

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 623

The two of them remained in such a posture, for Matthias took Heather's struggle as playing hard to get. If it weren't for the fact that she had to save Matthias' face in front of the others, Heather would have shoved him away directly. She whispered to his ear, "Let go of me."

Such a movement was extremely suggestive in everyone else's eyes, but only Matthias knew that Heather was displeased. Even though he was still a little tipsy, he didn't dare to act so rashly anymore. Hence, he reluctantly let go of her. This was truly something unbearable, for no one would be willing to let go of the beauty in their arms. However, he was already content with everything that happened today, for he had seen Heather's changes with his own eyes.

He was now confident about the future, and he believed he would live until the day Heather personally agreed to go steady with him. By then, the nature of their relationship would gradually become clear.

"I'll be heading back first." At this moment, Heather naturally had to go back to the Langston Residence—she couldn't stay all night at Matthias' place.

Meanwhile, he was reluctant about it. Furthermore, Evan gave Heather more trouble by

asking, "Where are you going? Why don't you stay with Matthias?" The drunken Evan was

unusually overbearing. He wouldn't let Heather leave no matter what, and it seemed as

though he would come over and grab her hand the next second.

Heather was both amused and annoyed. This is so troubling! she thought to herself.

Matthias had the same notion, so he didn't make any special efforts to stop Evan. In the meantime, Heather helplessly dodged Evan's suddenly outstretched hand. She feared that she would instinctively knock Evan to the ground if he kept on fooling around.

"Don't leave. It's dangerous for a lady to go home alone at such a late hour," Evan said.

Upon hearing his words, Heather really felt helpless; Evan didn't even know what he was

saying. "Stop him, Matthias. I'll be leaving first." She decided to leave right away instead of wasting her breath talking to Evan.

Matthias looked at Heather reluctantly from behind as she left in a hurry. When Heather had

walked far away from him, Evan patted him on the shoulder. "Stop watching, Matthias. She's gone far away." Evan didn't forget to remind him. After finishing his sentence, he let out a belch.

"Shut up." Matthias couldn't stand how annoying the drunken Evan was. He even wished he could render Evan mute with poison.

However, Evan continued with no fear of death and said, "Don't blame anyone else if you don't try hard, Matthias."

The look in Matthias' eyes became very terrifying, and he wasn't able to calm down unless

he tore Evan into shreds. However, the latter still looked unconcerned. Matthias really

doubted whether Evan was really drunk, but he couldn't tell what the man was thinking from the look on Evan's face. "Are you really drunk?" he then asked with a stern expression.

"I'm not drunk, of course. One only throws up if they've had too much liquor," Evan answered

disdainfully. I'm not drunk; I'm very sober, he thought to himself.

"Take him to the room and let him rest, Mrs. Graham." Matthias didn't want to continue

looking after Evan, so he called the servant who was still working the night shift. Mrs.

Graham was a servant with relatively great strength.

However, Evan began to kick up a fuss again, and he refused to obediently follow Mrs.

Graham back to his room. "I don't want to sleep. I want to keep on drinking."

"Tell the kitchen to make some hangover soup for him, Mrs. Graham,"

Matthias ordered

while he prepared to go upstairs. However, Evan clung to him again

before he could take the

first step. At this moment, Evan was like a ghost who pestered someone with all its might

and would never stop until it captured the person's soul. "Shut up and be quiet," Matthias

warned in a stern voice. I'll never let Evan touch alcohol again, he thought to himself. Since

he didn't want to care about Evan anymore, he ran out right away—Heather probably hadn't

gone far at this time. Now that Matthias had finally gotten rid of Evan, he had to send her

home safely to put his mind at rest.

The night breeze outside was chilly, and it dispelled Heather's tipsiness as she strolled

along the path. It was rare for her to be alone in such a quiet

environment, and she narrowed

her eyes slightly to enjoy this beautiful moment. Unfortunately, it didn't take long before she

saw Matthias catching all the way up to her. She looked at him in puzzlement as she didn't

expect him to come after her.

"I must send you home safely, Heather," said Matthias with unusual determination.

