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The butler was never a good liar. At this moment, Heather halted her steps. This matter shouldn't be rushed, so she went back to sit on the couch. Nevertheless, she felt flustered and uneasy because she had a hunch that a crisis was approaching the Langston Family due to Robert's actions.

"Sit down," Heather ordered the butler.

The butler took a seat across Heather. Seeing Heather's serious look, the butler had an ominous feeling that he was about to be interrogated.

"Was it Grandpa's order to renovate the house?" Heather asked in an unsettled tone.

The butler knew this wasn't a simple matter when he heard Heather's tone, and he didn't know how to respond to Heather because no matter what he said, she would surely catch him tripping.

"I know you won't lie to me, so please tell me the truth." Heather threw the butler a faint smile, one that was as cunning as a preying fox's.

"Miss Heather, it was indeed Old Master Langston's order," the butler replied honestly as he didn't dare to bluff Heather.

"Then, can you tell me why Grandpa wanted to renovate the house all of a sudden?" Heather thought it was rather unnecessary since the house was still pretty new. "I'm not too sure either." The butler's eyes flickered. In fact, he had the same question before this, but he didn't dare to question Robert.

The butler felt uneasy as Heather continued staring at him. No one would be able to bear being stared at with such a gaze. Perceiving that the butler wasn't lying, Heather reckoned Robert did not tell anyone the real intention of him doing so. This made her more anxious to

get the truth from Robert as soon as possible.

“Did something happen in the Langston Family lately?” Heather asked the butler, thinking that he should understand the intention behind her question. The butler lifted his head to look at Heather. This time, he really didn’t know how to reply to Heather. Numerous things had occurred recently, but Robert had instructed him to not tell Heather.

“What is it? Do you find it inconvenient to tell me?” Heather wore a cold smile which sent a chill down the butler’s spine. Seeing Heather’s expression, the butler didn’t have the guts to carry on with the conversation.

He turned away as he didn’t dare to face Heather. Knowing Heather’s finesse, the butler knew for sure that he was dead meat. But at the same time, he wondered why she would take things so seriously out of the blue.

“Look at me,” Heather commanded.

In the butler’s eyes, Heather was actually very similar to Robert. It was difficult to deal with them when they got serious. As the butler was forced to look at Heather, his mind was so messy that he didn’t even have the courage to speak up.

“Are you keeping something from me?” Heather gradually lured the butler into telling her the truth as she knew nothing would be able to escape from her sharp eyes. “Not at all,” the butler denied it immediately, raising Heather’s suspicion even more.

“Are you sure?” Heather asked again. She knew the butler was lying because she could see how flustered he was.

“Miss Heather, what exactly would you like to know?” the butler asked helplessly. He was actually regretting not avoiding Heather earlier.

“I want to know what happened in the Langston Family recently. Is there something that you

can't tell me?" Heather's tone was hostile. She hated to be kept in the dark, especially by her family.

"Miss Heather, I really don't know how to answer that. Nothing out of the ordinary has happened in the family recently. Everything is fine." The butler's deliberate emphasis made it seem like he was trying to cover something up.

"Great. I've understood your meaning." Heather gazed at the butler with a half-smile. She was torturing the butler mentally as he was the only one that she could approach.

This was because her tricks wouldn't work on Robert, and as for the other members of the family, she had no interest in getting into a conversation with them.

Back then, she spent a great deal of effort to become close with Everly, but the outcome was far from her

expectation as she had even found out about her little secret. Currently, Heather had a visceral dislike for the Langstons.

Besides Robert, the only person whom Heather felt close to in the entire Langston Family

was the butler. More often than once, Heather respected the butler as an elder. But that

wasn't the case now. All Heather wanted was to obtain the information from him.

Nevertheless, she was rather disappointed with the butler's reaction as she didn't expect

that even he wouldn't side with her at this moment.

"I guess I can only ask Grandpa then." Heather sighed. She didn't want to disturb Robert's

peace, but she desperately needed an answer now.

Heather's fear was becoming more intense as she had never thought that there would be a

day Robert could be this irrational. She had heard of many stories about Robert's difficulties

throughout the years. If Robert was the one bringing the problems to himself, then Heather thought her sacrifices in the past few years would be meaningless. "Please don't go looking for Old Master Langston. His health has been very bad recently, so please don't disturb him anymore, Miss Heather," the butler pleaded in agony. The last thing he wanted was to see Robert and Heather turning on each other as they did now.

