

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 581 - 582

The road ahead was filled with red lights. Heather looked in annoyance at the car in front of her. The more upset someone was, the more likely they would be to run into negative situations. She was reminded of Murphy's Law—life wasn't a TV show, where the next turn would bring about a change for the better.

In reality, the next turn would often bring about even more troubling matters. She didn't have much luck today and had a feeling of misfortune in her gut. The car in front of me is definitely a new driver. Despite wanting to overtake the car, she failed to do so over several attempts. It felt as though the car in front of her was against her. In a moment of anger, she wanted to confront the person ahead. I'd never seen someone drive like this before. For her personal safety, however, she just followed slowly behind the car. Driving in the city center was always frustrating; all the cars were jam-packed together on the road with sounds of car horns blaring one after the other.

Suddenly, a thought struck Heather—she didn't want to go home anymore. She wanted to go see Myra, so she turned the car around. Since Tony was already home now, it was highly likely that Myra had also returned. Heather had to see her and gain some clarity today.

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When the helper opened the door and saw Heather, an astonished look flashed across her face. She probably wasn't expecting Heather to come again since she had just been here three hours ago.

"Did Mrs. Hart come home yet?" Heather got straight to the point. She was almost certain this time that Myra was inside the house.

Tony's voice suddenly sounded from within, whereupon the helper turned around with a troubled expression on her face. Heather saw Tony's face peak out slightly; he was standing right behind the helper.

He was rather surprised to see Heather, but he still invited her in. Upon entering the house, Heather looked all around her but did not see Myra.

Knitting her brows together, Heather asked Tony, "Is Myra not at home?" The indifferent look on his face was slightly strange to her. According to reason, he would definitely be anxious if Myra wasn't home.

"Myra went to the cemetery this morning and hasn't returned yet," Tony explained.

"Why didn't you go with her?" This wasn't like him at all. She was surprised to learn that he let Myra go to the cemetery alone while pregnant.

He gestured for her to sit down then asked the helper to prepare some light refreshments. It looked like he was going to attend to Heather.

"Myra insisted on going alone, so I couldn't follow her," he explained. It seems like Heather came with a number of questions today.

Heather didn't press on any further. Judging by Tony's demeanor, it didn't seem like he was lying. It looks like Myra really isn't at home. My predictions were wrong again this time.

However, she still couldn't figure out why Myra went to the cemetery alone when she had asked Heather yesterday to go shopping with her today.

When all the pieces were put together, it looked extremely suspicious. Thus, the uneasiness

Heather felt only grew more intense. She was considering whether she should bring this up to Tony, but hesitated when she remembered the amicable interaction she saw between him and Caleb earlier.

"Why are you looking for Myra?" he probed when Heather didn't respond for some time.

"Nothing. I just dropped by to see her as I was nearby." Heather made up an excuse to brush him off.

Unfortunately, the helper had reported Heather's visit to see Myra as soon as Tony came home. Thus, he could tell that she was deliberately ignoring his question.

"If you have time, you can wait for Myra here. She should be home in a bit," he said to her.

Seeing how preoccupied she looked, he couldn't just let her leave.

"No need. I still have things to do. I'll come back to see Myra when I have time in the future." She refused this opportunity to see Myra as she had other plans of her own.

This time, she came and went hastily again. As she was leaving, she looked intently at the helper. The helper only brought out the refreshments when Heather was about to leave; her actions were uncannily slow.

The helper lowered her head immediately under Heather's gaze. Although she suspected that something was up with the helper, Heather couldn't keep staring blatantly at her with Tony present.

"I'll see you out." Tony politely offered to send Heather off.

"Never mind. Just help me pass a message to Myra." Heather looked over at the helper deliberately while she spoke.

It looked like the helper was also keen on listening to Heather's message. She was still holding the tray of refreshments in her hand and had no intention of leaving.

Tony wanted to hear what Heather had to say, but Heather remained quiet to drag out the time while the helper stood where she was. Then, Tony observed Heather's behavior and noticed that she was casually looking at the helper. Hence, he dismissed the helper. "You're not needed here. You may go downstairs first."

Finally, Heather spoke again. "Did you notice that?" With Tony's level of intelligence, she reckoned he surely had noticed it.

"Yes. I'll deal with it." He had undoubtedly noticed something so obvious.

"How long has she been working here for?" Heather continued to converse with Tony. That person got caught in broad daylight today; it seemed like she needed more improvement in her acting skills.

"Not for very long. Someone I know introduced her." He also felt like something was fishy here. Someone actually had ulterior motives toward him and had placed an informer by his side. This led him to feel exasperated.

