

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Heather chatted with Matthias on Messenger while drawing on the canvas. She found a book that taught its readers how to draw using charcoal, and after following the step-by-step instructions stated in the book, she slowly got the hang of it.

She looked at the drawing she made contentedly, and it looked much better than the sketch

she had made in the beginning. Her mouth curved into a smile of satisfaction; she realized that drawing wasn't as difficult as she thought it was, for smart people would always be faster than others in whatever they did.

As a result, it took her much longer to reply to Matthias's messages, but Matthias didn't mind this. After all, he was happy enough as long as she was still willing to pay heed to him. Just then, a knock on the door was heard from the outside. Matthias knitted his brows, for he had ordered Lara not to let anyone disturb him.

However, the knock on the door wouldn't stop, so he had to open the door himself. When he

opened the door, Regan revealed himself and his plastic smile at once. As he expected, it was the annoying Regan who had been knocking on the door. On the other hand, Lara stood

behind Regan with a troubled expression while giving Matthias an apologetic look.

Matthias smiled at her to soothe her apologetic feelings. Then, he directly stood in front of Regan to keep him from coming in. "What's the matter, Director Locke?" He had no time to waste on Regan since he was in a rush to reply to Heather's messages.

Regan took out a document and looked at Matthias with a serious expression. "This is the company's latest financial statement."

Matthias took the statement directly from Regan before thanking the latter politely as he said, "Thanks for your hard work." However, just as he was about to close the door, Regan stretched out his arm and stopped him from doing so. He then said, "I haven't finished yet, President Locke."

Regan's expression grew increasingly sullen, and it boggled Matthias' mind. After all, he seldom saw the former wearing such an expression. "Come in," he said with much reluctance. In his eyes, Regan was bad news who caused him trouble whenever he came. Regan sat down unceremoniously across from Matthias, and the latter looked at him furtively. He took the financial statement and read it as though nothing happened, but he suddenly felt his cell phone vibrating. When he saw that the notification was from Messenger, he thought Heather must have texted him. However, he couldn't take out his cell

phone since Regan was across from him. It was hard to describe his feelings at this moment, but he had never hated Regan so much before.

Meanwhile, Heather took a look at her cell phone when there was no reply from Matthias for

a long time. Then, she directly put her cell phone on the bookshelf. As she happened to be taking a book, she decided to concentrate on drawing.

On the other hand, Regan kept badgering Matthias the whole time. Matthias had held the concurrent post of chief financial officer, so he was quite proficient at reading financial

statements. However, he didn't notice anything after reading the financial statements, and Regan's inscrutable expression made him suspect that he was up to something again.

"Our company's financial expenditure has increased significantly since May, but many of the

expenses were written down in only a word or two. I'm afraid it's inappropriate to explain the

whereabouts of such a large sum of money in such simple terms." Regan tapped the desk as he spoke.

Only then did Matthias realize what Regan was up to. "Inappropriate?" He gave a nonchalant

smile. "In that case, what do you think is appropriate, Director Locke?" He stared into Regan's conniving eyes. It's too confident of Regan to pick at me from the aspect of finances, he thought to himself.

"You were in charge of the company's finances earlier, President Locke. You wouldn't mind if

I ask you about any doubts that I encounter while taking over the job, would you?" Regan asked tactfully. The meaning behind his words couldn't be clearer—he wanted Matthias to explain the specific whereabouts of the large sum of funds.

"Ask me? I'm afraid that you're questioning me." Matthias could no longer care about Heather. After all, he had to concentrate on dealing with Regan now that the latter had suddenly created such a difficult situation for him.

"I wouldn't dare to do that at all." Regan didn't dare to defy Matthias rashly, for he was still on Matthias' turf. However, he mustn't show signs of weakness—he had to give that man a sense of danger.

"I'm afraid there's nothing that you wouldn't dare to do. Matthias pushed the financial statement aside directly as he was really annoyed by the way Regan behaved; it seemed like

he was trying to force him into stepping down.

