

Standing before Love Chapter 452

It's hard to talk about? Myra's heart sank, because Heather never described anything that way. She shot Heather a look, telling her to keep talking.

"How does it feel to love someone?" Heather asked after much hesitation. She didn't know how it felt to love someone, nor did she know how to fall for someone.

Myra shot her a look of surprise. "You have a crush?" That was the only reason for that question; at least, that was the only one she could think of.

Heather shook her head. "No. But I don't dislike him either. It's a weird feeling." Heather looked confused, because even she couldn't understand the relationship between her and Matthias.

Myra stared at her in disbelief. At that moment, she needed Heather to be completely honest with her, or she wouldn't be able to give her any good advice. "Why'd you ask that question then?" Myra wasn't about to be fooled. Obviously, she could see that Heather was going through something special in her life, and she could think of nothing else but romance. Heck, I can practically smell it off her.

"Because I don't know how it feels to love, so I want to understand it," Heather answered.

"But if you don't know how it feels to love, how are you so sure that you don't love that man?" Myra tried to set up a trap for her, since it would take a bit of work for her friend to admit she had a crush.

"Because I have never thought about dating him. If I don't want to date him, then how can that be love?" Heather was getting serious, and anyone would think she was talking about recent affairs if they didn't know better.

Now, Myra was looking at her with worry. She knew Heather hadn't realized that she had fallen in love. "Loving someone and dating them are two different things. There are a lot of factors to account for in the dating scene. Just because you love someone doesn't mean you'd date them, and just because you date someone doesn't mean you love them." Myra decided to put her problems aside and counsel Heather. Her problems are bigger than mine.

Upon hearing that, Heather looked at her innocently. Myra could see the confusion in her eyes, and she realized Heather knew nothing about the ABCs of love. "Heather, look at me," Myra told her seriously. "Have you had any breakthrough in romance?" She was reminded of how innocent Heather was. By now, Myra thought Heather would have started learning about the ABCs of love, but apparently, her friend was as ignorant as ever.

For that reason, Myra started worrying for her. Oh no. She received basic sexual education, but she knows nothing about love. D*mn, if this goes on, she's going to run into some pervy b*stard sooner or later. Myra knew there weren't any good men around Heather, and some were total manwhores.

The thought that Heather would date someone like that made her nervous, but when she thought about it, she realized Heather wouldn't fall for someone like that either. Heather was a feminist, so she wouldn't feel anything for misogynists. That was also one of the reasons Heather was still single.

With how much worse society was compared to school, Myra thought it would be harder for Heather to find a partner, since she couldn't even get a boyfriend in high school. For some reason, Myra was starting to worry for her, as if she was Heather's mom. She didn't mind how old Heather was as long as she could find someone she loved.

Most people couldn't stay single for life. They would need a partner, and with how happy things were going on between Myra and Tony, she naturally wanted Heather to be happy as well.

After all that explanation, she still doesn't understand? Wow, now I know how those top scorers feel when they teach me stuff. No wonder she never dated. If she knew nothing, she would gain nothing.

"Let's talk about you." Heather shifted the topic. Since she couldn't talk about her problem, she wanted to talk about Myra's; at least she could help her friend out that way.

However, Myra wouldn't let it slide so easily. She needed to have a long talk with Heather. Every time, she'd stop whenever Heather refused to speak, but not this time. She wanted to get to the bottom of it. "Don't mind me. You wouldn't ask me out for nothing. Stop running away from it. You love to help me, so let me help you for once. Just tell me what you have in mind." Myra stood her ground and wouldn't accept no for an answer.

Why did I ask her out? Heather didn't want to tell her about Matthias, and she couldn't talk about the agreement either. Since she had to keep the fact that Matthias was the source of her problems a secret, there was no point in the conversation. Myra could arrive at the conclusion if they kept it up, and that would be worse than Heather confirming it herself.

"Maybe I'm just lonely." Heather started making up excuses now. She had to fool Myra no matter what.

"You're lonely?" Yeah right. You're always busy, so that's not gonna happen. You don't have time for it, nor would you fall for someone because you're lonely.

"Yes. You'd feel like dating when you're lonely, won't you? And you'd even consider dating someone you would never give a chance to. That's why I asked you what it means to love someone." She lied through her teeth, but she genuinely wanted to know how it would feel like to love someone. Does affection equal love?

Myra didn't believe her fully, but she decided to take the bait. "I can't explain it to you, but you'll know once it comes for you." She couldn't define love that easily, since love came in different forms, just like how she loved Sean and Tony differently.

She loved Sean because of a lot of factors back then, while she loved Tony with all her heart. She knew nobody else could be a better match for her than him, and sometimes she felt like they were one individual instead of two. Myra couldn't explain all that to Heather, since words weren't enough to describe it. Even if she could explain it, Heather might take it the wrong way.

"So you're telling me to wait until fate comes knocking?" Heather smiled dryly. I've waited for years. It probably will never come.

"Maybe it will come sooner if you change your surroundings," Myra said in a roundabout way.

Heather looked at her seriously. She wanted to know what Myra meant, then she realized Myra was saying that her circle was filled with bad men. None of them were close to the kind of person she liked, and she had to admit it. "You think something's wrong with my circle?" she asked.

Myra nodded. "You like men who respect women, but the men in your circle can't even stay loyal. Even if they could, none of them are good enough to attract you," Myra explained. She was Heather's friend after all, so she knew how Heather thought.

"Are you worried I might die alone if this keeps up?" Heather smiled. The atmosphere was getting too depressing, so she had to loosen it a little, or everyone would think they were talking about something serious.

"Haven't you come across someone who's loyal and brilliant enough to attract you?" Myra asked. It seemed simple, but those requirements alone eliminated most men in her circle.

"I do," Heather answered after a moment of hesitation.

Myra's eyes gleamed. Great! She looked into Heather's eyes and continued, "When did you meet him?" Myra was getting excited that Heather finally decided to open up. Could that guy be the reason she's so frustrated?

"I can't remember. Only a handful of guys fit the bill of the person I would like, but..." Heather trailed off, and the suspense was killing Myra. "But I feel nothing." Then, she shrugged. Even though their physical looks fitted the bill, their souls didn't; personality and tastes were important too.

Myra gave her a look of defeat. I can't talk about romance with her. Guess I'd talk about the market next time. Nonetheless, Myra didn't give up. "You don't like any of them?"

"Well, all except one or two, I guess." Heather thought of Matthias right away. She could see his arrogant expression and the smirk he always wore whenever she closed her eyes. Matthias always looked so vivid to her whenever she thought about him, but she was confused, and she wondered what she felt about it. Is this love, or something else? I just can't hate him.

"A couple of them?" Myra couldn't believe it. The conversation had too many twists, and she felt glad she never talked about romance in depth with Heather before, or she might have punched Heather in the face. Her friend wasn't someone who was great with words, and she'd say something suggestive only for it to be something innocuous.

"I want to approach him and talk to him. Is that love?" Heather asked curiously. At that point, she saw Myra as her mentor in romance.

“Well, you might be feeling some affection for him, and that makes him special. Did you make any moves on him?” Myra asked quickly. She was more concerned about her friend than herself.

“No,” Heather said. She wouldn’t make any moves when she knew relationships were a chore. She started having some thoughts of her own, though most of them were about how she could dodge the matter at hand. When it came to love, Heather was a coward; she’d rather evade the matter than face it head on. There was one time where she liked a boy in her school, and the boy had some feelings for her, but she just had to go and ruin it.

That incident left an indelible mark on her. She knew Myra was worried about her, so she wondered if she should tell Myra about that little incident at school. Maybe I shouldn’t have brushed it off. I should have asked Myra about her thoughts.

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She’s hesitating again. Guess I have to ramp up the intensity. It wasn’t every day Heather would talk about her relationship problems, so Myra wanted to teach her everything at once. “You’re still hiding something from me?” Myra asked sternly. She had to do that, or Heather wouldn’t cave in.

“It happened back in school.” Heather struggled for a moment before finally deciding to come clean. It had been her little secret for too long, and she never told anyone about it. Now that she looked back on it, Heather thought it was a sweet memory, even though the relationship didn’t end well. It did bud, though.

She and that young man were two proud individuals. It was the first time Heather came across someone who was so similar that she felt like he was her other half. It was then she started falling for him.

Back then, she had just begun studying abroad in Italy, so everything was new and unfamiliar to her. The good thing was that she finally broke free of her family, and back then, she still had the innocence of a young woman as well as a sweet smile to boot.

She was still a minor, but she was already making her own money to fund her studies, and she had to rely on herself for everything. Her family wouldn’t help her, save for Robert, though she refused his help every time.

Even though she was a young woman, Heather was already a calculating one. She had an alluring charm that drew in many men, and back then, there was a German guy on the campus. He was a famous one. The guy was as serious as a German could be, and he didn't even try to steal glances at Heather. That left a good impression on her, since she disliked frivolous men; serious men were more her type.

They did talk after that, though all their conversations revolved around academia. They were top scorers, and proud ones at that, so they'd compete at every chance they had. It was a good memory; one that made her smile even after all those years. She and the German guy didn't like entertainment, so they spent most of their free time on practical work.

Their perfect compatibility made her feel like she was destined to date him, but she didn't want to go for it so soon, and the same went for the guy. They reached a tacit agreement to stay in an ambiguous relationship and went with the flow. Back then, she thought they would end up dating after a couple of years, but it didn't go as she wished. Trials and tribulations came, and they failed the test.

Since they weren't a couple, they wouldn't tie anyone down. Both of them had their own suitors, and the suitors would do anything to break them up. When they were given that perfect chance to drive a wedge between them, of course the suitors would use it.

Their pride got in the way of any communication, so the best way to break them up was through a series of misunderstandings. Back then, Heather was already prepared to accept the guy's confession, but instead of that, all she got were baseless accusations. It was then she thought she had seen his true colors, and all the dreams she had were shattered into pieces.

She thought the guy wouldn't fall for such an obvious misunderstanding, nor would he argue with her over that. She believed that trust was the foundation for love; she trusted the man, and she thought he'd trust her too, but in the end, he chose to take someone else's word over hers. The arguments they had finally dashed her hopes of dating him.

When they finally sorted out the misunderstanding, the guy eventually confessed to her, but she gave him a smile and said no. She could still remember what she told him that day. 'Mutual trust is the foundation for love. You might say I'm making a mountain out of a molehill, but I can't accept the confession of someone who doesn't trust me.'

Heather looked like she had let it go, but she never did. Thanks to that, she was traumatized by the prospect of dating. She couldn't stand the pain of not being trusted by someone she loved. Running a knife through her would feel better than that, since it would kill her quickly. Distrust was a form of torture that kept on tormenting her, eventually breaking her.

The man back then told her something that she still remembered until this day. 'You look so strong, so I thought nothing could hurt you. I took you for granted. I thought we were meant to be together, but I forgot that you need someone to love and rely on along the way. I'm sorry. I won't disturb you anymore.'

Heather turned around and shed a single drop of tear back then. It was just one drop of tear, but coming from her, it was nigh impossible. That day, she lost a lover and a soulmate. She often wondered if they would end up dating if they had more time, but alas, they were not given that luxury.

Myra was surprised after hearing the whole story. She never expected Heather to experience a budding relationship that got nipped in her university years, so she didn't know how to advise her. "Why didn't you tell me?" Myra tried her best to stay calm. She could imagine how helpless Heather must have been, but to think she never said a word to anyone was shocking.