"Be more careful, then. I'm going home now." Since she had already given him a heads-up, she believed that he would resolve this matter. The rest from this point on had nothing to do with her.

"What message did you want me to pass on to Myra?" He had to remind her as she still hadn't told him yet.

"When Myra comes back, tell her to come to Langston Residence to look for me. I'll be waiting for her there." Since Heather couldn't find Myra, she might as well try out the waiting

game.

“Okay,” Tony answered and did not pry any further; he could perceive that much. After seeing Heather off, he thought, Who on earth sent that helper? It was definitely someone in business. It wouldn’t be my first time seeing a business person do anything to gain an advantage.

Originally, the housekeeper who worked in his house was a lady he was familiar with. Not long ago, however, that lady fell ill, so this helper was brought in.

As a matter of fact, the lady was the one who recommended this helper. He didn’t think this person would turn out problematic and only blamed himself for being too negligent. He should’ve noticed sooner and not have hastily selected someone like her for the job.

Once Heather was gone, he shifted his focus back to the housekeeper. He was watching her every move and action, so much so that it made her feel uncomfortable. Because he had never stared at her like that before, it made her feel extremely anxious.

“Ms. Wolfe, I need to have a word with you,” he uttered. It was still better to act promptly on some matters.

He did not reveal anything to the helper and simply fired her on the basis of not doing her work properly. Nevertheless, the both of them knew the real reason. Therefore, the helper did not put up much of an argument either and accepted his reason in a calm manner.

Toward the end, an unusual smirk even grew at the corner of her lips.

He did not want to trace back to the person who was behind the helper. He was definitely going to bring everything to light, but he did not want to alert anyone. On one hand, he wanted to warn the other party, but on the other, he didn’t want to leave any traces either. Just like he said before, as soon as he dealt with the helper, Myra came home. It pained him to see her haggard appearance as she walked into the house.

“Myra, why are you home so late?” She did indeed take a lot of time on this trip to the cemetery. It didn’t make sense for her to have taken this much time, so he decided to ask casually.

“I’m a bit tired. I’m going to go upstairs and rest first.” She didn’t seem to have noticed the absence of the helper in the house. It looked like she was a little absent-minded.

“Heather came by twice today. By the looks of it, I think it’s urgent. She wanted me to tell you that she’d be waiting for you at Langston Residence.” Tony told her about Heather’s visit, but her expression still remained unchanged.

“Okay.” Her response was also indifferent. His keen senses led him to wonder whether a crack had formed between the both of them, and that was the reason for their abnormal behaviors.

After that, Myra went straight upstairs while Tony followed behind her. She was walking at a fast pace, which made him slightly worried, especially as she was going up the stairs, since it was very dangerous.

The words had reached his mouth several times, but every time he wanted to speak, he swallowed them back down. He could only follow alongside her cautiously. Meanwhile, Myra completely overlooked him. As soon as she walked into her bedroom, she closed the door on him.

They were now separated by a door. Furrowing his brows, he thought, This had never happened before. It’s past just being odd now.

Leaning against the back of the door, Myra took a deep breath. She could sense that Tony

was left outside. A while later, she opened the door weakly for him and looked at him with an apologetic gaze.

He couldn't stand the look of self-blame she had in her eyes the most. This wasn't even a big deal. Not wanting to let her feel that way, he lovingly held her in his arms.

"Myra, what happened? I'm really worried about you." He didn't want to force her to tell him, but he was also worried about her.

"I need time to organize my thoughts. I still don't know how to tell you about it." She never kept anything from him before, but this happened all too suddenly this time that she needed time to process it by herself.

"No matter what, I'll always be with you." They had gone through great upheavals together. He believed that there weren't any more difficulties that could knock them down. Burying herself in his arms, she thought of how great it was to be able to depend on him at this time.

"Why did you get off work so early today?" She spoke in a muffled voice as she stayed nestled in his embrace. He did come back from work way too early today.

"I finished discussing a collaboration project with a client early, so I came straight home." He didn't want to tell her the details, so he just gave her a simple explanation.

"I see." Her voice sounded nasally, which suddenly made him uneasy.

"What's wrong with your voice? Did you catch a cold when you went to the cemetery this morning?" He anxiously tightened his arms around her. It was dangerous for pregnant women to catch a cold.

"No. You're holding me too tight. I can't even breathe properly, much less speak," she grumbled playfully, whereupon he let her go immediately and looked at her with a guilty expression.

