visit me this time.” Leon smiled

exasperatedly because Dave did not even care about him. After all, he was an illegitimate

child, so no one in the family had respected him.

She scooted closer to Leon and looked at him with a soothing expression. She did not imagine that his family was worse than hers. Even though she acted as though she did not mind how her family treated her, she, in fact, cared about it a great deal. Fortunately, she had a grandfather who doted on her a lot. After the comparison, it was obvious that Heather's situation was better than his since he was a trivial person in his family. When she thought about this, she felt even sorrier for him.

"Don't look at me like this, Heather. I'm not as pitiful as you think," Leon said nonchalantly as he did not want to expose his family matters to outsiders. So what if my life was tough? It's all over now.

Heather apologetically glanced at him. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't—" She felt that she should not look at him with pity as it would make him feel even more miserable. "Why are you apologizing to me? Actually, sometimes I kind of fancy you. Maybe it's because you remind me of myself." He laughed self-mockingly. Nevertheless, it was a fact that she was quite similar to him; even their family backgrounds were quite alike.

"How narcissistic could you be to fancy another person like you?" Heather asked in disgust.

At this stage, she merely wanted to lighten up the atmosphere so that Leon would not continue to wallow in the past that hurt him.

He laughed out loud. "Don't you start laughing at me. You are the same after all, you narcissistic woman." He had always wanted to tell her this statement. Now that he had said it aloud, he felt much better.

"Haha, let's not criticize each other any further. We are the same type of people." At this moment, Heather could not help but think about Matthias, whose family background was also extremely similar to Leon's.

Leon noticed the change of expression in her eyes and asked mischievously, “Are you thinking of someone else?” Actually, he was not very happy about it, so he forced himself to smile when he saw her falling deeper into the relationship.

His question was spot on. Her thoughts were visible on her face, but she did not like the feeling of being seen through by others. “Actually, I’ve been thinking about something.” At this moment, she felt that she had a lot of doubts to share with him. If she continued to hide it further, her mental health could take a beating. Upon hearing that, Leon curiously scooted closer to Heather. He loved to hear her secrets and he guessed that this time around, it had to be related to Matthias. “You can tell me anything. I’ll keep your secrets for you.” Leon was quite dependable on this as he had always guarded her secrets and never told anyone about them. Of course, Heather well understood that he would not simply blurt her secrets out. Apart from that, his circle was very different from hers, so he was a good option for being her confidant. She did not want to hold herself back anymore, especially when she needed a good listener at this moment. “Leon, let me ask you seriously—am I a peculiar woman?” She felt that her thoughts were divergent from that of an average woman. It must be tiring to be with someone like me! He nodded. “Quite weird, but also very unique.” It was rare that she had received such honest feedback, but upon hearing his reply, she was not angry and nonetheless smiled. However, Leon was shocked by her smile and thought that she was irritated, so he changed his comment. “I mean—you are a very unique woman who is different from others.”

Looking at his nervous expression, Heather could not help smiling. I wonder what he is worried about. "Don't think of me as such a fierce person. I'm not angry at you. I just agree with what you said." He looked at her in disbelief. I don't believe her at all. Which woman would want to be commented as 'weird'? "Since you know about this, what are you thinking?" Leon had no idea why Heather had asked him such a question, but he had an ominous feeling about it.

"Is it difficult to be in a relationship with me?" she asked in repentance. Matthias was a good person, but I've always bullied him. Now that I think about it, I truly regretted my actions. However, he vehemently shook his head. "Nonsense. It's not difficult at all. Instead, it makes people envious." He was the one being envious about it and he wanted to be in a real relationship with her. Heather mocked in reply, "There's nothing to be envious about being with me. You know that I have a bad temper with many responsibilities on my shoulders. It's exhausting to be with me." With a tone of repentance, she felt slightly unfair for Matthias. Leon merely nudged her forehead. "Heather, please be your normal self. Why are you thinking about this suddenly?" After patting her forehead, his hand froze in midair as he thought that it was unnecessary. However, Heather never noticed his movement and she pushed the bangs on her forehead aside as she smiled bitterly. "Why don't you teach me how to have a normal relationship?" Seeing how experienced he was in relationships, she thought she ought to learn something from him in this aspect.

