

**Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
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Step by step, Heather ascended the stairs to the second floor. Her gaze was as fierce as a hawk's and she was giving off a murderous aura.

These few days, Robert hadn't sought her out for a chat. It seemed he had realized that

something troubled her and had decided to give her some space.

The freedom thrilled Heather, for she was most afraid of facing him during this time. If he

pushed, she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to lie to him.

When she returned to her small space, she took off her coat and prepared to take a shower.

Ever since Myra's kidnapping, she had found every day to be torturous yet passing too quickly.

After her shower, she came out wrapped in a towel. Her bare shoulders were alluring and

her hair was still dripping water. Since there was no particular reason for her to do her hair

during this period, she simply let it air dry while she sat in front of the computer, frowning deeply.

After turning on the computer and reading a few lines on it, she sighed softly. Even after so

long, they had yet to find Myra's concrete location. Just how stealthy are the kidnappers

being? Originally, she thought that her tracking skills were improving in leaps and bounds

under Zayne's guidance.

However, even Zayne's tracking skills were more theoretical than practical. Presently, she

put down everything at hand, crossing her arms as she stared at the computer before her.

It was truly strange for a group of common thugs to have the ability to disappear without a

trace. The more trouble she had finding Myra, the more she noticed the oddities in the

kidnapping. Heather wanted to know who was behind the scenes, for anyone who had such an ability would surely have something to do with Caleb Moriarty. Recently, she had arranged for people to spy on Caleb but they hadn't found anything out of the ordinary. Apparently, all he did all day was work. Doesn't his country care that he's working as a businessman? That was a question she kept thinking about. Doesn't he have to return home for official duties? At any rate, she dearly hoped he would leave Bradford City quickly, for every day that he stayed, she felt immense pressure not knowing what he was up to. Nonetheless, she didn't believe business was all he was doing. Even Zayne advised her to drop her tail on Caleb, but she refused and privately hired a detective to keep spying on him. A woman's intuition was a scary thing, not to mention Heather believed so strongly in her intuition that Zayne felt depressed. He was restricted in everything while he was working under her. Meanwhile, she refused to give up investigating Caleb. Even though she worried about his anti-reconnaissance skills, she had the feeling she might be able to find out one of his dirty little secrets if she persisted. Presently, she turned off her computer. It was frustrating because every time they were about to find the kidnapers, the kidnapers escaped their grasp. She was just about ready to turn the city upside down in search of that elusive group. It was almost like guerrilla warfare. If she wanted to capture the group, not only would she need to have a few teams on hand, she would need to ensure that she could rescue Myra in one fell swoop. While it wasn't hard to find good mercenaries with quality training, it would be difficult to

rescue Myra without a scratch. That was something Heather hedged her bets on. However, without an easy solution, she could only choose the stupid one. If she could pinpoint the location of Myra and her kidnappers from the very beginning, she would have more time to carry out a rescue.

Now, she thought about getting a new computer. Her current computer was simply running too slowly and it was at this moment that she remembered the computer Leon had. The problem was that she didn't wish to get Leon involved in this matter. Given that even the kidnapper had warned her against it, she was extra hesitant. Of course, if Leon got involved, there would definitely be a breakthrough in the case and for a moment, the impulse to get in contact with him nearly overtook her. The next second, however, she rubbed her eyes tiredly and sank back into her chair. A while back, he had acted so strangely that she felt like things weren't as simple as he made them out to be. Now, she did not wish to give him any more trouble since, by her understanding of him, he was involved in something major. It was already a failure on her part to be unable to help him. If she added more to his plate at this moment, she would never be able to live with herself. Meanwhile, her phone stayed dark. The kidnappers would never contact her out of the blue, no matter how desperately she wished for it. Even Matthias did not contact her. As she stared at her silent phone, she unexpectedly felt a little lonely. The world was so complicated and she couldn't help remembering her most innocent childhood years before she knew what it was like for her parents to hate her.

The sound of knocking interrupted her thoughts abruptly. Looking toward the door, she called out, "Who is it?" She didn't know who would look for her at this hour—perhaps the butler?

"It's me," Everly's crisp voice echoed.

It surprised Heather a little that Everly dared to disturb her at this time. Clearly, the latter's boldness had grown.

Heather was originally about to move to put on some clothes but she stopped mid-motion.

After all, it was only Everly and decorum was hardly necessary. "Come in."

Pushing the door open, Everly entered and gaped at her cousin. This was her first time seeing Heather in such a careless state. All along, Heather cared a lot about her image, and her constant breaking of the pattern during this period surprised Everly to no end.

"What's so urgent?" Heather asked with a smile that belied the murderous intent she felt underneath.

For a moment, Everly stared at Heather, not knowing what to say. Thing was, she couldn't help feeling like Heather felt some kind of enmity toward her, and that wouldn't do. It had taken a lot of effort to improve their relationship and she had no wish to return to square

one. "Do you dislike it when I speak to Director Locke?" she blurted, for she couldn't think of a better reason for Heather's ire than that Heather was jealous.

"Why do you say that?" Heather asked, giving nothing away with her expression. She never

expected Everly to jump to the wrong conclusion that she was jealous.

"I-I..." Everly stammered. Heather's retort made her embarrassed and in an instant, she flushed red.

“If you’re here solely to ask me something as silly as that, I think you should go!” Heather dismissed her unceremoniously, as Everly’s hesitance was giving her a headache. Instantly, Everly turned even redder and gave Heather a hurt look. Unfortunately for her, Heather had no intention of continuing to chat with her. Right now, she seemed to keep everyone at arm’s length. “Okay,” Everly answered numbly but did not go out. Upon seeing that, Heather shot her an exasperated look. She didn’t know when Everly learned to be like Matthias, all talk and no action. All that was lacking was his cheeky shamelessness. “Well, go on out then!” she pressed, pointing at the door. Seeing that Heather was beginning to chase her out, Everly could only leave miserably. Ironically, it was the sight of her frail silhouette exiting the door that made Heather’s heart ache. After all, Everly was her cousin. “I hope you can find your way back, Everly.” At the end of the day, she still hoped Everly would be able to return home and not have to face the Langston Family’s wrath on others’ behalf. Even if Heather had no safe way of finding out about Everly’s dealings with the outsiders, she believed that whatever went on could not be beneficial to the family.

