

**Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
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Having been dragged over to Heather's room for no reason, Everly stared at the monitor on the desk. There was a drawing of a woman on the screen. "Do you recall this woman at all?" Heather asked as she pointed at the incomplete drawing. Everly squinted, taking in the picture. However, the drawing wasn't detailed enough. After mulling it for a while, she still couldn't figure out who the woman might be. "Let's put our heads together," Heather said like she was a psychologist. Everly looked at Heather in curiosity, wondering why the latter was in such a rush to get her up into her room. What was going on? "Is there a girl at your university who has pretty good looks and good grades, but isn't from a well-off family? Someone who's working part-time when she's not in class." That was all Heather could remember. Everly looked at Heather in a confused manner—that was too broad of a description. Everly shook her head, for she had no clue as to who that might be. "Look at this picture. Is there a girl who fits the criteria I mentioned and looks like this?" Heather berated herself for being unable to draw that woman's picture accurately. She had a clear image of the woman's face, but why had it become so hazy now? Once again, Everly shifted her gaze to the computer and studied the picture's every detail. She knew that Heather was on the edge, so she didn't dare to lie to her cousin.

"I really don't know any girls like that in my circle," Everly said helplessly. She wanted to help, but there wasn't a single scrap of information about the woman in her head.

Everly's friends were all wealthy or powerful, so how would they cross paths with a girl from an unwealthy family? Moreover, Everly hadn't heard about any students from less well-off families who had excellent grades.

"Please think about it again. Ask your classmates to figure it out too."

Heather didn't want to sit around and wait for things to turn even more dire; she had to do something about it, for she believed that there must be someone at Everly's university who would know of such a woman.

However, Heather had forgotten about something—if there truly was something off about that woman, she might be faking her background too. However, Heather couldn't think of any other possible leads, so all she could do was pursue the only lead she had.

"Me? Ask my classmates?" Everly repeated. She hadn't tried to search for someone before, and she thought that she'd end up becoming unpopular if she bothered her classmates about this.

"Think of it as a favor for your cousin sister," Heather said to Everly with a pleading expression. Right now, she had pushed half her hopes onto Everly.

"You don't have to treat me like such a stranger, Heather. I'll definitely help you find that girl."

It was rare for Heather to ask for Everly's help. Naturally, she would do her best to complete this task.

A grateful smile made its way onto Heather's face. "In that case, I'll leave it to you. She

might not be from your school, and she could be from a different university. As long as you find someone who matches the description I've given you, you must find a way to get some basic information about her." All Heather could do now that she had given Everly her instructions was to wait and hope for the best.

“Got it. Don’t worry.” Everly felt like she had a heavy responsibility, but she was inexplicably pleased that Heather had come looking for her help. If she could actually help her cousin out, that pleased feeling would rise to new heights.

Everly took her leave, but right before she left the room, Heather reminded her to keep as low a profile as possible. Since the kidnapppers were currently watching Heather, they might also have their eyes on Leon, Matthias, or Tony. In other words, Heather’s hope was on the Langstons.

Heather determined that the kidnapppers knew Myra’s relationships like the back of their hand. As such, the kidnapppers must think that Heather was not on close terms with the other Langstons, assuming that she wouldn’t get another Langston to investigate this matter.

The rest would depend on Everly’s findings and if she could get a clear target. Meanwhile, Heather began to look into her other leads.

After all, she couldn’t put all her eggs into the same basket by placing all hopes onto one single lead. Besides, it was just a guess; no one knew what the actual situation was.

Perhaps there wasn’t anything off about the girl that Heather had seen at Myra’s home the other day, and she was just overthinking it. Still, she couldn’t dismiss any possibilities now.

Heather began to look for the glass room, and she kept poring over the videos that the kidnapppers had sent to her in an attempt to find out where they were keeping Myra.

However, she had to be quick about this—she wasn’t sure if the kidnapppers would move

Myra elsewhere. With that, Heather searched the entire city to look for a glass room that fit

the one she knew about.

