

Standing before Love Chapter 582

Myra had woken up early in the morning. She remembered her meeting with Heather that day, so she didn't go back to sleep and got up to get ready instead. She was up earlier than Tony this time. When Tony opened his eyes groggily, he saw Myra sitting in front of the vanity table.

"Morning." He was fully awake now. Myra also turned to look in his direction.

When Myra woke up, she moved quietly so she wouldn't disturb him. To her surprise, he was still woken up. She felt sorry that he had worked overtime last night, yet he didn't manage to sleep in in the morning.

"You're spacing out," he remarked when she didn't respond.

"Why do you wake up at the slightest noise?" It sounded like she was talking to herself.

It was warm inside their room. This house was built with a constant-temperature system, so the temperature inside the house was pleasant over the four seasons throughout the year. They only had to wear light clothing inside the house.

This warm temperature in the middle of winter would easily make anyone greedy for more sleep. Myra felt like her sleep duration had been increasing gradually. She slept so well sometimes that she wouldn't even know when Tony had woken up or when he had left the house.

Even though she woke up early for the first time today, she also woke him up from his sleep. She felt like a child who had done something wrong.

Seeing the apologetic and sad look on her face, Tony flipped over and got out of bed before he arrived at the vanity table and hugged her from behind. The reflection of his solid chest in the mirror made her face heat up. They had been together for so long now, but she still wasn't able to withstand his charm.

"You're all dolled up so early in the morning; where are you planning to sneak off behind my back?" Her reaction made him want to tease her even more.

"I'm not doing it behind your back. I just didn't want to wake you up, although I still did," she refuted immediately. It made him chuckle to see how serious she was.

“How can I sleep peacefully without you in my arms?” Lowering his head, he placed a kiss on her forehead. He loved seeing that adorable look on her face.

The weather report showed that the weather today would be nice. Since Myra was going out for the first time in a while, she was still thinking about what look she wanted to go for. Now that he was making a move on her, it made her forget about the style she had thought of earlier; now, she only felt like being nestled in his embrace.

“Leave with me later,” he said because he wanted to drive Myra himself.

“We’re not going in the same direction.” She was reasonable enough and didn’t want him to go out of his way for her.

Letting go of her, he lifted a hand and caressed her head. “As long as you don’t leave Bradford City, we’ll always be going in the same direction.”

She fixed her hair in frustration. He messed up my hairstyle! But Tony did pay special attention and did not really use much force to ruin her hairstyle.

“Then promise me you’ll sleep a bit more.” She took the chance to make a deal with him.

It had only been four hours since he went to bed last night until he woke up. How is such a short sleep duration sufficient? She assumed that he was sound asleep and wouldn’t wake up at the slight noises, but she was mistaken.

“Only if you keep me company.” He also raised his own condition.

Looking at her face full of makeup in the mirror, she wondered, Would it be weird to go back to sleep now? She felt a bit hesitant as she considered his condition.

On the other hand, he didn’t give her time to consider and lifted her up in both arms straight away. Being suspended in the air suddenly, she almost let out a shriek.

“Put me down.” She looked at him unhappily. Why is he so unconventional?

“Okay, I’ll put you down.” He put her down gently on the bed before pressing up against her.

He kept her wrapped under him, but he didn't actually put his weight on her. Using his hands to support himself, he looked down at her with a cheeky grin on his face.

"Tony, don't mess with me." She looked at him in bewilderment. He looked like he was brimming with energy. I don't understand how he's still full of vitality when he's only had four hours of sleep.

Getting down from on top of her, he lay down beside her and held her tightly in his arms. She didn't have another choice but to lay in bed with him for a while. Since getting pregnant, she liked staying in bed anyway.

Regardless of where she was, being under the covers was still the most comfortable. As she closed her eyes, Tony placed a kiss on her cheek. Even though she was resting with her eyes closed, she still looked beautiful to him.

There wasn't a single flaw about her. He was willing to grow old with her this way. No matter how busy he was each day, as long as he thought about how she was waiting for him at home, he would instantly be filled with strength and anticipation.

While they were being affectionate with each other in bed, the message alert tone on Myra's phone went off. She opened her eyes, but Tony still had his closed and was holding her tightly.

Carefully bringing her phone over, she saw that she had received a strange text message. The timestamp above it was puzzling.

Why did I receive a text from over a decade ago? She felt spooked all of a sudden. Moreover, the content of the text message also gave her the creeps.

'Do you still remember your childhood friend, Matt?' At first glance, she assumed that it had been sent to the wrong person and did not think much of it.

When Tony moved in closer once more and pulled her into his arms, she simply put her phone aside.

Soon after, however, her phone started ringing again, and she immediately ended the call. Seeing the unknown number, she just treated it as a prank call.

She finally managed to get Tony back in bed again, so she didn't want to bother him. She was hoping that he could get some sleep before going to work.

But as soon as she put her phone on silent, another text message arrived. A deep crease formed between her brows while she was reading the text. It looked like the sender of the text messages knew who she was.

In the end, Tony opened his eyes again. This time, it was because Myra got out of bed and went a distance away to answer a phone call. He mused, Who could be calling her this early in the morning? I heard noises from her phone earlier.

Because he wanted to take in all her facial expressions, he decided to sit up in bed. Her expressions kept changing, which instilled a sense of uneasiness in him.

Soon after, she ended the call. Looking at her phone, she deleted the text messages she had received earlier. At this moment, she noticed Tony with his eyes open wide and looking straight at her. In return, she gave him an apologetic smile.

I don't think he can go back to sleep anymore since I kept waking him from sleep all morning. At the thought of that, she truly felt sorry for him.

"Who was that?" he asked with a fairly stern expression on his face.

Looking at his demeanor, she was worried that he would get an inkling. Hence, she smiled and said, "It was Heather. We made plans to go shopping together today." She quickly made up an excuse.

After that, he didn't think much of it. He knew yesterday that Myra and Heather had made plans to meet up today. He just didn't think Heather would call so early in the morning.

Meanwhile, Myra also deleted the number of the unknown caller from earlier out of fear that Tony would sense that something was off. She was definitely not going to go shopping with Heather today and was still thinking about how to tell Tony about this.

“What time did you guys agree to meet?” Tony wondered whether he should get up and wash up so he could send her to their designated meeting place later.

After pondering for a moment, Myra said, “I’m not going to meet Heather today. Something came up.”

Upon hearing her words, he was slightly confused. She shouldn’t have anything going on. This is odd. “What plans do you have?” He really didn’t know what other plans she could have today. He knew that she really cared about Heather. What could be more important than her plans with Heather?

“I want to go to the cemetery,” she said bluntly. That person had called her out to the cemetery. Although it sounded absurd, she really wanted to go have a look.

That person had told her some things she didn’t know about. Some of the things sounded made-up, but she really wanted to know more.

For a long time now, Myra had a blurry image in her mind that kept showing up in her dreams lately, but whenever she woke up, she couldn’t remember it.

Regardless of what the other person’s motive was, they managed to stir up her curiosity. Even if she had to go to the cemetery, she wanted to find out for herself.

“Why would you want to go to the cemetery?” Tony was even more bewildered. Ever since Myra answered that phone call, she wasn’t acting normally anymore.

He was even starting to doubt whether that phone call was really from Heather. He wanted to look at Myra’s phone, but she was gripping it tightly in her hand. It didn’t seem possible to get her phone now.

“I want to go visit my mother.” Her statement was half true. She figured that while she was at the cemetery, she might as well visit her mother’s grave.

Since she got pregnant, she still hadn’t been to the cemetery to tell her late mother about the good news. If her mother knew, she would certainly be happy for Myra. All of a sudden, Myra longed for her mother very much.

At the same time, Tony did not make any more comments. If Myra changed her mind suddenly and wanted to go visit her mother's grave, then cancelling her plans with Heather was also normal.

"I'll take you there." The cemetery was in the outskirts, so it would take some time to get there.

"No need. You should go in for work earlier. I'll just ask the driver to take me there." She refused his good intention because she did not want to take up his time.

"It's okay. It's on the way," he said with a smile. Like he said earlier, as long as she didn't go out of Bradford City, they would always be going in the same direction.

"No, Tony. Don't worry about me," she said softly. She could only reject him gently. In any case, she wasn't going to let Tony drive her there.

He looked at her in a perplexed manner. It put him in distress that she wasn't letting him drive her, but arguing with her was not ideal either.

Seeing his hesitant demeanor, she returned to the bed and buried herself in his arms.

"Don't worry. It's all the same for the driver to send me there." She was even using a coquettish tone.

He didn't think it was right to keep persisting and just went along with her. "Don't stay too long at the cemetery. The negative energy there is strong. Have the driver follow you."

After she persuaded him, she waited for him to leave the house before asking the driver to take her to the cemetery. It was known to be inappropriate for pregnant women to go to the cemetery, but modern-day people no longer had that many taboos.

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On the road, Myra kept thinking about the name 'Matt'. It sounded very familiar, but she couldn't remember where she had heard it before.

“Matt? Matthias Locke?” she mumbled to herself, as though she had thought of someone, but she felt like she was spewing nonsense.

At the time, she did not think that going to the cemetery was a wrong decision. She preferred to hear some things from the relevant person themselves and not someone else’s retelling of it, especially since she couldn’t be certain whether that person was telling the truth or not.

The suburbs were a bit colder than the city center, especially at the cemetery, where the spooky dampness in the air was a lot heavier. Getting out of the car, Myra made sure to put on a thick coat. Tony was right in telling her to put on more layers earlier.

She first went to her mother’s grave, where that person would be meeting her. Even though Tony exhorted to her that the driver must follow her, she still did not let the driver follow her to the grave. Instead, she asked him to wait for her in the car and even asked him to keep an eye on his phone in case she needed help later.

Because the person she was meeting later was mysterious, she needed to take safety measures beforehand. The driver was tall and strong; he also had some fighting skills.

If something went wrong, she could call for the driver right away. To clear Myra’s suspicions, that person had informed her that a woman would be meeting her here.

It was for this reason that Myra wanted to come and take a look. After all, women were slightly weaker. Later on, the person even sent Myra the photo of the woman so Myra could immediately identify who she was supposed to meet.

Looking at the thin woman in the photo, Myra hesitated over and over again, but still decided to come over. When she told Tony that she wanted to go to the cemetery at the time, she was still debating over whether to go or not. She most definitely wanted to visit her mother’s grave, so she made the decision to go for that reason.

Indeed, she was reluctant to meet an unfamiliar woman, but that person went on to tell her a bunch of things while keeping her on the phone. In the end, Myra decided to go meet the woman with all the suspicions she had. She only

heard half of the story over the phone; the latter parts were what she wanted to know more.

When Myra saw the thin woman in the cemetery, she started to feel a slight regret. At first glance, she couldn't grow fond of the woman; she kept feeling an inexplicably chilling presence from the latter.

When the woman began to tell her the details, it made her astonished. By the end of it, Myra was covering her ears and telling the woman to stop talking.

"That's enough. I don't want to hear it anymore. I'm going back now." Myra shot the woman a glare. She regretted coming to this meeting today.

Regardless of whether the woman was speaking the truth or not, she shouldn't hear it from her. If it were true, Myra wanted to hear it from Heather herself.

If it weren't true, then Myra would regret having doubted her. After chasing the woman away, Myra stood in front of her mother's grave alone. For a while, she wasn't able to put her mind at ease.

At this moment, her phone indicated that she was getting a call from Heather. In the middle of being overwhelmed with emotions, she answered the call, and that was how one thing led to another.

"Mother, should I believe her?" Myra was looking at her mother's picture on the gravestone. Her mother had passed away at the prime of her life; she still looked beautiful in the picture.

Having stood there for a long time, Myra felt out of it until the driver arrived behind her. Tony had been concerned about Myra being at the cemetery and decided to call the driver straight away. He learned from the driver that Myra hadn't come out of the cemetery yet after having been in there for a long time. Upon hearing that, he asked the driver to go in and look for her.

