

Standing before Love Chapter 502

In an instant, silence returned to the Langston Residence. After Lucas left, Robert took Heather back into the study, this time with an even uglier look on his face. Not knowing how she had displeased him again, Heather looked at him with an innocent expression.

“You were screwing around!” Robert rebuked angrily.

Heather looked at Robert in puzzlement. She didn’t know in what way she had screwed around, so she wondered if Matthias’s arrival had displeased him. “Are we going to continue drawing?” she asked with a serious look on her face. At this moment, she’d better divert Robert’s attention immediately, or Robert might give her another dressing-down.

“Don’t change the subject.” Robert wouldn’t play Heather’s game, though. He felt powerless at the sight of Heather, for her relationships were in a total mess.

“I know my faults now, Grandpa. I’ll draw an excellent picture to make you satisfied.” Heather unwaveringly guided the conversation to the subject of drawing, but Robert shot her a fierce glare instead.

“What does Matthias have to do with the car accident?” Robert asked. He simply couldn’t understand why Matthias would always get involved in Heather’s affairs, nor could he understand what the two of them were fussing over. Heather and Matthias must be very close in private, but he couldn’t meddle too much in this. After all, he couldn’t force them to sever their ties with each other.

“It’s just a coincidence,” Heather replied guiltily. In fact, there were many coincidences about Matthias. However, Heather didn’t dare to let Robert know the truth behind the car incident, for she feared that he would ground her as a punishment.

“Are there so many coincidences?” Evidently, Robert was displeased with Heather’s answer; he thought she was just saying that to pacify him.

Heather nodded repeatedly and replied, “That’s just how it is.”

“I have to go out this afternoon, so stay in the study and reflect on your mistakes.” Robert glanced at the clock on the wall. It was time for him to attend his appointment since it was getting late.

Upon hearing this, Heather was overjoyed at once, for she had some stuff to take care of that afternoon. If Robert kept an eye on her all the time, she would be unable to do anything else that day. “Okay, I’ll keep practicing and wait for you to come back. By then, you can inspect my drawings,” she promised readily as she had to show her obedience at this moment.

Robert didn’t believe Heather at all, but he really had no time to waste. He was going to meet a big shot this time, so he mustn’t make any mistakes.

Once Robert left, Heather had an illusion that she regained her freedom in life, and she instantly found the study a lot more adorable. She carelessly made a few brushstrokes with a faint smile on her face, for it was only at this moment could she draw freely in a jaunty manner.

When she recalled what Lucas had said, she opened her Messenger immediately. Heather saw a clear and concise message from him as expected. It read, ‘Send me the photo.’

Perhaps Lucas is such a lofty and distant man in real life! Heather thought to herself. As she thought about Lucas’ temper, the corners of her mouth turned upward—Lucas seemed much more interesting than he appeared to be.

She sent him the photo without further delay, upon which he replied, ‘Thanks.’

Meanwhile, Heather felt quite helpless since she didn’t know what to say to him. She had always been a conversation killer on social media, but she didn’t expect that he was a better conversation killer than herself. She wondered if she should exchange courtesies with him, but she thought better of it in the end. How boring it would seem if she responded to the word ‘thanks’ with the phrase ‘you’re welcome’!

Meanwhile, Lucas also didn’t know what to say to Heather as he looked at his Messenger. He seemed to have presented himself badly that day, so he pondered if he should talk to Tony about this. It was his fault for being too impulsive that things turned out this way, and he was already regretting it. How could he leave so suddenly? He wondered what Heather would think of this. He wanted to find some topics to chat about, but he had no idea what

conversation he should initiate. As he held his cell phone in vexation, he suddenly found himself very useless.

Meanwhile, Matthias texted Heather on Messenger shortly after Lucas stopped doing so. Heather took a glance at the message Matthias had sent; he had been quite abnormal last night, so she was curious to know what on earth he was up to, but she wanted to stay away from him even more.

‘Are you there?’ His message was so simple that Heather didn’t want to reply to it at all.

Since she gave no reply, he sent another message five minutes later. ‘Are you there?’

Heather stared at the message in contemplation before deciding to ignore him again. After some thought, she simply deleted the message Matthias sent her. To her dismay, Matthias sent her an identical message every few minutes, forcing her to text him back against her will.

Matthias pressed in on Heather so hard that she almost had an overwhelming desire to delete him from her Messenger. However, she decided that she might as well text him back after some hesitation. She texted perfunctorily, ‘I’m busy.’

Matthias was elated upon seeing Heather’s message. He knew that she was only brushing him off, but it was good that she finally paid some attention to him. He asked caringly, ‘Did your Grandpa give you a hard time?’

Looking at her cell phone in bafflement, Heather didn’t understand what Matthias meant and why he would suddenly care about her. She always believed that every word he spoke and everything he did had a purpose, so she only assumed the worst about his actions. ‘No,’ she replied coldly, but she felt very uncomfortable. She wanted to figure out Matthias’s purpose for approaching her, but she didn’t know where to start. This made her a little anxious.

‘That’s good. Where are you? Are you still at home?’ The tone of Matthias’s message became increasingly gentle, but this reeked of conspiracy to Heather.

As the saying went that an angry fist didn't hit a smiling face, Heather couldn't be unfriendly toward Matthias, so she chatted with him one minute and was quiet the next. 'I'm in the study.'

'What are you doing in the study? Are you reading?' Matthias tried hard to strike up a conversation as he had really made up his mind this time. He kept pestering Heather in every way possible, and this took her by surprise. 'I'm drawing.' Her sullen face softened somewhat.

Matthias was good at making conversation, so he kept dragging her into the conversation until she found it rude to ignore him. She wanted to directly tell him to stop, but before she realized it, she had spent a long time chatting with him.

Surprisingly, Heather and Matthias complemented each other in this aspect. Since she kept killing the conversation, he kept looking for new topics to talk about. Heather had to admit that she was impressed, for she could actually chat with him over such a long time this way. After all, she rarely chatted with someone on social media for such a long time.

"Could you record a short video and send it to me? I'd like to see your drawing," Matthias pleaded. Right now, he found everything about Heather very interesting.

Heather glanced at the drawing tools on the table before turning her gaze back to her cell phone. She hesitated for a moment, but she eventually consented to his request. She painted with one hand while recording the short video with the other, but she found it hard to paint in this way.

Since she was recording a video for Matthias, she had to be careful with each stroke—she couldn't let Matthias look down on her. After recording a few videos, she was finally satisfied; only then did she let go of the record button and send the video. However, there was no response from the other end, and this made her nervous. Since he was a very nit-picky person, she was afraid that Matthias would notice some flaws in her drawing.

After not seeing the words 'Matthias is typing...' for a long time, she decided to toss her cell phone aside right away. Just then, she received a message. Matthias sent her an emoji depicting a person constantly giving her the thumbs up.

'You're amazing. It's a nice picture. Can you draw a picture for me next time so that I can hang it on the wall in my office?' Matthias texted her with a smile.

Heather burst out laughing, for she didn't expect Matthias to say something so flattery. His words look so hypocritical, she thought to herself.

Matthias felt very relaxed while chatting with Heather, and he guessed that it was because he loved her.

'Your flattery is so exaggerated. I was given a dressing-down by my Grandpa for this picture just now.' As she tapped away on the keypad with a smile, Heather forgot how she was particularly sick of Matthias before. Perhaps Matthias had the ability to make her forget her distaste for him; there were many times when Heather was amused despite him doing something bad.

Then, the smile on her face slowly faded. Heather didn't like the way she was right now since this felt very strange. It was as if Matthias reflected her fickleness as a woman, for she could snap at him one moment and laugh while chatting with him on Messenger the next.

She massaged her temples while thinking about how strange this felt. To be honest, she actually enjoyed chatting with him. If there weren't so many problems between them, she would probably have lots of fun chatting with him. After all, Matthias kept making conversation. Heather liked this in particular, for it was precisely due to her lack of such ability that she loved to see such a quality in others. This was especially the case when she was chatting on social media. She always found herself passively going along with whatever somebody else said, and this was completely different from how she behaved in real life.

She could guide the conversation and draw people into the subject she was talking about in real life, but she was abnormally passive on social media despite her eloquence.

This was likely because she didn't like communicating in text. On the contrary, she preferred talking to someone face-to-face in real life, for she could adjust to changing circumstances by watching the hardly noticeable details about the other party's behavior. On the other hand, words were inadequate for her to figure out what mood the person on the other end was in. Whenever she thought of this, she found the idea of texting someone unappealing.

Now that she could actually have a nice chat with Matthias, she was very astonished. In fact, she found it much more comfortable to chat with him in such a way instead of talking to him face-to-face. This was the first time she found that it was nice to chat with someone on social media, and she even looked forward to what Matthias was about to say next. When she saw the words 'Matthias is typing...', she felt somewhat relieved.

On the other hand, Matthias put down the documents occupying his table; his mind was full of his conversation with Heather at this moment. He also looked forward to seeing the words 'Heather is typing...'. Sensing acutely that Heather also looked forward to this, he texted her and said, 'Can't you leave the study?'

'I'm not going to tell you about this,' Heather texted back in displeasure. Matthias was really very clever, for he was able to infer what had actually happened from her message alone.

'All right. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.' Matthias skipped the topic directly. Since Heather disliked this topic, he'd better replace it with another immediately. Right after that, he sent another message. 'Are you bored with staying in the study alone?' he asked even though he already knew the answer. Why would Heather keep responding to his messages if she didn't feel bored?

Heather wouldn't admit that she was feeling bored, though. 'It's okay, I have a lot of stuff in the study. There are also lots of books, so I can spend a pleasant afternoon reading.'

'That sounds nice. Your words make me want to be confined in the study with you.' Matthias texted a suggestive remark in a hardly noticeable way.

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Heather chatted with Matthias on Messenger while drawing on the canvas. She found a book that taught its readers how to draw using charcoal, and after following the step-by-step instructions stated in the book, she slowly got the hang of it.

She looked at the drawing she made contentedly, and it looked much better than the sketch she had made in the beginning. Her mouth curved into a smile of satisfaction; she realized that drawing wasn't as difficult as she thought it was, for smart people would always be faster than others in whatever they did.

As a result, it took her much longer to reply to Matthias's messages, but Matthias didn't mind this. After all, he was happy enough as long as she was still willing to pay heed to him.

Just then, a knock on the door was heard from the outside. Matthias knitted his brows, for he had ordered Lara not to let anyone disturb him.

However, the knock on the door wouldn't stop, so he had to open the door himself. When he opened the door, Regan revealed himself and his plastic smile at once. As he expected, it was the annoying Regan who had been knocking on the door. On the other hand, Lara stood behind Regan with a troubled expression while giving Matthias an apologetic look.

Matthias smiled at her to soothe her apologetic feelings. Then, he directly stood in front of Regan to keep him from coming in. "What's the matter, Director Locke?" He had no time to waste on Regan since he was in a rush to reply to Heather's messages.

Regan took out a document and looked at Matthias with a serious expression. "This is the company's latest financial statement."

Matthias took the statement directly from Regan before thanking the latter politely as he said, "Thanks for your hard work." However, just as he was about to close the door, Regan stretched out his arm and stopped him from doing so. He then said, "I haven't finished yet, President Locke."

Regan's expression grew increasingly sullen, and it boggled Matthias' mind. After all, he seldom saw the former wearing such an expression. "Come in," he said with much reluctance. In his eyes, Regan was bad news who caused him trouble whenever he came.

Regan sat down unceremoniously across from Matthias, and the latter looked at him furtively. He took the financial statement and read it as though nothing happened, but he suddenly felt his cell phone vibrating. When he saw that the notification was from Messenger, he thought Heather must have texted him. However, he couldn't take out his cell phone since Regan was across from him. It was hard to describe his feelings at this moment, but he had never hated Regan so much before.

Meanwhile, Heather took a look at her cell phone when there was no reply from Matthias for a long time. Then, she directly put her cell phone on the bookshelf. As she happened to be taking a book, she decided to concentrate on drawing.

On the other hand, Regan kept badgering Matthias the whole time. Matthias had held the concurrent post of chief financial officer, so he was quite proficient at reading financial statements. However, he didn't notice anything after reading the financial statements, and Regan's inscrutable expression made him suspect that he was up to something again.

"Our company's financial expenditure has increased significantly since May, but many of the expenses were written down in only a word or two. I'm afraid it's inappropriate to explain the

whereabouts of such a large sum of money in such simple terms.” Regan tapped the desk as he spoke.

Only then did Matthias realize what Regan was up to. “Inappropriate?” He gave a nonchalant smile. “In that case, what do you think is appropriate, Director Locke?” He stared into Regan’s conniving eyes. It’s too confident of Regan to pick at me from the aspect of finances, he thought to himself.

“You were in charge of the company’s finances earlier, President Locke. You wouldn’t mind if I ask you about any doubts that I encounter while taking over the job, would you?” Regan asked tactfully. The meaning behind his words couldn’t be clearer—he wanted Matthias to explain the specific whereabouts of the large sum of funds.

“Ask me? I’m afraid that you’re questioning me.” Matthias could no longer care about Heather. After all, he had to concentrate on dealing with Regan now that the latter had suddenly created such a difficult situation for him.

“I wouldn’t dare to do that at all.” Regan didn’t dare to defy Matthias rashly, for he was still on Matthias’ turf. However, he mustn’t show signs of weakness—he had to give that man a sense of danger.

“I’m afraid there’s nothing that you wouldn’t dare to do. Matthias pushed the financial statement aside directly as he was really annoyed by the way Regan behaved; it seemed like he was trying to force him into stepping down.

“President Locke, I only joined the Locke Group recently, so I’m afraid that I might make some mistakes. You know how cautious I am; I’d like to figure out the cause behind the increased expenditure and the expenses, so could you enlighten me on this, President Locke?” Regan deliberately humbled himself, but he was actually talking back to Matthias. Moreover, his aggressive-looking eyes showed no modesty as someone asking for advice.

Matthias directly pushed the financial statement toward Regan and squinted at him. “Since you know that you’re a newcomer, you should focus more on watching and learning instead of speaking out of turn.”

Regan picked up the financial statement with a smile of embarrassment. “Are you not going to explain to me the story behind this, President Locke?” He was still unwilling to admit defeat, so he insisted on knowing the reason behind the increased expenditure.

“What right do you have for me to explain it to you? There aren’t many explanations in the financial sheet, but whatever you want to know can be found from the financial information. How could you come and question me without doing anything? Regan, you’re only my subordinate, so don’t think of riding roughshod over me,” Matthias admonished snappishly. Since they were in the Locke Group, he would be the one calling the shots. How could Regan have the nerve to question him just days after taking up his post?

Upon being told off by Matthias, Regan looked as black as thunder; even the insincere smile on his face vanished. At the sight of this, Matthias felt much better—he had had enough of Regan’s relentless fault-finding these days.

As he suppressed his anger, Regan replied without a change in his countenance, “You’re right, President Locke. It’s my fault for bothering you without checking it out. I’ll go back and study the documents.”

