

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 466

After a long moment, Myra replied faintly, "We can have only one best man. Who should we pick?" There would be a quandary if they really intended to match Heather with the best man.

Then, the choice for best man would become complicated, as there were currently two candidates from which Myra and Tony had to choose the one most suited to Heather.

"Well, from your point of view, who would suit Heather more—Philip or Lucas?" It wasn't up to Tony to decide, since Myra knew Heather better, anyway.

"It's hard to say. They both have their merits," Myra replied hesitantly, wondering if she should have them meet up once more before the wedding.

It felt too improper for them only to have met under the flickering lights of Zion Club and the influence of alcohol. There was a possibility that in broad daylight, Heather could feel a different spark altogether with the two candidates.

"We still need to see what Heather thinks," Tony suggested meaningfully.

"Let's find a time to meet up tomorrow," she proposed.

At this point, he gave her a conflicted look. There were quite a few things that needed to be done tomorrow, and it would not be easy for them to gather the group together.

Not to mention that, even if they could summon the others, they might not be able to summon Heather unless they found a suitable excuse, as she would be busy with Langston Group.

Regardless, the discussion continued, causing Heather to sneeze multiple times as she walked home alone in the frigid evening. The chill of fall was already descending, and she bundled up tightly as she made her way home alone after having declined others' good-natured invitations to send her home.

All along, she would refuse such invitations. She had a very independent personality, which prevented her from allowing people she barely knew to send her home. Matthias was the only exception, but at the thought of Matthias, she shuddered internally; she didn't like his sudden appearance.

Long ago, she decided to give up on him and no longer allow herself to grow close to him. It was a good thing that, during this period, he never held the contract over her.

Tonight, she had witnessed Myra's unbridled joy, something which genuinely thrilled her. She was gratified to see that Myra had such a group of good friends, for it meant Myra hadn't done too badly for herself in the past few years.

Likely, the worst thing Myra ever did was marry Sean, but it didn't matter anymore because she was going to marry the man she loved now. Tony Hart—the man who was to make her happy for the rest of her life—wore his heart on his sleeve and looked at her with love in his eyes.

Perhaps because it was such a happy occasion, Heather drank quite a lot. Now, she started feeling the effects of the alcohol. With her body swaying and swinging, she staggered her way back to her room, thinking of Estelle once more.

While Heather was overseas, she read articles mentioning Estelle's on-and-off relationships. Who knew even Estelle would find true love?

To say Heather wasn't envious would be a lie. She was currently the only single woman in the group—she could tell that even Elliot and Tilly were a couple. The thought of the three couples struck her in the chest.

However, the two remaining bachelors seemed interested in her.

A lot of the time, she couldn't tell whether such initial interest was due to her beauty or some other reason.

Gently opening the door to her place, she rushed into the bathroom and washed her face before looking at herself in the mirror. She was attractive—the Langston Family genes gave her a face beautiful and a uniquely stunning body enough to devastate nations.

While she wasn't the most attractive member of the family, the way she carried herself helped her stand out. It was rare for someone so beautiful to have such a remarkable disposition, and it was no wonder she drew attention wherever she went.

After removing her makeup, she peered at her soft, pink face in the mirror. Ever since senior high, she hadn't been what could be considered cute. Back then, she was still a little cutie pie, but that was a long time ago, and she missed those days all of a sudden.

The next day, the group chat was as busy as ever. Whenever she had time, she would go and take a peek at it. She didn't mind getting to know Myra's friends as she was still very unfamiliar with Bradford City and didn't know many people she could get along with.

Since Myra was kind enough to bring Heather into her own circle of friends, Heather wasn't going to refuse the invitation for friendship. This time, Estelle wasn't going out of her way to hide from Heather either.

Previously, Myra kept telling Estelle that Heather had changed, but Estelle was disinclined to believe that the arrogant and domineering Heather could be much different from the person she used to be. It was only when seeing her the previous night that Estelle's jaw nearly fell open in shock.

'Have lunch with me today.' Myra was telling Heather in the group chat.

When Heather saw the message, she didn't immediately reply. Realizing that Heather wasn't replying, Myra quipped that the lack of response meant acquiescence. In response, Heather laughed. Of course she was happy to have lunch with Myra, so she answered with a '...'

Satisfied with Heather's answer, Myra began to address the other members of the group, saying, 'If you're nearby, come and eat with us at my house.'

At this point, Tony jumped in with, 'Myra's making you all home-cooked food today, so if you have time, do come over.'

Upon seeing the message, Myra rolled her eyes at him. Currently, they were huddled up on the couch in the living room, and she told him, "I'm only making two or three dishes. If you say that, they're going to think that I'm the one who prepared all the food."

Pulling her into his lap with one arm, he said, "Two or three is enough." His words were followed by a kiss on her cheeks.

"Are you skipping work again today? You're becoming lazier and lazier," she chastised him with dissatisfaction.

Because he was busy with preparations for the wedding, he rarely went to work now. However, as he felt it was best for him to be personally involved with the wedding, he couldn't find it in him to care about official business right now. While there were certain matters he could compromise on, he was set on participating in the preparations, no matter how much Myra criticized him.

"I'm going to start making lunch," she told him, making her escape before he could kiss her again.

Yearning for more, he watched her run away. Finally, he knew what it meant to be madly in love. Whenever she was around him, he didn't feel like doing anything else.

Oh, how he wished he could hold her forever! He felt like he was bewitched or as if she had drugged him. As he watched her retreat, his elated mind manifested the image of him hugging her from behind.

Coincidentally, today happened to be the day Serena returned from abroad with Henry. They had gone on holiday overseas only to return the day before Henry started school.

Thus, Myra wanted to take the opportunity to invite them over for lunch to liven up the place. The house hadn't been busy in a while—Heather's visit was the last time it had seen visitors. After that, everyone was busy with their own things as if they had planned it.