"It was nothing to write home about." Heather smiled melancholically. Everyone thought she got over it easily, but it took her a long time to actually get out of the pit of sorrow.

"So that's the reason you're so afraid of dating right now," Myra said carefully. She could understand why Heather was so afraid of dating. With how disastrous her first love turned out to be, she'd rather go without any boyfriend than to risk hurting herself again; such was Heather's nature.

But just like how bad relationships existed, good relationships were there for the picking too. Getting hurt was inevitable, and misunderstandings were just part and parcel of romance, especially when the man and the woman were trying to get along with each other. A perfect start like what Heather wanted was almost impossible.

"That's one of the reasons, the other being I don't find myself attracted to most men." Heather felt more at ease after telling Myra everything.

“What would it take for you to start another relationship then?” Myra had the feeling that she was a therapist. Am I counseling her right now?

Heather took another sip of the tea. “I’d probably start a relationship that won’t end badly.” That was how Heather was; everything had to work in the way she wanted them to, and everything must benefit her. She was a businesswoman through and through.

Myra massaged her temples. God, she’s talking about probabilities now? It’s so hard talking to her. A relationship that won’t end badly? How the heck can she even know how a relationship would end before it even started? Does she think she can apply math in romance?

At that moment, a crazy idea popped up in Myra’s head. What if humans start picking out their partners through computers in the future? What if they rely on AI for romance in the future? Immediately, Myra ditched that idea and decided that she must change the way Heather was thinking. If she keeps this up, romance will be impossible. “How can you even calculate the probability, Heather?” Myra planned on continuing the topic so she could change Heather’s mind easily.

Heather answered, “I’ll have to factor in a lot of elements, both physical and abstract. I know some guys I should stay away from, because they’re nothing but trouble.” Then, she thought about Matthias again, though she still didn’t want to accept his love.

“Can you really even process that if you really love someone?” Myra thought Heather was treating relationships like a child’s game. Immature and childish. You can’t calculate love, and it’s not love if it’s 100% rational all the time. “And probabilities are uncertain. The relationship might just end in failure, even if the chances are slim. On the flip side, you might just end up marrying the guy you think would be a failure in the beginning and live your life out with him.”

Myra tried her best to change Heather’s line of thinking. She would rather believe in her own instincts compared to some computed probability. In response, Heather looked at her while pondering about Myra’s reply. Heather knew she had a point, but she thought it was impossible to date Matthias, especially not when the one he liked was Myra.

If I did end up dating him, we’d be in a love triangle, and I’d be dragging Myra into this. The thought of dragging Myra into her mess made Heather feel guilty, so she decided she would never date Matthias, no matter how much

she liked him. But have I been overreacting to him? That's not good, right? Heather was starting to think about something else entirely, and she thought she had to treat Matthias like how she always did. The more I don't want it to happen, the more I have to hold it in, or I'd just expose myself to everyone. Heather could finally feel at ease after reaching that conclusion.

On the other hand, Myra was still trying to change Heather's mind, and she thought her friend had understood everything she said when she saw how enlightened Heather looked.

"Take me and Tony for example. You'd probably say we shouldn't have dated, but we're still going strong. Relationships aren't as scary as you think. All you have to do is take a step forward, and you'll see a whole new world. You'll see how blind you've been at that point." Man, I'm going all out, using my own relationship as an example.

But then, Myra herself finally understood something while she was explaining it to Heather too. Why'd I even worry about the wedding when I could finally marry the man I love? All I have to do is be the best bride I can be. Being a worrywart is just stupid.

They looked at each other silently, each thinking about their own problems, then they beamed when they realized that their dilemmas had already been settled along the way.

"I see where you're coming from. I'll give it some thought. Let's not talk about all this depressing stuff. It's not every day we get to meet. There's this handbag I've been eyeing, and I want another opinion." Heather shifted the topic when she realized Myra was looking happier than she was earlier, so she couldn't bring herself to talk about romance anymore.

Myra knew she couldn't prompt Heather anymore, so she played along. Even so, she felt happy that Heather actually took her advice. At the same time, she realized that marrying Tony with everyone's blessing was the happiest thing she could think of. Thus, all she needed to do was be a happy bride during the wedding.

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When talking about things like bags, women simply could go on and on. Once again, Heather avoided the part that she didn't want to talk about, and Myra

also had no way to continue to ask her. However, she at least finally understood Heather's relationship issues.

Afterward, when she thought of the fact that Heather had kept such an important thing a secret, Myra felt a thorn in her heart. Nevertheless, she was also hiding something from Heather at the time.

Even best friends had secrets that could not be said, so she felt better after comforting herself that way. Now that Heather had revealed this matter, Myra intended to go back to think of a countermeasure because she could not let Heather continue so.

While chatting, time passed unknowingly, but the two still had a lot to say. However, Tony then arrived after getting off work, waiting to take Myra home.

Glancing at Myra with envy, Heather felt relieved when she knew that Tony truly loved Myra. Just now, Myra had told her about the details and memories of her relationship with Tony. Heather thought that it sounded like a fairytale love story, and that Tony was completely what Myra had hoped her dream man would be. Besides, she also joked with Myra that it was impossible to find another man exactly like Tony. Nevertheless, it would still be possible, albeit with lower probability, to find someone similar to him.

On the way back, Myra swooned at Tony's handsome face; almost everyone praised him, as if he was everyone's dream man. The more she looked at Tony, the more satisfied she was.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Do I have something on my face?" Tony let out a dotting smile while he looked straight at Myra, freeing a hand to rub her head.

"Eyes on the road," Myra reminded him in a serious manner.

"What did you and Heather do all afternoon?" Tony jokingly asked her.

In the afternoon, Myra had told him on Whatsapp that she had skipped work, saying that she wanted to get together with her best friend today. However, the woman simply smiled without answering him, causing him to feel confused. It seems that they've chatted about some girls' secrets. Thus, Tony did not continue asking. After all, he did not need to question things between women, and he was simply curious just now.

“We chatted all afternoon, and now, I don’t actually remember what we talked about.” Although Tony did not pursue the question, Myra took the initiative to explain instead.

“You two often have endless conversations together.” Tony was happy that Myra had such a friend with whom she could talk about everything, and it was even more important for Myra to be in a cheerful mood during pregnancy. Since Heather returned, Myra had been smiling more.

“Aren’t you curious about what we talked about?” Myra raised her eyebrows at Tony.

At the end of the day, men’s curiosity was not as deep as women’s, especially Tony, who knew exactly what to ask and what not to.

“If you are willing to tell me, then tell me. If not, I won’t be curious either.” Tony raised his eyebrows too at Myra’s question. In the past, Myra would not be like this, and she basically would not discuss with him what she talked about with Heather. It seemed that today, she was very eager to share what she had talked about with Heather. In that case, Tony did not mind discussing it with Myra since perhaps they had talked about something important.

A sigh emerged from Myra; she was about to say something when she looked at Tony. “Heather is still not fully aware of herself when it comes to relationship issues. I’m a little worried about her.” If the other party was not Tony, Myra would not have said such things casually.

“Fully aware?” Tony was very confused. Previously, Myra bought Heather’s newly published book, and he had also read some of it.

As far as the book content was concerned, Tony thought Heather was considered someone with a high IQ and EQ, so he didn’t believe she would not be fully aware of her own feelings. It sounded a bit strange, but since Myra said so, it must be true. After all, Myra was so close to Heather that they seemed more like sisters than friends.

“It’s really hard to explain. I’m not really sure how to describe it.” Myra responded with a distressed look. Honestly speaking, Heather should not be like this, but Myra still hoped to speak with Tony in case he had a good solution.

“You said to me in the past that Heather has never been in an official relationship before.” Tony was unsure. If he recalled correctly, Myra seemed to have mentioned this once.

“Yes, we were just talking about this matter today. Heather said she had flirted with a guy before in university, but unfortunately, that relationship did not blossom because of some misunderstandings. After that, she no longer wears her heart on her sleeve. Instead, she does not easily open up to others, and she even uses probability to judge whether to form a deeper connection with someone.” Myra felt that Heather should change this kind of mentality because it sounded rather terrifying when she thought about it carefully.

Tony listened with a serious face, thinking that this seemed to be a rather big problem. When he thought about Heather’s face, Tony smirked. So far, it seemed that Myra was very concerned about this issue.

Obviously, this problem had been affecting Heather for a long time, so it was not easy to uproot this deep-seated fear. Since Myra had no solution, she told him in the hopes that he would have something good to offer.

“You want to help Heather.” Tony was almost certain that Myra was thinking this.

“Yeah.” It was obvious.

“Then what are your ideas?” Tony went along with it. At the moment, he had no good ideas in his head, and he wondered if this matter should be analyzed from a psychological perspective.

“No. Since childhood, Heather has been like this. Besides, she’s been hurt before. So, until today, she’s been feeling uncertain in her heart. If we want her to try again and take a step forward, it would be very difficult. She was born to be a businesswoman, so she measures everything according to gains and losses.” Myra was still troubled; this matter had to be planned for the long term.

Then, Tony comforted Myra because he did not want her to continue feeling distraught over this matter. So, he said to her, “Do not worry about this matter. Whatever will be, will be, especially when it comes to matters of the heart. You can only worry for her, but if she meets her true love one day, nothing will be a problem.” Tony was more convinced of this point because he had never

had feelings for anyone before until he came across Myra. After that, all he desired was to win her over.

As low in EQ as some people were, they would know exactly who they loved. Moreover, Heather did not have low EQ. In Tony's opinion, she just had not met the right person yet.

"But Heather would often cut off all hopes of a possible relationship before she would get an opportunity to get to know the other person more. In fact, she wouldn't give the other person any chance. If this goes on, it will just be a vicious cycle."

Myra really couldn't understand why Heather had to do so. Were those people whom she had some interest in really not worth her effort?

"That's just because she doesn't truly love those people. If she falls in love at first sight and wants to be with that person forever, how would she be willing to cut him off?" Tony still maintained his previous view that Heather had not met her true love yet.

Myra did not want to argue with Tony. Men and women were different, so their way of thinking was certainly different as well.

"In fact, I think it could be a problem with her circle of friends. She has high standards for choosing her spouse. She wants their views to be similar; she wants him to be dedicated to her, to be outstanding and excellent in everything, as well as to possess intellectual and emotional depth. Besides, his looks, figure, and taste have to match hers." Myra briefly summarized Heather's expectations, which sounded quite high indeed, but with Heather's conditions, it was not inappropriate for her to have such requirements.

Tony thought for a moment and smiled. At this moment, Myra's expression was pretty serious, so the atmosphere was rather tense.

"So which aspect does she want the man to be outstanding and excellent in? Does she want a businessman, a politician, or an excellent working-class man?" Tony asked directly.

Blinking, Myra realized that she had not thought of this matter yet. "I'm sure she knows many candidates among all these groups you've mentioned. I believe that as long as that person has something outstanding within him that

can move her heart, his identity should not matter.” As the two continued discussing, it was about to turn into a serious academic seminar.

Looking thoughtfully at Myra, Tony did not think as she did. Given Heather’s nature, he reckoned she should prefer a businessman. After all, Myra said that Heather was born to be a businesswoman. Since this was the case, a businessman would have more similar views with her.