“Make a new statement when you finish reading the documents. I want a detailed one,” Matthias ordered while tapping the desk with his index finger. He pondered how to give Regan trouble since he couldn’t let him continue on with his audacity.

Regan could only nod and acquiesce. He had shot himself in the foot, for Matthias had already sent him a pile of documents previously. It would take a long time and a great deal of work for him to find out the whole story behind the increased expenditure from the pile of documents.

With that, Matthias finally sent Regan away. However, as soon as Regan left, Lara pushed the door open and came in right away before Matthias could even pick up his cell phone. When he looked up, he saw the aggrieved look on her face. Did Regan bully her? he wondered to himself.

“President Locke,” Lara greeted aggrievedly.

“Uh-huh,” Matthias responded while looking at the cell phone in his hand with a resentful expression. Can’t I play with my cell phone to my heart’s content?

However, Lara felt much more aggrieved than Matthias. “President Locke, Director Locke has created a lot of burden on my work ever since he took his post.”

“What sort of burden did he create on your work?” Matthias looked at Lara in puzzlement. Regan had caused him a lot of trouble, but it seemed like he hadn’t started picking on Lara yet.

“He keeps asking me for this and that. What did you two talk about just now? He had such a scary look in his eyes before he left. I’m afraid that he’ll demand a pile of documents from me later again, and I’m about to become a filing clerk,” Lara complained resentfully as Regan really gave her a lot of trouble.

Meanwhile, Matthias looked at her puzzledly. “He can just search for the documents he wants from the file library. Why would he demand the documents from you instead?” It was clear that Regan was using Matthias’ people as slaves. Regan really hesitates at nothing, he thought to himself.

“I told him that too, but he sounded very serious every time as if I’d be betraying the Locke Group if I didn’t do this.” Lara was almost driven crazy by Regan, for she had no idea how Regan came up with so many high-sounding excuses.

“So you’re airing your grievances to me because you aren’t capable enough?” Matthias replied disdainfully. He noticed that Lara looked run-down these days, but he hadn’t expected it to be because of Regan. At the thought of this, he was inwardly displeased, for Regan was making him look bad by giving his people a hard time. As the saying went, one should find out who a dog’s owner was before beating it. Yet, Regan fancied himself as a big shot just days after taking his post.

However, Lara felt even more resentful. She plucked up her courage and told Matthias about this with great effort, only to be held in contempt by the latter. She felt hurt on the inside, but she couldn’t say anything to refute him. Indeed, it was her fault for being a pushover.

Seeing how pitiful Lara looked, Matthias comforted her and said, “If he bosses you around again in the future, turn him down directly and tell him to come to me.”

Only then did Lara give a smile. She was precisely waiting for Matthias to say this, for she knew that he would definitely stand up for her. After all, she saw him as a kind person.

“Just use your head.” Matthias sighed. He always thought that Lara was clever, so he didn’t expect that she would be bullied by Regan this way.

The thought of Regan gave Matthias a headache. Indeed, Regan was a heavy-going person who could be described most adequately as sanctimonious. Even Matthias had a hard time dealing with him, let alone Lara.

As Matthias thought about this, he swallowed his disdain for Lara. Come to speak of it, Regan bullied him many times back then and was simply evil. As Matthias recalled how Regan had been making threatening gestures in front of him since he was little, he couldn’t stop himself from feeling that Regan was rather lucky—he hadn’t been beaten to death up until now.

Regan was such a double-dealer that Matthias thought all the mean words he could think of were inadequate to express his dislike for Regan. The more he thought about it, the sulkier he was, so he quickly got rid of Regan from his mind.

After Lara closed the door and went out quietly, Matthias immediately picked up his cell phone. He wondered if Heather had gotten anxious while waiting for his message, but when he opened his Messenger, he was somewhat disappointed to see that her message simply read, ‘Oh.’ He didn’t see any other new messages from Heather and was quite unwilling to reconcile himself to it, but he knew that Heather was like this. He hurriedly sent her a message that read, ‘I was attending to my work just now. What are you doing?’

Heather’s cell phone beeped on the bookshelf, but she was so absorbed that she ignored this notification directly. Naturally, she wasn’t interested in continuing her conversation with Matthias at this moment since she had found something interesting to do.

She hadn't been so relaxed for a long time. As she toyed with the charcoal in her hand, her lips curled into a childlike smile. Sketching wasn't as interesting as painting, so she tried her best to make a satisfying painting.

As she concentrated on painting a picture filled with mountains and rivers, the door opened with a squeak. Heather looked up, and her eyelashes fluttered the moment she was dazzled by the light.

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Unexpectedly, the person who couldn't possibly show up at the Langston Residence right at this moment showed up in front of Heather, and she looked at the person with a half-smile. "Heather." This was probably the last voice she liked to hear. Few people would call her so affectionately, but she felt disgusted whenever this particular person called her name in such a manner.

"What brings you here, Blake?" she asked in surprise. It wasn't time to clock off yet, so why would Blake come home ahead of time? He even went to the study right away to meet her.

"It'll be Thanksgiving day tomorrow, so the company closed early," Blake replied naturally.

Heather almost forgot that the next day would be Thanksgiving Day, the day when one was supposed to have a Thanksgiving meal with their family. She felt somewhat lonely all of a sudden, for she recalled her parents—they had basically been treating her with indifference ever since she came back to the Langston Residence. Naturally, she would be lying if she said that she had no feelings about this. The next day would be Thanksgiving Day, but her parents weren't at the Langston Residence at all. When rumors about Heather and Matthias spread last time, Stephen was so angered that he took Camille overseas right away with the excuse of keeping their minds off things, but he actually did so to get Heather out of his mind. Heather had sometimes considered changing such circumstances, for Stephen hated his child so much as a parent. Heather couldn't understand why he hated her so much as if he had never treated her as his daughter.

When he looked at Heather's 'masterpiece' on the table, Blake asked hesitantly, "Are you painting?"

Since she feared that Blake would see her painting, Heather immediately crumpled up the painting that had taken her a long time to draw into a ball and tossed it nonchalantly into the trash can. Then, she replied without a change in her countenance, "I was just killing time."

Blake gave a knowing look before he smiled. "Did you see Grandpa?" As it turned out, he was here to find Robert.

"Grandpa is away for something." Heather wasn't clear about the specific reason Robert left home. Seeing how impatient Blake looked, she wondered why Blake had come to find Robert. In fact, it seemed like he had something serious to discuss with Robert.

"Did he mention when he'll be back?" There was a trace of anxiety in Blake's voice.

Deep down inside, Heather grew even more puzzled. "I'm not clear about that; he should be back before dinner." She wasn't clear about this since Robert had left without saying anything.

"I can't get through to Grandpa's cell phone number, so I'm worried." Blake took out his cell phone, and its screen showed that he had called Robert a dozen times.

This time, even Heather became nervous as well. "What happened?" she asked in disbelief while taking the cell phone from him. Robert would typically phone Blake back, so this gave her a bad feeling.

"I'm not sure. I don't know where Grandpa is at all right now," Blake replied worriedly. Deep down inside, he still cared about Robert, though he often thought that the latter was biased.

"Let's go out and look for him." Heather began to turn things over in her mind. There weren't many places that Robert could go to, so they would definitely find him if they searched these places one by one.

"Perhaps he'll be back after a while." Robert took back his cell phone with a deep frown. Unpleasant scenes flashed across his mind since such a thing had never happened to Robert before.

“No matter what, let’s go out and look for him. We can ask the butler to inform us if Grandpa comes back,” said Heather while leaving the study. Then, her voice was heard outside the door. “Butler! Butler!”

As he looked at Heather from behind, Blake thought for a moment before going after her. He didn’t want something bad to happen to Robert; even though it occurred to him that he would be calling the shots in the Langston Family if Robert passed away one day, he mustn’t let anything happen to Robert before he could prove himself. He had to make Robert recognize his capabilities, or he would live in Heather’s shadow all his life.

The two of them quickly reached the garage and moved separately with each person driving a car. At this moment, Blake was unusually reliable; he wasn’t totally worthless, for he looked quite like a brother right now.

Heather’s car was still under repair, so there was no way she could take it back that day. Out of the vast collection of cars in the garage, she chose the smallest one. She used to like driving this car in the past, but after she began working at the Langston Group, she drove a bigger car to make herself appear lofty and impressive while meeting clients.

Since she knew that Robert’s favorite go-to place was a clubhouse specialized in serving the elderly, she decided to go there to take a look, thinking that Robert was probably playing cards and gathering with several old buddies. On the other hand, Blake intended to go to the most luxurious golf course in Bradford City—it was Robert’s favorite place for holding talks with people. Heather also thought that Robert was more likely to be there, but she didn’t want to go to the golf course. After all, the golf course’s owner was a man whom she hated quite a lot. Coincidentally, the man was on friendly terms with Blake, which was why Blake chose to visit the golf course instead.

Heather sped up her car while praying inwardly that nothing would happen to Robert. She sent him several text messages in a row, asking him to reply to her as soon as he saw her messages. However, there was no reply after she sent those texts; they weren’t even read. It seemed like Robert didn’t have his cell phone with him, and this wasn’t good news. Robert had never made his family so worried before; even if his cell phone was with someone else, the person would have to report to him whenever his cell phone registered any calls or messages. It didn’t make sense for Robert not to reply to their calls and messages, so this was deeply alarming. How could Robert, who always had such a good habit, go off the radar?

Heather was on tenterhooks as she was about to arrive. Of course, she hoped that Robert was at the clubhouse, but she had a hunch that he wasn't there. She hated having such a strong intuition since this wasn't a good thing.

She stopped her car at the clubhouse's entrance with her mind in a whirl. This clubhouse was run by a former subordinate of Robert, so he often patronized this place. Moreover, Heather was on good terms with the owner since Robert often brought her here when she was a child.

When Heather showed up at the clubhouse's front desk, the receptionist—a young lady who was new at the job and didn't know Heather at all—was baffled by Heather's presence here. After all, this place was a paradise for the elderly, and young people seldom came here.

After the young lady and Heather looked at each other, Heather said politely, "Could you call your boss over?"

After walking into the clubhouse, Heather became more certain that her hunch was right. She couldn't feel Robert's presence here at all, but now that she was here, she had to confirm it first. After all, her grandpa could've been here earlier that day.

"Boss isn't here today." The young lady blinked her innocent eyes, and Heather knitted her brows instantly.

Heather's aura made the young lady feel very uncomfortable, and she looked at Heather in fear. When she saw how afraid the young lady was, Heather continued, "Who's in the clubhouse today?" After asking the question, she felt as though she was a narcotics agent.

The young lady looked at Heather even more suspiciously. "There isn't anyone," she answered nervously.

Seeing that the young lady was so timid, Heather opened Robert's photo on her cell phone right away and showed it in front of the young lady. She then asked directly, "Has this old man been here?"

The young lady shook her head. The photo on Heather's cell phone showed an elegant and refined old man. The young lady would've recognized him at a glance if she had seen him, but she really had never seen him before.

“Are you a new employee?” Heather’s head hurt as it occurred to her that this young lady knew nothing.

“Yeah, I’m not so familiar with this place yet,” the young lady answered evasively while wondering if this clubhouse had a secret that couldn’t be told. She even guessed Heather’s identity—the more she looked at Heather, the more Heather looked to her like a plainclothes police officer coming for an investigation. The young lady felt extremely aggrieved, and she thought that she must ask her boss what was going on when he came back.

As expected, he isn’t here, Heather thought to herself. Feeling somewhat disappointed, she left right away since she had no time to explain. Since Robert wasn’t here, he was probably at the golf course. Even though she didn’t like the golf course manager, she couldn’t care less about it at this moment.

When Heather hurried to the golf course, she saw Blake’s car. Blake should’ve arrived a long time ago, so Heather didn’t understand why his car was still parked here. Moreover, she had been sending him messages on her way here to ask him about the situation here, but she received no reply.

After parking her car, she entered the golf course without hesitation; it never occurred to her that a golf course would become so dangerous one day. She kept having a bad feeling, for she found that the golf course was unusually quiet on this day. As she walked inside, she didn’t see anyone receiving her.

Since when did the golf course’s management become so careless that anyone can easily get inside? At the thought of this, Heather immediately dialed Robert’s number, but the call was disconnected right away after a few beeps. She felt even more suspicious by this, and she immediately sensed danger. With that, she decided not to continue going forward; she looked at her surroundings and wondered if she should call the police.

Just then, a man’s voice spoke. “Miss Langston.”

Heather turned around to see the golf course manager, and she felt rather uncomfortable at the sight of him. “Hi, Mr. Cullen,” she replied politely. Nonetheless, she felt greatly alarmed since the golf course manager shouldn’t have been here. She kept some distance away from him so that she had time to react if anything unexpected happened.

“How big you’ve grown! It’s been a long time since we last met,” said the golf course manager as he tried to cozy up to Heather.

Heather looked at the golf course manager with disgust, for this man was a pedophile. Back when she followed Robert here as a child, he had shown her perverted care that one shouldn’t have shown toward someone younger. Heather was sensitive, so she never came here with Robert again after that. Moreover, this guy was especially good at disguising himself. Pedophiles would only give themselves away in front of young girls, so he definitely wouldn’t give himself away in front of a bunch of guys.

Back then, Robert was especially curious about why Heather disliked Mr. Cullen so much. After all, this man had put in a great deal of effort to please Robert, so Robert’s impression of him was quite favorable. This was precisely why Heather didn’t expose Mr. Cullen’s special preferences.

“Yeah, I’m no longer a kid.” Heather reminded him that she was no longer the young girl back then—she was a mature woman now.

“What a shame,” the golf course manager responded with regret. After all, he had a preference for young girls and wasn’t very interested in mature women. He had been unable to forget the sharp look in Heather’s eyes when she was a child, for it was simply intoxicating. What a stubborn and unyielding little girl she was back then, he thought to himself.

Since she was unable to stand the man’s gaze any longer, Heather asked without mincing her words, “Has Grandpa been here today?” She felt she was too unlucky—why would she run into this annoying guy by mischance?

The golf course manager shook his head. “I didn’t see Old Master Langston today.”

Heather stared right into the depths of the golf course manager’s eyes. After a long time, she said frostily, “You’re lying.”

Perhaps she shouldn’t expose his lies so directly, but Heather decided to take a gamble. The golf course manager was obviously lying; if Robert had never been here, why hadn’t Blake come out after going inside for such a long time? There must be a plot behind this.

Heather tried hard to recall if the Langston Family had offended anyone lately, but she couldn’t think of anyone after racking her brains. Someone had to be

plotting against the Langston Family, or such a fishy thing wouldn't have happened. Besides, she could feel Robert's presence here. Heather was a very sensitive person, and she believed in her sixth sense. As she clutched her cell phone tightly in her hands, she regretted not calling the police. Now, it would probably be difficult for her to find an opportunity to do so.

However, the man laughed instead of blowing up when he heard how categorical Heather sounded. "Old Master Langston has indeed been here, but he has left long ago. I'm just joking with you."

