

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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Nevertheless, Heather would never wash her hands off the Langston Group, and she knew where her duties lay without Robert having to emphasize on them. That being said, Blake had nothing to do with her resolve. She was dedicated to the company, and protecting it was something she would do without question.

“Grandpa, you know how important the Langston Group is to me. I will never let the company fall into a crisis,” she said as she gave him a small smile. Taking care of the company was but one of the ways she could show her gratitude to Robert, who had showered her with unconditional love all these years.

Even as he heard this, a grim look still passed over his face. He had been sullen ever since Caleb came into the scene. Just then, a sudden thought seized Heather. If the Hart Family was also embroiled in the feud between her family and the Moriartys, then she ought to relay to Tony all the information she could glean.

Robert had said that an allegiance with the Hart Family would be a last resort. This could be a turning point and while Heather could see hope in such an opportunity, she could also see that it was prefaced by the possibility of a crisis.

If the Moriartys could make Robert fret over the future of the company, then they were indeed a force to be reckoned with, and they had certainly put in the effort of remaining incognito which explained the many gaps in Leon’s research yesterday.

Her thoughts were clearing up as she sat with Robert in the pavilion, the evening breeze enveloping them in a cool embrace while the sky darkened overhead. She could see that the

worried creases in her grandfather’s face were smoothing out, replaced by something like warm affection.

It was a quiet night and they were far away from the rest of the Langstons’ clamor. She breathed in the cool air, grateful for the respite, and she could feel the breeze on her skin as

well as tousling her hair.

Robert broke the silence when he suddenly asked, “Do you remember this pavilion?”

Upon hearing this, Heather gazed around the pavilion, but nothing about its architecture rang a bell. Knowing that she would answer in the negative, he broke into a warm smile as he prompted gently, “This is the Old Toper’s Pavilion. Do you still remember it? You were only a child when you told me you wanted to visit the real pavilion so I figured, why not bring

the pavilion to the backyard instead?” He looked pleased with himself after having stood guard over her childhood wish all these years.

“That was such a long time ago!” Heather exclaimed in surprise. She didn’t think he would hold something so trivial and forgettable close to his heart, not when her own memory of her childhood days were already fuzzy.

He beamed at her and reached out to ruffle her hair affectionately. “It’s as if you’ve grown up

in the blink of an eye,” he remarked plaintively. Sometimes he wished she was still a child; alas, growth was but a necessary part of life.

This was the granddaughter whom Robert had kept close to him all these years. He thought

about how his love and care for her had led to the others' hostility toward her. Unable to stand the inexplicable animosity, she had gathered her bags and left the Langston Residence at a much younger age than one would expect.

Robert felt as if he owed her an apology for having done so little for her as she grew up over the years.

"Grandpa, you've been really sentimental lately," Heather pointed out. She wasn't used to having her hair ruffled like this, and she thought she had become strong enough to resist physical affection after all these years.

He gazed into the distance before turning his eyes on her once more. "You shouldn't be dragged into the calamity of the Langstons," he said grimly. He knew of her contributions to the family these past few years, but the family had given her nothing but trouble in return. The Langston Family could take no credit for Heather's accomplishments, and she could very well be on her way to make a name for herself now if she weren't bound by them. The rest of the Langstons were always so obsessed with whatever scrap of power they held in their hands that they could not see the big picture. All that Heather had done for the family and the company far outweighed what she received in return.

"Don't say that, Grandpa. Whatever happens in the family is my business too," she countered

and she raised her brows as she gave her grandfather a puzzled look. She didn't like how somber he sounded.

Robert knew his words made little sense so he did not add anything further. When he saw how serious she looked, he couldn't help but be relieved.

The breeze was beginning to get chilly as night approached. He had been feeling unwell for the last few days so he could not risk catching a cold now.

Rising from her seat, Heather looked at him solemnly and said, "Grandpa, it's getting cold. We should head back into the house now." When she reached for his hand and felt the cool tinge to his skin, she knew that they should hasten indoors.

"There's no need to rush. You know how noisy the others can be, so why don't we sit out here for a while longer?" He didn't want to go back, and Heather knew how stubborn the old man could be.

As such, she sat down patiently next to him. They were both quiet, neither one feeling the need to speak.

