

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 489

Having locked eyes with Heather for a while, Matthias closed the distance between them. Those tired eyes that were staring at her made her feel uncomfortable. She hadn't expected that he would appear before her in such a way. Looking in another direction, she knew she shouldn't be feeling sorry for him, yet she couldn't help it.

"You don't even dare to look at me now?" Angered, he looked at her as he continued to ask himself why he was here. Did he come to be her laughing stock?

"If there's nothing, I'm leaving." She was oblivious as to where his anger was coming from. She could not understand his feelings, and she was failing to distinguish when he was telling the truth and when he was not.

"I'm here to ask you to abide by the contract," he suddenly said as he pulled out a bunch of pictures from his pocket.

Taking a glance at the pictures he was showing her, she saw Leon captured in those pictures immediately. As expected, he was here because of Leon.

"He's my friend," she said coldly without taking the pictures.

"Don't you want to take a look? They'll be the photos on the front page of newspapers and magazines tomorrow." He seemed stubborn as he said those words. Furrowing her brow, she thought to herself, Why is he putting me in a difficult spot again?

"I'm not interested. I'm just collaborating with him. Do I have to report that to you too?" She shot him a cold gaze.

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The more he behaved this way, the more it angered Heather, which in turn only made her hate him more. Moreover, she didn't have any intentions to explain to him in the first place.

In spite of the contract between them, he had been behaving like he was her true boyfriend. It was irking her a lot, and what she loathed more was his mood swings. That was why his actions were not convincing at all.

Everytime she recalled how Matthias had liked Myra for such a long time and didn't get to be together in the end because of a series of misfortunes, Heather would remind herself that she could not fall for him.

On top of that, he was probably mentally ill! A person like him would not be her choice of partner. That was what she kept repeating to herself to persuade herself.

"It seems like the contract doesn't really restrict you." As he spoke, he pulled out the contract. Out of instinct, she frowned as she wondered what he was up to now.

The next moment, he was angrily tearing the contract into pieces before throwing them into the air. Some paper shreds landed on her face, yet she remained expressionless.

No matter what it was that he would do, she would not be fazed. She had been competing with him for quite some time, so she already more or less knew his modus operandi—he wouldn't do what most people would usually do. In other words, nobody could predict what his next step was. Looking at Heather's composed expression, it fueled his anger even more. He really hated her expressionless face sometimes.

"Since the contract doesn't restrict you, it can be torn. But you... I will be sure to make you pay for what you did." He stiffly turned around as he could not bear to see her happy. It only felt right if her life was a havoc.

"Do you hate me so much?" After a few moments of silence, she finally voiced out. He must be still not letting go of what happened years ago.

It was her wrongdoings back then, and now she had to pay. It was only fair. With that thought, she smiled to herself with disdain.

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“All the pain I’m going through now is caused by you,” he said word by word. It included the pain of losing Myra, and the pain he was feeling right now that was caused by her.

“Yes, it’s all because of me. You are not worthy of Myra. You didn’t back then, and you still don’t now.” She was pushing all the buttons that would irritate and trigger him. Myra deserved better. Matthias had his own problems in the first place, so it was good that Myra did not end up getting married to him.

“Shut up!” Clutching onto her wrist tightly, he seemed like he was raging with fire.

“In your eyes, I’m always a class below everyone else. People like me don’t deserve love. Is that it?” He glared at her as fury filled his eyes. He hated being looked down on, and he hated it more when it was Heather who looked down on him.

“No. Why would you be a class lower than everyone else? You’re Director Locke who’s at the top. Obviously, you’re a class higher than all of us,” she said in a mocking tone, disdain evident in her voice.

Without a word about the pain, she stared back at him stubbornly. He was already using half of his strength as he squeezed her wrist. Typically, even a grown man could not bear with such pain, yet there she was, not even wincing one bit.

“Do you know how much I hate your eyes? I want to gouge them out so badly.” He pointed at her eyes as he spoke. He loathed the gaze she was using to look at him. He loathed them to his bones.

“If you’re scared of being looked at by me, you can always look away,” she retorted effortlessly. She didn’t want to show him that she was struggling. What he was doing right now was really low, and she hated him for that.

“Don’t you think that you can fool me like you did back then.” He released his clutch on her wrist, and a dark shade of red could be seen on the spot he had forcefully held on.

Taking on all his anger, she bore with his hatred as it was payback from him. Henceforth, she would be at ease, and she could do whatever she wanted then.

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"I've already paid back whatever I owed you. If you're still not satisfied, there's nothing else I can do," she said in an exhausted tone. She really did not want to go against him. Must she be enemies with him?

"You couldn't even abide by a simple contract, yet you say you've paid me back." He scoffed. He shouldn't have listened to her words.

