

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me

Chapter422

Heather had managed to put an end to this discussion for now, yet the resentment continued to build up in her. Matthias had played a flawlessly strategic game this round but she vowed that he would not be so lucky next time. He had presented her with a memorable gift indeed and now that there was definitely bad blood between them, she was determined to return his favor by a hundredfold. Knowing that there was more trouble to come, she began to worry about how this might affect her entrepreneurship. Surely it would be that much harder for her to start her own business after a scandal like this. She was outraged at the thought of the newspaper following up on the ridiculous story they had published, and she was seized with the violent urge to burn that newspaper company to the ground. With this in mind, she could no longer stomach her breakfast. "I'm heading out for a bit, Grandpa," Heather announced as she gazed at the breakfast laid out before her. She had lost her appetite and anger twisted her features into a grimace. Upon seeing how angry she was, Robert couldn't help but worry for Matthias. He hardly knew anyone who could stop her from wreaking havoc whenever she lost her temper. "Heather, you have to deal with these things calmly," he pointed out gently, afraid that she might abandon all rationale and act on impulse instead. "You're the only one who believes me, Grandpa. I won't sit by and do nothing while someone takes advantage of me this way. As far as I'm concerned, marriage isn't even on the table for me yet," she said woefully, clearly getting more upset as she tried to speak up for herself.

She couldn't count the times she had rolled her eyes at the newspaper's description of her alleged romance with Matthias. The article had claimed that it was love at first sight and that it did not take long for them to take things to the next level, essentially describing her as a person without much depth. The entire passage had depicted her as some desperate woman who clung onto Matthias, whom the newspaper painted as prince charming. That narrative alone was enough to spur her murderous rage. She would eradicate the newspaper company entirely and before they knew it, their future in Bradford City would be over. Robert watched as his granddaughter stormed out of the room, then withdrew his gaze. Once she was all worked up like that, it would be impractical to try and stop her. He would be much better off if he let her do as she pleased. Having gone into the garage, Heather slid into the sleekest sports car in the family vehicle collection. After all, if she was going to destroy somebody, she should do it with style. The sports car sped down the route toward the newspaper company. She might not be able to fight back against Matthias for now but seeing as the newspaper company had colluded with him, they would have to bear the brunt of her aggression. She ought to teach them a lesson so that they would know she was not one to be trifled with. As the car whooshed down the street, she single-handedly slipped on a pair of shades that accentuated the delicate angles of her face, and the intimidating look on her face was enough to freeze anyone to death. Meanwhile, the Apple Gazette was operating as usual, oblivious to the storm that was coming their way. They had no idea of the crisis that hit them from the very moment Heather walked through their doors.

Her regal demeanor turned heads in the office as she strode in with her shades on. She did not bother to greet anyone and instead barked coldly, “I want to speak with your editor-in-chief.”

Heather still looked glamorous despite her rage and she spoke in a crisp, carrying voice. The employees couldn't help but deem her as the female embodiment of perfection itself.

Then, they peered at her more carefully, and finally came to the realization that she was the same woman whom they had written about on their front page news.

When no one responded to her, she strode toward the private office. She wasn't blind after

all, and the editor-in-chief's office was in a rather conspicuous corner.

The employees exchanged bewildered looks and began to chatter among themselves in low

voices. However, she paid no attention to them as she pushed open the door to the

editor-in-chief's office. When she saw a middle-aged man with a beer gut seated behind the

desk, she sneered. He was already getting on her nerves just by sitting there, which meant

there was no way for him to escape her wrath now.

Everyone peered into the office curiously and they saw her standing across from Mitchell,

the unfortunate editor-in-chief. She slowly took off her shades and locked eyes with him.

Then, she brusquely threw the newspaper in her hand onto his desk and demanded

imperiously, “Explain this to me.”

Mitchell glanced at her with fear in his eyes. Truth was, he had known that this might

happen when he agreed to collude with Matthias.

Despite the years she had spent abroad, tales of Heather's ruthlessness continued to

circulate in the urbanscape of Bradford City, and all of them depicted her as a cold and

decisive woman who stood for nobody's nonsense.

“It’s a ballsy move for you to print news like this without even consulting the Langston Family beforehand,” she seethed, causing him to feel a chill run down his spine when he saw the dangerous gleam in her eyes.

“Miss Langston,” he began, then swallowed convulsively as he tried to come up with a way to placate her.

“I’m sure you’re aware that the Langston Family is powerful enough to wipe out a news company from the face of Bradford City,” she drawled, the threat heavy in her voice. It was crucial for her to bring her family into this if she wanted to intimidate somebody.

“Don’t be so rash, Miss Langston. I can explain,” he answered nervously as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. Though he had foreseen this confrontation, he hadn’t expected it to happen so quickly and now, he was left without a strategy.

“I have no interest in your explanation—let me see the front page for tomorrow,” she snapped. She had a feeling that this morning’s paper was not the end of the scandal. There would likely be another follow-up story tomorrow, and she had to do everything she could to stop it from being published.

“Miss Langston, we have a schedule for our operations here, and the layout for the front page hasn’t even been decided yet,” he sputtered. Mitchell was lying, of course, but it wasn’t as though he could tell Heather the truth—not if he still wanted to survive.

“Don’t give me that crap. I’ve personally dropped by today to talk things over with you but if we can’t reach a consensus, then I can get a couple of my acquaintances to meet you this afternoon. I’d like to see if they could change your mind then.” Threat underscored her words. She could not let the newspaper get away with publishing any more ridiculous articles on a non-existent scandal.

Mitchell had been in the industry for a while now, but he had never been met with such direct and aggressive confrontation before. Nevertheless, he would be wise to fear the Langstons' authority, seeing as they were one of the giants in Bradford City's business scene. They could not have existed as a corporation for over a century without making connections with the underworld.