As she looked at the man's flippant expression, Heather replied in disgust, "Do you think that I was born yesterday? Just admit it if Grandpa has been here. Why are you joking with me?" She had a wrong impression that this man was still treating her like a kid. He also behaved in such a weird manner at that time, so she just knew that he wasn't a good person. Had she known it earlier, she would've blown his cover directly in front of Robert. Even more so, she had a feeling that Robert's disappearance must have had something to do with the man before her eyes. Thus, she glowered at the golf course manager and asked, "Where the hell is Grandpa?"

The golf course manager grinned before he burst out laughing again. "Old Master Langston has already left. Is there a misunderstanding between us?" However, his laugh seemed like a provocative gesture in Heather's eyes.

"Don't brush me off with this. I'll never let you off if something happens to Grandpa." Heather summoned up her strength as she planned to subdue this man directly. Even though there was a feeling of disgust and a lingering childhood fear within her, she believed that she had no problem tackling this man with her ability.

The smile on the golf course manager's face finally vanished. "Calm down, Miss Langston. Old Master Langston has really left this place," he said with an anxious expression; it seemed like he was afraid that Heather would misunderstand him.

Heather didn't believe him, though. Why would he have such a perverted look on his face at the beginning if he was afraid of being misunderstood by me? she thought to herself. She took out her cell phone right away, but to her great shock, she couldn't get a cell phone reception at all. After looking at her cell phone in disbelief, she looked at the man with her widened eyes full of anger. "What trick did you pull? Why isn't there a cell phone reception?" Unwilling to

reconcile herself to this, she switched off her cell phone and turned it back on, and her suspicions slowly became clear.

“Some mobile phone jammers have been installed in our golf course to serve our guests better—that way, they can concentrate on playing golf,” the golf course manager hurriedly explained as he panicked somewhat. Heather looked much more intimidating than she had been when she was a child, and it frightened him thoroughly.

“That’s bullsh*t. There can’t be such a place. Those who play golf here are either wealthy or influential. What would happen when their cell phone signal is jammed? Can your golf course take responsibility for the consequences?” Heather asked while pointing at the golf course manager. She firmly believed that he was a bad guy right now, and she even suspected that Robert had been kidnapped.

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However, Heather didn’t want to listen to this man’s nonsense anymore. She stepped up right away and subdued him immediately. She twisted his arm and threatened, “Take me to see my Grandpa.”

The man screamed in pain before he begged with an imploring look. “Please, my lady—you’re breaking my arm!” He never expected Heather to grab his hand with such tremendous strength. Before he could get a clear glimpse of what was happening, Heather had already subdued him.

Heather was particularly good at Judo since she liked subduing an opponent in one move. She tightened her grip on the manager, and he immediately screamed in pain. Then, she said fiercely, “How dare you keep wasting your breath? Take me there!”

“Ouch! My arm is breaking! Both your Grandpa and brother are here, but I can’t take you to them.” The golf course manager felt like he was on the brink of death, for Heather was torturing him completely. Instead of making it quick, she tightened her grip on him bit by bit—it was killing him slowly.

“Do you still want your arm? Take me there—I don’t want to repeat myself for the third time!” Heather threatened as she kept on tightening her grip. He certainly deserved this even if she ended up breaking his arm. I’ll level this place if he dares to kidnap Grandpa, she thought to herself. The more she thought about this, the angrier she felt.

Strangely enough, no one was seen in the golf course. Even though she hadn’t entered the area, it was truly strange that there wasn’t anyone outside to receive any guests. Heather was worried about Robert’s safety, and Blake didn’t emerge after going inside. However, she didn’t know who would be so audacious to do that.

“Okay, okay, I’ll bring you there. Be gentle.” The golf course manager took Heather inside at the risk of being fired since he could no longer bear the pain. After a long walk, they finally came into sight of the golf course. Immediately, Heather spotted Robert at a glance. At this moment, he was talking to a man beside him whose face she couldn’t discern, whereas Blake stood aside with an aggrieved look on his face. In any case, Robert seemed to be safe.

Just then, Heather heard the golf course manager’s voice below her. “Can you let go of me now, my lady?”

Heather directly gave him a shove without caring whether he would fall or not. Then, she quickly went up to Robert and shouted, “Are you all right, Grandpa?!”

Upon hearing Heather’s voice, everyone on the golf course who hadn’t noticed Heather at first had their gazes drawn to her. Robert’s face fell at once when he saw her; when she finally came up to her, he gave her a slap across the face. “Who let you come over?”

Heather looked at Robert in disbelief. She was startled by how angry Robert was, for he had never slapped her before. The right side of her face swelled up after the slap, whereas Blake had a gloating look. As she covered her slapped cheek, she stared straight at Robert.

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Blake, who had been watching this scene gloatingly at one side, was also scolded by Robert. "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and take your sister back!" The innocent Blake got the blame as Robert's eyebrows rose in anger.

"Okay." Blake approached Heather and silently tugged at her sleeve, signaling her to go back with him.

However, Heather knocked his hand off directly. She said with a frosty expression, "I'll go back myself. I'm sorry for interrupting you while you're discussing something." Then, she left without a backward glance.

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Upon hearing Robert's words, Blake went after Heather at once. Even though he was also scolded by Robert, he felt as though he could die with no regrets—he'd lived long enough to see Robert giving Heather a slap. The more he thought of this, the more he felt that it was his lucky day, and he rejoiced in secret. However, it didn't occur to him that the identity of the person who was playing golf with Robert on this day wasn't simple, and Heather's arrival had messed up Robert's plan completely.

Only after Heather left the golf course did the man beside Robert comment meaningfully, "Your granddaughter is very interesting."

Upon hearing this, Robert turned pale at once. Meanwhile, the man's mouth curved into a smile so menacing that one wouldn't dare to look squarely at it.

On the other hand, the golf course manager was still screaming in pain. Robert gave him a fierce glare; he had told him to stop Heather from coming in, yet he didn't expect that Heather would still barge in anyway. "Let's call it a day. I'm sorry for making a spectacle of myself in front of you, but my health doesn't allow me to exercise for a long time. I'll be leaving first," Robert said politely and respectfully as he was a bit afraid of the man in front of him.

The man wasn't old, and he exuded a noble air; he was like a proud emperor whom people could only look up to. "I'll personally pay you a visit tomorrow," he said, stressing each word. "She must be at home as well." It was clear from the aggressive way he spoke that he wanted Heather to welcome him at home together with Robert.

Robert looked reluctantly at the man in front of him, but he had no choice other than to agree since he couldn't turn down the man. Facing this man put him under tremendous stress, and he was frustrated at having to be so respectful to someone of a younger generation.

After Robert left, the man looked at him from behind with a wicked smile. Perhaps he would stay in Bradford City for a while longer.

Robert shook out his sleeves in anger when he walked past the golf course manager. He didn't expect the manager to be so useless; had he known it earlier, he would have looked for an excuse to have Blake go out and inform Heather. That way, the man wouldn't have seen her.

He pulled a long face throughout his way home, for he was inwardly preoccupied with worries about Heather and what might happen the next day. Heather wasn't the most beautiful among his grandchildren, but she resembled his younger sister the most. Should the younger generation really be involved in the enmity between those of the older generation back then? What a sin this is! he screamed inwardly.

The Langston Family lost a daughter back then, whereas the Moriarty Family lost its heir. Robert thought that the matter was already over, but the Moriarty Family still refused to let the Langston Family off even until now. Robert didn't expect that the Moriarty Family would come to him after so many years, nor did he expect that the Moriarty Family had become so powerful that even the Langston Family would find it difficult to deal with them. The problem was not only about business right now, for Robert was worried that the tragedy might repeat itself. Had he known earlier that the Moriartys would come to him, he wouldn't have let Heather come back from overseas so early.

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Standing before Love Chapter 505

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Standing before Love Chapter 506

Heather's car sped throughout the entire journey. Since she had never been treated like this by Robert before, she directed all her rage at her car.

Meanwhile, Blake's heart leaped in his throat for her as he followed behind Heather's car. Considering how fast her car was going, it would be strange if Heather didn't get into an accident. He kept praying that nothing would happen to Heather, for Robert would certainly blame him if she got into one.

However, even if Heather didn't care for her life while she was on the road, Blake still wanted to live to see tomorrow. Soon, he ended up lagging behind and eventually lost sight of her.

Blake thought that Heather must have returned to the Langston Residence, so he took a nearby shortcut and rushed over there. However, when he reached his destination, he saw no trace of her car. After waiting for her inside the house, there was still no sign of Heather even when Robert arrived. The first thing Robert asked was Heather's whereabouts.

Blake looked at Robert, unable to tell the truth despite his troubled thoughts. All he could do was give a half-hearted, sloppy reply, telling the older man that Heather hadn't returned to the Langston Residence yet.

Robert was already in a bad mood, and he immediately lost his temper upon hearing Blake's answer.

"Blake, I told you to follow Heather, but you lost her." Robert was furious as he glared at Blake. He wanted to fully direct his ire at him, but Robert stamped down on his emotions in the end.

Now that things had come to this, there wasn't much use in getting angry. Besides, Robert was not unfamiliar with Heather's temper; it was perfectly normal for Blake to be unable to keep up with her, but Robert was still worried that she would come to harm. Heather had been in a car accident that very morning, and they ended up arguing about it in the afternoon. Robert had only hit her out of a moment of frustration during their fight, and he regretted it once the deed was done. After all, the Moriarty Family had come fully prepared; they would end up meeting Heather sooner or later.

The Moriarty Family had yet to make their move, but the Langstons were already in a state of complete chaos. A sense of helplessness rose within Robert.

"Grandpa, Heather drove like a madwoman. I couldn't keep up with her at all," Blake explained wearily. In the end, the one Robert worried about was his precious granddaughter.

"It's fine. Heather will come back," Robert replied, feeling completely exhausted. He didn't have the energy to care about this, for he believed that Heather was a rational lady.

Blake promptly nodded and said, "She'll definitely come back once she has cooled her head."

Both grandfather and grandson were close, and they didn't have any grudges with each other. The two of them immediately assumed that Heather would come back soon lest she got into an accident.

Meanwhile, Heather had calmed down considerably after staying outside for a while. Then, she thought about Robert's odd actions; perhaps her grandfather was hiding something. She immediately turned back and returned to the Langston Residence so that she could get the truth from him.

However, Robert was already sleeping by the time she returned home. Things weren't adding up, for her grandfather had gone to bed when it wasn't even dark outside yet. What was stranger was the words that Blake relayed to her from Robert.

"Grandpa said that you shouldn't go to the Parkers tomorrow; it seems like he doesn't want you to see them anymore." Of course, Blake loved making things to be more than they seem.

Heather glared at Blake. She believed the first part of the message, but for the second part, she wouldn't believe it at all unless it came straight from Robert's own mouth.

"Why can't I go to the Parkers' tomorrow?" Heather asked in confusion.

"That's because it's Thanksgiving tomorrow! We're going to have dinner together with the entire family, and everyone at the Parkers will be on break. Have you forgotten?" Blake asked in a smarmy manner, delighted that he had managed to fool Heather.

"Lame," Heather said with a huff.

"Now that you're back, let's have dinner together," Blake said to her.

"I'm not hungry. I'm going back to my room." Heather simply brushed past Blake, and she looked like she wanted to be left alone.

When she returned to her room, Heather regretted it a little. She was hungry, but she decided not to eat just to prove a point. Fortunately for her, she had plenty of snacks squirreled away in her room. However, when she searched for her snacks, she didn't find anything—all she found was a letter.

Heather opened it and she immediately wanted to cry. Could there be anything worse than this? She was hungry and wanted to eat some snacks to fill her belly, but it turned out that Robert had disposed of all her snacks, citing concern for her health.

As she read the words neatly penned on the paper, Heather had the urge to just go berserk. Staying with the Langstons was too much of a pain, and she wanted to leave this place.

After gritting her teeth in anger, Heather simply washed up before lying on her bed; she was prepared to just lie there and be lazy. At that moment, messages popped up one after another as she stared at her phone, so she picked the device up lazily.

Matthias was the one who had sent most of the messages during the sudden barrage, yet Heather was in no mood to scroll up and read all of them. Not only that, Matthias' messages were mundane and boring, so it didn't matter whether she replied or not.

However, Leon's message startled her. Heather hadn't expected for Leon to have already dug up all that information on that stalker in such a short time.

Initially, she had thought that the stalker was no one special; who would have thought that he would have such a background instead? It seemed like a waste of the stalker's talents to make him track Myra and Tony, and it was no wonder that Tony's hired men didn't pick up on him. If the stalker hadn't been discovered by chance, he would probably still be following behind Myra and Tony in silence.

Heather started a video call with Leon. "Can the average person even hire someone this top-tier?" Heather asked Leon despite knowing the answer.

Things would be better if the one who hired the stalker was Cameron, but if it was someone else they didn't know, that would be more bothersome. After all, it would be a pain to slowly check each suspect and find the true person behind it by elimination.

"With the Langstons' influence, no. Not even the Harts can hire them either. Tell me—do you think any ordinary person is capable of hiring him?" Leon looked at his tablet in disdain, and he wondered why Heather was being an idiot.

"Amazing."

Heather hadn't expected the stalker to be someone special. Logically speaking, the Langstons and the Harts were among the most powerful, influential families in Bradford City. If they couldn't even hire him, Heather didn't dare to imagine who could have been the one to hire the person stalking Myra and Tony.

"Yeah, I've heard rumors about the organization that the stalker belongs to, but I hadn't expected it to be real."

It was like Leon had just opened a door to a new world.

"In that case, aren't Myra and Tony in danger?" Heather asked worriedly.

Leon looked at his tablet screen while he played a mobile game on his phone. He was rather relaxed about this, for he didn't have ties to neither Myra nor Tony.

“Relax, they’re in no danger. Other than having someone know every single one of their actions, there’s nothing else that can endanger them,” Leo breezily replied.

Heather didn’t quite understand, opting to flick the window with the video call away. This situation could no longer be explained properly with words, and she wanted a more detailed explanation.

Leon had just gotten to an important part of the stage he was playing. By the time he passed the stage, Heather had already cut off the video call. Since he didn’t get another video call request from her, Leon hastily shot her one.

Heather didn’t pick up the first time, so Leon called her a second time. Sometimes, Heather was rather like a little girl—for instance, when it came to her occasional pettiness.

As Leon’s face took up her entire screen, Heather frantically asked him, “If such a shady organization has their sights on Myra and Tony, why did you say that they’re not in danger?”

“You didn’t read the files I sent you properly, did you?” Leon eyed her in disdain.

“I don’t have time to read through all of it. Just explain it to me.” Heather had no patience at all today. Right now, she was worried for Myra.

“As I’ve mentioned, they aren’t in danger. Do you think I’m lying to you? The guy they sent is only supposed to track them and gather information on the couple. He’s not in charge of assassinating them, so there’s no threat to their lives,” Leon said in disgruntlement, still thinking about the game on his phone.

“There’s no telling whether they’ll send an assassin after Myra and Tony once they’ve gotten enough information.” Heather was still worried, for she felt that Myra had a ticking time bomb by her.

“They won’t—your friend still isn’t important enough for that. She’s not some political figure either, and there’s nothing about her that warrants an assassination. Sending a tracker after your friend is already putting her on a pedestal.” After all, Leon did have some understanding about how the organization worked.