"President Locke, I only joined the Locke Group recently, so I'm afraid that I might make some mistakes. You know how cautious I am; I'd like to figure out the cause behind the increased expenditure and the expenses, so could you enlighten me on this, President Locke?" Regan deliberately humbled himself, but he was actually talking back to Matthias. Moreover, his aggressive-looking eyes showed no modesty as someone asking for advice. Matthias directly pushed the financial statement toward Regan and squinted at him. "Since you know that you're a newcomer, you should focus more on watching and learning instead of speaking out of turn."

Regan picked up the financial statement with a smile of embarrassment. "Are you not going to explain to me the story behind this, President Locke?" He was still unwilling to admit defeat, so he insisted on knowing the reason behind the increased expenditure.

"What right do you have for me to explain it to you? There aren't many explanations in the financial sheet, but whatever you want to know can be found from the financial information.

How could you come and question me without doing anything? Regan, you're only my subordinate, so don't think of riding roughshod over me," Matthias admonished snappishly.

Since they were in the Locke Group, he would be the one calling the shots. How could Regan

have the nerve to question him just days after taking up his post?

Upon being told off by Matthias, Regan looked as black as thunder; even the insincere smile on his face vanished. At the sight of this, Matthias felt much better—he had had enough of Regan’s relentless fault-finding these days.

As he suppressed his anger, Regan replied without a change in his countenance, “You’re right, President Locke. It’s my fault for bothering you without checking it out. I’ll go back and study the documents.”

“Make a new statement when you finish reading the documents. I want a detailed one,” Matthias ordered while tapping the desk with his index finger. He pondered how to give Regan trouble since he couldn’t let him continue on with his audacity.

Regan could only nod and acquiesce. He had shot himself in the foot, for Matthias had already sent him a pile of documents previously. It would take a long time and a great deal of work for him to find out the whole story behind the increased expenditure from the pile of documents.

With that, Matthias finally sent Regan away. However, as soon as Regan left, Lara pushed the door open and came in right away before Matthias could even pick up his cell phone. When he looked up, he saw the aggrieved look on her face. Did Regan bully her? he wondered to himself.

“President Locke,” Lara greeted aggrievedly.

“Uh-huh,” Matthias responded while looking at the cell phone in his hand with a resentful expression. Can’t I play with my cell phone to my heart’s content?

However, Lara felt much more aggrieved than Matthias. “President Locke, Director Locke has created a lot of burden on my work ever since he took his post.”

“What sort of burden did he create on your work?” Matthias looked at Lara in puzzlement. Regan had caused him a lot of trouble, but it seemed like he hadn’t started picking on Lara yet.

“He keeps asking me for this and that. What did you two talk about just now? He had such a scary look in his eyes before he left. I’m afraid that he’ll demand a pile of documents from me later again, and I’m about to become a filing clerk,” Lara complained resentfully as Regan really gave her a lot of trouble.

Meanwhile, Matthias looked at her puzzledly. “He can just search for the documents he wants from the file library. Why would he demand the documents from you instead?” It was

clear that Regan was using Matthias’ people as slaves. Regan really hesitates at nothing, he thought to himself.

“I told him that too, but he sounded very serious every time as if I’d be betraying the Locke Group if I didn’t do this.” Lara was almost driven crazy by Regan, for she had no idea how Regan came up with so many high-sounding excuses.

“So you’re airing your grievances to me because you aren’t capable enough?” Matthias replied disdainfully. He noticed that Lara looked run-down these days, but he hadn’t expected it to be because of Regan. At the thought of this, he was inwardly displeased, for

Regan was making him look bad by giving his people a hard time. As the saying went, one should find out who a dog's owner was before beating it. Yet, Regan fancied himself as a big shot just days after taking his post.

However, Lara felt even more resentful. She plucked up her courage and told Matthias about

this with great effort, only to be held in contempt by the latter. She felt hurt on the inside, but

she couldn't say anything to refute him. Indeed, it was her fault for being a pushover.

