

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 407

She was wearing a plain T-shirt that hung loosely on her body. A casual attire on a supermodel's figure and a pretty face no doubt attracted everyone's attention.

Even the simplest outfit on her would give off a sense of uniqueness. While others were wearing beautiful clothes to make themselves look better, she was born with a perfect body that looked good no matter what she wore.

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With this first impression of her, Tony politely gazed at Heather, whose eyes swept over him. When they made eye contact, she seemed to be sizing him up.

Immediately, Myra introduced Tony to her. "Heather, this is my fiancé, Tony Hart." With two of the most important people standing by her side, Myra felt incredibly happy.

"Hello." Heather took the initiative to greet Tony with an intriguing look in her eyes.

Without delay, Tony responded politely, "Nice to meet you." They were extremely formal with each other.

On the other hand, Myra could sense that something wasn't right between the two. When one strong person met another, it was natural for them to be competitive. Meanwhile, she stood on the side lines, not understanding the situation.

Heather extended her hand, wanting to shake hands with Tony. They were behaving in a way that confused Myra. Do they have to be so formal?

"I've heard so much about you, and you really are as impressive as Myra said you were. I think she's found the one," Heather said, but the look in her eyes contradicted her statement.

As Tony courteously shook her hand, he said, "I'm blessed to be with Myra. I will definitely take care of her with all my heart." His reply was even more formal. Myra wondered what was going on.

“Are you guys done? Heather, are you hungry? There’s a French restaurant next to the airport that I think you’d like,” Myra said attentively. She was holding Heather’s arm intimately as they walked.

Seeing this gesture of hers, Tony was a little disappointed. Myra and Heather’s bond was truly strong, and he ended up being neglected. In fact, he had never seen Myra behave in such a girly way.

From what she told him, Tony couldn’t imagine what they had gone through together back then. After years of not seeing each other, their friendship hadn’t changed a bit, so it seemed like they must have gone through some profound things.

Soon, the three of them arrived at the French restaurant that Myra suggested. Like a gentleman, Tony pulled out the chair for Myra. Meanwhile, Heather silently observed his every movement.

When Tony was about to pull out the seat for Heather, she pulled it out herself and smiled at him. “It’s fine. You don’t have to be so polite.” It was obvious that he was trying to impress her.

Tony then retracted his hand and walked toward his seat. The atmosphere was inexplicably delicate. Sneaking a peek at Heather, Myra wondered if she didn’t like Tony.

On the surface, Heather and Tony were polite to each other. It was almost like a situation where business partners bumped into each other at a shopping mall. It didn’t seem like meeting a friend at all.

Then, Myra handed the menu to Heather first. “Order whatever you want. Look at you, you look like you’ve lost weight,” she said with concern, just like how a family member would.

“And you’ve gained a lot of weight,” Heather said with a faint smile. In fact, it seemed like Myra was very happy.

“Don’t even mention it. It’s all his fault.” Myra glanced at Tony with discontent. She really did gain some weight, and she was worried that she didn’t look good anymore.

Tony smiled sweetly and didn’t take her pouts and complaints to heart at all. Flirtatiously, he responded, “Alright, alright. It’s my fault for taking so good care of you.” He was completely unaware that this was a public display of affection in the eyes of Heather.

Just then, Heather took over. "You look better like this." She certainly understood what Myra's concerns were, since every woman was concerned about their appearance—they often thought that they wouldn't look good with a little more weight.

"No way." Although she said so, she still felt pleased. Which woman didn't like to be praised?

"Trust me, I never lie to you. You look more charming with a little more flesh on your face," Heather said while she tilted her head to the side, looking surprisingly cute.

Heather had made a good impression on Tony. In his opinion, she was a strong and generous woman. Though a woman like this certainly wouldn't be a simple character, it was beneficial for Myra to have a friend like Heather.

He was a businessman and it was only natural that he would weigh the situation. No matter which way he looked at it, he didn't dislike Heather at all.

There were too many women who were infatuated with Tony's aura and good-looking face, but when Heather saw him, there was only serious consideration in her gaze and no trace of flirtation, which was detested by him.

"Tony, are you from Hart Group?" Heather looked straight at him. Myra didn't tell her this, mainly because Heather and the Hart Group somehow weren't on good terms.

As a matter of fact, this was what Myra was concerned about. She thought perhaps she had made a mistake this time. When she told Heather that her fiancé was Tony Hart, she had probably already figured it out since she was awfully intelligent.

