

Standing before Love Chapter 622

In the blink of an eye, Matthias and Heather had finished three bottles of alcohol, each of which had an alcohol content of no less than 40 percent. At the sight of this, Evan was truly stunned and speechless. He feared that they would spend the entire night drinking as the alcohol went to their heads.

He was secretly worried about the two of them, for he feared that they would suffer from alcohol poisoning. The three bottles of liquor were of different types, and he didn't know if any chemical reaction would occur when these liquors were mixed in their stomachs.

"Get us another bottle, Evan," Matthias called Evan again. He was drinking recklessly.

"Sir, your health—" Evan said, but Matthias interrupted him before he could finish his sentence.

"Get us another bottle." Matthias shot Evan an icy look. He didn't want Heather to know about his chronic illness, yet Evan brought this up.

Luckily, Heather was mellow with drinks, so she didn't pay any attention to their conversation. Right now, she was starting to feel dizzy since it was easier to get drunk by drinking different types of liquor at once.

Heather liked the feeling of stepping on air. She shook her head, trying to sober herself up a little. The good liquor stored in the cellar of Matthias' home was indeed strong.

Evan reluctantly took out a bottle of vodka, which was probably the bottle of liquor they drank with the lowest alcohol content. As he snatched the bottle of vodka from Evan right away, Matthias ordered him, "Bring us all the spirits in the wine cellar."

Instead of stopping Matthias from fooling around like this, she looked at Evan with great interest; it seemed like she was urging him even more.

Evan looked at the two of them in vexation. "You two must stop drinking," he protested vehemently. Are they planning to drink themselves to death tonight?

“Why can’t we keep on drinking when our appetites have just been stimulated?” As she rested her chin in her hand, Heather looked at Evan with a serious expression. She didn’t understand why he was so vexed.

“I’m afraid that you two won’t have any appetite tomorrow. You two might even lose your stomachs,” Evan replied between clenched teeth. He began to suspect that he had made a misjudgment, for he couldn’t imagine how Heather and Matthias would spend the rest of their lives together in the long days to come. Were the two drunkards going to give birth to a little drunkard? At the thought of this, Evan thought they’d better have a daughter instead.

Heather and Matthias looked at each other with a smile. They didn’t take Evan’s words to heart since it was almost impossible to ask two people who loved drinking to stop at this moment. “Would you like to have a few drinks with us, Evan?” Matthias grabbed Evan. He reached out to the latter, whereas Heather had a gloating look on her face.

“I’m not drinking with you two.” Evan pushed Matthias’s hand away in disgust. He was already beside himself with rage, so much so that he wished a huge boulder would fall from the sky and crush these two demons to death.

“Come and have a drink. How could a man not drink liquor?” Matthias grabbed Evan and insisted that he drank some alcohol, giving Evan quite a headache. On the other hand, Heather chimed in from the side and said, “That’s right. You’re an adult man, so you’ll be laughed at if you don’t drink alcohol.”

Evan resolutely refused to drink as he pushed away the vodka that Matthias handed to him. Matthias has never bothered me like this, so has the alcohol really gone into his head this time? he thought to himself. “I don’t like drinking,” he stressed again, though he could hardly suppress the irresistible urge within him.

“You’ll like it.” Matthias picked up the wine glass right away and held it to Evan’s lips.

Evan felt uncomfortable when he smelled the alcohol. “You’re drunk, sir.” He broke free of Matthias’s hold. Speaking of which, Evan was quite skilled at fighting.

“Evan is like a lady,” Matthias said with a laugh.

Evan wished he could kill Matthias right now, but he told himself to calm down and not argue with the two drunkards.

“Evan is an intelligent yet unassuming man.” Heather simply provoked him further by making such a judgment about him.

They seldom saw Evan blowing up, but it seemed that they would succeed in enraging him tonight. Evan was getting increasingly furious right now, and he felt like a continuously inflating balloon that would explode right away at any minute.

“I’ll raise your pay starting from next month, Evan. Can’t you have a few drinks with us tonight?” Matthias knew Evan’s weakness, so he was never tired of tempting Evan with a pay raise.

Evan was on the verge of an angry outburst at first, but he instantly calmed down upon hearing the words ‘pay raise.’ He had asked Matthias for a pay raise many times both implicitly and explicitly, and it was rare for Matthias to bring this up himself today. “Okay,” he answered readily.

Heather snorted with laughter. As it turned out, it was so easy to deal with Evan, and she finally understood why Matthias trusted Evan so much. Indeed, such a subordinate could be treated as a trusted aide. How she wished she could have a trusted aide whom she could deal with using money!

Evan sat down between Matthias and Heather, separating them directly. Meanwhile, Matthias was slightly displeased by this. As expected, Evan was arrogant and wouldn’t give in easily. Therefore, he would definitely spite them.

“I’ll be drinking, and you two will drink with me.” Evan poured himself half a glass of vodka before filling Matthias and Heather’s glasses with it. This was totally unfair, but Heather didn’t mind these details. She simply emptied her glass since vodka was like drinking water to her.

On the other hand, Matthias patted Evan on the shoulder after finishing a glass of vodka. “I’ll increase your pay by 10,000 with every glass of vodka you drink. Let’s see how many tens of thousands you can earn by drinking.” Now that he had a great time drinking, he became increasingly generous with money. He then filled Evan’s glass to the brim with a mischievous smile on his lips. He was quite mischievous by nature, after all.

Heather chimed in at one side, "It's so easy to make money while working under you, Director Locke." As she spoke, she goaded Evan and said, "I would definitely finish ten glasses in a row if I were you."

Evan looked at the vodka with a frown. The vodka had an alcohol content of 40 percent, which was indeed much lower than that of the previous bottles of liquor. However, he really couldn't hold his liquor. Was he going to drink himself unconscious here today for a pay raise? Still, he didn't forget to remind Matthias by saying, "I had a glass of vodka just now."

Matthias nodded. "Yeah. There are nine glasses left." He had never behaved so inappropriately in the past, but he was completely hyped up right now.

After drinking a glass of vodka, Evan was already a bit tipsy. His head was already spinning, but he forced himself to keep on drinking at the thought of how this was bound to his pay raise next month. Furthermore, he expressly recorded his conversation with Matthias on his cell phone lest Matthias go back on his word after sobering up. When Matthias was sober, he would play the recording to him to let him know how crazy he had been the night before.

They drank and talked cheerfully, but Evan never expected that he could no longer drink anymore by the time he drank the sixth glass of vodka. When he saw how Evan's face flushed crimson, Matthias continued to provoke him and said, "There are four glasses left. Do you want me to fill all the glasses for you?" Matthias gave Evan a glare as he wanted the latter to continue pulling his socks up, but Evan couldn't drink another drop.

Since there wasn't much liquor left in the bottle, Heather fanned the flames by suggesting, "Evan, why don't you finish this bottle of wine in a gulp? If you do that, we'll just consider it as drinking 10 glasses of wine."

Evan closed his eyes and steeled himself. Then, he directly picked up the bottle of vodka and poured the liquor down his throat, finishing all the liquor in one gulp with the attitude of someone who was swallowing medicine.

Matthias and Heather cheered at one side as these two drunkards were never tired of having fun. Evan had drunk a bit too fast this time, so he vomited all the liquor as soon as he downed them. Matthias was still feeling bad about his vodka, and he said to Evan, "You're terrible at holding your liquor."

On the other hand, Heather had sobered up a little. She was somewhat nauseated by the filth Evan vomited up as a foul smell lingered in the air.

Evan was completely drunk this time. He really had drunk himself into a stupor, though Matthias and Heather were sobered up a little when he threw up. Those who got drunk liked to fool around, and so did Evan. After wiping his mouth directly with the handkerchief, he insisted that he wanted to keep on drinking. "Liquor! I want liquor!" He was displeased upon seeing that there was no liquor left on the table.

"There's no liquor anymore. You've finished the liquor yourself." Matthias had counted on Evan to go down to the basement and bring a few more bottles of liquor for them. However, who would have expected them to go so far by making Evan drunk right away?

"Give me liquor. I can still have a drink." Right now, Evan was the one asking for liquor instead. Matthias couldn't help but frown. When he saw how wobbly Evan was when he staggered to his feet, he was extremely worried; he feared that Evan would step on what he had vomited earlier.

Heather shot Matthias a glance, signaling him that he must keep Evan under control and not let Evan fool around at this moment. However, a drunk person couldn't be held in check at all.

Matthias tried his best to prop himself up as he stood up. Then, he came to Evan's side and steadied the latter. "You're drunk." He had sobered up by now, and he couldn't help but blush upon recalling how he had insisted Evan to drink all the liquor earlier.

"No. I'm still sober. You're Matthias," Evan said while pointing at Matthias as he tried to break free of the latter's grasp.

"You really are drunk, so stop fooling around." Matthias lowered his voice. How many drunk people would admit that they were drunk, anyway?

"Let go of me," Evan said irritably.

Evan became more aggressive as he got drunk, but Matthias wasn't worried as he believed he could still hold Evan in check. Therefore, he grabbed Evan's arm in a firm grip.

"Let go of me." Evan's voice deepened as it seemed that he was about to lose his temper.

“Sober up a little, Evan Hemsworth,” Matthias called Evan by his full name right away.

This name was unfamiliar even to Evan since he hadn’t heard the name for a long time. “Don’t call me by this name, Matthias.” He expressed his displeasure.

Matthias had to find a way to calm Evan down. He couldn’t let things go on like this, for Evan was getting more and more emotional right now. He felt somewhat troubled; wasn’t he asking for trouble by doing this?

“Can you guys still go downstairs?” Heather also thought that this was bad. She wondered if they should get off the rooftop right away since the wind that night was quite chilly.

“Yes, I can,” Matthias and Evan replied in chorus.

Heather stood up right away. “I’ll go down first. Be careful, the both of you,” she said while walking toward the stairs. She had completely sobered up right now, and she looked totally unaffected by the alcohol.

On the other hand, Matthias followed closely behind her while supporting Evan. Heather feared that the two men behind her would suddenly fall over, causing the three of them to fall down the stairs right away. Luckily, they safely came down the stairs, but Evan was still making noises. As it turned out, Evan looked so unsightly when he was drunk. It was left to the servants to clean up the mess on the rooftop, whereas Matthias had to personally take care of the trouble caused by Evan here.

Heather looked at Matthias before glancing at the badly-behaved Evan. Then, she said with a smile, “I’ll let you two off once for today. I must see you two dance the next time I come.” Surprisingly, she still remembered the pas de deux; Matthias thought she had forgotten about it.

Upon hearing Heather’s words, Matthias looked ill at ease. He didn’t know how to answer her.

When she saw Matthias’ response, Heather continued on her own, “I’m going back first. Take good care of Evan.” She looked apologetically at Evan, who was as drunk as a lord. Indeed, they had really gone too far today.

Matthias wanted to persuade Heather to stay, but he ended up saying, “Okay. Just be rest assured.”

Evan was displeased, though. “I don’t need anyone to take care of me. All I need is wine,” he said while shoving Matthias directly toward Heather without Matthias noticing.

However, he pushed Matthias too hard and almost caused the both of them to bump right into each other directly. Luckily, Matthias steadied himself in the end and took the opportunity to hold her in his arms, avoiding the embarrassment of them bumping into each other.

At that moment, Heather was being held in Matthias’ arms. She was still a little shy in front of outsiders, so she pushed his chest. However, Matthias was still enjoying the warm and supple body in his arms. He was so reluctant to let Heather go that he wanted to mix her into his flesh.

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The two of them remained in such a posture, for Matthias took Heather’s struggle as playing hard to get. If it weren’t for the fact that she had to save Matthias’ face in front of the others, Heather would have shoved him away directly. She whispered to his ear, “Let go of me.”

Such a movement was extremely suggestive in everyone else’s eyes, but only Matthias knew that Heather was displeased. Even though he was still a little tipsy, he didn’t dare to act so rashly anymore. Hence, he reluctantly let go of her. This was truly something unbearable, for no one would be willing to let go of the beauty in their arms. However, he was already content with everything that happened today, for he had seen Heather’s changes with his own eyes.

He was now confident about the future, and he believed he would live until the day Heather personally agreed to go steady with him. By then, the nature of their relationship would gradually become clear.