From her perspective, going behind the family’s back to do god-knows-what was considered a betrayal and endangerment to the family. Sometimes, even Heather felt like her own thinking was too extreme, but she was just like that and she had no way of changing who she was.

After Everly left, Heather cleared her head of its jumble of thoughts. No longer did she wish to dwell on upsetting things. Instead, she made plans to do something outrageous.

She had long booked her flight ticket. Since the kidnappers were determined to play cat-and-mouse with her in Bradford City, she was going to provoke them into breaking the pattern. Given that they hung her out to dry by not contacting her, she was going to be similarly uncourteous toward them and simply leave the city. Then, she would see how antsy they got.

The next day, she woke up early and got ready to fly to Singapore.

Wondering whether someone would try and stop her from going on vacation abroad, she headed to the airport in high spirits.

The airport was bustling and Heather smiled, looking like she was in a good mood. The kidnappers hadn't called her yet, but she forced down the anxiousness in her heart. She had

to persist—she firmly believed the kidnappers would call her.

Time flew by quickly and soon, there were only a few minutes left before boarding. She

never thought the kidnappers could hold out for so long. Internally, she counted down the

time until takeoff. Even after boarding the plane, she didn't dare to believe that she would be taking to the skies soon.

The entire time, she stared at her phone. The kidnappers did not call, nor did anyone else. It

was ridiculous. Clearly, she had miscalculated and there was nothing left for her to do but

fly to Singapore.

The flight was smooth and like he had disappeared into thin air,

Matthias did not check up

on her once. Even Everly did not send her any news. It was as if the whole world had

forgotten her.

The flight landed safely in Singapore. In no mood to actually tour the country, she made plans to catch a ride on the earliest flight back to Bradford City.

Very quickly, she bought a ticket but her phone rang at this time, prompting her to look down at the caller ID. In truth, she hadn't needed to check to know it was from Zayne. After all, he and Leon were the only two people who knew this particular number, and Leon was a little occupied at the moment. Thus, Zayne was the only one who would call her.

"Surprised by my international call, Hattie?" He was as frivolous as always.

"If you have something to say, say it." She didn't have time for his nonsense. Right now, she was still waiting for a call from the kidnapers.

"Stop waiting for a call from the kidnapers. You'd better give up! They're not going to call you," he continued unceremoniously, aggravating her to no end.

"How can you be so sure?" she demanded. Even if she believed in his reasoning abilities, his attitude was still annoying.

"Use your brain! Why are you so dumb lately, Heather? Did you hit your head?" he continued to provoke her. After all, she was abroad at the moment so she couldn't retaliate.

Heather tried her best to calm herself down. "I want legitimate reasons, not your nonsense."

"The kidnapers aren't in a rush to see you and they wouldn't call to check up on you even if you ran all the way to the North Pole. Myra is in their hands and the person who should be worried is you. Flipping the situation on their heads is not going to work," he informed her calmly.

Hearing that, she grew sober. If he could read her thoughts so thoroughly, so could a clever kidnapper. That meant she had, indeed, made a stupid mistake.

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After hanging up on Zayne, Heather threw the flight ticket that she just bought into the trash.

Since the kidnapppers weren't shaken by her departure, she would play along with them.

And so, she decided to have a good time in Singapore. It wasn't her first time visiting the

country, but it was her first time going there without any official duties on hand.

As that was the case, she decided to have a stroll around the city. It did, in fact, have its

charms. Never before had she walked through its crowds in such a mood and as she

wandered around, she almost lost herself to a trance.

Truth was, she felt more relaxed being so far away from Bradford City.

While she was in the

city, every day felt as suffocating as if she had an invisible net thrown over her—however

much she wanted to do, she was powerless.

The air quality in Singapore was quite good and she couldn't help taking in a deep breath.

On the other hand, the air in Bradford City was too polluted and breathing in too deeply on a

smoggy day could make someone dizzy.

Moreover, it was no wonder Singapore was known as a garden city. As she strolled through

it, she felt her spirits lightened by quite a bit. Rarely did she get to enjoy being alone while

she was in Bradford City; even if all she did was stay at home, she could not avoid running

into her family members.

Since this was such a rare opportunity, she carefully considered what she would do after her

walk. She wasn't too keen on going to famous tourist attractions as there wasn't much

worth seeing at such places with crowds. Thus, she decided to seek out a secluded spot



instead and looked for a coffee shop amid a cluster of shophouses.

At this moment, she needed a steaming cup of coffee. This was her habit—her mood would improve a lot after having some coffee. After finding her target, she pondered for a moment before entering the coffee shop. As there were many Solarians working in Singapore, she had no trouble communicating in her native tongue. Upon finding a spot by the window, she sat down and looked outside. It was a cozy feeling she always enjoyed. She ordered the most common kind of latte and waited for it to arrive and for a moment, she temporarily forgot her troubles in Bradford City. There weren't many customers in the coffee shop and Heather got to enjoy the rare moment of peace. Even the people outside looked cozy. The atmosphere here was so markedly different from that of Bradford City that she almost found it hard to tear her eyes away from the window and pick up her freshly delivered cup of coffee to take a sip. Truth was, her drink tasted all right. At this moment, she thought of Matthias, who was far away in Bradford City, and wondered what he was doing. It was strange that she missed him only when he was so far away. Perhaps he's missing me right now, she thought to herself. She thought she would be carefree without him, but it turned out that she found it hard to be separated from him too. In this game, she no longer cared about winning. Since she was already in love, she resolved not to trouble herself with relationship issues anymore. The coffee was slowly dwindling and now, she felt much more clear-headed. Curious, she scanned her surroundings. The place was relatively empty and she could occasionally hear

loving couples whispering sweet nothings to each other.  
All of a sudden, she felt a need to slow down her pace in life. All these years, she had rushed through life so quickly that others found it hard to catch up to her. Instead of enjoying the little moments in life, she only felt bogged down by its troubles.  
While others were busy seeking love, she was obsessed with working and studying, day after day, over and over again.

