

## **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 677 - 680**

Suddenly, the car accelerated as Leon smiled slyly at Heather, "Hat, I think there aren't many people who would hate you at first sight."

To him, Heather was different and no one could be compared to her. He strongly believed

that no one would hate her with that charm of hers.

"There are people everywhere that hate me at first sight." Heather opposed Leon's words.

Due to her stunning appearance, other women would always hate her for her beauty.

Leon continued to accelerate the car, going well over the speed limit. Yet, he wasn't

bothered by it at all. Although there were not many cars on the road, it was still dangerous

for him to drive in such a manner.

"Why are you suddenly speeding up? Are you rushing somewhere?"

Heather asked with a hint

of mockery in her tone.

Smiling, Leon didn't answer her question. Instead, he continued

accelerating his car. With

her eyes slightly narrowed, she wondered if he was taking part in a car race.

Looking at his determined profile, Heather didn't know what was

happening to him. For

some reason, this family dinner made her feel even more uneasy right now.

She couldn't imagine how people like Leon were treated in the family. It must have been

difficult for him to come as far as where he was today. Perhaps his

smiling face was just an

act to cover up his true feelings.

"Are you planning to get into an accident at this speed?" Heather said in a sarcastic tone. If

he wanted to die, he could go ahead by himself. She still wanted to live a little longer.

“Don’t worry. It’s going to be okay.” Leon assured confidently as his lips curled into a smile.

Yet, there was a hint of sadness in it. Never did she pay attention to Leon’s car skills before

this, and it was only until now that she realized his skills had reached the level of a racer. It

turned out that he had lots of things hidden and tucked away from sight.

“Leon, do you have something in mind? If you don’t want to attend the dinner, we can turn

around right now.” Heather comforted Leon. He was putting his life on the line and she

couldn’t imagine what would happen if this continued.

“Hat, what’s the purpose of us living?” Leon said with a smile that she had never seen

before. That smile was so cold that it sent chills down her spine.

Even Heather didn’t know the answer to this question, so how could she answer him?

Seeing her reaction, Leon suddenly came to a realization, “Hat, I know you’re at a loss too.”

His smile gradually turned bitter.

“Leon, be more mature. This is a philosophical question and it’s not a question that we

should consider.” Since there was no answer to this question, Heather felt that they should

leave it as it was. Not every question in the world would come with a perfect solution.

Leon looked at her bitterly. Words were stuck in his throat and he couldn’t bring himself to

utter them at all. What is the purpose of this family dinner? Leon couldn’t tell her.

In the end, both of them stayed silent. Heather didn’t know how to persuade him and Leon

didn’t know what to say to her.

Throughout the whole journey, the carriage was silent until they reached their destination.

Leon got out of the car first and walked over to Heather’s side to open the door for her.

Looking at the emotions in his eyes, Heather could feel her heart ache for him.

“Come on, Hat!” Suddenly, his voice became incredibly gentle, causing Heather’s heart to melt a little.

“Leon, the look in your eyes is unpredictable. It’s just a family dinner. It wouldn’t eat you up,”

Heather said jokingly. She didn’t like the emotion in Leon’s eyes at this moment; it was making her distressed.

“But they might eat you up.” Leon smirked as his eyes flickered slightly.

Looking each other in the eyes, they smiled as if nothing had happened and everything had

become natural. Elegantly, Heather stretched out her hand and held Leon by the arm. It was

as if she had entrusted herself to him for the time being.

“Leon, I have to say that your face is too perfect,” Heather said in a relaxed tone. His face

was so perfect that it made both men and women jealous of him.

“Perfect?” Leon laughed at himself. “It does seem that I’m indeed the best-looking one in the

family.” He touched his face and said mockingly, “Perhaps it’s because of my face that the

old man wants me to get married as soon as possible.”

Hearing that, Heather rolled her eyes at him. “Look at how narcissistic you are!” But he was

indeed good-looking, even better than those celebrities on the screen.

Sure enough, he had the right to be narcissistic.

“Come on, my goddess.” Leon carefully helped her out of the car. At this moment, he really

took care of her like a princess.

There was an antique house in front of them and it took Heather by surprise. It turned out

that Dave’s choice of residence was similar to that of Leon.

However, this house was more similar to a courtyard house and slightly different from

Leon's villa. That being said, it didn't matter. Walking side by side with Leon, Heather took his arm and curled her lips into a polite smile. It was the first time she attended a dinner so seriously. If it was just an ordinary dinner, she would have a cold expression that could stop others from coming forward to strike a conversation with her. She was smiling so brightly today that it surprised Leon. But seeing the effort she put in, Leon was grateful. "Hat, thank you for trying your best." He whispered in her ear and took the opportunity to kiss her on the cheek. On the other hand, Heather was feeling helpless by his actions. However, she couldn't express it explicitly. After all, there were two men in black at both sides of the entrance. Heather still had to take his image and reputation into consideration before she reacted.