"Mrs. Hart, the cemetery is cold. You shouldn't be here for too long." The driver reminded her not to stay in the cemetery any longer. Even he, a big man, felt chilly there. Not to mention, Myra was pregnant.

"Okay." Finally, she was willing to leave the cemetery.

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Meanwhile, Tony was also taken aback by a situation that had unfolded in Hart Group. It was unexpected that Caleb had dropped by on his own two feet, but it was even more shocking when Caleb invited Tony out to talk over some business.

Tony didn't know whether Caleb had hidden motives or whether it was a coincidence. The place Caleb wanted to meet at happened to be right next to Tony's house.

If Caleb had invited him over the phone, Tony probably wouldn't have shown up. But since Caleb went straight to Hart Group, Tony didn't have a choice but to show up at this meeting.

Even though Tony knew a few past grudges among the three great families, on the surface, they were all people in business, and interactions when doing business was nothing out of the ordinary.

Presently, even the Langston Family hadn't gotten into a feud with the Moriarty Family yet, so how could Tony start a fight with them first? Whether explicit or not, they still had to keep up appearances.

When Caleb came to pick Tony up in his own car, Tony did not turn his hospitality down either.

Inside the car, Tony spotted a woman. Huh. There's actually a woman with Caleb. Going into the backseat, he could only see the side profile and the back of the head of the woman in the passenger seat, but not her entire face.

Throughout the whole drive, Tony kept guessing the woman's real identity. Her side profile seemed to remind him of someone, but he couldn't remember who.

When they got out of the car, the woman did not follow them out. He intended on taking a look at the woman's face once he got out of the car, but he didn't expect to see her with her head down.

He found it even more unexpected that the woman didn't follow them out of the car. Hence, while pointing at the woman inside the car, he asked Caleb with a puzzled look, "Isn't she coming with us?"

Caleb let out a dubious smile. "It wouldn't be appropriate for a woman to be present in a discussion among men."

Indeed, Caleb was a little severe with his belief in the patriarchy. The people who worked in his family were mostly men, while the women were seemingly just accessories. Tony had a firm understanding of the Moriarty Family.

This time, not only was Caleb's appearance suspicious, even the way he talked during the meeting was different from usual, though Tony and Caleb had only met once in Bradford City.

At the time, they were around a bunch of businessmen. The both of them only spoke a few words to each other, but Tony was still specially observant of Caleb that day.

Just like the rumors had claimed, Caleb was truly a reserved person who carried a chilling presence. One could even smell the faint scent of blood when they got close to him.

Killing one person would make someone a murderer; killing ten, a mass murderer; and whoever killed tens of thousands would be called a general.

Tony still tried to stay away from Caleb. Leisfeld authorities were currently going through an unrest, and Caleb occupied an important position as the youngest general of Leisfeld.

At this point in time, he should be in Leisfeld, safeguarding military order and the nation's safety. Hence, why would he come to Bradford City now as a businessman, as though nothing was happening?

The two had their discussion inside a private room, but it didn't look harmonious at all. They were each carrying an ulterior motive of their own.

"Director Hart, are you really not going to reconsider the collaboration?" Caleb wanted to work with Hart Group, but Tony never gave a reply.

Since they were meeting on their own today, Tony couldn't drag things out any further, so he simply gave a rejection. Why would the Hart Group collaborate with the Moriarty Family? Back then, the Moriarty Family went all out and nearly annihilated the entire Hart Group.

The Moriarty Family's methods were extremely malicious, so Tony would naturally be more aware of them. He was especially disgusted by the cut-throat competition in the business world, and he despised bringing personal grudges into work even more. Not only the Langston Family was worried that

Caleb would destroy their century-old foundation over a personal grudge; the Hart Family was also equally worried for the same reason. Even if Caleb had remarkable capabilities, he still couldn't mess with people in the government in Bradford City, much less the people in the military.

Hence, Caleb could only attack Tony and Hart Group now. Presently, Hart Group was gradually stepping out of Bradford City under Tony's lead and advancing into the international market, so this was a critical point in time.

Tony would not allow anyone or anything to undermine Hart Group at this stage. Previously, Tony didn't even bat an eye on the series of challenges Locke Group had put up against Hart Group seriously.

Locke Group's power had always been a mystery, but Tony knew when they first came to Bradford City that they couldn't take down Hart Group even if they used up all their skills.

Therefore, at the time, Tony could still enjoy his honeymoon vacation with Myra overseas. The Moriarty Family's appearance this time, however, changed the nature of things in an instant.

Sebastian gave Tony a warning very early on. Hence, Tony already understood that when he ran Hart Group, he would most likely encounter a formidable opponent like the Moriarty Family.

"Our products are in competition with each other to a large extent. For either of us, a collaboration would not bring about greater value." Tony gave a high-sounding reason. No matter how hard Caleb tried to persuade him, he would never agree to a collaboration.

"It's a shame. I've always wanted to collaborate with Hart Group. I guess there isn't a chance for me to," Caleb said with a regretful tone.

"Our businesses will still continue to develop, so I'm sure there will be a chance to collaborate in the future," Tony said out of courtesy. At this time, he could only treat Caleb as someone he didn't come to an agreement with in business.

"We're unable to reach a business collaboration for the time being, but I'm wondering if I can be friends with you for now." Caleb was being very initiative, which did not match up to the information written about him.

It was impossible for Tony to refuse now, so he just agreed as he recalled the first time he met Caleb.

Caleb was clearly just sitting there, but he had a presence about him that made it impossible for others to take their eyes off of him; even Tony was drawn toward him. He had the features of a nobility—every move he made embodied the characteristics of a businessman, along with the overbearing nature of a military general.

In the end, they did not reach an agreement, but Caleb still had a few drinks with Tony. The wine at this place was incredibly fragrant. After they finished drinking, they didn't smell of alcohol but the light aroma of mature wine.

After a few drinks, Tony remembered that Myra was coming home soon. Since this place was close to his house, he wanted to go home and wait for her return. She might be sad having just been to the cemetery, so he wanted to keep her company during this time.

The whole situation was strung up together. At the time, the myriad of things Heather noticed was all just on the surface. She didn't know what had really taken place beneath all that.

To Heather, this day was a disaster; to Myra, it was a day that overturned everything; to Tony, it was an inexplicable day. Nonetheless, they all hoped that this day would be over soon.

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There was light rain outside. This year's winter was particularly rainy—even more so than summer.

Heather only liked to watch the snow during winter, as opposed to feeling the heavy rain.

Opening the window, Heather was still thinking about the strange things that happened yesterday. Up till now, Myra hadn't called her yet.

She didn't even reply to Heather's message on Messenger. Resting her cheek on her hands, Heather recalled Myra's tone on the phone yesterday.

Occasionally, the rain would splash onto Heather's face, freezing her to the bones, so she closed the window. This kind of weather wasn't suitable to have the window open.

The raindrops slid down Heather's cheeks, but she didn't care at all and appeared dispirited.

Previously, she had vowed to Leon to postpone the opening time to a later date in order to investigate the explosion.

A few days had passed, yet Heather hadn't started the investigation. Deep down, she feared that she had already agreed with Leon's statement.

She only had a handful of friends on Messenger. Like Instagram, the users could hide their online status.

After clicking into Myra's profile, Heather looked at it for a long time as she contemplated whether or not to send her another message.

A new message came in, so Heather returned to the home page and saw that it was from Matthias.

Matthias sent Heather messages almost every day, rain or shine. She couldn't deny that she found his perseverance admirable.

When she thought about it, there wasn't anything particularly outstanding about her, so she wondered what exactly Matthias saw in her.

Women were always like this. Sometimes, they would think that they were exceptionally beautiful and simply flawless; other times, they would think that there was nothing special about them, and that they were no more than an ordinary woman.

Today, Heather was feeling insecure. Looking at herself in the mirror, she reckoned that she wasn't even that good-looking.

She touched her face, which was haggard because she didn't sleep until it was late last night.

Heather wasn't in the mood to respond to Matthias. But the more she ignored him, the more diligent he was in texting her.

Three messages came in succession. Heather gave them a sweeping glance, secretly in awe of Matthias' typing speed.

The things he was saying were of no importance, so Heather set her phone aside. When she looked at her phone, all she would think about was whether or not Myra would reply to her.

Since the phone call yesterday, Heather felt a strong sense of uneasiness, and this emotion was messing with her thoughts.

Myra just needed to respond with one message for Heather's mood to return to normal. Since meeting Matthias, she was ready to reveal the incident from back then at any time.

Heather couldn't think of any other explanations. She was worried that Myra knew about it already, so she was ready to confess.

Then again, she couldn't do it now—not when Myra was pregnant. Pregnant women couldn't be agitated, as it wasn't good for the unborn baby.

Besides Matthias, who else would know about this? The only person Heather could think of was him.

Yes. I have to confirm this with Matthias. If he wasn't the one who revealed it to Myra, then someone is secretly manipulating all of this.

Heather quickly replied to Matthias by asking outright, 'Have you met Myra in private recently?'

Matthias was puzzled by Heather's words. Why would she ask this out of nowhere? Because of Heather's request, Matthias didn't meet Myra in private.

'No,' Matthias answered bluntly.

Heather took the initiative to invite Matthias to a video call. Without seeing him or his expression, Heather couldn't confirm whether or not he was lying.

Matthias quickly picked up. Through the video, it was obvious that he was in the office. He actually had on a pair of black-rimmed glasses when he was working.

It was rare to see Matthias like this, and it brought about a touch of refinement.

The call came in on such short notice that Matthias didn't have time to take off his glasses, so Heather asked casually, "You're short-sighted?"

"No. These are anti-radiation glasses to relieve eye fatigue." Matthias took off his glasses as he spoke, then rubbed the bridge of his nose, looking rather tired.

"Did you work overtime last night?" Heather guessed. In the beginning, she wanted to chat with him about their daily life so that she could come to that topic without appearing too abrupt.

"Yeah." Instead, after starting his video, Matthias felt a little restrained.

Heather was being even more unusual. She rarely took the initiative, much less be the one to find topics to talk about.

The more he studied her through the screen, the more he felt that there was a reason behind this. He feared that Heather had something to trouble him with again.

"Did you turn on your camera to confirm whether or not I was lying?" Matthias saw through Heather's behavior at a glance, as people like her liked to judge whether or not someone was lying by looking at their facial expressions.

"It seems that you weren't lying." Heather forced out an awkward laugh. Matthias had exposed her purpose, which made it difficult for her to continue the video call with him.

"Don't turn off the camera. Did you encounter any problems?" Matthias wanted to look at Heather a little longer, so he quickly thought of various excuses just so he could prolong their video call.

"No. You're overthinking it." Heather denied, as she would never tell Matthias the truth.

"It must be about Myra." Matthias was sure that it was because of Myra due to the fact that Heather usually acted unusual because of her.

This made Matthias feel a little dejected. Just as Leon mentioned, he too was beginning to wonder if Heather was in love with Myra.

As he pondered this, Matthias was somewhat envious of Myra. He didn't know when he would have a place in Heather's heart.

"Stop making random guesses. I'm going to hang up." Heather hung up relentlessly, regardless of the struggles Matthias was facing.

The light drizzle outside was just like Matthias' mood—splattering and cold. With Heather, he truly didn't feel the feeling of being in love. She had always been harsh to him, so he was completely unable to feel her fondness for him.

Since Heather no longer bothered with him, Matthias continued burying himself in his work and the never-ending pile of documents.

Tasks came in one after another, so there was always something on hand that he had to deal with. Matthias wanted so badly to toss this pile of documents straight into the shredder.

Sometimes, he would get irritated after reading all the information. It felt as if he would become illiterate after just rapidly glancing through several lines. Shaking his head, Matthias tried to clear his mind.

Caleb had been in Bradford City for so long, and he was the representative of the Moriarty Family, yet he had never once come to look for Matthias.