In her world, there were no fairy tales. Like a fruit forced to mature early, she had grown up young and moved forward before she was truly ready. Suddenly, she envied the people here and the comfortable expressions on their faces.  
Perhaps there was something to be learned from them, and she forced herself to relax the muscles of her face to look less severe.  
Right now, she could hear a group of girls whispering about her at the table next to hers. Her beautiful looks always drew discussion and, long used to that fact, she let others talk about her as they pleased. She looked how she looked. The fact that some people found that a hard pill to swallow had nothing to do with her.  
As the hours passed, the coffee shop slowly grew emptier. When she recalled that there was a good place for gambling in Singapore, she contemplated whiling away her evening hours there.  
Because she departed in a rush, she didn't have much cash on her. It had been a long time since she participated in such exciting games, and the mere thought of it made her heart race in anticipation.  
Meanwhile, far away in Bradford City, the kidnappers were flummoxed to learn that Heather had gone all the way to Singapore during such a stressful period. They couldn't help feeling

like she had some kind of trick up her sleeve.

And so, one of the kidnapers asked respectfully, "What should we do, Master?" Within this

empty space, the man who stood before the kidnapper gave off a spine-chilling aura.

"Interesting. Very interesting, indeed," he murmured in a low voice. It was hard to tell

whether he was pleased or enraged.

Baffled by his response, the kidnapper could only continue with a follow-up question.

"Should we give her a warning?"

At this point, the man gave the kidnapper a sharp, cold look. Instantly, the latter bowed his

head, displaying even more respect.

"She can vacation whenever she wants," the man answered carelessly.

Truthfully, he wasn't

bothered by her departure from the country and instead, he found it quite amusing.

"What should we do next, Master?" The main purpose of the kidnapper's visit was to ask for the next step in their plan.

After taking a few steps back and straightening his collar, the man crossed his arms over

his chest and asked in a demeanor that suggested he was listening to a joke, "Do you need

me to teach you that?"

Duly chastised, the kidnapper turned red. Once again, he had embarrassed himself in front

of the man. It made him feel useless like he couldn't even say the right things. "I-I'm sorry,

Master," he chattered through his teeth. He had a bone-deep fear of the man, for the bloody

scene that heralded their first meeting was unforgettable.

After shooting a scornful look at the sniveling drudge, the man then let out a meaningful

smile. This kidnapper had many murders to his name and it was a smart decision to have

him kidnap Myra.

After dismissing the kidnapper, the man decided to go see Myra. During this period, he was experimenting on her like she was some kind of lab rat, and he wondered how she was doing at the moment. Thus, he got in his car and drove to a place in the suburbs that nobody would think of. He imagined that the 'smoke bomb' in the kidnapper's hands would last for a good while. Now, his nondescript car stopped outside an unremarkable building. Because of how well-disguised he was, the unobservant would never recognize his real identity. He was satisfied with his disguise, but the problem was that there was one thing he miscalculated. Because he hadn't managed to keep full tabs on Heather's comings and goings, he had no idea of Zayne's existence. In this battle of wits and bravery, no one had the opportunity to catch their breath. Even the immensely private Heather was forced under scrutiny. Everyone longed to become the winner but Heather could not afford to lose. It was just a pity that she had only just learned to admit defeat before being dragged into this mess. Now, she was learning that being able to surrender was sometimes a blessing.

What she wasn't aware of was how Tony was being tested or what kind of games the kidnappers were playing on him. In Tony's heart, he had already killed the woman who pranced around in front of him every day a million times. If it weren't for Myra's sake, he would not have been so tolerant of this woman. The truth was, he was waiting for the perfect timing, but the wait was wearing him down

after so many days that he felt like he was going to explode. He didn't know when things would come to an end and however calm he remained, he had no way of accepting that Myra had been missing for so many days. Every day, the woman paraded herself in front of him as if nothing was wrong. Yet, whenever he looked into her eyes, he could tell she wasn't as uncomplicated as she appeared. There was a certain pure brightness to her gaze that clashed jarringly with her deliberate actions. "You don't have to put on such a performance," he told her coldly now. Unabashed, she leered at him. "You're so cruel, Director Hart. Can't you humor me for putting on such a good performance?" Casting her an indifferent glance, he answered, "There's no need for you to act like this in front of me. I only want to save my wife as soon as possible." Upon hearing that, the woman let out a smile that was entirely inappropriate for the severity of the situation and faked innocence as she said, "I'm only responsible for keeping you company, Director Hart. I don't know about anything else." "Alright. I understand your meaning." With that, he ended the conversation, for saying too much wouldn't help his chances. "Don't fault me for not reminding you that your wife is actually in a safe place, Director Hart. You don't have to worry too much. We want to build a good, collaborative relationship with you, and that naturally means we would never dare mistreat your wife." Her words sounded nice, but even a fool would realize that this wasn't the way to seek business partnerships.

Nevertheless, Tony did not offer a rebuttal. What was there to say at this point? All of a sudden, he felt like he hadn't run into a group of kidnappers but rather a group of

thick-skinned, shameless hooligans.

“If you’re here to seek collaboration, why not tell me your conditions?”

he enunciated clearly

as he stared at her. There was nothing he wished for more than the

opportunity to tear her

to shreds.

While the woman knew he hated her, she didn’t care. She had long

gotten used to the taste

of hatred and now, she was happy to watch him slowly be consumed by

his hatred.

“I don’t know the conditions of the collaboration, Director Hart, so

please don’t be impatient,”

she told him calmly, instantly making his rage flare up. He couldn’t help

feeling like she was

making fun of him.