“I’ll be heading back first.” At this moment, Heather naturally had to go back to the Langston Residence—she couldn’t stay all night at Matthias’ place.

Meanwhile, he was reluctant about it. Furthermore, Evan gave Heather more trouble by asking, “Where are you going? Why don’t you stay with Matthias?” The drunken Evan was unusually overbearing. He wouldn’t let Heather leave

no matter what, and it seemed as though he would come over and grab her hand the next second.

Heather was both amused and annoyed. This is so troubling! she thought to herself.

Matthias had the same notion, so he didn't make any special efforts to stop Evan. In the meantime, Heather helplessly dodged Evan's suddenly outstretched hand. She feared that she would instinctively knock Evan to the ground if he kept on fooling around.

"Don't leave. It's dangerous for a lady to go home alone at such a late hour," Evan said.

Upon hearing his words, Heather really felt helpless; Evan didn't even know what he was saying. "Stop him, Matthias. I'll be leaving first." She decided to leave right away instead of wasting her breath talking to Evan.

Matthias looked at Heather reluctantly from behind as she left in a hurry. When Heather had walked far away from him, Evan patted him on the shoulder. "Stop watching, Matthias. She's gone far away." Evan didn't forget to remind him. After finishing his sentence, he let out a belch.

"Shut up." Matthias couldn't stand how annoying the drunken Evan was. He even wished he could render Evan mute with poison.

However, Evan continued with no fear of death and said, "Don't blame anyone else if you don't try hard, Matthias."

The look in Matthias' eyes became very terrifying, and he wasn't able to calm down unless he tore Evan into shreds. However, the latter still looked unconcerned. Matthias really doubted whether Evan was really drunk, but he couldn't tell what the man was thinking from the look on Evan's face. "Are you really drunk?" he then asked with a stern expression.

"I'm not drunk, of course. One only throws up if they've had too much liquor," Evan answered disdainfully. I'm not drunk; I'm very sober, he thought to himself.

"Take him to the room and let him rest, Mrs. Graham." Matthias didn't want to continue looking after Evan, so he called the servant who was still working the night shift. Mrs. Graham was a servant with relatively great strength.

However, Evan began to kick up a fuss again, and he refused to obediently follow Mrs. Graham back to his room. “I don’t want to sleep. I want to keep on drinking.”

“Tell the kitchen to make some hangover soup for him, Mrs. Graham,” Matthias ordered while he prepared to go upstairs. However, Evan clung to him again before he could take the first step. At this moment, Evan was like a ghost who pestered someone with all its might and would never stop until it captured the person’s soul. “Shut up and be quiet,” Matthias warned in a stern voice. I’ll never let Evan touch alcohol again, he thought to himself. Since he didn’t want to care about Evan anymore, he ran out right away—Heather probably hadn’t gone far at this time. Now that Matthias had finally gotten rid of Evan, he had to send her home safely to put his mind at rest.

The night breeze outside was chilly, and it dispelled Heather’s tipsiness as she strolled along the path. It was rare for her to be alone in such a quiet environment, and she narrowed her eyes slightly to enjoy this beautiful moment. Unfortunately, it didn’t take long before she saw Matthias catching all the way up to her. She looked at him in puzzlement as she didn’t expect him to come after her.

“I must send you home safely, Heather,” said Matthias with unusual determination.

“It’s very convenient for me to go home alone.” Heather was used to going home alone, so she rarely let someone else do so; in fact, she refused to let anyone send her back to the Langston Residence.

“I have to see with my own eyes that you’ve reached home safely,” Matthias insisted.

Heather looked at him in vexation. “It’s dangerous for you to send me home at such a late hour. You’ll have to come back alone at night.”

However, Matthias stepped forward and took Heather’s hand right away. “How could a man like me be in danger?”

“You’re even more good-looking than most women, though. Men aren’t necessarily safe nowadays,” Heather argued meaningfully.

“How many people can get close to me with my fighting skills?” Matthias said in displeasure. What is Heather talking about? She’s simply making me feel so helpless, he thought to himself.

“I’m not bad at fighting too,” Heather retorted. After all, she wasn’t used to having someone else escort her back. Matthias tried to develop such a routine for Heather in the past, but unfortunately, the latter had been quite uncooperative.

“I hope I can protect you and give you a sense of security,” Matthias said directly.

“What if I say—” Heather replied, but Matthias interrupted her before she could finish her sentence. “Don’t say that you don’t need it. You need it when I think you do,” he said in a stoic manner.

Heather could only accept this passively since she couldn’t do anything to Matthias at all. After all, she had to slowly get used to what she had been unaccustomed to in the days to come.

When he saw that Heather no longer refuted him anymore, Matthias smiled a bright and hearty smile. He looked particularly cheerful when he did so, and Heather liked such a smile.

They walked hand in hand as if this path was endless. To Matthias’s surprise, he felt that the night was unusually tender today, and even the crescent moon looked very beautiful. “Since when did you show up in my life, Heather?” he asked rhetorically.

Heather didn’t answer him though. As expected, Matthias continued, “We’ve known each other for so many years, but I couldn’t imagine being able to walk side by side with you back then.”

It was a humbling experience to love someone secretly. Now that Matthias finally got what he wished for, he could put the past events behind him as if they were blown away by the wind sweeping against his ears. There was still a long way ahead of them, but he was confident about the future.

Matthias and Heather’s hands were still clasped when they finally reached the road. He thought it was worthwhile no matter how much effort he put in if they could still be so affectionate toward each other in the future.

There were few cars on the road, and it seemed difficult to hail a taxi back from here. Unfortunately, both Matthias and Heather had drunk alcohol. It was inappropriate for either of them to drive, so they could only wait here until a taxi drove past them. They waited patiently as one private car after another sped past them.

Matthew took off his overcoat and draped it around Heather's shoulders directly. "Be careful not to catch a cold."

The overcoat still carried Matthias's warmth, and it warmed not only Heather's body but also her heart. "Don't you feel chilly?" Matthias was only wearing a shirt underneath the overcoat he had taken off, and the sight of it would make one think that he must feel chilly.

"No, I don't." Matthias pressed his lips together. In reality, he could've let his chauffeur drive them back, but he was willing to wait for a taxi with Heather since he wanted to experience what it was like to live as an ordinary person. Heather had been trying hard to make herself more ordinary by becoming a simple person these days, so waiting for a taxi wasn't a big deal.

As Heather recalled what had happened over these years, she also felt that she had lived a sheltered life. What else could she be if the Langston Family really fell apart one day? Of course, Heather's worries were unnecessary. After all, she could easily depend on herself after leaving the Langston Family. On the contrary, it was the other members of the Langston Family who had to worry about their future. She teased and said, "There will be no worries about tomorrow's headlines if other people know that we're waiting for a taxi here in the middle of the night."

"That will depend on whether they dare to cover the story." Matthias had strengthened his control over the media long ago, so he would never let the media report the matters between him and Heather in whatever way they wanted.

"It's too bad that the person has never revealed himself," Heather said regretfully. She believed Matthias must be well aware of who the person she spoke of was.

"Don't worry. We'll reveal his true colors sooner or later," Matthias replied confidently. In fact, he already had a target in his mind and was only looking for an opportunity to confirm his suspicions.

“We both know who the person is,” Heather replied meaningfully.

They left the subject at that since none of them wanted to discuss this further. They had to take every step with care right now, and there would be a muddy path that was particularly difficult to tread in the future. They only wished that they wouldn't let go of each other.

The night was beautiful; Heather and Matthias looked up at the crescent moon at the same time. There were still some unsolved problems between them, but many issues couldn't be solved overnight. Therefore, they were very content with the state they were currently in.

After a long wait, they finally managed to hail a taxi. Matthias pulled the car door open for Heather and said tenderly, “Be careful not to bump your head.”

They got into the taxi one after another, and Matthias sat in the back seat. His eyes were brimming with affection as he and Heather looked at each other, and he just wanted to keep looking at her like this. It took a long drive from the Locke Residence to the Langston Residence, but Matthias wished the taxi could drive even slower as he wanted to stay longer with her.

Time ticked away, and it was already early in the morning before they realized it. Matthias and Heather were a bit sleepy at this moment, but the ride was a bit bumpy. The taxi was unlike their usual luxury cars, so it wasn't that comfortable to travel in.

Heather didn't arrive at the Langston Residence until it was almost 1.00AM. As she stood outside the Langston Residence's gate, Matthias looked unblinkingly at her. “Hurry up and go back,” she urged him. It was already so late at night, and nobody knew what time it would be when he reached home.

“I'll escort you in.” Matthias wanted to see her off into the house since he was reluctant to part with her at this moment.

This reminded Heather of how Romeo and Juliet were reluctant to bid each other farewell. However, such a childish side of Matthias was really adorable. “Do you want to escort me into my room to put your mind at rest?” she asked teasingly.

“I'd love to do so if you don't mind.” Matthias was only too eager to do so since he had never entered Heather's bedroom in such a long time.

“Forget it. It’s bad to do so at such a late hour.” Heather didn’t want to run into anyone at night since the Langstons loved gossiping behind people’s back.

However, Matthias was still unwilling to go back. Keeping a half-meter distance from Heather, he took a step whenever she took a step, amusing and annoying her at the same time.

“Why are you acting like a clingy child?” Heather asked in resignation. Since when did Matthias become so childish? This wasn’t the man she knew.

“Let me escort you into the living room at the very least.” The imploring look on Matthias’ face made one unable to turn him down.

“Hey!” Heather felt like she was dating someone younger than her.

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It was already 3.00AM by the time Matthias arrived home at his villa. He had come up with numerous excuses to stay around at the Langston Residence, and Heather could only comply with his wishes since she didn’t want to disturb the Langstons—after all, they were already soundly asleep. Still, she made a miscalculation, for Robert called her to his study early in the morning.

Heather had scrubbed herself down last night and sprayed perfume on herself, but there was still a faint smell of alcohol on her. Robert’s nose was very sensitive to the smell of it, so he smelled the alcohol on her at once. However, he was completely absorbed in his drawing, so he didn’t even look up when he saw her.

Heather felt somewhat nervous. She didn’t know why Robert had purposely called her over, and the tense atmosphere made her feel that this wasn’t a good thing. Heather, who always had a strong intuition, braced herself for Robert’s lecture and silently huddled in a corner.

“You reek of alcohol.” There was a hint of displeasure in Robert’s voice.

Heather sniffed at one of her sleeves, but she couldn’t smell any alcohol at all since she could only smell her perfume. Grandpa has such a keen sense of smell, she thought to herself. Having no other alternative, she could only lower her head in silence. At this moment, she’d better listen quietly as Robert gave her a talking-to.

“Why don’t you say anything?” The inexplicable seriousness in Robert’s words rendered her speechless. However, Robert didn’t stop talking because of this. He continued, “Matthias was the one who sent you back at around 1.00AM last night.”

Grandpa even knows about this! Heather thought to herself. As she looked at Robert with a helpless expression, she felt as though she had been caught red-handed while doing something bad. “Didn’t you want me to see more of Matthias, Grandpa?” She immediately shifted the blame onto Robert.

“I didn’t ask you two to see each other and get drunk in the middle of the night,” Robert replied in displeasure. He was filled with anger when he heard from the butler this morning about what had happened last night. He thought that Matthias was a steady young man, but he never expected him to do such inappropriate things. Now, he had to reconsider his decision of handing Heather over to Matthias.

“No amount of booze is enough when you’re drinking with a close friend, Grandpa.” Heather hurriedly made an excuse for herself. After all, she inherited her fondness for alcohol from Robert.

“How could a lady drink so much alcohol?” Robert replied disapprovingly as he didn’t like Heather to drink.

“Gender doesn’t matter in the business world. How could one refrain from drinking if they want to get things done?” Heather tried to reason with Robert. However, she never drank alcohol while engaging in social engagements overseas.

“That’s the old way of doing things. Times are different now, and one must know when to stop drinking,” Robert chided Heather as he couldn’t understand why she couldn’t wrap her head around this.

Heather immediately went along with what Robert said. “That’s true. Nowadays, I’ve been drinking much less alcohol than before.”

Robert’s poor health had been caused by his drinking habits. He used to be an alcoholic back then, but he forcibly gave up drinking to live a few years longer. He had forbidden members of his family to drink since then, so he would never easily allow them to drink. However, Heather was addicted to alcohol, so she would have a few drinks even when there was nothing troubling her.

