

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 541

Everly came out of the study and came across the butler. He smiled at her, and she returned the smile, since she was polite to everyone in the family. In most cases, Everly would be a likable girl, but the Langstons only cared about an individual's ability. Someone like Everly would never get their respect, for all she knew was study.

Her parents had told her to learn from Heather, who was already financially independent when she was still a high schooler. Back then, Heather was already studying abroad and handling the family business there. On the other hand, Everly was just a normal undergraduate. She still had to rely on the family for money, and she couldn't provide any help either. To make things worse, she chose to major in pure arts, which was useless to the family. All she did was paint, so her parents had given up on her.

They didn't blame their daughter though, since they couldn't help their family either. Not to mention they were still living in the house because Robert was still the head of the family. Everyone was still living together on his request. "Nobody is allowed to live by themselves as long as I live. Anyone who lives by themselves will be exiled from the family." That was what he said, and everyone was living under the same roof only because of that. They'd live separately otherwise.

Everly knew what her parents were planning. Once Robert had passed and they had gotten the share of the wealth, they'd move out. Everyone had the same plan anyway. The whole family was just together in name only, for everyone was branching out in different industries, so there was nothing in common between them.

Living together was torture for some people, since not everyone could be a success story, and they'd feel bad once they compared themselves with the better members of the family. Everly didn't like her life in the residence, but she liked the estate. Her friends thought she was a princess and would call her such, much to her delight. But she knew there was only one princess in the household, and it wasn't her.

Sometimes she wasn't just envious of Heather, but was jealous of her. Everly had always thought she was a talentless woman, unlike Heather. Heather had been smarter than her peers ever since she was a child. She was a natural-born businesswoman, so the older she got, the more cutthroat she was.

There was one time where Everly got on Heather's nerves when they were little, and the memory still haunted her until this very day. Her curiosity led her to Heather's room, but the door was shut. She knew Heather was inside, and she wondered what Heather looked like when she was alone.

Everly hesitated for a long while, but she couldn't bring herself to knock on the door. She couldn't bring herself to see Heather for fear of getting looked down. She knew Heather could see through everyone, so she never looked her in the eye. After all, Heather was a fearsome figure for her.

Unbeknownst to her, the butler saw the whole thing. Under Robert's behest, the butler started keeping an eye on her after she left the study. He noticed Everly was going the wrong way, since her room wasn't in that direction. Her room was on the fourth floor, so no matter if she took the stairs or the elevator, she shouldn't have reached Heather's room.

The butler thought it was weird, but his job was to report everything to Robert. Everything else was outside his jurisdiction. He pushed every question aside and kept observing Everly. She's been standing there for a while. Does she want to see Heather? But she's not knocking. What is she trying to do?

In the end, Everly left, and she went upstairs. Once he heard her going upstairs, the butler stopped following her. It was getting late, so she must have retired for the night, he thought. He wouldn't get anything else even if he continued following her.

The castle-like Langston Residence had six floors. The first floor housed the body, the gym, and the swimming pool. Robert's quarter was on the second floor, where he and the family's important figures lived. The third floor was where the young couples lived, while the fourth was where the less important members lived. The fifth and sixth floor was where the servants stayed.

Heather couldn't sleep that night, for she was still mulling over Matthias' answer. His interaction with Everly and his awkward explanation haunted her, so she wondered if she could trust him.

It wasn't the first time he had let her down, so she wondered if he was wooing or torturing her. Is this how everyone treats their crush? No, it's just him. She was pondering on the plan's feasibility, wondering if she would really fall for Matthias if she accepted his confession.

Heather had no need for an unpredictable future. Matthias was the biggest surprise in her life, and he was already causing her a lot of trouble. Ever since their meeting, her life had been spiraling into chaos. She tossed and turned, but her frustration kept the sweet embrace of sleep away from her. Since she couldn't sleep, she wanted to do something.