She wasn't sure how much time had passed when he abruptly asked, "Would you like to have a pet, Heather?"

Surprised, she turned to look at him and saw that he was serious about it. Rubbing her temples, she replied ruefully, "I won't have the time to look after it, Grandpa." It was true. She

was already swamped with work and getting a pet would only be an act of animal cruelty on her part.

He shook his head and chuckled in amusement at her unexpected answer. Truth be told, he was the one who was rather keen on getting a pet. He used to have a dog in his younger days, but he hadn't had any pets after it was lost.

Now, he had plans on getting a cat but he didn't trust himself to look after it well enough, which led to him asking Heather the question earlier.

Perhaps he wanted a pet because he was lonely. He wasn't getting any younger and as days passed, he could feel age settling into his bones and dusting his hair with chalk.

"You've been acting strange lately, Grandpa. I'm concerned," she admitted. She had noticed

the change in his demeanor. Gone was the imposing man he used to be, and in his place was a kind and affable elderly gentleman.

"Don't dwell on it too much. Let's go back in." With that, he rose from his seat and marched steadily across the yard, and she trailed after him.

Following their peaceful evening in the backyard, they both returned to their respective bedrooms. It was as if Heather had turned into an entirely different person the moment she stepped into her own space, and her expression softened as the familiarity of her room embraced her. She could feel the tension draining out of her shoulders.

She was always mindful of the way she carried herself in front of others, but she could let her guard down once she was all alone. Presently, she was lying on the bed tiredly when her

skin prickled at the sudden chill in the room.

Autumn came early this year, and there were those who would have brought out their winter

wardrobe to fight against the dropping temperature. Heather had burrowed beneath the covers and as she lay there in the warmth, she hurriedly dialed for Myra's number. It felt like

a century had passed since she last spoke to the girl.

Meanwhile, when Myra saw that Heather was requesting for a video call, she pondered on this for a moment and decidedly hung up. The subway was no place for video-calling, after all.

Following this, Heather texted her and as Myra took note of the bunch of question marks that popped up on her screen, she replied instantly, 'I can't talk right now but I'll call you back in an hour.'

On the other end, Heather shrugged and did not reply to Myra's text, seeing as the latter couldn't talk at the moment. She then got down from the bed. Regardless of how cold the weather might be, she still needed a bath before she could jump into bed. She stepped into the tub after running a hot bath and as soon as settled into the hot water, she began to relax.

The steam from the bathwater blurred her vision. She closed her eyes and lazed in the tub, letting the water work on the knots in her shoulders. As her body loosened, she started to drift into sleep and it wasn't until an hour later that she woke up.

She stepped out of the tub, only to find that her skin had turned pruney from the hour-long soaking. How could I have fallen asleep?

Having toweled herself and proceeded to hide beneath the covers once more, Heather picked up the phone she had tossed on the bed earlier. True enough, Myra had requested for

a video call with her mere moments before this, and she mused at the other girl's

punctuality. She said she'd call me back in an hour and she did.

Heather sent her a simple text, asking, 'Are you still there?'

It wasn't long before Myra replied, 'What were you doing just now?' She was relieved to see

Heather's text. In all honesty, Myra had been worried that something might have happened to her friend, though she wasn't sure what, and she began to wonder if she was being paranoid.

'I was taking a bath,' Heather explained. She would never tell Myra that the bathwater had lulled her to sleep in the tub.

Without waiting for Myra to respond, she hit the video call button, and the call was put through seconds later. Myra, on the other hand, was happily tucked in Tony's embrace, and she smiled warmly when Heather's face appeared on the screen.

"Are you rubbing your relationship in my face?" Heather accused teasingly, her mood taking

a turn for the better at the sight of Myra's pleasant smile.

"Of course not," Myra answered with a laugh as she tried to very subtly pull away from Tony.

However, his arms were tightly wound around her, trapping her in his embrace.

"I've called to tell you something important," Heather said, not wanting to waste time on small talk. "There's a guy by the name of Caleb Moriarty who has recently arrived at Bradford

City, and he's definitely someone with an interesting backstory."

Tony frowned, somewhat displeased when he heard the name 'Moriarty', while Myra merely

blinked at Heather with a puzzled look on her face. She had never heard of Caleb before.