Heather had been drinking surreptitiously before, but she was too careless last night. According to her guess, the butler probably spotted her. He had been working beside Robert for so many years, and it probably took only a sniff for him to know how much alcohol she had drunk. She felt sorry for Matthias in secret; she had caused him to be misunderstood and lowered his image a lot in Robert's mind.

Just then, Robert said sternly, "I'll never let you marry a drunkard."

Right now, Matthias had become a drunkard in Robert's mind. At the thought of this, Heather suppressed the urge to laugh; she thought that Matthias would probably have never imagined such a scene. "I just had a few more drinks than usual last night, Grandpa. Both Matthias and I aren't drunkards." She began to juggle with her words again.

However, Robert didn't want to listen to Heather's explanation at all, for he only believed his eyes and ears. "This bad habit of yours isn't regulated in the first place. Now that Matthias is involved with you, you'll never be short of excuses for drinking," he reproached in displeasure as he really took this matter to heart.

"Just be rest assured, Grandpa. I promise you that such a thing will never happen again." Heather had to find a way to calm Robert down as soon as possible. After all, Robert was in ill health, so she didn't want to upset him. Robert was now paying more and more attention to health issues, but had he forgotten that few who dwelled in the business world could stay healthy? However, Heather didn't know how to reason with Robert, for she would displease him further if she argued with him. Now that there was no better way, she could only go along with his wishes. She had always kept this in mind previously, but she simply forgot herself last night.

Robert then gave Heather another lecture on health, to which she responded by nodding and saying yes repeatedly. She just wanted him to stop his lecture as soon as possible since he always trotted out one argument after another while dressing people down.

At last, Robert softened his attitude and was willing to let Heather off the hook. However, Matthias gave her a call just then. Her grandfather shot her a look, clearly indicating that he wanted to know who was calling her.

Heather immediately hung up the phone and said to Robert, "It's a misdial."

How could Robert not see through Heather's petty lies, though? He could tell that the phone call was from Matthias. Soon, Heather's cell phone rang again. Robert stared at her as he wanted to see how she was going to explain herself.

Heather directly hung up the phone as quickly as possible, wishing that Matthias wouldn't call her again. Just then, Robert said quietly, "That phone call was from Matthias." His tone of voice was almost affirmative.

"No, it really was a misdial." Heather switched off her cell phone right away. She was almost pissed at Matthias as he called her at this very moment.

"Hand me your cell phone," Robert ordered Heather.

Heather had just switched off her cell phone; what would she say if she handed Robert her cell phone at this moment? She felt like crying, but she could only switch her cell phone back on.

As he looked into Heather's eyes, Robert extended his hand and signaled her to hand over her cell phone.

Heather put the cell phone that she had just switched on in Robert's hand. She deleted the call logs which Matthias had made, but how could Robert be fooled by such a simple trick? "Why isn't the misdialled call from earlier recorded here?" He tossed Heather's cell phone onto the desk.

Now that Heather was in a tight spot, she simply didn't answer Robert. This is really vexing, and it's all Matthias' fault—that stupid teammate, she thought to herself.

"In that case, let's just wait and see if the person will call again." Robert placed the cell phone on the desk with a flicker of wisdom in his eyes.

Robert was older and more experienced. Heather couldn't hide anything in front of him, so she only hoped that Matthias would know when to stop and stop calling her. However, reality was cruel, for her prayer was interrupted by the ringing of her cell phone. She looked at it angrily, and she only hoped that her cell phone would explode on the spot right now.

As Robert picked up the cell phone unhurriedly, Heather tensed up all over. Right now, there was still a slim chance that the person calling wasn't

Matthias. However, Robert answered the phone and said to the person on the other end of the line, "Is that you, Matthias?"

Matthias didn't expect to hear Robert's voice over the phone. He looked at his cell phone in puzzlement while wondering why Heather's cell phone would be in Robert's hand. "Hi, Old Master Langston," he greeted politely at once.

Robert still exchanged greetings with Matthias on the surface without leaving any traces. On the other hand, Heather felt increasingly anxious as she feared that Matthias' words might make Robert unhappy. As she studied Robert's expression carefully, she only hoped that he wouldn't get angry. However, it seemed that Robert was having a pleasant chat with Matthias, and she secretly complained to herself, What a sly old fox Grandpa is.

"Are you calling so early in the morning to ask for Heather, Matthias?" Robert asked while knowing the answer as Heather guessed what he and Matthias were talking about.

Matthias took the opportunity to ask Robert, "Yeah. Where is Heather?"

"Heather drank a lot last night, and she hasn't sobered up right now," Robert lied through his teeth, and his words were full of sarcasm.

"Ah!" Matthias didn't doubt what Robert said, though. He didn't expect that Heather's capacity for liquor wasn't as good as it appeared to be. Indeed, the aftereffects of drinking different kinds of alcohol last night were strong, but the aftereffects shouldn't be so strong as to prevent Heather from getting up early. Matthias thought she could hold her liquor better than he did since she looked totally unaffected by last night's drinking session.

"I wonder who Heather was drinking so much alcohol with last night. The person didn't care at all about the fact that she's a lady." Robert's remark was aimed specifically at Matthias.

Upon hearing Robert's words, Matthias felt very ashamed. He had always thought that Heather was incapable of nothing; he even pledged to protect her last night, yet it was his fault that she had become like this.

Just then, Robert added, "You mustn't be the one with whom Heather drank so much alcohol. I know that you care about her more than anyone else does."

His remark made Matthias feel extremely ashamed, and even Heather was nervous for Matthias's sake. After some thought, she went up right away, snatched her cell phone from Robert, and hung up directly. Then, she immediately switched off her cell phone lest Matthias called again.

When he saw what Heather had done, Robert felt deeply uncomfortable—she actually disobeyed him for the sake of a man.

“This matter isn't Matthias' fault, Grandpa. It's me who insisted on drinking, and he only drank with me because he wanted me to be happy. Don't blame him unjustly, okay?” Heather explained in resignation. She worried that Matthias would die of shame if she continued to let Robert speak to him.

“This doesn't justify your disobedience to me.” Now, Robert wanted to talk to Heather about her improper actions from earlier.

“I'm sorry. I was too anxious just now,” Heather apologized.

“How dare you treat me like this for Matthias' sake?” Robert felt bitter as he had to hand over the granddaughter that he had raised himself to someone else. Naturally, he was extremely reluctant to part with Heather. To be honest, he was quite fond of Matthias, but he was reluctant to part with his granddaughter whenever it occurred to him that she would marry into someone else's family. Because of that, he began to find fault with his future grandson-in-law.

“Don't be angry, Grandpa. It was my fault, but I don't want you to do Matthias an injustice.” Heather unknowingly provoked Robert further as she kept defending Matthias.

“Get out. I don't want to see you.” Robert's lordliness took over again. The older this old man became, the more childish he acted. Hence, he couldn't forgive Heather right now.

Standing before Love Chapter 625

Robert rarely chased Heather out of his study directly, but he drove her out mercilessly this time because of Matthias. Heather thought to herself, I didn't act unworthily of Matthias this time.

The butler was waiting outside the study, and Heather shot him a glance since he was the one who snitched on her. She glowered at him in displeasure, but

she couldn't place all the blame on him for this since he had always been loyal and devoted to Robert. In the end, she could only blame herself for failing to take notice last night.

When she switched on her cell phone again, Heather saw that Matthias had made several calls to her. However, she was in no mood to answer his phone calls right now.

Meanwhile, Matthias was busying himself in his office. After the conversation with Robert just now, he was having a profound self-examination. Right now, he couldn't get through to Heather on her cell phone, and this distressed him terribly. What Robert had said was still fresh in his mind, and he realized that he was in the wrong. However, he just couldn't understand why Robert had disconnected the call so abruptly.

Matthias wanted to call Heather and ask her why, but he never managed to get through to her. Furthermore, he heard over the phone that Heather's cell phone had been switched off. He wondered if his remark had displeased Robert. He knew how important Robert was to Heather, so he naturally didn't dare to slight Robert. If he wanted to win Heather's heart, her grandfather was the first person whose favor he had to win. At the thought of this, he panicked even more. He didn't know what attitude Heather would take if he had displeased the old man.

Matthias' desk was piled high with documents. His productivity had been seriously affected these days, and now such a thing happened. He wished he could grow a pair of wings and fly to the Langston Residence directly.

Meanwhile, Heather's cell phone was finally silent for a while, only to beep again with a notification from her Messenger. She looked at the series of text messages on her device with a long face. It seems like Matthias will never let me off until I have a good talk with him, she thought to herself as she opened dozens of messages from him. However, she couldn't expose Robert's previous lies, so she could only go along with what Robert had told Matthias. 'I'm awake, but I'm feeling a little unwell right now. Don't text me.'

Matthias asked concernedly, 'Are you unwell because you drank too much alcohol last night, Heather?'

How could Heather be in the mood to talk to Matthias at this moment? She replied briefly, 'Nope.' She didn't want to continue the conversation since her head was also in a whirl right now.

Matthias could tell the perfunctoriness in Heather's words. Everything was fine last night, so he should have received a lovey-dovey phone call in the morning if things progressed normally. Unfortunately, Heather was always a loose cannon. She was giving him the cold shoulder right now, and it made him wonder if he had really done something wrong.

When she saw that Matthias had gone silent, Heather worried that he might be reflecting on his mistakes again. Therefore, she sent him another message to reassure him. 'Don't think too much. I'm just feeling a bit out of sorts, but this has nothing to do with our drinking session last night. I need some quietness right now.'

Upon seeing Heather's message, Matthias calmed down temporarily, but he couldn't help feeling that there was a hint of reluctance in her words. However, just as Evan had said, he needed to give each other enough space. This was what he had been lacking in; he often placed great strain on his relationship with Heather, and it caused the both of them to feel suffocated. 'Okay, have a good rest then.' He stopped pushing her since such a problem couldn't be solved any time soon. Moreover, he still had no idea what exactly had happened.

Upon seeing Matthias's reply, Heather finally heaved a sigh of relief. She didn't sleep well in the first place and was told off by Robert early in the morning. Her head was throbbing, and she just wanted to lie in bed at this moment. When she was working hard outside, she would think about how blissful it was to go back to her room.

If it weren't for the phone call at 10.00AM, she would have probably slept until that afternoon. She was surprised to see the caller ID displayed on her phone's screen, for she didn't expect Myra to call her on her own initiative. She immediately answered the phone, but what she heard over the phone was a man's sepulchral voice. "Hello, Heather Langston."

Heather could easily tell from the voice that this man was not Tony, and every cell of her body tensed up. "Who are you? Where's Myra?" she asked in a stern voice.

The man responded unhurriedly, "Myra is in my hands."

Heather didn't expect such a thing to happen, but she couldn't get flustered at this moment. Hence, she tried her best to sound calm. "What's your purpose?"

There was something fishy about this matter. After all, if he kidnapped Myra, Tony should be the first person he called, so why would he call her instead?

The man answered contemptuously, “Tony has been too much of a hindrance lately, so I can only invite his wife over for a chat.”

Even so, Heather still didn’t dare to be certain that Myra was in the hands of this man. Therefore, she asked, “Where’s Myra? How can you prove that she’s with you?”

The man let out an ear-piercing laugh. “Since you have doubts, Miss Langston, I’ll let Mrs. Hart make some sounds.”

Heather clenched her fists upon hearing how insulting the man sounded. At this moment, she wished she could kill this *sshole himself. There was a brief silence over the phone as she tried to look for clues from the other end of the line. However, it didn’t take long before Myra’s voice was heard over the phone. “Heather.” It was a brief sentence with no words to follow.

Heather shouted at her cell phone, “Myra!”

Just then, the man’s voice was heard over the phone again. “It seems that you two are really on the best of terms.”

Heather was very displeased upon hearing the man’s tone of voice. However, she had to be even more imperturbable at this moment. So what if she heard Myra’s voice? She still couldn’t confirm that Myra was really in their hands. She thought about how Tony had always taken good care of Myra by all means possible. How could he possibly let Myra fall into someone else’s hands? This didn’t make sense. “Her voice can be faked.” She continued to voice her doubts to confirm Myra’s actual situation, as well as to stall for time to gain more useful information.