“Why are you so sure?” Heather asked skeptically.

“That’s because I wanted to join that organization back when I was in my second year of middle school, so I went everywhere to grab any information I could on them.” Now that Leon had discovered that the organization was something that actually existed and was close to him, he still felt that old excitement of his. He still had a slight thought about trying to join them.

“Quit messing around and just be a normal businessman. Why do you want to rush over to some assassin’s organization?” Heather thought that Leon still hadn’t gotten over his edgelord phase.

“Geez, you won’t even let me entertain that thought. Every young boy has the heart of an avenging rebel within them,” Leon said with a look of pride. Meanwhile, Heather rolled her eyes at him.

“I won’t be going to the Parkers’ to work in a few more days, so let’s just run our business. You, though—stop being such an edgelord.” Heather had already made up her mind. She would not continue to waste her time at the Parkers’, or she would never get anything done.

“You’ve already gotten everything in place. After all, you can’t just open a listed company at the drop of a hat. Do you think it’s like opening some small company that’s worth 200,000?” Leon hadn’t seen anything that might indicate that Heather had been making preparations, so he took the opportunity to make a jab at her expense.

“My lawyer has been helping me all this while with the paperwork. Basically, everything is just about ready.” Heather was very concerned about her future company, and she couldn’t possibly not do anything to prepare.

“Who’s your lawyer that’s so incredible?” Leon asked curiously. He didn’t expect there to be such an omnipotent lawyer.

“My Uncle Alexander. He wouldn’t let me touch anything that he can help me with.” Having said that, Heather felt immensely grateful toward Alexander for saving her a lot of trouble.

“In that case, I’ll look forward to it all. Are you sure you want to open it in Bradford City though? This isn’t a great location.” Leon had been reading through the information that Heather had given him the last few days because he had nothing to do, and he also heard about how the business scene in Bradford City was doing.

To put it simply, the Harts practically had a monopoly right here. After all, they could be considered as the boss within the vicinity. Right now, the Locke Group had popped up, and they wanted to seize part of the Harts' market share because of the sheer scale of their business.

Meanwhile, the Langstons were in an awkward position in Bradford City. Although they were just a little below the Harts on the ladder prior to this, that was only possible because they also included their overseas branches. The Langstons themselves had completely no influence around here, and they couldn't be mentioned in the same sentence as the Harts when it came to financial power.

Now that the behemoths known as the Locke Group and the Hart Group were duking it out, the Langstons could not get a foot in. Yet, Heather had to create a new company under these current circumstances. It was awkward, and no one had any idea how Heather would develop her company. Most of the sectors dealing with physical goods were already under the Locke Group or Hart Group's thumb, and it would be most difficult to carve a new path for herself.

"Isn't that more challenging, though?" On the other hand, Heather was brimming with confidence. Leon knew that Heather was insane deep down, but he hadn't expected her to actually play with such a sizable fire this time.

Standing before Love Chapter 507

As Leon chatted with her, Heather fell asleep. He called her a few times, but she didn't answer. Nonetheless, he couldn't bring himself to end the video call as he watched her sleeping visage. He even put aside his mobile game, opting to watch Heather instead.

Now that he thought about it, it was a nice thing to be able to just go nuts with Heather; the corners of Leon's lips soon lifted into a wide smile. In truth, Leon had been the crazier one during their conversation. There was a thin line between genius and insanity, after all.

Leon placed his tablet to the side and watched Heather sleep like that. She was deep in slumber, and it seemed like the woman had gone through a lot today for an absolutely spirited woman.

"It looks like the days were torture on you," Leon said to the sleeping Heather.

Leon had already decided to completely leave Heather behind him, for her conflict with Matthias actually made Leon jealous. After all, Matthias was someone who could make Heather crash her car into him. He also understood that Matthias would always be someone special to Heather.

Leon glanced at the time; when he realized that it was midnight, he ended the video call then. The day had gone by, and both of them were still just friends.

When he saw Matthias, Leon realized that Heather would never be his. Leon prized his friendship with Heather over being in a romantic relationship with her. In truth, when one was friends with someone, the less they'd think about wanting to date them.

In the end, he would just allow himself this last chance to be greedy. Leon had never been this much of a coward around a woman; he mocked himself for it many times, but things were the way they were now. Even if their current relationship was a bit rocky now, Heather's true love had finally made his appearance at the very least.

Still, Leon had the feeling that Heather and Matthias were the best match for each other; he believed that they would get together in the end. Heather had rammed her car into Matthias, but he was still willing to help her out by lying right to the police. Since Matthias was willing to take responsibility for everything, what else could it be other than love?

Matthias already showed his feelings for Heather, yet she still wasn't aware of it—she just thought that something was wrong with Matthias' head. It seemed that melting the ice princess that was Heather was just a matter of time.

"I'm kind of salty. After all, I'm much better-looking than Matthias," Leon said in a moment of narcissism. As he said that, he watched Heather through the video call.

Soon, it was nearly 1.00AM. Leon ended the video call, but he still wasn't satisfied. He then said to himself, "I've got to go to bed early so that I can get up early. There's still plenty of fish in the sea after I've given up on her."

He had given up on Heather today; tomorrow, Leon could peacefully go out on the streets to search for his next target—after all, Asian girls were tiny and adorable. As he thought more about it, he felt that tomorrow was still going to be a good day.

The next morning, Heather woke up to a barrage of messages from Matthias. She opened her messaging app with bleary eyes. When did Matthias become this childish? He even sent her a bunch of GIFs.

Heather had the urge to smack Matthias. Feeling displeased, she typed three words in response.

‘You are annoying.’

When did Matthias become a clinging limpet that she couldn’t shake off?

Matthias was pleased to read Heather’s reply—at the very least, she had texted him back. He had been messaging her rather happily yesterday, but after Regan interrupted him, Heather had ignored him since.

Matthias sent a generic greeting which read, ‘Happy Thanksgiving.’

Heather had no concept of Thanksgiving. She never celebrated it when she was abroad, so why did people keep wishing her that since yesterday?

‘Don’t pester me.’ Since she had just gotten up, Heather was not equipped to answer Matthias properly.

Matthias glanced at Evan with a hurt look. Evan was the one who told him to stubbornly pursue her with all he got, so why was nothing working on Heather?

Evan was baffled from Matthias’ stare, and he stared back at him uncomprehendingly. Right then, he suddenly thought that it was probably because of Heather. Lately, all Matthias had in his mind was that woman; even Lara noticed it, so Evan got the same thought immediately.

“Be thick-skinned and stubbornly cling to her?” Matthias said, a depressed look on his face. Evan’s heart trembled at that. Had he known things would turn out like this, he wouldn’t have suggested Matthias to do that.

“I realize that Heather hates me more now,” Matthias announced mournfully. The more he clung to Heather, the further she ran from him.

“You’ve got to do it in moderation.” Once again, Evan was back to being a saintly figure as he dispensed advice for matters of the heart. Meanwhile, Matthias was completely under the control of his emotions.

“I must lay out everything to her clearly today.” When the thought of meeting Heather soon came to him, the depression within Matthias washed away completely.

“I think you can tell her everything in a roundabout way,” Evan suggested.

Matthias didn't believe Evan's words right now, so Evan's suggestion was completely of no use at all. On the contrary, it made Evan look worse to him.

“I should tell her everything as it is.” Matthias intended to follow his own thoughts.

Meanwhile, Evan felt that Matthias and Heather weren't on the same page. Back when Heather was interested in Matthias, he hadn't reciprocated her feelings. Now that Matthias had gotten an epiphany for some reason or other and intended to pursue Heather, she probably no longer had the same feelings she used to have for him.

Evan had no idea how to tell Matthias all that. Back then, he had advised Matthias not to be harsh on Heather. Who would have expected Matthias to get that idea in his head and say all those cruel things to her? Needless to say, it was probably going to be a bit dangerous to win back Heather's favor.

“Why don't you give Miss Langston a reminder?” Evan was worried that Heather would not come today. The day before, Matthias had forced Heather into agreeing through underhanded means, so he had no idea whether Heather would actually come.

Matthias thought about it for a moment before he answered in a self-assured manner, “Heather has already promised me, so she will definitely come.” He still trusted that part of her.

Evan couldn't roast him for this. Heather had agreed to be Matthias' fake girlfriend for a while, but in the end, the agreement between them fell apart. Women were fickle creatures, and they wouldn't necessarily do what they agreed to.

By the time Heather picked up her phone again, she remembered about the meeting with Matthias that she had agreed to yesterday; she was supposed to see him today.

Had she known that it was Thanksgiving today, she would've definitely pushed the meeting back a day. Although her parents weren't home, her grandfather was.

Heather would never hear the end of it from Robert if she went out on such a momentous occasion. Nonetheless, she gave it some thought; Robert still hadn't given her a reasonable explanation for his harsh slap yesterday.

I'm not being petty by going out to fulfill an agreement during a special holiday.

With that thought in mind, Heather decided to dress up and head out, but before that, she must hand over the stalker's details to Myra.

Heather wasn't that anxious now that she knew Myra wasn't in danger during her talk with Leon yesterday, whom she had chatted with until she had fallen asleep. However, it was even harder to investigate who had hired that tracker, and she had no idea why they hired him. Since their opponent was even more powerful than the Harts, why did they hire someone like the stalker to track Myra and Tony?

No matter how she thought about it, nothing fit logically. As such, Heather's mind was a mess. Meanwhile, there was nothing on Myra's side after she had sent the information over. Myra and Tony were probably still asleep at this hour, but Heather was in no rush to get a reply from her anyway.

Similarly, she hadn't gotten anything from Lucas. Heather even deliberately asked Myra whether she should send the information to him; Myra and Tony had intended to handle this matter discreetly, so Heather couldn't just make it known.

Once Heather had dressed up and pulled the door open to go outside, the butler's kindly face greeted her.

"Miss Heather." The butler's smile was filled with eeriness.

"Planning to keep me here?" Heather's neck was stiff. She would not show any hint of weakness on the outside.

"Listen to yourself, Miss Heather. It is Thanksgiving today—an important day where the family gets together for a nice dinner. There will be an important guest coming, and The Old Master has given special orders for everyone to

stay at home to welcome this guest.” The butler smiled until all the wrinkles on his face were bunched together.

“Is there any difference between this and house-arrest?” Heather’s expression was cold, for she hadn’t expected her prediction to be right.

“It’s Thanksgiving, Miss Heather. It’s not good to go outside today,” the butler said, feeling troubled. Based on her outfit, he guessed that she was most likely heading out.

“I never celebrated Thanksgiving when I was abroad. I have an important meeting today, so there is no way I can stay here to welcome that guest,” Heather said stubbornly. The more she was told not to do something, the more she wanted to do it.

“But Miss Heather, the thing is... the Old Master is already in the living room. Please go down there and have a proper talk with him about this.” The butler didn’t dare to offend Heather; even his tone was respectful due to his fear of her rage.

“Fine, I’ll tell him myself.” At times, Heather knew that she shouldn’t let her temper get the better of her, but she still couldn’t control her anger.

When she reached the living room and saw Robert’s pale face, the words that Heather had for him became stuck in her throat—she couldn’t even say a word.

Robert’s frailness struck something within her. Instead, she said, “Grandpa, you don’t look too good. I’ll go with you to the hospital for a check-up.” He had still been rosy-faced just yesterday; how did he end up like this today? It was like he had aged several years overnight.

“There’s no need for that. Why should we go to the hospital on such a special holiday? It simply ruins the festiveness.” Robert’s voice had a slight hoarseness to it, and it seemed like he was really unwell.

“Grandpa, health trumps everything. Don’t be so fixated on holidays and whatnot.” Heather had to drag Robert over to the hospital for a check-up.

“Didn’t you disagree about going to the hospital to be checked yesterday? Instead, you’re making me go for a check-up today.” Robert turned the tables on her.

“I eventually agreed to let the doctor perform a medical examination on me, didn’t I?” Heather asked self-consciously, for she didn’t dare to go against Robert.

“No more talking. Are you heading out today?” Robert shifted the topic to Heather herself as he surveyed her, and she felt rather uncomfortable by it.

“I’m meeting someone,” Heather said after bracing herself.

“Postpone it,” Robert said flippantly.

“I’ve already agreed to the meeting. Unless you agree to let me take you to the hospital, I’m afraid I can’t postpone it any longer,” Heather replied stubbornly.

“Do not put two different things together.” Robert was not going to fall for Heather’s trick.

“If you won’t agree, then I’m going out to my meeting.” Heather was obstinate, and her temper was flaring up again. Meanwhile, Robert couldn’t stand it either.

“No, we’re having a special guest over today. You must stay here.” Robert glared at her, his face turning paler. When she saw this, Heather was afraid to continue arguing with him and simply looked at her grandfather; she didn’t dare to say the words that were on the tip of her tongue, for she was worried that Robert’s health had some issues. As she looked at his colorless lips, Heather felt especially concerned.

“When our guest arrives, you will have to behave in a more mature manner; you cannot continue to be so willful. Your reputation has been spreading the last few years, and your temper has made a more frequent appearance. I do not wish for others to talk behind your back. You may not like to do certain things, but please do not make it so obvious,” Robert said sincerely. Heather’s personality was becoming more explosive, and he was truly worried that something bad would happen to her.

If Heather found out about the Moriarty Family, then...

Robert didn’t dare to continue that line of thought, and all he could do was take things one step at a time.

Standing before Love Chapter 508

Now that they were in Venezuela, Myra and Tony hugged each other intimately after they finished touring Canaima National Park. Since they were staying at the presidential suite this time around, they could roll around the huge bed in any way that they liked.

When they woke up, he gently kissed her forehead as he revealed a slight smile on his face. Even though he had been quite disturbed by the stalker, he felt as though all his troubles had melted away when he hugged her in his arms.

Myra had been a light sleeper as of late. Even though it was a gentle kiss, it had woken her up. With an apologetic look on his face, Tony asked, "Did I wake you up?" Of course he wanted her to have a longer sleep.

"I'm easily woken up these days." On top of being pregnant, the bad encounter had also made her unable to be sound asleep.

However, it was not necessarily safe for them to return to Bradford City either. The mastermind who hired the stalker to follow them could be waiting at Bradford City for them to return, but Tony had already spoken to his family about it.

He was worried that the attack this time was directed at the Hart Family, so he asked them to take some precautions beforehand, even though it was blatant that the Hart Family was much safer in Bradford City, compared to Tony and Myra being in a foreign country. After all, they were not familiar with Venezuela and they did not have any friends around. It was quite a dangerous situation for them both. Hence, they had to be vigilant all the time. He was also unsure whether he should make a decision to return to Bradford City since the stalker had merely followed them around without doing anything.

However, Tony was also worried that the stalker might attack them on their way back to Bradford City, which made him feel conflicted. Meanwhile, Myra was also worried about it. Upon seeing how their well-planned honeymoon had come to this, he was annoyed.

"It's the Lantern Festival today, which is a time for families to reunite." He was quite comfortable with pinching her chubby cheeks.