"What did you say? Why didn't you tell me earlier that Grandpa's health is becoming worse?"

Heather stood up from the couch agitatedly, wanting to see Robert right now.

"Miss Heather, please don't go to Old Master Langston. I'm begging you." The butler grasped Heather from behind. In fact, he had never stepped out of line like he did now.

"Let go of me! I want to go see Grandpa!" Guilt-stricken, Heather couldn't calm down at all.

"Please don't. Old Master Langston has ordered to refrain you from going to him," the butler said in a quandary. This wasn't his intention, but since it was Robert's order, he could only obey.

"Why? Why doesn't Grandpa want to see me?" Heather refused to believe. Robert doted on her so much, so how was it possible that he didn't want to see her at this point when he was being tortured by his illness?

"Please stop asking, Miss Heather. Old Master Langston really doesn't want to see you." The butler had no choice but to put it in a harsh way as he couldn't allow Heather to do as she pleased.

"Give me a reason." Heather broke away from the butler and stopped insisting on seeing Robert as her rationality had temporarily overcome her impulse.

“Old Master Langston has exhorted me to not let you go and see him,” the butler answered carefully, but Heather was very dissatisfied with his answer. Turning around, Heather was planning to break into Robert’s room. She knew Robert must be upstairs in his room at this time.

“Miss Heather, please don’t! Old Master Langston doesn’t want you to see him in his current state.” The butler was close to kneeling down before Heather. He knew Robert was the one Heather cared for the most, and no one could predict what Heather would do next.

“I have to go. I want to see Grandpa,” Heather said in distress. At this moment, she felt extremely unfilial as she had not even noticed that her grandfather was terribly sick.

“Miss Heather, please obey Old Master Langston’s order and don’t provoke him. He can’t afford to be angry in his current condition,” the butler urged Heather from behind. He was very worried that he wouldn’t be able to stop her.

With that, Heather suddenly felt like her legs were a thousand times heavier as she couldn’t take a step forward anymore. Biting her lips, she didn’t know how to express how she was feeling at this moment.

Just then, she recalled a promise Robert made with her when she was still a kid. “Heather, I don’t want you to see me being weak. Can you promise me to not be at my sickbed in the future?”

Heather held back her tears as she recalled their agreement. It was only then did she realize that Robert was very sick and he might not survive the illness this time. She resented herself to the core for having a conflict with him some time ago.

“Fine. I promise to not see Grandpa, but I’d like to hear his voice.” Heather agreed to not see

Robert's pathetic look as he was being tormented by his illness, but she longed to hear his voice and talk with him once more.

"I..." The butler was in a dilemma. Although the request didn't seem to go against Robert's order, he was worried that it would anger him.

"Please." Heather didn't dare to look at the butler. She was afraid that she wouldn't be able to hold back her tears.

Heather was not as strong as she had imagined. In fact, she could easily cry since she had been a crybaby ever since she was young. If it wasn't for Robert's dedicated guidance, she wouldn't be who she was now.

The butler nodded as he knew he wouldn't be able to stop Heather.

Moreover, her request wasn't too much, so he decided to just let her be.

Heather began to walk up the stairs. Every step she took was heavy. She had not thought

that this day would arrive this fast, and neither did she know the reason why Robert's health

deteriorated all of a sudden. Because of that, she even suspected she was the cause of his

illness. The closer she walked to the room, the more she reprimanded herself. She abhorred herself for being wilful.

When she arrived at Robert's room, she stared at the door, knowing that she could only stay

outside the room. She reached out her hand and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Robert's shaky voice emerged.

"Grandpa, it's me," Heather answered from the outside with a voice loud enough for Robert

to hear. "I'm not coming in, Grandpa. I'm just going to stand out here to talk to you." Heather

couldn't live without Robert—she just can't. At this point in time, she resented God for delivering such a heavy blow to her once again.