While Myra cooked, Tony attended to his own business—that was, he went to the airport to pick up his sister and his nephew. Before lunch, right after Myra finished laying the dishes, the three of them arrived home. The moment Henry saw Myra, he rushed up to her.

"Be careful!" Tony shouted behind him, afraid that Henry would be too reckless to the detriment of Myra's pregnancy.

However, Henry hugged Myra so closely that it nearly made Tony jealous. At the same time, because she hadn't seen Henry in a long time, she hugged back just as tightly.

As Serena watched her son's behavior, she couldn't help pouting and commenting with feigned jealousy, "So, you complained all the way here that you wanted Aunt Myra, and now you can't let go of her. You don't want your mother anymore, do you?"

Immediately, Henry rushed back to his mother and put on his most adoring face. "That's not true, Mom!"

Happy and harmonious, the family chattered and made merry. At this point, Tony even emphasized, "Myra cooked today. She's showing off her cooking skills!"

In response, Myra rolled her eyes at him. Good Lord! You're embarrassing me! After all, the chefs had prepared most of the food, and she had added only a few home-cooked dishes, but he was acting as if everything on the table were the fruits of her labor.

Ignoring her eye-roll, he continued telling Serena, "We've also invited a few friends over. The house has been so quiet since you and Henry left, and we haven't had a good party in a while."

In response, Serena smiled. She didn't mind, for she had met the friends Tony was talking about.

"Where are Grandpa and Grandma?" she asked.

After exchanging a smile with Myra, he replied, "They've gone out. I tell you, they're even more unrestrained than us young folk!"

During this period, Lisa and Sebastian were absent from home nearly every day. They would frequently go out on walks, eating at the various restaurants they encountered and doing god-knew-what-else. It was likely they were looking back at the romantic dates they used to have; at any rate, it was a good thing for them to be out and about while they were still in good health.

Meanwhile, this was Heather's second visit to the Hart Residence. After parking her car outside, she rang the doorbell. Noting that Heather arrived rather quickly this time, Myra opened the door for her.

When Heather saw Myra, she let out a happy smile. As she was led into the living room, she noticed a mother-and-son pair sitting on the couch.

Hesitantly, she turned to Myra only to have Myra whisper into her ear, "This is Tony's elder sister. The one sitting next to her is her son."

Giving the mother-and-son pair on the couch a polite smile, she introduced herself formally. "Nice to meet you. I'm Myra's friend."

As this was Serena's first time meeting Heather, she only nodded at Heather. It was curious—Myra was clearly the plainer of the two.

On the other hand, Myra's friends always seemed prettier and more coquettish. That wasn't the case only with Estelle but with Heather as well. When Heather and Myra stood next to each other, it was hard to tell that they were good friends, for Heather carried herself in a completely different way to Myra.

Following their introduction, Tony explained Heather's identity to Serena. Serena realized that she rarely saw such beautiful women who carried themselves so well. Even if Heather didn't necessarily look approachable to other women, her temperament made her difficult to hate.

Upon learning her name, Henry told Heather with bright eyes, "Miss Langston, you're so pretty."

Children spoke in such a straightforward manner, and it made Heather smile, which in turn prompted Henry to say, "Miss Langston, you look even prettier when you smile." He had learned to sweet-talk girls at such a young age!

On the other hand, Serena gave him an exasperated look. Feeling like he was impolite in front of strangers, she chided him a little sternly, "It's not polite to speak so glibly to strangers."

Instantly, he fell silent. Nonetheless, Heather found it endearing. After all, the children in her own household were much too wild, and Henry was practically an angel in comparison.

"He's very cute," she praised with a big smile.

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Tony had assured Myra previously that Philip and Lucas would surely show up if Heather agreed to come over. As expected, the two of them reached a while later.

While Philip and Lucas didn't confirm their attendance in the group, Tilly and Elliot confirmed that they couldn't make it. As Tilly was completely overwhelmed by her public affairs, it had been a while since she and Elliot were separated due to her work. Hence, it was normal that Elliot would go look for Tilly when he had free time.

While Shawn was busy every day as the vice-mayor, he obviously wasn't free during the noon, so Estelle was the only one who replied in the group.

'Wait for me. I'll be here in a bit since I wouldn't want to miss out on Myra's food.' After last night, she wasn't as afraid of Heather any longer. Moreover, it wasn't as if she had to spend time with Heather alone because everyone else would be there as well.

Since Estelle was the only person left that hadn't reached, it wasn't appropriate for them to start eating yet, so Myra texted her in the group chat. 'When are you reaching?'

'I'm on my way.' Estelle was stuck in a traffic jam because this was the time where everyone got off work.

'How much longer will it take for you to reach?' Myra was starting to feel hungry. Why can't Estelle leave her house earlier?

'20 minutes,' Estelle replied to Myra's text in a guilty manner because she could only reach half an hour later at the earliest, considering the traffic jam situation.

Right then, Myra gave Tony a helpless look because they knew that whatever time Estelle told them must be multiplied by two.

Still, they had already achieved their objective for today. At this moment, Philip and Lucas were stealing glances at Heather while she sat tight.

When Heather wasn't smiling, she looked cold and unapproachable. Despite that, she still looked extremely attractive, and her cold demeanor was the ultimate temptation for men.

While Myra and Tony were observing them, Heather's gaze was fixed, and she didn't bother glancing at Philip or Lucas. This made Serena curious because anyone could see that Philip and Lucas were interested in Heather.

I think this is a different kind of blind date, right? she thought to herself before pulling Henry closer to her. Because of how charismatic Heather was, even young boys such as Henry were attracted to her and wanted to sit together with her.

Nevertheless, doing that would be too impolite, so Serena refused to let Henry do that, making Myra giggle as she watched on.

In a blink of an eye, half an hour had passed by, but Estelle wasn't here yet, so Myra continued rushing her in the group chat. 'How long do you need to get here?'

Myra was in despair, as she didn't expect Estelle to take so long to reach this time. By right, Estelle would have texted the group by half an hour later to inform them that she was reaching.