There were many issues regarding their cooperation waiting to be discussed in person, but it seemed like Caleb wasn't in a hurry at all.

During this period, Matthias had sent someone to follow Caleb in order to find out his whereabouts.

Unfortunately, Caleb's counter surveillance methods were too strong, so it was hard to trace him. Once, a photo of Caleb and a woman was taken.

The woman in the photo was wearing a high-end custom-made dress, and she looked like a rather fastidious woman. Without a clear picture of the woman's face, they were unable to confirm the woman's identity from the blurry picture.

Matthias had studied the photo for a long time, but it was a pity that he came up with nothing. Nevertheless, he felt a vague sense of familiarity when he looked at the woman in the photo; he seemed to have seen her somewhere before.

However, after going through the process of elimination, he found that apart from Myra, it couldn't possibly be any other woman.

But Matthias clearly remembered that he had met with Myra that day, and he was sure that she wasn't wearing that dress at the time. Myra didn't even own such a dress.

Matthias instructed the stalker to continue following him and to try to be on the lookout for clues, as he wanted to see just what Caleb was playing at.

Matthias couldn't even tell when he started cooperating with the Moriarty Family, as the person who was in close contact with them was Chester.

Had it not been for his special instructions, Matthias might not have any dealings with Caleb at all.

Today, the stalker sent another set of photos. Matthias put on his anti-radiation glasses, and he even zoomed in on the photos more than ten times.

The stalker had unexpectedly captured a photo of Caleb and Tony talking and laughing together. The two of them were even having a meal together; they looked like a pair of old friends who hadn't seen each other for a long time.

The Locke Group had always been against the Hart Group. Since Caleb had a cooperation with the Locke Group, he shouldn't be so close to the Locke Group's competitors.

The stalker sent a message with the photos. 'Caleb sought cooperation with the Hart Group, but Tony flat-out refused.'

This sounded the alarm bells in Matthias' heart. Looking at the photos on the computer, he was a little troubled.

He was rather upset that Caleb had played such an unconventional card, and he couldn't understand Caleb's purpose at all.

However, one thing was certain—Caleb had no regard whatsoever for the Locke Group. Otherwise, he wouldn't have made such a move.

Matthias filed the photos and sent them to Chester. Seeking his instructions, Matthias asked, 'Should we continue to cooperate with the Moriarty Family?'

The answer was yes. Due to Heather, Matthias seemed like he wasn't particularly eager to cooperate much lately.

But, despite Matthias' implicit hints to Chester, there had been no substantial progress.

It seemed like it was a stupid thing for Matthias to have sent someone to follow Caleb, as the incidents captured were probably things that Caleb wanted to show him.

Now that he was aware of his problem, Matthias immediately adjusted his combat strategy and removed all the people he had sent after Caleb.

Before this, Matthias was still hung up on finding out who the woman next to Caleb was, but now, he no longer bothered.

Matthias suspected that the woman was either Caleb's right-hand man or a woman who had an ambiguous relationship with him.

Once he withdrew his manpower, it would be even harder to find out the identity of the woman.

However, Matthias didn't want to waste manpower and material resources anymore. Chester's determination was so firm that Matthias couldn't possibly persuade him to offend the Moriarty Family, let alone not cooperate with them.

"Ask Nikolai to come in," Matthias told Lara, who was outside.

After getting the order, Lara immediately informed Nikolai. In just a few seconds, he pushed open Matthias' door and saw the man sitting in a chair, his expression entirely grave.

"Sir, you asked for me?" During working hours, Nikolai dared not casually address Matthias, so he called him 'Sir' most of the time.

"There's something I need your help investigating," Matthias said straightforwardly. This caused Nikolai's heart to thump, as it was definitely not a good thing. At this moment, he was tempted to rush out of the room.

To have his help personally requested by Matthias meant that the task had a high difficulty, so Nikolai was worried about whether or not he could complete the task.

“Don’t be nervous. It’s a very simple task.” Noticing how nervous Nikolai looked, Matthias deliberately spoke in a relaxed tone, as if whatever he was talking about was no big deal.

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The more people said that, the more untrustworthy they were. Nikolai narrowed his eyes at Matthias, as if the latter had dug a trap and was just waiting for him to jump in.

“Nikolai, I’ll never put you in a difficult situation.” Matthias gave him an affectionate smile. This was truly an old-fashioned approach.

“Sir, please cut to the chase.” Nikolai didn’t want to continue going around in circles, so he took the risk despite knowing the dangers.

Seeing that Nikolai had such awareness, Matthias smiled with satisfaction and began to explain what he wanted him to investigate.

Nikolai’s expression turned unpleasant. So, this is what he meant by simple? He felt that he had been scammed by his cousin once again.

Matthias solemnly patted Nikolai on the shoulder. “You don’t have to come to the office these few days. Just take care of the things I told you to do.”

Having left no room for Nikolai to escape, Matthias curled his lips slightly when he saw how annoyed and amused the former looked.

The person whom he could trust wholeheartedly now was Nikolai. Besides him, Matthias couldn’t think of anyone else who could do it.

Naturally, Nikolai understood that Matthias assigned this task to him because he trusted him. However, the task was extremely difficult to handle, so Nikolai was worried about whether or not he could perform well.

“Don’t give yourself too much pressure. Just do it your way.” Matthias saw through Nikolai’s thoughts at one glance. He didn’t want to put pressure on Nikolai. Regardless of whether this task turned out to be successful, Matthias wouldn’t blame him.

“I will successfully complete the task,” Nikolai replied, his voice powerful and resonating.

Matthias believed that Nikolai wouldn't let him down as he gave the latter a dismissive wave. There was indeed tacit understanding between brothers.

Sitting back in his seat, Matthias continued to look through the documents that he hadn't finished reading. The CEO was always the one with the most work.

However, the person who had the ultimate power over the Locke Group wasn't him. Sometimes, Matthias would laugh at himself for being a puppet. Many things weren't as they seemed.

Amidst this chaos, on one hand, Matthias wanted to protect himself; on the other hand, he wanted to be with Heather.

To achieve this greedy wish, Matthias had to work harder and be more cautious, for all of his opponents weren't simple.

Matthias had no intentions of being anyone's enemy, but somehow, everyone would eventually become his enemy, including Heather.

With their current relationship, Matthias was extremely worried that the fragile castle, which had taken him great difficulty to build, would collapse with just a little impact.

He tried his best to further develop his relationship with Heather, but unfortunately, there was no breakthrough.

Putting down the pen in his hand, Matthias walked slowly to the window. From the top, he looked down at the beautiful scenery, which was completely unobstructed.

Peering into the distance, he could see the distant lighthouse. The merging of water and the sky painted a wonderful picture.

Matthias picked up his phone to record this beautiful moment. After a long period of rainy days, he didn't know when the sky had cleared up.

The moment the sun came out, the surface of the water was sparkling. It looked as if heaven and earth were connected, and it even gave people the illusion that it was dusk.

Beautiful things were meant to be shared with others, so Matthias sent the photos to Heather.

When Heather saw the photos, her mood instantly improved a little. Such a sight would be even more breathtaking if taken with an SLR!

'Being at the top with beautiful scenery makes me realize how short life is.'
Matthias sent these words shortly after.

Heather silently saved the photos as she reflected on the lingering charm of Matthias' words. Both of them had long ago experienced the feeling of being lonely at the top.

On many occasions, beautiful things were constantly appearing around people, but very few would be attentive to appreciate it and gladly record it.

On the other hand, some people would turn to look elsewhere even after they caught sight of beautiful scenery. They would just end up brushing shoulders with the gorgeous sight.

Matthias seemed to have reached a certain level of maturity again, which made Heather a little envious. Sometimes, he was like a philosopher.

How could such a person be a businessman? At the very least, he shouldn't be a successful businessman.

Oftentimes, Heather would see weariness in Matthias' eyes, wondering if he was fed up with all the deceptions in the business world.

She had a strong feeling that sooner or later, Matthias would leave this part of the world and go to somewhere he truly belonged.

If Matthias weren't a businessman, what would he want to do? Heather wondered.

As if Matthias had some kind of power over her, Heather thought about why she was so persistent to run a business as well. In fact, there were other things that she wanted to do even more.

'If you weren't a businessman, what kind of person would you want to be?'
Heather sent what was on her mind to Matthias.

Matthias was currently looking at a proposal, which was from Regan. He didn't expect Regan to buck up so quickly; he seemed to want to rise from the setback faster than Matthias anticipated.

For a moment, Matthias' mind was completely focused on the proposal, so he didn't have time to reply to Heather's incoming message.

Meanwhile, Heather waited and waited, but didn't get an answer from Matthias. It made her curious about what he was thinking.

After reading the proposal three times, Matthias suspected that Regan had an expert with him. There was no problem with the proposal, and Matthias couldn't find fault with Regan at all.

Judging from Regan's level, it was impossible for him to improve so quickly in such a short period of time, so Matthias was more than certain that someone was helping him.

He had to tell Nikolai about this matter, and it was just the right timing for him to take note of this since he wouldn't be coming to the office during this period.

Nikolai was still worrying about how to set about the task, yet Matthias was going to give him another incidental task.

At this moment, Nikolai was terribly distressed. Fortunately for him, Matthias quickly gave him the tip to use Regan as a clue to start the investigation.

Since he wouldn't be able to find a clue so soon, using Regan as the first clue was the best choice.

Nikolai, who had been at his wit's end, temporarily had a direction. As for whether the direction was correct, only time could tell.

After Matthias was done briefing Nikolai, he scanned the proposal all over again to confirm his suspicions.

Setting down the proposal in his hand, Matthias felt a lot more relaxed, so he tossed it to one side.

Even if there wasn't even the slightest problem with Regan's proposal, Matthias had the right to delay the proposal and not give an answer for the time being.

On the surface, the proposal had nothing to do with Matthias, but it was actually destroying his rights and interests in the company. Hence, Matthias had to stall for a while to think of countermeasures.

He was done with all this an hour after he last replied to Heather, so he hurriedly responded to her message.

'I would want to be an astronaut.' This was Matthias' childhood dream, which he still remembered to this day.

However, with his physique, he wouldn't be able to qualify as an astronaut. Matthias stroked his chest. This heart is really dragging me down.

Sometimes, he felt that being alive was a gift, but on some days, he felt that being alive was some sort of chronic torture.

If his heart could be replaced, Matthias would definitely replace it without hesitation. He gripped the clothes at his chest while a pained expression appeared on his face.

There was no response from Heather, so Matthias figured she had thrown her phone aside. Heather didn't have much interest in her phone and would often toss it to one side.

When Heather saw Matthias' reply, it was already three hours later, and it was close to dinner time.

The sky would darken quicker in winter. Looking up, Heather found that the sky was going to turn dark soon, as if it would only take a second for it to turn pitch black.

When she went to the interactive museum with Matthias previously, she could see that he was particularly interested in airplanes and flight. At that time, his eyes were sparkling so much that it looked like they might burst into flames.

She liked the glow in Matthias' eyes at that time. As she recalled all sorts of things from back then, she found that she preferred who he was at that time.

It was truly enviable to be able to like oneself and to have dreams that one aspired to achieve.

If one day, they were able to do what they liked, then they would certainly be happier than they were now.

'I suddenly miss you a little bit.' Heather had the sudden urge to see Matthias. At this moment, she was like his real girlfriend, longing for his sudden appearance.

This sentence felt like a crash into Matthias' heart, which pounded wildly as he touched his heated face.

Blood was rushing to his face, and Matthias even felt hot. It was unexpected of Heather to say such a thing to him.

'Me too.' Matthias typed those two words, then proceeded to delete them because he was unable to express his current feelings with words.

Seeing Matthias yet to reply caused Heather to regret saying that. It was just a moment's emotion, so why did I have to say it to Matthias?

'Wait for me.' After hesitating for a long while, Matthias sent those three words to Heather.

Although she had just been looking forward to Matthias' sudden appearance, Heather suddenly didn't want to see him anymore upon seeing his response.