“You’re still as disobedient as ever, Heather,” Robert croaked in resignation. He even felt exhausted just by speaking. His current state was similar to that of a disabled person, so naturally, he wouldn’t want Heather to see him in this state. “I’m sorry, Grandpa. I’ve made you worry.” Standing outside the room, Heather was guilt-stricken. She had no way to help Robert recover, and she felt helpless because she couldn’t control life and death.

“My greatest distress is that I can’t see you get married.” As a matter of fact, Robert had regrets too; he didn’t want to pass on just yet, for he had yet to see Heather in a beautiful white bridal gown.

“Grandpa, I’ve already found a suitable candidate. Will you be able to come to my wedding?”

At this moment, Heather could no longer think rationally. She was even willing to throw a wedding for the sake of Robert.

“Silly girl, you and Matthias have not confirmed your relationship yet. How can you rush into marriage? You guys don’t know each other well enough yet.” Although Robert was rather fond of Matthias, he was still not convinced enough to let Heather marry him yet.

“Grandpa, I know you’re worried that the complications between the Langston Family and the Locke Family would affect my relationship with Matthias. To be honest, I’m not that fond of him either.” Tears streamed down Heather’s face silently. She didn’t want to be entangled with Matthias anymore because Robert wouldn’t be able to hold out any longer.

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Separated only by a door, Heather leaned against it. She felt like all her energy was sucked out at once. Just as she said, she was not that fond of Matthias. When faced with a

dilemma, she had abandoned him without hesitation.

“Go away!” Robert spat the two words arduously. He didn’t want Heather to continue speaking. In addition, he didn’t want his health to affect Heather’s future.

“Grandpa, I’d like to get married. Will you come and give me your blessing?” Heather had made up her mind. At this moment, she wasn’t asking for his consent; she was informing him about her plan.

“Heather, who are you marrying?” Robert’s voice was tinged with anxiety. He didn’t know what Heather’s plan was, and he couldn’t allow her to mess around. “It’s someone whom you’ve met before, Grandpa. We’ve known each other for many years and we know each other well. He will bring me happiness.” Heather couldn’t think of another suitable candidate now. All she needed was someone whom she could marry.

“Heather, I don’t want to see you being like this.” Robert was drained by the conversation with Heather today. Heather’s current state made him even more anxious. He knew what was on her mind, and because of that, he had all the more reason to stop Heather from acting irrationally.

“I really plan to marry him. I’ve met his parents last night,” Heather said calmly as if the matter had nothing to do with her.

Robert didn’t believe this kind of coincidence at all, and he thought Heather was lying to him. He attempted to get down from the bed, but he couldn’t even muster the slightest bit of strength to leave it.

“I’m not lying to you, Grandpa. Initially, his grandfather planned to come over to propose the marriage, but I turned him down because I thought we’re progressing too fast. I spent the

entire night yesterday thinking about how to bring this up to you. You won't be angry at me, will you, Grandpa?" Heather said in a casual tone, which made Robert even more uneasy.

"Heather, what exactly happened between you and Matthias?" If truth be told, Robert had already accepted Matthias as his grandson-in-law, so he was confused by Heather's sudden change of plan. He hadn't even figured out who the 'he' Heather was referring to. He guessed it was Leon, but thought that was unlikely because Heather had said that it was impossible between her and Leon.

"Grandpa, Matthias and I are not suitable for each other at all. These past few days got me thinking. I've realized the one that truly suits me was right by my side all this while. I don't want to make the same mistake of letting him go again." Heather had made up her mind to marry Leon as if she had been enchanted. She deemed that would be the perfect outcome for everyone.

"Are you referring to Leon?" Robert probed. According to Heather's description, he couldn't think of any other man besides Leon.

"Yes, Grandpa. You've met him, and you like him too." Heather recalled Robert's praise toward Leon back then, so she believed that Robert would like Leon as his grandson-in-law too.

"Heather, you should marry someone whom you love, not someone whom I like." Robert's mind was clear. He would be happy with that person as long as Heather was happy because she would only be truly happy when she married someone she loved.

"Who says I don't like Leon, Grandpa? We're fond of each other. It's just, we took some time

to affirm our feelings.” Heather indeed had feelings toward Leon in the past, so now, she just had to recollect those feelings.