“How about...” Tony hesitated to speak.

Myra looked at Tony in confusion, waiting to hear his next words.

Tony was thinking that, since Myra had raised the issue of Heather’s social circle, could it be that Myra thought that Heather’s social circle had restricted her possibility of finding true love? But he was not too sure and wanted to ask Myra if they should introduce a good candidate to Heather. However, he did not really agree with introductions that carried such purposes, and he didn’t know if Myra would be happy about it.

Seeing that Tony didn’t say anything, Myra had no choice but to continue the topic he had just raised. “I always feel that Heather should be exposed to a few different social circles, but Heather’s social circle is already very wide, and I don’t know if...” Myra also had her own concerns. She had thought about it for a long time, but she didn’t have any good candidates for Heather.

Tony nodded in agreement and said, “Then I will help you pay more attention around me. If there are men who meet Heather’s spouse selection criteria on my side, should we introduce them to each other?” Tony asked the question tentatively; he never expected that one day, he would also bother with such things.

Myra hesitantly looked at Tony. Indeed, Tony’s social circle was also very wide, and it was normal for him to have suitable candidates on his side. But Myra didn’t know how to talk to Heather, who didn’t like this kind of matchmaking introduction!

“Why don’t we arrange something more subtle? Perhaps we can let them meet at our wedding.” A good idea came to Myra’s mind. Heather would be her bridesmaid, and if the man suitable for the former was invited to be the best man, it would be natural for them to meet and get to know each other.

Tony nodded approvingly. "This is a good idea. However, the most suitable person I can think of at the moment is now far away in Hungary, and I don't know if he will come back for our wedding."

This was something Tony did not dare to guarantee, not to mention that he would never use tactics just to introduce the right person to Heather as that would be too weird.

"Invite him to be our best man, then. Whether he's willing or not depends on God's will. If he does come, then it's fated for them to meet." Myra let out a sly smile. Feeling much clearer about everything, she realized that Tony really could help her solve anything. He was the kind of lover who could do anything!

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The day of the wedding was approaching, and every day, Myra woke up in a different mood as she felt the subtle changes within her. Every day was a new day; sometimes, it felt like time passed too quickly, and sometimes, it was the complete opposite.

Myra instructed Tony to keep a low profile; hence, during these days, Bradford City was quiet. In fact, Tony had sent out invitations much earlier, so the entire business world knew that he was marrying Myra. Although several media companies got wind of the news, Tony didn't allow them to report it indiscriminately, so the wedding was a very low-key one.

Matthias received the invitation from Tony as well, and when he looked at the invitation in his hand, he felt that it was surreal. Gripping the invitation in his hand until it crumpled, he had no idea how to describe what he felt.

Perhaps it was the joy that such an occasion brought with it that cast a peaceful vibe over the entire Bradford City. Matthias looked at the computer in front of him, calculating in his heart.

Maybe there is a way to disrupt this wedding. As a dark thought popped up in Matthias' head, the corners of his mouth curled up into an evil smile.

There were many ways to do so, and if Matthias was more despicable, he would not hesitate to use all means to stop Myra and Tony's wedding.

However, Matthias was not that kind of person after all, so he carefully smoothed out the invitation and placed it under the drawer. He was afraid that he would do something, and if he really did something to hurt Myra, he would not forgive himself.

He'd never thought of hurting Myra because of his own desires. Occasionally, he would take a look at her from afar; he knew that she was now living a good and happy life, for she was almost always smiling.

He clenched his fists tight. Her happiness should not be destroyed in his hands, but he could not control himself. Perhaps leaving Bradford City would be the best choice for him. Yet, it was not easy for him to get to Bradford City nor get so close to Myra, so how would he be willing to leave?

Thus, he had to think of a better solution, because right now, he was afraid that only Heather could stop him from doing things that would harm others. Hence, he decided to go to Heather and explain this matter to her.

As usual, Heather was in the Langston Group, and when Matthias rushed over, Heather was dealing with an urgent matter. She looked at the anxious man with annoyance, wondering what was wrong with him because she had never seen such an expression on his face before.

But this was not a good enough reason for her to forgive him, so she looked at him coldly. It's annoying how my thoughts are disrupted by him!

"Why did you barge in like this?" Heather questioned in an unkind tone. Even if he ran into some big problem, it had nothing to do with her.

Recently, Matthias had been treating her less and less as an outsider. Even though they were bound by a black-and-white contract between them, so what? At least he should learn not to cross her bottom line. Right now, she deeply felt that Matthias had disturbed her work.

Matthias did not have time to explain so much, so he opened the door and said, "It's about Myra. Come out with me."

When Heather heard the word 'Myra', she was indeed keen, but Matthias' last sentence made her very unhappy.

"Can't you see I'm working?" she said with exasperation. Who does Matthias think he is? He thinks too highly of himself.

“I want to find a place to talk to you properly. It’s something very urgent, and it’s related to Myra’s wedding.” Matthias panicked; it looked like Heather was a little too irritated, and he knew he forgot to pay attention to her feelings for a moment there.

Heather did not even raise her head to look at him. Instead, she continued to work, effectively treating Matthias as transparent. Furious by her attitude, Matthias went up and grabbed her, attempting to pull her away.

As the documents in her hands were thrown aside by him, Heather had to look at him, and her gaze grew colder and colder. Previously, she had wanted to consider what Myra advised—to let nature take its course—but when she saw that Matthias was acting like this, she felt that he did not respect women enough and thus felt turned off by him.

“Let go. I’m busy; I don’t have time to mess with you,” Heather said in a cold voice. She really wished to punch a hole in Matthias, and now, her tone was even worse.

“This matter of mine is more urgent.” Matthias was already in a bad mood, and so his tone was not any better.

When it came to fighting, Heather was as good as Matthias, but unfortunately, there was a glass door. If she fought too hard and was seen from the outside by Blake, it would be very humiliating.

“This is the Langston Group, not a place for you to run wild.” Heather’s gaze was freezing cold, and her friendliness toward Matthias dissipated.

She hadn’t seen him for a few days, but he showed up like this when they met again. Heather gave a self-deprecating smile as she thought about how arrogant he was. In fact, she felt disgusted to even glance at him again.

“I’m sorry.” Matthias forced himself to calm down. He hurriedly apologized because he forgot that it was useless to coerce Heather.

The good thing was that Matthias stopped in time and held back his hostility. After all, he wanted to talk with Heather properly.

However, Heather had been angered, so it was not easy for her to calm down. Although Matthias had let go of her, she did not intend to easily forgive him. After all, he had gone overboard and crossed a line.

“There’s no need to apologize to me. Please go out,” Heather said nonchalantly while pointing at the door.

Blake had probably arranged a glass door for her office in case of times like this. Sweeping a glance past the glass door, Heather saw that a crowd had formed outside, and everyone was watching them.

Now, there was no telling what kind of rumors would be spread throughout the company. Besides, it was her who would have to suffer those rumors, not Matthias. Although Heather did not care much about what they said, she didn’t like people talking about her behind her back.

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have been so impulsive, but I really have something important to discuss with you.” Matthias humbled himself. After all, he was the one who had come to beg her, so he really should not act like that.

“I don’t want to hear your voice, and I don’t want to see you either.” Heather pointed at the door, making up her mind to ask him to leave.

“I’ll wait for you to get off work.” Matthias straightforwardly sought out the sofa. He had decided to just wait until she’d agree to talk to him. No matter what, he had to make things clear with her today; otherwise, he was afraid that he would plot how to destroy the wedding. Thus, he must find someone to stop himself, and Heather was the best candidate.

Heather also did not want to quarrel with Matthias, at least not in the company, because there was no need to put on a good show for the crowd outside the door. Moreover, there really were urgent matters at hand, and if this man continued to make trouble, it would delay her from dealing with things.

Lowering her head, she continued to deal with her own matters and ignored Matthias’ presence. Luckily, the man cooperated and did not bother her anymore.

The two did not speak, but occasionally, Heather would glance at Matthias, while the latter would smile at her ingratiatingly, whereupon she would immediately withdraw her gaze. She really did not understand what he was thinking. In fact, she thought him fickle and more inexplicable than women.

As for Blake, when he heard that Matthias had come to Heather's office to make a scene, he was overjoyed all of a sudden. In fact, he had been wanting to see them go at each other's throats for a long time now.

With what happened today, he knew that the two had conflicting attributes and would not get along well together. Therefore, Blake decided to go and watch a good show since the news of their conflict had spread to the whole company. Hearing this, Blake was delighted and felt that he wasn't wrong about Matthias.

When Blake pushed the door in, Heather was still working hard, not paying any attention to Matthias, who was sitting on the sofa. As Blake saw that both of them did not interact with each other, his heart bloomed with happiness. Then, he forced out a smile at Matthias.

"Director Locke, what business do you have for coming over today?" His mocking words were aimed at Heather, implying that the two of them were talking about personal affairs during working hours.

"It's about the cooperation between Langston Group and Locke Group," Matthias replied seriously. He had reflected just now and knew that it was indeed his own fault. After all, Heather was not having a good time at Langston Group, and now that he had made such a huge scene, it would cause her to become the subject of rumors. If he were her, he would not have been happy either. At this time, Blake was trying to pick a fight, so Matthias took it upon himself to protect Heather properly.

"Why did you not talk to me about the matter of cooperation but came to Heather instead, Director Locke?" Blake was very forthright in his words. Staring at Matthias, he wanted to see how the other man would respond.

As for Heather, she didn't even bother to look up. She knew that Blake disliked her, so since he was trying to pick a fight with Matthias, she would just act as if it was none of her business.

"That's because I came to look for my girlfriend with the pretext of cooperation," Matthias sneered and looked at Blake, who was trying to offend him.

However, Blake laughed out loud. He was still thinking about how to blame it all on Heather, so he didn't expect Matthias to bear everything himself. Since Matthias could say such words, it was clear that he was shielding Heather.

Hearing this, Blake felt unhappy. Weren't the two of them arguing to the point of fighting just now? Since this did not seem to be the case, Blake left in disappointment.

Secretly smiling with her head lowered, Heather did not expect that Matthias would answer Blake like that, causing the latter to be at a loss for words.

Now that the urgent matters had been dealt with, there were still some daily tasks to finish up. Thus, Heather continued to work, completely ignoring the fact that Matthias was still waiting for her on the sofa. It was not so easy for him to obtain her forgiveness.

When Heather was finally done with the affairs at hand, it was already late. All the company staff had left, and Heather was the last to leave.

She had just stood up when she heard Matthias say, "Do you work so late every day? Don't work so hard. Your health is more important."

Hearing Matthias suddenly say such caring words, Heather glanced at him indifferently, thinking that she didn't need his concern. Considering what Matthias had done, she was not going to forgive him easily.

"Since I've waited so long for you to get off work, why don't we go to a restaurant together and talk there?" Matthias suggested.

"I've got no time. I'm in a hurry to go back to the Langston Residence." Heather didn't agree to it at all; she didn't promise to talk with him after work anyway. In fact, that was Matthias' own wishful thinking.

"I was wrong today. Please give me a chance to make amends." Matthias looked at Heather earnestly; it seemed that she was still upset about him.

"There's no need for that. As long as you don't bother me further, that would be the best way to make amends." Heather pushed him away. She was not in the mood to chat nor have dinner with Matthias.