"Welcome, Young Master." As soon as they approached, they could hear the tall man in black speaking fluent English. Carefully, Heather glanced at the man in black and she was sure that he was Asian. With a curious expression, she looked at Leon and realized that he was smiling ambiguously. After a while, Leon leaned close to her ear again and whispered, "The old man likes western culture and these two are his personal bodyguards. Hence, they learned some English with him." As soon as Leon finished speaking, the two of them walked in slowly and the moment the door was opened, it was as if they had arrived in another country. The courtyard seemed antique on the outside, yet it was well decorated like a medieval palace on the inside.

Heather didn't understand the purpose of such a combination. Noticing the expression on her face, Leon knew what she was thinking. He was sure that she would definitely complain about the design of the house. It was just not the time for her to be a critic.

"Hat, stay alert. They're here." Leon reminded Heather in a low voice. Withdrawing her gaze that was spacing out, she looked at Leon tenderly. She kept her gaze fixed on him so that others would regard them as a loving couple. But, it was a pity that there was no affection in Heather's eyes.

Among the crowd, Heather could recognize the famous Dave just by a glance. Seeking confirmation, she turned her head and looked at Leon. The next second, he nodded at her.

"Should we go to him and say hello?" Heather asked him in a low voice. It was the first time she behaved so sneakily that she didn't even dare to speak loudly. Influenced by Leon's emotions, Heather was feeling uncomfortable all over. It had been a long time since she was in such an unconfident state, and it was indeed embarrassing.

"It's okay. Those people will come over by themselves." Leon didn't want to join in the fun at all. He even hoped that no one would notice him.

Quietly, he led Heather to a corner. Yet, something strange happened. Unexpectedly, no one came over to greet him at all. They were just as stubborn as Leon. Although Heather had her doubts, it would be too impolite of her to ask about this kind of thing now. Suppressing her curiosity, she followed Leon closely by the side.

Never did she expect that Leon would take her to the dining area to get some food. Smiling flatteringly at her, Leon said, "I'm too hungry. I need to get some food to replenish my strength."

“Are you sure you’re not going to greet your grandpa? He’s been looking in our direction so many times.” Heather was getting uncomfortable from Dave’s constant glances, yet Leon seemed totally fine with it.

“He’ll come to me,” Leon said nonchalantly. If it weren’t because his grandfather forced him to come back for the family dinner, he would never step into this house ever again.

After all, he had never been on good terms with his grandfather, let alone those people. He hated everyone at the dinner and he would never forgive them for insulting his mother and him.

“I thought you were afraid of him, but now it seems that you’re totally out of his control,”

Heather said in a low voice. Truthfully speaking, this dinner was different from what she had imagined.

Initially, she thought that his position in the family would be miserable but now that she

looked at it, others didn’t dare to provoke him at all.

Even the center of attention—Dave—was looking at Leon from a distance, his eyes filled with the love of an elder.

With a faint smile on his face, Leon threw a snack into his mouth. “I’m not afraid of him, I’m

just—” However, he couldn’t seem to continue his sentence.

As the saying went, even a vicious tiger would not eat its cub. In this family, however, there

was no family affection at all. Instead, the relatives were constantly fighting to the extent

that Leon was sick of this family. He didn’t want to be involved in any disputes anymore.

Quietly, he continued to dig into the food as if he wasn’t part of the family. It seemed that he planned to ignore everyone and stay transparent.

Looking at Leon behaving like this, Heather didn't have much to say. He even fed her a slice of watermelon just now.

"I don't feel like eating." She said with a fit of slight anger after eating the fruit. She had no appetite at all but she still had to pretend to be a loving couple with him. At her words, Leon smiled so brightly that his eyes narrowed. "We have to eat and replenish our strength so that we can deal with them," he said meaningfully.

"I'm not eating. Did you bring me over to this family dinner for the cold meal?" Heather didn't want to sit still. She simply had to do something.

"Hat, be patient. The show is yet to start." Leon knew what was on Heather's mind but there was no need for them to rush. In fact, he was waiting for the other party to make his move first.