Seeing how pitiful Lara looked, Matthias comforted her and said, "If he bosses you around again in the future, turn him down directly and tell him to come to me."

Only then did Lara give a smile. She was precisely waiting for Matthias to say this, for she knew that he would definitely stand up for her. After all, she saw him as a kind person.

"Just use your head." Matthias sighed. He always thought that Lara was clever, so he didn't expect that she would be bullied by Regan this way.

The thought of Regan gave Matthias a headache. Indeed, Regan was a heavy-going person who could be described most adequately as sanctimonious. Even Matthias had a hard time dealing with him, let alone Lara.

As Matthias thought about this, he swallowed his disdain for Lara. Come to speak of it, Regan bullied him many times back then and was simply evil. As Matthias recalled how Regan had been making threatening gestures in front of him since he was little, he couldn't stop himself from feeling that Regan was rather lucky—he hadn't been beaten to death up until now.

Regan was such a double-dealer that Matthias thought all the mean words he could think of were inadequate to express his dislike for Regan. The more he thought about it, the sulkier he was, so he quickly got rid of Regan from his mind.

After Lara closed the door and went out quietly, Matthias immediately picked up his cell phone. He wondered if Heather had gotten anxious while waiting for his message, but when

he opened his Messenger, he was somewhat disappointed to see that her message simply read, 'Oh.' He didn't see any other new messages from Heather and was quite unwilling to reconcile himself to it, but he knew that Heather was like this. He hurriedly sent her a message that read, 'I was attending to my work just now. What are you doing?'

Heather's cell phone beeped on the bookshelf, but she was so absorbed that she ignored this notification directly. Naturally, she wasn't interested in continuing her conversation with

Matthias at this moment since she had found something interesting to do.

She hadn't been so relaxed for a long time. As she toyed with the charcoal in her hand, her lips curled into a childlike smile. Sketching wasn't as interesting as painting, so she tried her best to make a satisfying painting.

As she concentrated on painting a picture filled with mountains and rivers, the door opened with a squeak. Heather looked up, and her eyelashes fluttered the moment she was dazzled by the light.

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Unexpectedly, the person who couldn't possibly show up at the Langston Residence right at

this moment showed up in front of Heather, and she looked at the person with a half-smile. “Heather.” This was probably the last voice she liked to hear. Few people would call her so affectionately, but she felt disgusted whenever this particular person called her name in such a manner.

“What brings you here, Blake?” she asked in surprise. It wasn’t time to clock off yet, so why would Blake come home ahead of time? He even went to the study right away to meet her. “It’ll be Thanksgiving day tomorrow, so the company closed early,” Blake replied naturally. Heather almost forgot that the next day would be Thanksgiving Day, the day when one was supposed to have a Thanksgiving meal with their family. She felt somewhat lonely all of a sudden, for she recalled her parents—they had basically been treating her with indifference ever since she came back to the Langston Residence. Naturally, she would be lying if she said that she had no feelings about this. The next day would be Thanksgiving Day, but her parents weren’t at the Langston Residence at all. When rumors about Heather and Matthias

spread last time, Stephen was so angered that he took Camille overseas right away with the excuse of keeping their minds off things, but he actually did so to get Heather out of his mind. Heather had sometimes considered changing such circumstances, for Stephen hated his child so much as a parent. Heather couldn’t understand why he hated her so much as if he had never treated her as his daughter.

When he looked at Heather’s ‘masterpiece’ on the table, Blake asked hesitantly, “Are you painting?”

Since she feared that Blake would see her painting, Heather immediately crumpled up the painting that had taken her a long time to draw into a ball and tossed it nonchalantly into the

trash can. Then, she replied without a change in her countenance, “I was just killing time.” Blake gave a knowing look before he smiled. “Did you see Grandpa?” As it turned out, he was here to find Robert.