'Don't come. I just miss you a little. I miss the 'you' in my memory.' Heather didn't know how to explain it to him. She just wanted to see those eyes that were burning with joy and hope when he looked at the things he loved.

Matthias repeated to himself, "The 'you' in my memory... The 'you' in my memory..." Women are always so enigmatic. Matthias laughed at himself. Is there a difference between the current me and the me in her memory?

'But I can't wait to see you.' Matthias simply confessed to Heather. It wasn't something to be ashamed of anyway.

'You won't know where I am.' Heather refused again. At this moment, she couldn't be soft-hearted.

Just now, he was as restless as an adolescent. Now, it was as if his excitement had been splashed with a basin of cold water. Heather was keeping her distance, and for this, Matthias felt immensely tortured.

'In fact, you love me a little too, so when can we date openly?' Matthias asked eagerly, as he was itching to get on with it today.

'Loving each other doesn't mean we have to be together, and being together doesn't mean we have to make it public.' Heather's perspective on things had a tinge of pessimism.

Seeing this, Matthias was unhappy. Why does Heather always have to turn things in the worst direction? This isn't good. I must get her to change her mind.

'If we love each other, then we must be together, and we must make it public! This is my principle when it comes to dating!' Matthias refuted every one of Heather's statements. Thinking of all the things he used to argue about with her, he now found it all a little ridiculous.

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Heather didn't want to continue arguing, nor did she want to bother with him anymore. Just now, her mind must have been so muddled for her to say she missed him.

Why do men always fail to understand what women say? Heather felt like she was on a different bandwidth with Matthias. It wasn't easy for her to start feeling sentimental, yet Matthias' behavior was completely different from what she had imagined.

Having gotten no response from Heather, Matthias looked at his phone in distress. She was actually ignoring him.

This was something Matthias strongly disliked, because it showed that Heather truly didn't care about him.

Matthias hurriedly dialed her number, but after several rings, she still didn't pick up.

At such times, he would usually accept his fate and stop calling, as Heather wouldn't answer his calls anyway. However, he had gotten the wrong idea this time. He figured that she was just waiting for his call, hoping that he would be more persistent, and only then would she pick up.

Men who had no experience with relationships tended to lose points on the details. Occasionally, he would envy Tony's thoughtfulness toward Myra.

Since she was no longer waiting, she left her phone in the room as she needed to go out to take a breather.

When she opened the door, she unexpectedly saw Everly right outside the door. Looking her up and down, Heather was unsure about what Everly wanted.

Noticing the embarrassment on Everly's face, Heather decided to speak first, so as to avoid Everly feeling awkward from not knowing what to say.

"Are you looking for me?" Heather pointed at Everly, then at herself.

It seemed like it had been a long time since Everly took the initiative to look for Heather. Heather found it a little strange, and she was even at a slight loss for what to do. Her intuition was making her uneasy.

"Heather, are you free now?" Her tone caught Heather by surprise. Looking at how troubled Everly was, Heather didn't quite know how to respond.

"W-What's the matter?" Heather wasn't used to this. She was rather disgusted with herself for feeling so uncomfortable with being close to her family.

Everly didn't even dare to lift her head. She tugged restlessly at the corners of her clothes, looking like a child.

"If you're not free, then forget it." The courage that Everly had tried so hard to summon fell apart at once.

After Everly said that, she planned to turn around and leave, but Heather stopped her. Her back stiffened while she exuded a sense of stubbornness.

"Let's go talk in the room." Heather tried to be gentle, feeling a little sorry to see how uneasy and insecure Everly looked.

"Thank you, Heather." Everly turned around, smiling brightly. The little girl was so simple-minded. She got nervous and frustrated because of a certain remark, but a kind remark made her instantly happy.

When did Everly become so cute? It seemed like Heather had had too little contact with her, which was why she had no idea what kind of girl Everly was.

After entering the room, Everly carefully closed the door. She didn't even dare to close it with too much force—it was as if she was entering the room of someone more superior.

Sometimes, Heather wondered if she was so harsh that she caused her family to behave like they were her subordinates who were afraid to even look up and meet her gaze.

“Don't say thank you so randomly in the future. I'm your cousin, so you don't need to thank me for letting you enter my room.” Heather spoke in a gentle tone and was looking at Everly with a warm gaze.

Everly then asked a childish question. “Heather, are you omnipotent?”

Heather chuckled. Looking at Everly's huge, charming eyes, Heather reckoned that she was still a child.

“Of course I'm not omnipotent.” Heather denied. “No one in this world is omnipotent.”

Everly was lost in thought because of Heather's answer. She was actually seriously contemplating this issue.

Heather then asked Everly to sit down as she wondered if her cousin had encountered something troubling.

“Did you encounter some problems? If you think I can help you, you can tell me.” Heather took a guess and asked because Everly was acting strange. If she could help Everly, Heather would never refuse.

Everly nodded, then immediately shook her head. “No, Heather. I just can't understand it.”

“Huh?” Heather was extremely curious. What is it that Everly can't understand? The corners of her lips were curled up slightly, and she fixed Everly with a gaze that was usually used by an elder when looking at a junior.

“How can I be an outstanding and successful career woman?” Heather didn't expect that this would be Everly's question. She raised her eyebrows a little, feeling a little baffled by this question.

“Uh... you want to be a successful career woman?” Heather didn’t know how to explain it to Everly. She figured that Everly had yet to fully grasp the concept of a career woman.

“Heather, can I?” Everly asked while pointing to herself and standing up excitedly.

Heather took in how valiant she looked, which was extremely different from how gentle she usually appeared. This must be Everly’s true personality! She’s in her adolescence, so how could she be quiet? This lively and lovely girl must be the real her.

“It’s all a matter of your own effort. Nothing’s impossible,” Heather assured. She didn’t like the methods her elders used, which was forceful education. She preferred inspiring and encouraging the younger generations.

A look of joy appeared on Everly’s face. “Really?” She was a little more confident now that she had Heather’s approval.

“Of course.” Heather’s mood turned pleasant as well.

“Heather, I love you so much. You’re amazing!” Everly exclaimed delightedly. The sudden emergence of the young girl in her caused Heather to shoot her a surprised look.

Young people nowadays are so passionate. Even words like ‘I love you’ can be said so out of the blue. Everly’s youthful and energetic appearance certainly made others want to dote on her.

“Then, Heather, what should I do as the first step?” Everly once again asked a practical question.

“You’re going to start now?” Heather was a little taken aback, as she remembered that Everly hadn’t even graduated yet. Could it be that Everly wants to start working now?

“Heather, is that not possible? Since I already have my future planned out, I must fight for it starting from today, from this moment,” Everly vowed solemnly. It seemed like she really had an idea of what she wanted to be.

“It’s possible, but you’ve not graduated yet. Your studies are the most important thing right now.” No matter what, Heather had to remind Everly

about this. Looking at her school-going cousin, she couldn't understand why she wanted to be a successful career woman.

"Heather, you were already working in the Langston Group when you were in university, so can't I join the Langston Group now too?" As they talked, Everly forgot all about her fear. In the past, she wouldn't dare say such things.

"Of course you can, but you have to start from the bottom." Back then, Heather rose from the bottom as well. It was a result of her constant hard work, and not by virtue of her identity as the Young Lady of the Langston Family. She had convinced the public with her own abilities.

"I can do it. No matter what it is, I can do it." Everly clenched both hands into fists, looking a little excited. It's so nice to be young.

"Of course. You're my cousin, so it's only natural that you're capable." Heather continued to encourage Everly. Seeing how eager she was reminded Heather of her past self.

"Heather, thank you. I'll go tell Grandpa that I want to help out at the Langston Group." Having gotten the answer she wanted, Everly couldn't wait to talk to Robert about it.

"Hold on. Have you decided which department of the Langston Group you want to join?" Heather wondered if this was just a brief period of interest for Everly. It was inherently hard to be a successful career woman; to be an outstanding and successful career woman was even more difficult to achieve.

Heather had relied on her own remarkable gifts to work hard to achieve this goal before she became an adult. She didn't attain such an achievement in such a short period of time because she was a genius in this area, as many people had thought.

"I didn't really think about that." Everly lowered her head shyly, and the man's voice popped into her head. She just wanted to produce some results to prove to him that she wasn't useless.

"Since your goal is to be a successful career woman, then you must enter the department that is best at developing your skills. The Department of External Affairs is a good option. Being involved with the external affairs of the business will allow you to understand the Langston Group's business in the

shortest time, and you can train your eloquence as well as persuasiveness,” Heather advised based on her own opinion.

Everly blinked. With her temperament, she was a little worried about her competence after joining the Department of External Affairs.

Catching sight of Everly’s hesitation, Heather continued, “Life is different from work. You shouldn’t think that you don’t have the suitable personality to work in the Department of External Affairs. A successful career woman is fearless; she can do whatever she wants with ease and great purpose. She’d know how to make the most of her work to improve herself in the shortest time possible.”

Everly’s hesitation grew. She seemed to be lacking in this aspect. No wonder that person regarded me with such disdain. This is the difference between me and Heather.

“Heather, the road to being a successful career woman seems to be full of thorns. I—”

Heather immediately cut her off. “There aren’t that many high roads in life. Life is indeed full of thistles and thorns. To become the person you want to be, you must set down detailed goals and work tirelessly to achieve them. No matter what kind of difficulties you meet along the way, don’t give up.” Heather used ‘give up’ instead of ‘easily give up’, because in her world, the easiest and most convenient way to do something was to never give up.

“I understand now, Heather. I’ll report to the company’s Department of External Affairs tomorrow.” Everly was all fired up after hearing Heather’s words. That’s right. There’s nothing I can’t do. No matter how hard it is, I have to find a way to overcome it.

“Before this, you have to understand one thing, which is your purpose of entering the Department of External Affairs. Your ultimate purpose is to become an excellent and successful career woman. You’re moving toward becoming a leader, and since that’s the case, you must have a global perspective, as well as a positive and optimistic spirit.” Heather stared into Everly’s eyes as she emphasized each word, afraid that Everly would miss a single information.

“Okay.” Everly gave a forceful nod to indicate that she understood.

“And the most important thing that you must remember is that successful people always consider themselves to be the luckiest. Many people think that successful people are lucky, and yes, successful people never deny this, although every one of them puts in a lot of effort to attain success. However, the difference is that successful people have their own views on luck; they see more of the positive side of things instead of thinking they’re unlucky whenever they encounter certain setbacks. To them, good luck always accompanies them.” Heather rarely repeated herself so much, but she was doing it now to leave Everly with a stronger impression.

This novel view gave Everly a gleam of inspiration, and she showed a youthful smile.

“Heather, I know what you mean. Successful people are the ones who know how to be grateful, and only by being positive can you move rapidly toward success.” Everly was rather clever, which left Heather quite gratified. She hoped that Everly could breathe new life into Langston Group.

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Heather watched in relief as Everly gave a slight nod. Given her current lack of experience, it was considered not bad for her to have such an understanding of the matter.

Seeing how happy Everly was when she left reminded Heather of her past self. At that time, she also had such simple and pure longing.

Back then, she probably didn’t think that she could become such a person. After being confused for so long, it seemed like she could see the future in a glance.

When she saw others being constantly on the move with their lives, Heather felt an inexplicable sense of envy, as she felt that it was a wonderful thing to have goals and ideals.

When she first returned to Bradford City, she had a clear goal in mind, but now, she was getting more and more confused. Am I really going to continue down this path?

Suddenly, her phone rang at this untimely moment. Heather thought it was Myra calling, so she quickly retrieved her phone, but the caller turned out to be Matthias.

She didn't expect that he would be so stubborn. Seeing that Heather didn't answer his calls, he sent her a message.

'I'm in front of the Langston Residence's entrance. Are you sure you don't want to come out and see me?' Matthias came because he couldn't be at ease. Heather's 'I miss you' made him soft and filled his heart with affection, so he couldn't wait to see her.