"The Moriartys are mostly based in Leisfeld and Caleb happens to be the general of the Leisfeldan army," Heather continued, briefly elaborating on his identity.

Upon hearing this, Tony seemed to have grown curious about the Moriartys as he interjected, "What's Caleb doing in Bradford City?"

"I'm not sure, but it probably has something to do with the Moriartys' business. They've been

quietly expanding their forces in the country for the past few years, and they've nearly monopolized the entire market in Atrigall City. It makes sense for them to infiltrate Bradford City's commercial scene."

"Monopolized?" Tony was skeptical, thinking that she might be exaggerating.

Heather ignored his question and countered instead, "Wait—do you know who the Moriartys are?"

"I've heard of them. They were one of the more prolific families in Bradford City once upon a

time." Tony had heard Sebastian mention the Moriartys before. They did not seem like a family who could be trifled with, and the Hart Family was said to have been in a feud with them back in the day,

"Then why did their clan migrate all the way to Leisfeld? And how did an immigrant like

Caleb make it as a general in the army? I don't know a lot about the Moriartys, but what I do know is that their existence is not a friendly one. Grandpa told me that the Langstons have an old grudge against them." Heather was hesitant on telling Tony the whole truth, seeing as his family and hers were not on talking terms.

"I'm not too sure about that either. All I can say is that if the Moriartys hadn't left Bradford City in the first place, then the business scene would be entirely different right now. The entire family seems to have an innate talent for business, much like the Jews," Tony said. He could still remember the way Sebastian had winced when he brought up the Moriartys, as though they were some terrifying entity.

"Well, then, does this mean they have returned to Bradford City so that they could revive their former glory?" Heather asked, trying to fish an answer out from Tony. If the Moriartys hadn't left Bradford City, then maybe the Hart Family would never have been able to reign over the business world.

"Maybe," Tony allowed, somewhat frustrated by the news. "Looks like things are getting complicated in Bradford City." The Locke Group had been ambitious from the very beginning and with the addition of the mysterious Moriartys, Bradford City would be the stage for a most interesting showdown, indeed.

"By the way, when are you both coming back?" Heather asked casually. She hoped they would come home sooner, but she couldn't bring herself to tell them this.

Myra and Tony exchanged a meaningful look and after a while, the former finally replied, "We'll go back as soon as we can. The stalker doesn't seem to have any malicious intent, but we just want to be sure before we buy our tickets."

Tony narrowed his eyes at this, and he waited until Myra had hung up before he asked darkly, "Is that what you think? Didn't we agree that we shouldn't disrupt this honeymoon of ours?"

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After being in a stalemate for a while, Myra glanced at Tony guiltily as she thought of her promise to him the other day. After searching through her memories, she could see why Tony would come up with such a question.

She averted her gaze and dared not meet his eyes as she figured out ways to get away with it. Geez, how could I say that with him being next to me? I was being too courageous.

"Don't you smile like that. Answer my question," Tony spoke firmly, not taking the bait. To him, this was not an issue that could be passed off with just a smile.

"Something's happened again in Bradford City, so it isn't a bad idea to return earlier," Myra announced determinedly. Well, since everything had been said, she might as well just lay everything on the line.

Eyes narrowed into slits, Tony replied with a rather unsatisfied tone, "This is not what you

promised a few days ago.” Although Myra was originally indecisive, this response of his had strengthened her decision on going back to Bradford City.

“Tony, stop being so stubborn. We can travel anytime we’d like to. It’s such a critical period now and I’m not quite in the mood even while we’re on vacation.” Just as she said, she was not in the mood to go on the trip these few days. After all, her mentality was not as strong as Tony’s.

“Alright, then; whatever you say,” he said with a change in his tone, effectively stumping her.

She looked at him, whereas he raised his eyebrows at her before asking, “Not satisfied with this answer?”

Myra immediately shook her head but she still felt that Tony was enraged. As this thought popped up in her mind, she had a concerned expression on her face.

“Tony, are you really not mad?” she asked carefully. Her thoughts went against Tony’s wish, therefore it was certain that she would feel anxious deep down.

“I won’t ever get mad at you.” he answered with a cordial smile, as if his anger just now was an illusion.

“Tony, I know I’m not in the right for this, but I’m really worried about the situation in Bradford

City. I’ll feel anxious if we continue to stay here,” Myra reiterated once more. Worried that she would upset him, she tried to calm him down with her words.