"Don't you care about Myra at all? Someone wants to ruin her wedding; don't you want to stop it?" Dropping the bomb suddenly, Matthias noticed a subtle change in the expression on Heather's face.

Standing before Love Chapter 456

Heather was puzzled after being questioned by Matthias like that. It sounded like there were terrorists who wanted to attack Myra and Tony's wedding. She was not someone who was willing to be led on like that, so she narrowed her eyes and looked at Matthias indifferently, as if she was watching a show.

"Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry to get home." She completely did not take his words to heart.

With Tony's skills, he was still able to protect Myra, so Heather wasn't worried at all about what Matthias said.

"Heather, please believe me." Matthias' eyes widened, making him look a little scary.

"You've been making a scene all day. What more do you want?" Heather said helplessly. Actually, she felt disappointed in him and wanted to get rid of this annoying man as soon as possible.

"Give me half an hour. I really have something very important to say to you." Matthias was already trying to be very patient, but Heather's words and actions made him feel really saddened.

With a cold huff, Heather replied, "Just spit it out." She wrapped her arms around her chest, tired of being pestered by Matthias.

Matthias looked around him, feeling that this was not a good place to talk. Hence, he said to Heather, "Come out with me for a moment as it is not convenient to talk here."

Staring at him with exasperation, Heather noticed that the sky was already dark. If she went out with Matthias, the talk would certainly last over half an hour. She was already tired from working all day, so what she most wanted to do now was to lie on her soft bed at home. Therefore, she had no desire to listen to Matthias' nonsense at all.

Actually, she could understand his mood. After all, Myra was getting married, which was indeed a huge blow to him. But Heather didn't expect him to become so irrational and do dumb things.

“What can’t you say here?” She looked at him inexplicably, thinking that he really knew how to make a fuss.

“Come with me.” He directly grabbed her and held her in a death grip, making it impossible for her to break free.

The now-impatient Matthias began to drag Heather away, no longer wanting to hear any more refusal from her. Suppressing the pain on her hand, Heather frowned and stared very unhappily at him.

“Let go, Matthias. Don’t anger me,” she said grimly; she currently had the urge to tear him to pieces.

Matthias didn’t care or bother about her feelings at all as his hand tightly gripped her wrist. His temper was flaring at this moment, and in order to prevent her from breaking free, he used 80% of his full force. If it were some other women, their wrists would probably have snapped.

Heather, who had never been treated so rudely by anyone before, gradually stopped talking. Her silence made her look all the more frightening as she was completely furious with Matthias now. All the way to the underground garage, she glared at him with the same look.

Under her terrifying glare, Matthias pulled open the car door and threw her into the car, then he quickly got into the car too.

Now that Heather’s wrist was finally free, she wrinkled her nose and suppressed the pain. After all, she did not want to show weakness in front of him.

Then, the car started up. As Matthias looked ahead with a cold face, Heather’s own expression was dark. It was as if the two had made an agreement to go to a certain location to fight. No one spoke again on the way, as if they were enemies, and the silence threatened to swallow them up.

Finally, the car stopped in front of a high-end club, whereupon Heather reluctantly got out of the car. We came out to talk about things; why did we have to come to a club?

Later, Heather looked at the sign of the club with a contemptuous smile, while Matthias extended a hand, signaling for her to go in first. Without looking at him, Heather walked straight in, followed by the man.

When they walked into the club, the receptionist recognized Matthias at once and said respectfully to him, "Welcome, Director Locke." It was very official.

Heather swept a glance past that beautiful receptionist; the woman looked lovely as an eye candy, and even the smile at the corner of her mouth was very stereotypical of one.

Heather did not have a good impression of the club because it was just a place to please men. As she did not expect Matthias to bring her here, she looked at him in disdain.

As for the girls here, she did not really judge them, because there was a job for every kind of person. If they worked here, it was just for the money, so it was fine if the girls still had some self-respect.

Heather, who had feminist tendencies, looked down on those women who did not have self-respect. In fact, she had seen many of them around Blake who ended up being played for fools by him. There were even some who ended up with a lifelong inability to have children.

After thinking about all this, she stared straight ahead with a stony look.

Then, Matthias said directly to the receptionist, "I want the supreme suite on the third floor."

If Heather had known they would come here, she would never have agreed to come, let alone follow Matthias into a private room. The receptionist immediately made the arrangement for Matthias, and when she raised her head, she deliberately swept a glance past Heather.

Just a while ago, Matthias and Heather's matter caused an uproar in the city, and the receptionist saw the news. At first, she only thought it was a rumor; she didn't expect to see them appear together.

As the receptionist had good observation skills, she immediately noticed the awkward tension between the two. Looks like the couple is having an argument.

Withdrawing her gaze, she knew this was not the time to gossip, and she was still all smiles.

When they were about to go upstairs, Matthias wanted to grab Heather's hand again, but the woman deftly dodged his action. Looking at him coldly, she was almost completely livid with him by now.

Next, the two came to the supreme suite. All clubs were almost the same, so Heather was uninterested in her surroundings.

Actually, Matthias had deliberately asked for the supreme suite because this room was much more tastefully decorated and looked more decent than other rooms, which were filled with so much sexual innuendos that even Matthias could not bear seeing them.

After finding a comfortable place to sit down, Heather said without raising her eyes, "Matthias, can you spit it out now? Half an hour has passed by now."

There was a strong sense of sarcasm in her voice. Before this, Matthias had sworn he only needed half an hour, and now, it had gone past that time.

"I have no way of accepting Myra marrying Tony. I will definitely destroy the wedding." Matthias spoke openly, his eyes revealing his seriousness.

Hearing that, Heather raised her head in disbelief. On the way here, she was wondering who was going to destroy Myra and Tony's wedding. Besides, she couldn't figure out where Matthias heard the news from that had made him so confident about it.

Knowing the reason now, Heather laughed out loud. So, it's him who wishes to sabotage the wedding. Looking at his nervous look, she inexplicably had the urge to split his head apart.

"Matthias, I don't know if you simply think highly of yourself or you've underestimated Tony. Do you think that, with your skills, you can take over Bradford City and even ruin Tony's wedding?" Heather said disdainfully, thinking that Matthias was overconfident.

"Believe me—I have the ability. I don't want to do something wrong and harm Myra, so you must stop me." Matthias lowered his head dejectedly. All along, he had been standing; with his head down, Heather could not even see his expression and did not know what he was thinking.

Nevertheless, Heather still smiled. She couldn't agree with Matthias' thoughts, so she shook her head. "Of course. I won't allow anyone to ruin my good

friend's wedding." Suddenly, she added, "However, if even Tony has no way to stop you, do you think I will have a way?" Heather assumed at this moment that Matthias really had the ability to ruin Tony's wedding.

Matthias clenched his lower lip and jerked his head up, like a child who had made a mistake. He looked like he was being made to stand behind the class as a punishment, looking rather pitiful.

"Only you can stop me, and I'm sure you don't want to see anything happen to Myra's wedding." Matthias continued to talk about Myra.

Heather was now wondering if Matthias was delusional; she didn't know how to continue this conversation as even his words sounded weird.

"Me? I don't think I have that ability." Heather insisted, still thinking that Matthias had a mental problem.

"Will you accompany me to another place?" Matthias suddenly asked.

The corners of Heather's mouth twitched at that. Does this guy have a comprehension problem?

When Matthias saw this reaction from Heather, he said again in painful detail, "I want to avoid Myra's wedding even though I also want to see her get married. I'm afraid I will not be able to control myself. Let's go away together, and when their wedding is over, we'll come back."

Matthias' request was really too much, so Heather decisively shook her head to refuse.

"Of course that won't work. I promised Myra long ago that I would be her bridesmaid. Do you want to drive a wedge between us by making me unable to attend her wedding?" Listening to Matthias' words, Heather suddenly felt that he was being very selfish despite his love for Myra.

That thought came out of nowhere, and when Matthias thought about it, he felt that he was indeed very selfish. How am I qualified to ask Heather to accompany me and avoid this wedding?

Even he did not expect himself to make such a request. Subconsciously, he did not want to be alone and wanted to stay with Heather so that he wouldn't seem so lonely and miserable.

Heather looked at Matthias struggling with himself. Finally, she persuaded him. “Matthias, loving someone means wanting to see her happy. Since Myra is going to happily marry the person she loves, why can’t you give her your blessing?”

At such a moment, it was better to calm Matthias down. After all, Matthias’ forces were mixed, so she was also a little worried that he would do something extreme.

Myra and Tony’s wedding must go smoothly since Myra’s first wedding had left her traumatized. This time, nothing must happen in order to make Myra feel at ease to entrust herself to Tony for life.

“I wish I could, but I can’t. Can you give up on the person you love?” Matthias’ eyes were red, like that of a child who did not get to have candy; the pain in his eyes stabbed at Heather’s heart.

“How would you know if you don’t try?” Heather lightly replied. She had given up on her beloved before, and this thorn in her heart had turned into a tumor.

“Myra is my dream woman. Her significance to me is not only because she’s my first love, but also because she’s the savior of my life.” Matthias squatted down; he no longer had the strength to support his body.

“It’s time to wake up from the dream. Since Myra has saved you, you should be grateful. Isn’t it most important that Myra is happy and joyful?” Heather softened her tone as she went on comforting Matthias. She even stood up and took the initiative to approach him.

At this moment, even Heather was confused. She did not know whether she did this for Myra or she just simply wanted to appease Matthias. In any case, she could not bear to see him like this.

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Right now, Matthias had completely lost his composure and confidence. He was no longer his usual self, and his cowardly character was now totally out in the open. At this moment, Heather could not get away, but she could not ignore him either, so the two embraced each other in a bizarre manner.

“Am I a failure?” Like a child, Matthias was curled up in Heather’s arms. He was a tall and burly man, yet he looked especially fragile at this moment.

“No. There is no winning or losing when it comes to matters of the heart,” Heather replied gently. Recalling her previous relationship, she also thought at that time that she was a failure.

Hearing that, Matthias held back his tears. Men should not shed tears, so he just stared at Heather. With mixed feelings, Heather felt uncomfortable under his stare, and she thought that she saw the old her in his eyes.

“You’re not manly at all when you look like this.” Heather slightly raised her eyebrows, trying to ease the tension.

At this time, no matter what she said, Matthias would not care much. In the past, he certainly could not stand such words from her.

“Yes, all these years, I pretended to be strong, but in fact, I am a coward.” Matthias seemed to have changed back to a past version of himself, who was timider.

Looking at this side of Matthias, Heather even felt some shame in her heart. During that year, it was indeed wrong of her to have treated him like that. When she thought about it, she was the one who had killed him with her own hands, so she hugged him tightly, as if to convey the guilt.

“Don’t talk about yourself like that. You’re already strong.” Like a gentle sister, she comforted him.

Previously, Heather could not understand that kind of weak mentality, but now, she seemed to understand some of it. Sometimes, she herself was weak too. Revealing an ironic smile, she thought to herself that, if she could turn back time, she would not make that kind of decision. Now, nothing could be changed back to what it once was.

“I’m still frustrated about why she could not remember me.” This was a persistent issue in Matthias’ heart, and perhaps if it was resolved, he would not be in so much pain.

“You are concerned about the fact that Myra can’t remember you?” Heather asked tentatively. If it was because of this, then it would not be easy to deal with.