"Change is good. I don't want to pretend to be a couple with you anymore." As usual, she didn't show any expression when she said that. Back then, she signed the contract as she was persuaded and threatened into it. She didn't want to be his pawn, and she didn't want to be restricted by a contract anymore.

"How about you teach me how to take revenge?" Giving her a mocking smile, he didn't expect that she would still try to negotiate with him on this matter. He must admit that he was wrong about her.

"What do you want? I can give it to you." Staring intensely into his eyes, she was determined to fulfill his wish as long as it was something she could do. All he had to do was to name it.

"I want you. Can you give me that?" As he spoke, he took a step forward, closing the distance between them.

Hearing that, Heather felt speechless. She did not know what he meant by that.

Seeing how she stayed quiet, he simply pulled her into an embrace and said domineeringly before she could resist, "If you don't want to be a fake couple with me, why not we become a true couple instead?"

At once, she paused her movements. He had lost it. How could he say that? It was beginning to scare her.

"Impossible," she deadpanned. He was hugging her so tightly that it was hard for her to breathe.

"You can't reject me." Now that he finally said those words, he wouldn't allow her to reject him.

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“Us? Together? Do you want us to torture each other?” she said coldly while she was still held against his chest. It was impossible that she would agree to such a crazy proposal.

“Even if we would torture each other, I still want to have you.” As if he had no control, the words that left his mouth surprised himself too.

“You’re so childish.” Trying her best to calm herself down, she reminded herself that she didn’t want such a selfish confession from him, if it could even be considered a confession at all.

“Heather, you’re the one who said you would give me what I wanted, so give yourself to me.” This time, he was exceptionally persistent.

“True couples are together because of love, but is there love between us? How could we be considered a true couple without love?” Heather bombarded him with a few questions of her own as she tried to calm herself down before replying to him. She was afraid that she would agree to his proposal if she was emotional.

“You took away my relationship from me. All I want is to take it back. Don’t you think you should give it back to me?” he said with a serious face. How could he think of a relationship as a trade?

“God is the one who took away your relationship.” She thought that his current words and actions were childish. He was acting like a kid who was trying to steal another kid’s candy just because he didn’t get some.

“It’s you, and it’s unrelated to God. I don’t want to hear about fate or mistakes. If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t have broken up with Myra. The person by her side now would be me.” He was still hung up on Myra, but in fact, even he himself could no longer tell if it was because he loved her.

“Even if Myra and you became each other’s first love, do you think you would end up marrying her? How many first relationships end up being forever? You’re just not the right person for her. Even if you did get together with her back then, there was a chance that you might have broken up.” Heather was trying to reason with him as he was beginning to be irrational. If this argument went on, she no longer had to go home as it would be time to go to work already.

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“Once I’m set on someone, I will not easily change my mind,” he made a solemn vow. There were countless times where he had imagined that he would be having kids with Myra already by now if he was together with her back then.

At once, Heather mocked him. “You will not easily change your mind, huh? Then what are you doing right now? You’re asking to be in a relationship with me, but you still can’t get over Myra.” She felt that Matthias’ words were so ironic. Despite saying how he couldn’t forget about Myra, he wouldn’t let go of Heather either.

He did not pause before he said those words to Heather. No matter what his motives were, she was not going to comply with him.

“You shut up.” It rendered him speechless. That was when he finally registered what he had done—he had asked Heather to be with him. He must be possessed.

“People like you do not deserve love. I will not let you be together with anyone else as you have no right to like anyone, much less be loved by anyone,” he exclaimed as he tried to mask his humiliation with anger. Heather was the reason why he was like a walking dead today, so he would not let her end up with someone else too.

“Maybe I should try having a normal relationship with someone else,” she mumbled against his chest. He was hugging her so tightly that it was almost suffocating her. It only fueled her desire to trigger him more.

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Matthias released Heather from his embrace while trying to calm himself down. His behavior on this day was too abnormal; how could he hot-headedly come to Heather while

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his life was still in a mess? Still, he showed no signs of forgiveness after becoming much calmer. "Now that you've ruined my relationship, you have to pay the same price."

Matthias couldn't stay calm whenever it occurred to him that Heather would be together with another man, for he would never allow her to be happy with someone else. He was fixated on Heather the same way he was fixated on Myra. No matter what, Heather had to be bound to him; even if their relationship was an unhappy one, they would stay unhappy together.

"That's boring," Heather uttered indifferently. The more Matthias spoke in an imperative tone, the more she wanted to oppose him. No one could boss Heather around, and she would not show signs of weakness even in the face of Matthias's domineering behavior. Now that the guilt she felt toward Matthias had vanished without a trace, the only thing left was her fight against him.