“Unfortunately we are in Venezuela, which is far away from our hometown.” Myra smiled. She did not want to show her concerns because she knew that he was already worried about their current situation. She did not want him to be worried about her as well.

“There are no mooncakes here. Why don’t we make it ourselves?” Even though mooncakes were unavailable, they could make it themselves as the raw ingredients were not difficult to locate anyway.

“Good thinking.” Myra smiled again. For the past few days, Tony had been trying to cheer her up to divert her attention from the stalker.

Since they had already arrived at that decision, they quickly got out of the bed to get started on their plan. Thinking that Heather would update her anytime soon, Myra took her phone with her. Sure enough, there were a few messages from Heather.

Myra downloaded the document that Heather had just sent. When Myra opened it, Tony had also scooted over and paled after quickly skimming through it. She then shot him a glance before looking back at the document.

“I didn’t expect the mastermind, who arranged the stalker, to come from such a powerful background,” he mocked, making her wonder whether it was good or bad news.

Upon hearing that, she looked at him in worry, making him realize that what he had just blurted out frightened her.

“Don’t worry, the stalker does not pose any physical threat to us. He is only responsible for collecting information and I’m sure he won’t be attacking us.” It was actually a piece of good news that finally calmed Tony’s anxious thoughts.

He did not expect Heather to have the capabilities to investigate such a group. A few years back, he had merely heard some rumors about them.

“Why did they follow us to gather information about us? What kind of information do we possess to warrant such a great deal of effort?” Myra was confused to hear that. There were a few technical terms mentioned in the document that were quite difficult to understand, so she directly asked him.

“I have no idea, but this is the bad part. Some big guys have their eyes on us now.” Tony did not understand the secret goal of the powerful mastermind behind the stalker. He did not want to hide anything from Myra. After all, judging from her intelligence, she could get this piece of information from the document itself. It was better to let her know from the beginning so that she did not have to look it up herself.

“What about us?” She wanted to know Tony’s next step, but it seemed like he hadn’t thought about what they should do next.

“Just follow our initial plan. Once we are done with our travels, we’re heading back to Bradford City.” He did not want to change his plans. Apart from that, the group was so formidable that they might have already known about his plans.

“I don’t even have the mood to travel anymore,” Myra complained with unease.

“We have to follow our initial plan. I assume the group already knows about our plan. If we suddenly change our plans, it would be bad if they realize that we have found out about them. At least we are still safe now, so let’s continue to pretend that we know nothing about this.” Tony voiced his opinion. He would rather go with the flow and pretend that they did not discover the stalker instead of changing their plans in a panic.

After hearing Tony’s justification, Myra nodded. Even though she was quite anxious and fearful, she was less so with him around.

“Today, our plan is to make mooncakes.” Tony recollected his composure and spoke in a happier tone.

“What fillings should we put in?” Myra asked solemnly. After all, it was a serious question.

“Fruits?” he asked tentatively. There were many different types of fillings for mooncakes nowadays, but he did not like the almond flavor and was willing to accept a fruity filling instead.

After thinking about it, she replied, “I guess that’s what we can make here.” After all, since they were not in Bradford City now, they could not get their hands on many of the ingredients.

“Fruits it is. What type of fruit are you craving for?” There were many types of fruits around, but Tony had no idea which one to choose from, so he thought Myra could inspire him.

“An assortment of them.” Myra did not have any particular cravings as well, so she thought it would be best to have an assortment of fruits.

“Let’s take a look at the market on the streets and buy some fruits to make them into fillings.” Since they were going to make mooncakes by hand, they had to do everything including the fillings from scratch.

They happily walked out of the hotel to the busy street after they made their decision. As they held hands, they smiled at each other before they started to buy the required ingredients. Since it had been a while since Myra last made something, she was looking forward to it. In fact, even Tony was excited about it because he had never done something like this before. Now that he thought about it, the idea of making mooncakes was rather interesting.

It was rather easy to find flour and fruits, but they still needed sugar and olive oil. Soon, they gathered all the ingredients and merely needed to look for another convenience store for some molds.

It was probably the most unique Lantern Festival they had experienced. After being busy for the entire morning, the mooncakes that they made had tasted quite good, but it came with weird shapes as Myra and Tony did not manage to find the specific molds. After all, it was difficult to search for the exact molds that were used in the local convenience stores.

She could not help but grin from ear to ear when she saw the weirdly-shaped mooncakes. She took a picture of them and posted it to her Stories. After leaving Bradford City, she and Tony felt like they were an ordinary pair of husband and wife who experienced many things that they had never tried when they were in Bradford City.

When she saw some flour on Tony’s nose, Myra thought he looked funny, so she quickly took a picture of him. Before he could even realize what was happening, she had already taken a comical picture of him.

Tony first saw a picture on her Stories. Upon seeing how he actually looked cute in the picture, he narrowed his eyes when he looked at her. On the other hand, Myra smiled happily. After experiencing such simple and normal happiness, Tony felt that it was worth it to bring Myra here. There were many

things that were inconvenient for him to carry out in Bradford City and his days were mostly filled with work. However, at this moment, he was free and easy like a bird.

“Take a bite of this.” He took the mooncake to feed her himself.

Myra wanted to avoid him. “You gave it to me because you don’t like it. I don’t want that.” Tony did not like desserts, but she convinced him to have a little of them.

“There are still quite a lot of leftovers. Do you want to bring it back?” It was his first time baking something himself, so he thought it would be a waste to throw the leftovers away.

“No. I can’t eat too much sugar. Why don’t we share it with others?” She suggested with a smile. When we share good stuff with people, we can spread joy around.

“Sure.” Tony agreed with Myra’s idea.

With that being said, they gave the remainder to the employees of the convenience store, who thanked them with a smile when they saw the mooncakes. After all, the employees were quite curious about the taste since they never had any mooncakes.

When Tony and Myra returned to the hotel, they were satisfied with their actions and decided to leave the stalker aside. When one was happy, one would often forget about their troubles. While they were in bed, Myra could not fall asleep, so she dragged Tony outside to look at the moon. They brought some stools to the balcony and enjoyed watching the moon there. The round moon had always been the same—no matter where it was.

“I still remember back when I was still in school, my geography teacher said that the moon was the roundest on the 16th of each month.” Myra recalled her student days with Heather. She had no idea why she had recently been reminiscing about her younger times.

Occasionally, she felt that her memories were incomplete, as she always dreamed of a person whose face was blurred out. When she woke up, she would feel disappointed, as if part of her memories had been deleted.

At that moment, the feeling became more intense. Myra wanted to talk to Tony about it, but she resisted when she was about to do so. After all, he had not taken part in her past memories. She also thought that he could do nothing about it even if she told him what she felt right now.

Moreover, she had a feeling that the memories that she had forgotten were related to a young boy who had not gone through puberty. Since it was related to a young boy, Myra felt even more embarrassed to discuss it with Tony. If that person really existed, he could be her first love. She did not even dare to continue her train of thought. How could one forget their first love? I seem to hear that voice somewhere.

Perhaps at this moment, if Matthias was right in front of Myra and behaved in the same way as he always did, she might remember the missing part of her memories were related to him. However, since Tony was the only person around her at this moment, it was impossible for her to be in touch with Matthias. As such, it could not be possible for her to recall him at this point in time.

If Matthias knew about this one day, he might feel slightly regretful. Back then, if he persevered and appeared in Myra's life on a daily basis, she could have remembered her past with him. However, after arriving in Bradford City, he seldom appeared in front of her because of her relationship with Tony.

"In that case, let's view the moon again tomorrow," Tony suggested as he looked at Myra adoringly.

"No. It's not the Lantern Festival tomorrow." When she raised her head, her messy thoughts were chased away. I'm with Tony now, so I should focus on this moment instead of other matters.

Under the bright moonlight, Bradford City was illuminated with the festive decorations. The Hart Family was also undeniably quite busy. Apart from Myra and Tony, everyone else including Tony's eldest brother were home for the Lantern Festival.

Shawn had received Tony's message when he was at the dinner table. When Tony found out about the stalker, he immediately sent the person's information to Shawn. Since the family was having a great time around the dinner table, Shawn did not want to interfere with the great atmosphere and remained silent about the matter.

Only Shawn and Sebastian were initially the ones to have known about the matter. Since others were in the dark, Shawn had to find another time to speak to Sebastian about this.

However, things became increasingly complicated. Before this, all the possible reasons that were hypothesized by Ben and Shawn for Tony and Myra being stalked were refuted. After all, all they could think of was their business enemies. However, a normal businessman had no power to hire such a stalker. Hence, it seemed like the incident was related to a government official, but Shawn proclaimed that he did not make any enemies.

Apart from that, it did not make sense to stalk Tony if the mastermind was targeting Shawn himself. No matter what, the explanation did not make any sense. Thinking about this, Shawn did not eat much for dinner.

The Hart Family had moved the table to their garden tonight so that they could enjoy dinner while looking at the moon at the same time. When Shawn raised his head to look at the moon, he was worried about Tony and Myra's safety, especially the pregnant Myra.

Hence, he insisted for Tony to quickly return to Bradford City. At least no one dared to do anything to them here and he believed that he had the ability to protect them.

However, Tony insisted on his own beliefs and refused to listen to Shawn to return to Bradford City. Instead, he was firm on carrying out his original plan. Sebastian also hoped that Tony could quickly return because the Hart Group had not been performing well and he was even waiting for Tony to be back to take control of the situation.

Nevertheless, Tony's reason was also logical—since the stalker's intentions were unclear and did not harm them, he was worried that the stalker would discover something if he and Myra suddenly changed their plans. It would be worse if the person decided to hurt them after that.

No matter what, it was a rather complicated problem that made Shawn unable to enjoy the Lantern Festival in peace. In fact, he was quite envious of the people who were oblivious to the incident—at least they were able to laugh joyfully. He had a feeling that the opponent was aiming at the Hart Family, but he had no idea why the said person had decided to start with Tony.

There was another possibility that the Hart Family had been targeted a while ago, but they had not noticed it. It could have been a coincidence that Tony found out about it at this moment. As a result, Shawn had been quite careful these days and even Sebastian took extra note of the surroundings around the Hart Residence. To them, it seemed like something was always off somewhere.

Because of this, Tony was not in a rush to return. It was possible that the Hart Family was the target of their opponent and he could flexibly adapt to the situation now that he was abroad, but his options were limited if he returned.

He had his concerns surrounding this matter and had clearly addressed it with Shawn. Meanwhile, Shawn was trying to check and identify any suspicious characters around him.

While everyone had their focus on Tony and Myra, they had no clue that danger was slowly inching closer toward them. Heather thought that it was caused by some enemies that the Hart Family made, but none of them knew that the Hart Family was about to suffer from even more misfortunes.

Everything started on the afternoon of the Lantern Festival when Heather had a disagreement with Robert. Since he looked terrible, she did not dare to disobey him any further, no matter how stubborn she was.

Hence, she agreed to his request and rejected the date with Matthias. When he saw the message from her, he felt he had descended to hell from heaven.

Perhaps Evan was right wherein women were unpredictable. Without any elaboration, Heather had merely sent Matthias a simple sentence—‘Can’t make it during the Lantern Festival.’

She did not even make it clear whether they were going to postpone the date to sometime after the Lantern Festival; she merely said that she could not make it on this day. Without even thinking about it, he wore his sweater and immediately drove straight to the Langston Family. After all, he was quite resentful that she had canceled their date just like that.

However, Heather had already foreseen this happening. When Matthias arrived at the Langston Family, he was blocked by the servants outside, who did not even give him the opportunity to enter the house.

“Director Locke, the Langston Family has no plans to see any guests today. Please head home today.” The servants repeated the exact words that Robert used when Matthias arrived the day before as Robert could tell that something was wrong.

In the morning, she was arguing with Robert to head out today. He guessed that she wanted to meet Matthias for a date, so he did not allow Matthias to enter their residence.

She had no idea that he came to her place to look for her whereas he left in annoyance, thinking that she had deliberately asked the servants to give him a hard time.

To Matthias, Heather had broken her promise and was merely placating him the day before. It was a humiliation he had never experienced up until now, so his face was as dark as charcoal on his way back. Why did I insist on going to the Langston Family? I bet Heather is laughing at me now. Great. Since she dared to turn around and slam into my car yesterday, I should understand that she has no feelings for me.

He felt that he had failed miserably. When he finally summoned his courage to start all over with Heather, she already hated him. He had never felt such desperation in his entire life.

On the other hand, he also felt despair toward Myra as he had no opportunity to fight for her heart. When he faced Heather, she would give him a blow no matter what he attempted.

Sometimes Matthias would feel that such blows did not matter; other times, he felt that it was impossible for him to be with Heather again. Evan kept saying that she was a suitable match for him while Nicolai said that he was the only person compatible with her. To others, they seemed to be the perfect match.

However, Matthias did not feel that they were suited for each other at all. As time went by, she had merely expressed her disgust toward him in an increasingly obvious manner without even hiding anything. His pride did not allow him to continue to please her, but he sometimes wondered whether he had really treated her badly in the past.

Nevertheless, he still stood by the statement that he had done nothing wrong. After all, it was Heather who ruined his chances with Myra, so he thought the

way he had treated Heather was perfectly justified compared to how she treated him back then.

Of course, Heather did not know his internal struggles and she didn't even know that his perception of her had changed. She continued to defend herself against him for the fear that he might play some dirty tricks on her again.

All this while, she had been keeping Robert company and he did not explain yesterday's events to her. In fact, he did not even tell her about today's guests.

To Robert, there were many secrets hidden with some matters that he simply could not tell Heather. One of which was the Langston Family's dark history. Whenever he remembered what his sister, Claris, experienced, an immense guilt bubbled out of him.

It was the Langston Family that wronged her. He was a dozen years older than Claris, who was born when their parents were already in their twilight years. Hence, they had all doted on her since she was young. Until now, he could still remember his first time seeing her as a tiny baby.

Since she was born prematurely, she looked wrinkled and small. Many of their family members were worried that she might not survive infancy, but it was true that she had been quite weak. Robert had been meticulously taking care of her, but she bore the heavy burden of the family many years later.

When Heather was born, he immediately recalled Claris, even though Heather was much healthier. However, her stubborn personality was exactly the same as Claris, so her second name was named after Claris.

Upon seeing Heather, Robert felt as though she was Claris' reincarnation. At that time, he quietly decided to protect Heather's happiness and doted on her. As Heather grew up, she became a cute kid, but Stephen insisted that she only brought misfortunes to the family.

Stephen had always wanted a son, but he had a daughter in the end. To him, even though Robert doted on Heather, it meant nothing. After all, daughters could not inherit the family business of the Langston Group. Since Robert had been pretty healthy, Stephen did not get the opportunity to run the business and instead placed his hopes in his children. However, he was disappointed that he had a daughter in the end.

Even though Stephen tried various ways to have another child after that, he did not manage to accomplish the feat. At that time, he did not dare to attempt in vitro fertilization. When the technology had finally improved, he no longer wanted to put in the effort. After all, it was quite clear that Blake would be inheriting the company.