“You are rather meticulous as they say, Miss Langston. I have sent you a video, so you may enjoy it.” The man’s rough voice sounded unusually unpleasant to Heather’s ear.

“I’m warning you—don’t do anything reckless!” Heather unconsciously threatened the man as she was flustered by her concern for Myra’s safety.

Heather didn’t hang up the phone while watching the video. Instead, she tried to hold the phone conversation as long as possible. In the video, Myra was

locked up in a room surrounded by transparent glass walls. Luckily, Myra was spotless all over, and she didn't seem to have suffered any injustice. Even so, Heather couldn't control herself anymore when she saw the video's beginning—she wished she could tear these kidnappers into pieces.

Heather still wanted to stall for time, but unfortunately, the man no longer wanted to keep talking to her. He said directly, "Don't let anyone know that I've talked to you, Tony included." Judging from the kidnapper's words, Tony was currently still unaware that Myra had been kidnapped.

"What exactly do you guys want?" Heather thought that the kidnappers wanted nothing more than money and power.

"I haven't made up my mind on what to exchange Mrs. Hart with," the man suddenly remarked, seeming as though he was making fun of Heather. It even felt like this kidnapping was carried out on a whim.

Heather tried to tempt the kidnappers with money. "You can ask for as much money as you want."

The man had wanted to hang up at first, but upon hearing Heather's words, he replied in resignation, "Is money the only thing that rich people like you care about? We're all desperados; we're only afraid that we can't live to spend the money."

Now that the kidnapper had finally revealed a piece of key information, Heather decided to keep it up; she mustn't let the kidnapper hang up no matter what. "What do you guys want then? You guys didn't kidnap Myra for no reason, did you? Don't tell me that you guys aren't after anything." She continued to deal with them.

"That will be up to us." The man burst out laughing again.

Heather told herself to calm down and never to provoke them. "I can help you guys if you want to be exempted from punishment for your crimes." She tried to persuade them with this.

"Haha! That's interesting. There really is nothing that you can't do, Miss Langston. It's too bad that we can't care less about it, though." The man was essentially making a fool of Heather as he strung her along.

As she suppressed her anger, Heather tried to sound calm as she asked, "What on earth do you guys want then?"

"Why don't you play with us then, Miss Langston? I heard that you're still a virgin," The man insulted Heather directly. Heather gnashed her teeth while suppressing her rage. She hated nothing more than to come across such bandits, but she could do nothing right now. Just when she was silent, the man continued arrogantly, "It seems that you're unwilling to sacrifice yourself, Miss Langston. Who will sacrifice themselves for the sake of others at the critical moment?"

What the kidnapper said sounded quite convincing on first hearing, but his words were actually pure sophistry. Heather tried to analyze the kidnapper's background in her mind, but just when she was ready to respond to him, the man hung up on her directly.

Heather looked at the cell phone in her hand and suppressed the urge to fling it away. After all, there was still important information on her cell phone; she had recorded her conversation with the kidnapper just now, so this cell phone was very important right now.

At this moment, Leon was the first person who came into Heather's mind, for she believed that he must be able to track down the kidnappers. The kidnappers didn't allow her to let Tony know about the kidnapping, but she was considering whether to give Tony a phone call. She didn't know what capabilities those kidnappers had, but they probably weren't ordinary people since they managed to abduct Myra from the Hart Residence. After some careful consideration, she decided not to find Tony. Instead, she would seek help from Leon first. Leon was an expert hacker, so his superb skills would definitely come in handy.

However, it didn't take long before her cell phone registered a text message. It read, 'Do not seek anyone's help. I know that you want to ask Leon for help.'

Heather was surprised that the kidnappers had even thought about this, and she couldn't help feeling that someone was keeping a close eye on her in the dark. Now that she was at a loss for what to do, she didn't know where to start. 'In that case, what can I do right now?' she texted back.

The person soon sent another text message. 'Just stay in the Langston Residence and pretend as if nothing has happened.'

It seemed that the kidnapper had planted a hidden stalker near the Langston Residence, so Heather would definitely be noticed once she went out. She bit her lower lip hard as the problem was now serious.

Now that she couldn't ask Leon for help, she thought about what to do at this moment. Even though her hacking skills weren't as outstanding as Leon's, she could actually be considered a skillful hacker. However, she hadn't tracked anyone down using a computer for a long time, so she didn't know if her skills had become rusty.

Standing before Love Chapter 626

She took out her computer, which hadn't been touched in ages, from the cabinet. Back then, Heather had purposely looked for someone well-versed in PC building to make this computer for her. Ever since she brought it back from overseas, the computer had always been locked away in the cabinet. Today, it finally saw daylight again.

She switched the computer on. Heather had previously been overly reliant on Leo to the point that her own skills had rusted by now. Although she wasn't a hacker, she was still very informed about computers. In particular, she was skilled at obtaining information that she wanted from them. With that, Heather entered the useful bits of information that she had wrung from the kidnappers into the computer, believing that she'd be able to find some clues from it.

"The outlaws." Heather kept repeating those words. "Are they from Bradford City, or did they come from somewhere else?"

There had to be a complicated connection tying everything together. Heather forced herself to think calmly, but her heart was already accelerating with nervousness. After all, she had never met such kidnappers before; they didn't bring up any demands and only focused on humiliation. Not only that, they didn't allow Heather to contact anyone else.

Stranger still was Myra's disappearance, for Tony should have known about it instantly. Heather's mind was filled with questions when it came to Tony's current whereabouts. At last, she came to a conclusion.

"There must be a spy around Myra."

At that moment, Heather recalled the new maid who had started working at Myra's house. That woman was way too suspicious. As she pondered over

this piece of information, Heather thought of a breakthrough—she would use her computer to draw a picture of that woman’s face. Heather’s fundamentals when it came to drawing was solid. Even though the woman’s face was already blurry in her mind. she would still do her best to recreate the woman’s likeness.

Soon, Heather had a draft on her screen. She looked at the picture on her computer, but there was a nagging feeling that something wasn’t quite right. Why was this woman’s face getting more and more hazy? This shouldn’t have happened. After all, she had a strong memory.

“What’s the problem here?” Heather asked in agony. The woman’s voice still rang out clearly in her mind, so why couldn’t she remember the woman’s face?

“Something must be up, right?” Heather began to mutter to herself. She was forcing herself to figure it out, for she didn’t have much time. The sooner she figured out what she was missing, the sooner she could rescue Myra from the hellhole she was in. But once again, the sense that she was being watched came over her again. Heather kept feeling that she was under surveillance, and the feeling left her uneasy.

How could things have developed in such an awful direction? Heather immediately tossed her stylus aside, furious at this fruitless investigation. Initially, she thought that she would’ve been able to find some kind of breakthrough. If it wasn’t for the kidnappers, Heather would have immediately charged over to Myra’s home this instant. Then, she’d be able to find out how that woman looked.

Meanwhile, Myra was deeply asleep. One of the young men there spoke to the ringleader. “This woman is pregnant. If we keep injecting her with sedatives, she’s going to have a miscarriage.” The young man had a polite and put-together look to him, and he wore a white coat over his clothes. In other words, he looked to have once been a doctor. However, no one knew how he had ended up getting entangled with this bunch of crooks.

The ringleader immediately slapped the young man’s face, and the loud smack startled the others to no end.

“Is she Tony’s wife or yours? Why would you care if someone else’s wife miscarries her kid?” the ringleader answered furiously, putting more emphasis on his words when he brought up Tony’s name.

“Boss, you should know very well how powerful Tony is in Bradford City. If we end up maiming his wife permanently while toying with her, I’m worried that our lives will be unpleasant in the future,” the young man said as he broke things down logically for the ringleader despite the blood trickling from his mouth due to the earlier slap.

“You p*ssy, when have our lives been great? I don’t care about having one extra enemy.” The ringleader had lost all sense of reason. He looked insane, and it made the young man shiver beside him. After that, he didn’t dare to make another peep.

The ringleader eyed Myra while she was locked up in the glass room. She looked pitiful.

“Hmph!” He gave a cold scoff and muttered, “If you have to blame something, blame the fact that you’re Tony’s wife.”

From the looks of things, the ringleader had some personal grudge against Tony. Then, his eyes moved to Myra’s slightly swollen belly. When it occurred to him that Tony’s spawn was inside it, he wished for nothing more than to destroy it.

If it wasn’t for the fact that he still had to abide by his superiors’ orders, the ringleader would have definitely tortured Myra without hesitation. After all, she was someone that Tony treasured above anyone else. Causing Myra pain would be even more of a rush than causing Tony pain, but the ringleader forced himself to tamp down his hatred. After all, now was not the time for revenge.

Meanwhile, Myra drifted in and out of consciousness. The young man hadn’t dared to overly sedate her because of her pregnancy, so Myra could vaguely make out their conversation. She was currently paralyzed in her daze, unable to move at all. Although she tried to shake herself awake from her half-conscious state, her efforts were futile.

Right now, all she hoped for was for Tony to find her soon. Myra believed that Tony would definitely save her. To her, Tony was someone who was capable of anything, and she firmly believed that he wouldn’t let anything happen to her.

Concurrently, someone knocked on Heather's door even though she had locked herself in. Her train of thought derailed, she called out to the unwanted guest irately. "Go away."

The butler was left hapless outside her door, and he wondered if he made Heather displeased because he had told Robert something he shouldn't have. Still, he was a responsible man; Robert had called for Heather to come downstairs to eat, so he needed to relay that message to her.

"Miss Heather, the Old Master has requested for you to have your meal," the butler said, pressing himself against the door.

Heather was in no mood to eat, so she answered irritably, "I don't want to eat. No one is supposed to disturb me." Her tone was very unfriendly, and the butler already assumed that she was still throwing a fit over last night's events. He had known how to cajole Heather ever since she was a young girl, so the butler employed a kindly tone in an attempt to coax her.

"Please don't bother me, okay?" Heather said, her tone still unfriendly. She was now in the middle of a critical task, so she could not afford to be distracted at all. Anyone would have been frantic by now, and their tone would be extremely scathing due to their bad mood. As a result, the butler left angrily.

Nonetheless, he still had some boundaries he wouldn't cross. He must not let Robert know about this interaction, for Robert was not in good health. If he were to find out that Heather had said such things, he would certainly be furious again. When the butler came back to the dining room, he whispered into Robert's ear and said, "Miss Heather is feeling unwell. She has no appetite for dinner."

The other Langstons were all seated by the dining table. Although Robert knew that this was Heather's way of worming out of dinner, he couldn't possibly lose his temper right there. Hence, he nodded at the butler. "Send some food to her room later."

Robert understood Heather's personality. She was a stubborn person, and she was someone who wouldn't budge her stance even when faced with another person's strong personality. To be fair, he had indeed crossed the line earlier with his words in the study. Still, Heather had never been this rude by going off her personality. In the end, Robert thought that he should personally go up to Heather's room later after dinner.

Meanwhile, Heather wiped the sweat off her forehead. She still hadn't found any clues, and she wished for nothing more than to smash the computer into pieces right now. The violent emotions she felt had intensified recently; although she previously wanted to change her thoughts, she felt like letting them burst the more she tried to repress them.

"There's definitely something up with that woman." Heather was sure of this, but unfortunately, the woman's features were not drawn accurately. She had kept searching all this while, but she still couldn't find out the woman's true identity.

"A university student who's working part-time too." Heather thought of Everly. Everly was currently studying at the best university in Bradford City, so perhaps she would know of a woman like this.

Having thought of a possible breakthrough, Heather opened the door and rushed off in search of Everly. The latter should be downstairs eating dinner at this hour, and Heather had no idea what Robert would think if she just ran downstairs like this because of her earlier altercation with him.

Still, time was of the essence right now, and Heather could not let this matter wait anymore. She hesitated for a moment before charging downstairs to Everly.

It was rare to see Heather like this. Her face was wan and haggard, and she was still dressed in her pajamas—even her hair was a tousled mess. Heather was typically well-groomed and put together each time she made an appearance, so her disheveled look greatly startled the Langstons.

Robert was prepared to give Heather a lecture when he saw her, but then he saw the latter simply dragging Everly away under everyone's surprised gazes.

"I need Everly's help with something," Heather said as she pulled Everly upstairs.

Blake couldn't get enough of this sight, and he proceeded to make light of the situation. "Heather has been acting less like herself nowadays."