Irritated, Heather pulled open the curtains, wanting to see if she could see Matthias. However, she forgot that this was the second floor, so she couldn't see the entrance.

It seemed that she had to go down. Matthias always had a way to enter the Langston Residence, so she figured she might as well let him in on her own.

When Heather went to meet Matthias, she was wearing her simplest and most comfortable clothes, and she was barefaced. Today, she wasn't in any particular mood, so she didn't put on any exquisite makeup.

Waiting quietly outside the door, Matthias leaned against the car. Then, he saw his sweetheart approaching, with only a door between them.

"Why didn't you just come in?" Heather asked through the door.

"I was waiting for you. Just one glance at you is enough." Matthias didn't plan to enter the Langston Residence. Every time he went in, he would bring Heather trouble, so it was better for him not to go in.

"You're nuts," Heather muttered disdainfully, when in fact, she felt quite happy. Matthias finally knew how to be considerate of her, as him not going in would indeed make things less difficult for her.

The Langston Family had already come to the tacit agreement that Heather was dating Matthias. Although Heather might have such plans in the future, she wasn't currently dating him, so she didn't want others to gossip.

"So, you're really inviting me in?" Matthias decided to tease Heather.

"Don't. I'll come out," Heather answered with a smile. She couldn't possibly be so heartless. Besides, this was real life, not a drama, so why should they talk with the door between them?

To Matthias, this was an unexpected joy. After opening the door, Heather walked toward him. They were only a few steps away, but he seemed to be using up a lifetime's worth of his tender gaze to enclose every inch of Heather's body.

"You look like you were going to gobble me up," Heather joked. Today, Matthias was looking at her with a strange look, so she wondered what he was thinking about.

"Yeah, I want to eat you. I can't wait to swallow you whole." Matthias longed to spend his entire life with her. This feeling was getting increasingly stronger, so how was he supposed to restrain himself?

"Hmph!" Heather grunted and didn't respond to him. It seems like Matthias is being insatiable again. This guy is really...

"Heather, since you're already out here, why don't we go for a spin?" Matthias realized that he had turned into a hooligan after he saw Heather. At first, he just wanted to take one glance, but now, he was greedy and wanted her attention to last a little longer.

"I'm not dressed for that. I'm afraid tomorrow's headline would be, 'The President of the Locke Group Meets His New Lover in Secret'." A faint smile appeared on Heather's face, and she was seemingly amused with herself.

Matthias smiled as well. "That's quite a good headline." He never knew that Heather had such a humorous side.

"Women don't go out without makeup," Heather continued, her expression serious.

"You look good without makeup. No matter what, you're always the most attractive one." Matthias turned on his complimenting mode as he just wanted to praise Heather. At the same time, he was proud of his taste for choosing such an attractive woman.

"Forget it! Myra said that I look like I'm eighteen without makeup." Heather patted her face playfully. Although it was a joke, she did look relatively young without makeup and wasn't exactly imposing.

Many times, Heather would inadvertently mention Myra. It seemed like Myra currently occupied a unique position in her heart.

Matthias believed that he had a long way to go, and he didn't know when he would be able to surpass Myra's position in Heather's heart.

"Where do you want to go? I'll take you there. If you're worried about being followed by reporters, then we'll just go for a spin. We don't need to get out of the car." Matthias was reluctant to leave Heather. He kept his eyes glued to her, refusing to avert his gaze for even a moment.

"That's boring. I don't like going for drives. Not to mention, it's windy today. I'd get blown silly." Heather's hair was dancing in the wind. Holding onto the ends of her hair, she laughed like a teenage girl.

"You just keep on refusing me. Do you not want to spend time with me?" In order to avoid suspicion, Matthias maintained a distance with Heather. After all, they were at the entrance of the Langston Residence, so they couldn't be too intimate. Otherwise, Heather would definitely be unhappy.

"You have to give me a reason that will arouse my interest. Otherwise, don't try to trick me into going out." Heather raised an eyebrow and gave Matthias a wide grin. Looking at him greatly improved her mood.

Heather was unaware of these subtle changes. Little did she know, her heart had started to sway, and she was also somewhat reluctant to let Matthias leave.

That was why she was so willing to chat with Matthias in front of the Langston Residence, as well as why she was so interested in his suggestion to go out for a drive.

If at this moment, Heather had on makeup, she wouldn't hesitate to get into the passenger seat of Matthias' car.

With no makeup on, Heather truly didn't feel like going out. She didn't want the media to expose her bare face. After all, the media had been keeping a tight watch on her and Matthias.

"I'm a little stupid, so I can't think of anything that will pique your interest," Matthias replied after giving it some thought. His various reasons didn't manage to get her interested in the past, so he didn't know what other excuses he could use.

“I’ll go back in, then.” Heather was truly speechless. He was really clueless when it came to relationships, and the way he pursued her was old-fashioned and clumsy.

“Do you remember the tea house we went to?” Matthias finally thought of a good place to go to, and thought that perhaps Heather would be willing to go.

“I won’t agree to it. I don’t want people I know seeing me without makeup.” Heather called Matthias a fool in her mind. Of all places, he had to think of that tea house. He’s really so stupid.

“I see.” Matthias inwardly chided himself for being so foolish. How could I forget about it? How had it not occurred to me yet that Heather didn’t want to go out because she didn’t have on any makeup?

“Then, I’ll bring you to a book bar,” Matthias said. He had been to a book bar before, and the environment was rather decent. Moreover, he figured that Heather liked to read.

“You want to bring me to a book bar?” Heather asked with a smile. Only Matthias would think of a place like that! To have a date at a book bar, there would be pretty much no communication except for reading, as it was such a quiet place.

“Do you not want to?” Matthias peered apprehensively at her, hoping that she wouldn’t refuse.

“It’s not that.” Slightly raising her eyebrows, she took one step closer to Matthias.

“That’s a yes, then.” Matthias finally smiled. To put it simply, Heather was really hard to please, so it was unexpected that a book bar had caught her attention.

“If they don’t have the type of books I read, I’ll leave immediately.” Heather didn’t forget to threaten him so as to give him a little pressure.

“Don’t worry. I have faith in that book bar,” Matthias answered, full of confidence. At this moment, coaxing her into the car was more important.

“There’s another condition.” Before getting into the car, Heather stopped short, then turned to look at Matthias. The two of them were so close that it was as if they were going to be in each other’s arms in the next second.

“Hmm?” Matthias stared curiously at her, not knowing what condition Heather was going to propose.

“No one can take pictures of me without makeup. You can make sure of that, right, Director Locke?” Heather was seemingly giving Matthias a challenge, but she believed that with his abilities, this matter should be easy to handle.

“I promise you. I won’t let anyone take pictures of how amazing you look now.” Matthias didn’t forget to tease her while giving her an answer. All he wanted was to use every pleasant word there was to describe her.

“You’ve been quite the sweet talker lately. Evan must’ve taught you.” Matthias’ sweet words were somewhat deliberate, and his demeanor wasn’t exactly calm when he complimented her, so she was certain that Matthias had learned all this from Evan.

“You don’t like it?” Matthias thought that she would.

“There’s no woman who doesn’t like hearing nice things,” Heather stated as she got into the passenger seat. Just as she sat down, she continued, “And I’m no exception.”

Hearing this, Matthias figured that Heather was praising him in disguise, and only then did he turn back in his seat with satisfaction.

What a good day. Heather had become so gentle, so Matthias hoped that everything would go well later and that Heather would continue being in this state. Matthias looked profoundly at Heather, completely unable to focus his eyes elsewhere.

Heather turned his face away. “I’m not what you’re supposed to be looking at. Drive properly.”

Taking in his boyish appearance, Heather felt an indescribable sense of fondness. At this moment, she wanted nothing more than to snuggle in his arms.

Surprised by her own thoughts, she felt that she was getting greedier, so much so that she actually wanted to take her relationship with Matthias one step further.

Heather didn't understand what was going on with her. This wasn't like her at all. Is this what it feels like for my heart to flutter?

She studied Matthias, wanting to engrave his current look in her mind. At present, she felt extremely lucky to have met him.

"What books do you usually read?" Matthias cut to the chase, since they had never talked about this before.

"Take a guess." Heather wasn't going to tell him directly.

Matthias couldn't understand why girls liked to say that. If it were someone else, he would've shot the person a glare, but the person in question now was Heather.

Since Matthias was silent for a long time, Heather said, "You're taking me to the Aoki Book Bar, right?"

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Initially, he thought that Heather had never been to the Aoki Book Bar. He didn't expect that she had been there before, which meant that his surprise had failed.

Matthias was even more frustrated. Trying to surprise her was such a difficult task.

"Seems like my guess is right." A small smile appeared on Heather's face, as she enjoyed seeing the surprised look in Matthias' eyes.

"Yeah," Matthias mumbled bleakly, looking apathetic.

"Aren't you curious about how I made the right guess?" Heather, on the other hand, was delighted and wanted to tease him.

"I'm curious." Matthias didn't want to lie to Heather, so he figured he might as well be frank.

“I haven’t been to the Aoki Book Bar, but it has quite a reputation, so it’s normal that I’ve heard of it. This road happens to be the only way to get there, which is why I figured there’s a high chance we’re going to the Aoki Book Bar,” Heather explained, feeling quite pleased with herself. When she was with Matthias, everything became more interesting.

Matthias was disgruntled, but seeing the triumphant grin on Heather’s face took away some of his frustration. It was worth everything to be able to make her smile.

“Then, can you guess what kind of books I like?” Heather suddenly liked playing guessing games like this, and the look on her face was one of mischief.

“I don’t know.” Matthias had pondered this question early on, but he truly couldn’t guess what kind of books Heather liked. After all, she was full of surprises.

The fact that Matthias answered so quickly put Heather in a bad mood. It felt as if answering her was a perfunctory act. She stopped talking, and the smile on her face disappeared.

Matthias didn’t expect Heather to change moods so quickly; he couldn’t figure out why she was being this way. This made him distressed, and he didn’t know what to do next.

Is guessing what kind of book she likes so important? Matthias couldn’t understand what Heather was thinking at all. Are women’s thoughts always such a mess?

He couldn’t keep up with the rhythm of Heather’s constantly changing thoughts. Her current behavior called for Matthias to reflect on himself.

After racking his brains, Matthias still couldn’t figure out what kind of book Heather liked. If he didn’t know her well, he would’ve said books on economics without hesitation.

However, now that he had started to know her better, he didn’t think that Heather liked such books. Not to mention, he saw the books that she had written before, and it seemed like she didn’t like to mention anything about economics.

Meanwhile, from Heather's point of view, Matthias was currently being indifferent, which made her dissatisfied.

In fact, Matthias was contemplating this question, but had come up with nothing. He reckoned that Heather's uniqueness was to blame.

"Your eyes have been continuously darting around. What on earth are you thinking up there?" Heather suddenly said as she stared at Matthias' eyes. Because of this, he was nearly unable to focus on the pedestrians and cars on the road.

Fortunately, Heather quickly withdrew her gaze and turned to look out the window. She appeared nonchalant, as if nothing had just happened.

Matthias was beginning to wonder if he had imagined things. He had heard the sentence so clearly that it must not have been an illusion.

Before Matthias could figure out what type of books Heather liked, she had thrown another hard question at him.

"You like fairy tales." This thought occurred to him countless times, and it kept on popping into his mind. Hence, Matthias decided to stop hesitating and just say it.

Heather thought that no one would get it right, yet Matthias had guessed correctly. She looked at him in surprise, probably wondering how he came to that conclusion.

"You really weren't making a wild guess?" Heather had to make sure of that first.

Upon seeing her reaction, Matthias knew without a doubt that he was right. Smiling, he shook his head.

"You're very special. You're different from others. It's very likely that no one would have guessed that you liked fairy tales. But it isn't surprising for you to like such nonsensical things, because you've never been one to follow the rules." Matthias gave Heather a brief explanation, directly skipping his process of reasoning. In a roundabout way, he pushed the subject to Heather.