He looked at her in amusement, thinking that they were straying further away from the main point. Did she get the wrong point here? We are just pretending to be a couple, but things seem to be more serious. Does she plan to actually be in a real relationship with me?

“Heather, why are you suddenly thinking about this?” To Leon, it was not a good thing because he lacked the courage to be her real boyfriend. After all, she had already fallen for another man and it was making him uncomfortable to even think about it.

Upon seeing his reaction, Heather fell silent. Her words had indeed seemed suggestive earlier, so he might have the wrong idea. She wanted to slap her head. What have I been doing? “Just treat it as if I said nothing,” she replied awkwardly. In sync with her, he agreed. “Alright.” We can’t continue with this. After all, we haven’t even carried out the real plan.

Hence, Leon took the initiative to remind her. “Heather, the most important thing right now is the party on the day after tomorrow.” He was not confident that he was able to hoodwink his grandfather, but he did not want to embarrass himself at the party either.

As soon as he recalled Dave’s usual character, he felt worried for himself. I don’t want to be punished by him during the party. If that happens, it would be so embarrassing!

“Why don’t we think about how to create a huge news today?” The party was not happening immediately, but they had to somehow make their relationship official so that everyone would be aware about it.

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The moment Leon reminded Heather about it, he also felt that it was necessary for them to create a piece of big news. Once they had made their fake relationship official, it was much easier for the rest of their plans to continue. "Heather, would it seem too deliberate?" he asked worriedly. If he announced their relationship two days before their family party, it seemed rather obvious that he simply found a woman to ward Dave off. "Maybe we should double confirm one thing: does he mind if you lie to him? Heather still had not fully understood Leon's current situation. She only knew that he needed to find a fake girlfriend for the moment to appease his grandfather. "Of course. He hates it when people lie to him." When he was younger, he had seen what happened to a man who lied to his grandfather. He still felt fear every time he remembered that. She slapped Leon's head. "Why didn't you tell me earlier? Since he doesn't want you to lie to him, you should tell him the truth!" She was quite pissed off by him.

"No, I can't do that. The reason why he allowed me to come to Bradford City is because I told him that I have a girl I like here and I want to date her." His expression fell. If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have used this excuse in the beginning. Serves me right! "What?" Heather looked at him incredulously. Everything that is happening now is a result of his own doing? Leon helplessly looked at her. "Heather, this is why you are the only person who can help me now." He had mentioned her to Dave in the beginning. Since Dave was quite satisfied with Heather as a person, he finally allowed Leon to come here.

“What do we do now?” She thought that they had to pretend to be a couple for only a few days. Now, it seemed like they would have to maintain the pretense for quite a long time, possibly to the point where they needed to experience the entire process as a couple. Leon had a blank look as he had no idea what to do next. “I can only take one step at a time and see how everything goes. I don’t want to go home—they are going to screw me up.” He had no faith in his own family. “Let’s take a seat now. You should tell me the entire story.” At this point, Heather felt that she should know the entire story and its details. He hesitated for a while before he reluctantly agreed. “Let’s speak about it upstairs.” As the living room was devoid of decor, he preferred the cozy vibes of the room. As soon as both of them went to the second floor one after another, Leon went to the master bedroom immediately with Heather trailing behind him. This time around, there were some changes to the room. She immediately saw the carpet on the floor that looked cozy. “You complained that my house was not cozy enough last time, so I made some changes to it,” he proudly explained since he was already used to doing something that she would approve of. It was like an instinct that he could not even control. “Looks good,” she praised casually.

Leon looked pleased with himself. After all, he loved to receive her praises. Sometimes, he would want her approval as a substitute for his family. Perhaps this was also why he liked to meet her often. In no time, both of them sat on the carpet with a coffee table between them. Since they



were chatting together, it would be better for the atmosphere to be casual. As such, they

had some tea, which would make it quite relaxing to chat.

Heather poured herself a cup of tea while Leon raised his own cup, hoping that she would

fill his beaker as well. Looking at his childish expression, she had no other choice but to

pour another portion of tea for him.

Now that she thought about it, she found it weird that he was increasingly clingy toward her,

as if he was a little girl. She regarded him from head to toe as she commented, "You seem

strange recently."