They smiled at each other. Today, they were both hiding something from one another. It all started with that mysterious call this morning. Indeed, some people were truly experts—in order to undermine the enemy, they would start by creating internal chaos.

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Myra had woken up early in the morning. She remembered her meeting with Heather that day, so she didn't go back to sleep and got up to get ready instead. She was up earlier than

Tony this time. When Tony opened his eyes groggily, he saw Myra sitting in front of the vanity table.

"Morning." He was fully awake now. Myra also turned to look in his direction.

When Myra woke up, she moved quietly so she wouldn't disturb him. To her surprise, he was still woken up. She felt sorry that he had worked overtime last night, yet he didn't manage to sleep in in the morning.

"You're spacing out," he remarked when she didn't respond.

"Why do you wake up at the slightest noise?" It sounded like she was talking to herself.

It was warm inside their room. This house was built with a constant-temperature system, so the temperature inside the house was pleasant over the four seasons throughout the year.

They only had to wear light clothing inside the house.

This warm temperature in the middle of winter would easily make anyone greedy for more

sleep. Myra felt like her sleep duration had been increasing gradually. She slept so well sometimes that she wouldn't even know when Tony had woken up or when he had left the house.

Even though she woke up early for the first time today, she also woke him up from his sleep. She felt like a child who had done something wrong.

Seeing the apologetic and sad look on her face, Tony flipped over and got out of bed before he arrived at the vanity table and hugged her from behind. The reflection of his solid chest in the mirror made her face heat up. They had been together for so long now, but she still wasn't able to withstand his charm.

"You're all dolled up so early in the morning; where are you planning to sneak off behind my back?" Her reaction made him want to tease her even more.

"I'm not doing it behind your back. I just didn't want to wake you up, although I still did," she refuted immediately. It made him chuckle to see how serious she was.

"How can I sleep peacefully without you in my arms?" Lowering his head, he placed a kiss on her forehead. He loved seeing that adorable look on her face.

The weather report showed that the weather today would be nice. Since Myra was going out for the first time in a while, she was still thinking about what look she wanted to go for. Now that he was making a move on her, it made her forget about the style she had thought of earlier; now, she only felt like being nestled in his embrace.

"Leave with me later," he said because he wanted to drive Myra himself.

"We're not going in the same direction." She was reasonable enough and didn't want him to go out of his way for her.

Letting go of her, he lifted a hand and caressed her head. "As long as you don't leave Bradford City, we'll always be going in the same direction."

She fixed her hair in frustration. He messed up my hairstyle! But Tony did pay special attention and did not really use much force to ruin her hairstyle.

"Then promise me you'll sleep a bit more." She took the chance to make a deal with him.

It had only been four hours since he went to bed last night until he woke up. How is such a short sleep duration sufficient? She assumed that he was sound asleep and wouldn't wake up at the slight noises, but she was mistaken.

"Only if you keep me company." He also raised his own condition.

Looking at her face full of makeup in the mirror, she wondered, Would it be weird to go back to sleep now? She felt a bit hesitant as she considered his condition.

On the other hand, he didn't give her time to consider and lifted her up in both arms straight away. Being suspended in the air suddenly, she almost let out a shriek.

"Put me down." She looked at him unhappily. Why is he so unconventional?

"Okay, I'll put you down." He put her down gently on the bed before pressing up against her. He kept her wrapped under him, but he didn't actually put his weight on her. Using his hands to support himself, he looked down at her with a cheeky grin on his face.

"Tony, don't mess with me." She looked at him in bewilderment. He looked like he was brimming with energy. I don't understand how he's still full of vitality when he's only had four hours of sleep.

Getting down from on top of her, he lay down beside her and held her tightly in his arms. She

didn't have another choice but to lay in bed with him for a while. Since getting pregnant, she liked staying in bed anyway.

Regardless of where she was, being under the covers was still the most comfortable. As she closed her eyes, Tony placed a kiss on her cheek. Even though she was resting with her eyes closed, she still looked beautiful to him.

There wasn't a single flaw about her. He was willing to grow old with her this way. No matter how busy he was each day, as long as he thought about how she was waiting for him at home, he would instantly be filled with strength and anticipation.

While they were being affectionate with each other in bed, the message alert tone on Myra's phone went off. She opened her eyes, but Tony still had his closed and was holding her tightly.

Carefully bringing her phone over, she saw that she had received a strange text message. The timestamp above it was puzzling.

Why did I receive a text from over a decade ago? She felt spooked all of a sudden. Moreover, the content of the text message also gave her the creeps.

'Do you still remember your childhood friend, Matt?' At first glance, she assumed that it had been sent to the wrong person and did not think much of it.