In order to do so, Heather needed to borrow some satellites. She was prepared to search every corner, but unfortunately, Bradford City was huge. Who knew how long it would take for her to find the glass room? Moreover, she would be illegally using those satellites.

Although it was against the law, Heather couldn't be bothered about the legality of it all.

She stared closely at her computer, uncaring of the growls coming from her stomach.

Heather looked at her screen unblinkingly, afraid that she would miss a new lead. Luckily for her, she still had some instant noodles in her room that she had bought a while ago.

Heather's body was currently winding down, and she needed some food in her.

The butler was initially about to send some dinner up to Heather's room himself, but

Robert's condition flared up again, so he couldn't leave to do that. Since he was too busy

caring for Robert, he had no time to bring Heather's dinner to her.

Meanwhile, Robert had kept insisting for the butler to keep his illness a secret from the rest

of his family. Hence, he and the butler were the only ones in his room as the latter busied

himself.

Robert was envious as he watched the butler walk around with his healthy body. The butler

was only eight years younger than him, yet there was a marked difference in their health.

"How I wish I can be as healthy as you," Robert said to the butler. His body was currently in

so much pain that it had become numb, so he had to find a way to distract himself.

"Old Master, I just hope that my body will still be as healthy when I get to your age," the

butler consoled Robert. The elderly were like that; year after year would pass, and no one knew where all that time had gone.

“You’re so much healthier than me,” Robert lamented, regretting that he had been so careless about his health when he was younger. Now that he was older, numerous conditions kept popping up.

The two old men commiserated together.

Meanwhile, the starving Heather had dug up all the snacks in her room and placed them by

her computer. The instant noodles were not the slightest bit filling, but Heather didn’t want

to waste her time. Eating right now would lose precious seconds, and she was scared that

something bad might happen to Myra.

She repeated the kidnapper’s words again and again. She could hear the kidnapper’s enmity

toward Tony in his voice; if this was an act of revenge, this kidnapping was awfully tricky.

Still, Myra seemed to be okay for now. From the looks of it, the kidnapper was conflicted.

Could there be someone who forbade the kidnapper from touching a hair on Myra’s head?

With that, Heather began to wonder who was behind the kidnapping.

The first person she

thought of was Caleb Moriarty, but logically speaking, the grudge between the Moriarty

Family and the Harts wasn’t enough to eclipse their appreciation for each other. Even if they

opted for a kidnapping, they should’ve gone for someone from the Langstons. Besides, the

Moriarty Family weren’t saints, but they weren’t as morally bankrupt as to stoop to

kidnapping.

Still, the word ‘criminals’ kept needling Heather; it would be a piece of cake for the Moriarty

Family to hire some criminals outside the law with their influence.

Heather was now at a dead end. No matter how she dissected everything, she couldn't find a way out. In fact, she felt that she was running around in circles. Right then, Heather thought of taking a risk out of desperation—she would attempt to contact someone else. The first person she thought of was Tony, but she still had her suspicions about him. After all, there was no way he'd be unaware of Myra's kidnapping. After a long period of hesitation, Heather ended up dialing Tony's number. However, Tony didn't pick up the first time although his phone had been ringing for a long while. It was only on her third try that her call got through. Just then, a woman's voice came over her phone's speakers. "Hello, may I ask who you are? Are you looking for Tony?" Heather frowned. Why would Tony's phone be with another woman? Moreover, that woman even called him affectionately as 'Tony'. What was their relationship? Could she be Tony's older sister? Heather did her best not to think of the worst scenario. "Who are you? Can you get Tony to answer the call?" Heather stamped her anger down, deciding to ascertain the situation first. "Sorry, Tony's still asleep," the woman said in a seductive tone, making it seem as though Tony was currently sleeping next to her. "Who in the world are you?" Heather asked the woman, trying to figure out her identity.

"Tee hee." The woman let loose a tinkling, pleasant laugh. "I don't know who you are either."