Even if he managed to bear a son at this time, the youngster could no longer take the baton from Blake anymore. On top of that, Robert had also warned Stephen not to think of the sneaky tactics before.

The Langston Family had always been well-educated and there were many ideas that Robert was against, like illegitimate children and in vitro fertilisation.

At that time, he thought that since Heather was Stephen's only daughter, their relationship as father and daughter might improve as time went by. Unexpectedly, Stephen's dislike toward her increased as she grew up to the point where he did not even allow Camille to shower her with love.

There were many moments where Robert thought, Karma is real after all. Back then, Claris was well-loved by all the family members, but she sacrificed her life in return for all the love she received. On the other hand, Heather grew up in a family that was void of love.

Hence, she was strong and independent, completely different from Claris. It was just that she looked like Claris everytime she frowned, but she was able to accomplish the things that Claris did not even dare to do back then.

"Grandpa, wake up." Heather gently nudged Robert who had fallen asleep on the couch as he tightly grabbed her arm in the process.

"Is he here?" He tried to widen his eyes. Since he was napping, he did not fall into a deep sleep, so he vaguely heard the servants announcing that 'the guest has arrived'.

"Yeah, I think he will enter in a short while." She shot a glance at her arm that he had tightly gripped for a long time. There were already some bruises on her fair arms.

After that, she supported Robert as he stood up. Since the morning, she had been curious about the precious guest whom they had been expecting and she could finally see the person face-to-face later.

When the man casually walked into the living room, his gaze accurately met Heather's mid-air. She boldly returned his gaze with a stubborn look in her eyes.

Before they even met, she did not have a good impression of him. After all, she could not believe that someone would dare to make the entire Langston Family wait for him and she thought that he was putting on airs.

When she met him, she thought even more poorly of him. With a menacing air around him, he looked even more evil than Matthias.

It was clear that a person like him was up to no good and Heather was especially sensitive to characters as such. She could barely accept Matthias, who was sometimes evil, sometimes good, but she had no idea how to befriend someone who was entirely up to no good.

Matthias' bad qualities even seemed to be a positive thing in front of this man. Heather had an ominous feeling as she could not feel any kindness from him, whose powerful air had already annoyed her.

Standing before Love Chapter 509

Under the bright moonlight, Bradford City was illuminated with the festive decorations. The Hart Family was also undeniably quite busy. Apart from Myra and Tony, everyone else including Tony's eldest brother were home for the Lantern Festival.

Shawn had received Tony's message when he was at the dinner table. When Tony found out about the stalker, he immediately sent the person's information to Shawn. Since the family was having a great time around the dinner table, Shawn did not want to interfere with the great atmosphere and remained silent about the matter.

Only Shawn and Sebastian were initially the ones to have known about the matter. Since others were in the dark, Shawn had to find another time to speak to Sebastian about this.

However, things became increasingly complicated. Before this, all the possible reasons that were hypothesized by Ben and Shawn for Tony and Myra being stalked were refuted. After all, all they could think of was their business enemies. However, a normal businessman had no power to hire

such a stalker. Hence, it seemed like the incident was related to a government official, but Shawn proclaimed that he did not make any enemies.

Apart from that, it did not make sense to stalk Tony if the mastermind was targeting Shawn himself. No matter what, the explanation did not make any sense. Thinking about this, Shawn did not eat much for dinner.

The Hart Family had moved the table to their garden tonight so that they could enjoy dinner while looking at the moon at the same time. When Shawn raised his head to look at the moon, he was worried about Tony and Myra's safety, especially the pregnant Myra.

Hence, he insisted for Tony to quickly return to Bradford City. At least no one dared to do anything to them here and he believed that he had the ability to protect them.

However, Tony insisted on his own beliefs and refused to listen to Shawn to return to Bradford City. Instead, he was firm on carrying out his original plan. Sebastian also hoped that Tony could quickly return because the Hart Group had not been performing well and he was even waiting for Tony to be back to take control of the situation.

Nevertheless, Tony's reason was also logical—since the stalker's intentions were unclear and did not harm them, he was worried that the stalker would discover something if he and Myra suddenly changed their plans. It would be worse if the person decided to hurt them after that.

No matter what, it was a rather complicated problem that made Shawn unable to enjoy the Lantern Festival in peace. In fact, he was quite envious of the people who were oblivious to the incident—at least they were able to laugh joyfully. He had a feeling that the opponent was aiming at the Hart Family, but he had no idea why the said person had decided to start with Tony.

There was another possibility that the Hart Family had been targeted a while ago, but they had not noticed it. It could have been a coincidence that Tony found out about it at this moment. As a result, Shawn had been quite careful these days and even Sebastian took extra note of the surroundings around the Hart Residence. To them, it seemed like something was always off somewhere.

Because of this, Tony was not in a rush to return. It was possible that the Hart Family was the target of their opponent and he could flexibly adapt to the situation now that he was abroad, but his options were limited if he returned.

He had his concerns surrounding this matter and had clearly addressed it with Shawn. Meanwhile, Shawn was trying to check and identify any suspicious characters around him.

While everyone had their focus on Tony and Myra, they had no clue that danger was slowly inching closer toward them. Heather thought that it was caused by some enemies that the Hart Family made, but none of them knew that the Hart Family was about to suffer from even more misfortunes.

Everything started on the afternoon of the Lantern Festival when Heather had a disagreement with Robert. Since he looked terrible, she did not dare to disobey him any further, no matter how stubborn she was.

Hence, she agreed to his request and rejected the date with Matthias. When he saw the message from her, he felt he had descended to hell from heaven.

Perhaps Evan was right wherein women were unpredictable. Without any elaboration, Heather had merely sent Matthias a simple sentence—‘Can’t make it during the Lantern Festival.’

She did not even make it clear whether they were going to postpone the date to sometime after the Lantern Festival; she merely said that she could not make it on this day. Without even thinking about it, he wore his sweater and immediately drove straight to the Langston Family. After all, he was quite resentful that she had canceled their date just like that.

However, Heather had already foreseen this happening. When Matthias arrived at the Langston Family, he was blocked by the servants outside, who did not even give him the opportunity to enter the house.

“Director Locke, the Langston Family has no plans to see any guests today. Please head home today.” The servants repeated the exact words that Robert used when Matthias arrived the day before as Robert could tell that something was wrong.

In the morning, she was arguing with Robert to head out today. He guessed that she wanted to meet Matthias for a date, so he did not allow Matthias to enter their residence.

She had no idea that he came to her place to look for her whereas he left in annoyance, thinking that she had deliberately asked the servants to give him a hard time.

To Matthias, Heather had broken her promise and was merely placating him the day before. It was a humiliation he had never experienced up until now, so his face was as dark as charcoal on his way back. Why did I insist on going to the Langston Family? I bet Heather is laughing at me now. Great. Since she dared to turn around and slam into my car yesterday, I should understand that she has no feelings for me.

He felt that he had failed miserably. When he finally summoned his courage to start all over with Heather, she already hated him. He had never felt such desperation in his entire life.

On the other hand, he also felt despair toward Myra as he had no opportunity to fight for her heart. When he faced Heather, she would give him a blow no matter what he attempted.

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Standing before Love Chapter 510

The hair on Heather's forehead gently swayed with the breeze as she appraised the guest before she retracted her gaze. The guest meaningfully and playfully looked at her, making her feel as though he had locked her with his gaze.

After momentarily meeting her gaze, he turned his eyes to another direction as he walked slowly toward them. However, she kept her gaze on him until he spoke in a low voice that was quite unfamiliar to her.

However, he was a familiar face to her because they had just met at the golf course yesterday. Today, he unexpectedly appeared at the Langston Residence as a precious guest of her family.

Heather did not understand the twists and turns of the events, but she was rather vigilant about it and it was reflected in the defensive approach in her eyes.

"Old Master Langston," he broke the silence and started the conversation with Robert. She was not used to the way he accurately pronounced each word that made him sound like a professional news reporter. He seemed stern to her.

With a smile on his face, Robert welcomed the man and introduced him to Heather. "Heather, this is General Moriaty."

Upon hearing that, Heather's heart sank as she did not expect that the guest they had been awaiting was someone from the army. Before she could react, he quickly spoke.

"You don't need to address me this way. My position in Leisfeld is that of a general, but we are in Solaria now," Caleb explained to her.

She was even more shocked upon hearing him mentioning Leisfeld. After all, the military had been governing that country. Even though he looked young, he was already a general. If he was promoted to a higher position, he could be the commander of the military.

Upon hearing that, Heather understood why she felt the cold and cruel aura from him. Compared to Solaria, Leisfeld was quite unstable all year round and there were a few military skirmishes. She imagined that Caleb must have plenty of blood on his hands. After all, for a soldier to rise up the ranks in the military, he had to be tainted with blood.

When he clarified his position, he was admiring the shock in her eyes. People usually would be taken aback after they heard his current position, but she quickly suppressed her shock and merely looked at him calmly.

She thought, Seeing the position that he holds, why does he come to Bradford City? More importantly, why is he here at our place?

“General Moriarty, welcome.” Heather stretched her hand to gracefully greet him.

When she was in Europe, she already had the opportunity to meet dukes who were even more high-class than Caleb from other countries. She wasn't extremely shocked because to her, he was merely someone who held an extraordinary position.

When he saw Heather offering a handshake, he also stretched out with his hand to briefly greet her. He had a natural royal aura, so she guessed that he must have been born in a rich or prestigious family. For someone like him to reach such a high-ranked position in the military, he must have a powerful background to back him up.

Robert invited Caleb to take a seat and she was directly arranged to sit opposite him. Once she raised her head, she would immediately see his face. She was not used to the arrangement because she was only interested in business, not politics.

She did not expect the Langston Family had the need to familiarize themselves with the politics of another country, even though they did not have any businesses in Leisfeld. Are we going to expand our business there? If we really want to expand our business, we would not start with Leisfeld anyway

since there are many bigger countries to explore. Who would be interested in such an unstable country like Leisfeld?

Unless we are entering the arms trade. Heather's heart skipped a beat when she thought about that. Based on Robert's character, he would not want to get into such a business. Meanwhile, Caleb thoughtfully looked at her. It was obvious that her mind was spinning fast at this moment as she thought of the possibilities, which made him curious about what was on her mind.

After he had finally arrived, the servants asked everyone in the Langston Family to welcome him. The first person who did so was Blake, who gave him a warm welcome. However, Caleb did not even spare a second gaze at him, which amounted to not giving Blake enough respect.

With a smile on his face, Blake retracted his hands. Initially, he wanted to shake hands with Caleb, but the latter had completely ignored him. Robert flashed a warning look at Blake to notify the latter not to continue embarrassing the family.

This time around, Caleb was here for Heather, so Robert had to tread carefully since he was determined not to sacrifice her happiness at this point.

Even though Caleb had an unfriendly attitude toward Blake, Blake was rather interested in him, albeit his annoyance at the way the man behaved. It stemmed from Caleb shooting occasional glances at Heather.

In no time, everyone from the Langston Family arrived—except Heather's parents. Disappointment quickly flashed in her eyes and Caleb meticulously caught it.

He had previously investigated her background. After glancing at everyone around the table, he immediately had his answer. Unexpectedly, her relationship with her parents had worsened to this point. His gaze turned slightly colder when he thought about his own parents.

Last night, Robert had already instructed his butler to prepare fancy dishes today. Because of that, food was being served one after another in a grandiose manner.

Before Caleb took his cutlery, no one from the Langston Family had dared to tuck in. The children in the family merely looked at the delicious dishes in front

of them longingly. Since they were easily hungry and sensitive to the smell and sight of the food, they wanted to immediately enjoy the delicious food.

Heather shot occasional glances at him, wondering what went through his mind since he made no move to start eating. Instead, he merely glanced at everyone around him several times. Thinking that the awkward atmosphere did not look pleased, Robert, who was seated to Caleb's right, invited him to tuck in with a smile.

"General Moriarty, have a bite while everything is still warm." It was only after Robert spoke that Caleb finally took his cutlery.

She could not tell what he had been thinking and she felt that he was here to flex his power, so she did not have a good impression of him.

It was only after Caleb had taken a bite that the rest finally dared to tuck in, but Heather still remained immobile.

She would shoot occasional glances at Robert as if she was asking him, What is General Moriarty doing here?

The silence around the dinner table was terrifying. It had never been this quiet during mealtimes at the Langston Residence. Perhaps Caleb had such hostility to him that even the playful children did not dare to utter a word—even though they would usually chatter around as they were unafraid of Robert.

Heather finally picked up her cutlery when Caleb looked at her. It was obvious that he wanted her to dig in as well.

He emanated a power that would make others buckle to him and she hated the aura because she felt that she was suffocating under his force.

Robert also noticed that Caleb would occasionally 'greet' her with his eyes and it was the last thing that Robert would like to see.

The more Caleb was interested in Heather, the more uneasy Robert became. He wondered whether Caleb wanted revenge or something else, but it was definitely not good news no matter what Caleb wanted.

Everyone had their own thoughts as they ate. Blake had naturally noticed Caleb's interest in Heather and it irritated him. He came to know Caleb's

position last night and for him, it was not a good thing that such a powerful person had his eyes on her.

Blake questioningly appraised Heather—he did not understand what qualities she wielded to attract men. As time went by, the men who were attracted to her became better, even though she was cold and had a bit of a temper herself. Do excellent men have a tendency to be masochistic?

He recalled the way she had been pressuring him as they were growing up together. Heather has always been a strong and dominant woman. Whoever marries her might not have a peaceful life.

Of course, Blake would not fall for a woman like Heather, so he did not understand what exactly these men liked about her. Obviously, her looks were not the most outstanding in their family. Even Everly was much prettier than her, considering that she was already attractive at such a young age.

With these thoughts in his mind, he looked sideways at Everly, who was sitting opposite him. Everyone did not notice her beauty because they were distracted by Heather. Objectively speaking of appearances, Everly was indeed more beautiful than Heather. However, Heather had a stronger aura than Everly.

Blake noticed something special as he stared at Everly—she was shooting furtive looks at Caleb. A sudden thought then popped into Blake's mind. I used to think that Everly was still a young girl. It seems that it's time for her to experience romance now.

Perhaps, I can align forces with her. He had always been giving Heather a hard time on his own. As a result, he forgot that many people in the Langston Family had been rather unhappy with her and he was not the only one.

This is an opportunity for me. Apart from that, Everly is quite a soft person. If I exploit some of her skills, she will definitely be useful to me. With that thought in mind, Blake revealed a smile on his face. Just as he was pleased with his findings, he noticed that Heather had been looking at him with a questioning look when he returned to his senses.

Perhaps she was wondering what he had been happy about. Upon seeing that, he quickly retracted his glance. He could have looked weird as he smiled in her direction earlier. No wonder she is wondering why I'm smiling at her.

Upon seeing the different family members plotting against each other, Robert did not want Caleb to notice it. However, based on Caleb's sharp eyes, he would probably have understood what was going on by just a few glances.

The Langston Family was indeed facing a problem. Because of the competition between Heather and Blake, the family was separated into two different groups. Even though they looked harmonious on the surface, some of them sided with Blake while others merely relished in the drama unfolding in front of them. After all, there were those who enjoyed the family dramas without thinking that it was actually quite problematic.