“Since you guessed correctly, then I’ll give you a chance to read fairy tales with me.” Heather seemed like a queen who was set high above the masses, and she was currently awarding Matthias with a knight’s honor.

In just a moment, they would be reaching the Aoki Book Bar after taking a turn. The two of them talked and laughed in the car. Heather returned to looking lively, not continuing to make things hard for Matthias.

In fact, Matthias wasn’t exactly sure of his answer. Upon hearing Heather personally admitting it, he somehow found her to be really cute.

Some people would be called childish if they were to read fairy tales while in their thirties. But, in Heather’s case, the contrast was adorable, and it made Matthias’ heart stir.

The atmosphere of the Aoki Book Bar was extremely girly and literary. Before this, Matthias was still worried that Heather wouldn’t like how girly the place was. Now, it seemed like he had been worrying too much.

For a woman her age, she had to have a young maiden’s heart. Although she didn’t appear unusual on the surface, there was a faint trace of joy on her face.

Unlike other girls who would take photos with the book bar mascot outside the entrance, Heather just swept a vague glance over it, leaving others unable to guess what she was thinking.

Watching those girls’ boyfriends tirelessly taking pictures of them, a soft smile appeared on Heather’s face. She had never done this kind of thing before, nor would she do it in the future.

However, Heather was envious of this kind of ordinary happiness. If there were a next life, she wanted to be an ordinary girl living an ordinary life.

“Do you need me to take a photo for you?” When Matthias saw Heather looking in that direction, he thought that she wanted to take a photo with the book bar mascot too.

The Aoki Book Bar had a uniquely designed door, and the two mascots on each side were especially cute, so it immediately captured the hearts of girls.

“No. If you want to take a photo, I can help you.” Heather refused before teasing Matthias.

Looking at the people who were getting their photos taken, he hurriedly waved his hand. “I’m not interested in those things.” After all, Matthias was a dignified man.

The two of them walked into the bar. There weren’t many people there, which was a distinctive feature of the Aoki Book Bar.

Because this wasn’t a free book bar, they needed to pay a fee to borrow books. The fee was calculated by the hour, and it wasn’t cheap.

This kept many people out. After all, few people were willing to spend much money on reading books, although the Aoki Book Bar provided the best environment for reading.

Hence, many people would stop at the door, and at most, they would take a look at the place and take photos with their mascot.

Of course, the Aoki Book Bar didn’t care about their actions. Not many people went in and out of the bar anyway, so those people taking pictures at their entrance would only help increase their popularity.

“The founder of the Aoki Book Bar claimed that she was just trying to create the best reading environment. In my opinion, it’s just to disguise the high price.” This was Heather’s first time here, and she didn’t think that it was the best place for reading.

“Businessmen pursue profits. That’s normal.” Matthias didn’t think it was an issue.

“They placed mascots at the door to attract the public and increase their popularity, yet very few people actually walk in. The boss is greedy and wants to handle many things at once, but they’ve really overlooked the elites who just want to find a quiet place to read,” Heather said, hitting the nail on the head.

Matthias wasn’t at all surprised by Heather’s sudden change in demeanor. She was always tempted to make a few remarks when it came to business matters.

Matthias had this problem as well, so neither of them found it strange.

Heather's statement wasn't very clear as she had just made a simple point, but Matthias understood what she was trying to say.

He noticed the business model the bar used the first time he came here, so it went without saying that he knew what Heather was referring to.

"You don't like it here?" Matthias thought for a while, then figured that Heather must not be satisfied with this place.

"No. I don't hate it, but I won't say I like it either." Heather had some expectations for the Aoki Book Bar prior to this, but now it seemed like there was nothing fascinating about the bar.

The two of them walked to the front desk. Every part of the Aoki Book Bar was unique and different from other places. It was an unusual book bar, but being unusual was its only difference. In fact, it was essentially almost the same as any other book bar, and it was even more commercialized.

There was only one person at the front desk. She was wearing a college-style uniform with a red tie, paired with a white shirt and topped with a navy blue jacket.

When they got closer, they could see that the girl at the front desk was extremely beautiful. Heather took another look at the girl, who seemed to be in her early twenties.

"Hello." The receptionist was also responsible for the cash register, so it was a wonder how she could manage both sides.

Then again, the Aoki Book Bar's business was slow, so one shopkeeper was enough. Heather then did the rare thing of putting on a gentle smile.

Matthias rarely saw Heather being so kind to a stranger. "I need a copy of Leo Tolstoy's 'Fables and Fairy Tales'. Where can I find it?"

Standing to one side, Matthias was a little curious. He wondered why Heather would ask such a question, but the girl at the front desk answered in one breath.

“Please go to Area B, fifth row of the third column of the bookshelf. It’s the third one from the right.”

After getting a satisfactory answer, Heather went to borrow ‘Fables and Fairy Tales’. As an aftermath, Matthias had to pay the deposit for borrowing the book.

In no time, Matthias got the book-borrowing bracelet. He walked quickly to Heather’s side, then handed the pink bracelet to her, while he held onto the blue one.

“Why did you ask her that question just now?” Matthias asked curiously.

“Because she’s not just a simple receptionist.” Heather had asked that question just now because she wanted to confirm her suspicions, and it seemed that her guess was correct.

“Then, who is she?” Why didn’t I notice it? Could it be that the daughter of the boss of the Aoki Book Bar is on vacation and came to help out?

“We’ll meet soon, and her true identity will be revealed.” Heather had a feeling that they would meet this girl again really soon.

When Heather’s gaze met the girl’s, the look in the latter’s eyes was extremely special, and there was an indescribable emotion hidden behind them.

It wasn’t exactly hostility, nor was it curiosity. Whatever it was, Heather was looking forward to meeting her again.

Standing before Love Chapter 589

Who would’ve thought that one could also encounter something like this at a book bar? Matthias couldn’t recall the appearance of that girl at all. Was the ordinary-looking girl really so special like what Heather said?

Seeing the doubt in Matthias’s eyes, Heather could tell that he doubted her words, but she didn’t want to explain any further—it would naturally become clearer when they met afterward.

“Isn’t that ‘Fables and Fairy Tales’?” Matthias pointed to the book on the shelf and said with a faint smile. Heather only cared about what happened before, and forgot to take the book that was just right beside her.

Immediately, he picked it up. He raised the book and began going through it; he seemed to be in a good mood, completely putting what happened earlier at the back of his mind.

“Bring it to me,” Heather demanded, stretching her hand out. How could he read the book all by himself knowing that it’s what I want? This is not fair, she thought.

“Don’t be stingy. Let me take a look first.” Matthias had only heard of this book, but hadn’t really had the chance to read it yet.

However, this had interrupted Heather’s reading plans. She had always wanted to read this book, and now that Matthias got to it first, it made her a little anxious.

As a matter of fact, Matthias was just teasing Heather. After all, he didn’t have the slightest interest in fairy tales. Seeing that Heather was beginning to feel upset, he quickly handed the book over to her.

He was the one who offered to bring her here to read, so how could he bring himself to interrupt her from reading? After he had returned the book to her, the upset look on Heather’s face disappeared. Deep down, he knew that this was precisely what was annoying about him. The unhappiness between them could be avoided if only he stopped challenging her patience. After all, there was no benefit to this, and it would only make her unhappy as a result.

Moments later, they found a more secluded place. Since they visited the bar during a weekday, it was rather empty even though it was clear that there was a bustling shopping mall just right outside.

The sound insulation of Aoki Book Bar was very good; the only source of sound here was probably from the main door. Overall, there were a few people sitting sporadically, and they were all reading attentively. It seemed that they came here at this time purposely to read, and there were not many who could calm their minds down to read nowadays.

Admiring Heather’s attentive expression as she read, Matthias found that her brows would slightly knit up from time to time while reading, and this seemed to mean that she was too engrossed in reading. Matthias loved the way she frowned; it was as if the novel’s storyline could easily affect her emotions.

Matthias couldn't hold it in anymore. "Heather," he called in a gentle voice, full of affection.

Heather raised her head and blinked at him with confusion as her eyes were a little uncomfortable from staring at her book. Matthias rarely saw Heather like this. He wanted to reach out to touch her, but he was afraid that she would feel annoyed, so he forcefully suppressed it.

"Aren't you here to read?" Heather glanced at him contemptuously, feeling that she had been caught in one of his little tricks again.

"Just looking at you is enough for me," Matthias said, like a fool who had fallen in love. Heather finally realized why he brought her here and immediately regretted that she came here with him at all.

There was a lovely fragrance spreading in the room, and Heather continued to focus on her book, ignoring Matthias. She felt that he was acting quite differently from how she remembered him. At this point, she wished he was the old and sarcastic him, rather than this man who was acting strangely.

"Matthias, you are getting stranger by the day," Heather said with her head lowered as she read the book in her hand, not even looking at Matthias.

"You don't like it?" Matthias had suppressed the dark side of his personality for Heather, but she found him unusual instead. Why are women so difficult to please? he thought.

"Stop bothering me. I'm reading." Heather didn't want to continue discussing this with Matthias any more—she didn't want to waste such a tranquil time that was meant for reading.

Although Aoki Book Bar did seem like such a commercialized place, it was already doing a little better than other book bars, because at least it provided people a space to read quietly here.

To be honest, Matthias didn't know why he continued to pursue this difficult woman. When Heather could finally learn to be gentle with him, it was probably then that she would deem him important in her heart.

Seeing that Heather had stopped looking at him, Matthias decided to look for a book to read too. Otherwise, his gaze would only fixate on her.

Recently, whenever Matthias had free time to himself, his head would instantly be filled with thoughts of Heather. This state of his had been going on for a long time, and he was clueless if it would improve or worsen.

As Matthias was deep in his own thoughts, he didn't notice that a pair of eyes had locked onto him as soon as he stepped into the book bar with Heather a while ago. The gaze had been inadvertently looking at him.

Matthias was ignorant and oblivious, and even the sensitive Heather didn't notice it. There was no trace of what that person was doing, and they were out in the open as they were protected by their identity.

After going through the books on the shelf, Matthias felt he couldn't take any interest in them. The only book that he had read completely recently was one of Heather's works.

Finally making his decision, he picked up an ordinary-looking comic book, and when he went over to sit opposite Heather, she looked surprised at his choice of reading material.

"Isn't this a children's comic book? Are you trying to satisfy your inner child?" Heather felt that Matthias had always liked doing things the unusual way. Why is he always trying to do such strange things? she thought to herself.

In fact, Matthias was doing this entirely to attract her attention, and as expected, Heather really took the initiative to speak to him.

"You are no better." Matthias continued to read the interesting comic book in his hands, finding pleasure in it.

Hearing that, Heather wanted to defend herself, but after thinking about it, she realized that she would be falling into his trap if she did. After all, she had basically got his tricks all figured out.

She knew his strange behavior was probably to attract her attention, so she intended to continue reading her book while ignoring him. Just let him entertain himself, then, she thought.

Heather read really quickly and soon finished half of the book. Feeling as if someone was staring at the pair of them, she immediately raised her head and glanced around the book bar but couldn't find anyone suspicious. However, she was certain that it was not merely an illusion.

Matthias, on the other hand, had soon finished his comic book as well. As he was getting bored, he noticed that Heather, who was opposite him, seemed to have noticed something unusual; she had a vigilant expression on her face, as if something dangerous was about to break out in the crowd.

“Cough, cough...” Matthias let out a dry cough to attract Heather’s attention.

“Did you notice anything unusual?” Heather asked mysteriously.

“Nope. Not at all.” Whenever he was with her, she was the only thing he could see, so it was apparent that he wouldn’t notice anything strange about his surroundings.

Why does it feel like this man is getting dumber by the day? Heather thought. At this point, she really wanted to ask someone else to confirm her suspicions.