As soon as she finished her sentence, she cut the call off immediately. Heather was unwilling to admit defeat, so she called Tony again. Unfortunately, his phone had been switched off. It was then that Heather somewhat understood Matthias's thoughts. In other words, karma came very soon.

Heather didn't bother calling Tony anymore after three more tries. Right now, she had no time to waste on futile endeavors like this.

Heather had managed to record her conversation with the mystery woman earlier, but she couldn't get through Tony's cell phone right now. She bit her lip in careful thought; Tony seemed to be having an affair on the surface, yet Heather felt that something wasn't quite right. Even if he was cheating, he wouldn't possibly do it so brazenly. Everyone knew how nice Tony was to Myra, and Heather believed that he wouldn't do something that would hurt Myra.

Once again, Heather played her conversation with the mystery woman, guessing that this wasn't an act. Just as Heather was puzzled over the situation, Tony called her. Once she immediately answered his call, Tony's rich and sensuous tone came over her phone.

"Heather, did you call me earlier?" Tony put a hand to his forehead. He still had no idea where he was. Who was the woman with the bare upper body next to him? Tony had a splitting headache, and he couldn't remember what had happened last night.

The woman had a fawning smile on her face as she attempted to get close to him, only to have Tony immediately rebuff her. "Get out."

Meanwhile, Heather heard Tony's voice on the other end.

Don't tell me that he's really with another woman right now? Heather began to wonder.

Just as Heather had pricked her ears up in an attempt to listen in on more of their conversation, the call ended. Before the call was cut off, she vaguely heard the mystery woman say 'Mr. Hart' in a sensual tone.

That voice was indeed from the woman who had ended Heather's earlier call.

Heather stiffly put her phone down. What did the current situation mean? Either Tony was actually cheating on Myra, or someone had also set Tony up. Nonetheless, Heather couldn't imagine that someone had managed to involve Tony in such a scheme. Just who in the world was powerful enough to be capable of this?

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Question after question kept coming, and Heather was stuck in this game. Just who on earth was the one commanding the pieces on this board? The sky in Bradford City was currently cloaked in clouds. Likewise, Heather's emotions were all tangled up. Right now, the thing that Heather was most concerned about was Myra's whereabouts. When Matthias called, Heather hastily answered her phone. At this moment, his voice was music to her ears.

"Heather," Matthias said, his tone heavily colored with longing. After Matthias had been hurt by Heather's earlier distantness, every minute felt like a year instead. "Call me again on a different number, Matthias." Heather was worried that the kidnappers had bugged his phone, so she thought of this plan and hung up on him. Matthias was still puzzled, but he couldn't ignore Heather's words after she had requested him to do that.

Matthias called Lara in. "Give me your phone," he said as he stuck a hand out at her.

Lara looked at him, not quite understanding what was going on. "I left my phone outside."

"Bring it here, quick," Matthias urged hastily.

Lara dashed out and came back with her mobile device before handing it over timidly to



Matthias. It was his fault for asking this out of the blue—her phone’s wallpaper was a picture of him, one that she had managed to get after painstaking effort. Lara waited nervously and expectantly like a young girl faced with her crush, but Matthias didn’t say anything about her wallpaper. Instead, he entered Heather’s number with well-practised ease, having already memorized her phone number until it was carved into his mind.

When Heather saw a number she didn’t recognize flashing on her phone, she quickly answered the call. Then, Matthias’ familiar voice drifted over from the other end.

“Heather, what’s going on with you?” Matthias’ instincts were telling him that things definitely weren’t as simple as they seemed.

Heather carefully asked, “Is there anyone around you now?” At a time like this, Heather couldn’t trust anyone.

Matthias glanced at Lara and said to her, “I’ll return your phone later when I’m done. Please go outside for now.” His even tone completely shattered Lara’s girlish expectations.

It turned out that Matthias was capable of ignoring her to this extent.

Hatred suddenly bubbled up within Lara, but she also felt lucky that Matthias was using her phone. Moreover, she even knew that he was on the phone with Heather.