While drinking his tea, he lifted his head to look at her when he heard her comment. He did

not think that there was anything wrong with him, so he had no idea what she was referring

to.

"Why are you behaving in a more feminine manner recently? Your pinky even curls up when

you hold the teacup," Heather noted in disgust because Leon's femininity did not match his

sinewy figure.

"Hehe." He revealed a meaningful smile that looked slightly lecherous amidst his shyness.

"Perhaps your grandfather was wrong from the beginning. He shouldn't have asked you to

bring a girlfriend to the family party. Maybe what you need is a boyfriend instead," she

teased, which immediately dissolved the tension between them. It was only in front of him

that she had the courage to tease so much.

"Heather, you usually treat me as your sister. I can't believe that you actually thought about it

this way," he replied in amusement. It was difficult for him to display his masculinity in front

of her.

After all, Leon could not even defeat Heather in a fight and she was better than him in many

ways. If he seriously thought about it, he felt slightly ashamed of his behavior as a man. As

her male best friend, he felt that he was becoming increasingly feminine.

On top of that, he

had recently been courted by a real man, which made him speechless.

Heather smiled unabashedly. "Actually, it's pretty good that you're like that. I don't like men

who are extremely masculine. It's better that you are more feminine."

Now that they were on

this topic, she admitted that she really had no interest in the typical masculine men. Even

Matthias, whom she had fallen for, was quite soft and feminine. Not only that, he was

handsome and gentle too.

"Let's start discussing the main topic of the day." As Heather had been chatting about such

trivial things without even touching on the main topic, Leon did not want the entire day to be

wasted just like that.

Heather nodded in agreement. "If you don't mind, can you tell me more about your family in

detail?" She had no knowledge about his family at all, so she was worried that she could

embarrass herself at the family party.

Leon did not want to touch much on his family, but now that they had already arrived at this

stage, there was no use for him to continue hiding.

"I was born in an ancient family. My ancestors were aristocrats from the middle ages. Even

up until now, the family members still use the same standards for themselves. I, however,

am just an accident. I'm the illegitimate son of my grandfather's favorite third son. The

biggest stain of his dear son's life is probably me." Toward the end, his tone became

increasingly sarcastic. It was quite apparent that his relationship with his family was indeed

terrible.

He paused for a while and took a sip of his tea before he continued speaking, "I was raised by my mother since young, but they found us later and asked me to return to the family. Just like that, I was forced to stay with them in their mansion. However, I was not happy at all. I had enough of their competition both in the dark and in the open. Apart from that, my so-called father also hates me and vice versa. By forcing us to be together, it only resulted in us hating each other even more." When he finished his sentence, his voice was thick with hatred. It was without a doubt that he hoped for his father to be dead. Heather remained silent. She could tell that Leon became more irritated at the mention of his family. She tried to use a gentle expression to soothe him as she felt sorry for his background.

"After finally escaping from the family, I will not return there anymore. I don't want to meet that man at all. Do you know what I hate most about him? He looks almost exactly the same as me to the point that I find myself disgusting whenever I look at myself in the mirror." As he spoke more, he vented his emotions more strongly. She continued to use a gentle tone to comfort, "Now that you are out from the family, you are not restricted by anyone now, so don't think about the past anymore." He laughed at himself. "Not restricted by anyone? No. Even though they are far away from me, they would also want to control me remotely. I hate this feeling a lot. I owe them nothing and they have never raised me. Why should I even serve their interests? Do they think that they can move me with just some money?" he spoke in annoyance as he hated the arrogance of his family members to the core.

Heather stretched out her hand to caress his forehead. "Don't overthink it. You will get your freedom. I will help you." In the past, he had always been giving his all to help her out. This time around, she wanted to help him accomplish his goal for once. "I'm afraid not." Leon smiled bitterly. "Unless you agree to marry me. Otherwise, my grandfather will not let me regain my true freedom." She looked at him with peculiarity. "Your family is so weird." What even is this weird idea? Now, he makes me want to meet Dave in person to see that weird man. "You have to bear children for me too," he added. If she had not seen his serious expression at this moment, she would have already punched him. He's teasing me! "What the hell?" Heather felt defeated. What the hell is this? "The old man said that it's fine to sever ties with the family as long as I give them an offspring. Actually, he has already given up on me and reserved his energy to groom my son." It was precisely because of this reason that Leon was even firmer in his resolution that he did not want any children. He did not want the next generation to suffer the same pain as him. If he were to talk about this in a crude way, he was just waiting for Dave to reach the end of his life. As soon as Dave was gone, there was no one else who could control him. Before