"I'm not in a hurry. It's just that this family dinner is different from what you told me, and my mind couldn't take it on such short notice." Heather pretended to be indifferent as she said that, but the truth was that she was feeling extremely upset in her heart. "That is because the show hasn't started yet. Don't worry. It'll definitely be a good one." He raised his eyebrows at Heather. Staring at her bright red lips, Leon had the urge to kiss her on the spot.

"Hat, you look so beautiful today." Leon looked at her obsessively as his heart began to pound crazily again.

"Behave yourself." Heather gritted her teeth. How could he still be thinking about this kind of thing at this time?

"Hat, can I kiss you?" Leon leered at her.

That stare had Heather's body feeling all numb and her expression immediately changed.

With a fake smile, she replied, "No."

However, what she didn't know was that Leon was ready to make his move. This time, he would do as he liked, regardless of her reply.

Chapter 678

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As one stepped forward, the other kept retreating. The spark of fire in Leon's eyes was

burning, but Heather naturally wouldn't agree to something she disliked. However, he was pressing close to her at this moment, and just like that, the two of them

maintained an ambiguous distance. It was Heather's first time seeing Leon so anxious, and

the atmosphere around them instantly became awkward.

At such an odd family banquet, Heather felt helpless and alone. It was as if she and Leon

were on an isolated island—no matter what they did, the others would pretend not to see.

Unfortunately, she no longer had any space to back up and, at the same time that she was

desperately trying to conceal the truth from the others, she was still trying to think about

how to avoid Leon's impulses. Using her forearms, she pressed up against his chest to

block his approach. From what she could tell, he was not the least bit conscious of his

actions at the moment, and twin embers of flame—ones of rage—leaped up in her eyes as

well.

There had to be all sorts of reasons her usually obedient Leon suddenly seemed to switch

personalities, and as she searched her brain for possible reasons, she exerted all of her

strength to hold him away from her.

By now, she was already exerting what seemed to be a supernatural amount of strength, but

he was completely undeterred. In disbelief, she stared at him—she never knew he had so

many secrets hiding in him.

Whether or not he was intentionally being deceitful, she was not happy about the fact that



he had concealed the truth from her. At this rate, she was even beginning to suspect that they weren't actually even close friends. All of his sworn promises from so long ago seemed like a mirage now.

"Do you have to do this, Leon?" she questioned in a voice that only both of them could hear.

His grin made her scalp tingle, and she turned her face away so that she wouldn't have to

look at his crazed, terrible smile. Right now, she felt so disappointed in him. It seemed they

would genuinely no longer be able to return to what they were before the dinner. In the past,

she always felt like she was hiding things from him; now, she knew that he hid from her

more than she ever did from him. In fact, she felt like she had to get reacquainted with him.

"I have suffered through my love for you, Heather." The sudden confession shocked her into

stillness and made her wonder if everyone else was looking over.

"Come back to your senses, Leon. Do you remember why you asked me here?" she begged,

keeping her forearms where they were to prevent him from approaching.

From others' perspectives, they looked like intimate lovers whispering together. Without

taking a closer look, they might even think that she was leaning against his chest.

"I only feel like kissing you at this moment." He was determined to achieve his goal no

matter how long they had to remain in this stalemate.

"I don't love you, Leon. We will never be together," she told him plainly, not caring if her

words would hurt him.

"I love you and want to have you to myself." No longer did he wish to conceal his true

feelings. After all, how could he be so magnanimous as to share her with others?

This was her first time coming into contact with his true thoughts so directly. Conflicted, she chewed on her bottom lip. She had to think of a way to make him give up on her but, if he still had feelings for her after so long, how could she make him give up the idea entirely at this moment?

“If you keep acting like this, we can’t even be friends,” she lectured him to make him aware that she could very well do without him.

“Why can’t you accept me, Heather?” he asked in an unusual amount of pain. “Why?” He had no idea why he couldn’t compare to Matthias. Why couldn’t she just give him a chance?

“We’re friends, and we can only be friends,” she emphasized heavily. Perhaps, in the past, she had thought once or twice about eventually becoming lovers with him, but that was before Matthias’ appearance.

“Am I inferior to Matthias in some way? I’ve been by your side for so many years. How could you not see all that I’ve done for you?” he asked emotionally as his voice grew slightly louder.

Yet, even as they argued, everyone else acted like they couldn’t see anything. Only Dave looked over from time to time but did not reveal his thoughts. Staring right at Leon, she informed him truthfully, “That’s just not how love works. I don’t know how to explain these things to you—I don’t even know if I actually love Matthias right now, but I am certain that I don’t love you. It has nothing to do with Matthias.”