"It's very convenient for me to go home alone." Heather was used to going home alone, so

she rarely let someone else do so; in fact, she refused to let anyone send her back to the

Langston Residence.

“I have to see with my own eyes that you’ve reached home safely,” Matthias insisted.

Heather looked at him in vexation. “It’s dangerous for you to send me home at such a late hour. You’ll have to come back alone at night.”

However, Matthias stepped forward and took Heather’s hand right away. “How could a man like me be in danger?”

“You’re even more good-looking than most women, though. Men aren’t necessarily safe nowadays,” Heather argued meaningfully.

“How many people can get close to me with my fighting skills?” Matthias said in displeasure. What is Heather talking about? She’s simply making me feel so helpless, he thought to himself.

“I’m not bad at fighting too,” Heather retorted. After all, she wasn’t used to having someone else escort her back. Matthias tried to develop such a routine for Heather in the past, but unfortunately, the latter had been quite uncooperative.

“I hope I can protect you and give you a sense of security,” Matthias said directly.

“What if I say—” Heather replied, but Matthias interrupted her before she could finish her sentence. “Don’t say that you don’t need it. You need it when I think you do,” he said in a stoic manner.

Heather could only accept this passively since she couldn’t do anything to Matthias at all.

After all, she had to slowly get used to what she had been unaccustomed to in the days to come.

When he saw that Heather no longer refuted him anymore, Matthias smiled a bright and hearty smile. He looked particularly cheerful when he did so, and Heather liked such a smile.

They walked hand in hand as if this path was endless. To Matthias's surprise, he felt that the night was unusually tender today, and even the crescent moon looked very beautiful. "Since when did you show up in my life, Heather?" he asked rhetorically. Heather didn't answer him though. As expected, Matthias continued, "We've known each other for so many years, but I couldn't imagine being able to walk side by side with you back then."

It was a humbling experience to love someone secretly. Now that Matthias finally got what he wished for, he could put the past events behind him as if they were blown away by the wind sweeping against his ears. There was still a long way ahead of them, but he was confident about the future.

Matthias and Heather's hands were still clasped when they finally reached the road. He thought it was worthwhile no matter how much effort he put in if they could still be so affectionate toward each other in the future.

There were few cars on the road, and it seemed difficult to hail a taxi back from here.

Unfortunately, both Matthias and Heather had drunk alcohol. It was inappropriate for either

of them to drive, so they could only wait here until a taxi drove past them. They waited

patiently as one private car after another sped past them.

Matthew took off his overcoat and draped it around Heather's shoulders directly. "Be careful not to catch a cold."

The overcoat still carried Matthias's warmth, and it warmed not only Heather's body but also

her heart. "Don't you feel chilly?" Matthias was only wearing a shirt underneath the overcoat

he had taken off, and the sight of it would make one think that he must feel chilly.

“No, I don’t.” Matthias pressed his lips together. In reality, he could’ve let his chauffeur drive them back, but he was willing to wait for a taxi with Heather since he wanted to experience what it was like to live as an ordinary person. Heather had been trying hard to make herself more ordinary by becoming a simple person these days, so waiting for a taxi wasn’t a big deal.

As Heather recalled what had happened over these years, she also felt that she had lived a sheltered life. What else could she be if the Langston Family really fell apart one day? Of course, Heather’s worries were unnecessary. After all, she could easily depend on herself after leaving the Langston Family. On the contrary, it was the other members of the Langston Family who had to worry about their future. She teased and said, “There will be no worries about tomorrow’s headlines if other people know that we’re waiting for a taxi here in the middle of the night.”

“That will depend on whether they dare to cover the story.” Matthias had strengthened his control over the media long ago, so he would never let the media report the matters between him and Heather in whatever way they wanted.

“It’s too bad that the person has never revealed himself,” Heather said regretfully. She believed Matthias must be well aware of who the person she spoke of was.

“Don’t worry. We’ll reveal his true colors sooner or later,” Matthias replied confidently. In fact, he already had a target in his mind and was only looking for an opportunity to confirm his suspicions.

“We both know who the person is,” Heather replied meaningfully.