that, he would never settle down and have children. This was also the reason for Dave demanding such an outrageous request from him. Heather immediately understood everything and asked tentatively, "The reason for them to ask you to marry someone is because your grandfather wants you to have a son soon." She gave Leon a sympathetic look. Unexpectedly, Leon's only remaining value is to bear children

for the family.

“Yes. That’s right, but I won’t let them have their way. I’m fine with marriage, but I will never have children,” he spoke firmly.

“You’re fine with marriage? I don’t think you have any suitable marriage partner,” she teased quietly beside him.

“You!” Leon smiled wickedly. “Heather, as long as you agree to marry me, the old man will never turn a blind eye to the things that have been going on at the Langston Family.”

Heather narrowed her eyes as she could finally see through his intentions. So, this is his plan, but it actually makes sense—it’s only until we become a family that Dave would finally help out the Langston Family. “Do you think I will agree?” she asked with half a smile on her face.

“You will.” When he replied, he seemed to have changed into a different person.

She looked at Leon, who had finally revealed himself. In that instant, she suddenly understood quite a number of things. It seems that Leon is more familiar with the current situation in Bradford City.

“Do you know something that I don’t?” Heather asked. At this point, she was sure that Leon had been quietly hiding something from her.

“Yes,” he replied calmly, which made her blood freeze. She did not expect that he would involve her in his calculations as well.

Looking at her suddenly darkened face, Leon thought about it before apologizing, “I’m sorry, Heather. To me, freedom is more important than love. I wasn’t deliberately planning to hide it from you. I just hope that you can help me.”

Heather looked at him in disappointment. “Why didn’t you believe in our close friendship?”

Why did you use this method to force me to follow your plans?" She was immensely disappointed that he chose to use tactics instead of believing in their friendship.

"In the past, I knew you would agree. However, now that you have Matthias, I won't dare to take the risk. Both you and I are business people, so you should know that only profits are eternal. Now that our profits are tied together, we will eventually work together." Leon was not remorseful at all. In fact, he did not believe that he had done something wrong. This made Heather even more disappointed. I can't believe that humans can be so complicated.

Even Leon, whom I have always regarded as my best friend, will change into a completely different person in front of something that would benefit him. Who can I still trust now?

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Upon seeing the current situation, Heather felt that she had nothing else to talk to Leon about anymore. Looking at him in disappointment, she said, "I think I need to calm down."

The plans that she formulated in her mind were completely disrupted. She had lost all interest in them and she only wanted to leave this place as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, he had no idea how he had antagonized her. She suddenly became rather frightening, making him fearful to continue speaking for the fear that she might suddenly slap him.

"Heather, did I say something wrong just now?" he asked remorsefully, thinking that he must have annoyed her because of what he had said earlier.

"I think I'm going to reconsider our collaboration plan." Heather did not seem like she was

joking at all. Looking at how serious she was in her eyes, Leon became even more worried.

Even up until now, he could not figure out what had gone wrong here. When she rose to leave, he pulled her. "Heather, did I anger you? Where are you going?" At such a crucial juncture, she can't leave!

"Leo, it's only now that I found out that I've never really known you at all," she answered angrily. She was so disappointed in him at this moment. After so many years, I haven't understood him at all. I don't even know who he really is.

Leon innocently looked at her. Did I go overboard with my words earlier? He tried to remember what had exactly happened. Did I do something wrong? In that instant, he felt wronged.

"Heather, did you misunderstand something? I don't have any intentions to trick you, I just..."

Toward the end of his sentence, he looked quite troubled as he thought that no matter what he said at this moment, it would just be excuses to her ears.

"Leon, let me calm down first." Heather did not want to listen to any explanations from him at this moment. The more he tried to explain, the angrier she became. She suddenly understood how it would feel to be betrayed by her best friend. She remembered Myra, who was still in the ringleader's hands at this moment. Back then, Myra was also mad at her. Thinking about it now, she would not give the other person a good time if she had also suffered the same treatment.

