

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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As Heather walked out of the apartment, the cold breeze hit her face and it brought upon a wave of coldness. However, she couldn't stop thinking of Leon's words; he actually made a lot of sense. Perhaps making use of Matthias is the most logical decision right now.

However, the thought of having to become entangled with Matthias once again deterred her

from making this move. As far as things were right now, Caleb hadn't made his move just yet.

She didn't go to her car immediately after walking out of the housing compound; instead, she decided to take a walk around the area. Normally, she felt better after taking a walk when she was in a bad mood and presently, she enjoyed being out on this bitterly cold night.

There was a drop in temperature on this cool, fall night and it slowly seeped into her. The cold air flowed through her jacket so she quickly wrapped herself up tightly. Today, she was dressed quite thinly and the bone-chilling cold air on such a night reawakened her senses, making her feel quite refreshed by it. This was indeed a bitterly cold, fall night.

Recently, it rained quite frequently and each time it did, the temperature outdoors would drop further. As such, the coldness seemed to hit earlier this year compared to the previous years. It felt like they had jumped straight from a hot summer's day to a blustery cold, fall night. Meanwhile, Heather stared at the fallen leaves on the ground and took a deep breath of cold air.

This breath of cold air cooled her down immediately and she curled up her lips into a smile, somehow enjoying this perverse feeling. The breath she exhaled was quite warm and she tried to warm her hands by blowing a stream of hot air on them. Although the warmth hit her

hands, it didn't manage to warm her heart, which was slowly turning colder and colder. Her current location was quite deserted so there weren't that many passersby on the street.

The quiet night brought upon a terrifying vibe in the surroundings. Heather kept walking further along, all the while feeling lonely. Suddenly, a car stopped right in front of her. She stared silently at the person in the car who rolled the window down. The face of the person who stared back at her looked quite honest. However, she didn't recall meeting this guy before so she looked at him warily. Despite his honest look, she knew it was quite important to keep her guard up among strangers.

"Hi there! Do you need a ride?" The slightly plump, middle-aged man had a rich, baritone voice.

"No thanks," she rejected him with a darkened expression. There must be something wrong with this guy!

The middle-aged man heard her rejection and subsequently opened his car door to get out of his car. Meanwhile, she furrowed her brows slightly and her body went into alert mode. I definitely won't let him off lightly if he dares to do anything to me!

"Are you Miss Langston?" He asked with an honest, straightforward voice. He had a down-to-earth look which somehow managed to make one lower their guard.

Suddenly, Heather came to her senses and displayed a combative stance. "Yes, I am." She

maintained an impassive look on her face, but her cool and aloof expression naturally exuded a rejecting vibe.

“A gentleman sent me here to fetch you,” he carefully explained himself. Currently, Heather gave out a dangerous vibe and he was fairly terrified of her.

The person who had hired him had warned him in advance that she wasn't an ordinary woman; in fact, she was usually quite wary of strangers and she might be combative too. However, he had brushed off the person's words back then. The photo he had seen of her seemed to indicate that she was quite pure and innocent but unexpectedly, she possessed a

commandeering aura when he was faced with her.

“Gentleman? What does he look like?” She questioned him quite forcefully. It felt like she was targeted by someone.

Immediately, Heather looked around at her surroundings. Although she didn't catch sight of anyone, she could sense that there was a pair of eyes fixated upon her. This feeling was quite uncomfortable and she was keen to find out who was behind all this.

“Miss Langston, I'm not too sure what's going on too. He contacted me by phone and transferred the money into my bank account directly, so I had no choice but to accept this job,” The middle-aged man sounded quite resigned; it seemed that the person behind all this

was quite domineering.

“I don't need a ride, so stop bothering me.” She looked at him coldly. He had disrupted her mood to stroll around the neighborhood and she was quite annoyed by that.

“Miss Langston, I have to escort you back home safely. It's my assigned task today,” He pleaded with her to the point where there were beads of perspiration that formed on his forehead.