However, she was still quiet this time, and Myra feared that Estelle might take longer than that. I will starve to death if I have to wait for an hour to eat.

At the same time, Estelle was reading the texts in the group chat helplessly. If she had known earlier that the traffic jam would be so bad, she wouldn't have wanted to go.

Noticing that Myra was starting to get impatient, Estelle could only reply to her with a cute emoji, hoping that it would make her feel better. However, it didn't work, so Myra repeated her question. 'How long do you need to get here?'

Knowing that she couldn't avoid Myra's question any longer, Estelle replied truthfully this time. 'You guys should start first. I don't think I'll be able to reach anytime soon because an accident happened in front of the road, and the entire street is congested.'

Since Estelle already said that, they all decided to wait for her while eating. If not, the dishes would be cold by the time Estelle reached, and everyone would have to eat cold food together.

Even Heather was already starving by the time they finally decided to start eating, and she could immediately notice the three homemade dishes that Myra prepared among all the dishes from the chef.

On the other hand, Tony kept complimenting Myra's dishes as if he wanted all of them to himself while Heather quietly reached out to grab some of Myra's dishes before placing them in her bowl. Myra's cooking skill is average at best, though, Heather thought to herself.

Still, she played along and complimented as well, "This is quite good. I still remember how we didn't know how to cook back then." Back in high school, most of the girls never knew how to cook.

Nevertheless, as Heather continued eating, she felt like she should show everyone her cooking skills as well. She used to have no filter and would say anything without any considerations, but she learned how to restrain herself now. Due to the fact that Myra and Heather were the only ones interacting with each other at the dining table, the atmosphere was slightly awkward, probably because all of them were deep in their thoughts.

I can't let this go on any longer, Tony thought to himself before he started chatting with Philip and Lucas about their business.

He wanted to find an opportunity to allow them to talk about their strong point, so he kept directing the conversation. Myra and Tony were really trying their best to make things work this time.

However, it seemed like Heather wasn't interested in them because she never chimed in to the conversation, even though she was listening to their conversation. She'd only look up occasionally in Myra's direction.

Estelle only showed up when everyone was halfway eating as she apologized, "I'm so sorry that I'm late."

Right then, her arrival resolved the awkward atmosphere because everyone's gazes were fixated on her right away.

After getting another set of cutlery, Estelle took a seat next to Heather before giving her a bright smile while Heather returned it with a small grin. From her polite smile, Estelle could tell that Heather was well-educated, and she really wanted to go up to Heather to pinch her cheeks.

She really couldn't believe that Heather had become like this because she used to be a devilish person, and Myra was the only person who would always praise her. Everyone was afraid of Heather because her viciousness was on another level, and her existence itself was fearful.

"Heather, how has it been for you all these years in Italy?" Because of Heather, the way Estelle spoke became politer instead of her usual blustering ways.

Yet, Heather stared at Estelle with a dumbfounded look because she didn't expect Estelle to start a conversation with her. After pondering for a moment, she replied, "Italy was great. The school there was nice, and the years I spent there were fulfilling." Facing people that she wasn't close with, Heather usually talked in a polite manner.

Since it wasn't related to business partnerships, there wasn't any need for her to cotton up to anyone, so she gave off a cold aura.

From Heather's face, it was hard to tell that she was actually someone with a cold demeanor because she looked too alluring after all. It was as if she was a real fairy.

At the same time, Myra was staring at Heather in confusion because she had been acting weird ever since last night. For a person who was a great socializer, Heather wasn't acting like one.

Come on, girl! I mean, you're supposed to be in the limelight, but why do I feel like you're a bit too rigid today? That's weird...

In fact, Myra could also sense a hint of timidness when she glanced at Heather. Still, she would never have guessed that Heather was deliberately being low key because the latter didn't want to stick out like a sore thumb.

Heather was hoping to get a platonic friendship and wanted to keep her social means for benefit-related purposes only.

On the other hand, Tony was still talking to Philip and Lucas about business-related matters and was trying to get them to talk more about their areas of expertise. Upon hearing that Philip specialized in the medical field, Heather finally looked toward him.

Since Heather rarely cared about others' appearance, this was her first time looking at Philip seriously. Then, when Philip noticed that Heather was staring at him, she gave him a small smile.

Upon noticing that, Myra figured that Heather was only interested in the fact that Philip was a doctor instead of actually being interested in him. On the contrary, Lucas, who was more mature, had a lower presence and didn't manage to attract Heather's attention, while Philip got even more pumped up to talk because of Heather's gaze.

Still, Heather listened most of the time and rarely chimed in because they weren't close, and she knew her place while Lucas kept glancing at her. Somehow, he was really attracted by her aura instead of her beautiful face, especially when she was quiet. She was just beautiful, and Lucas really couldn't put what he was feeling in words.

He felt a connection toward Heather, and it had been a while since he ever felt attracted to a woman. This was Lucas' first time actually wanting to get a woman. Yet, it was obvious that Philip was interested in Heather as well, so it made him feel conflicted, since he didn't want to fight his best friend because of a woman.

All of them felt conceited after the meal, and Estelle quickly noticed something wrong. Then, a cheeky grin appeared on her face as she glanced at Philip and Lucas.

When they were young, Estelle had already noticed Heather's charm because men used to be all over her back when they were young as well. It was just that Heather used to be way colder than she was right now, so none of them succeeded in confessing to her. In fact, she might even humiliate them.

After that, although those who liked Heather didn't lessen, lesser people tried to confess to her because they would get hated by her after doing so.

Estelle had always thought that Heather was an alluring woman even until now, and from this distance, she noticed that Heather actually put on very little makeup.

In fact, Estelle could tell that Heather's skin condition was superb, and she probably wouldn't look any different without any makeup. She was a natural beauty.

Good looks are the root of troubles. Right then, those words appeared in Estelle's mind. Although she wasn't as hostile toward Heather as before, it was impossible for her to gain a liking toward her in a short time. Still, Estelle was still confused by Heather's initiative to be nice to her yesterday.