“You say you want to collaborate but you don’t even know your

conditions. Is this the way to

seek collaboration?” Tony questioned, his patience quickly becoming

frayed.

“I’m just a poor lackey, Director Hart. Getting angry at me won’t change

things.” The woman

retained her affable smile, seemingly unruffled by his attitude.

Seeing that nothing would scare her into submission, he decided not to

say anything. It was

no use, anyway; he might as well just shut up.

“It’s lunchtime, Director Hart. What kind of cuisine do you like?” Once

again, she changed the

topic as if nothing was wrong. Nonetheless, he didn’t deign to answer

her.

Such was their mode of communication during this time. It made him

feel like she was

trying to seize total control of him, which he was not pleased about.

Deep down, he was already thinking of how to avoid her surveillance.

Yet, right now, she was

still standing there persistently. At this rate, he wouldn’t be surprised if

she followed him into

the washroom.

“I’m not hungry, so please leave.” Since this was his room and he had no

wish to see her, he

unceremoniously dismissed her.

“Your food intake has grossly decreased lately, Director Hart. I’m very worried about your health,” she told him, putting on such an attentive air that he felt deeply disgusted by her.

“Get out,” he repeated firmly as he glared at her.

Nonetheless, she refused to budge, repulsing him with her pompous behavior. Well, he would find a way to show her that he, Tony Hart, was not to be controlled by anyone.

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In Singapore, the gentle breeze that brushed by in the night gave Heather a strange feeling.

She was, after all, in the streets of a foreign country, so it would only be natural for her to miss Bradford City, especially the people there. All of a sudden, Matthias’ face popped up in her head.

She shrugged away the messy thoughts in her head, then cast a glance at the hustle and bustle not far away. After a fleeting hesitation, she decided to head in. It was a

European-styled building and from its exterior, it looked nothing like a casino at all. This was a casino in Singapore that was operated by Genting Corporation from Malaysia.

Gambling was legal here. Heather wanted to experience the exhilaration that was induced right before one won or lost a game, which she found a rather effective way to destress.

When she entered the building, the greeter at the entrance couldn’t help but cast a few more glances at her—it seemed like nobody could ignore her beauty no matter where she was.

Her reflection appeared on the glass and she glanced at herself. She was still as stunning as always but inwardly, she felt hollow.

A hint of depression slowly crept to her brows but she entered the building without hesitation. It was buzzing in the casino and everything in front of her was dazzling. After a brief survey of the surroundings, she chose the simplest game—Sic Bo. Upon seeing the two sections—Big Bet and Small Bet—on the table, she unhesitatingly placed her chips at the Big Bet section. She did not mind about winning or losing as she merely wanted to relax her mind.

After making Big Bets for a few rounds, she kept losing money but she remained impassive and looked unconcerned, which puzzled the dealer. As the game went on, she continued to make Big Bets with different amounts of chips every round. Even the people around her were flustered on her behalf, yet she remained indifferent, as if nothing absurd was happening.

To Heather, winning or losing when gambling depended on whether one won or lost money in the end. In other words, the money she lost now did not matter, as she believed that she would eventually win everything back.

A lot of gamblers had faith that they could make a huge win and turn the tables if they persisted, but they often ended up losing their entire wealth.

Nevertheless, Heather was different from them.

Gamblers went to the casino for money but she was there for relaxation. Although she

wanted to win, she was very well aware of the possibility of losing as well. Tonight, she had

exchanged a whole bunch of chips, and if she was unable to win her money back before she

lost everything, she could just consider the money that she had lost were spent on

entertainment since she only lost a limited sum.



To Heather, playing Sic Bo was no different from playing a claw machine. If other gamblers knew her real thoughts, they might think that she was out of her mind. “Are you still betting on Big Bet?” the dealer asked as he couldn’t bear to watch any longer. Anyhow, it was rather strange that the dice sum happened to be small multiple times consecutively today, as if God was deliberately playing tricks on the guest before him tonight. “Yes, all in.” Heather smiled at the dealer and calmly placed all her chips at the Big Bet section.

The people around her were instantly excited and many of them bet on Small Bet, leaving Heather the only one who bet on Big Bet. A scene like this was extremely rare, so even the dealer was nervous. He looked into Heather’s eyes, only to see her confidence in them. This was just how Heather was—always shining as bright as a star and forever brimming with confidence. Even when everyone thought that she would lose for sure, she still stood her ground. Everyone’s heart was in their mouth. The results were about to be revealed and only Heather remained indifferent. Everyone watched as the dice sum was revealed to be small. In the end, they all sighed with relief. Heather had lost and she was the only one who did so. The corner of her lips curved upward into a smile—it was one that indicated that she had found her release. I actually lost this time. Even Heather was shocked herself; she had always been confident about her luck but it seemed like luck was not on her side this time. As she had lost all her chips, she turned away unhesitatingly. Although she had only played

one game, she felt much relaxed now. Sometimes, experiencing some excitement could make one feel much relieved, which explained why she was in a great mood now. Heather might be the only person who was still happy after losing so much money. At that moment, welling inside her was some sort of confidence that she would be able to recover her wealth even if she were to spend it all. Her spirit was soaring high and it would be even better if she had someone to drink with her right now. With such thoughts in mind, she intended to do so by going to the bar to drink a few glasses of strong alcohol. And so, she hailed a taxi outside. As soon as she boarded it, she said to the driver, "Take me to the buzziest bar." There were no communication barriers between them as English was quite commonly spoken in Singapore. The driver understood her and replied in a less fluent English, "Okay, it will take... 30 minutes." Heather opened the car window to look at the neon lights outside as the vehicle drove past the buzzy and lively area. She loved the hustle and bustle because all of that represented business opportunities, and she loved large cities because she could make the most of her abilities here. She had a good impression of Singapore so she considered investing in this country; she had even decided on what to invest in.

Her brain kept working non-stop, which was actually a feeling that she liked. If she stopped using her brain, those annoying matters would come flooding back to her mind, so she might as well find something to do. While she was considering the feasibility of the investment projects, the vehicle stopped in front of a bar so she alighted from it.

