

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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This was precisely why Heather held Leon in special regard. In addition to being a highly-skilled hacker, Leon had some distinguishing qualities that were absent in other people. Such a person was a great help to Heather, so she was glad that she and Leon were friends instead of enemies. "Gifts for friends should only be the best, of course." Heather attached great importance to gifts, so she always strove to give the best and the most suitable presents. Furthermore, she put a great deal of care and thought into the gifts she chose. She was an earnest person most of the time, though she didn't know how attractive her personality was.

"I don't need anything—just prepare a table full of delicious dishes for me tomorrow." Leon manifested a mysterious hint of danger. He had never tasted Heather's cooking before, for the latter was always too stingy to cook for him. Therefore, he had been coveting the food she made.

"It's a deal," Heather agreed without hesitation.

"What's the story about the person you want me to look into?" Leon couldn't possibly look into a person based on a photo alone. There could be tons of information about a person, and he didn't know what kind of information Heather wanted.

"Myra was tailed by this guy when she was abroad. I want to have a background check done on him, but it'll be even better if you can find out whose orders he was under," Heather explained while looking at the photo on her cell phone. This guy looked ferocious and sinister and was by no means a kind person.

"As expected, you're doing this for Myra. You couldn't have fallen in love with your bestie, could you?!" Leon couldn't understand the friendship between best friends, but he had a feeling that Heather was willing to do anything for Myra. At the thought of this, he was somewhat jealous deep down inside. If only Heather could treat me the same way. I wonder how Myra bought Heather off and made her so devoted to her back then, he thought to himself.

"Stop talking nonsense. Can't you grow up?" Heather asked helplessly.

"All right, all right. Matthias is the person you love, and your feelings for Myra are purely sisterly." Leon was still unwilling to let Heather off. If it wasn't illegal to commit murder, Heather would have killed him a zillion times.

"Do you still want me to cook for you?" Heather asked abruptly on a threatening note.

"Of course I do. I'll shut up, so just take what I said as bullsh\*t." Leon kept his mind on driving. However, it didn't take long before he went wild again. "By the way, my mission is to find out this guy's background. As for whose orders he's under, you'll have to sleep with me for one night to know that," he said shamelessly once again.

Heather massaged her temples; she really felt defeated by Leon, for he never kept quiet even once. "Make a turn at the front, then stop after you drive past the traffic light." She just wanted to get rid of Leon, and she felt that her head would explode if she kept on listening to his nonsense.

"Hey, are you really treating me as a driver?" Leon was peeved by the way Heather brushed him off. I'm feeling very aggrieved, okay? he thought to himself.

"I'm getting off." Heather opened the car door right away as soon as Leon pulled up.

"Be careful and take your time, you lady!" Leon shouted caringly, but Heather was already far away from him. As he looked at her from behind, he could only smile in resignation.

When Leon started his car again, the look on his face vanished and was replaced by a serious expression that resembled an ancient Greek sculpture. Blessed with ethereal handsomeness, he looked as good-looking as a legendary god. He fixed his eyes on his cell phone's screen; the photo of the stalker was displayed on it, and he was trying hard to imprint the stalker's looks in his mind. He had to drive back to his apartment as soon as possible, for that was where his laptop was. With his laptop in hand, he would be an

almighty God.

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It was almost noon when Heather reached the Langston Group. Not surprisingly, Blake was sitting in her office. Heather frowned at the sight of him, but she suppressed the feeling of disgust and impatience within her. She had wasted an entire morning because of Matthias, and now she was going to keep on wasting the wee bit of working hours she had left because of Blake. "Good afternoon, Director Blake." She decided it would be better to call him 'Director Blake' to flatter his vanity.

"You don't have to be so formal with me, Heather," Blake replied with a contented look. Truth be told, being called this way by Heather gave him quite a sense of fulfillment.

"It's quite improper to keep calling you by your first name in the company. It would sound more formal to call you 'Director Blake' anyway." Heather didn't want to come into conflict with Blake again.