“Let’s not talk about this anymore. We’ll head back after three days.” Similarly, he had also noticed her anxiousness as he spoke. As soon as he realized it, he knew it was time for him to take a step back.

No matter how dogmatic and relentless Tony was, when it came to Myra, he would still be concerned and take her thoughts into consideration. After weighing both of their reasoning,

Tony felt that it was not a big deal to return a few days later after all; he had his own plans too.

Furthermore, there was also some news coming in from the Hart family these days. By connecting to those issues which Heather brought up earlier, Tony suspected that all these strange cases were related to the Moriartys.

In fact, he felt that the Moriartys had a very high chance of being involved. After all, to be able to get such an organisation running errands for them, it would take a strong political background to get things moving.

On top of that, with their financial resources that could compete with a country’s wealth, Tony was even sure of his thought that the Moriartys were linked to the cases. If that family were really manipulating things behind their backs, everything would surely get troublesome.

“Three days later? Where will we be going in these three days then?” Myra asked joyfully as Tony gave in without being stubborn. In all honesty, most of the time it was actually him who would first compromise.

As soon as she thought about this, Myra felt as though she was fully surrounded with happiness. Tony was such a proud man but he had always listened to her thoughts willingly, because the love he had for her was truly overwhelming.

“I want to take you someplace,” he murmured mysteriously.

His words successfully piqued her interest, so she asked, "Where to?"

"We'll fly there tomorrow. You'll know when you get there." Tony didn't want to tell her about

the place just yet. With him being secretive, he felt that it would be a lot more surprising for

Myra.

However, she insisted on knowing about their destination. "Where are we heading?"

"Massachusetts," he announced loudly.

Stunned by his reply, Myra spaced out for a little while before she recovered from the surprise and asked, "We're heading to the United States?" She had never expected that their

last destination of the trip would be the States, and so she was a little astonished to hear that.

"Yes, I'd like to bring you to a place. You'll love it there." Tony sounded full of confidence as he spoke.

Where could that place be? Question popped up in Myra's mind as she thought, Will it be somewhere filled with his memories? As soon as she thought that, her mood lightened up because of his change in his attitude and she smiled even more brightly. Upon seeing that, Tony adoringly fixed his gaze on her, his own mood seemingly good as well.

Suddenly, Myra took the initiative and asked, "Should we head out?" After all, he had already

taken a step back so she should show her gratitude.

For the past few days, Myra did not want to go out. However, she was in a good mood today,

all thanks to Tony agreeing to return earlier.

"Where would you like to go?" Tony closed the distance and he embraced her from behind. Oh well, women should be obeyed! As he thought about this, traces of resignation could be seen slipping out from his smile. He saw that Myra's smile had seemed a little compelled before this but now, it was as bright as the sun and she looked energetic as ever.

"Let's go shopping," Myra responded cheerfully. A person in a good mood would be excited about doing anything, just as she looked like right now. It was as though she could not wait a second longer.

Naturally, Tony agreed with everything she said. "Alright."

In fact, Myra actually preferred shopping back on home soil. Though there were numerous beautiful and picturesque streets overseas, the wide varieties of shops were not attractive enough to catch her attention.

Moreover, it was a little weird that she was not partial to shopping, and her desire to shop was not as strong either. But today, she seemed a little different; the shops that she would normally not step into, she merrily dragged along Tony to have a look inside.

As usual, she did not have the desire to get anything. There were a lot of things that Tony wished to buy for her but she refused to accept them.

As they browsed through the shops, there were a lot of things that looked nice but Myra did

not want any of it, which left Tony feeling a little confused. Most women would wish to possess all these beautiful things, but it was the total opposite for Myra. Therefore, most of

the time, it was Tony who would forcefully buy things for her.

“This handicraft looks nice; should we buy it?” Tony asked for Myra’s opinion. After being together with her, there were countless occasions where he would seek her suggestions before doing something. Eventually, it was only when Myra nodded her head that he would proceed afterward.

“Nah, it would be a hassle to carry it around. Handicrafts are sold everywhere too.” Though Myra agreed that the craft looked exquisite, she thought that it looked extremely fragile as well. It would be a pity if it was broken when they carried it along on their trip.