They left the subject at that since none of them wanted to discuss this further. They had to take every step with care right now, and there would be a muddy path that was particularly difficult to tread in the future. They only wished that they wouldn't let go of each other.

The night was beautiful; Heather and Matthias looked up at the crescent moon at the same time. There were still some unsolved problems between them, but many issues couldn't be solved overnight. Therefore, they were very content with the state they were currently in.

After a long wait, they finally managed to hail a taxi. Matthias pulled the car door open for

Heather and said tenderly, "Be careful not to bump your head."

They got into the taxi one after another, and Matthias sat in the back seat. His eyes were brimming with affection as he and Heather looked at each other, and he just wanted to keep

looking at her like this. It took a long drive from the Locke Residence to the Langston

Residence, but Matthias wished the taxi could drive even slower as he wanted to stay longer with her.

Time ticked away, and it was already early in the morning before they realized it. Matthias

and Heather were a bit sleepy at this moment, but the ride was a bit bumpy. The taxi was

unlike their usual luxury cars, so it wasn't that comfortable to travel in.

Heather didn't arrive at the Langston Residence until it was almost 1.00AM. As she stood

outside the Langston Residence's gate, Matthias looked unblinkingly at her. "Hurry up and

go back," she urged him. It was already so late at night, and nobody knew what time it would

be when he reached home.

"I'll escort you in." Matthias wanted to see her off into the house since he was reluctant to

part with her at this moment.

This reminded Heather of how Romeo and Juliet were reluctant to bid each other farewell.

However, such a childish side of Matthias was really adorable. “Do you want to escort me

into my room to put your mind at rest?” she asked teasingly.

“I’d love to do so if you don’t mind.” Matthias was only too eager to do so since he had never

entered Heather’s bedroom in such a long time.

“Forget it. It’s bad to do so at such a late hour.” Heather didn’t want to run into anyone at

night since the Langstons loved gossiping behind people’s back.

However, Matthias was still unwilling to go back. Keeping a half-meter distance from

Heather, he took a step whenever she took a step, amusing and annoying her at the same

time.

“Why are you acting like a clingy child?” Heather asked in resignation.

Since when did

Matthias become so childish? This wasn’t the man she knew.

“Let me escort you into the living room at the very least.” The imploring look on Matthias’

face made one unable to turn him down.

“Hey!” Heather felt like she was dating someone younger than her.

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It was already 3.00AM by the time Matthias arrived home at his villa. He had come up with

numerous excuses to stay around at the Langston Residence, and

Heather could only

comply with his wishes since she didn’t want to disturb the

Langstons—after all, they were

already soundly asleep. Still, she made a miscalculation, for Robert called her to his study

early in the morning.

Heather had scrubbed herself down last night and sprayed perfume on herself, but there

was still a faint smell of alcohol on her. Robert’s nose was very sensitive to the smell of it,

so he smelled the alcohol on her at once. However, he was completely absorbed in his drawing, so he didn't even look up when he saw her.

Heather felt somewhat nervous. She didn't know why Robert had purposely called her over, and the tense atmosphere made her feel that this wasn't a good thing. Heather, who always had a strong intuition, braced herself for Robert's lecture and silently huddled in a corner. "You reek of alcohol." There was a hint of displeasure in Robert's voice. Heather sniffed at one of her sleeves, but she couldn't smell any alcohol at all since she could only smell her perfume. Grandpa has such a keen sense of smell, she thought to herself. Having no other alternative, she could only lower her head in silence. At this moment, she'd better listen quietly as Robert gave her a talking-to. "Why don't you say anything?" The inexplicable seriousness in Robert's words rendered her speechless. However, Robert didn't stop talking because of this. He continued, "Matthias was the one who sent you back at around 1.00AM last night." Grandpa even knows about this! Heather thought to herself. As she looked at Robert with a helpless expression, she felt as though she had been caught red-handed while doing something bad. "Didn't you want me to see more of Matthias, Grandpa?" She immediately shifted the blame onto Robert. "I didn't ask you two to see each other and get drunk in the middle of the night," Robert replied in displeasure. He was filled with anger when he heard from the butler this morning about what had happened last night. He thought that Matthias was a steady young man, but he never expected him to do such inappropriate things. Now, he had to reconsider his decision of handing Heather over to Matthias.