When Tony moved in closer once more and pulled her into his arms, she simply put her phone aside.

Soon after, however, her phone started ringing again, and she immediately ended the call.

Seeing the unknown number, she just treated it as a prank call.

She finally managed to get Tony back in bed again, so she didn't want to bother him. She was hoping that he could get some sleep before going to work.

But as soon as she put her phone on silent, another text message arrived. A deep crease formed between her brows while she was reading the text. It looked like the sender of the text messages knew who she was.

In the end, Tony opened his eyes again. This time, it was because Myra got out of bed and went a distance away to answer a phone call. He mused, Who could be calling her this early in the morning? I heard noises from her phone earlier.

Because he wanted to take in all her facial expressions, he decided to sit up in bed. Her expressions kept changing, which instilled a sense of uneasiness in him.

Soon after, she ended the call. Looking at her phone, she deleted the text messages she had received earlier. At this moment, she noticed Tony with his eyes open wide and looking straight at her. In return, she gave him an apologetic smile.

I don't think he can go back to sleep anymore since I kept waking him from sleep all morning. At the thought of that, she truly felt sorry for him.

"Who was that?" he asked with a fairly stern expression on his face.

Looking at his demeanor, she was worried that he would get an inkling. Hence, she smiled and said, "It was Heather. We made plans to go shopping together today." She quickly made up an excuse.

After that, he didn't think much of it. He knew yesterday that Myra and Heather had made plans to meet up today. He just didn't think Heather would call so early in the morning.

Meanwhile, Myra also deleted the number of the unknown caller from earlier out of fear that Tony would sense that something was off. She was definitely not going to go shopping with Heather today and was still thinking about how to tell Tony about this.

“What time did you guys agree to meet?” Tony wondered whether he should get up and wash up so he could send her to their designated meeting place later. After pondering for a moment, Myra said, “I’m not going to meet Heather today. Something came up.”

Upon hearing her words, he was slightly confused. She shouldn’t have anything going on. This is odd. “What plans do you have?” He really didn’t know what other plans she could have today. He knew that she really cared about Heather. What could be more important than her plans with Heather?

“I want to go to the cemetery,” she said bluntly. That person had called her out to the cemetery. Although it sounded absurd, she really wanted to go have a look. That person had told her some things she didn’t know about. Some of the things sounded made-up, but she really wanted to know more.

For a long time now, Myra had a blurry image in her mind that kept showing up in her dreams lately, but whenever she woke up, she couldn’t remember it.

Regardless of what the other person’s motive was, they managed to stir up her curiosity. Even if she had to go to the cemetery, she wanted to find out for herself.

“Why would you want to go to the cemetery?” Tony was even more bewildered. Ever since Myra answered that phone call, she wasn’t acting normally anymore.

He was even starting to doubt whether that phone call was really from Heather. He wanted to look at Myra’s phone, but she was gripping it tightly in her hand. It didn’t seem possible to get her phone now.

“I want to go visit my mother.” Her statement was half true. She figured that while she was at the cemetery, she might as well visit her mother’s grave.

Since she got pregnant, she still hadn’t been to the cemetery to tell her late mother about the good news. If her mother knew, she would certainly be happy for Myra. All of a sudden, Myra longed for her mother very much.

At the same time, Tony did not make any more comments. If Myra changed her mind suddenly and wanted to go visit her mother’s grave, then cancelling her plans with Heather was also normal.

“I’ll take you there.” The cemetery was in the outskirts, so it would take some time to get there.

“No need. You should go in for work earlier. I’ll just ask the driver to take me there.” She refused his good intention because she did not want to take up his time.

“It’s okay. It’s on the way,” he said with a smile. Like he said earlier, as long as she didn’t go out of Bradford City, they would always be going in the same direction.

“No, Tony. Don’t worry about me,” she said softly. She could only reject him gently. In any case, she wasn’t going to let Tony drive her there.

He looked at her in a perplexed manner. It put him in distress that she wasn’t letting him drive her, but arguing with her was not ideal either.

Seeing his hesitant demeanor, she returned to the bed and buried herself in his arms.

“Don’t worry. It’s all the same for the driver to send me there.” She was even using a coquettish tone.

He didn’t think it was right to keep persisting and just went along with her. “Don’t stay too

long at the cemetery. The negative energy there is strong. Have the driver follow you.” After she persuaded him, she waited for him to leave the house before asking the driver to take her to the cemetery. It was known to be inappropriate for pregnant women to go to the cemetery, but modern-day people no longer had that many taboos.