After listening to her words, Tony asked with a touch of helplessness, “Why does it seem like you aren’t interested in anything?” In the past, he would purchase anything which he fancied without hesitation. But now, he could only glance and appreciate it from afar as Myra would not allow him to buy it at all.

“I’m interested in everything but it’s not a must for me to own it.” Myra was also fond of beautiful things, but it was already enough for her to just appreciate it without owning it.

“Anything that you fancy should be owned.” Tony could not make clear what she was thinking. After all, the both of them held a very different viewpoint on this matter.

“We have different opinions. You can buy it if you like it a lot,” Myra acquiesced as she already realized their opposing views from the start. Moreover, it seemed a lot more obvious

during this honeymoon trip of theirs.

It would be quite troublesome when two people had different opinions because one of them

would certainly have to compromise. In fact, Tony had respected Myra’s opinions throughout the trip. As this thought came to her mind, she was thinking that she should also

respect his point of view. Perhaps she would also agree to buy something after all.

“The one that I love the most is already here by my side,” Tony murmured as he clasped Myra’s hand tightly.

“Alright, alright. Do you still want to shop?” Truth was, Myra felt a little speechless when she

heard that. It was as if his mouth was coated with honey and these sugary words of his would constantly pop up out of nowhere.

She had no idea where he picked up all his sweet lines from, and he would always make her heart go pit-a-pat with his sudden attack. On top of that, he had insensibly become a master

at pick-up lines.

“I’ll just look around. If there’s anything I want, I’ll buy it,” Tony replied as he knew Myra was

actually compromising.

Before this, he had already shown her his strong buying desires. Once he spotted something

that he wanted, he would get it instantly without negotiating the price. Moreover, he would

just buy anything he wished without giving it much thought, and he would still feel very happy even when it was an impulsive purchase. In fact, there were a lot of things that were



actually unnecessary for him to get, which sometimes led to him regretting it immediately after purchasing something.

Their baggage was getting heavier and heavier along the way. When they were halfway through the streets, Tony even had to give away some of the gifts he bought at a high price. Looking at such a situation, Myra simply could not understand his purchasing behavior. Honestly, I think he can compete with Heather. Geez! The both of them should exchange their thoughts on it if they have the chance someday.

As Myra's mind drifted away for a moment, Tony was chatting delightfully with the shop owner and she barely registered what they were saying. With a smile on his face, Tony turned to her and said, "We can make handmade rings at this shop. Let's make a pair." Before this, she did not realize that Tony had such a great interest in things that he had not done before. After they left Bradford City, he seemed interested in everything and he wanted

to try doing a lot of things that he had never done before.

"I'm afraid that I will mess it up." Myra was a little worried as she would not want to end up making a flawed ring. If that was the case, she would not even want to wear it on her hand. "Everything can be done well when you're with me," Tony assured confidently, as he was quite handy indeed.

In fact, he excelled in almost every aspect; there was nothing that he couldn't do. As Myra glanced at him, she hesitated for a moment before she agreed.

In the end, the shop owner taught them personally. Throughout, Tony was totally absorbed in it and Myra managed to secretly take a few photos of him. A man looked the most handsome when he was being serious, let alone Tony, who could easily turn Myra into a fan of his when he looked solemn.

"I'll make yours and you'll make mine. It'll be more meaningful this way," Tony said to her. The teaching process was not really difficult to follow, but Myra was zoning out a moment before, which led her to stare at the materials in her hands, feeling bewildered.

In the end, she decided to ask Tony for help. "Tony, the boss spoke too fast just now and I couldn't catch everything." Since it was a ring specially made for each other, she would not want her ring for him to end up looking ugly.

And so, Tony patiently explained every detail of the process to her again. His ability to pick up things was relatively strong. Therefore, he was able to comprehend most of the knowledge the boss taught them just a while ago.

After the explanation, Myra was still in doubt and she hesitated before she started. Right then, Tony encouraged, "Do it with me step by step. Believe in yourself, Myra. You will definitely end up making a beautiful ring."

Myra nodded earnestly upon hearing his words. With his thorough explanation, she felt that

it was not so much of a difficult task anymore. And just like that, Myra started on the mission and she would turn to Tony when she was in doubt about anything. Nowadays, Myra came to rely on Tony exceptionally.