There was a swimming pool beside the lobby, so she wanted to swim. Moving her body would distract her from her troubles for a while. Thus, she wore her swimsuit and covered it with her pajamas before going down. Since the pool wasn't connected to the living room, she had to enter it through the other way.

The wind was cold that night, so she tightened her clothes, looking ahead calmly. Blake was sitting on a sofa in the living room then, looking drunk. The smell of alcohol wafted across when she went past him, and she scrunched her nose up.

Blake was mumbling something, but she pretended not to hear him. Instead, she stayed far away from him, since he might puke on her if she got closer. But even though she had stayed away, he stopped her. "Hold it, you."

She stopped, feeling annoyed, and she looked down at him. Looks like the alcohol made him even worse. Right, let's see what he's going to do.

"The project's ruined because you quit all of a sudden, Heather," he scolded, putting all the blame on her.

Heather smirked, surprised that Blake could even blame her for that. If she had her phone with her, she would have recorded everything he said. "You should know the reason for the project's failure." Before this, she thought Blake could still be redeemed, but now she had seen him for the scum he was.

He could do anything just to achieve his goal. For example, he dragged the company down just to get back at her. Heather prioritized the company, so she never duked it out with him, but even so, he never let her go, backing her into a corner.

If excellence was a sin, then Heather thought she would be in the depths of hell when she died. The Langstons were jealous of her brilliance, so they never got along with her, and they would talk about her behind her back.

That was how weaklings worked. A truly strong person would acknowledge the gap between them and the people ahead of them, then they would work to close the gap and surpass their competition. That was why the strong became stronger. The weak lost because of their mindset. Without a strong soul, they could never overcome the challenges in their lives.

“You think you’re so good, Heather? The whole family worships you, but all you ever did was insult us. Have you ever even seen me as your brother?” Blake was throwing a tantrum because he was drunk.

Heather gave him a sardonic smile. She didn’t care about anything Blake said, but she wondered why he cared so much. Pathetic. “Have you ever seen me as your sister, then? Everyone hates me here. You guys hate me because I’m successful, but have you ever asked how much I had to give up to be where I am today?” The Langstons didn’t care about that. All they cared about was their own comfort, even if that was at the expense of others.

“Well, it seems like you know where you stand. So why didn’t you move out, then? Seeing as everyone hates you,” Blake interrogated. As long as Heather was there, he could never rest easy.

“As long as Grandpa is here, then so am I. If you don’t like it, you can piss off right now,” she scoffed. Heather didn’t care about Blake, since the whole reason she stayed was because Robert was there.

“I hate you, Heather. Why do I even have a sister like you?” Blake gnashed his teeth. If it weren’t because of her, he would have been the most outstanding person in the family.

“Grow up, Blake. Don’t make me look down on you more.” Heather didn’t want to waste her time any longer. She was here to swim, not to fight, so she left right after that.

The butler heard the whole conversation, and he would tell Robert all about it. Once that happened, Blake would get an earful from his grandfather the next day.

Heather never wanted to compete with Blake, but he wouldn't let her go. No longer wanting to ruminate over his ramblings, she went around the place and headed to the pool. He's not even a worthy rival.

The air around the pool was chilly, and it cooled her off. The door to the pool was locked, so she went to see the guard, since he was the only one who'd patrol the pool at night, and he was the only one who had the key.

I shouldn't be rash. It's past the pool's opening hours, so why am I doing this? I-it's immature. Did some of Matthias rub off on me? The heating system was off at this hour, so the pool would be icy cold. She didn't factor that in, but going back after coming all the way wasn't her style. She would finish everything she started, for giving up was a bad habit.

When the guard came around, she called out to him. "Open the door to the pool." Heather insisted on her night swim. An autumn swim wasn't any trouble, since she wouldn't freeze to death. Winter was another story altogether though.

The guard looked at her with hesitation. He didn't want to go against her, but he didn't want to break the family rule either. "It's too cold for a swim, Miss Heather." He had to remind her about that fact. If something were to happen to her, he would be in for a disaster.