Robert eyed Blake, for he didn't like people who spoke out of turn. Still, Blake couldn't let such a good opportunity like this go.

“Looks like Heather has been staying at home for too long. It’s indeed a waste of her talents. Why don’t we let Heather work at the Langston Group again?” Blake said while grinning before he changed the topic. “However, her position has been given to Everly already. If she returns to work with us, what position should she take up instead?”

Robert looked at Blake angrily. He truly couldn’t stand Blake’s deliberate attempt to fan the flames, so he just said, “I’m finished with my meal.” Then, he put his cutlery aside and gave his parting words. “Enjoy your dinner.”

The Langstons, who had initially been watching the show, immediately put on solemn expressions. After all, they didn’t dare to let any signs of lightheartedness show on their faces again.

Blake had offended Robert again, and Robert was growing less fond of him by the day. He even contemplated whether he should pull Blake from his position. In fact, Robert already had that thought in mind ever since the Moriarty Family came to Bradfort City. After all, Blake’s skills were not enough to face them.

And now, Heather and Blake were being antagonistic toward each other. Robert had no idea how he should manage the situation; Blake would not accept Heather, and it was clearly impossible to get Heather to help Blake at the Langston Group. When he went upstairs with the butler helping to support his weight, Robert asked him, “Have I really gotten old?”

“You are certainly not old. Your body is still well and healthy,” the butler consoled him.

“Don’t say things that will make me happy. Look at my grandchildren; they don’t listen to me. I truly have gotten old, and I can’t manage them anymore,” Robert lamented. If Heather hadn’t still been a filial granddaughter, Robert had no idea how chaotic the Langston Family would be.

“Old Master, the children will make their own path. You don’t have to worry yourself too much. This too shall pass.” The butler was more optimistic, and he was confident in the Langstons’ future.

“What on earth is Heather doing in her room?” Robert had been filled with curiosity when it came to Heather’s lack of manners earlier. He remembered that the butler had gone up to her room earlier, so the butler should probably know a thing or two.

“She probably has something on her mind.” The butler didn’t know how to answer that, for Heather was rarely this rude. The butler felt that things weren’t this simple, but he didn’t want Robert to worry himself over this either.

“Well then, never mind; I can’t keep her in line. I have an awful headache. Help me back to my room.” Robert didn’t want to keep worrying about this matter anymore. As such, he would leave Blake and Heather to their own devices.

Standing before Love Chapter 627

Having been dragged over to Heather’s room for no reason, Everly stared at the monitor on the desk. There was a drawing of a woman on the screen.

“Do you recall this woman at all?” Heather asked as she pointed at the incomplete drawing.

Everly squinted, taking in the picture. However, the drawing wasn’t detailed enough. After mulling it for a while, she still couldn’t figure out who the woman might be.

“Let’s put our heads together,” Heather said like she was a psychologist.

Everly looked at Heather in curiosity, wondering why the latter was in such a rush to get her up into her room. What was going on?

“Is there a girl at your university who has pretty good looks and good grades, but isn’t from a well-off family? Someone who’s working part-time when she’s not in class.” That was all Heather could remember.

Everly looked at Heather in a confused manner—that was too broad of a description. Everly shook her head, for she had no clue as to who that might be.

“Look at this picture. Is there a girl who fits the criteria I mentioned and looks like this?” Heather berated herself for being unable to draw that woman’s picture accurately. She had a clear image of the woman’s face, but why had it become so hazy now?

Once again, Everly shifted her gaze to the computer and studied the picture’s every detail. She knew that Heather was on the edge, so she didn’t dare to lie to her cousin.

“I really don’t know any girls like that in my circle,” Everly said helplessly. She wanted to help, but there wasn’t a single scrap of information about the woman in her head.

Everly’s friends were all wealthy or powerful, so how would they cross paths with a girl from an unwealthy family? Moreover, Everly hadn’t heard about any students from less well-off families who had excellent grades.

“Please think about it again. Ask your classmates to figure it out too.” Heather didn’t want to sit around and wait for things to turn even more dire; she had to do something about it, for she believed that there must be someone at Everly’s university who would know of such a woman.

However, Heather had forgotten about something—if there truly was something off about that woman, she might be faking her background too. However, Heather couldn’t think of any other possible leads, so all she could do was pursue the only lead she had.

“Me? Ask my classmates?” Everly repeated. She hadn’t tried to search for someone before, and she thought that she’d end up becoming unpopular if she bothered her classmates about this.

“Think of it as a favor for your cousin sister,” Heather said to Everly with a pleading expression. Right now, she had pushed half her hopes onto Everly.

“You don’t have to treat me like such a stranger, Heather. I’ll definitely help you find that girl.” It was rare for Heather to ask for Everly’s help. Naturally, she would do her best to complete this task.

A grateful smile made its way onto Heather’s face. “In that case, I’ll leave it to you. She might not be from your school, and she could be from a different university. As long as you find someone who matches the description I’ve given you, you must find a way to get some basic information about her.” All Heather could do now that she had given Everly her instructions was to wait and hope for the best.

“Got it. Don’t worry.” Everly felt like she had a heavy responsibility, but she was inexplicably pleased that Heather had come looking for her help. If she could actually help her cousin out, that pleased feeling would rise to new heights.

Everly took her leave, but right before she left the room, Heather reminded her to keep as low a profile as possible. Since the kidnappers were currently watching Heather, they might also have their eyes on Leon, Matthias, or Tony. In other words, Heather's hope was on the Langstons.

Heather determined that the kidnappers knew Myra's relationships like the back of their hand. As such, the kidnappers must think that Heather was not on close terms with the other Langstons, assuming that she wouldn't get another Langston to investigate this matter.

The rest would depend on Everly's findings and if she could get a clear target. Meanwhile, Heather began to look into her other leads.

After all, she couldn't put all her eggs into the same basket by placing all hopes onto one single lead. Besides, it was just a guess; no one knew what the actual situation was.

Perhaps there wasn't anything off about the girl that Heather had seen at Myra's home the other day, and she was just overthinking it. Still, she couldn't dismiss any possibilities now.

Heather began to look for the glass room, and she kept poring over the videos that the kidnappers had sent to her in an attempt to find out where they were keeping Myra. However, she had to be quick about this—she wasn't sure if the kidnappers would move Myra elsewhere. With that, Heather searched the entire city to look for a glass room that fit the one she knew about.

In order to do so, Heather needed to borrow some satellites. She was prepared to search every corner, but unfortunately, Bradford City was huge. Who knew how long it would take for her to find the glass room? Moreover, she would be illegally using those satellites. Although it was against the law, Heather couldn't be bothered about the legality of it all.

She stared closely at her computer, uncaring of the growls coming from her stomach. Heather looked at her screen unblinkingly, afraid that she would miss a new lead. Luckily for her, she still had some instant noodles in her room that she had bought a while ago. Heather's body was currently winding down, and she needed some food in her.

The butler was initially about to send some dinner up to Heather's room himself, but Robert's condition flared up again, so he couldn't leave to do that.

Since he was too busy caring for Robert, he had no time to bring Heather's dinner to her.

Meanwhile, Robert had kept insisting for the butler to keep his illness a secret from the rest of his family. Hence, he and the butler were the only ones in his room as the latter busied himself.

Robert was envious as he watched the butler walk around with his healthy body. The butler was only eight years younger than him, yet there was a marked difference in their health.

"How I wish I can be as healthy as you," Robert said to the butler. His body was currently in so much pain that it had become numb, so he had to find a way to distract himself.

"Old Master, I just hope that my body will still be as healthy when I get to your age," the butler consoled Robert. The elderly were like that; year after year would pass, and no one knew where all that time had gone.

"You're so much healthier than me," Robert lamented, regretting that he had been so careless about his health when he was younger. Now that he was older, numerous conditions kept popping up.

The two old men commiserated together.

Meanwhile, the starving Heather had dug up all the snacks in her room and placed them by her computer. The instant noodles were not the slightest bit filling, but Heather didn't want to waste her time. Eating right now would lose precious seconds, and she was scared that something bad might happen to Myra.

She repeated the kidnapper's words again and again. She could hear the kidnapper's enmity toward Tony in his voice; if this was an act of revenge, this kidnapping was awfully tricky.

Still, Myra seemed to be okay for now. From the looks of it, the kidnapper was conflicted. Could there be someone who forbade the kidnapper from touching a hair on Myra's head?

With that, Heather began to wonder who was behind the kidnapping. The first person she thought of was Caleb Moriarty, but logically speaking, the grudge between the Moriarty Family and the Harts wasn't enough to eclipse their

appreciation for each other. Even if they opted for a kidnapping, they should've gone for someone from the Langstons. Besides, the Moriarty Family weren't saints, but they weren't as morally bankrupt as to stoop to kidnapping.

Still, the word 'criminals' kept needling Heather; it would be a piece of cake for the Moriarty Family to hire some criminals outside the law with their influence.

Heather was now at a dead end. No matter how she dissected everything, she couldn't find a way out. In fact, she felt that she was running around in circles.

Right then, Heather thought of taking a risk out of desperation—she would attempt to contact someone else. The first person she thought of was Tony, but she still had her suspicions about him. After all, there was no way he'd be unaware of Myra's kidnapping.

After a long period of hesitation, Heather ended up dialing Tony's number. However, Tony didn't pick up the first time although his phone had been ringing for a long while. It was only on her third try that her call got through. Just then, a woman's voice came over her phone's speakers. "Hello, may I ask who you are? Are you looking for Tony?"

Heather frowned. Why would Tony's phone be with another woman? Moreover, that woman even called him affectionately as 'Tony'.

What was their relationship? Could she be Tony's older sister?

Heather did her best not to think of the worst scenario.

"Who are you? Can you get Tony to answer the call?" Heather stamped her anger down, deciding to ascertain the situation first.

"Sorry, Tony's still asleep," the woman said in a seductive tone, making it seem as though Tony was currently sleeping next to her.

"Who in the world are you?" Heather asked the woman, trying to figure out her identity.

"Tee hee." The woman let loose a tinkling, pleasant laugh. "I don't know who you are either." As soon as she finished her sentence, she cut the call off immediately.

Heather was unwilling to admit defeat, so she called Tony again. Unfortunately, his phone had been switched off. It was then that Heather somewhat understood Matthias's thoughts.

In other words, karma came very soon.

Heather didn't bother calling Tony anymore after three more tries. Right now, she had no time to waste on futile endeavors like this.

Heather had managed to record her conversation with the mystery woman earlier, but she couldn't get through Tony's cell phone right now. She bit her lip in careful thought; Tony seemed to be having an affair on the surface, yet Heather felt that something wasn't quite right. Even if he was cheating, he wouldn't possibly do it so brazenly. Everyone knew how nice Tony was to Myra, and Heather believed that he wouldn't do something that would hurt Myra.

Once again, Heather played her conversation with the mystery woman, guessing that this wasn't an act. Just as Heather was puzzled over the situation, Tony called her. Once she immediately answered his call, Tony's rich and sensuous tone came over her phone.

"Heather, did you call me earlier?" Tony put a hand to his forehead. He still had no idea where he was. Who was the woman with the bare upper body next to him? Tony had a splitting headache, and he couldn't remember what had happened last night.

The woman had a fawning smile on her face as she attempted to get close to him, only to have Tony immediately rebuff her. "Get out."

Meanwhile, Heather heard Tony's voice on the other end.

Don't tell me that he's really with another woman right now? Heather began to wonder.

Just as Heather had pricked her ears up in an attempt to listen in on more of their conversation, the call ended. Before the call was cut off, she vaguely heard the mystery woman say 'Mr. Hart' in a sensual tone.

That voice was indeed from the woman who had ended Heather's earlier call.

Heather stiffly put her phone down. What did the current situation mean? Either Tony was actually cheating on Myra, or someone had also set Tony up. Nonetheless, Heather couldn't imagine that someone had managed to involve Tony in such a scheme. Just who in the world was powerful enough to be capable of this?

Standing before Love Chapter 628

Question after question kept coming, and Heather was stuck in this game. Just who on earth was the one commanding the pieces on this board? The sky in Bradford City was currently cloaked in clouds. Likewise, Heather's emotions were all tangled up. Right now, the thing that Heather was most concerned about was Myra's whereabouts.

When Matthias called, Heather hastily answered her phone. At this moment, his voice was music to her ears.