Heather looked stunning dressed in all white. That being said, her poker face was cold and aloof, effectively deterring anyone from striking a conversation with her. Her cold temperament, which seemed out of place in this lively atmosphere of the bar, made her stand out.

She went to the counter and said to the bartender, "Give me a bottle of vodka with 96% alcohol." She had ordered a base alcohol as she preferred mixing her own alcohol; she wasn't convinced by the bartender's skill.

The bartender looked at her, puzzled. Although he understood English, he was baffled when a woman suddenly ordered a bottle of vodka as soon as she arrived. "Do you not have one?" Her gaze was cold when she looked at him. Under the dim lights in the bar, she looked even more stunning.

The bartender obediently passed a bottle of strong vodka to her and when she got the bottle, she appraised it for a moment. Vodka with 96% alcohol content was quite uncommon nowadays. Even if some bars had them, most of them were not genuine, but the one she had in her hands now seemed promising.

Heather planned to taste it. The reason she ordered vodka with a high alcohol level was because she wanted something strong tonight. She was a person who could hold her drink so most strong liquors were ineffective to her. Thing was, she wanted to get drunk tonight.

She was drinking to her heart's content in the bar and a mesmerizing smile played on her lips, attracting the attention of many men and inducing their desire to strike a conversation with her. However, Heather seemed like a difficult person to deal with, so most people dared not approach her.

The bartender, on the other hand, watched as she downed glass after glass and it stunned

him. She was just too courageous and he had never met any woman who could hold her drink as well as she could.

Heather smiled at him and said, "Let me buy you a drink."

The bartender blushed, feeling disconcerted when she suddenly talked to him. In contrast,

Heather found him rather interesting and thought that he might be a Solarian.

In the end, the bartender took a clean glass and murmured, "Thank you."

She poured him a drink and glanced at him before asking, "Are you a Solarian?"

The bartender put down the glass and replied, a shy smile playing by his lips, "Yes, I'm a

Solarian. I'm studying in Singapore and at night, I work here part-time."

He couldn't wait to tell her everything about him.

As expected, he is still a student; it's rare to find someone so pure in a bar, Heather smiled

as she mused, which in turn made her look stunning.

"That's good." She then raised her glass and invited him to drink with her.

The bartender nervously raised his glass and clinked it against hers. He did not expect to

encounter such a beauty at work tonight—no man could resist such a heavenly beauty like

her.

When other men saw Heather taking the initiative to 'flirt' with the bartender, they thought

that it was finally the right time now, so they flocked to her. The next moment, men crowded

her but her expression instantly became colder when they approached her. The men looked

at one another with hostility. All of them wished to be the first guy to talk to her but she

directly rose from her seat, giving them no chance to chat with her.

In the end, Heather left the alcohol and walked away. Since she had had her fair share of

alcohol, she intended to leave the place immediately; she had no intention to mingle with the men there.

As she had always disliked trouble, she chose to leave when the situation still permitted her to do so. As a matter of fact, she disliked noisy bars; she preferred to drink in a calm and elegant environment whenever she craved a drink.

The bartender looked at Heather's figure sadly as she left. It was unexpected that the encounter with a beauty had lasted only a short period of time; yet, he felt that he would remember the brief conversation that they had had for the rest of his life.

The men left in disappointment but one of them, who was reluctant to give up, followed Heather even after she left the bar. When she was standing by the street waiting for a cab, he gathered his courage and took the initiative to talk to her. "Hello." It was a simple and traditional way to strike a conversation.

Heather ignored the man. The effects of the strong alcohol that she had consumed started to kick in, causing her to be in a dangerous state now.

Upon seeing her ignoring him, he stepped forward in an attempt to touch her, but she avoided him smoothly. With her brows slightly furrowed, she thought, This man will be dead if he does anything more.

After consuming alcohol, Heather was more violent than usual, not to mention the fact that she had outstanding fighting skills. All these made the current Heather a dangerous beast that would break the neck of anyone who approached her with malicious intention at any time.

"Where do you stay? I have a car and I can drive you back." The man spoke in fluent English.

He guessed that she was a Solarian because he heard her speaking English when they were in the bar earlier, so he intended to please her by speaking the same language. Heather continued to ignore him. She usually wore this attitude toward those who shamelessly tried to hit on her and treated them like air. "Miss!" he patiently called out to her. "Pretty lady!" He watched his words as he knew that most women dislike others addressing her as 'Madam' or 'Mrs'. However, Heather didn't even bother to cast a glance at him. To her, this sort of man was no different from a roach and he did not deserve her attention at all. However, with her current low tolerance, she would make sure that he got a taste of her fist if he continued to bother her. When the man reached out his hand again to touch her, not only did Heather avoid his disgusting hand, she even elbowed him in his stomach.

The man bent over in pain. It was not a light strike at all and it made him nearly throw up. Oftentimes, this was just how Heather was—ever so cruel. But then again, she had never seen herself as a kind person.

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Heather elegantly boarded the cab without even casting the poor man a glance, so he had nobody but himself to blame for messing with her tonight. She opened the window wide and the night breeze brushed her face; she even asked the driver to drive faster as she liked to listen to the sound of the breeze and feel the cold wind on her face. Clutching her phone in her hand, she gazed out of the window, her eyes revealing the hint of coldness in her character—a coldness that resembled the night sky tonight.

The other phone in her handbag suddenly rang at this untimely moment. The sound attracted her gaze and she opened her handbag to fish out her phone. Upon seeing the strange number on the screen, Heather hesitated if she should pick up the call. In the end, she did not do so. She dared not answer calls from people that she did not know to avoid trouble. Nonetheless, the person on the other end of the line was rather persistent. Upon seeing the call with the same strange number coming in again, she felt a headache coming on. The constant ringing of the phone annoyed her, causing her to think if she should block this number. Therefore, after much hesitation, she finally made up her mind and blocked the number right before she exited the cab.