At least in such a short period of time, it was impossible to unravel the problem of Myra’s memory; even Heather did not know why Myra had

forgotten Matthias, so she was afraid that it would be difficult for anyone to know the reason for it.

With that, there was no way to find out the reason behind Myra's loss of memory at this time. Nevertheless, Myra and Tony's wedding was imminent, while Matthias was anxious for an answer, so it was a time of contradictions.

In short, Heather could not think of a better way to solve this. She had to comfort him as well, so it was a rather uncertain time for her.

"If she can tell me that she no longer loves me and that the past is in the past, I might be able to let go." Matthias really longed for a clear answer, rather than Myra's complete loss of memory of him.

He had told himself countless times that Myra had long forgotten about their previous relationship, so he should not be so insistent about those memories created when he was younger. But occasionally, it still popped into his head that Myra might have forgotten him because of some external reason, and perhaps when she recovered that memory, the whole situation would be very different.

However, the second possibility was improbable; besides, even if Myra remembered the relationship they had when she was young, it would hardly affect her current feelings for Tony.

After all, Myra was not one to give up on her current long-term relationship for a past one. Although Matthias knew this, reason always escaped him.

Time and time again, he had tortured himself, but he still could not be freed from it. That relationship he had with Myra had become an obsession, and with such an obsession in one's heart, it was a happy yet terrible thing.

"Myra is pregnant, so many tests cannot be done," Heather rather hesitantly said. She felt that she should be clear with Matthias because she was really afraid that he would do something bad.

However, Matthias looked at her in confusion as he didn't understand what she meant. So, Heather had no choice but to continue, "I once suspected that there was a problem with Myra's memory, so I deliberately took her to the hospital for tests. However, the doctor could not make a sound judgment because she's pregnant, so he couldn't conduct many required tests."

Heather carefully explained to Matthias so that he could understand.

“You suspect she has problems with her mind?” Matthias asked, pointing to his own head.

“That’s pretty much what it means.” Heather inexplicably felt a pang of guilt because Myra had been losing memory of Matthias little by little.

At that time, Heather was around Myra, and when she discovered the latter was behaving abnormally, she went along with it. She wanted Myra to completely forget Matthias, so naturally, she did not help Myra to remember him. If she had, perhaps Myra would still remember him.

Nevertheless, the responsibility was not all on her because it was a sudden situation for Myra to forget Matthias, so even if Heather had any intention to help her, the effect might not have been great.

After all, at that time, the doctor had also made a lot of efforts, but in the end, nothing worked. All they could do was only to watch Myra completely forget Matthias.

After being discharged from the hospital, Myra never mentioned Matthias again, and at that time, it was good news for Heather.

In fact, she did not feel any guilt during that time. But now when she recalled it, she couldn’t help but shoulder the blame and feel guilty about it. At that, she became quite confused.

“You mean we should wait until Myra has given birth in order for her to be thoroughly examined. Only then the doctor can prescribe the right solution.” Matthias stared at her; he was reluctant and was even more upset when he heard this.

“Yes.” Heather and Matthias stared at each other. The former felt that this version of Matthias gave her the chills.

“But before we can do that, Myra is about to get married to Tony, so even if she later remembers everything later on, she will not have anything more to do with me,” Matthias said reluctantly as he really could not give her up. In his opinion, Myra was his woman.

“Even if Myra now remembered everything, she would not have anything to do with you either. As a bystander, I am very certain that Myra really loves Tony, who of course also deeply loves her. The feelings between them is true love. Think carefully and tell me—back then, was that puppy love between you and Myra really true love?” Heather hoped Matthias could calmly think about it. Perhaps there were certain flaws in their relationship that had caused him to hold onto it for such a long time.

At that time, Myra and Matthias did have feelings for each other, but that did not necessarily mean anything. Anyway, feelings had to develop until a certain stage to be called love.

If they had really gotten together naturally, nobody knew whether they would be separated later, and what would have happened down the road. Hence, Heather wanted Matthias to try to think about it properly. Perhaps in his mind, everything from the past had been beautified too much. After all, they were forced to separate from each other during the infatuation period.

Most people would remember such a relationship, let alone one’s first love. Myra and Matthias were also considered to be each other’s first love. They did not make their feelings known to each other, but they did pour their sincere feelings into the relationship.

Hearing this, Matthias’ expression changed a little. With a stony look, he stared at Heather. It was really bold of her to say something like that at a time like this.

“What you mean is that Myra and I have no future at all, right? You’re saying that the relationship between Myra and me back then was insignificant, and that Myra and Tony’s relationship is true love.” Matthias’ icy voice caused alarm bells to ring in Heather’s mind.

Solemnly nodding under his glare, Heather answered, “Why deceive yourself and others? Myra did not fall in love with you back then, and now, it’s even clearer that she won’t have any kind of relationship with you.” Heather really couldn’t bear to see Matthias continue with this self-loathing, so it was better to coldly shove the cruel reality in his face.

Heather’s words completely enraged Matthias, and reason gradually left the emotionally unstable man. He stood up and looked down at Heather from a high position with a look that chilled her to the core.

“Are you mocking me?” he asked slowly.

“I’m not. I only hope you can accept the reality since I understand Myra better than you do,” Heather shot back.

“If it weren’t for you, Myra and I wouldn’t have been forced to separate in the first place. Perhaps she and I would have gotten married long ago and would even have a child now.” Matthias began to blame Heather, thinking that if she hadn’t interfered in the first place, things wouldn’t have ended up this way.

“There is no ‘if.’” Heather’s words were like a dagger fiercely stabbing into Matthias’ chest. She continued, “Back then, you two couldn’t even make it out of my level of hindrance together, so how do you think you’re qualified to imagine a future with Myra?” Heather was determined to no longer go along with Matthias. In fact, she had to make him understand that a large part of the reason for what happened back then was because he was not strong enough.

“So, all the fault is mine. It was because I was too cowardly that I lost Myra.” Matthias pointed at himself and spoke, his smile becoming more and more ruthless.

“Yes. Every relationship has to go through various tests, and I was just one part of the test of your relationship. You didn’t pass that test, so you were out. It makes perfect sense.” Heather’s face was cold and heartless; she wanted to make Matthias understand that what was lost was lost forever, and there was no use complaining about it.

“Very well. I see that you are unapologetic by pushing the blame onto others.” Now, Matthias had transferred all the anger onto Heather, thinking that she was shirking her responsibility for what happened in the past.

“I’m already taking responsibility for what happened back then. At that time, I was just a child who inevitably made mistakes. Seeing that you keep clinging to this issue, do you want me to take my life to compensate you?” Heather argued back loudly. Since we have to argue, let’s see who’d sound more imposing.

“Very well. Well said, in fact. As you were just a child, I guess anything you did should be forgiven. It doesn’t matter if it ruined someone else’s life or relationship. In the end, it’s my uselessness that has led to this situation.” Matthias spoke self-deprecatingly as he stared at her. At this moment, no one could guess what he intended to do.

Standing before Love Chapter 458

Considering her irrational state, Heather was prompted by her instincts to leave the place before the situation turned ugly. Nevertheless, she somehow couldn't bring herself to simply just walk away because she didn't know how she could face Matthias again if she opened the door and left like that. At the same time, she was mad and disgusted with herself for taking him into consideration at such a time.

"Get out!" Matthias bellowed at Heather, clinging onto the last bit of his rationality.

Heather calmly exchanged gazes with Matthias; she looked the man in the eye without even blinking as she refused to leave due to his impertinent attitude. I'm not just some woman whom you could just summon and shoo away as you wish! After all, the man's mean response somehow hurt her pride.

"You told me to follow you, and now you're asking me to go?" Heather glared at Matthias, as if a fight could break out between them at any minute.

Although Matthias was succumbing to his agitated emotions, Heather's reaction continued to provoke him. With both of them at a heated impasse, the situation was bound to turn out terribly for them.

"Out." Matthias suppressed his anger and went ahead to open the door, showing Heather the way out.

Pissed by the man's aggressiveness, Heather decided not to put up with him anymore. Instead, she squinted in an intimidating manner, like an angry cat arching its back to warn its enemy. "Well played, Matthias." As soon as she finished her words, she swung her fist at the man and landed a punch on his face.

When Heather punched Matthias in the face, she seemed like a lady fighter who was skilled in the art of combat. Meanwhile, Matthias was caught off guard by her unexpected punch as he ended up awkward and humiliated.

Before Matthias could demonstrate his wrath, Heather went on and said, "This should teach you not to forget your manners, Matthias." Fearlessly glaring at him, she looked like a beast that was eyeing its prey, ready to devour it.

Soon, Heather walked out the door shortly before Matthias reached for the door and slammed it shut. Then, he heard a voice coming from the outside. "Take your sweet time to sulk and grumble all you want."

When Matthias opened the door once again, Heather was seen walking away. Watching the lady, he rubbed his nose while trying to get over his anger from taking that punch from Heather. While he impulsively wished he could strangle the lady to death and eradicate her from this earth moments ago, his mind was surprisingly much more sober now. He then wondered whether his life would have been different if Heather hadn't showed up then.

As Matthias set himself straight, he began to realize the inevitability in how the incident would've turned out. If Heather hadn't interfered with our relationship, someone else would have done it in her place anyway. This was all my fault! I was a weak coward who failed to even protect the one I loved. Blaming himself for everything that had happened, he was pained by his overwhelming guilt, which he knew would haunt him for the rest of his life. Deep down, he was aware that his remorse would torment him so much every single day that he might never forgive himself for what happened back then.

Feeling helpless, Matthias hurled everything he could get his hands on across the room, venting his pent-up anger and frustration with violence. Maybe it was a good thing that Myra didn't end up with me. I don't dare to imagine how it would've turned out if Myra and I had really gotten together back then. Would we be living a happy life now? As Heather's words reverberated in his mind, he somehow began to agree with her, believing he and Myra weren't destined to be together. At that moment, he was disappointed and dismayed by how things turned out in the end after loving her silently for so long.

Upon venting his frustration with all his energy, Matthias panted and lay on his bed in exhaustion, as if it was his safe haven. Despite the messy surroundings with glass shards everywhere, the man continued to lie down restlessly. "Myra." He moaned her name in pain, which was something he never dared to do in public. I've lost all my pride because of my love for her. How pathetic! In that instant, Heather came to his mind for some reason as he somehow had a weird feeling for her, which he couldn't explain himself.

In the meantime, Heather was on her way back home while ridiculing herself deep down. After all, she was tired of her ambiguous relationship with Matthias, considering all the highs and lows they had been through. She hated herself for being indecisive and hesitant. Why did I let a piece of paper bind me and Matthias together even though I knew things wouldn't work out

for us? What's wrong with me?! Anyway, I suppose there is no other better way besides avoiding Matthias since I mustn't violate our agreement.

At the thought of that, Heather decided to not let her obsession over Matthias get the better of her. I must put a stop to this! Matthias is like a drug to me, tempting yet fatal. If I ever get 'addicted' to him, my life will only be filled with misery. So I must be proactive before it's too late for me to turn back.

Later that night, both of them had a sleepless night. While Heather tossed and turned restlessly in her bed, her mind was filled with images of Matthias' face and his voice. Because of that, she didn't even dare to close her eyes, fearing she would see the man's face if she did. Hmm. The more I look at Matthias, the more handsome I find him to be. In fact, he is even more good-looking than Tony, in the sense that he is more pleasing to behold. Confused with her own thoughts, Heather emptied her mind and let out a sigh. "Matthias, you shouldn't have entered my life."