Heather was annoyed by her own behavior, so this time around, she hoped that during their mission to save Myra, Myra would not be hurt at all. If possible, she would much rather be the one who got kidnapped.

"Heather, we don't have much time left. You must help me this time around." Leon was frowning so hard that his eyebrows had almost connected with each other. He was worried

that she might suddenly leave him alone. If that happened, his life would be ruined.

“Leon, do you know how selfish you are? Throughout my entire life, I hate it the most when people exploit my feelings to lay traps on me. You have reached my bottom line. How can I

even forgive you?” Heather yelled. After all, she was unable to pretend as if nothing had happened.

He regretted that he told her the truth this early as he accidentally blurted his true thoughts out. How can I forget that Heather is one who would be convinced by gentleness? She doesn’t like being forced. “I’m really sorry, Heather. Something must have happened to me. I shouldn’t disbelieve our relationship,” he apologized with a tone that sounded like he blamed himself for using her feelings to trap her in this situation. Now, it has become worse than before.

She looked at him with a cold smile. Even though Leon knows that he’s wrong, he is not remorseful at all! Through his eyes, she could tell what he had been thinking. In the past, she would never doubt him. It was only until now that she understood how trust could simply disintegrate in a second.

“Since you chose not to trust me from the beginning, you don’t have to do that right now.”

Heather’s cold tone made Leon rather uncomfortable. This time around, he knew he was in hot soup.

“I can’t even stand staying with you for another second. Don’t stop me now. You will only make me hate you even more.” Now that she made herself clear, he did not dare to stop her anymore. Instead, he merely smiled at her helplessly.



As he saw Heather leaving the room, the usually playful Leon finally understood something—there are some things in life that ought to be taken seriously. Now that he chose another method, he only understood that he encountered a life crisis in that instant. Heather has left. Perhaps she won't even appear at the family party the day after tomorrow. Leon had learned how to lie since young and he had done so numerous times once he was a grown up to the point that he could have almost fooled himself. A huge price would be needed to be paid for telling lies. In the past, he did not know about that, but he finally understood the impact now. He had no idea what he should do next, so he only gave a bitter smile. After leaving his mansion, Heather felt that she was a failure. What a terrible life! I felt as though I've sunken into an even deeper mud as time goes by.

Life is such a weird circle. I betrayed my closest friend and now Leon has lied to me. At this moment, it was the first time she felt so helpless. However, she could not tell Matthias about this because there were many plans she had that would hurt him. Yesterday night was her final time depending on him. She knew that she had no right to care about her own romance at this moment. All she could do was to protect the Langston Family, yet she forgot to protect herself. As the car sped away on the highway, Heather seemed as though she was having a race with herself. With the wind blowing next to her ears, her mind seemed to buzz. She did not want to return to the Langston Family, but she did not want to go anywhere else at all. However, in the midst of her panic, the ringleader called again, which caused her spirit to

sink to its lowest point. As the ringleader voice rang from the phone dominantly, the wind outside the car lowered her listening skills. She merely listened to him in a daze.

"I will do as you say," she replied in a docile manner as she suppressed the urge within her, even though she did not clearly hear him.

She vaguely understood that he had requested her to look for Tony at the Hart Group today.

For the past few days, as the ringleader had not revealed himself, she initially thought that the matter could be delayed for a few more days, so she had to grit her teeth and face it.

With no direction to head to at the moment, the ringleader gave her a clear instruction on where to go. This is good. What's meant to come will eventually come. I can't avoid it anyway.

Since it was not her first time at the Hart Group, Heather quickly found the director's office.

The secretary sitting outside seemed to have changed. The new secretary looked rather b\*tchy, which made Heather slightly uncomfortable. However, she forgot that she resembled the b\*tchest person as she still had her makeup on her face. After the secretary exchanged glances with her, Heather seemed to realize that something was off. Leo is not just Tony's secretary. He is Tony's right hand man. It's impossible for him to fire Leo, so where is he? How could this woman qualify to replace him?

She gave Heather a polite smile. "Please wait a moment. The director is meeting some guests now. You need to wait for another 20 minutes before he's free again."