“No amount of booze is enough when you’re drinking with a close friend, Grandpa.” Heather

hurriedly made an excuse for herself. After all, she inherited her fondness for alcohol from Robert.

“How could a lady drink so much alcohol?” Robert replied disapprovingly as he didn’t like Heather to drink.

“Gender doesn’t matter in the business world. How could one refrain from drinking if they want to get things done?” Heather tried to reason with Robert. However, she never drank

alcohol while engaging in social engagements overseas.

“That’s the old way of doing things. Times are different now, and one must know when to

stop drinking,” Robert chided Heather as he couldn’t understand why she couldn’t wrap her head around this.

Heather immediately went along with what Robert said. “That’s true. Nowadays, I’ve been drinking much less alcohol than before.”

Robert’s poor health had been caused by his drinking habits. He used to be an alcoholic

back then, but he forcibly gave up drinking to live a few years longer. He had forbidden

members of his family to drink since then, so he would never easily allow them to drink.

However, Heather was addicted to alcohol, so she would have a few drinks even when there was nothing troubling her.

Heather had been drinking surreptitiously before, but she was too careless last night.

According to her guess, the butler probably spotted her. He had been working beside Robert

for so many years, and it probably took only a sniff for him to know how much alcohol she

had drunk. She felt sorry for Matthias in secret; she had caused him to be misunderstood

and lowered his image a lot in Robert's mind. Just then, Robert said sternly, "I'll never let you marry a drunkard." Right now, Matthias had become a drunkard in Robert's mind. At the thought of this, Heather suppressed the urge to laugh; she thought that Matthias would probably have never imagined such a scene. "I just had a few more drinks than usual last night, Grandpa. Both Matthias and I aren't drunkards." She began to juggle with her words again. However, Robert didn't want to listen to Heather's explanation at all, for he only believed his eyes and ears. "This bad habit of yours isn't regulated in the first place. Now that Matthias is involved with you, you'll never be short of excuses for drinking," he reproached in displeasure as he really took this matter to heart. "Just be rest assured, Grandpa. I promise you that such a thing will never happen again." Heather had to find a way to calm Robert down as soon as possible. After all, Robert was in

ill health, so she didn't want to upset him. Robert was now paying more and more attention to health issues, but had he forgotten that few who dwelled in the business world could stay healthy? However, Heather didn't know how to reason with Robert, for she would displease him further if she argued with him. Now that there was no better way, she could only go along with his wishes. She had always kept this in mind previously, but she simply forgot herself last night. Robert then gave Heather another lecture on health, to which she responded by nodding and saying yes repeatedly. She just wanted him to stop his lecture as soon as possible since he always trotted out one argument after another while dressing people down.

At last, Robert softened his attitude and was willing to let Heather off the hook. However, Matthias gave her a call just then. Her grandfather shot her a look, clearly indicating that he wanted to know who was calling her. Heather immediately hung up the phone and said to Robert, "It's a misdial." How could Robert not see through Heather's petty lies, though? He could tell that the phone call was from Matthias. Soon, Heather's cell phone rang again. Robert stared at her as he wanted to see how she was going to explain herself. Heather directly hung up the phone as quickly as possible, wishing that Matthias wouldn't call her again. Just then, Robert said quietly, "That phone call was from Matthias." His tone of voice was almost affirmative. "No, it really was a misdial." Heather switched off her cell phone right away. She was almost pissed at Matthias as he called her at this very moment. "Hand me your cell phone," Robert ordered Heather. Heather had just switched off her cell phone; what would she say if she handed Robert her cell phone at this moment? She felt like crying, but she could only switch her cell phone back on. As he looked into Heather's eyes, Robert extended his hand and signaled her to hand over her cell phone.

Heather put the cell phone that she had just switched on in Robert's hand. She deleted the call logs which Matthias had made, but how could Robert be fooled by such a simple trick? "Why isn't the misdialled call from earlier recorded here?" He tossed Heather's cell phone onto the desk. Now that Heather was in a tight spot, she simply didn't answer Robert. This is really vexing,

and it's all Matthias' fault—that stupid teammate, she thought to herself.