“Heather, please don’t make me worry.” Robert was still convinced that Heather was bluffing him. He knew her well—she wouldn’t possibly be in an ambiguous relationship with Matthias, but at the same time, have feelings toward Leon out of the blue.

“Don’t worry about me, Grandpa. You should come to my wedding with a joyful heart.”

Heather wiped off the tears at the corner of her eyes. Since she had already made up her mind, she figured she shouldn’t hesitate any longer.

But how could Robert possibly be happy? With his face darkened, he was dying to open the door at this moment and have a good talk with Heather. However, he couldn’t stand up at all, for he was already a disabled man now.

“Heather, do you want to drive me mad?” Robert retorted in annoyance. He was annoyed at his disability; he was annoyed at Heather’s nonsense.

“Grandpa, aren’t you happy for me that I’ve found a decent man?” This time, Heather even lied to herself to self-affirm that she would be happy being married to Leon just to persuade Robert to be glad for her.

“Heather, I know you did this out of filial piety, but I’m not happy at all seeing you compromising.” Robert still deemed that Heather was compromising her happiness. She had already suffered enough throughout the years, and Robert thought he had no right to make Heather compromise again just for his sake.

“Grandpa, I’m really not making this decision because of you. I know what is good for me when it comes to my marriage. You should know that my parents have disliked me ever

since I was young because as a woman, I'm not qualified to inherit Langston Group. They had an unequal marriage, which caused me to fear marriage even more. You know me—I would never simply marry anyone. However, the person whom I'm willing to marry has appeared, so I think I should hold onto him. You wouldn't want to see me being alone the whole lifetime either, would you?" Heather even managed to persuade herself with these words, so she was confident that Robert would be persuaded too. What followed next was a moment of silence as Robert was at a loss for words to refute Heather. Perhaps what she said was true. Robert recalled the day when Leon came to visit Langston Residence, his eyes were filled with affection when he stared at Heather while Heather didn't seem to dislike him either. Just as Heather said, Leon was the one who could bring happiness to her. As such, Robert remained silent for a while. Heather thought it would be meaningless for her to continue waiting on, so she said to Robert from the outside, "Rest well, Grandpa. I'm going to my room now." Robert sighed as he heard the footsteps of Heather leaving. This time, he was perplexed too. He had perceived everything Heather had done, but sometimes even he couldn't understand her real thoughts. After walking some distance away, Heather turned to look at the closed door and felt depressed all of a sudden because she knew Robert couldn't possibly open the door and walk out again this time around. She was reminded of Robert's strong figure when she was still a kid. At that time, Robert was like a mountain to her; but now, he was old and weak. Heather had an indescribable

feeling as at this moment itself, she had to mature up because she was about to lose her shield. In the past, whenever she had issues that couldn't be resolved, she could just go home and tell Robert about it, and things would work out, but now, she had lost this privilege.

Heather didn't feel like going back to her room. She didn't even feel like staying in the house—she wanted to go out. If she continued staying in Langston Residence, Heather felt like she would go crazy. If one day Robert wasn't around anymore, it would be meaningless for her to come back to the residence.

In fact, Heather had thought of this possibility in the past too, but she didn't expect it to happen this fast. Staring helplessly at the floor, Heather did not know where to go.

She shook her head as her vision became blurry. She felt like her head was splitting and she hated herself to the core. Everything that had happened today was like a punishment to her.

Feeling like she had brought misfortune to those around her, Heather blamed herself for everything.

With a loud thud, Heather collapsed onto the ground. Hearing the ruckus upstairs, the butler lifted his head only to see Heather lying on the ground. Without thinking, he quickly ran upstairs in a fluster.

When he approached Heather, he was appalled when he saw Heather lying on the floor with her eyes closed. She had always been in the pink of health, but this time, she actually passed out at the stairway today. The butler didn't even dare to walk up to touch her.

What should I do? The butler was at a loss. He couldn't let Robert know about this.

Panic-stricken, he took out his phone from his pocket and called the ambulance.

The butler's voice quivered on the phone as he reported their address while the doctor

pacified him. After hanging up, the butler carefully held up Heather's upper body, worrying

that any careless act of his would harm her.

"Miss Heather," the butler called out cautiously.