A pained smile crept onto Lara’s lips, and a poisonous look flashed across her eyes. Now,

Lara knew why people were warned not to fall in love with their superiors.

“Myra has been kidnapped,” Heather said as she cut right to the chase.

She couldn’t accept

this either despite being the one delivering the news, but she had to tell Matthias about this.

Upon hearing this, Matthias' brows furrowed deepy. He somewhat panicked as he replied,  
"No way. Myra is under Tony's protection, so how can she be kidnapped?" Clearly, it was difficult for Matthias to accept the news too.  
"I'm still a little unsure about that, so I'm hoping that you can drop by Myra's place yourself to see if she has actually been kidnapped." Heather still held a shred of hope that these kidnappers had found some other woman who greatly resembled Myra to put on an act. At any rate, they should first determine whether Myra was really missing.  
"Okay, I'll go there now." Matthias immediately got up, for there was nothing more important than this matter right now.  
"Don't be in such a rush—let me finish first. If you can't find Myra at her home, you must get a picture of a certain pretty maid working at her house. I need a clear picture of that maid."  
Heather could only put her hopes on Matthias to do what she couldn't. "Got it, no problem," Matthias answered.  
After a moment, Heather still felt that something wasn't right. "Hold up, I think it's not all that safe for you to go alone. There's someone watching us, after all." That was a tough problem. Then, Heather mulled it over and asked, "Can you arrange for someone you trust to go?" Heather believed that Matthias would be able to finish this task well.  
"Yes," Matthias said with absolute certainty.  
"You must keep everything a secret, and you can't let anyone else know. By the way, we're already being watched; not even Tony has been able to escape their surveillance. I hope that you'll keep an eye out for yourself." Heather pulled a long face as she thought about Tony's phone call. The situation with Tony was also another problem.  
"What happened to Tony?" Matthias immediately asked. He hadn't thought that even Tony

would be compromised, and things were getting more and more complicated.

“That’s a bit more personal, so now’s not the time to talk about that. Please do what I’ve

asked you to do first.” Heather was like a strict commander. They couldn’t make a misstep, or their plan would go up in flames.

“In that case, do you need me to go over to where you are now?”

Matthias asked, worried

beyond belief. He could tell that Heather wasn’t in a good state even over the phone.

“There’s no need for that. We can’t see each other for now; the kidnapppers have forbidden

me to see anyone. They’ve kept me at the Langston Residence, turning the place into my

prison.” Heather gritted her teeth as she spoke. At the same time, she wished for nothing

more than to rip every single one of those criminals to shreds when she thought about

them.

“Okay.” Matthias knew that this matter was important, so he obeyed Heather’s instructions

this time.

“We will successfully rescue Myra,” Heather said with utmost confidence.

In truth, she was

also hoping for Matthias to comfort her.

“Yes, I trust your resilience and my own skills—they aren’t behind yours.

With us two great

minds together, nothing can defeat us.” Matthias completely

understood what Heather was

thinking right now; deep down, he knew that Heather wanted someone strong. As such, he

would do just that.

At a time of danger like this, not only did Matthias have to show his trust in Heather, he had

to make her understand that they could accomplish anything with him around.

“Right, thank you.” Heather got an answer that satisfied her. Suddenly, she felt a little remorseful about her attitude toward him earlier. All this time, Heather had an endless amount of guilt toward Matthias. Going forward, how was she supposed to repay him? “You don’t need to thank me, and you don’t have to apologize to me ever. I’ll always be your strongest shield,” Matthias said gallantly. He was a man, and he had to hold everything together.