"Heather," Matthias said, his tone heavily colored with longing. After Matthias had been hurt by Heather's earlier distantness, every minute felt like a year instead.

"Call me again on a different number, Matthias." Heather was worried that the kidnappers had bugged his phone, so she thought of this plan and hung up on him. Matthias was still puzzled, but he couldn't ignore Heather's words after she had requested him to do that.

Matthias called Lara in. "Give me your phone," he said as he stuck a hand out at her.

Lara looked at him, not quite understanding what was going on. "I left my phone outside."

"Bring it here, quick," Matthias urged hastily.

Lara dashed out and came back with her mobile device before handing it over timidly to Matthias. It was his fault for asking this out of the blue—her phone's wallpaper was a picture of him, one that she had managed to get after painstaking effort.

Lara waited nervously and expectantly like a young girl faced with her crush, but Matthias didn't say anything about her wallpaper. Instead, he entered

Heather's number with well-practised ease, having already memorized her phone number until it was carved into his mind.

When Heather saw a number she didn't recognize flashing on her phone, she quickly answered the call. Then, Matthias' familiar voice drifted over from the other end.

"Heather, what's going on with you?" Matthias' instincts were telling him that things definitely weren't as simple as they seemed.

Heather carefully asked, "Is there anyone around you now?" At a time like this, Heather couldn't trust anyone.

Matthias glanced at Lara and said to her, "I'll return your phone later when I'm done. Please go outside for now." His even tone completely shattered Lara's girlish expectations.

It turned out that Matthias was capable of ignoring her to this extent. Hatred suddenly bubbled up within Lara, but she also felt lucky that Matthias was using her phone. Moreover, she even knew that he was on the phone with Heather.

A pained smile crept onto Lara's lips, and a poisonous look flashed across her eyes. Now, Lara knew why people were warned not to fall in love with their superiors.

"Myra has been kidnapped," Heather said as she cut right to the chase. She couldn't accept this either despite being the one delivering the news, but she had to tell Matthias about this.

Upon hearing this, Matthias' brows furrowed deepy. He somewhat panicked as he replied, "No way. Myra is under Tony's protection, so how can she be kidnapped?" Clearly, it was difficult for Matthias to accept the news too.

"I'm still a little unsure about that, so I'm hoping that you can drop by Myra's place yourself to see if she has actually been kidnapped." Heather still held a shred of hope that these kidnappers had found some other woman who greatly resembled Myra to put on an act. At any rate, they should first determine whether Myra was really missing.

"Okay, I'll go there now." Matthias immediately got up, for there was nothing more important than this matter right now.

“Don’t be in such a rush—let me finish first. If you can’t find Myra at her home, you must get a picture of a certain pretty maid working at her house. I need a clear picture of that maid.” Heather could only put her hopes on Matthias to do what she couldn’t.

“Got it, no problem,” Matthias answered.

After a moment, Heather still felt that something wasn’t right. “Hold up, I think it’s not all that safe for you to go alone. There’s someone watching us, after all.”

That was a tough problem. Then, Heather mulled it over and asked, “Can you arrange for someone you trust to go?” Heather believed that Matthias would be able to finish this task well.

“Yes,” Matthias said with absolute certainty.

“You must keep everything a secret, and you can’t let anyone else know. By the way, we’re already being watched; not even Tony has been able to escape their surveillance. I hope that you’ll keep an eye out for yourself.” Heather pulled a long face as she thought about Tony’s phone call. The situation with Tony was also another problem.

“What happened to Tony?” Matthias immediately asked. He hadn’t thought that even Tony would be compromised, and things were getting more and more complicated.

“That’s a bit more personal, so now’s not the time to talk about that. Please do what I’ve asked you to do first.” Heather was like a strict commander. They couldn’t make a misstep, or their plan would go up in flames.

“In that case, do you need me to go over to where you are now?” Matthias asked, worried beyond belief. He could tell that Heather wasn’t in a good state even over the phone.

“There’s no need for that. We can’t see each other for now; the kidnapers have forbidden me to see anyone. They’ve kept me at the Langston Residence, turning the place into my prison.” Heather gritted her teeth as she spoke. At the same time, she wished for nothing more than to rip every single one of those criminals to shreds when she thought about them.

“Okay.” Matthias knew that this matter was important, so he obeyed Heather’s instructions this time.

“We will successfully rescue Myra,” Heather said with utmost confidence. In truth, she was also hoping for Matthias to comfort her.

“Yes, I trust your resilience and my own skills—they aren’t behind yours. With us two great minds together, nothing can defeat us.” Matthias completely understood what Heather was thinking right now; deep down, he knew that Heather wanted someone strong. As such, he would do just that.

At a time of danger like this, not only did Matthias have to show his trust in Heather, he had to make her understand that they could accomplish anything with him around.

“Right, thank you.” Heather got an answer that satisfied her. Suddenly, she felt a little remorseful about her attitude toward him earlier.

All this time, Heather had an endless amount of guilt toward Matthias. Going forward, how was she supposed to repay him?

“You don’t need to thank me, and you don’t have to apologize to me ever. I’ll always be your strongest shield,” Matthias said gallantly. He was a man, and he had to hold everything together.

“You’re always so accommodating when it comes to me, and I’m filled with guilt over that. I don’t know how I should repay you.” Heather bit her lip. This was something that came from the bottom of her heart, and was also difficult for her to say.

“In that case, you can pay me back by spending your life with me.” A charming smile appeared on Matthias’ face. He needed to try and get as much benefit for himself as he could while Heather was still feeling guilty over him.

“Well then, you better prepare yourself for a life of torture from me.” Heather didn’t dodge the question, instead opting to answer it relaxedly. This made Matthias’ heart beat quickly; even a manly man’s heart would race when a woman flirted with him.

“I’m willing to spend my life with you,” Matthias answered with his raw emotions. Even if he had to spend the rest of his life being tormented by Heather, he was willing to put up with it.

Meanwhile, Heather laughed blissfully and hung up. Both of them were a little reluctant to let the conversation end, but Heather hoped that Matthias would be able to get a new lead for her. However, despite all her plotting and planning, she didn't account for one thing—it was her fault for never really thinking about that person during her daily life.

This particular day seemed unusually long, and it felt as though several centuries had already passed. Heather would occasionally look out of the window, and the clouds outside shifted with time—just like her heart.

There was still no way to resolve the situation. Half a day had gone by, yet she couldn't even find a clue. Heather hugged herself tightly and forced herself to think quickly, believing that she had overlooked something. In the sealed space that was her room, Heather threw a fit at her computer. She had never been so frantic before, but now, her emotions were all over the place.

Then, Heather got up from her seat and immediately opened the windows to let some cool air in. The place was quiet, and she was unable to hear anyone else. Heather had to admit that the Langston Residence's noise insulation was pretty good.

The wind blew mercilessly onto Heather's face, and it hurt quite a bit. She was unsure whether it would rain, for it looked like a storm was about to appear soon.

The garden at the back of the Langston Residence had safflowers which never withered throughout the years, and it seemed as though they were gloating over their resilience. The flowers swayed with the wind, and Heather could smell the faint scent of flowers and other plants in the air.

She loved this smell back then, but she was abnormally irritated right now—she even felt that the smell was like the scent of blood.

Waiting was the most torturous part, for there was still nothing from Matthias' end. Likewise, Everly still hadn't gotten any leads yet. Heather waited and waited, but she ended up getting a call from the kidnappers instead.

“Heather, Heather—it looks like you're not being a good girl at all. Naturally, you have never been one to follow the rules.” The kidnapper's voice was dripping with condescension.

“What do you mean?” Heather had an ominous feeling.

“Since you’ve turned a deaf ear to my words, I’ll just have to punish you a little.” The kidnapper’s icy voice made Heather anxious.

“Don’t do anything rash. You must not do anything to Myra.” Heather was worried for Myra’s safety, afraid that the kidnapper would do something impulsive.

“Relax, Miss Heather. It’s your mistake, after all. I won’t take my anger out on Mrs. Hart herself. You’re quite pretty, and I’m a little reluctant to actually do anything to you. In that case, who should be my target instead?” As the kidnapper spoke, he tapped on the table. It sounded like a trumpet announcing the start of a war.

“What are you planning to do?” Heather’s heart had just calmed itself down, but it then tensed up again.

“It seems that you got your cousin to carry out the investigation instead. The young girl is working so hard too. I love girls who keep their word. Why don’t I call her over to have a cup of tea with me?” the kidnapper asked with madness in his voice.

Instantly, Heather was worked up. “I’m warning you—don’t touch any of my family. We Langstons are not people that you lowly criminals can just touch.”

The kidnapper guffawed. “You’re the one who broke the rules first, Miss Heather. I can’t get close to you, and I can’t blow off some steam through someone you know either?”

After finishing his speech, the kidnapper took a short pause before he continued, “Of course, I was going to invite your man over so I can pummel him all I want, but I heard that Mr. Locke is even more skilled than the best martial artists out there. You also know that I’m someone who won’t give in even in the face of a challenge; naturally, I’d just pick an opponent that I can easily beat. Am I right, or am I right?”

Heather was already incredibly livid. How could there be such shameless people out there? How could he say all those impudent things without any filter?

Regardless, Heather had to stop this impending tragedy. No matter what, she couldn’t let them capture Everly.

“Don’t get mad, Miss Heather. You still have half an hour. If you can find Everly within that time, you win,” the kidnapper said like he was playing a game, once again challenging Heather’s boundaries.

Standing before Love Chapter 629

There wasn’t much time left for Heather; she couldn’t waste any more time on the kidnapper, and she must find Everly as soon as possible. She was probably at campus during this hour, so Heather couldn’t be bothered with anything else as she prepared to rush to Everly’s university to look for her.

Heather pulled on some clothes haphazardly; time was of the essence and she couldn’t waste a second. After rushing to the garage, she picked a black Jeep that was sturdy and could withstand crashes this time. In a flash, Heather drove away from the Langston Residence. Since it would take at least 20 minutes for Heather to reach Everly’s campus from the Langston Residence, she only had ten minutes to search for the latter.

At that moment, Heather couldn’t get any response no matter how many times she dialed Everly’s number.

Why won’t Everly pick up? Heather looked at her phone, worried.

The clock was still ticking, and Heather did her best to calm herself. With that being said, how she wished she could sprout some wings and fly to Everly. After all, they were different—her cousin was a weak girl. In other words, Everly would not be able to protect herself if she ran into anyone who wanted to harm her.

As she drove on, Heather kept praying that traffic wouldn’t be held up. With each passing minute, Heather’s heart tensed even more. Fortunately, even the heavens were helping Heather now, for her route to Everly’s campus was unimpeded. Heather kept speeding her way over, ignoring all sorts of traffic rules.

When Heather saw the gate to Everly’s university, she couldn’t control herself anymore. She quickly stopped her car on campus grounds and hastily got out.

Meanwhile, her arrival had drawn everyone’s attention. People all looked at her, and many of the girls whispered amongst each other as they stared at her. On the other hand, the boys looked at Heather with dumb, besotted looks on their faces.

As she surveyed the area, Heather did her best to recall the faces of Everly's classmates; she had to find someone she knew from the crowd. Unfortunately, this wasn't an easy feat. Heather's gaze swept from face to face, but she didn't find anyone who'd be of use.

As such, Heather quickly charged over to a different section of campus. The time limit chased after her relentlessly, and she only had eight minutes left. Needless to say, each minute and each second was precious beyond comparison.

A single face flashed past in the crowd at that moment, and Heather quickly registered that face. After blinking several times, she immediately chased after the girl and grabbed her arm. Since Heather had an unusually cold and eerie expression, the girl who had been stopped was unsure of what she should do. At the same time, she was also afraid of the powerful, imposing aura coming from Heather.

"Excuse me, do you know Everly Langston?" Although her tone was polite, Heather's demeanor had a pressuring aura to it.

The girl eyed Heather nervously. Her voice seemed to have gotten stuck in her throat, for she was unable to talk even after a long while. All she could do was nod at Heather.

Heather realized that the way she currently looked was indeed scary, so she quickly changed her expression, putting on an endearing expression to make herself seem approachable.

"Do you know where Everly is now? I'm her older sister. I've been looking for her because something urgent came up." Heather let go of the girl's arm. This unremarkable girl before her was seemingly Heather's lifeline at this moment.