“Let’s get out of here now.” Heather didn’t want to stay here any longer, for the feeling of something dangerous looming nearby made her feel uneasy.

“Sure,” Matthias answered right away.

When the both of them were checking out at the front desk, Heather stared deeply at the girl there; the more she looked at her, the stranger she found her to be. That girl didn’t look at Matthias at all but only kept looking at her and smiling, which creeped Heather out.

Something is definitely up, Heather thought to herself. She could be sure that this girl was paying attention to Matthias and was purposely avoiding looking at him directly, which just made her intentions all the more obvious.

Heather even began to wonder if the strange gaze a while ago came from this girl. All in all, she became more and more curious about this girl, and within her grew a great desire to find out about her true identity as soon as possible.

After they had left the book bar, Matthias, too, noticed the strangeness in the air. After all, Heather was staring at that girl really intently, so he reckoned that girl might have been weirded out. What was even more strange was that that girl kept her composure even after being stared down by Heather that way.

“Why did you seem to be quite hostile toward her?” Matthias asked tentatively. He wasn’t sure what exactly Heather’s look meant.

“The better way to put it is, she was the one being hostile to me.” Heather could finally be sure that this girl held hostility for her, though she couldn’t quite grasp the reason for it.

“Could she be jealous of your beauty?” Matthias said jokingly, trying to ease the situation.

“She might be my competitor.” Heather couldn’t think of a better explanation to this. After all, she herself was now doing well in Bradford City, and almost everyone important in the industry knew of her.

“Interesting.” Matthias couldn’t help but admire the courage of this girl, who was bold enough to challenge someone like Heather. It seemed that she might have a few tricks up her sleeves.

“I bet she had just returned from studying abroad.” Heather had never seen this person before, so her guess was only reasonable.

“Well, as we all know, those are dangerous creatures,” Matthias responded casually, whereupon Heather shot him a glare. She knew he was just trying to provoke her.

“So then, what are your plans? If you want to find out about her, I can always get it done for you.” Matthias offered to help. As long as there was anything that he could help Heather with, he would naturally do his very best.

“No need for that. If I find out anything about her in advance, it would be a whole lot less exciting the next time we meet again.” Heather was not in a hurry to dig for the truth for the time being. In fact, she was excited to finally meet her opponent.

“It must not be easy to be your opponent,” Matthias said. In fact, he was also saying this to himself. Heather never treated her rivals softly, and he was afraid that one day, they would have to stand on opposite sides.

“I can tell that being your opponent is much worse.” Heather seemed to understand Matthias’s implication, and she too, didn’t want to ever go against him.

The phone rang untimely, and it was Leon, so Heather quickly answered it. In comparison, Matthias could tell that he wasn’t as important as Leon was to Heather.

It always took her a while to answer his calls every time he called. This difference in treatment really disappointed him.

“Okay, I’ll go over now,” Heather said to Leon on the phone; it seemed that something urgent had happened.

“I’ll send you there.” Matthias didn’t ask Heather exactly what was going on. If he went on to ask her what happened and delayed more of her time, he would only annoy her even more.

Matthias felt that he could better understand Heather’s thoughts now, and he immediately recalled that it hadn’t been easy for him to have come this far. This was definitely a result of his unending practice. However, he felt that he still had a long way to go to find out about Heather’s quirks, and he could only try his best to do just what made her happy.

“We have to reach Belrose Avenue in half an hour.”

At this time, there should be no traffic on the road, but it was still a long way to Belrose Avenue. Half an hour wasn’t impossible, but it wouldn’t be easy.

“Okay.” Matthias believed in his driving skills, and since Heather had asked, of course he had to make it happen!

Deep down, he was hoping that it would be smooth along the way. Otherwise, he’d have no other choice but to drive at full speed.

Standing before Love Chapter 590

Belrose Avenue was a remote commercial area. Heather and Matthias would usually never visit such a place if it weren’t for Leon today—and how Leon even found this place was a mystery.

Fortunately for Matthias, the drive was smooth, and there were no traffic jams along the way. On the way here, Matthias didn’t care at all whether the road was congested—he drove extremely fast, and Heather didn’t stop his dangerous driving at all. The two of them paired together was a threat to the other drivers on the road; someone should really talk some sense into them about this.

However, Heather and Matthias weren’t ordinary people that one could just tell what to do. Perhaps it was because they’d never gotten into any serious

accidents, but they'd become more and more reckless on the road; whoever was in the car with them would have their hearts in their throats.

On the other end, Leon had been urging Heather on Messenger to the point she had lost her patience, but he still refused to tell her what exactly the matter was, other than the fact that it was an official business matter.

There were countless guesses in Heather's mind as to what kind of official business there could be at Belrose Avenue. When we see Leon later, I'll have to teach him a lesson. It'd better be something big, or else Leon's going to die a miserable death.

"Hey... your Messenger keeps ringing. What's going on?" Matthias asked Heather, as he was no longer able to ignore the Messenger prompts.

Heather muted her phone, and immediately, there was no sound. Matthias figured Heather never played by the rules, so it wasn't a surprise to him.

"When did your business expand to Belrose Avenue anyway?" Matthias asked again. He was also wondering what kind of official business there was to talk about at Belrose Avenue.

"I need silence." Heather regretted sitting in the passenger seat. If she had known that Matthias would be this chatty, she would have sat in the backseat so he wouldn't try to talk to her.

As soon as he heard that, Matthias immediately quieted down and stopped making any noises. Heather opened the Messenger app on her phone, still ignoring the flurry of incessant messages coming from Leon.

"Do you usually check the official accounts?" Heather casually searched for a topic. However, it was one that would catch people off guard.

"Official accounts?" Hearing Heather's question, Matthias did give it a serious thought, but he really didn't care about those official accounts on Facebook. He only felt strange that Heather would ask something like this out of the blue.

"Well, those Facebook or Instagram public accounts that were verified? Haven't you heard of those?" Usually, even Heather wouldn't care too much about these things, but she thought that it was something that everyone would know about.

“I don’t really pay attention to those things, though,” Matthias said casually. However, at the same time, he made a mental note to himself that he would look into it when he had the time.

“New media operations are in full swing now, you should know more about these.” Heather continued on this topic with Matthias as she was considering whether the company should grow toward this direction.

“I have always regarded this as only a mode of operation, and I will dedicate someone to see it through, but our operation mode will always be the same,” Matthias said nonchalantly, thinking that Heather’s focus was rather strange. Could it be that she wants to develop further into we-media? he thought to himself.

“Traditional companies have yet to develop into new media, and they take the importance of new media differently. Maybe my company will be able to find a shortcut for this.” Heather discussed her insight about her company with Matthias.

Before this, Heather had always been abroad and did not understand the development of the domestic new media, but recently, she did a little bit of research and developed an understanding that there was a lot of profit to be made there if managed properly.

“If you think it is feasible, why don’t you just carry on with it?” Matthias would agree with any decision Heather made. To her, starting a business was not about success or failure, but how successful it could be and how much one could achieve from it.

In fact, Matthias was very confident about Heather’s abilities. However, compared to his confidence in her, Heather didn’t have such confidence in herself at all. Ultimately, Heather was not worried about failure but rather that her goal could not be achieved. Her company had yet to be launched, but Heather already had a whole set of plans in her mind.

“Well, if we go according to my ideas, my company might never start at all,” Heather said bitterly as she recently had a different idea about starting a business.

“Are you tired of the industry? Or do you see yourself more clearly now?” Matthias understood Heather’s implication—it seemed that Heather’s interest and ambition no longer laid in the business industry.

“I’m neither tired of it, nor do I have a clear picture. Maybe this is why I am confused,” Heather said truthfully to Matthias. After all, there was no need to keep this from him.

“Since you are willing to tell me all this, does it mean that you’re going to leave the industry? To get away from the disputes?” Matthias continued to pry, hoping for Heather to speak the truth.

“Do you want me to leave the industry?” Heather was also a sensible person. Since Matthias was so concerned, there was naturally his own intentions to it.

“I only hope you can do whatever that you like.” Matthias never liked seeing Heather feel troubled—he hoped that one day, Heather could be honest to herself, as even he could feel that she didn’t like what she was doing now.

“Apart from building a world in the business industry, I can’t think of anything better to do.” Heather had always had this idea rooted in her heart, but her interest in it was getting more and more faded by the day.

“Let’s not talk about this anymore.” Matthias dropped the topic, knowing that Heather didn’t want to talk about it further. Come to think of it, their topics of conversation were always so limited, and most of the time, they would be left with nothing to say.

The both of them couldn’t be like ordinary people, and together, they were more like business partners than anything else. Matthias had been trying to change this situation, but there hadn’t been much progress.

The main reason was that Heather didn’t want to cooperate. Many times when Matthias wanted to talk a little deeper with Heather, she would put up walls and walls of defenses, leaving Matthias no choice but to keep a distance.

Matthias could only wander around outside Heather’s heart, without a way to get in. He could only say that Heather did a really good job at protecting herself so that she would not be easily hurt by others.

Soon after, they reached Belrose Avenue—it only took them over twenty minutes to get there. Heather looked out the window of the car, trying to spot Leon on the road.

In fact, it was Leon who told Heather through Messenger that he was right by the road, and they would definitely see him as they drove by.

“Drive slowly as I look for Leon.” There weren’t many people on both sides of the road on Belrose Avenue, and since Leon was such a ‘dazzling’ person, he’d be easy to spot.

Belrose Avenue was not a long road—it only took ten minutes to drive around it. Even after they had arrived at the end of the road, Leon was nowhere to be seen.

With that, she immediately called him, but it did not get through for a long time. Even after sending a message to Leon on Messenger, he did not reply.

“Let me turn the car around, and we’ll look in the opposite direction again.” Upon seeing this, Matthias hurriedly comforted Heather. As he was driving, Matthias was also helping to look for Leon, but neither of them saw him.

“Okay, then. Can you drive a little bit more slowly?” Heather asked Matthias to slow down again. She made a mental decision that if she couldn’t find Leon this time, she would leave this place right away, regardless of whether Leon was alive.

As soon as this thought crossed her mind, Leon called. Heather answered the call immediately and heard Leon speaking fluent Italian on the other side of the phone.

Heather listened carefully to every word that Leon said—it turned out that he was in trouble. As for why he was even at Belrose Avenue, he said that a mysterious person told him to come here.

As for the trouble that he had gotten into, Leon did not mention it over the phone. He said that he was afraid that the phone would be monitored, and his location now couldn’t be disclosed to Heather, but what was certain was that he had already left Belrose Avenue.

As he mentioned before, Leon was suspecting that someone was watching him, so he couldn’t continue to wait for Heather and Matthias on Belrose Avenue. The development of the whole situation had become even more confusing.

Heather asked about Leon’s situation. After confirming that he was safe, she simply said a few words to him and hung up the phone right away.

Matthias understood Italian, so he understood the conversation between Heather and Leon, but he never expected Leon to be targeted at all.

“So... where are we going now?” Matthias stepped on the gas pedal, since there was no need to continue looking for Leon right now.

Heather lowered her hand that was holding the phone and looked at Matthias. “Who could it be?” she asked. It was too sudden that it caught Matthias off guard.

“I’m not sure. Even the person involved doesn’t know, so how would I?” Matthias knew he couldn’t help Heather in this matter. He was no detective; how could he know what was going on?

“Do you recall the last bombing incident?” Heather brought up the bombing incident again. It hasn’t been long since, and now Leon is in trouble again. Could it be that it was Leon’s family that was behind this? Or was it someone else? Heather thought.

“I do. But we haven’t found the suspect yet.” Matthias remembered this incident clearly. At that time, someone even sent him pictures from the scene. There has to be someone behind all this.

“I suspect that the person who’s getting Leon in trouble was the mastermind behind the explosion.” Heather took the initiative to discuss this with Matthias. Although she did have her doubts about him, there were too few people she could trust now.

What was more, if Matthias was really an insider, it was even more important to talk to him about the explosion so that she could find out what he was really up to.