Back when they were young, she really wanted to befriend Heather because Heather was a really cool person, and she really liked that.

Estelle figured that her best friend's best friend would be her best friend as well, but she suffered the blow when she found out how hostile Heather was toward her.

Recalling about the past, she realized how terrifying Heather's viciousness was. Right then, Estelle sneaked a glance at Heather before wondering what kind of plan Heather had in her mind because she was never a simple person before.

Throughout the entire meal, everyone was deep in their thoughts because of Heather. Even Philip felt conflicted because he didn't want to fight with his best friend for a woman, but he was unable to resist Heather's charms.

After seeing Heather today, his liking toward her deepened, and he figured that it was the same for Lucas as well. Philip was afraid to think about the possibility of him losing his best friend because of a woman, and he prayed that something so cliché wouldn't happen to them.

On the other hand, Heather, who had been having her meal quietly, didn't know that the two men sitting in front of her had already gone through so many thought processes, but she felt slightly uneasy about their constant gazes.

Still, it seemed to her that they were friends worth making because they were Tony's best friends after all, and she would obviously like them together as a group. Nevertheless, Heather disliked the idea of being friends with people who were interested in her romantically because all of those were only for benefits, and she'd always try her best to avoid it.

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During this period, Heather looked at Myra from time to time. The atmosphere around the table was strange, giving her a sense of foreboding. The gaze that Myra returned was intriguing, as well—it made her feel uneasy.

After lunch, as everyone sat around the table chatting, Heather glanced down at the time on her cell phone with a slight frown. Noting the movement, Myra realized that she could not keep Heather any longer, for lunch had already used up quite a bit of Heather's time.

Meanwhile, the clock read 2.00 PM. It was time for Heather to be at work. After dithering for a long moment, Heather decided to be direct and opened her mouth to tell Myra, "I have to go to work, so I'm taking my leave."

As it was, Heather rarely got to visit Hart Residence and had no wish to leave so hastily, but time did not permit her to linger. With a slight nod of her head, Myra responded, "Of course! Go on." Of those at the table, she was the only one who could truly understand how busy Heather was.

Feeling a little crestfallen, Lucas and Philip watched Heather depart. During the entirety of the short lunch, they hadn't managed to speak to her much, and now she was already rushing to work.

After Heather made her leave, Myra explained to the group, "Please forgive Heather; she has too much work on her hands." After all, it seemed a bit impolite to leave before anyone else had to go.

For her part, Estelle wasn't bothered about it. It was only Lucas and Philip who looked disappointed, a fact which even Serena noted.

At this point, Henry piped up with particular honesty, "Oh man, I'm sad that pretty Miss Langston has left." It made Serena glare at him, for she couldn't understand why such a well-behaved child could develop such a sudden fondness for Heather.

After Lucas and Philip left, Estelle asked Myra boldly and straightforwardly, "Are the two men interested in Heather?"

Currently, she, Myra, and Tony were the only three left in the living room, as Henry and Serena had retired upstairs, tired from being on the road for so long.

Quietly, Myra stared at Estelle, uncertain of how to explain the situation to her. Thus, it fell to Tony to answer the question.

"Of course men like beautiful women," he said with a slight furrow on his brow, which made Estelle laugh.

"Haha... It's hilarious to hear you say such a thing." It made Tony give her a baffled look and Myra give her an exasperated one, for there was nothing funny about what he said.

"Who do you think is better suited to be the best man?" Myra asked, changing the topic out of the blue.

The sudden question made Estelle sober, and she looked back and forth between Myra and Tony.

"What's going on? Are you planning to matchmake the bridesmaid and the best man?" At the mention of 'bridesmaid,' Estelle felt something twist in her heart. After all, she had yearned for the position for a long time only to have Heather snatch it away so easily.

Myra figured it would at least leave a little more of an impression on Heather.

After stroking her chin in thought, Estelle now said with a grin, "It depends on who you intend to introduce to Heather. Surely two such good friends cannot be interested in the same woman!" The fact that Esther could already see where this was going did not bode well.

"Well, there lies the problem," Tony pointed out. Judging by Lucas' and Philip's demeanors, neither of them was ready to bow out just yet.

It would be stupid for two friends to have a falling out due to a woman, but no one could help their feelings. That was why Tony was a little worried that things would spiral out of control in the future.

“Why don’t we form a best-man group?” Estelle proposed.

“That doesn’t seem appropriate. There’s usually only one best man!” Myra protested, voicing her worry about appearing improper.

“Who knows? We might be the one starting the new trend,” Estelle pointed out, continuing to fan the flames. She was the type to revel in drama.

“Well, a best-man group is still diverging from our original ideas,” Myra retorted stubbornly.

Her argument was supported by Tony, who also thought it was best for them to choose one best man. If only Lucas and Philip hadn’t taken interest in Heather at the same time...

“Well, if this won’t do and that won’t do, you might as well just flip a coin to decide who gets to be the best man.” Estelle only felt like Heather was unreasonable for taking up so much of Myra and Tony’s time. The more she thought about it, the unhappier she got.

Yet, Tony immediately exclaimed in approval, “That’s not a bad idea!”

Speechless, she stared at him. It seemed he had changed during the time she hadn’t seen him. Clearly, it turned out that no matter how much someone eschewed romance, they, too, would become a romantic the moment they met the love of their lives.

After a round of discussions, they decided on using the lottery to determine who would be the best man so as to not be too obvious. At this point, Myra and Tony even thought of including Elliot. Of course, they would have to collude with Elliot beforehand to prevent him from actually being chosen.

With the lottery being the case, they would have to meet at Zion Club again tonight. For her part, Estelle was perfectly willing to do so as she had been bored to death while filming out of town. If she could have her way after coming back, she would have a get-together every night—with her friends, of course, for she had no interest in any other kind of get-together.

“See you at Zion tonight,” Myra said as she waved Estelle off later in the afternoon.