The girl thought about it for a moment. Right now, Heather didn't look as terrifying as before, so the girl wasn't as timid. She did her best to remember where Everly had gone.

"I'm sorry, I'm not quite sure either," the girl said apologetically. Not only that, she could clearly see the disappointment in Heather's eyes.

Hence, she merely waved a hand and walked away immediately. Soon after that, the people around the girl began to whisper and whine after Heather had left. "Everly's cousin is so rude."

Indeed, there was a huge difference between Everly and Heather. Heather's aura was simply overpowering; it made people respect and also fear her.

In the meantime, Heather continued to search for Everly. She believed that she could find her cousin because time wasn't up yet. In fact, she felt like she still stood a chance.

At this moment, she hated herself for not paying more attention to Everly—she wouldn't be so lost now because she didn't even know who Everly's classmates and friends were.

Heather didn't have time to slowly conduct her search. All this while, she kept dialing Everly's number. Then, she thought over her options and decided to do something that she absolutely wouldn't do under normal circumstances.

"Hey, do any of you know Everly Langston?" Heather yelled at the crowd, uncaring of her image.

Soon, she got a response from someone in the crowd. After all, Everly was a famous figure on campus. Seeing that she had gotten a response, she immediately asked again, "Do you know where Everly is right now?"

This was the answer that Heather wanted the most. There wasn't much time left, for 30 minutes wasn't sufficient to locate someone.

The crowd, which initially had plenty of people answering her, fell quiet then. It seemed that no one knew where Everly was.

A dejected look came over Heather. She had gone this far, yet her search was fruitless. When she saw that time was ticking toward the deadline, Heather felt helpless. She hated herself for her powerlessness and being unable to protect the people around her.

Right now, Heather had already given up. One more minute, and the 30 minutes would be up. Even if Heather could fly, she would not be able to make it to Everly's side in time.

As such, Heather could only wait for the kidnapper's phone call. She still couldn't get Everly to answer the phone, so she gave up on dialing Everly's number. During the past half an hour, Heather had nearly blown up Everly's phone with the number of calls she had made.

From time to time, people would point at her and whisper—after all, people always got curious whenever they saw a beautiful woman. Heather prepared to go home, for she had already embarrassed herself enough on campus.

“Heather.” A familiar girl’s voice called not too far away from where she was.

Heather followed the sound of the voice, and she saw Everly in her line of sight. The latter was clearly unharmed, and Heather looked at her with disbelief as a mocking smile appeared on her lips. Instantly, she realized the kidnapper’s plan.

Just then, her phone rang incessantly. When Heather answered it, the kidnapper’s familiar voice came over the speakers.

“My, my—I hadn’t expected you to be such a family woman. I have a video here that I’m going to send to you.” The kidnapper automatically taunted her.

Heather cut off the call with a blank face as Everly walked over to her. Even from a distance, Heather could make out the faint smile on her cousin’s face; that smile of hers was enough to mesmerize anyone.

At that moment, the kidnappers’ ringleader looked at his phone angrily because Heather had hung up on him abruptly. He immediately flung the phone to the ground.

“Heather, you b*tch,” the kidnapper spat out angrily. No one else ever dared to do such a thing. Why was Heather so brazen?

Meanwhile, Everly approached Heather with a faintly apologetic look on her face. “I’m sorry, I still haven’t been able to get the information that you wanted.”

Heather shook her head and reached out to pat Everly’s own head. “Don’t look into that anymore.” Heather didn’t want to see Everly in danger, so her investigation should come to an end!

Everly looked at Heather with an unblinking, stubborn gaze. Afraid that Everly would misunderstand her, she quickly explained, “I’ve made a mistake. Please don’t waste more time on this matter.”

At those words, Everly lowered her gaze and nodded at Heather. “Okay.” It was a faint reply, but there was a hint of reluctance.

“Do you still have any classes or activities here?” Heather asked Everly.

Everly shook her head. “No, I was about to go home.”

The people around them shot them curious glances from time to time. Everly was already a bright beacon, but now that Heather was here with her too, everyone’s attention was instantly drawn to them.

“I’ll send you home,” Heather volunteered. She was now more concerned toward her cousin.

“I drove to class too.” Everly felt a little embarrassed when she saw Heather suddenly being so gung-ho.

“Let’s go home together.” Heather was still worried that someone was watching Everly. For the time being, she had to protect the latter—she couldn’t let Everly leave her sight.

“Okay.” Everly didn’t continue to insist otherwise as she accepted Heather’s arrangement.

Then, Heather took Everly’s hand of her own volition, startling the latter. After all, she had never done such a thing; ever since she was a child, Heather had never been close to her other family members. Meanwhile, Heather felt rather odd now that she was suddenly holding her cousin’s hand. Nonetheless, it was a feeling that wasn’t exactly unpleasant.

“What’s up with you, Heather?” Everly could see that Heather had something on her mind. She couldn’t hold back her curiosity.

“Nothing. Remember to watch out for yourself.” Heather’s sudden reply made Everly even more puzzled.

“Okay.” Everly nodded her head in a docile manner.

Throughout the entire time, everyone looked at them curiously. The scene of two pretty girls holding hands as they made their way across campus was a beautiful sight to see, and a few people even secretly took pictures of this amazing sight with their phone.

Everly's heart warmed. Heather's recent behavior moved her, yet it also left her at a loss—she felt guilty about it. After all, she had secretly gone behind Heather's back and done something to hurt her.

“Heather, will you always be like this to me?” Everly suddenly asked. She was scared that they wouldn't be able to continue being cousins one day, and she suddenly craved Heather's warmth.

“Yeah. I didn't exactly care that much for you back then, but I will take care of you from now on,” Heather said in all sincerity. During that one moment, she truly regretted not treating Everly nicer in the past.

Heather's words touched Everly down to the bottom of her heart. Her eyes prickled, and she had the urge to cry. Heather's niceness was completely born from sincerity, and Everly was unable to face what she had done. Even when Everly chose to follow that person's instructions, she had seen Heather call her over and over again; she even heard from others that Heather had searched for her like she had gone mad. Yet, Everly still did something to hurt Heather.

“Please don't be so nice to me.” Everly nearly let her tears fall. It was too embarrassing for her to cry, especially here on campus.

Heather turned around and gave Everly an affectionate smile. “I was always distant and aloof toward my family ever since I was a child, but I now know that my actions were wrong. Grandpa's right—I am part of the Langston Family, and I shouldn't have rejected you all.”

Everly endeavored to hold back her tears; she couldn't cry. Right now, she wished for nothing more than to confess everything to Heather, but there was no return for Everly now. She didn't dare to speak, and she also didn't want to lose this sudden sisterly connection.

It took a mere few minutes to get to Heather's car. To Everly, it was like several centuries had passed. She could still feel the warmth of Heather's hand in her palm.

“Hop in,” Heather said to her once she released her hand.

Just then, Everly snapped back to reality. She looked at Heather timidly as her mouth opened and closed. She wasn't able to make a sound, whereas Heather had already gotten into the car by then.

Standing before Love Chapter 630

On the front passenger seat, Everly's emotions were not very stable. It was only until the car had been driven for a long distance that Heather realized her peculiarity.

Unable to understand Everly's emotions, Heather frowned. Realizing that Heather was looking at her, Everly decided to calm herself down and hoped that Heather would not detect anything from her expression.

"Everly, did something happen to you in school?" Heather asked tentatively as she felt uneasy, worried that the ringleader could appear or that he had already made his presence.

"No." She did not miss the unnatural expression on Everly's face.

Seeing that Everly did not want to talk about school, Heather changed the topic. "Are you sure you haven't seen that woman before?" She never expected that they wouldn't have any leads to work with.

Everly lowered her head in regret. Heather was just trying to change the topic, but it actually triggered the guilt within Everly.

"Heather, I feel like I'm a failure who can't get anything done well," Everly spoke guiltily. She felt that she was using Heather and could not even help her with anything.

"Don't worry about it. It's fine if we can't find any leads. I just want to see whether there are any hints or clues." Heather did not want results; she merely wanted clues.

Everly shook her head. "That woman doesn't seem to even exist. No one has seen her." She had also been looking for the woman for the entire afternoon.

Heather did not expect to receive an answer with the worst perspective. However, she twitched her lips into a nonchalant smile, hoping that it would ease the tension between them both. If the atmosphere had remained such, she was worried that it would hurt Everly's pride.

"Stop looking for her anymore." With that, she took Everly's phone and deleted that woman's picture.

Everly looked at her in confusion. She did not expect that Heather would do such a thing and she could not figure out the reason.

“I think this image that I gave you might be wrong, so don’t spend your time on it anymore.” Heather immediately took the blame. As she could see the guilt in Everly’s eyes, she did not want that feeling of hers to intensify.

Since Heather had already said so, Everly had nothing else to say and the matter ended just like that. Nevertheless, she was still hesitant to give up. I just need to find a person. I can’t believe that I can’t even find her! I despise myself so much!

“It’s not early anymore. By the time we return, I bet they have already finished eating.” Heather tried to change the topic to food again, but she was not very good at doing so.

Everly gently hummed in agreement. She was still not used to being so close to Heather to the point where she could even smell the slight fragrance from her body. Yet, it made Everly even more nervous.

“I’ll bring you to a place with good food,” Heather suggested. In the past, she would always tell Myra this. Thinking of it now, Heather could feel a lump forming in her throat as she felt that everything had changed. As soon as she remembered that Myra was still in the ringleader’s hands, Heather felt a deep sense of helplessness and she could not count on anyone now.

After both Heather and Everly arrived at the familiar restaurant, she immediately brought Everly to her favorite private room. As Everly had not been here, everything was unfamiliar and she looked around with curiosity in her eyes.

“Heather, the atmosphere is excellent here,” she immediately commented the moment they sat down.

Heather smiled; she was glad that Everly liked this place. Even though Heather had many thoughts in her mind, she did not want to make the atmosphere tense, so she pretended as if nothing had happened. “I’m glad that you like it,” she replied.

“Heather, is there something on your mind?” Everly curiously asked. She had thought about asking this question a few times and finally brought herself to voice it out now.

However, Heather merely pursued the menu in her hands and lowered her head. Even after some time, she did not reply to Everly's questions.

"Do you like fish, Everly?" Heather seemed like she didn't hear Everly's question and asked what Everly would like to eat instead.

Everly nodded. "Yes, my favorite fish is the halibut." Fish was something delicious that not many people could reject.

"Alright. Let's have the poached halibut then." With that, she ticked a box on the menu. The food here was more suited to people from Bradford City. Thinking that Everly's taste would be similar to that of the general public, Heather brought her here.

Then, she ordered a few other dishes that Everly loved before passing the menu to Everly. "I've ordered five simple dishes. You can pick what you want for the rest."

After taking the menu from Heather, Everly responded, "Heather, five dishes are enough for the both of us." She did not want to place the order because she was worried that she would order something that would not suit Heather's taste.

"Order a few more sides." Thinking that it was not enough, Heather insisted that Everly ordered more.

Everly shot her a troubled look. "Heather, what are your preferences?" Ordering food was a skill. Hence, she thought it would be better for her to understand Heather's taste.

"I've already ordered everything that I like just now. You just need to order what you like." Heather did not expect that Everly was troubled by such a small thing.

Looking at her timidly, Everly thought for a long time before she decided to order something. If I continue to be so courteous, she might be unhappy about it. She repeatedly perused the menu. As she had never dined here before, she had no idea which dish was the tastiest and she did not see anything that she would like to eat.

Upon noticing that Heather was looking at her from the opposite seat, Everly felt that she could no longer delay, so she simply selected three dishes and

passed the menu to Heather, who took a quick glance at what she ordered. The dishes are quite light on the taste buds. It seems like she prefers dishes that are not salty.

However, Heather preferred dishes that had a richer taste to them. Looking at the dishes she ordered earlier, she thought about changing her order. When she remembered that it was no longer early, there was not much time for them to delay their orders, so she just handed the menu to the waiter.

“That will be all. Please ask the chefs to quickly prepare them,” she informed the waiter, who took the menu away from her.

There was a pot of tea on the table, but Heather did not like the tea because the quality wasn't good enough for her. Apart from that, since Everly did not fancy the tea leaves as well, the pot had remained untouched.