Judging from how Matthias reacted, she figured he must be unaware of the matters behind the explosion. Deep down, Heather hoped that he took no part in it; otherwise, she really couldn’t bring herself to forgive him.

“Do you already have a suspect in mind?” Matthias asked half-guessingly.

“No. Leon insisted that it was done by his family, but I suspect it was the Moriarty Family.” Heather was still suspicious of the Moriartys, especially when she saw Caleb being in contact with Tony a few days ago—it made her all the more suspicious of the Moriarty Family.

“You are too sensitive about the Moriartys.” Matthias didn’t think it was the Moriartys’ work. After all, he had secretly contacted the family. The Moriartys wouldn’t do unnecessary things like this.

“Are you very familiar with the Moriarty family? Why would you think it wasn’t their work?” Heather had always tried to avoid mentioning the Moriartys in front of Matthias, but she really needed an answer now, so she had no choice but to talk about them with him.

It was a pity that Matthias’ reaction was clear that the Locke Family did have some sort of connection with the Moriartys. In fact, Heather was even a little bit disappointed deep down; she knew that it would turn out like this, but she still had to try.

“I’m not. But Leon should have nothing to do with the Moriartys; I don’t think they’d make a move on someone they don’t know.” Matthias quickly defended himself. At this point, he had already clearly seen that Heather was just testing him with her questions.

“Even I am not sure about the kind of connection that exists between them, so how could you make such a judgment?” Heather pried even harder. The more Matthias said, the more mistakes he made. After all, truths could not be hidden.

“Perhaps the person involved knows best. Did you and Leon analyze this matter in a simpler way?” Matthias led the topic to Leon smoothly; Leon was not here, so Matthias changing the topic to him was indeed brilliant.

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Refusing to discuss this matter any further, Heather only left it at that. In her eyes, seeing Matthias going all out trying to explain and change the topic only made it seem as if he was trying to cover something up, and Heather was definitely not in the mood to dig into it. Even though she didn’t say anything, she was worried about Leon’s safety. Although it didn’t seem like too big of a deal to Leon, and he had repeatedly emphasized he was safe, she wasn’t buying it.

“Do you have any idea how to find Leon?” Matthias could tell that Heather was worried about Leon, and to eliminate her worries, she must find Leon and see to it that he was safe with her own eyes.

“Leon is good at counter-reconnaissance. Since he can avoid the tracking of the other party, then we won’t be able to find him easily as well. It’ll be hard to look for his hideout.” Heather knew Leon well enough to know that it would be useless to track him down.

“You can’t find him doesn’t mean I can’t,” Matthias said mysteriously; it seemed that he already had an idea, which piqued Heather’s curiosity.

“What do you mean?” Heather asked. It seemed that she had indeed underestimated Matthias’ strength; the hidden power of the Locke family was indeed amazing.

“Give me two hours. I will give you an explanation as soon as possible,” Matthias uttered confidently. This time around, he had finally decided to utilize the power of his family. For Heather, Matthias was willing to do anything impulsively.

“Alright, then. I will trust you just this once. After finding Leon, you only need to tell me whether he is really safe. I don’t care about the rest.” Heather only wanted to confirm Leon’s safety—that was all.

“Aren’t you going to see him?” This was a bit unexpected for Matthias. He thought she would at least want to see Leon safe with her own eyes. Now that he heard what she said, it seemed that her cool-headedness remained after all.

“I know I will expose his location if I go to see him. I’m not that impulsive,” Heather replied casually. Life was not a drama where silly female leads could get out of whatever trouble they caused from being impulsive. Most of the time in real life, one must think before they act.

The two further discussed and decided to proceed with the plan. What Heather was more concerned about now was the skills and power that Matthias possessed. She was more than glad for him to demonstrate the strength of the Locke family in front of her.

Ultimately, the parts that even Leon couldn’t find out about the Lockes could only be discovered by Heather herself. Therefore, before they could find out about Leon’s safety, Heather planned to stay with Matthias every step of the way and watch him operate with her own eyes.

However, it was all Heather's wishful thinking. Unforeseen issues always happened at the worst time possible; Myra finally replied to Heather on Messenger.

After receiving the notification, Heather stared at her Messenger interface for a long time—Myra asked her to meet at her house. Heather was troubled. Leon's safety is uncertain, and now this with Myra? Everything happened altogether all of a sudden, and it was starting to become overwhelming to her.

What a pity, she thought. I wanted to witness how Matthias worked to find out the real power the Lockes hold in Bratfort city. But now, such a good opportunity might just slip through my fingers.

After weighing carefully, Heather agreed to meet with Myra, but she didn't plan to tell Matthias that she would be meeting Myra, so she simply looked for another reason to get off.

As soon as she looked up, she immediately saw the coffee shop she visited frequently. "Stop at the coffee shop in front. I have an appointment with someone," she told Matthias.

Hearing that, Matthias' eyes were filled with doubts. She was clearly worried about Leon a while ago, so why would she make an appointment with someone? he thought. She knew that he would get suspicious, but she didn't want to explain further because she knew that the more she explained, the more loopholes there'd be.

"Are you going to meet Myra?" At this point of time, Matthias knew she would turn down whatever appointment with anyone else except Myra.

"Please help me to continue the investigation, rectify the situation, and tell me all about it. Right now, I have business affairs to deal with, and I don't want any delay." Heather used her business affairs as an excuse.

As the two of them talked, the car drove to the front of the coffee shop, but Matthias had to confirm one last thing before he stopped the car.

"Can I go with you?" Obviously not buying Heather's 'business affairs' excuse, he wanted to tag along with her.

"It's about business. So it's not so convenient for you to come." Heather rejected Matthias right away, and the car stopped right then.

Seeing how Heather got out of the car calmly, Matthias already had an answer in his heart. Heather's last answer exposed her—the usual her would've just rejected him without any explanation.

After Heather left the car, Matthias dialed a number on his phone, and when the person on the other line answered, he said, "I need you to check one more thing—who Heather Langston is meeting with later."

After he ended the call, Matthias thought to himself, She was negligent this time. Since I can find out about Leon's safety, there is nothing I can't find out. Heather, you shouldn't have lied to me this time.

In fact, apart from Myra, Matthias couldn't think of anyone else that she would meet right now. Besides, Heather would definitely not mention anything about Myra in front of him.

Heather didn't want Matthias to have any contact with Myra anymore. Even Tony was very sensitive about this. However, it seemed that they had all underestimated Myra's endurance.

In other words, they deemed pregnant women as too fragile. Thinking of the phone call Myra gave him earlier, she had already noticed something, and it would be no good for anyone to keep it a secret.

Matthias subconsciously became worried about the friendship between Heather and Myra. He hated Heather before for separating him and Myra, but now, he was worried for Heather, and the hate he had for her had disappeared without a trace. He knew that only love could make people do things that didn't make sense.

Heather, on the other hand, entered the cafe under Matthias' gaze. She ordered a cup of coffee and sat by the window. In fact, she was waiting for Matthias to leave—the view from her seat allowed her to see everything.

Soon, Matthias drove away, and Heather's coffee was served. She did not rush out immediately, but tasted the coffee instead—this was to make sure Matthias wouldn't turn back to check on her again.

With that in mind, she gulped down half of her coffee into her stomach, and it instantly warmed her up, making her feel so much better. Only after making sure that Matthias had really left did Heather leave the cafe slowly. Gracefully,

Heather walked up to the car, which she had initially booked and was waiting by the front door.

When she got out of the shop, Heather took a second look around and didn't see Matthias' car. After all, an eye-catching luxury car like his wasn't hard to miss.

When she made her way to the luxury car she had ordered, she opened the door and got in. The owner of the car was a stranger, since Heather simply used an e-hailing service to book it. She immediately slipped into the back seat and greeted the driver with a simple hum.

With Heather's good-looking face, even strangers couldn't resist her charm—they'd always go out of their way to strike up a conversation or even flirt with her.

"Can you drive faster, please? I'm in a hurry," Heather said in a commanding tone; she didn't like talkative drivers.

Hearing Heather's words, the driver sped up, but she didn't say a word after that. Seeing her ice-cold expression, the driver stopped talking at once.

As a matter of fact, Heather's coldness was even capable of making one feel that the surrounding temperature had dipped several degrees. It was only natural that the person who struck up the conversation would not pursue it any further.

Half an hour later, Heather arrived at Myra's house. After mustering up her courage, she rang the doorbell. Moments later, the door opened—it was Myra who was standing behind it.

The two looked at each other, and then quickly shifted their eyes away—there was an inexplicable awkwardness between them.

"Come in." Myra still couldn't bring herself to be cold to Heather, so she invited Heather into her house. As she did that, she couldn't help but wonder that, if what the woman told her was true, how should she face Heather?

"You... I..." Heather didn't know where to start, and her stutter was something that Myra was unaccustomed to.

However, this had also in a way reflected one thing—Heather felt guilty. Heather used countless lies to twist what happened, causing her to not know how to face Myra now.

“You should know what I want to talk to you about,” Myra said coldly. She couldn’t forgive Heather for what she did.

“So you know.” A straightforward person shouldn’t beat around the bush. Heather didn’t want to continue lying to Myra; after all, her lies were enough for her to destroy and discredit their friendship.

“Well, the thing that saddens me the most is not your deception to me from the very beginning, but the fact that you still don’t want to be honest with me even now. I’ve heard the so-called truth from the others. So? Were you planning on keeping all these to yourself for the rest of your life?” Myra struggled for a long time before saying all of these. She knew that she couldn’t simply let it pass—she had to talk to Heather about this no matter what.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say except ‘I’m sorry’.” Regret washed over Heather’s face. Whatever happened, happened, and she knew there was no way for her to recover their friendship.

“I don’t need your apology. You let me down. Can you tell me... whether your friendship with me is real or fake? And here I thought you were the last person in this world who would use and deceive me. You’ve betrayed my trust in you,” Myra said very calmly. All the restlessness she had had already been digested by her alone.

Just how much hardship and even self-reflection had Myra gone through in her heart for her to state all of these lightly?

“Will you ever forgive me?” Heather had also imagined such a situation multiple times in her head. Perhaps Myra would never forgive her.

“I want to hear your reasons. Please tell me honestly—what happened in the past?” Myra said calmly. As soon as Heather heard that, she thought, She must have been extremely disappointed to be so calm. Heather knew that she had broken Myra’s heart cruelly. She hated herself and regretted her wrong step back then.

“I did something wrong once, and everything else followed. I was too selfish then, which caused this situation today.” Heather reflected on herself deeply,

but she couldn't bring herself to remember why she was so despicable to the point it ruined the innocence of two people.

"I don't want to hear your confession now. For so many years, you have had countless chances to be honest with me; why did you choose to lie to me until now?" Myra looked at Heather's face and couldn't bring herself to hate her. But as she thought of what Heather did to her, she just couldn't find it in herself to forgive her.

"Are you hiding anything else from me? What good is it for you to deceive me? Does playing with me in the palm of your hand make you happy? Perhaps you even feel proud." Myra's emotions were exposed little by little, and the calmness she was trying to maintain was crumbling away.

"No. It's nothing like that. At the time, I just wanted you to be good to me, and never to others. So when you introduced Matthias to me, I hated him. What did he do to deserve your attention?" Heather had to admit that she wasn't thinking healthily at the time—she was holding onto Myra as if her life depended on her. If she could, she would hold Myra so firmly in her hand that no one else could even take a peek at her.

"I can't remember the past—no matter what kind of relationship I had with Matthias at the time, it was in the past. Now that I have Tony, my life is filled with him and only him. You made mistakes in your youth, and I can definitely forgive that. But why didn't you confess to me even after Matthias reappeared? Have you ever really treated me as your friend at all?" The only thing Myra cared about was the fact that Heather lied to her. Moreover, these lies continued on for so many years when there were so many opportunities for her to come clean, but Heather chose to continue to hide it—this was simply unforgivable!