When she thought that the noise would end just like this, another call with a different strange number came in, ending the peace that her ears had gained for barely a few seconds and giving her the impulse to throw the phone away. This time, Heather finally confirmed that the other person was clearly toying with her. Knowing that blocking the number again would be of no use, she picked up the call. When the call went through, she kept quiet but the other person did the same. Yet, she didn't hang up the call because she believed that the person on the other end of the line would lose his patience first. After the longest silence, the person finally said, "It's me." It was a familiar voice that belonged to Tony, a person whom she would never have guessed would call her. "Tony, why is it you?" She was flabbergasted that Tony would actually call her at this hour. It

was totally baffling.

However, he had no intention to waste his time and explain things slowly. "I don't have much time to explain things to you now," he muttered. "I'm calling you for something important."

Heather, too, got straight to the point. "Is this about Myra's kidnapping?"

Tony was not surprised about Heather's reply at all, since he currently had more intel than her and had long known that she had been threatened by the kidnapper. "Do you know the kidnapper's true motive?" Tony asked about the crux of the matter, which

was exactly what Heather was most concerned about. She still did not know about the

kidnapper's motive yet and she wondered if he knew about it.

"You know." Although it was a statement, there was a tinge of puzzlement in her tone. Tony's abilities had exceeded her expectations.

Heather had hired the renowned detective, Zayne Lee; she did not know which professional

Tony managed to find, but it was obvious that the one he had was even better.

"The kidnapper wants the Hart and Langston Family to destroy each other." He was equally

shocked when he first knew about the kidnapper's motive, and the first person that came to mind was Caleb.

"Caleb Moriarty?" Unsurprisingly, Heather thought about the same person as well.

However, Tony denied it. "It isn't Caleb, but the force behind the kidnapper is immeasurable now."

"Other than Caleb, who else could have plotted this?" Heather replied in disbelief. She

couldn't think of any other forces that would do this.

"We have been fooled. Caleb's emergence attracted all of our attention. The real



mastermind behind this is someone we never would have thought of.” As of now, Tony had yet to uncover who was behind Myra’s kidnapping; he never thought that there was actually a person who had the ability to pull this off right under his nose in Bradford City.

“In other words, you don’t know who is behind the kidnapper as well. How did you find out about their motive, then?” Something just doesn’t add up. I wonder where Tony got the news.

“That person contacted me himself so I reckon that he will look for you soon.” Tony had had a brief conversation with the mysterious man earlier and right after the call ended, he contacted Heather.

Although there was a mysterious woman shadowing him in the dark, he was able to get away from her surveillance. Unlike Heather who required the help of a detective, Tony was a detective himself.

He had another power which he had kept hidden from everyone. If it wasn’t for this hidden force, he might have been completely at the mercy of the enemy.

“What do I do now?” Heather believed that Tony had a plan, so all she had to do now was to actively cooperate with him.

“We do as they say.” The reason he contacted her was not only to give her some confidence, but also to ask her to listen to what the kidnapper said.

“You want me to put the Langston Family at risk?” Heather found his request a bit over the top because if she were to listen to what the kidnapper said, she would be putting the Langstons at risk.

“Trust me—I will definitely find a way to turn the tables.” Knowing how much effort Heather

had put into rescuing Myra, Tony hoped that the former could trust him now.

“I’m willing to sacrifice anything no matter what it is, but I dare not put the Langston Family at stake,” she murmured as she hesitated. In all honesty, Heather was worried that she might destroy the century-old foundation of the Langstons.

“I know that my request is putting you on the spot, but I can’t lose Myra. Please, I’m begging you.” Tony had never begged anyone, but he had to do so for Myra’s sake this time.

“I—” Just as Heather was debating internally whether she should do so, another call came in her other phone—it was from an unknown number.

And so, she said to Tony, who was at the other end of the line, “The kidnapper is calling me.”

Then, she hung up his call and picked up the other one. The call went through and the kidnapper’s voice was different than before—it looked like it was the mysterious man himself this time.

“Miss Langston.” The mysterious man had a frivolous tone, which was different from what she had imagined.

“Who is this?” Heather asked, pretending that she knew nothing.

“Miss Langston, my identity doesn’t concern you. All you have to know is that Mrs. Hart is in my hands.” What the mysterious man said would anger anyone who heard it, not to mention his tone that would irritate the hell out of anyone.

“What’s the purpose of kidnapping Myra?” Heather asked, slightly frustrated.

“It seems like you are not surprised by my sudden call, Miss Langston. I supposed that a little bird told you about me,” he replied calmly, but his words gave Heather a shock. She suspected that the mysterious man had found out that she had spoken to Tony, so she immediately switched the topic.

“What’s your motive? Why don’t you just tell me?” As she had no knowledge about what the mysterious man knew about, it would be better to not reply to him directly.

“Fine, Miss Langston. Since you are so eager to know my motive, I don’t mind telling you. I heard that the Langston, Hart and Moriarty Family used to be very close years ago, but the relationships among the three families fell apart and they started to fight with one another—”

Before the mysterious man was able to finish his sentence, Heather interrupted him, “Did you call me to tell stories?”

Upon hearing that, he burst out laughing. “Miss Langston, you have quite the temper. Rumor has it that you are a calm and sensible woman, but the actual situation seems different.”

The mysterious man was quite talkative, but Heather was in no mood to listen to him

rambling on so she muttered, “You can just go straight to the point and tell me your motive.”

“Alright, alright; be patient. Listen to me as I slowly explain it.” He persisted on with his chatty mode, and Heather would have hung up the call if this was any other ordinary circumstance.

In the end, she kept quiet, indicating her acquiescence. Truth was, she had never seen a kidnapper like this. She mentally speculated the kidnapper’s identity and found that she seemed to not know anybody so loquacious.

“Well, I don’t have any hobbies in particular, you know. However, I very much enjoy seeing siblings fighting with each other,” he said and chuckled in an arrogant manner.

“Therefore, the three families raging wars against one another and becoming enemies put

you in a good mood?” she mocked.