“So, you’re not sure if you love him, but you’re willing to hitch your wagon to him and engage in a love-hate relationship with him. What about me? Have you truly never felt the slightest

interest in me? If you have, why won't you give me a chance?" The fact was that he knew all about and had noticed her budding interest in him by the sole virtue of how well he understood her—yet, she refused to be with him. In truth, that greatly dissatisfied him. If she had just been willing to give him a chance, they would be an actual couple now with no need for pretense. In the past, he thought that he would be able to show off his love for her. It was only later that he realized it would never happen.

"Why did you have to pick such a time?" She was infuriated that he had, once again, played her and created a scene where she could neither truly get mad at him nor leave him behind and walk away.

His only reason for choosing an occasion where she couldn't escape would be to force her to listen to everything he had kept in his heart for so long.

"I know you care about me and treat me well, Heather, and I know that I'm being despicable, but I truly don't know how to go on without you," he murmured in pain like a weak child.

"Don't do this. It's so embarrassing. Have you forgotten where we are?" Her heart ached at the look on his face, and she was afraid that he would start tearing up in the next second.

She had seen him tear up before, and it made him look fragile in a way that felt even more heartbreaking than when a woman cried. Perhaps that was what it was like when beautiful men cried!

"I don't care. It was only the two of us together in the past—there was no Matthias. That was fine because I knew you didn't care about dating, but I can't accept that you could fall in love with another man," he replied petulantly, starting to fuss.

“It wasn’t just us in the past. You had so many lovers and ex-girlfriends. You know how much they all hated me. You turned my existence into a hateful one; God only knows why I maintained my friendship with you for so long.” When she recalled those days, she instantly felt anger surge up in her.

Every time he had a new partner, she would go out of her way to keep her distance. After all, he would no longer be single then, and she had no wish to become a homewrecker.

Ironically, that was when he would show up and try his best to cling to her. The more it happened, the more she hated it, and eventually any interest she had in dating him was worn away by annoyance.

“I only wanted to provoke you,” he told her gloomily.

“Oh? And when you were rolling around in the hay with them, were you also trying to provoke me? Or were you simply trying to fulfill your biological needs?” she asked him in return.

There was no way she could accept him, given how complicated his dating history was.

Ultimately, she preferred someone with a simpler history.

Her words made him turn red with embarrassment. No matter how thick-skinned he was, he couldn’t be unembarrassed by having their past brought up like that. Right now, he deeply regretted using such childish methods to make her jealous. If he had only been a little bit more mature, perhaps they wouldn’t be here now.

When she saw how dispirited he looked, she knew her words had hit their mark. There were many things they never talked about, and perhaps it was for the best that everything was being laid bare now.

“I’m sorry I was so childish. I shouldn’t have used those methods to provoke you.” He no longer had any reason to argue with her for he had, indeed, done wrong in a way that he

regretted the more he thought about it.

“I know it’s hard to give up on loving someone, Leon, but you must figure out whether you truly love me or simply feel some measure of infatuation. After all, we’re not together. If we were actually to be a pair, perhaps you would realize we aren’t incompatible and that you don’t love me,” she advised him using a different perspective. She didn’t know whether it would convince him, but at least it would bring him back to his senses. Summoning his courage, he said, “Even so, I hope I can kiss you. I don’t know if you can understand where I’m coming from, but I’ve hoped in my heart for so long that I would get the chance to kiss you. I just feel that urge whenever I look at your lips, and maybe I’ll be able to stop this madness after I’ve kissed you.” Since he didn’t dare force a kiss on her, he could only ask for a chance.

The sudden sincerity startled her, and for a moment she was at a loss for how to refuse his request. Dumbly, she stared at him, and he stared right back. In the eyes of outsiders, they were staring at each other lovingly. Thus, the occasional person would even cast them a curious look. From afar, they looked harmonious and incredibly well-matched, and it was a scene that lifted the spirits of the onlookers.

“Not now.” She couldn’t refuse him, but she wasn’t prepared and had no wish for the kiss to take place right now, anyway.

Her answer left him simultaneously happy and crestfallen. He was disappointed that she was refusing him right now but happy that she wasn’t completely rejecting him. Perhaps there was still a chance for him to turn things around and he had to wait patiently.

“I want to hold you, Heather.” He was somewhat tired. Being in a stalemate with her for so long had sapped all of his strength, and he suddenly felt empty and in need of a warm hug. Since it was a hug, she didn’t feel like she could refuse. Hence, she took the initiative to lean against his chest and listen to his heartbeat. All of a sudden, she recalled a certain summer night while they were still at school when they stood on the balcony and held each other just like this. The best years of her life had been with him. Dull studies became more interesting with him by her side. It turned out that all those years ago, he already slipped silently into every nook and facet of her life.