“That's not necessary, and I really don't want to keep repeating myself.” Heather turned her

back on him with an annoyed look on her face. She no longer wanted to continue arguing with him.

“I'm sorry but could you please help me out with this task here? I'll be punished if I don't complete it,” he said with a dejected look on his face. His current expression paired with his honest look could obviously gain one's sympathy.

“This is a pointless task, so who cares whether you complete it or not? Besides, whether you

get punished or not has got nothing to do with me at all,” Heather commented quite nonchalantly. This had nothing to do with her after all, so there was really no point in emotionally blackmailing her.

The man did not expect her callousness at all and he planned to pull at her heartstrings in the hopes that he could complete his task successfully. Surprisingly though, she left him with those words.

“Please don't make my life difficult.” He looked at her fretfully. Meanwhile, he had run out of

ideas on how to get her to hop into his car.

“You'd better stop bothering me or else I'll call the cops on you!” She retorted with a cold voice. It looks like this guy doesn't have any dangerous weapons on him so he won't be a

match for me if we come to blows.

All of a sudden, he became quite frightened by the dark vibes this woman gave off. She never regarded herself as a nice person. On the contrary, she had a dark side to her that was

usually hidden from the public. Right now, she had no qualms in revealing her worst side to this stranger, who was continuously pestering her. In the past, she had come out unscathed in her fight with five strapping guys and presently, her expression was exactly the same as back then.

“Miss Langston, could you please help me out here?” he pleaded. However, the thing that Heather hated the most was to be forced into doing something she was unwilling to do. Besides, she couldn’t stand the pleas of this strapping bloke in front of her.

“You can inform the person who employed you that I don’t need a ride from you. Get him to

come over here personally to send me home,” Heather muttered her words slowly.

However,

her rejection was clearly evident.

In the end, the man gave up as soon as he realized that she was about to lose her patience with him; he could clearly sense the danger in this situation. Suddenly, he recalled the reminder he was given and couldn’t help but worry that she might attack him. In the end, he

hurriedly re-entered his car.

With each step that Heather took, the car trailed behind her steadfastly. She was quite aware that this man had no ill intentions but this behavior evoked her displeasure.

Meanwhile, she tried hard to suppress her anger and treated the car behind her as if it was invisible.

Just then, she neared her breaking point and decided to head back to her car. Since I can’t take a stroll by myself, then I might as well go home early! Heather mulled this over quickly and tried to come up with a way to find out the identity of the person who had sent such an annoying guy. Initially, Matthias’ face flashed across her mind but then she immediately corrected herself because she knew that he wouldn’t resort to such pointless moves.

“Who’s the one behaving so pointlessly here?” she gritted out through clenched teeth.

And so, she kept walking for quite a distance until she saw her car. Without hesitation, she headed to her car and yanked open the car door. Meanwhile, the middle-aged man trailed behind her closely.

She shut the door and drove back home. From her rearview mirror, she could clearly see the

middle-aged man trailing after her in his flashy, red Ferrari. It looks like he is fairly wealthy too, so I wonder who could threaten him into doing this.

Meanwhile, Heather increased her speed but the man did so as well and followed closely behind her. It was only then that she wondered whether she had encountered a lunatic here.

Oh gosh! He’s still following me at the speed I’m going! Does he have a death wish? As for Heather, she had conveniently forgotten that she was also risking her own life with her reckless actions.

Suddenly, she received a text from an unknown number. "Don't speed. You're a woman and you should take care of yourself." Heather stared at the text with a bewildered expression. Just then, her sense of being targeted heightened drastically.

Right after that, she slowed down her car. Looks like the guy has great driving skills too. she thought to herself as she tried hard to calm down. Meanwhile, she was quite close to the Langston Residence and she was also curious as to what the guy would do.

Soon after that, she arrived home and parked her car at the entrance. However, she didn't bother to park her car in the garage but stopped at the entrance. Just then, the red Ferrari stopped behind her too, and the middle-aged man stared at her from afar as she turned around to glare at him.

She saw him smile at her with a friendly look while saying, "I've completed my task. I'm sorry for bothering you so much. Have a good night's sleep."