He cackled in response. “Miss Langston, you are so cute and way more interesting than

Tony.”

Upon hearing that, Heather patiently asked, “What do you want the three families to do

now?” Could it be that this guy has nobody to chat with? Otherwise, why is he saying so

much nonsense?

“Continue on with the fights, of course. What the Langston Family did back then was quite

disgraceful—you guys used a weak lady in exchange for peace.” There was a change in the

man’s tone and it now carried a hint of fury.

Heather immediately took notice of this and a bold idea popped up in her mind. Years ago,

Claris had a lover and they loved each other. Is this mysterious man related to the lover that

was seldom mentioned?

“I don’t quite get you,” she calmly replied.

He chuckled but he seemed to bear no hostility toward her. “Miss Langston, I don’t believe

that someone as bright as you doesn’t understand what I mean—I want the three families to

be ruined!” The way he stressed the last few words clearly conveyed his hatred toward

them.

“Sounds interesting. You want to destroy the three families, but do you think that we will be

at your mercy just because you managed to capture Myra?” Truth was, Heather found that

he seemed to have overestimated himself.

“This is just the beginning. I have the ability to take down the entire family in one night, but

taking action myself is no fun at all. I want to see you fighting one another.” The man

became more cocky with his words and what he said made her scalp tingle.

“You want me to collaborate with the Hart Family and take down the Moriarty Family?” she guessed.

“Yes. Miss Langston, you are just as smart as I said.” The mysterious man gave her a positive reply, then paused for a moment before he added, “Tony has already agreed to it, so I believe that you won’t reject it.”

Heather recalled Tony’s request but she was still hesitating, and what the mysterious man said sent chills down her spine. For some reason, she felt that he really had the ability to take down a family in one night. Therefore, she was actually feeling unsettled although she put up a strong front.

“I need some time to consider.” She suspected that what the mysterious man told her was different from what he had told Tony, so she wanted to verify it with the latter.

“Okay, I’ll give you an hour to consider. If you still can’t think this through after an hour, Mrs. Hart will be used as a human sacrifice.” The mysterious man no longer wore a carefree tone, and instead replaced it with one that was full of murderous intent.

After hanging up the call, Heather immediately called Tony, but he did not answer her call.

She then called him two more times but to no avail.

Now, she couldn’t find anyone to discuss this confidential matter. She wanted to discuss it with Zayne, but she felt conflicted and wondered if she should.

An hour soon passed by. Looking at her two phones, she felt helpless because there didn’t seem to be another option for her.

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In the last few minutes, Heather contacted Zayne since there was no point hiding anything

from him at this moment. The reason Zayne's progress was rather slow was largely due to her reservation—she refused to reveal much about her family's conflict. "I—" She paused the moment she said that one word. However, time was running out and she couldn't put Myra's life at risk. "I have to make a decision," she blurted. Meanwhile, Zayne, who was on the other end of the line, had a bewildered look on his face and he wondered why she suddenly said something so strange. Before he could make sense of the situation, Heather ended the call. Feeling speechless, he looked at his phone, puzzled by her words.

Heather soon gave the mysterious man a call. She now had no other choice as all she could do was to follow what he said. "I agree." Her tone was adamant. The mysterious man looked at the timer on the coffee table, a complacent smile playing by the corner of his lips. The timer showed that there was 15 seconds left—Heather had waited till the last minute. "Great. I'm glad that you are such a sensible person, Miss Langston." He continued to ramble on and Heather had the sudden urge to hang up the call. However, the next instant, there was a change in his tone as he said to her, "Miss Langston, you have to listen to my arrangement obediently after this." Upon hearing that, Heather was utterly helpless and she did not respond to him. She tried to contain herself from doing or saying anything out of impulse since quarrelling with the man at this moment would do her no good. Then, she suddenly recalled what Tony said. Maybe I should have faith in him this time and believe that we still have the chance to turn the tide.

“Miss Langston, you must be tired. I shouldn’t continue to disturb your rest. Have a good night; sweet dreams.” He carefreely said to her despite not getting any response from her.

Soon, a busy tone rang in the phone, indicating that the other person had hung up. Heather, on the other hand, instantly felt that the world sounded much quieter when she could stop listening to his nonsense.

She walked to the mirror and looked at herself in it; there was an unconcealable exhaustion on her face. She usually appeared before everyone with an energetic look, but she could feel exhaustion seeping through her bones now. It turns out that I can feel tired as well, she mused.

Inwardly, she made a decision to return to the country tomorrow although she did not manage to find some relaxation here. When she returned to Bradford City, she knew that she would feel even lonelier instead, for she would soon do things that would harm the Langston Family.

The thing she used to worry about all the time had finally come true, but what she didn’t expect was that she would be the one who would destroy the Langstons, people that she had been protecting from all threats all this while.

The sole purpose of that man kidnapping Myra was to demonstrate his power—he wanted them to understand that since he had been able to capture her easily, it would not be a challenge for him to capture someone else.

The mysterious man’s capability was immeasurable and had far exceeded theirs. If Heather refused to follow his order, she might pay an even heavier price. At the moment, he only wanted the Hart and Langston Family to join forces to deal with the

Moriarty Family and this would, at most, result in the three illustrious families falling apart without hurting anyone's life. Even if Heather was determined to protect the Langston Family with her life, she dared not take any risks when it came to someone else's life. In the end, she faced an utter defeat this time.

She used to think that the greatest crisis in her life had been when the Langstons was at the verge of bankruptcy. Only now did she know that there was such a group of people in this world who would sacrifice the life of others to achieve their own goals. She had never thought that there would be a day when something that she had thought was simple would turn out to be so complicated. Dispirited by the fact that there was nothing else she could do, all she had in mind now was to hide this from everyone and shoulder this on her own.

At that moment, a person suddenly crossed her mind—it was the man with a mask whom she had met previously. Truth was, she suspected that he was the mysterious man.

If the masked man is really the mysterious man, I must figure out a way to break off Everly's relationship with him! I do not wish to see her going down the wrong path. She's surely being used by him!