“I wouldn’t change a thing about the years we spent together, Leon. I hope I can be your friend for the rest of our lives.” Suddenly, she felt exhausted as well, so she stayed in his embrace.

Just like that, they held onto each other as if they were two children seeking warmth from winter’s chill. Of course, this was the moment that Dave finally lost his patience and decided to go over and make small talk with Leon.

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Having forgotten their surroundings, Leon and Heather were in their own world and were not quick to notice Dave’s approach.

Thus, from their perspective, Dave’s appearance was rather sudden.

Warily, Leon eyed his grandfather and tightened his grip around Heather. His cautious stance made his care for her obvious to outsiders.

Holding onto a wine glass, Dave observed the pair with a neutral expression. Leon rarely cared about anything these days, and his actions only made the former more curious about

Heather.

From where she was standing, Heather couldn't see Dave. Nonetheless, she could feel Leon

suddenly stiffening and burying her face against his chest.

The strange action made her suspicious and she tried to struggle out of his grip. However,

he soon explained his actions. "Stop moving! My grandpa is here," he said, wanting both to

hold her and prevent her coming face to face with his grandfather.

"Let go of me, then," she whispered to him.

"Trust me," he answered instead, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

Now that he was closer to them, Dave sensed something wrong. From afar, he had already

sensed that something was off and the nearer he got, the stronger that feeling grew.

The more he looked at them, the less he felt like they were a pair. Leon's love for Heather

seemed genuine—Dave could see his care and adoration for her in his eyes. As for how she

felt about Leon, Dave had no way of knowing for now.

Knowing Leon's temper, Dave spoke up first. "Aren't you going to introduce me to the

beautiful lady you're hugging?"

Even from where she was pressed up against Leon's chest, Heather could clearly hear how

fluent and well-enunciated Dave's English was. It seemed there was a reason for Leon's

good English after all, and that the patriarch of the family was responsible for ensuring that

his children and grandchildren all spoke English to varying degrees.

"She's not used to such occasions, Grandpa," Leon told Dave now. All of a sudden, he no

longer felt like having Heather put on an act with him.

"You sure know how to tell a joke, Leon. I heard she is a charming, elegant, belle of the ball.

She should be used to such occasions." Frankly, having collected whatever information he

could find on her, Dave already had an understanding of her.

“Not here, though,” Leon answered, unrelentingly. By now, he wasn’t even willing to introduce them to the others.

“I fear you’ve yet to grasp the substance of today’s banquet,” Dave answered, his face growing unfriendly. Despite fearing him, his grandson continued to mouth him off. His patience for Leon wasn’t limitless, and he dearly hoped that Leon would grow up soon. The grandson he raised wasn’t one he hoped to see self-destruct. Meanwhile, Heather was about to suffocate from the lack of air with her face buried in Leon’s chest. Since she desperately wanted to leave his embrace, she squirmed and caused him to loosen his grip slightly. Seizing the opportunity, she wiggled completely out of his grasp.

Very quickly, she was standing shoulder to shoulder with him. Neither acting proud nor in a self-effacing manner, she took Dave in and decided that he looked how she imagined him. He seemed spirited and not at all like he was in poor health.

Following that, she gave him a practiced, polite smile. It was the kind of smile he liked

best—distant, well-mannered, but self-respecting at the same time.

Already, he was forming a good first impression of her.

“Grandpa.” It was her first time calling someone else’s grandfather that and it made her feel immensely uncomfortable. Nonetheless, remembering her purpose here today, she still said that.

Even Leon was incredibly surprised. After all, she tended to be a finicky person who did not do such things easily. The fact that she was willing to address his grandfather like that meant she was giving the performance her all.



“Young lady.” In response, Dave gave her a kind and amiable smile, but it wasn’t one she would easily be dazzled by.

As he watched them interact, Leon suddenly felt like he had made a big deal out of nothing.

He could see how satisfied his grandfather was with her.

Still acting like his girlfriend, she continued, “Leon’s too childish. Please don’t blame him.”

She did it so smoothly as if she had done it before.

Happily, Dave smiled. It gave him some odd sense of joy to hear that being said about Leon

since it was true; Leon was childish, and it was only a pity that such a talented child could

have so many flaws in his personality.

“I’ve long gotten used to him and don’t find it strange at all. If anything, I’m sorry you have to

bear the responsibility,” he quipped without hesitation.

Suddenly, Leon felt like he was a preschool child whose teacher was reporting his bad

behavior to his parents before they all laughed about it together.