The next day, Heather was seen with a pair of dark circles under her eyes as the entire office was filled with an oppressive vibe. Nonetheless, Blake, who came asking for trouble, was given a harsh scolding by Heather, who rendered him embarrassed.

"Blake, if you don't think I'm fit for the job, please lay me off." Heather glared at her brother, wondering why he wouldn't stop pestering her every day. Give me a break, would you?!

"Watch your mouth, Heather! You're part of the Langston Family, so that makes you obligated to serve the Langston Group." Blake started to throw his weight around in the name of the Langston Family, refusing to let his sister walk away before she committed a huge mistake.

"Serve? What a 'smart' choice of words!" Heather chuckled coldly, feeling disgusted by her brother's attitude.

"You're a member of the Langston Family, and you can never deny nor forget that. After all, it was the Langston Family who raised and made you who you are today." Blake continued to press on with his point, showing no signs of backing down.

"The Langston Family might have raised me, but they didn't make me who I am," Heather replied in an unconcerned manner, finding Blake's words

laughable. Family, family, family. Does he have nothing else better to talk about besides family? How pathetic!

“Don’t you ever turn your back on your family, Heather! Everything you have now is given by the Langston Family.” Blake was starting to lose his temper as he tried to provoke Heather since they were in the office. I’m going to keep saying things that would irritate her. If she ever dares to do anything, she’d be seen as defying her superior, and it’d be ugly when word about it gets out.

“What a nice thing to say. Everything I have now is given by the Langston Family... Interesting! It’s actually the funniest thing I’ve heard in a while.” Heather reacted cheekily instead of being angry, fixing her gaze on Blake as she didn’t believe her brother had no sense of shame at all.

“Isn’t that the case?” Blake began to flinch, knowing his sister was up to something when he noticed her sinister smile. Man, that smile doesn’t look good! That means she could do anything out of the ordinary anytime.

“Should we let Grandpa be the judge of that?” Heather mentioned their grandfather, Robert, in her defense as she refused to give an inch and succumb to Blake’s intimidation. In fact, she had recently been lying low to stay off the Langston Family’s radar because she didn’t want to worry Robert. Therefore, she usually chose to put up with Blake, only to fuel his ego. I’m in a bad mood today, but you just won’t stop pissing me off. Well, since you insist, you’d better make sure you don’t regret it. Although Blake was the leader who ran the company, that didn’t stop Heather’s determination to humiliate her brother.

“What else can you do besides hiding behind Grandpa, Heather?” Blake derided Heather in contempt, despising his sister for using Robert to protect herself. Deep down, he knew that his grandfather would always side with her. Therefore, if Robert ever stepped in, he would always be at a disadvantage.

“Well, I’m much more superior than you are, actually, but you always throw your weight around, acting like a macho the moment you became the director of the Langston Group.” Heather’s words hit the nail in the head, piquing Blake’s pride.

While Blake was on the verge of an outburst, Heather remained calm and unfazed without any fear. Angry with his sister’s haughty attitude, Blake flipped out; he would’ve raised his hand to her if they were not in the company.

“If there is nothing else, you may leave now.” Heather pointed at the door while savoring the exasperated look on Blake’s face. At that moment, she somehow felt relieved, with her recent melancholy dissipating.

In the meantime, Blake held in his anger while his assistant restrained him from doing anything reckless. After all, they were in the office; if Blake were to get physical with Heather, his reputation would be ruined. Thus, he stomped out of Heather’s office madly and slammed the door shut, shocking everyone else around. Needless to say, the sight of her brother’s angry reaction put a smile on Heather’s face because she knew Blake would never let her leave the Langston Group anytime soon. Well, since he is so scared to let me leave, I suppose I should get on his nerves more often. He’s been riding roughshod over me, and I mustn’t continue to stay silent. He’s been taking my kindness for ignorance, and it’s time for me to return the favor for all the pent-up anger I’ve suffered from.

After pissing Blake off, Heather felt like she had taken a load off her chest as she somehow put Matthias behind her and focused on her work. Leon is coming to Bradford City soon, and I must look my best in front of this junior of mine.

Meanwhile, Matthias appeared to be in low spirits, drowning his sorrows in a lackadaisical manner with alcohol alone in another room. Tired of humoring everyone else, his cynicism grew stronger within him. Thus, he isolated himself from the outside world and refused to see anyone, especially women. At that moment, he felt miserable, wishing he was dead as he was overwhelmed by all the pent-up emotions that he had endured over the years.

Matthias then reached for his phone and went through his contact list for Heather’s number. Eyeing her contact, he somehow failed to find the courage to dial the number. Soon, he got mad at himself and hurled his phone aside, only to pick it back up and give Heather a call.

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In the meantime, Heather noticed her phone ringing a few times but decided to ignore Matthias’ calls and hang them up. Nonetheless, her phone continued to ring again and again, no matter how many times she declined them. Eventually, Heather became annoyed and directly turned off her phone after her refusal to answer the call failed to make Matthias give up.

On the other hand, the man lay down his phone in disappointment, surprised that Heather would rather turn off her phone than answer his call. It seems that I really did piss her off pretty badly yesterday. Great! Even Heather won't talk to me now. At the thought of that, he somehow felt overwhelmed by loneliness.

Meanwhile, Heather was bothered by mixed feelings inside her, deeming Matthias capricious and fathomless. Deep down, she reckoned Matthias still stubbornly insisted that it was all her fault for ruining his chance of living a happy life with Myra. Despite her guilt toward him about the things that had happened in the past, she was still rational enough not to blindly shoulder all the responsibilities, not to mention the fact that the chain reaction that was triggered in the subsequent events was something she didn't expect.

Nonetheless, Heather continued to bury herself in work to forget about Matthias, thinking she had better things to do with her time. There is enough on my plate to handle, so I should probably stop thinking about him. As she dedicated her energy to her work, she was forced to put her entrepreneurial business aside. The Langston Group seems to have reached a dead end, and our customer simply won't give me a break. It's hard for me not to suspect Blake is conspiring with someone behind all this.

In fact, the project that Heather was working on seemed to struggle in making progress. Thus, she did everything she could and came up with different propositions to please her customer, but for some reason, her suggestions just didn't seem to be satisfactory every time. This customer is extremely hard to satisfy. It almost feels like we are not working with them but for them. Heather's patience was wearing thin. Why didn't Blake communicate with them? Why am I the one who needs to keep changing again and again instead? This is obviously a trick that someone is pulling off against me!

While Blake had secretly given his orders to every member in Heather's team and even arranged two of his trusted subordinates to work with her, she knew that her brother was trying to keep an eye on her every move. Therefore, the intense scrutiny put Heather under a lot of pressure and limited her freedom, preventing her from making the most out of her creativity. If this goes on, I'm going to embarrass myself in front of everyone, and neither will I have time to attend to my entrepreneurial business. No, this has to be stopped. I must talk to the person in charge to get us out of this dilemma.

At the thought of that, Heather unhappily walked out of her office and headed to the rendezvous to meet up with her client. Although a private meeting like

this could go either way, it was her last resort because she didn't have any other choice left. After all, while a happy negotiation would result in a happy ending, it didn't usually end well for both parties. Furthermore, sexual harassment was rather common in the modern work culture since men tended to assume this was acceptable if the women asked to meet up.

Wearing her usual office outfit, Heather went straight to meet up with the person in charge of the project. Then, she saw the man fiddling with a cup in his hand before she showed him a charming yet mischievous smile, leaving him with his eyes wide open. After all, Heather was always seen with a poker face, which deceived many people into thinking that she wouldn't smile at all. Therefore, the man couldn't take his eyes off her, still trapped in his trance while enjoying the luxury of admiring her smile.

Soon, Heather stopped smiling and nodded at him. "May I have a seat here?"

The man answered, "Of course. Go ahead." Since both of them were meeting each other for the first time, he somehow found Heather to look a little different from the way she usually seemed in the office.

At that moment, Heather gave off a charming feminine aura that most men wouldn't be able to resist, although she naturally possessed the skill to easily seduce any man at will. However, she was rather disciplined as she wouldn't resort to that unless she wanted to ask favors from someone. At the sight of the man's slight anxiety, she curled her lips upward to reveal a faint smile, thinking he was not as intimidating as she thought he would be. He may be in charge of the project, but he doesn't look that powerful.

Heather then began to suspect that there was someone else behind the man she was sitting in front of. Therefore, her instinct told her that it would be easy to deal with him the moment she saw him. This guy has been rejecting my proposal again and again just because of some trivial issues that he can't see past. Trusting her judgement, Heather believed the man right in front of her was not difficult to deal with, which was why she had asked him out so that she could confirm her suspicion.

"Thank you very much for coming, President Cassidy." Heather politely greeted the man with a seducing smile.

Upon hearing Heather's soothing voice and how she addressed him as President Cassidy, Isaac lost himself in his inflated ego as he started to fall for

her beauty. At the same time, his eyes gave him away, indirectly revealing his lechery to Heather.

“The pleasure is mine.” Isaac remembered what he was told and tried to keep quiet as much as possible when facing Heather.

Heather ambiguously fixed her gaze on Isaac as she didn't seem to notice anything special about the man. Instead, he looked more like an ordinary businessman to her. He doesn't seem like a bigshot; he looks more like a middle-aged pervert who doesn't even bother to talk much. And his gaze? It disgusts me. “Actually, the reason I wanted to meet you up this time is to talk about our business,” Heather said, trying to sound Isaac out for some useful information while masking her intention with her smile.

“Understood.” Isaac seemingly wanted to talk more with Heather, and he would have slipped in a dirty conversation somehow. Nonetheless, he was an obedient servant to whoever was behind him as he never forgot what he was told. Nope! More talking leads to more mistakes, and I can't afford to let her see through me.

“My team previously submitted our proposal thrice, only to be rejected by you, President Cassidy. Well, while people always say the third time's the charm, in our case, I guess the fourth time's the charm as we will be extra careful with the next submission,” Heather said, seemingly implying something ambiguous.

Nevertheless, Isaac seemed to notice the subtle hint as well and began to wonder what she was up to. Thus, he pricked up his ears and listened to every single word Heather was going to say closely. In the meantime, Heather caught a glimpse of Isaac's calm and collected look, thinking she might have underestimated the man.

“Regarding your proposal, I admit that I've been rather rigid and stern because I want the best result from our synergistic partnership.” Isaac put his words implicitly, reacting differently from what Heather expected.

This guy knows what he's doing; he is acting like an old cunning fox.

“Of course, maximizing profit is always the ultimate goal for all businessmen, so I can definitely understand that you engaged in a partnership with us to seek more profit.” Heather continued to smile, trying to make herself look approachable because she'd seem rather apathetic if she didn't.

As the conversation went on, both of them made their own situations known in a harmonic way despite their conflicting standings. Soon, Heather was able to have Isaac figured out, whereupon she felt happy that she had roughly learned everything necessary about the man.

Meanwhile, Isaac's rational mind succumbed to his lust, thanks to Heather's beauty. After all, he failed to prevail over his lechery despite knowing the danger that might follow. With his lust clouding his judgement, Isaac was barely able to think straight as he was eventually dominated by Heather, who later managed to extract the information she needed successfully.