As soon as he finished his baffling sentence, he then drove off right away. Heather stood there with her eyes narrowed into thin slits as she wondered, What is the motive of the person behind all this?

Suddenly, the door to the Langston Residence swung open from the inside. She slowly made her way in while the butler stood by the entrance, looking at her with a respectful look on his face.

Normally, he would be asleep by now and it was usually the security guard on night duty who opened the door for her. She didn't expect to see him tonight, so she looked at him with

an incredulous expression and noted his struggling look.

All in all, today was quite a baffling day for Heather and she had encountered one weird situation after the other. Just then, she initiated the conversation and said, "Could you please park my car into the garage?"

He took the car keys from her hands and politely agreed, "Sure, Miss Heather."

Heather stared at his familiar smiling face but felt that something was amiss. As such she asked nonchalantly, "Why are you still up so late at night?"

"I woke up all of a sudden and came out for a stroll. Coincidentally, you got home at the same time." His expression revealed his anxiety and Heather caught sight of that quite perceptively. She didn't understand why he lied to her but she softened her expression anyway. She realized that her expression was quite terrifying, perhaps due to her earlier frustrations.

"Thanks. I'll go back to my room now." She forced out a smile, which only served to cause further anxiety to the butler. Right now, each and every single expression she gave out was honestly quite intimidating.

Meanwhile, Heather's thoughts were all jumbled up and she couldn't seem to make much sense of it. Can everything possibly be linked? She felt like she was currently lost in a maze and had to make her way out but then she kept running into dead ends. However, she felt like she was actually very close to finding her way out, despite all the blockages. That being said, this current feeling frustrated her very much.

The first thing she did upon entering her bedroom was to open up all the windows because

she couldn't stand the smell of incense inside her room. Besides, this was the only way she could get some fresh air from outdoors. She took a deep breath and inhaled in the cold air to awaken her senses.

Regardless of everything, she was determined to figure out what was going on right now. She then took out her phone and immediately sent a text to the unknown number.

'Who are you? Why did you stalk me?' Heather was quite worried that the other party would

ignore her text and she clearly knew that there was no way of tracing that number. Surely, he

was quite powerful to be able to keep track of her without revealing himself. All of his actions indicated that too, but she hoped that he would reveal himself to her willingly.

Although she was quite confident that he would eventually have to reveal himself, she hated

this feeling of being kept in the dark. Ever since Caleb appeared in my life, I've been having all these strange encounters, she couldn't help but grumble to herself.

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All of a sudden, a person popped up in Heather's mind—Caleb Moriarty. Is it possible that this has something to do with him? But there's no reason for him to do such a thing since it will only degrade his status. Besides, why would he want to do that?

She dismissed the thought quickly but her phone chose that moment to ring. Not harboring any hope, she quickly opened the text.

'Please don't misunderstand. I'm here to protect you.'

Looking at the text, she furrowed her brows and for some inexplicable reason, she had the urge to kill this man because of his tone.

As she held back the rage inside her heart, she sent a text over. 'I think that I'm already safe,

so I don't need anyone's protection. If you continue to stalk me, I will call the police.' This is the first time I've heard someone saying that he is stalking me in such a delightful manner.

He is obviously spying on me, so how dare he say that it is for my protection?

'If you think that calling the police will work, feel free to do so.' The other party's disdainful tone was obvious through the text message.

Heather looked at the text coldly and she replied after giving it some thought. 'Since you are

so confident with yourself, why don't you tell me who you are?'

She only wanted to know who the person was. Through their conversation over text, she felt

that the person was probably bluffing because the tone felt immature.

However, she didn't receive any replies afterward, so she stared at her phone for a long while without moving. Instead, she noticed a notification from her Messenger. It turned out that Leon had sent a text to her a long time ago but she hadn't noticed it thus far.

He now sent another text to her, so she opened her Messenger. When she opened the app to read his messages, she realized that he had sent a bunch of cute emojis to her except for one line of words. 'Have you reached home yet?'