According to Robert, Matthias would never become an ally of the Langston Family. Even though it wasn't necessary to make an enemy, Heather would never give way again and again if Matthias provoked her repeatedly. "Your relationship isn't ruined at the hands of me, but at the hands of yourself. Didn't you come to Bradford City for Myra?" She was confrontational. Since Matthias wanted to keep on deceiving himself and others, she wanted him to wake up to reality.

"Yes, that's right," Matthias answered without the slightest hesitation.

Meanwhile, Heather sneered at the note of certainty in Matthias's voice. The night breeze brought a chill to the air in this barely inhabited neighborhood, and she wasn't afraid of being seen under the dim streetlight. Even so, she didn't want to continue being locked in a stalemate here with Matthias anymore. "If you really came for her, you should've come a long time ago. So many years have passed, yet you put it off until Myra gave her heart to someone else and is about to marry her Mr. Right," she said sarcastically. She wanted to go back into her house right now, but she knew from the way Matthias looked unwilling to give up that she had to stand in the night wind for a while longer. When she saw that he had been swayed by her words, she followed up her success by saying, "Stop fooling yourself and others. You came to Bradford City for the sake of your interests, and Myra is nothing but a perk." She analyzed Matthias's thinking in a leisurely manner. Since he was unwilling to

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confront his innermost thoughts, she would let him have a good look at his profit-seeking self.

"I have always wanted to come to Bradford City, but I couldn't find a chance to come here because of the Locke Family's strict family rules." Matthias continued to defend himself, but he looked a lot more clear-headed and no longer sounded as aggressive and belligerent as before.

Heather didn't allow Matthias to find any excuses, though. "That's an excuse. No matter how hard it is, one would go to their beloved person as soon as possible." Matthias kept saying how much he loved Heather, but that wasn't the way he conducted himself at all. Heather wasn't a foolish girl in love, and she was aware of many things deep down.

"I couldn't come out; I was constantly under surveillance by the Locke Family in Tasnia City, and they were watching my every move," said Matthias, continuing to talk about his difficulties. Now that he was completely drawn into this subject by Heather, he focused on whether his feelings for Myra were just as he said.

"Would the Lockes have killed or locked you up over the fact that you stealthily ran away to Bradford City?" Heather stared hard at Matthias and saw the evasiveness in his eyes. Men always liked to make excuses for themselves. They loved themselves the most, but they kept claiming and pretending that they were deeply in love.

"I was in a really tight spot while living with the Locke Family. I couldn't make any mistakes." Matthias glowered at Heather, for he couldn't understand why the conversation had changed into an interrogation against him instead.

"In the end, you're still after the position of the Locke Group's president." Heather smirked contemptuously. Matthias looked absolutely pathetic, for he even wanted to deceive himself. Love was nothing in his eyes, and his love for Myra was only an obsession caused by a missed opportunity back then. Did Matthias understand what love was? To some extent, he was even more cold-blooded than Heather. His inner pursuit of profit was endless, so how could such a person, who was blinded by greed, have the right to talk about love?

Matthias blew up like a cat that had its tail stepped on. "I did nothing wrong. The position is mine in the first place!"

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“On one hand, you want to please the Locke Family and successfully become the Locke Group’s president. On the other hand, you want to have a pure relationship. What a nice dream you have.” Heather stared icily at Matthias. She could no longer tell whether someone like him was detestable or pathetic.

“I want to live better and have more power. What’s wrong with that? A man can only give his woman the best of everything by standing on the apex!” It never occurred to Matthias that he was wrong. He did all of these for Myra’s sake; he was waiting for the day when he could meet her again and give her everything she wanted.

“In other words, do you mean that those men who fail to reach the apex don’t deserve love? Your idea is so ridiculously childish. Love cannot be measured with power or money; it stems from the rawest flutter of the heart,” argued Heather plausibly, but she could only talk the talk. In reality, she wasn’t any better than Matthias, which was why they were the same kind of people. Being incapable of love, they predicted the future of their relationships and weighed the pros and cons like how they made predictions about the stock market. Even if there was true love, they wouldn’t be blessed with it, for they were the ones who abandoned love first. “Why can’t you just admit that you don’t love Myra as much as you claim to? The one you love isn’t even Myra. If someone else showed up back then, you would’ve probably fallen in love with them without hesitation and regarded them as your first love.” Heather had a knack for making psychoanalysis, which was precisely why it became increasingly clear to her that she would never have a pure relationship.

“Shut up!” Matthias didn’t want to listen to Heather anymore. He kept telling himself that he loved Myra deeply, but Heather described his love for Myra in such deplorable terms.