However, Blake always did everything possible to give her a hard time. "You left home early this morning, so why didn't you arrive at the company until now? Were you at an appointment with your client to discuss business-related matters?" he asked insincerely. He wouldn't fall out with Heather openly and completely, but he would make things difficult for her in every way possible.

"No, I didn't. I was involved in a car accident on my way here, so it took a bit of time," Heather replied with a forced smile.

"A car accident?" Blake immediately stood up from his chair and pretended to be concerned.

"Are you hurt? Since you were involved in a car accident earlier, you shouldn't come to the company. Hurry up and go to the hospital for a check-up." However, it was evident from Blake's expression that he couldn't wait for something bad to happen to Heather.

Heather shook her head and said, "My car suffered some serious damage, but I'm fine."

"It's good as long as you're fine." There was no trace of sincerity in Blake's eyes, and Heather couldn't quite understand why a family related by blood would reach such a point. "You must have been traumatized. Should I give you some time off this afternoon?"

However, the sight of the insincere look on Blake's face turned Heather's stomach. Great, I don't even have to eat lunch at noon, she thought to herself. "Thank you for your concern, Director Blake. I still have lots of work to do, and work always comes first." She smiled politely. How could she have the nerve to rest when Blake gave her a higgledy-piggledy mountain of unimportant work to do every single day?

"I'll help with the work, so go and take a rest now," Blake urged while dialing Robert's cell phone number. Not only was Heather unable to stop him at all, he was scheming enough to deliberately push the hands-free button lest she couldn't hear the phone conversation clearly.

Then, Blake directly told Robert over the phone about the car accident. Robert was the last person Heather wanted to tell about her car accident, yet Blake relayed the situation to him on purpose. Robert was in poor health in the first place, and she didn't want to give him a scare. "Blake," she called helplessly. It's really abominable of Blake to do this, she thought to herself.

Robert's worried voice could be heard from the cell phone. "Let Heather answer the phone." As such, Heather could only answer the phone despite having an urge to slash Blake to death in a frenzied knife attack. She thought to herself, Hasn't it ever occurred to Blake that Grandpa might be too weak to stand the shock? No wonder Grandpa doesn't have much love for Blake as an elder. How could Blake demand that Grandpa show loving care for him as an elder when he hasn't done enough to deserve it? She answered the phone and said softly, "Don't worry, Grandpa. I'm all right, so don't worry about me!" Her coquettish tone of voice disgusted even herself.

Blake was also very unaccustomed to such a tone of voice, but he had to admit that Heather was really sweet and sensible in front of Robert. What a pretentious woman she is, he

thought to himself. He despised her inwardly upon recalling how she usually conducted herself in front of them. Perhaps he wouldn't have hated her that much if she had a more adorable personality, but the lofty expression she always put on made her the kind of person he hated the most. He even found the words 'The golden boy' extremely annoying. He and Heather were both born into the Langston Family, but why did he have to be overshadowed by her? She outshone him in every aspect, and the potential she showed should have been his!

Meanwhile, Robert didn't let Heather off until she reassured him and promised to go back at once for lunch with him. After putting down the phone, she gave Blake a long stare. She wanted to smooth out her relationship with Blake at times, but the final outcome always turned out this way—the tension between them could never be eased. "Blake, don't you know that Grandpa is in poor health? How could you tell him about this directly?" she asked in displeasure while trying hard to suppress her anger. She was already numbed by how angry Matthias had made her, yet Blake wouldn't leave her in peace.

Meanwhile, Blake pretended to wake up to the realization. "Just look at my poor memory—I forgot such an important thing in a moment of anxiety. It's my fault this time." However, such an act was rather affected.

Heather didn't bother giving Blake another glance, for she thought she had probably committed a sin in her previous life to meet such an enemy now. "Perhaps it's because you never cared about Grandpa that you forgot about his poor health," she said before storming off since she couldn't play nice to Blake.

As he looked at the angry and determined Heather from behind, Blake was lost in thought; the last part of her speech had stabbed him in the heart. He remembered how Robert had high hopes for him when he was a child. At that time, Robert would even put him on his shoulders to let him 'sit on the shoulders of giants.' He began to muse about his past. His relationship with his grandfather wasn't so hostile back then, so when had their relationship become like this?