Even though nothing seemed wrong from the surface, Heather was unhappy with her to the

point that she felt an intense dislike toward her for no apparent reason. As both women exchanged gazes, there was too much information hidden in their eyes. Meanwhile, Heather tried to remember where she had seen this woman before. However, Heather could not recall where exactly they had met. She had always taken pride in her strong memory, but she had no idea what was going on at this moment and Heather seemed like the vague woman she met last time. Remembering the maid that she had met at the Hart Residence last time, Heather guessed whether that person was the same as the secretary now in front of her. The connection had troubled her as she was worried that her assumption could be true. After being stared at for a long time, the secretary finally could not take it anymore and took the initiative to ask, "Miss Langston, is there something on my face?" When Heather heard her slightly sarcastic tone, she liked the woman even less. "No, you are beautiful," Heather replied rather hypocritically. The secretary merely gave a sweet smile. "Thanks for the compliment, Miss Langston. It's my honor to be praised by you." She looked genuine at this moment, making Heather doubt herself. Am I overthinking this? Not wanting to be so skeptical of everything, she decided to search for a spot to sit and stopped looking at the secretary so that her thoughts would not be even messier than they already were. Heather had not thought about what to tell Tony up until now. She did not know whether the ringleader had called Tony and she did not feel anything off at the Hart Group either. It seemed like he had hidden everything well. Hence, she merely sat on the couch as she waited for him. 20 minutes became excruciatingly long to her, as if it was a long time. Her gaze would occasionally flicker to the

secretary as she waited. Perhaps I should take the initiative to have a chat with her. Since I have some doubts, I should try to clear them instead of running away from them.

After thinking about it, Heather decided to break the ice by mentioning Leo, so she pretended to ask nonchalantly, "Is Leo inside?" I sound so stiff! She secretly despised herself in her heart.

The secretary gave her a blank look. "Leo?" It looks as though she doesn't know him.

Heather tried to search for some signs of her lying, but it was so natural that it did not seem like the woman was lying.

"Leo Clark," Heather elaborated.

The secretary shook her head. "I'm sorry. I just started my job, so I'm not very clear with many things."

Heather tried to gather some clues from the secretary's face, but she did not get any. This woman is either telling the truth, or she is a damn good actress.

"Alright," she replied softly.

She found it rather weird that she could not bring herself to be polite to the secretary.

The more she knew about the secretary, the more problematic things seemed. After all, the secretary was replacing Leo's former position. She doesn't even know a thing about the previous secretary? It sounds fishy to me.

Heather gave an understanding smile. Since they had already talked about Leo, she tried to

look for other topics to chat with the secretary. "I wonder how I should address you." She

remembered that she still had not known the secretary's name even after chatting with the secretary for quite a while.

The secretary apologized, "I'm sorry, Miss Langston. I almost forgot to introduce myself."

She looked like she liked Heather a lot, but Heather knew that it was just a pretense.

In no time, she continued speaking, "I'm Zephyr. Zephyr Ashe." It was a simple and

straightforward introduction, but it was quite a strange name to have.

In fact, it sounded more like a codename instead of an actual name.

Heather quietly

memorized it so that she could dig into this woman's background the moment she returned

to her place.

However, it was also highly likely that they would not be able to locate anything. She recalled

the maid she met at the Hart Residence and speculated that even if they were not the same

person, they had belonged to the same group.

Heather had never imagined there would be a day where she would speak to a stranger for

such a long time. 20 minutes seemed like 2 hours to her and she was never talkative before

this. "How long have you been working at the Hart Group?" She did not even notice that she

sounded as though she was interrogating Zephyr.

Fortunately, Heather was a woman. If she were a man, Zephyr might have reported a case of

workplace harassment by now.

She looked at Heather with a slightly awkward expression as she also did not expect that

Heather was so bubbly and talkative. She is very different from what the rumors have said.

"It's my third day at work today," Zephyr replied with a smile. At this point, she had no idea

how to continue the conversation with Heather any longer and she wished for Tony to be

quickly done with his current meeting.

Heather's lips could not help but twitch to form a wicked smile. As she calculated the time

in her mind, she found the secretary increasingly suspicious.