This time, when news of the gathering hit the group chat, Heather didn't make a single peep. Fortunately, it didn't matter whether she would be there or not. Moreover, Myra realized after today's lunch that it was best not to take up Heather's time during this period.

In the evening, Zion Club was bustling. So that they could discuss things with Elliot, Myra and Tony arrived early.

Once he heard their harebrained scheme, he told them honestly and mercilessly, "I feel like you're invested in something no one else cares about."

For a moment, Myra and Tony were a little embarrassed, but Tony recovered quickly and opined positively, "Look, this is all we can do for her. God willing, things will work out for her."

Next to him, Myra nodded in agreement. Personally, she cared less about the end result and more about enjoying the process. At the end of the day, she had tried her best to help Heather only because she hoped Heather would find the man she loved and no longer have to be single.

"Why are you so interested in Heather's romantic life?" Elliot asked curiously. After all, no one else had received such treatment.

"She's had her difficulties when it comes to love," Myra explained simply without elaborating too much. She wouldn't give such an explanation to anyone else, but Elliot was different.

While guilt rose up in her the moment she spilled her friend's secret, she suppressed it quickly. Some things could no longer stay hidden, and Elliot was the considerate sort who would never gossip about Heather, anyway. Besides, Myra's answer was adequately ambiguous.

"Alright. I know what to do," Elliot said with a nod to both Myra and Tony. He just had to cheat. That doesn't sound too difficult.

Later, Philip entered the room, followed by Lucas. Both seemed quite eager to be there. On the other hand, Shawn was busy with work and wouldn't be attending that evening.

Similarly, Tilly was still at work. Her busyness made it seem like Myra was exploiting her subordinates, but in truth, Myra had advised Tilly to practice flexibility and not get too caught up in work.

Nevertheless, Tilly was stubborn. If she wanted to work late, no one could stop her. That was something which pained Elliot, who had long awaited Tilly's return to Bradford City only to have her throw herself into work, thus reducing his opportunities to see her.

Once Estelle arrived at Zion Club to partake in the festivities, everyone was considered to be in attendance, and so Myra and Tony began explaining the process of selecting the best man.

Despite having no opinions to the contrary, Elliot, Lucas, and Philip were a little disappointed, for they thought they would be a best-man group.

After the explanation, Elliot was the first to reach for a scrunched-up paper ball on the table. Philip followed after him, and Lucas was the last to go. Taking the initiative to unfold the scrap of paper, Elliot said with seeming disappointment, "Alas, it's not me."

With a nervous stare at each other, Lucas and Philip opened their papers at the same time. Curious, Estelle kept her eyes on them, for she would soon learn their results.

In the middle of the tense atmosphere, Lucas calmly put down his piece of paper and said, "It's me."

At this, a flash of regret crossed Philip's eyes. Since they already knew Myra had appointed Heather to be her bridesmaid, they were aware of the significance of being the best man this time.

However, luck was just like that, and it was obvious that the heavens were not on Philip's side. Carelessly, he threw the scrap into the bin.

At this point, Lucas gave Philip a slightly apologetic glance. While he had won by luck, he still felt uneasy, as if he had stolen Philip's girl. The guilt was so burdensome that he nearly thought of giving up the opportunity.

Nevertheless, everyone had witnessed what just happened. It was not proper for Lucas to speak up. So, he simply met Philip's eyes, and they smiled at each other. At the end of the day, they were good friends and would not come to blows over such a small matter.

With the matter of choosing a best man resolved, Myra and Tony felt like a weight had been lifted off their shoulders. On their way home, they talked about it.

“Do you think Lucas will be better suited to Heather?” she asked him.

“Lucas is steady and mature. He’s most likely better-suited to Heather, but it’s hard to say when it comes to matters of the heart. We can only try our best and give them a push. We can’t interfere too much with what happens in the future.” Personally, Tony felt like he had already created a chance for them, and whatever happened next would be up to them.

“True, that’s all we can do,” Myra agreed with a nod. If they continued to interfere, they would be less of a matchmaker and more of a browbeater.

As they chatted on the way home, they reached the topic of their wedding. Time had passed in the blink of an eye, and they were going to get married the day after tomorrow. At this thought, they both got nervous.

Since they had been drinking, Tony had had to summon a driver. Now, in the backseat as they chatted on and off, Myra curled into his embrace and rested her head against his chest, indulging in the warmth of his embrace.

“Are you nervous, Tony?” she asked curiously. It was hard to imagine that he would be!

To her surprise, he let out a faint smile and answered, “A little. It’s a once-in-a-lifetime occasion. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t nervous.” Who knew Tony could admit to his nerves so openly?

Suddenly, she felt like she had found a brother in arms. Nonetheless, his ‘nervousness’ was undoubtedly just a slight squeeze around his heart. In contrast, Myra could feel her heart racing whenever she thought about the wedding.

“I’m so glad I get to marry you,” she told him with a tender kiss to his cheek, like a girl in the throes of her first love.

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It was on the day before the wedding that Heather heard from Myra that the best man was Lucas. The moment Heather heard that name, she knew that he was one of Tony's bros. She tried to recall Lucas's features, remembering that he didn't talk much and seemed to be more mature.

"So, what do you think?" Myra asked teasingly, "You did say you want a best man who is tall and handsome." She jokingly reminded Heather of what she said before.

Heather smiled in response, which in turn caused Myra to feel slightly curious about it. The two proceeded to sip their drinks in silence.

Myra's wedding was just around the corner, and Heather was glad to see that Myra looked comfortable and relaxed. Myra had slight pre-wedding anxiety before, so it was nice to see that she had adjusted herself.

"I'm going to give you an amazing gift," Heather said, grinning.

Myra replied, "Then I will also give you a superb gift in return."

"Why not just give me a gold card?" Heather joked.

Looking at the time, Myra realized that it was almost time for Heather to go to work. She didn't want to take up more of Heather's time than necessary, so she said, "It's time for you to get to work."

Heather was nonchalant. "I'm taking the afternoon off today, so there's no work this afternoon."