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Heather shot him a look, and he gave her the key. Nobody could stop her once she had decided on something. There was an imperial vibe about her that stopped anyone from giving her a refusal. Once she took the key, she waved the guard down. "Come back here for the key after an hour."

She didn't get to swim right away though. Once the butler had settled Blake down, he came to see Heather. Right after the guard's departure, he came up to her slowly. "Old Master Langston requests you in his study, Miss Heather."

Heather stopped opening the door. Grandpa wants me to see him at this hour? That's weird. She couldn't just yell at the butler, so she asked somewhat annoyedly, "Why is he calling me?"

"I am not very sure. But you'll find out once you see him."

The butler looked serious, so she looked at the key she was holding before handing it to him. "Give this back to the guard, and don't follow me. I can see him by myself." Frustrated that her swim was disturbed again, Heather went to the study. Blake was nowhere to be seen when she came back to the living room, so she thought someone must have taken him back to his room.

The air still reeks of alcohol. She scrunched her nose up. The butler will handle it later. Then, she tiptoed to the bedroom, since everyone was asleep. Her elders were living on the second floor, so she couldn't make any loud sounds.

The study room was ajar, and she could see the light coming from inside. Heather opened the door and came face to face with Robert, who was in the center of the room. After that, she closed the door before going up to him.

"Where were you going?" Robert was inscrutable, so she couldn't guess what he was thinking. Did I make him mad?

"Downstairs," she answered honestly, since Robert seemed to know what she had done. Obviously, the butler told him everything.

"The pool's closed at this hour. Don't you know the rules? This isn't the time for a swim." Robert was troubled by her rebellious tendencies at home.

"I just felt like swimming. Can't control the urge, you know. Why should the pool be restricted anyway? It should be open 24/7," she retorted. Heather wasn't one to acknowledge anything easily.

Robert didn't want to argue with her about the pool's opening hours. He noticed that Heather had been acting very weirdly since morning, and she was more caustic toward Matthias than before. Something happened. "Tell me about your relationship with Matthias." They could talk openly, as they were alone in the study.

She stared at him, dumbfounded. Why is he bringing Matthias up? There's nothing to talk about. "What do you want me to talk about? Be specific." She didn't want to answer it. If it weren't for Caleb, she wouldn't have gotten into this mess.

"Answer me. You don't want me to match you up with him, right?" He was sacrificing his sleep because he wanted to talk about something important with her, or it'd only be a waste of time.

"Isn't that obvious, Grandpa?" She thought it was obvious that she hated Matthias. Heather had never considered the possibility of marriage, but Robert wanted to marry her off to him. She would act it out if she could, but she would never really fall for him. Matthias wasn't the kind of partner she wanted, and she knew that. Since he didn't meet the criteria she set, it was impossible for them to date.

"Matthias is your best choice for now, at least compared to Caleb. Are you sure you don't want to give him a chance?" Caleb was the reason Robert wanted Matthias to court Heather. He knew Matthias wasn't Heather's perfect partner, but there was no better option, at least for the time being.

Heather wasn't there to see the horrors caused by the Moriartys, so she didn't understand how terrifying they were. The moment Caleb laid eyes on her, he had decided that she would be his prey.

"And I have to sacrifice my happiness just because of the Moriartys?" Heather was hesitating. She didn't understand the terror of the Moriarty Family, nor was she sure what they wanted to do to her.

"Now that Caleb has chosen you, it's time we face this matter head on. I don't want you to fall to his hands. He'll ruin you," Robert said genuinely, because the Moriartys loved to ruin the things precious to him.

"But if Caleb has set his eyes on me, he can still ruin me even if I date Matthias. Can he even help me out? If the Moriartys are that terrifying, can the Locke Family even win?" Heather had her own concerns. She wondered why she was 'chosen'. Chosen for what?

"At least you have a fighting chance, so why don't you give it a shot?" As long as he could keep her away from the Moriartys' jaws, Robert would give anything a chance, even if Heather had to do something outrageous.