However, Heather had completely lost her consciousness, and it didn't help at all when the

butler pressed her philtrum. As such, the butler began to panic. Other than Robert, the

person whom he cared about the most in the Langston Family was Heather, and he was

distressed to see Heather in such a state.

"Miss Heather, what happened? Please wake up," the butler called Heather's name non-stop.

He was worried sick seeing her pale countenance.

The other servants started to become nervous too. They gathered at the stairway and

surrounded the scene, which made the butler even more vexed.

"Don't gather around here. Miss Heather needs some fresh air. Go out and check if the

ambulance is here," the butler commanded the servants. He didn't want to make a big scene

lest Robert became alarmed.

However, it would take a while for the ambulance to arrive. Because of this, the butler was

like a cat on hot bricks. Worrying that Robert would hear the noises, he pondered if he

should move Heather downstairs first.

"Do any of you have medical knowledge?" the butler asked the servants as he didn't dare to

act recklessly.

"I've learned some before, sir." One of the servants who looked relatively young stood out.

He didn't strike out of the crowd as he had an average appearance.

“Is it possible to move Miss Heather downstairs now?” the butler asked the servant.

“Yes, but we have to be very careful,” the servant answered timidly. He was an honest man who wasn’t good at using high-sounding words.

“Come and give me a hand then. Let’s carefully move Miss Heather downstairs.” The butler felt if they continued staying on the second floor, Robert would soon notice the incident.

The other servants surrounded Heather lest she would bump around while the two shifted Heather to the first floor. In no time, Heather was placed on the soft couch, which was much more comfortable than the cold floor.

Looking at the time, the butler figured that the ambulance would arrive soon. However, he was worried that the sound of the ambulance might alarm Robert. At this thought, the butler

decided to go upstairs and stay by Robert’s side. He had to think of a way to make Robert fall asleep so that the latter wouldn’t hear the ambulance.

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Once the butler left, the servants were left leaderless. They stared at Heather, who was lying on the couch, looking resigned as they were at a loss of what to do.

Worried about Heather’s condition, they stared at each other. What’s taking the ambulance so long?

They glanced up the second floor, but the butler had already disappeared. Although Heather seldom showed herself in the Langston Residence, the servants deemed her an important person because she was the granddaughter whom Robert cared for the most after all.

Robert was already in such a terrible condition, so the servants were worried that if

something happened to Heather, Robert might vent his anger on them. As such, the servants were distressed about their circumstances. Robert's temperament was rather unstable lately. Therefore, anything that had to do with Heather would make him blow up instantly.

Meanwhile, the butler was already by Robert's side. After the conversation with Heather, Robert couldn't fall asleep at all right now. He looked at the butler arduously and wanted to say something, but his throat hurt so much that he couldn't speak up. "Old Master Langston, please take some rest," the butler advised. The ambulance would arrive soon, and in Robert's current state, he could be very sensitive to the sound of the siren.

Blinking, Robert just couldn't fall asleep. His energy was already depleted in the conversation with Heather just now. With that, he could only lie down weakly, yet he wasn't able to doze off.

"Old Master Langston, is something bothering you?" The butler could tell that Robert was in a bad mood, and he reckoned that the latter was irritated from the talk with Heather earlier.

"Where's Heather?" Robert asked in difficulty. His lips were dry and peeling, as if the water in his body was completely drawn out.

"Miss Heather went back to her room." The butler told the lie naturally. Robert had always trusted him, so he didn't suspect a thing.

After that, Robert seemed to be slightly relieved. The butler knew Robert was worried about Heather and thought if he should talk to Robert about her.

"Old Master, Miss Heather is much more mature now. Please don't worry about her." The

butler put in a good word for Heather since Robert would only be at peace if Heather was fine.

However, Robert shook his head. "I will always be worried about her." At this time, Robert's throat hurt intensely with every word he spoke. He wished to continue talking with the butler, but his body just wasn't able to let him continue.

The butler didn't want Robert to be tortured like this, so he said, "Old Master, please take a nap. Who knows, you might feel better after waking up." The butler smiled while he said that. Oh, how I wish Robert would recover. If Robert really passed away one day, the butler wouldn't know what he should do either. He could retire at this age, but he would feel empty in his heart.