“Grandpa is away for something.” Heather wasn’t clear about the specific reason Robert left

home. Seeing how impatient Blake looked, she wondered why Blake had come to find Robert. In fact, it seemed like he had something serious to discuss with Robert.

“Did he mention when he’ll be back?” There was a trace of anxiety in Blake’s voice.

Deep down inside, Heather grew even more puzzled. “I’m not clear about that; he should be

back before dinner.” She wasn’t clear about this since Robert had left without saying anything.

“I can’t get through to Grandpa’s cell phone number, so I’m worried.” Blake took out his cell phone, and its screen showed that he had called Robert a dozen times.

This time, even Heather became nervous as well. “What happened?” she asked in disbelief while taking the cell phone from him. Robert would typically phone Blake back, so this gave her a bad feeling.

“I’m not sure. I don’t know where Grandpa is at all right now,” Blake replied worriedly.

Deep

down inside, he still cared about Robert, though he often thought that the latter was biased.

“Let’s go out and look for him.” Heather began to turn things over in her mind. There weren’t many places that Robert could go to, so they would definitely find him if they searched these places one by one.

“Perhaps he’ll be back after a while.” Robert took back his cell phone with a deep frown. Unpleasant scenes flashed across his mind since such a thing had never happened to Robert before.

“No matter what, let’s go out and look for him. We can ask the butler to inform us if Grandpa comes back,” said Heather while leaving the study. Then, her voice was heard outside the door. “Butler! Butler!”

As he looked at Heather from behind, Blake thought for a moment before going after her. He

didn’t want something bad to happen to Robert; even though it occurred to him that he would be calling the shots in the Langston Family if Robert passed away one day, he mustn’t

let anything happen to Robert before he could prove himself. He had to make Robert recognize his capabilities, or he would live in Heather’s shadow all his life.

The two of them quickly reached the garage and moved separately with each person driving a car. At this moment, Blake was unusually reliable; he wasn’t totally worthless, for he looked quite like a brother right now.

Heather’s car was still under repair, so there was no way she could take it back that day.

Out of the vast collection of cars in the garage, she chose the smallest one. She used to like driving this car in the past, but after she began working at the Langston Group, she drove a bigger car to make herself appear lofty and impressive while meeting clients.

Since she knew that Robert’s favorite go-to place was a clubhouse specialized in serving the elderly, she decided to go there to take a look, thinking that Robert was probably playing cards and gathering with several old buddies. On the other hand, Blake intended to go to the

most luxurious golf course in Bradfort City—it was Robert’s favorite place for holding talks with people. Heather also thought that Robert was more likely to be there, but she didn’t want to go to the golf course. After all, the golf course’s owner was a man whom she hated quite a lot. Coincidentally, the man was on friendly terms with Blake, which was why Blake chose to visit the golf course instead.

Heather sped up her car while praying inwardly that nothing would happen to Robert. She sent him several text messages in a row, asking him to reply to her as soon as he saw her messages. However, there was no reply after she sent those texts; they weren’t even read.

It seemed like Robert didn’t have his cell phone with him, and this wasn’t good news. Robert had never made his family so worried before; even if his cell phone was with someone else, the person would have to report to him whenever his cell phone registered any calls or messages. It didn’t make sense for Robert not to reply to their calls and messages, so this was deeply alarming. How could Robert, who always had such a good habit, go off the

radar?

Heather was on tenterhooks as she was about to arrive. Of course, she hoped that Robert was at the clubhouse, but she had a hunch that he wasn't there. She hated having such a strong intuition since this wasn't a good thing.

She stopped her car at the clubhouse's entrance with her mind in a whirl. This clubhouse was run by a former subordinate of Robert, so he often patronized this place. Moreover, Heather was on good terms with the owner since Robert often brought her here when she was a child.

When Heather showed up at the clubhouse's front desk, the receptionist—a young lady who was new at the job and didn't know Heather at all—was baffled by Heather's presence here.