Two hours later, Heather grew tired of exchanging pleasantries with Isaac, who was starting to get a little inappropriate. Disgusted by that, Heather was afraid that the man would take his perverted act too far, so her smiling face was quickly replaced by her usual glacial look. Because of that, Isaac came to his senses and kept his lechery in check.

"I'm glad that we've had a fruitful discussion, President Cassidy. It's getting late now, so I should get back to the Langston Group and work on the proposal further. I hope our next proposal will meet your expectation, President Cassidy." Heather spoke while she extended her arm to shake Isaac's hand.

In the face of the lady's serious attitude, Isaac immediately snapped out of his trance and shook her hand in response, only to feel a strange adrenaline rush throughout his body, as if he was being shocked. Oh, gosh! Heather's hand is so smooth. Not long after Isaac regained his rationality, he was taken over by his lust once again while Heather registered the situation.

"President Cassidy." Heather called out to Isaac, trying to retract her arm back.

Needless to say, Isaac immediately let go of the lady's hand, feeling ashamed of his action. Man! What just happened?! That was embarrassing! Since Heather was no ordinary woman, Isaac didn't dare to take her lightly.

After parting ways with Isaac, Heather returned to the Langston Group, thinking the two hours she had just spent on the man was worth it. As I expected, there is indeed a bigger fish behind Isaac. Although she managed to confirm her suspicion, she didn't think this was good news to her as she was soon bewildered by her next question. We're just business partners, so is it really necessary to go through so much trouble by getting a puppet?

Thus, Heather started to have second thoughts about her initial assumption and reckoned Blake might not be the mastermind behind the matter. Instead, it was someone else behind Isaac. If that's the case, this matter is even more complicated than I'd thought. If Isaac were behind all this, the worst he'd do is just humiliate me, which wouldn't affect the project or lead to more trouble; but if the problem comes from our customer, the project will be at risk of abortion with or without my humiliation. Ah, man! This is going to be a sticky situation.

After all, any conflict with the partnership could likely jeopardize the project and lead to heavy losses. Still, Heather was confused with the mastermind's intention, seeing no point in creating all the mess since the project was meant to be a win-win situation for both parties.

I don't understand this at all. If we don't work together properly, no one is going to benefit from our situation, so it makes no sense for anyone from our customer's side to ruin our project. Perhaps it is necessary for me to pay their boss a visit. Although Heather was unsure whether the customer's boss was the mastermind behind it, they were the only suspect who came to her mind.

While their fourth preparation for the proposal was ongoing and nearing its completion, Heather would hate to see it fail again, deeming the previous rejections a big humiliation to herself. Therefore, she carefully dove into every detail of the project and told her team members to pay attention to any mistake, no matter how insignificant it might be. After all, she was afraid her proposal would be rejected again because if it happened one more time, she would be too embarrassed to continue leading the team or staying in the company.

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As Heather returned to Langston Group, her mind was full of questions while she troubled herself over the next step. The moment she opened the door to the office, Heather had the urge to cry, but she had no tears to shed. She looked at the man sitting on her seat and gave him a smile that looked worse than crying.

"Where'd you go?" Matthias looked at Heather in disdain. It was obvious that he came here to catch her in the act.

Matthias' tone got on Heather's nerves. She hadn't even confronted him about the incident the day before, but he dared to use this questioning tone to talk to her.

"That's none of your business. Get off my chair." Heather wasn't intimidated in the least. If it weren't for the glass door, she would've made Matthias wish he were dead.

She was suddenly impressed by Blake for getting her an office with a glass door. It was crystal clear, so anything that happened on one side of the door could be seen from the other.

The transparency restricted Heather's actions and words. When she was dealing with Blake, she had to think twice about what the onlookers would think of her. Even though she didn't care too much about what others would think, she was in Langston Group, and gossip was a scary thing. She did not wish for everyone in the company to dislike her.

If it weren't for this, Heather would never tone down her actions. It was as if she had turned into another person altogether, and even Blake probably felt unaccustomed to it.

Matthias turned around in Heather's chair, not caring for a second that his behavior had struck a nerve with Heather. Even in such a precarious situation, he could still smile like no one's business.

Matthias had been dropping by more frequently lately, and people were discussing in private about how people should always keep a clear line between their work and private matters. Heather herself disliked people who blurred the lines between work and private life, but now, she was doing the exact thing she hated. This was why she loathed her encounters with Matthias at work.

"Why didn't you pick up my calls?" Matthias' expression turned grim in an instant, as if Heather had committed a grave sin.

"I'm a busy woman; I don't have time for your nonsense," Heather retorted without holding back.

Heather's eyelid started twitching due to her lack of rest, whereupon she rubbed her eyes. Matthias obviously wasn't satisfied with her answer, so he aggressively stood straight up from the chair.

Heather couldn't care less. She kept some distance between them and glared coldly at Matthias. She did not have the time to deal with him, and the look in her eyes suggested that she would kill him if she could, for he was being utterly unreasonable.

"Heather, remember our promise." Matthias suddenly brought this matter to attention, but Heather was unfazed.

"Please give me some space. You are already crossing the line. If you keep doing this, I will have to revoke our agreement." Seeing Matthias leaving the seat, Heather strode over to it. She still had many things to take care of; she didn't have time for Matthias' antics.

As Heather walked by, Matthias grabbed her. He held her in a tight grip, which hurt her a little, but Heather feigned nonchalance.

"Let go." Heather really despised Matthias' attitude. He shouldn't use force in an argument because it is ungentlemanly.

Matthias glared at Heather, as if she owed him a billion. Heather paid it no mind, for she would never allow Matthias to read her feelings.

"Heather, you're so cold-blooded." Matthias looked disappointed. Heather thought it weird; she couldn't understand why he acted like this.

"Matthias Locke, can you please be more mature about relationships? A childish person wouldn't be able to maintain a relationship even if they did get into one." Heather's tone provoked Matthias, and she looked at him like she was looking at a child who wouldn't listen to reason.

"What do you mean by that?" Matthias let go of Heather and glanced at the onlookers outside. The look in his eyes was enough to send chills down their spines.

Soon, the busybodies disappeared from view. Then, Heather exercised her wrist for a bit before walking toward her own seat. She proceeded to sit down, completely ignoring Matthias' presence.

Once again, Matthias was enraged by Heather's actions. So far, everything she did was conveying a single message—she did not want to have anything to do with him. They were so distanced from each other.

“I meant exactly what I said. Did you fail your English class?” Heather was relentless in her provoking. She continued working as she spoke, handling business on one hand while dealing with Matthias on the other.

Heather knew that if she ignored Matthias now, he would do something even more out of line. She did not want to waste her time; as long as Matthias did not interfere with her work, she would just pretend she was watching a clown show.

Matthias furiously rushed in front of Heather. He was extremely annoyed to see her still going about her work, as if nothing was happening. Her attitude throughout their whole argument was so infuriating that he hated her to the very core.

Matthias really wanted to snatch the documents away from Heather and tear them all to pieces, but his upbringing stopped him. Moreover, he was a proper man, so he refused to act like a shrew.

“Heather, I came here today to apologize to you. I can’t believe you’re giving me this horrible attitude.” To Heather, Matthias was trying to accuse her of being the bad guy when he was the one who had wronged her. No matter how nice she was, she could no longer keep her calm under his relentless taunts.

“True, my attitude is indeed horrible. I am unable to cater to you, the great Director Locke.” Heather tried her best to suppress her urge to choke the guy. The smile plastered on her face was already starting to distort as her hatred for him grew.

I can’t believe someone like him exists. He can annoy me without even trying to, and every single word from his mouth is driving me mad.

“Heather, I’m very disappointed in you.” Before Heather could blow up, Matthias criticized her one last time before turning around and leaving with pizzazz.

Heather glared at Matthias’ back as he left. If they weren’t in the office right now, Heather probably would have thrown a dagger at him and stabbed him to death. She was almost ready to fling the signing pen in her hand at him, but she managed to keep her emotions in check at the last minute.

Heather knew she could never communicate properly with Matthias. She wanted to just cut ties with him, so now, she wanted to find a way to rescind her contract with him.

No matter how sorry Heather had felt for Matthias before, it was all gone now. When she thought of Matthias now, all she could think of was his detestable face.

How could I have sympathized with Matthias before? Heather gritted her teeth as she read the document she was holding; even the signing pen in her hand was shaking. Heather felt her lifespan decrease every time Matthias dropped by. Thinking that, she straight up threw the signing pen into the bin.

“Trash,” Heather muttered as she looked at the pen. No one knew if she was talking about the pen or Matthias.

After quickly replacing the pen, Heather continued working. She had so much suppressed anger that she wouldn't be surprised if it would affect her physically someday. Heather thought that the problem probably lay in her offending the HQ at Langston Group too often. She was determined to quickly solve the problem with Langston Group and establish her own business as soon as possible.

When Heather came to her senses, she found that the document was signed with Matthias' name. Unsure if she should laugh or cry, she crossed out the name with hatred in every stroke, then signed her own name with a frown on her face.

After leaving Langston Group, Matthias was still boiling with rage as he drove to Stark Group. He had little care for anything else as he rushed right in to look for Myra.

However, at that moment, Myra was at the bridal shop trying on wedding dresses with Tony. Matthias had never had such bad luck before; he had finally mustered enough courage to look for Myra, only to find that she wasn't in the office.

With a dark expression on his face, Matthias asked the receptionist, “Where's Miss Myra?” He behaved as if Myra had run off with his money.

Before the receptionist could admire Matthias' good looks, she was already frightened by him. Stuttering, she replied, "M-Miss Myra... had some business... out of office."

Matthias was impatient. "I know she's out of office. I'm asking where she went, and for what."

The receptionist was so scared by Matthias that she was near tears, but she didn't dare to offend him. She knew that Matthias had visited Stark Group a few times before, and he was also holding some of Stark Group's shares.

Knowing Matthias' identity, the employees at Stark Group naturally dared not offend him. The receptionist answered timidly, "I don't know." She didn't stutter this time, but Matthias was not satisfied with her answer.

"All right. It seems you can't help me." Matthias spoke before he stormed away. The receptionist nervously watched him leave, having no idea what was going on.

The receptionist hesitated, wondering if she should report this to Myra when she returned to the office. After some thinking, she jotted it down and decided to leave it at that until Myra clocked in.

Meanwhile, Myra was elated as she tried on wedding dress after wedding dress. She had not much of an opinion on the dresses, but Tony kept voicing his dissatisfaction.

"Tony, are you still not satisfied?" Myra was slightly tired as she complained a little.

"I want to give you the best wedding dress there is." Tony examined the wedding dress Myra had put on as he spoke. He felt that something was off, and that the dress still lacked something. He had envisioned a wedding dress that would stun everyone at first glance.

Tony wanted Myra to be the most beautiful bride in the world on their wedding day, so everything must be the best of its kind. He was starting to consider having a dress tailor-made overseas.

After taking off the wedding dress, Myra decided to take a break. She sat down beside Tony and noticed that he was deep in thought.

By the time Tony's gaze fell on Myra, three minutes had already ticked by. He looked at her from head to toe and thought for a long while before saying, "I think we should get one tailor-made overseas. I've been checking out a few bridal shops these few days."