The butler had devoted his entire life to the Langston Family. He never had the idea of leaving the family someday because he believed that he would breathe his last breath in the Langston Residence. However, that seemed to be impossible now. Thinking of Robert's current situation and the other members of the Langston Family, the butler thought it was unlikely that anyone would ask him to stay. Perhaps Heather would, but the butler knew that once Robert was gone, Heather wouldn't possibly continue staying in the Langston Residence either.

The butler was feeling perplexed regarding his future. He didn't know where else he could go in the future if he couldn't stay in the Langston Residence anymore. But right now, the only wish he had was for Robert to get well quickly and survive the illness no matter how serious it was, just like last time.

“I’m afraid I won’t wake up anymore once I sleep,” Robert croaked thirstily. He was dying to have some water, but the doctor had exhorted that he shouldn’t drink anything before his respiratory system recovered.

“Please don’t think that way, Old Master. Everything will be fine. Please don’t worry.” The butler didn’t know how to comfort Robert seeing that even Robert was about to give up on himself. If that was the case, how would Heather be able to handle that blow?

Robert closed his eyes and shook his head incessantly. Just then, an ear-piercing siren came forth from the outside—the ambulance was finally here. TV shows had always depicted that ambulances would arrive within 5 minutes, but that was nearly impossible in reality.

Needless to say, the old man was alarmed by the ambulance’s siren. He snapped open his eyes immediately with a terrifying look in his eyes. He was very disturbed by the sound of the siren, so he asked in distress, “An ambulance?”

The butler moved forward and gently placed his hand on Robert’s chest. He could feel Robert’s heartbeat accelerating all of a sudden.

“Old Master, Mr. Zach, one of the cooks, had a heart attack. Please don’t worry about it.”

This was the best excuse the butler could think of.

Robert looked at the butler in suspicion as if he was trying to catch a trace of him lying from his expression. However, the butler wore a calm look, which successfully made Robert disperse his suspicion instantly.

After that, the butler continued staying beside Robert for some time. He knew Robert was prone to suspicion, so he had to behave as naturally as possible lest Robert would see through him.

“Get out,” Robert commanded the butler. Nowadays, he preferred to be alone and didn’t like having someone in his room—not even the butler. In fact, he still had a lot to say to the butler, but his body wouldn’t allow him to do that at all. Feeling vexed, Robert rather not see anyone.

Currently, Robert’s temperament was very unstable. Naturally, the butler had to obey Robert, so he obediently walked out of the latter’s room. His little bluff earlier managed to convince Robert, so he didn’t have the need to stay longer. When the butler went downstairs, Heather was already being carried into the ambulance. Seeing the ambulance disappear out of his sight, the butler couldn’t help but wonder who tagged along to the hospital. He was restless as he couldn’t go to the hospital because he worried Robert might summon him at any time. As such, he could only leave Heather’s matter to the servants, who were ordinary in the usual days. Presently, there was no one else in the Langston Family who could be in charge of the situation. In addition, the relationship between Heather and the other members of the Langston Family was hostile to begin with. In the hospital, Heather was lying on the bed with her eyes closed. The servant who had little medical knowledge stayed beside her. It had been more than an hour since she was admitted to the hospital, but she hadn’t regained consciousness. In the meantime, none of the Langstons came to visit her. Truth was, the butler didn’t dare to inform any of the Langstons as he was worried that they would be gloating instead of caring for Heather. Besides, he was worried that they would let the cat out of the bag in front of Robert.

Just then, the butler thought of Matthias and felt like it was most appropriate to inform him about it. The butler called Matthias without wasting more time as he didn't want Heather to wake up surrounded by no one she was familiar with. Matthias was in a board meeting when he received the butler's call. Looking at the unknown number on his phone, he ignored it without hesitation. Staring at the phone, the butler thought he was being too abrupt. After all, Matthias wouldn't know of his existence at all. At this thought, the butler decided that it was more appropriate for him to send a message to Matthias. A moment later, Matthias received a message from the unknown number earlier. His expression changed immediately after he read the content. He sprang up from his seat with anxiousness plastered all over his face, while the other board members were dumbfounded by his sudden action.

Mr. Harlow, who was in the middle of his speech, clammed up immediately and looked at Matthias in puzzlement as he thought some of his words had annoyed Matthias.