“You’re always so accommodating when it comes to me, and I’m filled with guilt over that. I don’t know how I should repay you.” Heather bit her lip. This was something that came from the bottom of her heart, and was also difficult for her to say. “In that case, you can pay me back by spending your life with me.” A charming smile appeared on Matthias’ face. He needed to try and get as much benefit for himself as he could while Heather was still feeling guilty over him. “Well then, you better prepare yourself for a life of torture from me.” Heather didn’t dodge the question, instead opting to answer it relaxedly. This made Matthias’ heart beat quickly; even a manly man’s heart would race when a woman flirted with him. “I’m willing to spend my life with you,” Matthias answered with his raw emotions. Even if he had to spend the rest of his life being tormented by Heather, he was willing to put up with it. Meanwhile, Heather laughed blissfully and hung up. Both of them were a little reluctant to let the conversation end, but Heather hoped that Matthias would be able to get a new lead for her. However, despite all her plotting and planning, she didn’t account for one thing—it was her fault for never really thinking about that person during her daily life.

This particular day seemed unusually long, and it felt as though several centuries had already passed. Heather would occasionally look out of the window, and the clouds outside shifted with time—just like her heart. There was still no way to resolve the situation. Half a day had gone by, yet she couldn't even find a clue. Heather hugged herself tightly and forced herself to think quickly, believing that she had overlooked something. In the sealed space that was her room, Heather threw a fit at her computer. She had never been so frantic before, but now, her emotions were all over the place. Then, Heather got up from her seat and immediately opened the windows to let some cool air in. The place was quiet, and she was unable to hear anyone else. Heather had to admit that the Langston Residence's noise insulation was pretty good. The wind blew mercilessly onto Heather's face, and it hurt quite a bit. She was unsure whether it would rain, for it looked like a storm was about to appear soon.

The garden at the back of the Langston Residence had safflowers which never withered throughout the years, and it seemed as though they were gloating over their resilience. The flowers swayed with the wind, and Heather could smell the faint scent of flowers and other plants in the air. She loved this smell back then, but she was abnormally irritated right now—she even felt that the smell was like the scent of blood. Waiting was the most torturous part, for there was still nothing from Matthias' end. Likewise, Everly still hadn't gotten any leads yet. Heather waited and waited, but she ended up getting a call from the kidnappers instead.

“Heather, Heather—it looks like you’re not being a good girl at all. Naturally, you have never been one to follow the rules.” The kidnapper’s voice was dripping with condescension.

“What do you mean?” Heather had an ominous feeling.

“Since you’ve turned a deaf ear to my words, I’ll just have to punish you a little.” The kidnapper’s icy voice made Heather anxious.

“Don’t do anything rash. You must not do anything to Myra.” Heather was worried for Myra’s safety, afraid that the kidnapper would do something impulsive.

“Relax, Miss Heather. It’s your mistake, after all. I won’t take my anger out on Mrs. Hart herself. You’re quite pretty, and I’m a little reluctant to actually do anything to you. In that case, who should be my target instead?” As the kidnapper spoke, he tapped on the table. It sounded like a trumpet announcing the start of a war.

“What are you planning to do?” Heather’s heart had just calmed itself down, but it then tensed up again.

“It seems that you got your cousin to carry out the investigation instead. The young girl is working so hard too. I love girls who keep their word. Why don’t I call her over to have a cup of tea with me?” the kidnapper asked with madness in his voice.

Instantly, Heather was worked up. “I’m warning you—don’t touch any of my family. We Langstons are not people that you lowly criminals can just touch.”

The kidnapper guffawed. “You’re the one who broke the rules first, Miss Heather. I can’t get close to you, and I can’t blow off some steam through someone you know either?”

After finishing his speech, the kidnapper took a short pause before he continued, “Of course, I was going to invite your man over so I can pummel him all I want, but I heard that Mr.

Locke is even more skilled than the best martial artists out there. You also know that I'm someone who won't give in even in the face of a challenge; naturally, I'd just pick an opponent that I can easily beat. Am I right, or am I right?"

Heather was already incredibly livid. How could there be such shameless people out there? How could he say all those impudent things without any filter? Regardless, Heather had to stop this impending tragedy. No matter what, she couldn't let them capture Everly.

"Don't get mad, Miss Heather. You still have half an hour. If you can find Everly within that time, you win," the kidnapper said like he was playing a game, once again challenging Heather's boundaries.