"Why don't we sit down and work things out?" he suggested, trying to buy himself time.

"No, thanks. I'm here to resolve an actual problem and I don't have time to work things out slowly," she said, turning him down immediately. From the very moment they decided to

publish derogatory and baseless articles on her personal life, they had set themselves on a path to hell and she had no intention to spare them from her wrath.

"Then how do you propose we resolve this, Miss Langston?" Mitchell asked warily.

"It looks like you don't get to have a say in this matter, so I'm going to have to speak to a person who does." She stood tall and straight as she regarded him stonily, looking every bit the imposing woman that she was.

"W-Well..." He had dealt with people from all walks of life throughout his career, but it was rare for him to encounter someone as brusque as her and despite his mild temper, he couldn't help but bridle at the way she was treating him.

Heather, on the other hand, had no qualms with conflict. She knew Matthias was the one

who orchestrated all these so she asked directly, "Should I give Matthias a call now and help you get his approval?"

With that, she instantly dialed for Matthias' number. Mitchell had never seen a woman who did things with such surety and seeing as he could not come up with ways to cajole her in time, he could only watch mutely as the call went through.

She put the call on speaker and there was a devious smirk tugging on her lips.

Mitchell

swallowed and he thought to himself, She's not someone who can be taken down that easily.

"Hello, Miss Langston! Are you calling because you miss me?" Matthias' voice echoed cheerily down the line.

"Director Locke, do you know where I am right now?" she asked stiffly.

"I'm afraid I'm not a fan of guessing games," he replied with a chuckle.

"I'm at the Apple Gazette, which I'm sure you're familiar with," she said in a clipped tone.

"Oh? I have no idea where that is." On the other end of the phone, however, Matthias was

surprised that she had marched straight into the newspaper company.

"The editor-in-chief would like to have a word with you." Having said that, she shoved the

phone toward Mitchell and eyed him icily, silently forcing him to speak.

Upon hearing this, Matthias frowned on the other end of the line. He didn't think that she

would go looking for the editor-in-chief himself. As it turned out, she was exactly the same

as she had been in her younger days—impulsive and impatient.

"You're ridiculous!" Mitchell snapped angrily. He had had enough of her disrespectful ways

and with the Locke Group backing him up, he didn't see why he should be afraid of the

Langstons.

Heather drew her phone back and asked the man on the other line, "Have you read the paper

this morning?"

"What paper? The Apple Gazette, you mean?" Matthias asked, feigning innocence.

"Director Locke, I won't be bargaining with you over this matter so I'll come right out and say

it—I won't back down regardless of your plans to take revenge on me, but you've crossed the

line here. I have no interest in being involved in a scandal with you," she said, keeping her

dark gaze on Mitchell. She refused to believe that he could keep his cool any longer.

“Please leave the office, Miss Langston,” Mitchell thundered. He had already offended her anyway, and there was no better time than the present to kiss up to Matthias and show his loyalty.

Matthias, on the other hand, interjected with an unassuming tone, “Miss Langston, perhaps there’s been some misunderstanding on your part. Why don’t we sit down and talk things out?”

“Fine. Come over to the Apple Gazette now and we’ll talk,” she answered as a menacing smile played on her lips. If it’s a talk he wants, then I’m going to make sure to talk him into his place.

Heather had seen through Mitchell’s attempt to please Matthias and if that was the case, then the three of them should have a good talk right here.

“It would be rude of us to intrude, would it not? Besides, don’t you think that a café or a restaurant would be the more appropriate place to talk over something like this?” Matthias tried to evade her demands.

“No; I like it here. If you want to talk, then you’d best be on your way right now.” She clutched her phone and sauntered over elegantly to the couch in the corner, looking impervious.

She didn’t wait for Matthias to answer before hanging up the call. Meanwhile, Mitchell took in her arrogant stance and began to dislike her more and more. Her beauty and elegance were eclipsed by her wretched behavior, and he knew that she would not stop giving him a hard time.

“Miss Langston, please leave my office right now. This isn’t a café or a restaurant, and it’s no place for you to talk things out with Director Locke,” Mitchell demanded harshly, bristling at her audacity to act all high and mighty in his territory.

“I’ll sit here for as long as I like; what are you going to do about it? And one more thing—I’m going to sue your paper for defaming me with baseless statements,” she announced. She brought her phone up to show him the screen before she added, “Take a look for yourself—my lawyer is already on his way. I’m not just here to talk things over; I’m here so I can get a statement from you.” Heather had texted her family lawyer on her way here and asked him to meet her at Apple Gazette as quickly as possible. Mitchell blanched as he tried to read the tiny font on her phone screen. He had never met anyone who did things with such speed and efficiency. “Miss Langston, you—” He broke off, suddenly rendered speechless. “Time is money, and this is especially true when it comes to business. I don’t plan on dragging this out for too long and I have a penchant for bringing swift ends to my battles.” There was a satisfied look on her face as she said this. As if I would let some random newspaper company get the upper hand. Let me show them how brutal I can be. The tension in the air grew thick. Sure enough, the Langston Family’s lawyer arrived not long after. He was one of the top litigators in Bradford City and he had never once lost a case. “Miss Langston,” the lawyer greeted Heather respectfully, bowing his head. “It’s been a while, Mr. Presgraves!” She stood up from the couch and flashed a sweet smile at the man, shedding her previous icy demeanor. Upon seeing the friendly dynamics between Heather and the lawyer, Mitchell began to panic. He had seen Mr. Presgraves a couple of times before this, but he never thought that there would come a day where he would actually have to deal with him. He was frantic and there was a lump in his throat. Just then, somebody knocked on the door, and the three of them turned to look at the

person standing outside the office.