“In that case, let's just wait and see if the person will call again.” Robert placed the cell

phone on the desk with a flicker of wisdom in his eyes.

Robert was older and more experienced. Heather couldn't hide anything in front of him, so

she only hoped that Matthias would know when to stop and stop calling her. However,

reality was cruel, for her prayer was interrupted by the ringing of her cell phone. She looked

at it angrily, and she only hoped that her cell phone would explode on the spot right now.

As Robert picked up the cell phone unhurriedly, Heather tensed up all over. Right now, there

was still a slim chance that the person calling wasn't Matthias. However, Robert answered

the phone and said to the person on the other end of the line, “Is that you, Matthias?”

Matthias didn't expect to hear Robert's voice over the phone. He looked at his cell phone in

puzzlement while wondering why Heather's cell phone would be in Robert's hand. “Hi, Old

Master Langston,” he greeted politely at once.

Robert still exchanged greetings with Matthias on the surface without leaving any traces.

On the other hand, Heather felt increasingly anxious as she feared that Matthias' words

might make Robert unhappy. As she studied Robert's expression carefully, she only hoped

that he wouldn't get angry. However, it seemed that Robert was having a pleasant chat with

Matthias, and she secretly complained to herself, What a sly old fox Grandpa is.

“Are you calling so early in the morning to ask for Heather, Matthias?”

Robert asked while

knowing the answer as Heather guessed what he and Matthias were talking about.

Matthias took the opportunity to ask Robert, “Yeah. Where is Heather?”

“Heather drank a lot last night, and she hasn’t sobered up right now,” Robert lied through his teeth, and his words were full of sarcasm.

“Ah!” Matthias didn’t doubt what Robert said, though. He didn’t expect that Heather’s capacity for liquor wasn’t as good as it appeared to be. Indeed, the aftereffects of drinking different kinds of alcohol last night were strong, but the aftereffects shouldn’t be so strong as to prevent Heather from getting up early. Matthias thought she could hold her liquor better than he did since she looked totally unaffected by last night’s drinking session.

“I wonder who Heather was drinking so much alcohol with last night. The person didn’t care at all about the fact that she’s a lady.” Robert’s remark was aimed specifically at Matthias.

Upon hearing Robert’s words, Matthias felt very ashamed. He had always thought that Heather was incapable of nothing; he even pledged to protect her last night, yet it was his fault that she had become like this.

Just then, Robert added, “You mustn’t be the one with whom Heather drank so much alcohol. I know that you care about her more than anyone else does.” His remark made Matthias feel extremely ashamed, and even Heather was nervous for Matthias’s sake. After some thought, she went up right away, snatched her cell phone from Robert, and hung up directly. Then, she immediately switched off her cell phone lest Matthias called again.

When he saw what Heather had done, Robert felt deeply uncomfortable—she actually disobeyed him for the sake of a man.

“This matter isn’t Matthias’ fault, Grandpa. It’s me who insisted on drinking, and he only drank with me because he wanted me to be happy. Don’t blame him unjustly, okay?” Heather

explained in resignation. She worried that Matthias would die of shame if she continued to

let Robert speak to him.

“This doesn’t justify your disobedience to me.” Now, Robert wanted to talk to Heather about

her improper actions from earlier.

“I’m sorry. I was too anxious just now,” Heather apologized.

“How dare you treat me like this for Matthias’ sake?” Robert felt bitter as he had to hand

over the granddaughter that he had raised himself to someone else.

Naturally, he was

extremely reluctant to part with Heather. To be honest, he was quite

fond of Matthias, but he

was reluctant to part with his granddaughter whenever it occurred to

him that she would

marry into someone else’s family. Because of that, he began to find fault with his future

grandson-in-law.

“Don’t be angry, Grandpa. It was my fault, but I don’t want you to do Matthias an injustice.”

Heather unknowingly provoked Robert further as she kept defending Matthias.

“Get out. I don’t want to see you.” Robert’s lordliness took over again.

The older this old man

became, the more childish he acted. Hence, he couldn’t forgive Heather right now.