The inexplicable déjà vu left him feeling a little cold. It wasn’t as if he thought his

grandfather would hate her, but he never expected them to get along so well that they’d

draw closer simply by complaining about him.

Meanwhile, she was offering a modest, tight-lipped smile. Of course she wasn’t solely going

to complain about Leon but compliment him as well.

“Even if he’s a little childish sometimes. I don’t necessarily think that’s a bad thing. In my

eyes, at least, he’s very cute,” she lied with a straight face. sending him a smirk that made

his knees go weak.

Perhaps she was too into the role. At this moment, even he was faintly buying the lie that

she was his girlfriend and feeling a bit of joy in his heart.

Even if she was his girlfriend for only one night, it was enough to mess with his head, and he

told himself that the goddess of a woman he yearned for was now by his side.

Meanwhile, Dave smiled cordially at her. "You young people only see the good side of each other when you're dating."

Hearing that, Leon couldn't help but stand up for himself. "I am good."

In front of Dave, he

couldn't help occasionally displaying the petulance that the child of a family would have.

Heather could see where he was coming from and could tell that he was just the kind of

person to insist on talking back when he didn't actually hate his grandfather.

Virtually everyone was aware of his pride. If anything, he even somewhat humbled himself in front of her.

When the others at the party became aware of the happily chatting trio, they couldn't help

watching out of the corners of their eyes. After all, they dared not believe the scene, for Leon

only ever made his grandfather angry on a normal day.

Yet, Dave was smiling at this moment and they all assumed it was the work of the woman

that Leon brought back with him. Many of them had heard of her, but few had met her.

The three of them occupied the buffet area with Dave and Heather talking around Leon and,

for the most part, complaining about Leon. Meanwhile, the subject of their discussion stood

to one side and occasionally stepped in to protest that he hadn't done anything too

objectionable.

Yet, even while they enjoyed their discussion, the others quickly became unhappy with the

fact that the focus of the banquet was quickly shifting to Leon.

What they wished the least to happen was for Leon to be treated with fondness, since he

had managed to offend everyone in the family. They only hoped they would live to see him disowned.

The person who hated Leon most was his cousin who was only a few years older than him.

To everyone else, that cousin was second in line to inherit the family wealth.

Yet, the cousin was well-aware of how large a threat Leon posed. While, as an illegitimate

child, Leon did not have the legitimacy he had, Dave was especially tolerant of Leon's antics.

Thus, the fear that Leon would take his place was not unfounded.

At this moment, the trio moved out of the buffet area and closer to the dinner table. Dave

was insisting that Heather sit by his side, and the honor made everyone else seethe with

jealousy.

As Heather took in her surroundings, she could feel the animosity the others had toward

Leon. Of course, it meant that animosity was now directed toward her. It seemed Dave and

Leon were talking about very different things, and the only reason Leon could remain in his

household was due to the protection of his grandfather.

Furthermore, it was clear that, in truth, Dave was very fond of Leon.

Otherwise, he wouldn't

have noticed Leon's vices. Nonetheless, because of how similarly stubborn they were, they

were very bad at expressing how they felt about each other.

As she realized that, she wondered to herself whether there was something she could do to

ease their relationship. She had Dave's attention and right now, he was even overlooking the

others in favor of talking to her.

Aware of the hostile and jealous glances that the others were shooting toward him, Leon

stared back at them proudly. He was proud of himself for having the woman he loved by his

side.

Never did Heather ever let him down. In fact, she always did things that surpassed his expectations, such as gaining the favor of his grandfather and allowing him to properly show off in front of his family for once.

“I heard you have high blood pressure, Grandpa. Perhaps you should have less of this kind of food.” Since she had heard Leon mention his grandfather’s health before, she chose an appropriate moment to express concern.

Such a seemingly natural expression of care gratified Dave, so he waved a hand at the

unhealthy foods in front of him and told the attendant next to him,

“Take these things away.”

At the same time, Leon winked at her. She was playing her part so much better than he

advised her to that he felt like hugging her and giving her the biggest smooch.

In truth, she wasn’t rightly aware of how to please Dave and was merely treating him the

same way she usually treated Robert. If she looked at him like he was her own grandfather,

her actions would naturally seem truthful and sincere.

It wasn’t hard to socialize with the elderly. All they needed was a measure of sincerity, since

they were much sharper than people gave them credit for and would always be able to tell

who was being real and who was putting on a façade.

Since she never played any games in front of them and only ever said what was on her

mind, she put them at ease and naturally earned their fondness.

A short while later, everyone took their seats, and Dave addressed the crowd. “Today, we

have the fortune of receiving a visit from the beautiful Heather Langston, seated next to me.