However, he could no longer remember it clearly. The more he wanted to acquit himself well in front of Robert, the more mistakes he made. As a result, he couldn't do a good job of everything, and this made him feel a profound sense of loss. "Did Heather really seize all of Grandpa's attention?" He couldn't help making a self-examination. He always believed that he never did anything wrong and that it was all Heather's fault, yet he reflected on his past on this day—it was really strange.

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Meanwhile, Robert was sitting at the center of the living room with an air of authority when Heather returned to the Langston Residence. She had no idea what this situation meant, but she had a bad feeling about it.

Just then, Robert beckoned to her and said, "Come over here, Heather."

Heather hurried up to Robert. Right now, she had to appease him carefully lest he fell ill from being upset. She wished he could enjoy a long life, for his presence brought some warmth to the Langston Family. If Robert passed away one day, she might not even be willing to go back to the Langston Residence. After all, she had no feelings for the rest of the Langstons, her parents included.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were involved in a car accident?" rebuked Robert sternly. Heather looked as timid as a primary schooler who obediently received a talking-to. Not daring to even look up at Robert, she hung her head and pretended to be reflecting deeply upon her mistakes.

"I've already called a doctor over to give you a check-up." Robert pointed at a strange man sitting nearby.

It was only then did Heather notice this man, for his presence couldn't be felt at all. "I'm really fine, Grandpa. I don't need a check-up." She was discomfited upon learning that Robert had called a doctor home. Isn't this a bit exaggerated?! she thought to herself.

“Perhaps you suffered internal injuries that aren’t visible to the naked eye.” Robert insisted that Heather had a check-up, though. He could never be at peace if she didn’t undergo a medical examination.

At that moment, she finally realized that Robert was lying when he told her to come home for lunch. In reality, he wanted to force her into having a check-up. “Medical instruments are needed to examine internal injuries. You merely called a doctor over, so I’m afraid he won’t find out anything.” She was still finding excuses to put up a last-ditch struggle.

However, how could Robert not know what was on Heather’s mind? After giving her a fierce glare, he said something that distressed her even more. “In that case, I’ll take you to a big hospital for a proper check-up.”

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At this very moment, Heather could do nothing but resign herself to her fate; she could only be as good as gold in front of Robert. Upon recalling the deliberate car accident that morning, she had to admit that she was too impulsive at the time. Even though she had calculated in her mind that nothing serious would happen, she failed to take any possible mishaps into consideration. If she were to do it again, she wouldn’t have been so impulsive. After all, more problems were bound to follow when she decided to bump her car into Matthias’ vehicle.

Since she didn’t want to be taken to the hospital, Heather cooperated with the doctor as he examined her under Robert’s hard stare. However, her own gaze made the doctor feel nervous during the examination. The look in her eyes gave him quite a lot of stress, and the doctor probably didn’t expect to run into such a patient.

Just then, Robert quietly appeared in front of Heather and gave her a fierce glare, for her habit of scaring timid people was a bad one; only when the doctor repeatedly confirmed she was all right did Robert let her off. Heather was already hungry, yet she still had to face Robert’s stern gaze.

Heather silently cursed Blake in her mind. “You see, Grandpa—even the doctor says that I’m fine.” She felt very aggrieved. Why would she be reprovved after she got involved in a car accident?

“You never pay attention to your health,” rebuked Robert.

“Of course I’m clear about my own condition, Grandpa. If I had been feeling unwell, I would’ve gone to the hospital,” Heather replied affectionately like a spoiled child. She had to take her time talking to the old man, or else she might anger Robert again.

However, the longer Robert looked at Heather, the more displeased he was. “Just look at how you look right now. You keep burying yourself in your work.” He saw with his own eyes how Heather wore herself out these days. He wanted to express his care for her, but he wound up lambasting her instead.

Heather knew how drawn she looked these days, but what Robert said made her feel quite awful. Since she didn’t have to act so tough in front of Robert, she stared at him with aggrievement showing in her eyes. “I don’t want to bring you shame, Grandpa.” She held back her grievances since there were many things that she couldn’t tell Robert. Everyone believed that Robert was partial to her, so he would only be vilified behind his back however many grievances she poured out to him.