Myra was puzzled at this. The wedding is tomorrow, so why did Heather take leave so early on?

Heather continued, "The woman I care the most about is going to get married, so I don't have the mood for work." Her smile was so bright that Myra almost fell for it.

"What a coincidence! I'm skipping work too," Myra said with a smile.

"Let's do something meaningful then," Heather suggested, unwilling to let a nice afternoon go to waste.

During the conversation with Myra, Heather could feel that she was slightly nervous, so she wanted to take Myra somewhere else and do something to ease the wedding jitters.

Something meaningful? Myra looked at Heather in disbelief. She had no idea what Heather had in mind.

"Back to school!" Heather didn't hold the suspense for long either as she revealed her plan straight out.

Heather's suggestion moved Myra a little, for she had never gone back to school ever since she graduated.

"It probably changed a lot." Myra recalled what their high school was like. They had attended the best private high school, and the scenery there was excellent.

After so many years, she wondered what the school was like now. Did it change for the better or the worse?

Heather had gone overseas after graduation, much less return to school for a look. At the sudden reminder, nostalgia washed over her as she reminisced the young and innocent years spent in school.

The two readily agreed on the idea and waited no longer to put the plan into action. As Myra and Heather headed for their destination in Heather's car, the two chatted about their time in high school and laughed at the fond memories.

"We were so innocent back then." Heather laughed so much that she was in tears.

"You're the one who was the least innocent of us all," Myra said teasingly.

"True, I used to be the top student in school." Heather's voice had a proud tone to it.

"Yep, the top student who's also terrific at hogging the road." Myra went along with it. The delightful exchanges between them continued.

"What do you mean by hogging the road?" Heather wasn't agreeable on that description; it made her look like some serial killer on the road.

"Whenever you see anything happen on the road, you'd immediately go over and interfere," Myra replied with nostalgia in her tone.

Heather tried her best to remember, but she didn't recall being such a busybody when she was younger. She gave Myra a deep stare, thinking that Myra must have misremembered.

"Don't bluff me just because I'm gullible." Heather looked innocently at Myra.

"You really don't remember?" Myra could still remember the scene vividly. When Heather used to face off against the gangsters from outside, she had an awe-inspiring aura about her, and her sense of justice was off the charts.

Hearing Myra's descriptions, Heather felt as if she lived in another dimension. She only remembered that she had done everything possible so that she could be Myra's only bestie.

She did not expect to have such a justice-filled side to her all those years ago; she didn't even dare to think back on it, for it was so different from her character now.

The car pulled up at the school gates. Heather and Myra got out of the car, one after the other, to find that the school used to be more magnificent. They thought that their school was big enough when they were younger, but after making it in society, they had seen for themselves how much bigger the world was.

"Why did you go overseas?" As they walked, Myra posed the question to Heather.

Upon returning to school, Myra felt like they had time-traveled to the past, and she could finally ask Heather the question she didn't get to ask then.

The scenery was beautiful as it had been in those days. It wasn't easy for a school to place importance on its greenery in addition to its staff and resources. It was thanks to this that there were so many rich families spending effort and money to enrol their children in this school.

The field was a lively green, reminding Myra that she used to be bad at jogging, and it was Heather who led her in her training. Every corner of the school told stories of their memories gone by.

When Myra had first entered high school, she was reluctant to be here, for she had to be separated from her childhood friend Estelle. As time went by, Myra started to make friends with Heather, and she gradually became more cheerful and especially relied on Heather.

Myra was forced to be independent only after Heather left the country. Ever since they became besties, Myra's life had changed.

The two strolled under the Platanus tree, but after walking for a while, Heather still had not answered Myra's question. It wasn't until they stopped at the lake when Heather finally said in a faint voice, "I wanted to leave the Langston Family as soon as possible." At that time, her whole focus was on her struggle to get out of the Langston Family's chains, and she was willing to be separated from her best friend in order to achieve that goal.

She did not regret it one bit. Her life overseas was very fulfilling; she had learned a lot and made many great friends. The only downside was that she had to be separated from Myra and had to live without her for so long.

Heather had almost never set foot in Bradford City in all those years. She refused to be trapped by the Langston Family, but things had turned out the way she feared they would. After going back to her home country and deciding to start a business in Bradford City, the Langston Family had once again gotten Heather in its grip.

Although she had her grandpa Robert supporting her in the Langston Family, she still could not be completely free. This troubled her greatly. She achieved financial independence and had great mental strength, but she was still bound to the Langston Family simply because her last name was Langston.

"Have you been happy all these years?" Heather couldn't help asking Myra. All those years, she could only learn of Myra's emotions through text.

Now, Heather could feel that Myra was truly happy, for Myra had found a man she could entrust the rest of her life to. As long as Tony was there, Myra would keep being happy and blessed.

Heather remembered a few years ago when Myra was dating Sean; she couldn't imagine the pain Myra had to go through. At the thought of this, Heather regretted not coming back earlier so that she could help Myra escape from Sean as soon as possible.

"Let's appreciate the happiness we have now; the past is in the past," Myra said, not minding it at all. She was over it now, for she realized that life has its gains and losses.

If there was such a thing as karma, maybe Myra found Tony's love and care exactly because Sean had wronged her before.

"You were going through such difficult times in Bradford City, but I never once came back in that period of time. I feel so guilty for that," Heather said faintly. She didn't mind being honest about things.

On the school grounds, Heather wanted to come clean with Myra about many things, including those concerning Matthias. However, she knew that this wasn't the time for it; even Matthias could hold back from spilling the beans so that Myra could have her wedding in peace.

If that was the case, then Heather had no reason to tell her the truth. If the matters concerning Matthias really affected Myra, then Tony's efforts would've gone to waste.

Tony wanted to give Myra a grand wedding and a fond memory, so Heather would not attempt to jeopardize that. However, the scenery and her feelings at that moment kept urging her to be honest about everything in the past, for she still felt guilty toward Myra.