I’m confident that she will become a member of our family very soon.”

At his introduction, her face grew hot. It pained her to hear the words ‘become a member of

our family,' for in truth, she would never become a member of their family.

Chapter 680

At the scene, Heather maintained her elegant smile. Even if it was a family banquet, she could not let down her guard. Fortunately, it was at least simpler than she anticipated and not as chaotic as Leon led her to believe.

The person who was most unlike how she imagined him to be was Dave. He didn't act at all like he was nobility, and she could only find it a good thing that Leon hadn't handed her a

few more pages of information, for it seemed like they were chock-full of his subjective biases.

With a smile, she glanced at everyone. Under Dave's warm-hearted influence, they no longer regarded her with hostility and all put on, at the very least, some measure of kindness.

Despite seeing through them, Leon gave no indication he was aware of their pretense. Of course, Heather could see through them as well, but she was long used to such occasions and didn't take any of it to heart.

While they ate, the entire table was silent and devoid of any conversation. This also largely differed from her expectations and upon seeing her confusion, Leon pulled out his cell phone and sent her a text.

Knowing what she was thinking, he told her, 'Don't look so surprised. My Grandpa is strict about us not talking while we eat.'

'I'm not surprised,' she replied, refusing to admit to her own confusion. 'There's nothing unusual about that.' Quickly putting down her phone, she resumed eating.

In the quiet, only the sound of chewing could be heard. Perhaps because they were

concerned about their image, everyone was displaying the elegance of nobility and chewing very softly.

When it came to this, she didn't fare worse than them. She, too, had good breeding, not to mention that silence at the dinner table was more of a local habit and she would never lose to a group of foreigners.

Occasionally, she and Leon would communicate silently with their eyes. Their every interaction was noted by Dave.

The meal lasted a long time. Dave was meticulous about his chewing and, seemingly not wanting to finish before the patriarch of the family, everyone else ate slowly as well.

Under the influence of such an atmosphere, Heather, too, slowed down her speed of eating.

Meanwhile, Leon seemed used to such a pace and struggled with it not at all.

On occasion, Dave would cast a glance at her but he did not speak up. There seemed to be a message in his eyes but for now, it remained inscrutable to her. Even Leon seemed confused.

It was only in the silence that she picked up on the imposing atmosphere of the dinner banquet. From her perspective, Leon's family was even stranger than hers. While the Langston Family used family banquets as a way of appearing outwardly harmonious, his family did not seem like a family at all but rather a group of strangers. If her family fought in secret, his family went to no lengths at all to hide their discord.

Nonetheless, it seemed like Dave was in the know.

The wisdom in his eyes led her to believe that he was in control of the situation. It had to be difficult for an old man to ensure a family's balanced and healthy survival.

After what felt like half a century, the lengthy mealtime finally ended. As she gently wiped her mouth, she could feel the others glancing at her from time to time. Not long after they finished eating, the dinner table livened up and people started to chat with those seated next to them. It was only then that she realized what Leon meant when he said the dinner was very ceremonial. Indeed, the time while they ate had been a grave ritual and even now that they were done, their idle chat seemed affected to some degree.

Leaning over, he whispered to her, "Not used to it, are you?" Even he wasn't used to having such a family after all these years.

"I'm alright." She didn't find it too strange since she rarely spoke at her own family dinners, unless Robert spoke to her first.

"Well, I'm glad you don't mind." Yet now, he worried that she would find it difficult to adapt, but it seemed he had underestimated her endurance.

"What would I have to mind?" she asked with a smile. Right now, they were conversing in front of Dave and she was deeply afraid that they would say something wrong.

In response, he beamed at her and resisted the urge to peck her cheek. Truly, she was his savior and all-too-worthy of his love.

"Your crow's feet are showing," she teased. Sometimes, his thoughts were too obvious and written all over his face.

"Come and take a walk with me later." He was unable to take the atmosphere anymore and was dying to find an opportunity to drag her out for some fresh air. While Leon hated this place more than any other occasion he would have to attend, Heather, on the other hand, was a little bit more understanding.

Unlike Leon, she looked at it as a duty and she didn't feel as conflicted as he did.

Meanwhile, Dave seemed to be keeping an eye on her. Even Leon was starting to notice that he would glance at her from time to time while she conversed with Leon.

Usually fastidious about keeping a healthy lifestyle, Dave had foregone the fruit platter in favor of eyeing them. Unable to take such scrutiny, Leon took the initiative to reach out for a grape, peel it patiently and feed it intimately to her. Since they couldn't talk carelessly and freely with Dave staring at them, they might as well eat some fruit. At first, Heather was confused but she quickly caught on and cooperated. With her faint smile aimed at him, they looked like a loving couple.