Upon hearing that Tony had intended to get a dress tailor-made overseas, Myra wondered if she had to hop on a plane just to try on wedding dresses out of the country. She didn't have the energy for that.

Myra shook her head in all earnestness. "That sounds so tiring! I don't want to go overseas." She knew that wedding dresses must be tried on, for some dresses might look pretty, but it would be useless if they didn't suit her in the end.

"I'm thinking of buying a dress from each of those shops that I've shortlisted. I'll have them shipped by plane so you won't have to travel all the way there to try them on." Tony had settled on this course of action after a series of thoughts, but he knew that doing it would mean that they would have to spend quite a lot on the wedding dress alone, so he was worried that Myra would reject the idea.

"That won't do. I only need one wedding dress; getting more than one would be a terrible waste." Myra immediately turned down the idea. She knew that any shop good enough to catch Tony's eye would definitely be remarkable, and the price tags would definitely be astronomical as well. Seeing that Tony even wanted to get a dress from each of them, it was too much of a waste to consider.

Hearing that, Tony flashed a confident smile. "Rejection denied. Don't worry, for none of them will go to waste." There was a hidden meaning behind that smile, but Myra had no idea what plans Tony had in mind.

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Myra and Tony left the bridal shop in low spirits after spending a whole day trying on wedding dresses, for they were unable to find one that suited Myra. As for the remaining matters, Tony had already made the arrangements. After all, no one said that a wedding could only accommodate one wedding dress.

Tony had already entrusted his reliable assistant with the task of managing the procedures involved in getting the tailor-made dresses ready. He had faith that his assistant would give him satisfactory results in the end.

Having settled the matter with the wedding dress, Myra pondered for a while. She felt that Tony had taken her out to try on wedding dresses for some ulterior motive. She knew that something was wrong, but she just couldn't put her finger on it. Don't tell me this is all part of his plan to create a situation where he could openly announce that he wants to get the wedding dress tailor-made overseas.

They hadn't given themselves much time to prepare for the wedding; Tony wanted to achieve the best results in such a short time, so he naturally had to be busier than usual. After sending Myra back to Stark Group, Tony went on his way to attend to other matters elsewhere. After all, Myra's physical condition did not permit her to rush about all the time, so he took on the job instead.

Everything had to be done in person. Tony wanted to know every single detail about weddings, and every detail had to be perfect. He placed great importance on this matter; it was even more important to him than getting a deal worth hundreds of millions.

Tony had originally wanted to look for the best venue for weddings, but after giving it some thought, he decided to just hold the wedding in Bradford City. It was better for his grandparents and Myra, for they could be spared from all the traveling.

After picking out a church, Tony wanted it to be decked out nicely so that it could be a place befitting a wedding. Since they couldn't go to the perfect wedding venue, Tony decided to just organize it locally. He was quite positive about it.

After trying out the wedding dresses, Myra sat upright in her office. She was silent as she busied herself with the work at hand. When the receptionist saw Myra, she had wanted to tell her about Matthias, but she chose to keep quiet after realizing that Tony was present.

The receptionist finally went into Myra's office after watching Tony leave. She had to report this in person, for she felt that it was deeply connected to Myra.

As Myra was concentrating on work, the receptionist knocked on the door. Myra then looked up and glanced at the receptionist, sensing the urgency in the latter's eyes.

"Is there a problem?" Anyone could see that there was, indeed, a problem.

The receptionist looked at Myra hesitantly. She was struggling to look for words in her mind, for she had no idea how to phrase it. Matthias' actions were really difficult to explain.

"Just now, Director Locke from Locke Group came looking for you," the receptionist answered timidly.

Myra looked at the receptionist, puzzled. She was curious why Matthias would come looking for her at this time. However, she did not have time to ponder on these things. She had work and also the wedding to worry about, even though there really wasn't anything she needed to do for the wedding.

"What business did he have?" Myra asked casually, figuring that Matthias should have a reason for coming here.

However, the receptionist shook her head. "Director Locke did not state his purpose." She suddenly realized that she had been a bit too hasty; she hadn't rearranged her thoughts and words properly before coming in, so there were some problems with her expression.

"I see," Myra answered without lifting her head. She didn't seem to mind this matter at all.

The receptionist remained standing in front of Myra, a look of panic on her face. She looked so anxious that anyone would feel nervous for her as well.

"If there's nothing else, you can leave," Myra told the receptionist.

The receptionist thought for a while before opening her mouth to say, "Director Locke behaved quite aggressively when he came here; it was scary." The receptionist hoped that Myra could understand what she wanted to convey despite her toning down the descriptions.

Hearing the receptionist describe the situation, Myra looked up again and glanced at her. It was obvious that Matthias had frightened the poor girl today.

"Okay, I got it. You can leave now," Myra said in a gentler tone, careful not to cause any more stress to the receptionist. After all, she had come here specifically just to give her a reminder.

Pausing her movements with the signing pen, Myra fell into deep thought. She still felt that something was behind the incident with Matthias coming over in an overbearing manner to see her.

Perhaps due to her not hearing any news about Matthias in a long while, Myra felt a sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity when she heard his name once again.

“What did Matthias come here for?” Myra pondered aloud. Her thoughts went to Heather, and she couldn’t figure out Heather’s relationship with Matthias.

There was a period where rumors about Heather and Matthias were spreading like wildfire. Myra was swamped with matters related to Stark Group then, so she did not pay much attention to it. Tony was even less likely to be concerned about things like these, so the two had no idea how ambiguous the relationship had become between Heather and Matthias.

Unable to figure it out, Myra decided to give up on thinking altogether. If she had the time to think about pointless things like this, she reckoned she should use it to focus on work instead.

As Myra continued working, she recalled a curious impression she had of Matthias. All in all, she felt a slight resistance toward him. She had told Heather about that feeling before, and even Heather couldn’t quite understand it, so she gave up on finding the reason behind it.

Myra didn’t remember if she had sent Matthias an invitation to her wedding, but she believed she did, for he was quite famous in the business world.

Tony wouldn’t want to exclude such an important person from the guest list in case people started spreading rumors again. At the thought of this, Myra suddenly had a strong wish that Matthias would not appear at her wedding, for she felt that he would bring bad news.

The mere mention of Matthias was enough to send her mind places, so Myra had a newfound fear of the man—yes, she was somewhat scared of him.

Not knowing where this emotion stemmed from, Myra picked up the signing pen again. She reckoned she should continue her work instead of wasting time thinking about things she couldn’t understand.

Meanwhile, after experiencing one frustration after another, Matthias returned to his villa. It wasn't a smooth-sailing day for him; everything had gone wrong.

Evan welcomed Matthias home with a smile, but Matthias' expression stayed stiff. Evan observed him carefully, fearing that the latter would wreak havoc in the living room.

"You don't have to work today?" Evan asked Matthias, showing some care like a friend would, but the expression on Matthias' face turned darker upon his question.

Matthias scanned Evan from head to toe with a cold gaze, sending chills down the latter's spine. He looks quite scary like that.

"Get me a few bottles of wine." With that, Matthias headed straight toward the second floor.

Watching Matthias leave, Evan guessed that Heather had provoked him again. In Evan's eyes, the two of them were like quarrelsome lovers.

Matthias opened the door to his bedroom and walked up to the couch. As he sat down, the look in his eyes was scary enough to frighten all who might see it. If he was acting in a horror movie right now, he probably wouldn't even need makeup to scare people away. Evan was the only person who would approach him with no fear for his own life.

When Evan brought the wine upstairs, Matthias was smoking on the couch. Matthias was puffing one cigarette after the other, acting like he didn't care if he died. Seeing that, Evan shook his head helplessly as he set the wine on the table while wondering what had provoked Matthias this much.

Walking over to Matthias, Evan snatched the cigarette away from him. "It's all smoke in here. You're out of your mind." He had never seen someone smoke like that before. Who would suck everything in in one go and use up one whole cigarette in an instant?

"Mind your own business," Matthias warned Evan. Anyone who dared to mess with him now would regret it.

"I choose whose business I mind. What are you gonna do about it?" Evan instantly retorted, whereupon Matthias shot up from his seat and nimbly snatched the cigarette back from Evan's hand. He had a fierce look in his

eyes, as if warning Evan that if he dared go against him one more time, he'd teach him a lesson.

"Evan, who do you think you are? What right do you have to control what I do?" The words Matthias said at that moment were quite hurtful, and if it went on, they would definitely get into a fight.

"Matthias Locke, do not think that I'm in a position lower than yours just because you're paying my salary." Evan grabbed Matthias by the collar. He had to make the first move under these circumstances.

Matthias sneered. "True, I am paying your salary; I'm rich, and that's why I'm in a position higher than everyone else." As he said this, he wriggled out of Evan's grip.

The two started to throw hands. Evan wasn't half bad, but Matthias was stronger. Factoring in Matthias' fierce anger, he naturally would not hold back.

Evan was soon bruised, but Matthias was perfectly unharmed. Evan did not regret getting into a fight with Matthias, because the best way for men to vent was to fight. Holding it in would only make things worse in the long run.

The two continued to throw punches with all holds barred, and it only got more intense as time went on. Fortunately for Evan, he had learned Muay Thai before, so he wouldn't be at a complete disadvantage in a fight. After all, every punch in Muay Thai was intense enough that Matthias wouldn't be able to stand a single one.

After expending all their energy, Matthias was gasping for breath, while the wounds on Evan's face were horrible. The two of them lay on the floor and flashed a grin at each other. Blood was trickling out from a corner of Matthias' mouth; it was evident that Evan's punches were no light matter.

"I'll get the doctor," Matthias said, whereupon Evan pouted and spoke. "You were really going all out back there. Seeing how you need a fistfight to come to your senses, I suggest getting a professional fighter to beat you up whenever you lose yourself." He was clearly in a bad mood, since Matthias had beaten him up pretty badly.

"Aren't you a professional?" Matthias grinned with great satisfaction. This feels better than getting drunk.

“You don’t know how to control yourself. You should just buy me insurance, so if you accidentally beat me to death, there’d at least be some money to gain,” Evan joked.

Matthias laughed along with him. After laughing for a while, he looked at Evan. “Thanks, brother.” He got himself up from the floor as he was saying his thanks.

After that, he reached out a hand to help Evan up, but the latter slapped his hand away. “I can get up on my own. You haven’t broken my bones yet.”

Evan looked extremely cool at that moment. Seeing Evan’s trembling body, Matthias wanted to reach out and help him up, but he managed to hold back his urge.

Matthias knew Evan very well. Other people might see Evan as a gentle and composed man; they wouldn’t expect him to be a strong, hot-blooded guy.

If it weren’t for Evan’s immense mental strength, he wouldn’t have been able to put up with Matthias for so long. After all, common people could never hope to rein Matthias in whenever he went crazy.

Only Evan could hold Matthias down, but he was always against the idea of the latter losing control. He felt that a proper adult should be able to control their own actions and words instead of getting out of line.

After getting to know Matthias inside out, Evan finally realized that the man had another side to him. It was so serious that Evan wondered if he had some sort of personality disorder.

Evan had fought with Matthias on this matter before, but the latter refused to believe him and was reluctant to seek medical help.

Ever since moving to Bradford City, this problem of Matthias’ had become even worse. Evan also worried greatly about it, fearing that Matthias would end up in a hospital if this went on.