“Did I touch your sore spot?” Heather continued to provoke Matthias without fear of death.

Matthias’s face was frighteningly as black as thunder, and he was shrouded all over in intense gloom. When she noticed that there was something wrong with him, Heather kept him at an appropriate distance.

“You’ll pay the price for what you said today.” Matthias looked at Heather frostily with an iciness in his eyes that sent a chill down her spine. Just as she thought he would make the next move, he stiffly turned around and left right away. Heather looked at Matthias from behind, and she was soon lost in thought; she didn’t know what he was up to again.

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After Matthias left, Heather suddenly lost the mood to go back to the Langston Residence, so she wandered alone in the neighborhood for a long time. When she looked above her head, she saw that the light was still on in Leon's apartment. After a moment's hesitation, she decided to go to his place.

Leon hesitated for a while when he heard the doorbell ringing. Who would come to him in the middle of the night? After all, he didn't know anyone in Bradford City except Heather. "Who is it?" he asked from behind the door.

"It's me," Heather replied casually.

Leon was astounded. Why hasn't Heather gone back after such a long time? He pulled the door open at once before asking Heather outside the door, "Did you leave something important here?" He couldn't think of another reason why Heather hadn't left.

"No, I didn't." Heather squeezed herself through the door. Leon looks a little dumb sometimes; he doesn't even know how to leave a gap for me, she lamented inwardly.

"In that case, why would you..." Leon pointed a finger at Heather before shifting it somewhere else. Since he had no idea what she wanted to do, he felt extremely curious.

He looked at Heather in bewilderment. It was apparent from her expression that something was wrong, but he couldn't tell specifically what it was. In short, her behavior was so strange that he forgot to rejoice inwardly. In any case, Heather had come when he was unable to sleep.

"I'll sleep here tonight," Heather said apathetically.

Leon looked at Heather incredulously, and the corners of his mouth twitched as if she was telling some fairy tale. "It's improper for man and woman to come into direct contact, so it's not so good for a man and a woman to sleep together." He pretended to hold himself tightly in a defensive posture as if Heather was here to molest him.

"You'll sleep on the sofa." Initially, Heather had planned to sleep on the sofa by herself. After all, Leon was still recovering from jet lag—he would have even more difficulty trying to fall asleep if she let him sleep on the sofa. However, since he was being so shifty, she decided to leave him to sink or swim by himself since this guy deserved some suffering.

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Leon was dissatisfied by this and promptly followed Heather, but she quickly entered the room and closed the door right away, shutting him out completely. He touched his nose and bared his teeth at the tightly shut door with a look of displeasure. "What a petty woman," he muttered in dissatisfaction. As expected, he shouldn't dream of staying in the same room with her, for he could only sleep on the sofa.

Now that it would be even harder for Leon to fall asleep, his body ached all over as he lay on the sofa. He stared at the ceiling in boredom, not knowing if Heather was asleep at this moment. He shifted his gaze to the door again, but there was no noise behind the door. Leon wondered if Heather had suffered some wrongs and was secretly crying in the room, but he quickly shook his head after imagining the scene for a moment. It's probably impossible for Heather to cry; I might not even get to see her shedding tears as long as I'm alive, he thought to himself.

It was already late at night, yet Leon was unable to sleep. There were a few times when he wanted to knock on the door or even prise the door open, for Heather seemed so abnormal that he thought he should show some care for her. Still, he hesitated for a long time, for he knew that the last thing she needed was someone else's solicitude for her. This woman was so stubborn that she wouldn't speak out even when she was wronged. What a frustrating person she is, he thought to himself.

Just as Leon was in two minds, the tightly shut door suddenly swung open from the inside. Leon was startled by this; he sat up on the sofa and looked up to see Heather's face with her makeup removed. Without any makeup on her face, she looked so tender that Leon instantly felt a desire to protect her; he was defenseless against such a side of her.

However, the expression on Heather's face was so stiff and not at all lovely even when she was wearing Leon's yellow duck pajamas. She looked like a kid wearing adults' clothes in secret, for Leon's pajamas were too large on her. After all, Leon had a tall and sturdy build.

Heather went to the fridge on her own and pulled its door open. After taking a bottle of imported cognac from inside the fridge without looking at its brand, she turned around and suggested to Leon directly, "Would you like a drink?"

Leon squinted at the bottle of imported cognac in Heather's hand before shaking his head. "This is too strong for girls like you." He thought to himself, Heather probably has something on her mind; she looks like she wants to get drunk.

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“Are you afraid that you’ll drink yourself unconscious? You can’t hold your liquor as good as me,” Heather replied disdainfully. Even the slightly upturned right corner of her mouth had a hint of sarcasm to it.

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