Apart from Blake, the rest of them did not dare to express their displeasure toward Heather. Everyone had started to become fearful of her some time ago and the resentment began to accumulate over time

Caleb could tell that Heather was not popular in her family. Indeed, she stood out from the rest in the Langston Family. Everyone else in her family was well-dressed whereas she merely wore a plain white dress with minimal makeup on her face.

Even so, she looked beautiful, but she had the air of a powerful queen. Her natural elegance made her stand out among those present. For someone like her, she would not be inconspicuous even if she was in a crowd with plain clothes. On the contrary, she would make others seem dull, which made her much better than the people who were well-dressed but rotten on the inside.

Standing before Love Chapter 511

The meal had made everyone in the Langston Family quite nervous. Upon seeing Robert's attitude toward Caleb, everyone was doubting Caleb's position.

Because Robert did not introduce Caleb to the Langston Family and Caleb did not make his position clear, the rest of the family members did not know how they should treat him.

On the other hand, even though Heather knew his high-ranking position, she was quite indifferent as it was nothing to her and she had no interest in the military. After all, not only was she a talented businesswoman, she also liked entrepreneurs more than military men.

An outstanding entrepreneur would warrant second glances from her, but sometimes she also wondered why she had her eyes on entrepreneurs. It was as if she had decided that she wanted her future husband to be involved in business.

After the lunch, Caleb showed no signs of leaving, but Heather wanted to look for an excuse to return to her room. However, his occasional glances at her made her swallow her words back even though she was on the verge of saying them aloud.

She extremely hated the feeling as she never had to ingratiate to anyone else. Keeping in mind that Robert had to entertain Caleb even though he was not feeling well, she could not bring herself to find an excuse to leave.

The minute she thought about how Robert had to please Caleb and accompany him even though Robert was unwell, her impression toward Caleb worsened.

Heather tried to understand what Caleb thought when she exchanged several glances with him, but he would not simply reveal his true thoughts to her, so she did not find any breakthroughs.

On the other hand, Blake was unhappy that she had received special attention from Caleb. If they were really planning to have a further relationship, Blake could be oppressed by her for the rest of his life.

Caleb did not like many people around him, so Robert asked everyone to leave after Caleb quietly whispered in Robert's ears. Heather was delighted to hear that, thinking that she could finally escape from the meaningless socialization. After all, she had no common interests with Caleb.

To her surprise, he had purposely singled her out and asked her to stay while dismissing everyone else, which made her feel rather amused.

Of course, Robert would not leave Heather alone with Caleb, so the three of them stood awkwardly together in the garden while she supported Robert's left hand.

Caleb was standing to their right, emanating an oppressive aura with his tall figure. He was probably around 1.9 meters tall. Heather wondered what type of food he had eaten to reach such a height that it made her look like a dwarf next to him.

Even Robert seemed short when he stood next to Caleb. As humans grew older, their height would decrease—just like Robert at this moment. He did not even reach 1.8 meters and he looked rather skinny.

Heather liked the garden in the backyard that emanated a floral scent from the flowers that seemed to be constantly blooming throughout the entire year—with the red and white flowers painting a beautiful scenery. Standing amidst the flowers, the floral scent had brightened their day.

“General Moriarty, do you have any important matters to attend to in Bradford City?”

Upon hearing Heather’s question, Caleb stopped in his tracks and Robert’s expression immediately changed. The three of them seemed to be frozen in their tracks. It was only after a while that Caleb turned his face to address her with a slight flicker in his calm eyes, making it a rather interesting scene.

“My marriage,” he replied without any hesitation.

Robert’s face darkened as he did not expect Caleb to cut to the chase. Back then, the planned marriage between the Langston Family and the Moriarty Family had already failed. Are they going to take revenge on us? With that thought in mind, Robert tightly clenched his fists as he would not allow anyone to hurt Heather.

After being influenced by Robert, she also became slightly nervous as the topic seemed to be referring to her. Just when she was undecided on whether to play dumb or not, Caleb continued to speak.

“For a man to settle down, being in the thirties is a good age, yet I’ve already passed this stage. It’s time for me to think about my marriage now.” His tone turned slightly mellow. When he was speaking about his marriage earlier, he seemed more resentful.

“More people are getting married at a later age nowadays. Perhaps, it’s not a good benchmark to settle down in one’s thirties anymore,” Heather calmly replied since it was precisely at this moment that she needed to keep her cool.

Caleb firmly curled his lips into a slight smile as he loosened his tie. In a nonchalant way, he said, “In that case, do you think that arranged marriage is a traditional idea, Miss Langston?”

As soon as she heard the words 'arranged marriage', her heart sank. Sure enough, my foreboding premonition is true!

On the other hand, Robert looked like he was about to collapse anytime soon.

"Are you alright, Grandpa?" She whispered into his ears as she was worried that something could happen to him.

"I'm fine." His low voice sounded sombre.

After being assured that Robert was doing alright, Heather raised her head to look at Caleb and replied, "It seems that arranged marriage is never out of style." Of course, she knew perfectly well the words she should say and the ones she should avoid.

Upon hearing her reply, Caleb continued to speak, "Looks like you are not opposed to it, Miss Langston."

After she heard his words, she felt slightly uncomfortable, but she did not know why he came to such a conclusion. As she thought about it from another angle, perhaps he merely wanted her to accept his answer, so she suppressed her objection..

"I'm neutral about it," Heather responded with a smile to feign nonchalance.

Robert wanted to add a statement, but he did not open his mouth in the end. Since everything had reached this point, he did not want to further complicate things.

After they had finished with their walk around the garden, she no longer felt happy—no matter how nice the flowers had smelled. Not wanting her to hang out with Caleb anymore, Robert found an excuse to return to the living room. Once they were back indoors, he assumed that Caleb would not find any more excuse to continue with his stay.

Sure enough, after they had returned to the living room, he did not create further excuses to extend his stay. Instead, he left almost immediately. It was only after he had left that both Heather and Robert heaved a sigh of relief, as if a heavy burden had been lifted off their chests.

She followed him into his study after staying in the living room for a while. He decided to be frank with her about what had exactly happened. After all,

judging from her intelligence, he felt that it was no longer necessary to continue to hide it from her.

Heather did not like such a situation and the study contained an oppressive aura that made her feel suffocated. Robert beat around the bush for a long time—he wanted to open up to her a few times, but he suppressed his urge in the end. In fact, she would rather that he revealed everything in a straightforward manner as she felt helpless upon seeing him deferring the topic.

“Heather, what are your thoughts on General Moriarty?” After thinking for a long time, he finally blurted out such a question.

She did not understand what he actually meant by asking that question, which made her feel rather awkward. She did not understand why he asked her such a question and it seemed quite blunt.

Nevertheless, Heather replied with honesty, “Not too good. He has a harsh air around him and I can almost smell the blood that dirtied his hands.” In conclusion, she did not like anything about him and even wondered whether he was a violent person.

“You don’t like him at all?” Robert asked again.

She shook her head. Her expression had clearly revealed everything—it was almost impossible for her to fall for Caleb. Robert had no idea what kind of reply he expected from her, but he was determined not to sacrifice her happiness.

“The arranged marriage that he mentioned earlier was with our family too?” Heather immediately voiced her question. As there were only both of them in the room, they could completely speak their minds.

“Yes,” he replied firmly as he thought about how the Langston Family had promised the Moriarty Family back then. I guess we can’t break all ties because of that incident.

“Is it with me?” She pointed at herself incredulously. After all, she had never expected to be related to something that was impossible.

“That’s right,” Robert replied arduously. He wanted to explain everything to her, but he did not know where to begin.

“It’s impossible,” Heather firmly said. It was impossible for her to have an arranged marriage with another man, let alone with Caleb, who did not leave a good impression on her at all.

“Don’t worry. Unless you are willing to do so, I won’t force you.” Robert sided with her as he did not think that Caleb was a good match for her anyway.

“Grandpa, is there something about this that I don’t know about?” As observant as she had always been, Heather could tell that there were hidden conspiracies in this event on top of being sure that there were many twists and turns about this too.

Robert wanted to speak, but he immediately stopped. How should I explain it to her? I haven’t even thought about what to say.

“I have to begin with the grudges in my generation.” He sighed. I’m so embarrassed to admit that our grudges even implicate our next generation.

“With the Moriarty Family?” She had a feeling that the connection between the Langston Family and Moriarty Family was not that simple. She had no idea whether it was good or bad, but she suspected that there were many secrets that she had no idea about.

“You can put it that way. Back then, the Moriarty Family was our family friend.” Robert recalled what had happened back then when the Moriarty Family had not even migrated to Leisfeld.

“Family friend?” Heather looked at him inquisitively as she could not imagine how they were once so close with each other.

He nodded seriously. “The Moriarty Family migrated to Leisfeld back then. They are not locals there.”

With that being mentioned, she became even more confused. He’s an immigrant in that country, but he manages to become a general in their military. I wonder what kind of extraordinary talent he has.

“Let’s head to the hospital first, Grandpa.” She did not want to continue to listen to him and he looked pale, so she wanted to bring him to the hospital.

Robert waved his hands in dismissal. “There’s no need. I understand my own body well.” Even though his body condition deteriorated and he was not as healthy as he used to be, he knew that he had not reached his limit.

“Grandpa, I would like to return to my room first.” Heather wanted to return to her room to calm herself down and she did not want to listen to the rest of the story. After all, there were many things that happened one after another recently.

It’s difficult for her too. Robert nodded heavily. It’s also fine not to tell her everything now. I just hope that Caleb doesn’t quickly take any action and buy me some time instead. This will be better for Heather to deal with it too.

The conversation had made him realize something new about her. It turns out that her reaction is different from what I’ve imagined.

Even Heather herself did not expect that she would choose not to continue listening to him. If this had happened in the past, she would want to understand Caleb, who suddenly appeared in their lives. In fact, when he arrived, she thought of using her own methods to investigate this man who emitted a certain danger around him.

After walking out of the study, Robert asked Heather to do something that she enjoyed. She thought about the date with Matthias and wanted to seek an answer from Robert’s eyes, but she could only see exhaustion, so she left him alone.

She had no idea what came to her in the morning until she canceled her date with Matthias. If she could turn back time, she should have merely postponed it. Feeling troubled, she opened her Messenger and clicked on his chat bubble even though she had no idea how to explain it to him.

‘Do you have time to meet me now?’

She quickly finished typing a simple reply, but she did not send it out.

After thinking about it, Heather deleted the message, thinking that it was perhaps not that appropriate to be so direct with him. Looking at the message she sent in the morning, she did not feel too happy about it.

‘It’s the Lantern Festival today and I have some family business to attend to. Why don’t we meet another day?’

She slightly regretted her decision to send the message. Why did I ask him to reschedule to another day? I can make it for the date, but everything is in a mess now.

Apart from that, Heather still had not received a reply from him up until now. It made her feel even more uncomfortable because she had been so worried about Caleb's arrival that she forgot to take note of that.

Judging from his character, Matthias would not ignore her message. Since he still had not replied to her message, she was afraid that he could be furious with her.

However, she had no idea that he immediately drove to the Langston Residence because of his disappointment. Yet, he was shamelessly turned down. When he returned to his place and saw the message again, he felt even more furious and deleted his previous chat history with Heather to avoid being troubled by it.

While Heather was still hesitating, Matthias felt resentful as he thought about the possibility of continuing to like her. Evan kept reassuring him, but Matthias did not cheer up whatsoever as if what he experienced was a great blow.

"Why don't you try sending her a message? Perhaps it's a misunderstanding." Upon hearing what Matthias experienced at the Langston Residence, Evan advised as such. After all, he had no idea why Matthias was so resentful about it.

"It can't be a misunderstanding. It's just like what you told me earlier—women are unpredictable. She was just trying to calm me down yesterday, but she has no intention to meet me in person," Matthias confidently predicted. This time around, he looked like he was about to throw in the towel.

"You just have to keep trying. You can't give up at this point." Upon seeing Matthias' fury, Evan gave some words of encouragement for the fear that Matthias would do something rash.

"Perhaps it was a mistake to court Heather." As he soaked his entire body in the spa, he held a wine glass in his hands and gulped its entire contents.

"You must believe in your own judgement. It's a difficult thing to court a girl and such problems are to be expected." Evan started to give positive advice

again. To him, it was not a big deal, but the incident had started to hurt Matthias' pride.

“She directly knocked her car into mine yesterday, so her hatred toward me must have reached the peak. I don't think it's possible for us to continue anymore.” Matthias insisted on his thoughts. Once he recalled that incident, he felt the pain stabbing in his heart. Just how much does she hate me, seeing her attempt to kill both of us together?

At that, Evan had no idea how to continue to motivate him anymore. Indeed, even Evan did not expect that Heather would do such a thing.

He had not met such a 'passionate' woman who would risk her own life to reject her admirers. However, there could be a problem with the way Matthias had conveyed his feelings.

“What exactly happened last night? No matter how much she dislikes you, I don't think it would reach the extent of running her car into yours. She's going to risk her life to reject you?” Evan asked rather gleefully. As soon as he imagined that situation, he could not hold back from laughing out loud. After all, it was quite a vivid imagination and the situation was rather comical as well.

Matthias clenched the wine glass in his hands with a savage expression on his face. Evan had indeed triggered him this time around.

Hence, Evan quickly stopped smiling and changed his tone to a more serious one. “I think your perception might be too rigid. Before you could even confess your feelings to her, she has already knocked into your car, so it can't be considered as her rejecting you.” This explanation seemed pretty logical and he thought his deduction made sense.

However, Matthias shot Evan a glare. The more Evan spoke, the more it seemed peculiar. “What you mean to say is that she already wants to knock me down before I can even confess my feelings to her. If I really confess to her, will she run me over with a tanker instead?”

Matthias' sudden question immediately made Evan break into fits of laughter. Is this one of his cold jokes? As Matthias' words had painted a vivid imagery, Evan could not help but laugh out loud as he imagined Heather running him over in a tanker.

Matthias was so angry that he threw his wine glass at Evan. “What’s so funny about it?” Accompanying his words was the sound of glass breaking into pieces.

Even though it did not hurt Evan, his laughter immediately froze. If I continue to laugh, Matthias might go berserk and even slice me apart with his knife.

“Calm down. I promise I will be serious this time,” he said defeatedly as he was worried that Matthias would throw the wine bottle at him next.

“Miss Langston said that she is going to postpone the date to another time. That shows that you still have a chance. Perhaps something cropped up at the Langston Family today. Didn’t you think about this?” In Evan’s opinion, Matthias had already lost his cool. Not only was he irritable and violent, his thoughts were quite illogical as well.

“Something cropped up?” Matthias had indeed not considered this possibility. “What could have happened to them?” he asked in confusion, but he was already thinking about it.

“Are you asking me to wait for her update?” He ignored his question about the Langston Family because all that mattered to him was Heather herself.

“It’s better if you take the initiative. Why don’t you ask her about the date she wants to postpone it to? Surely, there must be a fixed time!” Evan continued to convince Matthias after he found out that Matthias was an idiot when it came to courting girls.