The more Heather thought about it, the more eager she was to get back as soon as possible. She was in Singapore and being far away from Solaria made her feel powerless but thankfully, this day here wasn't all that bad.

At night, she tossed and turned on the bed, unable to fall asleep. In the end, she climbed out of the bed. Since she couldn't sleep, she planned to directly go to the airport to take the



earliest flight. All she had in mind now was to go back as early as possible, as every second counted.

In the waiting area at the airport, Heather sat elegantly in a seat, feeling sleepy there instead. And so, she closed her eyes to take a brief rest before boarding the plane.

She was half awake since she couldn't possibly fall asleep at a public place. Soon, it was almost daybreak and there were more people and noise around her, which indicated that the passengers could soon board on the first plane of the day.

Without having to glance at her watch, she was able to mentally gauge the time and knew

that she still had about 30 minutes left. After another short rest, the announcement rang.

Heather, who had not completely fallen asleep, remained in a half-awake state of mind when

she was boarding the plane but even after that, her mind was still groggy.

When she settled down in the first-class cabin, she found her surroundings a lot quieter. As

she gently leaned back against the seat, her neck found a temporary 'home'.

There were only a handful of people in the first-class cabin. There was a young couple with a three or four-year-old boy, who occasionally made some loud noise, but the rest of the passengers quietly shut their eyes to rest. It was rather peaceful in the cabin.

Under such a calm surrounding, she felt sleepier and finally fell asleep, which was actually

her first time dozing off in a plane. When she was still half-asleep, the stewardess woke her

up. Heather looked at the stewardess before her with her eyes slightly squinted and became

wide awake in less than three seconds.

"Have we arrived at Bradford City?" Heather asked with a raspy voice.

"Yes, Miss. We have arrived in Bradford City," the stewardess replied amiably. She couldn't

resist the urge to take a few more glances at Heather because the other woman was simply gorgeous.

“Thanks,” Heather said as she rose to her feet, feeling a whole lot better after a good rest.

She was no superhero and she would feel tired and burnt out.

Sometimes, she felt that she was nothing more than an ordinary woman.

She alighted from the plane and this was the first time that nobody came to pick her up. Yet, she was unfazed by this tiny detail and didn't feel dejected; all she had in mind was to go and find Leon.

When she was at Leon's villa the last time she returned to Bradford City, she heard him

mentioning the mysterious force in the city, so she intended to work with him this time.

Although she had no idea what role his family played in Bradford City, she thought that this was something that she could make use of. As for the question of how to do so, it would surely be through Leon, of course.

His villa was located quite far away from the airport. When Heather was on the way there,

she thought about what she should do if Leon happened to be away.

She didn't want to contact him. As he seldom contacted her nowadays, she reckoned that

he was busy with his own things.

Although she was on the way to find him to talk about working with him, she was, in fact,

still hesitating if she should get him involved with this matter.

Sometimes, metaphysics

came in handy when one was in a dilemma. The current situation made a perfect

example—Heather decided to go straight to find Leon at his villa and if he was not there, she

would pretend that she never came. However, if he was really there, she would bring up the

idea to collaborate with him. In other words, she would let fate decide. The cab brought her to her destination and she gracefully exited the car. Looking at the tightly closed main gate, Heather thought that there was a high chance that Leon was not here. She thought about things for a while and stepped forward to knock on the door. She knocked on it for a long time, yet no one answered the door. A hint of disappointment flashed across her face and she thought to herself, It seems like Leon really isn't here. The very next instant, however, she felt relieved. This may be for the best. I don't have to put him on the spot, at least. In truth, Heather had been giving him a lot of trouble, so she felt relieved for not troubling him this time.

Thus, she turned around and left. Well, this is it, then. I won't come and find Leon again as long as this matter isn't over. However, at that very moment, the large, heavy main gate behind her creaked. She looked back in shock, only to meet Leon's eyes. He wore a frivolous smile as he said to her, "Heather, you are finally willing to come and see me." Heather revealed a complex smile, wondering if she should feel glad for his sudden appearance. Since this was fate, she had to trouble him once again. Truth be told, she enjoyed working with Leon because she believed that he could bring her luck. "Yes, I missed you." Heather truly missed him. They seemed to have not met for a long time and he was no longer the teenage boy from her memories. "Come in." Leon, too, welcomed her as the corner of his lips curved upward into a smile as innocent as a child's.

It had been quite some time since Heather last met him, so she was surprised that he grew out his beard. Under the sunlight, she could see that his smile seemed to carry a hint of vicissitudes of life. Heather walked up to him and muttered, "You should shave your beard." As she was speaking, she touched his overgrown beard curiously. He smiled and gave no response, but he held her hand and cocked his head to the side like a mischievous little boy. "Heather, how can I help you this time?" He was able to guess that she was here to seek his help, as he more or less knew about those terrible things that happened to her recently. When she heard his words, guilt welled up inside her and she mumbled, "Leon, don't treat me too nicely." In the end, she still needed his help and might even bring him danger and trouble. Leon looked at her fondly. He was used to how she had treated him all these years; sometimes, he would wonder if Heather had been using him ever since the very beginning.

Whenever interest or benefits were involved, he found it hard to convince himself otherwise. He wanted to reject her as well because there was nothing romantic between them anymore. Matthias' appearance had completely changed their relationship and had made him realize that he would never have a romantic relationship with her for the rest of his life. He had seen her love toward Matthias in her eyes and at that moment, Leon felt as if his heart was being clenched and it was beyond agonizing. Nevertheless, no matter how hard

he tried to persuade himself to let go of his feelings for her, he still loved her and would do anything for her unconditionally.

When a standby lover started to become greedy, nobody could guess what would happen next. Leon had been suppressing himself lately, attempting to break free from his feelings for Heather.

“Leon, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have come looking for you.” Looking at his eyes that were filled with his passion for her, Heather backed down as she was afraid that she couldn’t afford to give him what he wanted this time.