"You don't have to feel bad about anything; you have your own circumstances. What's more, I didn't even realize the situation I was in, and I had forced myself into a corner. It was my own fault that I had to go through the pain; no one else is responsible." Myra didn't mind. If she had come to her senses earlier, she wouldn't have to go through hardship after worsening hardship as the days went on.

"That's enough of the unhappy topics. We're finally back in our alma mater, so we should be happier than this." Heather also felt that she had brought down the mood by reminding Myra of Sean in the middle of a happy moment.

There was a rockery near them, which used to be a third of its current area. The school was thriving and clearly profiting well.

“Do you remember when we first met?” Looking at the rockery, Myra asked.

Heather’s gaze was also drawn toward the rockery. “It’s right at that rockery,” Heather said, pointing to it.

“It’s so weird that we would become best friends; we were so different,” Myra said as she looked at Heather, who was standing beside her.

“Yeah, thinking back on it, it still feels like a dream.” Heather’s eyes were trained on the rockery.

In her mind, she was remembering the past. They were so young and inexperienced. Heather wore no makeup, and her tender face didn’t look like a high-schooler at all.

Myra used to be so timid. She had heard many things about Heather, so she was still a bit nervous when they first met.

Myra had heard that Heather was a scary person, but Heather didn’t come off as such when Myra first saw her. After all, Heather’s pretty face was like that of an angel.

Myra had nervously talked with Heather, who teased Myra quite a bit. At that moment, Myra was not the only one who thought that she had encountered an angel, for Heather thought the same.

Heather liked Myra’s eyes and the innocent look in them, for it was a look only an angel would have. Heather felt that Myra’s stare could cleanse her, which was why Heather continued to interact with Myra.

Leaving the memories behind, Heather said in a serious tone, “The Langston Family funded this school.” The information caught Myra by surprise.

“No wonder you kept skipping class.” Myra came to a sudden realization. Ahh... So the Langston Family owned this school as well.

Heather grinned proudly. “Yep, so I can do whatever I want and be at the top of the school chain.” She used to hate this school to the bone because it belonged to the Langston Family; she felt like their eyes were on her even in school.

“Let’s go over there,” Heather suggested.

The two walked hand-in-hand over to the rockery. Myra felt something weird when she looked at it. A peal of thunder broke out in her mind and pain shot throughout her whole body, forcing her to bend over and hold her head between her hands. Seeing Myra’s strange behavior, Heather quickly bent down in concern.

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As Myra’s vision blurred, she fell into Heather’s arms, hearing the latter’s anxious voice calling her name.

The sudden onset of pain was identical to the headache she had experienced before, but this time, it affected her whole body. Myra gripped her chest tightly, the pain threatening to cease her heartbeat. Without delay, Heather lifted her friend up.

She then took Myra to the hospital in her car, but something peculiar happened. A short while after arriving at the hospital, Myra could feel that the pain had vanished.

It was exactly like her headache last time, which left as suddenly as it came. Heather’s eyebrows creased in a frown as she wondered what was going on with Myra.

"What did you see at the rockery?" Myra was staring in a particular direction when she fainted, but when Heather followed her gaze, she didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

"A cave," Myra answered with a hollow look in her eyes.

The frown on Heather's brows deepened. How could a simple cave cause her to become like this? she wondered. She was in a hurry to get Myra to the hospital, so she didn't look too closely, but what else could a rockery contain but rocks and caves?

"Don't let Tony know of this." Myra did not wish to worry him on the day right before their wedding.

"Okay." Heather hadn't contacted Tony in her hurry, and now that Myra had told her not to let him know of this, she decided not to do anything unnecessary.

"Has this happened before?" Acting like a doctor, Heather asked her friend sternly. The incident had given her a huge fright.

"You saw it once before. You were also the one who took me to the hospital that time," Myra answered word by word.

At that moment, she was lying on the hospital bed. The doctor had left after confirming that there was nothing out of the ordinary, so now Myra was resting to regain her strength.

"I'm really worried..." Heather hesitated, deeply worried about Myra's current condition. However, any proper treatment would have to be delayed because of Myra's pregnancy.

Moreover, Myra had been pregnant for a few months, so it wouldn't be plausible to remove the child; it wasn't some serious illness anyway.

"Don't worry," Myra comforted her friend.

Heather's hands were still trembling as they held Myra's. She was so very afraid, for Myra was like a dear sister to her, and she would not allow any accidents to happen to her.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault for dragging you back to school. That other incident was also my fault," Heather apologized. She truly believed that the blame was on her.

The series of incidents reminded her of Matthias, and she suspected that Myra was experiencing the aftereffects of forgetting Matthias.

Heather did not dare to continue her train of thought. She was sure that it was bad news, and she kept blaming herself. There was a deep sense of guilt inside her as she realized that she had hurt Myra despite treasuring her.

But she must not tell her the truth; she mustn't say anything about Matthias. She looked at Myra meaningfully, guilt written all over her face.

"This was a coincidence; it's not your fault." Myra continued to comfort Heather.

In her hazy consciousness at the rockery, she felt like she saw a young man with a pale and melancholic face. The face was familiar yet strange, and when she tried to think back on it, she could not recall any other details.

Heather was supporting Myra as they walked out of the hospital. I shouldn't have brought Myra to the school. She racked her mind for clues and anything related to this incident. Myra had met Matthias a few times before, and it was at one such meeting where Myra experienced the headache.

This time, Myra's whole body was thrown into pain after seeing the cave. What was the relationship between these two incidents? Heather couldn't find the answer. If this was really related to Matthias, then he must have brought Myra to the rockery before.

In order to prove her theory, Heather drove to Locke Group after dropping Myra off at her home. She hadn't contacted Matthias in a while, and this was a sudden visit too. Unfortunately, Matthias was out of office.

Matthias' assistant Lara was the one who received Heather, and she was very polite to her. However, Heather could keenly feel Lara's enmity toward her.