“Impossible. I will not talk to her anymore,” Matthias spoke angrily. He had already personally looked for her, but he was coldly rejected. That had hurt his pride and he felt that it was impossible for him to take the initiative again. I haven’t stooped this low.

“My dear director, it’s not the time to throw tantrums. You have to be more thick-skinned and patient when you are courting girls.” Evan started to slowly convince him again.

“It’s impossible this time around. Since she has already said that she wants to postpone it, she has to come to me herself to inform me what day she wants to postpone it to. Why should I take the initiative to ask her?” When Matthias became stubborn, he would not listen to any advice from anyone else.

“If you want to continue with your stubborn thinking, I have no other suggestions for you. Just don’t regret your decision in the future,” Evan spoke in a slightly threatening tone.

“I’ve already invested different feelings and effort for her on top of being immensely patient and thick-skinned. If this is still not enough, I guess we are just not a good match for each other. No one is to blame if we can’t get together in the end.” Even though Matthias seemed reasonable, it was possible that what he said was just all words. After all, it was highly unlikely that he was not disappointed and could easily accept the fact that he could not be with Heather.

“Yes, that’s a great way of putting it. I’m glad that you can think of it this way. After all, it’s not a big deal if you can’t be with Miss Langston. There are many girls who fancy you.” Evan smiled as he tried to motivate Matthias again.

Matthias merely raised an eyebrow. After the conversation with Evan, he felt better and his anger was almost abated.

However, in the end, he refused to message her first. This time around, he waited for her to come to him. If she really did not want to meet him, it showed that they were not meant for each other.

Sometimes, one would need the reply from the other party in a relationship—just like Matthias and his stubbornness at this moment. However, Heather was also quite conflicted. After she walked out of the Langston Residence, she had no idea where else she could head to.

After she walked around, she decided to visit Leon. Even though she had informed Matthias that they would rain check their date to another time, it didn’t mean that they needed to meet today.

Now that she was having mixed feelings, she guessed that she would end up having a fight with Matthias if they met now. Hence, it was better for her to speak to Leo at this moment. At the very least, he would try to cheer her up instead of giving her more troubles like Matthias.

More importantly, she wanted Leon to investigate the background of a specific person for her as she was quite worried. It was better to understand the opponent in order to win the battle.

After she arrived at his apartment, she saw him lying on the couch without caring about his image as he was having fun on a mobile game.

“It’s impolite for you to barge into my place without even knocking,” Leon complained. Whenever he was free, he would play a game that he had just downloaded.

Heather had the spare key to his apartment, so that she could easily visit him. However, it was indeed too abrupt. She ought to have at least knocked so that he was mentally prepared for a visitor.

“I will definitely remember to knock the next time around.” She sat down opposite him. Upon seeing his lazy demeanour, she was slightly envious of him. He looks so comfortable living his carefree life.

“You wouldn’t have come if you didn’t have a favor to ask. Shoot away. What do you want?” Leon knew that Heather had a favor to ask of him after he glanced at her.

“The data that you gave me was extremely useful, so I’m here to thank you. See, I’ve even brought you a present to show my appreciation.” Heather pointed at a bag of fresh vegetables on a table not far away from them.

“Wow, you really are cooking a meal for me!” he said with excitement as he jumped up from the couch and paused the game.

“Look at how excited you are. It’s just a meal. I can even make a few more meals for you.” Upon seeing her wide smile, Leon was immediately vigilant.

“Sure enough, you have something to ask from me. I was just wondering why you would quickly carry out your promise.” He was already familiar with her tactics.

Heather continued her wide beam. After all, it was always better to ask for help with a smile on her face. However, her smile had made Leon slightly fearful. After a while, he waved his hands and spoke seriously, “If you have something to tell me, shoot away. Don’t keep smiling like this. You are only scaring me.”

Upon hearing Leon’s words, Heather immediately retracted her smile and spoke to him with a straight face. “I just wanted to ask you to look a person up

for me.” He felt quite amused after seeing how quickly she had changed her attitude.

“You want me to do another background check for you?” Leon did not like to be a hacker, so he looked at her with a frown on his face.

“Please? Can you please help me out?” Heather looked at him with her wide eyes and broke all her rules by acting cute. He could only obediently listen to her instructions after being at the receiving end of such a powerful ‘attack’ from her.

“So, where is the guy from this time around?” Leon asked in exasperation. Sooner or later, I would probably land into heaps of troubles because of her!

Heather pushed open the windows and turned around to smile at Leon as she inhaled the fragrant scent of the flowers in the air. “ Leon, have you heard of Caleb Moriarty?” Perhaps Leon knows something about him, she thought to herself.

However, Leon stared at her with a confused expression. In all honesty, he couldn’t quite recall this person at all, so he asked rather perplexedly, “Is he from Bradford City?”

Heather shook her head in reply. “Could you help me look into this man? He’s a general from Leisfeld.”

Surprised, Leon wondered, How did she get involved with someone from Leisfeld? He furrowed his brows and placed his cell phone aside.

“Why are you asking me to investigate this person out of the blue?” he asked, needing a plausible reason from her.

Heather, on the other hand, said resignedly, “Today, he paid us a visit and mentioned our arranged marriage...” She couldn’t quite bring herself to mention the rest of it. Obviously, no one would be able to accept this sudden appearance of a so-called fiancé!

“Arranged marriage? Between you and him?” Leon stared at her with an incredulous expression. What the heck? They don’t even know each other!

Generally, an arranged marriage was all due to benefits, but he couldn’t comprehend the reason for this arranged marriage between Heather and

Caleb. After all, he couldn't see what benefits their marriage would bring to the Langstons.

"I'm equally confused too! Otherwise, I wouldn't have asked you to investigate this person," Heather muttered with a glum face. There's no way I'll agree to this arranged marriage with Caleb!

I'd rather choose Matthias over Caleb! Truth was, she herself was quite surprised by her sudden notion. Leon noted the indignation on her face and wondered, Did Caleb do something to offend her? Why does it seem like she hates him so much?

"Do you dislike Caleb?" he asked carefully.

"It's more than just dislike. Frankly speaking, I loathe him. I presume you are aware of the current situation in Leisfeld? For him to achieve his position, surely there would be a lot of innocent lives who suffered from his actions." Heather could not bring it upon herself to have good feelings toward one who disregarded human lives. She intensely disliked Caleb's pair of eyes that resembled a deep, lifeless pool of water that lacked glimmer.

"I know what you mean, but we can't quite judge whether people like him are good or bad. You, however, have biasedly decided that he's a bad guy."

"Come with me into the bedroom." Leon considered the situation before mentioning that. Heather's words had managed to pique his curiosity.

His set of tools were stored in his bedroom. As soon as Heather walked in, she furrowed her brows. How did his bedroom get to this state?

She was met with the sight of an extremely messy room; there was even an opened bag of potato chips on his bedside table. How can Leon live in such a mess?

"I'll send the cleaners over tomorrow." Heather couldn't stand this mess but she was quite anxious to get the important things sorted today, so it wasn't the best time for any cleaning right now.

Meanwhile, Leon stared at her questioningly. He reckoned that his room was quite tidy, and he had even sprayed some air freshener too. Why is she giving me such a disgusted look?

“I can clean my own room and I don’t need a cleaner,” he protested vehemently. I can do this quite nicely, so there’s no need to hire a cleaner!

However, Heather didn’t want to pursue this topic regarding hiring a cleaner further and she thought to herself, I don’t care what he says but I’m definitely sending the cleaners here tomorrow! Out loud, she said, “Let’s put that aside for the moment. Find me the information on Caleb first.”

Leon nodded to indicate his response before he headed straight to his work desk, which was chosen for him by Heather. The minimalist, European-designed desk looked simple yet elegant.

Then, he switched on his computer. Truth was, he had spent a lot of his pocket money on this machine; it wasn’t like any ordinary computer and it was actually his personal computer, which belonged to him exclusively.

Leon didn’t take much time to investigate Caleb this time around. This was all due to the ample and detailed information provided by Heather.

He flicked through the information and it confirmed her deduction. Caleb is indeed a military general! Staring at the picture of Caleb in his military uniform, Leon concluded that Heather was quite right in her description. This guy does tend to instill a sense of fear.

“How did someone like him seek an arranged marriage with you?” Leon asked this with a look of disbelief on his face. He’s young and talented with a bright future ahead of him. Shouldn’t he be going after someone with a political background to further cement his position? Why did he go after one with a corporate background all of a sudden?

“According to him, our families were close to each other during Grandpa’s generation,” Heather murmured, but she was skeptical about this because Robert clearly didn’t look enthusiastic upon seeing Caleb. The former was at most in awe of the latter.

That’s not how close family friends would be around each other. Besides, Caleb didn’t even show Grandpa much respect, so I don’t believe that they’re our family friends!

“But how is that possible? Leisfeld and Bradford City are miles apart from each other. I don’t quite understand your definition of close family friend,” Leo remarked snidely, feeling perplexed by the situation.

Just then, Heather pointed to a string of words on the computer screen. “Look—Caleb’s of Asian descent and the Moriartys actually originated from Bradford City, not Leisfeld.” She shot him an annoyed look. He seems to be enjoying himself making snide remarks about the situation.

“Sorry; I didn’t notice that. I have to say, he’s quite a legend to have achieved the position of a general in Leisfeld despite being of Asian descent, and at less than forty years old at that!” Leon couldn’t help but admire the other man. After all, it was quite natural for men to have their goals and to yearn for power too.

Heather, on the other hand, looked at him quite solemnly. In fact, she was quite unhappy to hear these words.

“Are you trying to say that I’m not good enough for him?” she questioned with a sarcastic tone. Frankly, she had no interest in Caleb.

“Heather, you sure have a great imagination!” Leon muttered and he had the sense that he couldn’t seem to communicate with women well, as each of them seemed to be on their own planet somehow.

“Can you get me a more detailed report? I can’t find anything on the Moriartys relationship with us, and this is the most crucial part!” Heather tugged on Leon’s elbow and persuaded him; right now, she could only depend on his skills.

“It’s not that simple. Leisfeld keeps a tight lid on the information of their military staff, especially with him being a general,” he said with a troubled look. Although he was an experienced hacker, there were some things that were difficult to achieve as well.

“So, do you need to hack into Leisfeld’s Department of Intelligence to get the true information on Caleb?” Heather made a quick guess.

“That’s about right. The details of their important military personnel are stored safely in the database of the Department of Intelligence,” Leon said this with a resigned look, and there was nothing else he could do about it.

“Forget about it then. I’m worried that you’ll eventually get kidnapped by some Leisfeld secret agent because of this someday,” she playfully remarked. I guess this is all the information I can get.

“It looks like you lack confidence in my skills.” Leon winked at her with a playful look on his face. “Although I don’t dare to hack into the Department of Intelligence, I’m actually quite good at gaining speculation and news from my informants. I can’t guarantee the authenticity of the information, but at least we can cross-check all the information and compare everything. We should be able to get the big picture by doing so.” In fact, Leon was quite confident in himself; his previous actions were merely a joke and he quite enjoyed pulling her leg.

“Hurry up then!” Heather rushed him urgently. She had no time to entertain his antics as she was quite anxious to obtain detailed information on Caleb.

“Be patient. Data analysis isn’t that simple and there’s quite a complicated process involved. You should join me.” Analyzing all that data was not only a boring job, it also required great judgment. Just then, Leon felt quite energized at the thought of having Heather working with him.

“How long will it take?” She glanced at the time. If it takes too long then I might not make it for dinner.

“If we’re quick enough, then one or two hours would be sufficient; otherwise, it could take us half a day if we’re not that productive.” For now, Leon couldn’t quite give a specific timeframe as he hadn’t started on it yet.

“I need to start preparing dinner in two hours’ time,” Heather said this with a solemn voice. Cooking dinner was a serious event for her as she had never cooked for anyone else before. This was her first attempt today and it was all for Leon.

“That’s not a problem. Let’s do this first. I must say that I’m so lucky to have you cooking for me!” Leon exclaimed excitedly. He was so happy that he nearly wanted to burrow himself into Heather’s arms.

“Hurry up and do your work!” She pushed his head, which was moving closer and closer to her, aside without hesitation. This boy is so hyperactive and I don’t want to be his mother figure.

In the end, Leon quickly dug up information on Caleb and recorded everything he found—regardless of its authenticity—into a Word file. Meanwhile, Heather looked at him working so skillfully and lamented in her heart, This is my first time seeing him do this.

After some time, Leon finally finished his data collection and he had compiled a fair amount. That was all obtained from multiple different sources, and he had hacked into every other website except for the government agencies.

Heather opened the Word file and she immediately had a headache upon seeing all the words bunched up together. As for Leon, he had done this for the whole afternoon yesterday as well, and repeating this today was a pain for him too.

However, he had his own specific method to remove any similar information and just retain one of it. In no time at all, half of the information was deleted from the Word file.

“Look—everything is starting to fall into place.” He signaled to Heather with a comical expression and he beamed widely at her as he looked at the end result, feeling a huge sense of accomplishment.

Meanwhile, Heather glanced at her watch and saw that one and a half hours had passed without them realizing it. “How can you determine the authenticity of all of these results?” she questioned curiously.

Leon smiled without answering her question and he asked, “Isn’t it time for you to start on dinner?”

“I’ve got another half an hour to go, so I’d like to briefly go through this information first.” In all honesty, she couldn’t wait to look at this half-finished work.

However, he rejected her outright as he smiled cunningly. “Heather, why don’t you go and start on dinner earlier? I’ve got one last step to finish and I should be able to finish my work once you’re done preparing dinner.”

It seemed that Leon intentionally wanted to string her along. Heather looked at him indignantly, but all she could see was him clicking on the close button for the Word file. From his actions, it was quite evident that he wasn’t prepared to let her join in on the last part of the analysis.

“Okay, then.” She curbed her curiosity and left. After all, it would only take at most one to two hours for her to access the information. There was no need to be anxious about things right now.

And so, she walked out of his bedroom and shut the door lightly after her. Leon then shifted his gaze back to his computer screen and rubbed both of his eyes. I'll eventually overwork my eyes if I keep this up. He yawned and prepared to continue his work once again.

Very soon, the answer would be revealed and he had his own method to authenticate the information. It was quite a complicated process and it required a lot of brainpower, so he reckoned he would be overworking his brain soon.

Meanwhile in the kitchen, Heather was preoccupied by thoughts of Caleb. A while ago, she had noticed something amiss in the pile of information she had seen. Although she wasn't sure of the authenticity of the information right now, it kept popping up in her mind.

The Moriartys originally owned a corporation in Bradford City and had close ties with the Langstons. Furthermore, the Harts were also closely linked with the two families as well. Never in a million years did she expect the Hart family to be implicated too. As far as she knew, since young, the Harts and their family steered clear of each other.

However, she was quite surprised to note the link between the three families and wondered what happened back then. It seemed that something major must have occurred then and been kept a secret, and she couldn't help but link this to the incident where Myra and Tony were trailed by someone when they were abroad. Perhaps the incidents are linked?