“I just want you to be fine. I regret having trained you so well.” Robert felt guilty about Heather since the latter shouldn’t have borne so much burden.

“Please don’t take all the blame on yourself, Grandpa. I chose this path myself, and I enjoy the full life I’m living right now.” Heather had zero complaints since she decided long ago what her future would be. She knew very well what kind of a person she was; only by constantly scaling the heights of power could she find meaning in her life.

However, Robert fixed Heather with a pair of eyes that showed great insight into human lives. He then asked, “Are you unhappy while working at the Langston Group?” Heather had

been full of vigor and vitality back when she just returned to the country, but now she looked so haggard and drawn that it made his heart ache.

Heather didn't want to talk to Robert about this, though. "I'm so hungry, Grandpa. Let's have lunch, shall we?" The more she talked about this, the more unhappy she would become.

Robert knew that Heather was filial to him; he was aware that his granddaughter didn't want him to concern himself about this, but he didn't want her to compromise herself for his sake either. "Okay." He didn't want to cause her any trouble again. Had he known earlier, he wouldn't have let her work at the Langston Group despite knowing that she had her own ideas. As he thought about this, he felt even more guilty.

Heather couldn't sit still at home and wanted to go back to the company after lunch, but Robert—who had already seen through everything—asked her to go to his study, so she could only do as he told her to. "Why don't you draw with me, Heather?" he said to Heather and handed her a piece of charcoal.

Heather waved her hand at once. "I'm bad at this, Grandpa." Her heart wasn't in this at all; her mind was so preoccupied with work that she really didn't have the leisure and mood for such enjoyment.

"Don't be so uptight, young lady." Robert was still holding the charcoal out to Heather.

Seeing that she couldn't make him change his mind, she could only take the charcoal.

Finally, he gave her a smile of satisfaction. "Let's spend the afternoon drawing and calming our minds."

Heather forced a smile. "Yeah, you're right, Grandpa." She looked at the charcoal in her hand, feeling depressed. Not only was she not keen on painting, she couldn't even remember how to hold the charcoal.

Seeing how stumped she was, Robert taught her how to hold the charcoal. He said with disapproval, "You liked to draw and write on my canvas when you were little, and now you've forgotten how to hold a charcoal."

"That was a long time ago, Grandpa," grumbled Heather; even her memory was hazy.

"You don't look cute at all now," Robert remarked with distaste.

"You dislike me, Grandpa," Heather protested while pretending to feel wronged.

"Yeah, I do. You were so adorable as a child. Look at you now—you're not at all likable with the stony face you wear every day." It wasn't like Robert never saw how Heather behaved toward other people; she seemed incapable of smiling in front of anyone else, and her temperament was by no means pleasant.

"Why should I be pleasant to other people? You're the only person I want to be pleasant to, Grandpa." Seizing the opportunity, Heather rested her head on Robert's shoulder without applying much strength like the way she nestled up against him as a child.

"Are you really going to remain single all your life?" Robert asked with feigned distaste.

Heather has reached the age where it's time to find her a husband, he thought to himself.

"Why are you bringing this up again, Grandpa? I'll go steady with someone naturally when I meet the right person." Heather couldn't help but reflect over if she was really getting on, for everyone was concerned about when she would find a partner.

"You're so picky that I'm afraid you can't get married," Robert teased half-jokingly.

"That's right. I have such a bad personality that I reckon few men would have the courage to marry me," Heather responded in agreement with Robert's words. Staying unmarried wasn't a big deal. Besides, she didn't feel much of a longing to be in a relationship now.

She had wanted to give it a try when Lucas appeared, but such feelings were completely spoiled thanks to Matthias. Whenever she thought of Matthias and the threats he made against her, she actually felt the desire to date somebody just to spite him. She had a rebellious feeling toward Matthias; not only did he blame her for his painful loss of the woman he loved, but he also forbade her to seek true love. The thought of this filled her with anger, but it was also thanks to this that she had an idea. "Will you let me go out on a date this afternoon, Grandpa?" She recalled Lucas' invitation; she would have completely

forgotten about it if she hadn't suddenly thought of him.