All of a sudden, he seemed to develop a fondness for feeding her fruit and busied himself with peeling the skin off the fruit in front of him before holding it up to her. Of course, she wasn't in the mood for fruit right now and could only stare at him strangely. Did that mean that, in the absence of anything better to do, they could only eat fruit? Reluctantly, she cooperated. Given the slow pace of dinner, she had already consumed more than what she usually ate and now that she was forced to have some fruit as well, she was starting to wonder if her sole purpose for attending the banquet was to eat.

When she recalled how many appetizers she ate in the buffet area, she decided her assumption was correct.

Meanwhile, Leon seemed to have lost himself completely to what he was doing and was practically trying to shove the fruit platter down her mouth. In truth, she hated grapes, so she plucked the grapes he gave her from her plate and made the decision to stuff them into his mouth.



One by one, she fed them back to him, even saying gently, "Have some more. They're full of vitamin C."

Only when he saw her slightly displeased expression did he remember that she actually disliked grapes, and it was no wonder she was trying to return all of the grapes he peeled for her.

Having no other choice, he opened his mouth and swallowed all of her 'good intentions'. Yet, the more they acted like this, the more Dave picked up on the subtleties of their actions.

After dinner, the hall was filled with elegant music. In the past, the nobles liked to dance to music and now was apparently no different. All of a sudden, Heather got the impression she had returned to medieval times.

Meanwhile, Leon was offering a gentlemanly hand and saying, "May I have this dance, Miss Langston?"

Gladly, she agreed. If the dinner they just had was overly formal, they were much more relaxed now. Out on the dance floor, everyone seemed to have put aside their petty resentments and were dancing together gracefully.

Their duet made her feel like they had returned to school. Standing so suitably close to each other as they danced, they could feel each other's body heat. It was especially easy to fall in love during these dances.

Currently, his eyes were locked on hers. He enjoyed this moment so much that he didn't feel like moving away from her for even a second. This segment of the evening was, no doubt, his favorite part of the banquet.

The intensity of his stare made her heart flutter. After all, her hormones were putting her in a trance, even if she knew the person she actually loved was Matthias. Gradually, his face blurred and she saw Matthias all of a sudden. The fact that she was

thinking of Matthias at this moment made her laugh internally at herself. Nowadays, he was no longer the man he used to be. He did not cling to her and rarely even texted her. On occasion, she would wonder to herself what he was doing. Sometimes, she even thought about taking the initiative to text him but would decide against it in the end.

Sensing that she was lost in her thoughts, Leon pulled her even closer and whispered intimately in her ear, "It's me, Hat." Instantly, she was pulled out of her reverie and back to reality. When she came to her senses, she found that her head was resting against his shoulder and that they were holding each other as they danced.

"I want to rest for a while, Leon." All of a sudden, Heather felt somewhat tired and only wanted to sit down.

It wasn't the physical kind of tiredness but rather a psychological one. As they stepped off

the dance floor, a pair of eyes watched him closely, making Leon uneasy.

"Are you feeling ill, Hat?" He remembered that she hadn't rested well these few days and yet

had slept for hours today. No doubt, her body was not used to it.

"No." She shook her head, answering softly and inexplicably gently.

Wanting to be alone for

a while, she told him, "Don't worry about me. Go have fun!"

"Nah, I'll keep you company." Currently, he only wished to stay by her side and had no

interest in socializing with anyone else.

His response hardly surprised her. Given how cautious he was of everyone else, she had

known even before making her suggestion that there was no way he would leave her.

LeoLeoLeo

It was as if Leon was a lost child. Clearly, the reason he wanted her at this family banquet

was so that she could give him courage.

LeoLeo

Understandingly, she pointed at the seat next to her and indicated for him to sit down.

Satisfied, he took the seat.

Leo

“If you’re not feeling well, we can leave.” In truth, he was all too eager to have an excuse to leave.

LeoLeo

Seeing through him at once, she told him, “I doubt your grandfather will approve.” After all,

she was aware that Dave was still observing them at this moment.

As if their previous camaraderie had been a dream, Dave was maintaining a distance from

them now and was once again surrounded by others.

Just like that, Heather had no idea what he was truly thinking. However, she knew it was a

bad idea to leave right now no matter what excuse they had.

Leo

“You don’t have to worry about what my grandpa thinks, Heather,” Leon told her helplessly.

He was starting to regret making the situation sound so serious to her.