"When is Director Locke coming back?" She didn't want to waste too much time here; she had to see Matthias now.

"I'm not sure. Maybe he'll be back soon, or maybe he'll take a few hours." Lara was ambiguous in her reply.

She saw the anxiety in Heather's expression. She had noticed Matthias' decadent attitude as of late, and, unable to think of any other culprit, she was sure that Heather was the one who caused him to be like this.

She did not blame Heather for stealing Matthias' heart, but she was angry at her for not appreciating him enough. This was why Heather unknowingly became Lara's subject of hate.

"Can't you contact him?" Heather asked anxiously. Lara wasn't like this before, so why the enmity now?

"Director Locke is in an important meeting, so I dare not disturb him," Lara answered, faking a smile.

Heather understood the meaning behind Lara's words, so she said without thinking, "Then I'll call him myself." To her, Lara had been energetic and loveable before, but now she was just bitter.

"He had probably turned off his phone." After saying that, Lara left.

Heather looked at her phone, unsure of how to respond to Lara's bitterness. Despite everything, she decided to send Matthias a message and continue waiting there.

10 minutes had passed, but there was still no response from Matthias, proving Lara's claims to be true. Heather immediately called Matthias on his phone, and it was truly turned off. She glared at her phone, an unknown rage boiling inside her.

As she was wondering what she could do, she suddenly remembered Evan, Matthias' butler. She immediately left Locke Group and made a beeline for Matthias' villa.

When Evan saw Heather, he gave her a bright smile which caused her to feel uneasy. Heather did not fancy Evan's overenthusiasm every time they met; she disliked men who were too attentive.

"Tell Matthias to come straight back to the villa after he's done with his business. I have something to ask of him," she said without beating around the bush, acting like she owned the place.

Evan expressed his agreement with smiles all over his face. To him, Heather might very well be the mistress already. It was rare for him to see Matthias treat a woman differently; no matter what, Evan had approved of Heather and wished that the two would just start dating already.

When Matthias was done with work, he turned on his phone and saw Heather's message. He hadn't received news from her in a long while, so he was surprised to see her looking for him in such haste.

After that, he read the message from Evan and was even more surprised that Heather had gone straight to his home. At this, Matthias could feel a subconscious smile creep onto his face.

Matthias hadn't cracked so much as a smile these few days, so the sudden grin crept out the bodyguards around him. He put his phone away and made up his mind to hurry back, lest he suffer Heather's wrath.

At the thought of Heather's face, Matthias couldn't help smiling again. There was a look of tenderness in his eyes, but even he himself failed to notice that he was starting to harbor special feelings for Heather.

Matthias fixed his clothes as he stood at the door, for he wanted to look spirited in front of Heather. He feigned calmness and nonchalance as he walked in.

He threw a glance at Heather, who was seated in the living room, and pretended not to mind as he walked over. In reality, he was already experiencing a plethora of emotions in his mind.

"I've been waiting for quite a while, Director Locke," Heather said abruptly.

She had business with Matthias, so she decided not to be too rude. Moreover, she had no intention of mentioning Myra to him.

After thinking for a while, she had decided to get the answers indirectly, chatting about things while inching closer to the heart of the matter. She would spare nothing to get the information she needed.

"I was busy with a meeting, so the phone..." Matthias explained uneasily. Evan stole a grin at the side, for he had never seen Matthias so nervous before. He didn't believe Matthias for a second when he said he had no feelings for Heather.

Heather forced a smile. "I understand. My visit was too sudden, right?" Even she felt strangely awkward for rushing over all of a sudden.

"No, no, it's fine. You're welcome here anytime." Matthias was behaving like a harmless boy.

Evan discreetly dismissed the other people in the living room, leaving Heather and Matthias alone. His thoughtfulness earned Heather's appreciation.

After all, there were things Heather would hesitate to say in front of an audience, so now that Matthias was the only one listening, she felt more relaxed.

"I just wanted to say that I was too rude last time." She started off apologetic.

Matthias stared at Heather in surprise. Regarding the incident before, he had already reflected on his actions. He didn't expect Heather to pay a visit because of it, but upon reconsideration, he immediately came to his senses as he realized that Heather was too stubborn to apologize for an incident like that.

Heather obviously had another motive. Matthias wasn't dumb; he had seen Heather directing a conversation in her favor before, and since he wouldn't want to get too calculative with her, he decided to just play along.

"No, I was the one at fault. I spent a long time at home reflecting on it, and I realized that there was something wrong with the way I treated women—I don't respect them enough." In order to look good in front of Heather, Matthias parroted the words Evan had used to reprimand him, blurting them all out in one go and putting on a deeply regretful expression.

Even Matthias felt that he himself was being weird. Why am I trying to get on Heather's good side? This cannot go on, he decided.

However, he couldn't control his own actions. He cursed his behavior as he questioned his supposed feelings toward Heather.

"Let's get something to eat?" Heather asked tentatively.

Matthias quickly agreed. He liked meals with Heather; he felt that even the food tasted better when he was with her.

The two went to their destination in their own cars, for it wasn't an appropriate time for them to be alone together in the same car. Heather went in front; she was the one treating the other for a meal, so she led the way.

In the car, Heather reflected on her actions, telling herself that she really rushed over to see Matthias for Myra's sake.

"Maybe I'm just looking for an excuse," she mumbled to herself.

The moment Matthias appeared in front of her, she felt her anxious mind calm down, as if she hadn't seen him in forever. She felt that she was a failure; she knew that they could never be together, but still, she couldn't control her emotions.

Maybe she already had feelings for Matthias since an earlier time. She recalled her first time meeting Matthias; it was behind the rockery, and he had appeared shier and more bashful than Myra.

Those eyes were ignorant of worldly affairs. When Matthias stood next to Myra, it was a harmonious picture, for they were the same type of people. On the other hand, Heather felt that she was the odd one out. This was why envy took over her and urged her to do what she did. She hated even more the fact that Matthias' eyes were always on Myra, never once turning to her.