"Who will you be going on a date with?" Robert looked at Heather suspiciously. He learned from indirect sources recently that Heather had been spending quite a lot of time with a man who was said to be born of mixed heritage.

"Aren't you worried that I can't get married? In that case, shouldn't I go on more dates and meet more fine men? I might even take a fancy to one of them," Heather argued earnestly and with perfect assurance as though her words would certainly come true.

"You didn't come home to sleep the night before yesterday. Did you spend the night at that person's place?" Nonetheless, Robert hoped that Heather could take notice of the impression she would create. Besides, he didn't want Heather's relationship with the man to progress too quickly.

"What are you thinking about, Grandpa? I was engaged in my work the day before yesterday. Don't you believe me?" Heather felt somewhat guilty as she spoke, though. Well, that's true if boozing with Leon is considered part of my work.

Robert looked Heather up and down, for he couldn't help thinking that what she said wasn't quite believable. After thinking for a moment, he replied, "Are you deceiving me to sneak back to work?"

Heather shook her head at once. "That's not the case at all. I really have a date." She wasn't lying this time.

However, Robert wouldn't believe Heather unless she really had someone come over to let him take a look. "In that case, tell the person to come over and pick you up. I'd like to see the man who actually managed to ask my Heather out."

"How embarrassing would that be!" Heather couldn't imagine herself asking Lucas to come to the Langston Residence to be vetted by Robert. Doing so would certainly make Lucas overthink things!

"In that case, draw with me."

Robert was so obstinate that Heather was at a complete loss for what to do with him.

"Grandpa, I really have something important to discuss with him. Please just let me go."

Since she felt helpless by this, she could only draw out her vowels to make Robert give her an out by acting more and more like a spoiled child.

However, Robert kept a straight face and wasn't swayed. "Tell him to come over and pick you up."

In the end, Heather could only dance to Robert's tune since she failed to talk him around. Therefore, she reluctantly sent Lucas a text message.

Lucas was rather surprised when he saw Heather's text message. He didn't expect that she would ask him to pick her up at the Langston Family himself, though this seemed to be a good thing. As he toyed with his cell phone, he couldn't stop himself from bursting with joy deep down inside; he even let his mind wander at random with a smile on his face. After pondering on it, he decided to tell Tony about this. He wanted to ask Tony if this was a good thing and whether he should bring something with him on his first visit to the Langston Residence.

When Tony learned of the news, even Myra—who was next to him—was surprised. She knew that Heather rarely invited someone to the Langston Residence, for she seemed to be the only person Heather had taken there. After she and Tony looked at each other in bewilderment for a long time, she asked carefully, "Do you think Lucas has really found favor with Heather?" They both knew that Heather had refused to go out with Lucas several times. "That's possible. They seem likely to get together." On the other hand, Tony wanted to see Lucas and Heather paired up. After all, Lucas—a single young man past the usual marriageable age—had never shown interest in any woman until he finally considered Heather special.

"Just text Lucas back and tell him to bring some healthcare products with him as a present for Old Master Langston. Heather doesn't like receiving gifts from others, so tell him not to

bring her a gift precipitously.” Myra understood Heather quite well. She liked giving presents but disliked receiving gifts, and such people were indeed rare.

“What about the other members of the Langston Family?” Tony asked casually.

“It’s not necessary. Heather only cares about Old Master Langston; she doesn’t give a damn about the others.” Myra’s heart ached at the thought of Heather’s extremely awkward relationship with her parents. At the very least, Myra used to receive motherly love, but Heather never once felt parental love from her parents apart from her grandfather’s love for her.

Meanwhile, Lucas looked around nervously after reading Tony’s message. He mumbled to himself, “Healthcare products, healthcare products, healthcare products—where should I buy them?” He had never been so agitated before. After a moment, the answer dawned on him. “I’ll go to the shopping mall.”

His behavior made him look as though he had a loose screw in the eyes of the passersby, and they cast disdainful looks at him. This guy is tall, sturdy, and handsome, yet he’s sick in the head.