I almost forgot! When I said goodbye to him, I promised to text him the moment I got home,

but I didn't let him know till now.

'I just got home'. She replied to him straight after.

On the other end, Leon looked at his phone, his expression confused. Did she walk back home? Why did she get back home so late?

Therefore, he thought that she had listened to his suggestion and went to find Matthias.

'Did

you go and find Matthias?'

'Please use your brain.' Heather immediately rolled her eyes as she grumbled to herself, He really has a rich imagination.

'Then why did you get back home so late? Did you come across a pervert?' He teased her.

Looking at the word 'pervert' in his text, she replied, 'You're right.'

The person who sent me the text is definitely the same person who followed me. After reading the person's text, Heather was certain that he was a pervert.

However, Leon wasn't worried at all as he had witnessed her explosive power before. 'Did you beat him up?'

I've seen her fighting five strong men on her own. She is simply not an ordinary girl.

Even though Leon looked muscular, it was actually Heather who was protecting him. After that time, he completely fell in love with her. How could there be such an awesome girl in this world?

'I didn't see the person.' Heather texted gloomily. If I find out who the person is, I'll definitely

give him a good beating. Somehow, I feel that I'm being fooled by someone.

After a series of strange events, she didn't have a clue as to who the person was. She had mentally gone through all the possible suspects and in the end, she came up with a theory of her own.

'Is there really such a pervert?' Initially, Leon was a little sleepy but after listening to her, he suddenly became awake and he sent a video call request to her straight away.

Looking at the request, she considered whether to accept it or not. Leon has a talent for finding people. Maybe it will help if I talk to him.

After accepting his video call, Leon's entire face immediately showed up on her screen. It's such a Leon move to put his phone so close to his face.

"Heather, you can just tell me everything." At the moment, he was only wearing a red muscle

shirt, which made him look very inviting indeed.

Heather could tell that he was about to sleep by the looks of his outfit and occasional glimpses of his pants. When did he like to gossip this much? Doesn't he usually sleep very early? Looks like he is all fired up as soon as he hears the pervert.

"Nothing much. Are you feeling bored lately?" Suddenly, she felt sorry for him. Leon has been in a mess lately while following me, and it stopped him from studying the various local business forces.

"Heather, you were the one who picked this place for me to stay," he complained. There's nothing at all in this remote place. There isn't even a girl for me to flirt with.

"If you don't like it, you can always move." The reason she chose that place back then was

because of its environment. Even though it was situated in a remote area, it was quite a peaceful community.

After considering it for a while, Leon shook his head. "There's no need for that. Even though this place is really remote, it isn't all that bad."

Just like that, Heather discreetly changed the subject of their conversation and started chatting with him about the community there. When the both of them were beginning to feel

sleepy, he finally remembered as to why he video called her in the first place.

However, she rubbed her eyes and said with a sleepy expression, "I'm tired. I'll hang up now."

After that, his screen became black because Heather had ended the call.

Immediately, Leon knew that he fell into her trap again, so he stared at his phone gloomily.

Why do I always make stupid mistakes in front of her?

However, it was late now and he could no longer stay awake. His sleep schedule was longer than most people's, so it wasn't common for him to stay up late. After letting out a yawn, he

closed his eyes with satisfaction and quickly fell asleep.

On the other hand, Heather found it difficult to sleep. Earlier on, she was just pretending to be sleepy in front of Leon but now, she was wide awake. She placed her phone aside but after a moment of thought, she angrily dialed the stranger's number.

However, what surprised her was the weak voice of a man coming from the other end of the

phone. Therefore, she quickly replied, "Are you the one stalking me?" She tried very hard to remember the voice but she couldn't recall such a weak male voice, and she had never met such a person in real life.

"Who are you?" the man with a weak voice asked confusedly.

"Who are you? Why are you stalking me?" she asked him back. Why is he asking me who I am? Is he crazy?

"If you don't tell me who you are, I'll hang up." And so, the man immediately hung up the phone. What a lunatic, he thought to himself.