"Yes. Didn't Myra tell you?" He looked at Myra in confusion, while Heather also looked at her.

With a sheepish smile, she said, "It's my fault. I didn't bring it up." At that time, she only briefly mentioned and didn't go into detail. Meanwhile, Heather was also busy with something important at that time, so it was brushed off.

"Don't worry, I'm just a little curious. I don't mind your status." Then, Heather smiled at Tony. It was as if she had intended to say that to Myra instead.

Feeling guilty, Myra lowered her head, which Tony noticed and was suddenly puzzled. He tried hard to recall any information about Heather.

He thought he should have gotten someone to send him a copy of Heather's information. Sure enough, he should have prepared in advance, otherwise an awkward moment like this would not have happened.

This incident was then glossed over, and all three of them tacitly did not mention it again. However, Heather's scrutinizing gaze was making Tony feel a little self-conscious.

When they left the restaurant, Myra suggested sending Heather home but Heather politely declined. She winked at her, just like back then.

"I've been running around all day today. I'm exhausted! I'll ask you out again tomorrow to go shopping and grab lunch." Heather easily diffused the awkwardness as she didn't want her best friend to feel unsettled.

"Really?" Like a child who had made a mistake, Myra pitifully took Heather's hand, not letting go.

"Of course. Have I ever lied to you?" she said casually, and the smile on her face didn't seem fake.

Upon hearing this, Myra felt even more ashamed. She thought she should have been honest with her in the first place. The thought of Heather being so outspoken with her while she hid from her made her feel twice as guilty.

"Don't overthink it." Heather patted her head, just like when they were young.

Ever since they were young, Heather was taller than the average girl so she could easily pat Myra's head. Meanwhile, Myra couldn't do this to her at all.

To a certain extent, Heather was like Myra's older sister. She was her best friend and family. No matter how long they were apart, their relationship would never deteriorate.

On their way home, Myra was heavy-hearted while Tony was hesitant to speak. He wanted to know why she was feeling like this. She had met her best friend, but somehow it felt like things had gone wrong.

"Myra, is there something you're hiding from me?" He decided to speak frankly. There shouldn't be any secrets between him and Myra.

"Tony, I don't know where to start." She hesitantly looked at him. Truthfully, it wasn't a big deal. It was just that the Langston family and Hart family weren't on the best terms.

"Is it something to do with Heather?" he probed.

She looked at him in distress, even more unsure of how to tell him. At that moment, he gazed at her tenderly, and his warm voice soothed her. "Don't worry. If your best friend doesn't like me, then I'll try harder." He thought it was his behavior today that made Heather dislike him.

"No, it's just that Heather..." She spoke and stopped mid-sentence. After thinking about it, she still couldn't say it.

"What about Heather?" His suspicions deepened. It seemed like it really did have something to do with her.

"It's nothing." Myra avoided the topic entirely, since she felt that it was better not to talk about it for the time being.

She could only try her best to avoid letting Heather and Tony meet for now. After all, the feud was between the Langston family and Hart family. Perhaps Heather didn't even care that much, but it felt like the two weren't too friendly with each other.

"Okay." He no longer pressed since Myra didn't want to talk about it. In fact, he could find out Heather's information anyway. If he wanted, Tony could find out anything.

Seeing how thoughtful he was, Myra felt even more guilty. In fact, she felt like she had embarrassed him, causing all three of them to be unhappy.

"Don't think too much about it. I would love for your best friend to approve of me, but this is something that can't be rushed. It's good that you have such a prudent friend. She probably did it out of concern for you," he said in an unbothered manner.

"Okay." She nodded, still not having the courage to speak.

Truth be told, she was a little annoyed at her own stupidity. How could I make such a stupid mistake? I shouldn't have brought Tony to pick Heather up at the airport. But if I didn't take him with me, he would definitely have opposed it, and Heather would have pressed me about why my fiancé didn't come.

In short, whatever she decided to do would be wrong and she felt like she had no choice. She should have come clean in the first place. After all, Heather wasn't a petty person and she certainly would not blame her. Now that she had deliberately hidden things from her, Heather must be feeling upset.

"We're home. Are you getting out?" Tony pulled open the car door at the passenger's side and gazed at Myra who looked thoughtful.

Seemingly in a trance, she smiled awkwardly and said, "That was fast." She didn't realize they were already home since she was lost in thought. It was easy to forget about the time when one was deep in thought. At that moment, she seemed dazed like she had just woken up.

"Pregnancy brain." Tony dotingly gazed at her. Even in a daze, she is still pretty cute.