After all, this place was a paradise for the elderly, and young people seldom came here. After the young lady and Heather looked at each other, Heather said politely, "Could you call your boss over?"

After walking into the clubhouse, Heather became more certain that her hunch was right. She couldn't feel Robert's presence here at all, but now that she was here, she had to confirm it first. After all, her grandpa could've been here earlier that day.

"Boss isn't here today." The young lady blinked her innocent eyes, and Heather knitted her brows instantly.

Heather's aura made the young lady feel very uncomfortable, and she looked at Heather in fear. When she saw how afraid the young lady was, Heather continued, "Who's in the clubhouse today?" After asking the question, she felt as though she was a narcotics agent. The young lady looked at Heather even more suspiciously. "There isn't anyone," she answered nervously.

Seeing that the young lady was so timid, Heather opened Robert's photo on her cell phone right away and showed it in front of the young lady. She then asked directly, "Has this old man been here?"

The young lady shook her head. The photo on Heather's cell phone showed an elegant and refined old man. The young lady would've recognized him at a glance if she had seen him, but she really had never seen him before.

"Are you a new employee?" Heather's head hurt as it occurred to her that this young lady knew nothing.

"Yeah, I'm not so familiar with this place yet," the young lady answered evasively while wondering if this clubhouse had a secret that couldn't be told. She even guessed Heather's identity—the more she looked at Heather, the more Heather looked to her like a plainclothes

police officer coming for an investigation. The young lady felt extremely aggrieved, and she thought that she must ask her boss what was going on when he came back.

As expected, he isn't here, Heather thought to herself. Feeling somewhat disappointed, she left right away since she had no time to explain. Since Robert wasn't here, he was probably at the golf course. Even though she didn't like the golf course manager, she couldn't care less about it at this moment.

When Heather hurried to the golf course, she saw Blake's car. Blake should've arrived a long time ago, so Heather didn't understand why his car was still parked here. Moreover, she had been sending him messages on her way here to ask him about the situation here, but she received no reply.

After parking her car, she entered the golf course without hesitation; it never occurred to her that a golf course would become so dangerous one day. She kept having a bad feeling, for she found that the golf course was unusually quiet on this day. As she walked inside, she didn't see anyone receiving her.

Since when did the golf course's management become so careless that anyone can easily get inside? At the thought of this, Heather immediately dialed Robert's number, but the call was disconnected right away after a few beeps. She felt even more suspicious by this, and she immediately sensed danger. With that, she decided not to continue going forward; she looked at her surroundings and wondered if she should call the police.

Just then, a man's voice spoke. "Miss Langston."

Heather turned around to see the golf course manager, and she felt rather uncomfortable at the sight of him. "Hi, Mr. Cullen," she replied politely. Nonetheless, she felt greatly alarmed since the golf course manager shouldn't have been here. She kept some distance away from him so that she had time to react if anything unexpected happened.

"How big you've grown! It's been a long time since we last met," said the golf course manager as he tried to cozy up to Heather.

Heather looked at the golf course manager with disgust, for this man was a pedophile. Back when she followed Robert here as a child, he had shown her perverted care that one shouldn't have shown toward someone younger. Heather was sensitive, so she never came here with Robert again after that. Moreover, this guy was especially good at disguising himself. Pedophiles would only give themselves away in front of young girls, so he definitely wouldn't give himself away in front of a bunch of guys.

Back then, Robert was especially curious about why Heather disliked Mr. Cullen so much. After all, this man had put in a great deal of effort to please Robert, so Robert's impression of him was quite favorable. This was precisely why Heather didn't expose Mr. Cullen's special preferences.

"Yeah, I'm no longer a kid." Heather reminded him that she was no longer the young girl back then—she was a mature woman now.

"What a shame," the golf course manager responded with regret. After all, he had a preference for young girls and wasn't very interested in mature women. He had been unable to forget the sharp look in Heather's eyes when she was a child, for it was simply intoxicating. What a stubborn and unyielding little girl she was back then, he thought to himself.