Looking at her phone, Heather suddenly felt displeased so she called the person again, and he actually picked up the call once more.

"Are you calling the wrong number?" the man asked kindly as he was surprised that this fierce woman would insist on calling him again.

"No. You even replied to my text an hour ago," Heather answered firmly while looking at the

messages on her phone.

"That's impossible. You must have gotten it wrong, so please stop calling to me," the man growled. However, he was already quite polite toward her given that he was woken up in the

middle of the night.

Again, the call ended and Heather's anger grew. She called the person again but in the end, she only received the voice of a woman with standard punctuation.

Did he just block me? Unwilling to give up, she called him again but she kept on receiving the same reply. Looks like he really has blocked me.

She was blocked before she even got the chance to ask anything so obviously, she wasn't too pleased about it. Afterward, she video called Leon, waking him up straight from his sleep.

If there's someone picking up the phone on the other end, it means that we can trace the number to find the owner of the phone. Therefore, she immediately thought of him.

At the moment, Leon was irritated after being woken up, so he stared at Heather with a displeased look through the video. However, she put on a commanding tone as she ordered him without even a trace of a smile on her face. "Leon, I want you to trace this number." Upon hearing that, Leon was infuriated. For the past few days, she had asked him to look into many things. Even though he didn't like to be a hacker, he still did it reluctantly because

it was for her. Now, however, his emotions were at an all time low after being woken up so suddenly.

"Heather, do you see me as your partner or your servant? I don't like you ordering me to do things." He did not bother to hide his displeasure.

Heather, on the other hand, didn't consider his feelings at all as she only wanted to find the answers quickly, and this made Leon upset. As she felt a little sorry looking at him, she suddenly realized that he hated being woken up all of a sudden, so the atmosphere became awkward for a moment.

"Of course we are partners. I apologize for my tone but I really need your help. Can you please help me trace a person? He is the pervert who stalked me today." She quickly changed her attitude. At times like this, I should lower my ego. I can't go head-to-head with him!

Upon hearing that, he calmed down a little while rubbing his head and asking in frustration, "Who is this pervert?"

After she sent the number to him, he found the owner of the number straight away as he squinted his eyes at the person's dashing ID photo.

"These days, perverts come in all shapes and sizes," he said while sending the person's photo and information to her. However, after Heather took a look at the information, she realized that she might be heading in the wrong direction. She fell silent for a long while so he curiously asked, "What is it? Is it not this person?"

"No. It's just that I think a college student wouldn't be this capable. Also, I don't know him at

all, so there's no reason for him to stalk me." Heather was rather reasonable, so she wouldn't

simply accuse someone.

"How did you get this number?" As Leon looked at the number, he realized that it had been used for five to six years, which meant that it probably belonged to this boy. Therefore, she told him the entire strange encounter. After listening to her, he curled up his lips. "Looks like

we have an expert on our hands. What a great move," he praised. However, she couldn't understand a word he was saying, so he came back to his senses and explained to her with a smile, "Someone used his phone number to send messages to you. However, he didn't know about it because the person only used his number for an hour or two."

"Does that mean we have nowhere to look?" she asked in a defeated tone.

At first, Leon nodded but then, he quickly shook his head. "It's a bit tricky, but I can find the ID of the computer that was used to do this."

"Can you help me then?" Heather did not hesitate to lower her pride as she really needed him for this.

Upon hearing that, Leon complained, "Please let me sleep first. I'm really tired." I can't do anything efficiently when I'm this exhausted!

"Alright. You can go to sleep now. I'm not in a rush." Although Heather said that she was not

in a rush, she was definitely anxious deep down.

After ending his video call with her, he fell asleep right away. However, on the other side, Heather still couldn't move her eyes away from the boy in the photo. Even though Leon had explained everything to her, she couldn't completely remove her suspicion of this boy.

On the surface, it seemed strange that an unfamiliar college boy would stalk her and order an uncle who was driving a Ferrari.

In the end, she gathered her thoughts. This really is a thrilling day with one strange event happening after another. Why do I have a feeling that my life is turning into a detective show?