The process of waiting for the food to be served was a tough one. Both Heather and Everly quietly looked at each other. Heather thought of many possibilities for a conversation, but in reality, they had no words to say to each other. She tried to recall how Matthias used to initiate conversations in order to chat with Everly. However, nothing came to mind and she had no idea what to say to this cousin of hers.

At that moment, Everly was merely thinking about everything that happened earlier. She did not dare to speak too much for fear that she could accidentally reveal some secrets that she should not spill. She hated herself for being fooled by an outsider to treat her own family member that way. However, since she had already embarked on this path, there was no other way for her to return to the right path.

“Heather, do you like the way they renovated the place?” In the end, it was Everly who found the topic for small talk.

Looking around her, Heather realized that she had not taken notice of the renovation style. She merely thought it looked comfortable without thinking too much about it. “It's average,” she replied honestly.

Everly gave a bright smile, yet her smile seemed forced. Heather could tell that Everly was forcing herself to smile, but she merely thought that Everly felt awkward in front of her. As a result, Heather did not think too much about it.

“It has a mixture of European style that seems to be quite popular recently. I like the traditional and modern elements of the renovation here,” Everly briefly commented about the restaurant. In fact, she fell in love with this place immediately after she saw it.

“I didn’t expect that you would notice so much.” Heather did not take note of these. It seems like Everly is not as simple and naive as she looks. She also has some personal observations and thoughts.

“Did I say something wrong? It’s just how I feel about the place. If it’s wrong, don’t laugh at me.” Everly gave a shy smile. I suddenly feel as though I’ve talked too much.

“You should voice out more of your opinions in our family,” Heather elaborated on this point. She felt that Everly had deliberately tried to hide herself within the Langston Family. Don’t tell me she really doesn’t want people to notice her?

“I won’t dare to do so,” Everly replied helplessly. Indeed, I’m afraid to be myself in the Langston Family.

“You have my support now. So, what are you afraid of?” Heather teased. She felt that Everly was someone who had potential. Now that they were facing many incidents, the Langston Family lacked a talented person. Hence, she already planned to groom Everly well.

“Don’t be kidding, Heather. I feel as though everything I said in the Langston Family is wrong and I don’t easily voice out my opinions. I just want to be invisible there.” Everly’s tone took a lighter turn as she did not forget to mock herself.

“Your position is different now, so your words carry a lot of weight in our family too. Don’t look down on yourself. I believe in your capabilities,” Heather emphasized that she believed in Everly once again. From a psychological point of view, it hinted at Everly’s subconscious and Heather was trying to build her confidence.

“Heather, thanks for your grooming, but I—”

Before Everly could even finish her sentence, Heather interrupted, “No buts. I believe in my judgement. So, please work hard instead of finding reasons to convince yourself that you can’t do it.”

When Everly heard Heather's powerful words, her heart gave a jolt. She also felt a surge of passion and motivation within her. Heather's words seemed to have cast a spell on Everly, who could not help believing that she could also do it.

After that, they casually chatted with each other as the dishes arrived at the table. Fortunately, Everly also liked dishes with rich flavors, so their taste buds matched each other quite well.

However, at such crucial moments, there was no time for them to experience family warmth at all. Before Heather could even dig into the dishes, the ringleader called her again.

"Miss Heather, do you really not care about Mrs. Hart's death?" He suppressed his displeasure as he had something important to do at that moment.

"Stop with the crap and cut to the chase." With Everly around, Heather felt that it was inappropriate to lash out on him.

The ringleader's savage laughter rang on the other side of the phone for an entire minute. Heather felt that it was the most patient she had been while speaking to him.

"I wonder whether you have watched that important video, Miss Heather?" the ringleader spoke meaningfully. As he was speaking, she received an MMS with a video in it after she opened it.

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It was because of the call that the light-hearted and harmonious atmosphere in the private room immediately became heavier.

After Heather hung up, her face darkened as she considered whether to watch the video. Even though the cover of the video was pitch black, she was hesitating because she had an ominous feeling about it.

Seeing the change in Heather after answering the call, Everly felt slightly suspicious. She merely looked at Heather, not knowing what to say to console her. After all, Everly had no idea what had just happened.

“Everly, I’m full. You continue eating without me.” After taking just a few bites, Heather claimed that she was already full, which made Everly unable to continue eating as well.

“Heather, I’m also full. Why don’t we head home?” Everly replied thoughtfully, thinking that it would be a better option to return.

Heather shot a glance at Everly. She just started eating, so how could she be full? She must be accommodating me. I don’t want my private matters to affect her emotions either.

“Eat more.” She tried to persuade Everly. Even though she did not have any appetite, she still asked Everly to eat more.

However, Everly shook her head. Seeing that there was nothing Heather could do about this, she agreed with Everly’s suggestion.

“In that case, let’s go home.” With that, Heather rose to her full height. At this moment, there seemed to be no better options apart from going home.

On the way back, Everly remained silent while Heather had no idea what to say. Both of them remained silent, as if they had made an agreement to do so.

Everly was curious about what had happened earlier, but she was also a reasonable person. Even though curiosity flooded her at this moment, she did not ask Heather any questions at all.

Heather’s driving was rather unstable, which showed the uneasiness in her heart. The night had completely fallen and she did not expect that the upsetting day was about to be over just like that.

The journey that usually took 20 minutes took half an hour today. She had no idea what she had been thinking as she drove the car into the garage worriedly.

Both of them entered the living room one after another. Robert was waiting for them to return in the living room. When Everly saw him, a flicker of panic appeared on her face as she was surprised to find him waiting for their return in the living room.

Heather merely shot him a glance before looking elsewhere as she continued walking forward, as if nothing had happened.

Robert knocked his walking stick on the ground twice. The loud and clear thud entered her ears before his old voice rang.

“What’s wrong with you today, Heather? Is this your attitude toward me?” He was quite displeased with her attitude, thinking that she was not respecting him.

Upon hearing that, Heather turned around. She did not want to hide the incident from Robert, but she also did not want to worry him. After thinking about it, she decided to keep it from him, but she had no idea what to tell him since her mind was completely blank at this moment.

Then, Everly quickly spoke on Heather’s behalf to provide an excuse, “Grandpa, Heather is not feeling well today.”

Upon hearing that, he fixed his gaze on Heather. Indeed, she doesn’t look good, but not to the point of being unwell. Thinking that it was an excuse, he shot a fierce stare at Everly to tell her not to be involved in this matter.

“Everly, you have been busy with school for the entire day. Why don’t you head upstairs to take a rest?” he immediately suggested. Obviously, he wanted to steer her out of the discussion.

She looked at him before looking back at Heather again. She did not dare to disobey Robert, but as she also did not want Heather to be reprimanded by him, she had no idea what to do.

Heather saw her worried expression and immediately responded, “Everly, you must be tired. Quickly go upstairs.” It’s better for me to face Robert privately.

Everly wanted to say something, but Heather shot her a warning look to stop her. After seeing that even Heather wanted her to leave, she did not stay any longer.

Robert watched as Everly headed upstairs before the living room was only left with Heather and himself. “What are you waiting for? Come here,” he barked.

Hence, Heather could only walk to him. She stared into his eyes, knowing that he liked to look into the eyes of the person he was reprimanding, so she naturally did that first.

Noticing that she showed no remorse at all, he became even more annoyed, but she was just thinking of another important matter.

Until now, Heather had not watched the video. The most pressing matter for her was to quickly return to her room to investigate the video that the ringleader sent her.

However, Robert had stopped her in the hall to listen to his lecture. As a result, she could not pay any attention to what he had said.

He thought that she was still annoyed at what happened earlier that morning and spoke directly, "Heather, are you displeased about me trying to intervene in your relationship with Matthias?"

Heather shook her head. "Grandpa, I know you care about me and I also know I'm wrong about it. I don't have any complaints about your actions." She tried to seem gentle and obedient, as she was well aware that no good would come out of a disagreement with him at this moment.

"In that case, why have you been pulling a long face the entire day for me to see?" Robert asked. Her obedience and mellowness made him feel that something was off.

"Grandpa, since when have I deliberately pulled a long face to show you? I just encountered something today, so I'm in a rush to settle it. It's not because of you," she explained merrily. After all, she had no idea what else she could say since everything was muddled up together.

However, Robert looked at her with an expression of disbelief. Thinking that she was lying to him, he frowned and he did not want to listen to any of her lies anymore. "What did you encounter?" he immediately demanded, catching on the main point of her explanation.

Heather bit her lower lips. She had no clue how to hide the matter from him since it seemed like he did not trust her at this moment. No matter what she said, he probably would not believe her.

“It’s about starting the company.” She had no idea what else could be more pressing at this moment, so she used this excuse.

There were still some doubts in Robert’s eyes. He still did not believe her, so he narrowed his eyes and asked in a low voice tentatively, “It’s not going well?”

Heather smiled bitterly. “Yes, I’m quite lost right now and I have no idea how to continue.” She pretended as though she was troubled by this matter. However, she really was quite lost and she was unsure whether she should continue to work in the business field.

When Robert saw her expression, he immediately felt sorry for her. After piecing together what had recently happened to her, the doubts in his eyes were cleared, but they were not completely gone.

“Grandpa.” With that, she sat next to him. When she saw that he wavered in his resolve, she knew she had to seize the opportunity.

On the other hand, he was slightly not used to her sudden closeness, as if she did not mind about their confrontation earlier in the morning at all.

“Grandpa, what do you think I should do? Do you think I’m unsuitable for this path?” she voiced out her worries that had been in her mind for a long time. At this moment, she really was exhausted and she did not know when this would end.

“Silly girl.” Robert stretched out with his hand to caress Heather’s head. It was all because of her great acting skills that brought him to another level. “Don’t overthink it. You are just not confident with yourself at this moment. I’ve been through the same thing when I was younger. Once you overcome this, everything will be better.”

He shared his experience as someone who had experienced the same thing. After reflecting on his hardships back in those days, he actively gave her his encouragement.

“Really?” At this point, Heather was no longer putting on an act since she was expressing her true feelings.

“Heather, don’t you believe me?” Robert asked in return. He knew fully well that he had to boost her confidence at this moment. Otherwise, she would just throw in the towel.

She raised her head and looked at him with a pair of lost eyes. When he saw her like that, he felt sorry for her.

“Do you still remember what I told you back then? Don’t take on everything alone. I will always be your strongest supporter.” He told her about the words that he always emphasized to her. He did not like her overly independent character, so he wanted to find a partner for her while he was still alive.

“Grandpa, I feel like a failure. Not everyone will experience this, but I feel like giving up. I feel like a coward.” Heather really felt that she was useless at this moment, seeing the distance between herself and success becoming further apart.

“It’s normal to want to give up and it’s good that you experience this earlier in your life. After this experience, you will understand more truths in life.” Robert looked at her lovingly, as though he could see a shadow of his younger self within her.

However, she shook her head. “Grandpa, don’t cheer me up now. I know that I’m a failure and I hate myself now.” The emotions that were already within her flooded in that instant.

He pulled her into the same hug he always gave her when she was young. Then, he gently patted her back before gently saying, “Heather, I know that you bear a lot of pressure from society, but you can’t take all of them alone. If you feel too stressed out, why don’t you try relieving the burden?”

Heather did not expect that Robert would give her such a suggestion. As she buried herself into his chest in shock, she remembered the sense of security she felt from his sturdy chest when she was younger.

At that moment, someone from the second floor enviously looked at them. The gaze slowly turned vicious and jealous from the person’s initial guilt.

Both Heather and Robert, who were immersed in the atmosphere, did not notice the vicious gaze at all. As a result, they were unaware that danger was just around them.

“Grandpa, who would give such a suggestion? How can you ask me to give the burden to someone else? I can’t honor the hard work by others like this,” she replied in amusement. Actually, he had another childish self within him.

“Don’t turn the expectations from others into pressure. It will be exhausting for you to live this way and you might not even be able to catch a breather.” He gave her such advice based on his own experience. After all, there was a long period of time where he also felt lost.

“I don’t want to let anyone down.” Heather told him about her worries. It was precisely because of her perfectionism that she felt this way now.

“Silly girl. You can’t please anyone. Why are you making yourself suffer because of others?” Robert asked helplessly, not expecting that she would end up in such a dead end.

“I know the logic, but—”

He immediately interrupted. “No ifs and buts. Do what you want to do. It’s only through this way that you won’t have any regrets in life.”