"If that is what you wish, Grandpa, then so be it." Heather didn't want to talk about it. Every time she brought the Moriartys up, her grandfather would show her a look of sheer terror. Giving in at times was fine for her. She would go down hard on most occasions, but she would take a step back whenever someone she loved was involved. Only when she was before her grandfather would Heather be a complete person; those were the only times she would have emotions, and only then would she negotiate.

Robert heaved a sigh of relief after she agreed to it. He thought she would argue with him for hours, but to his surprise, she agreed easily. Still, he was glad that she did so, since that showed that she understood his situation. "I can see that Matthias likes you, and he told me he's courting you," Robert said.

Heather's face fell, for she never thought Matthias would tell Robert about it. She stared downward, her face scarlet from anger and embarrassment. "Do you think he can be trusted, Grandpa?" Heather grumbled. She never thought Matthias was serious about it.

Love was something sacred for Heather. Only when a couple was in love could a family be built, and only then could they bear a child out of love. Also, it was only then could a family be happy. Heather's parents didn't marry out of love, and she had had enough with the



imbalance of the power dynamics. She wasn't born out of love, so she wasn't loved by her parents.

Heather didn't want her children to have the same fate as she did. She wanted to give her children a complete and loving family, which she couldn't see if she was married to Matthias.

"A man knows how another man thinks, so I know he loves you." Robert was only matching them up because he could see that Matthias loved Heather; he wouldn't have done it if he didn't.

"But he hated me. I ruined his first love. I ruined his pure, unadulterated relationship, but now he has fallen for me? I-It's insane!" Heather couldn't stay calm anymore. She thought she had to tell Robert that no man could love someone who ruined their first love.

Robert sighed, then he beckoned Heather to come closer. She obliged, and Robert patted her head. "That's what happened between me and her," he said cryptically.

Heather was confused, so he explained, "The one I loved ruined my first love too, but I fell for her nonetheless. She's my sweetheart. You might fall for someone, but that doesn't mean you'll end up together. I loved her my whole life, but I didn't end up together with her."

That was the first time she heard Robert talking about his past. Wow, this is colorful. She blinked innocently and thought, Men sure are weird. "Men can be really forgiving, huh?" Heather commented. She had to do it, or it would be annoying.

"No. Some men only realize love later in life. Most think that their first love is true love, but true love comes unexpectedly, unknowingly. You would feel something tugging at your heart the moment you see them, then you'd end up trying to vie for their attention," he explained. Finally, Heather realized what he was talking about.

That's an experienced person for you. She couldn't understand him earlier, but she was slowly getting it.

"Men would date the vulnerable woman when they're young. They love women who are submissive and innocent, but when they get older, they'd start branching out to the sexier women. They didn't do it when they were younger because they didn't know if they could, but once they get into the groove, they'll branch out," he kept explaining.

Oh, I get it. So that's why. "Is that the case with Matthias too?" she asked. I would have told Grandpa about it if I knew he had this kind of past. Why'd I even dwell on this?

"Yes, and it happens to most men. They'd fall for someone they never thought they would," he said. Love was irrational that way, and that was why everyone was crazy for it.

"Thank you, Grandpa. I know what I should do now." Heather felt much better after listening to him, and the prospect of dating Matthias didn't seem so bad then.

"Be patient with him. He's a gem in the rough, at least in the dating scene. He needs to be polished. Men are like children when it comes to love, so women would have to guide them. Women are more mature than their male counterparts if they're the same age, you know." Robert didn't think Heather was that much better than Matthias in romance. In fact, she was even more of a gem in the rough, but if he needed to get her into the groove, he had to praise her. That's how you deal with women.

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Heather learned a few lessons from the heart to heart session. She knew Matthias didn't understand women, but now she knew she didn't understand men either. In the end, they were idiots when it came to relationships. They didn't know how to love, so they ended up hurting each other.

Heather had never walked a mile in Matthias' shoes, so she kept denying his love for her. But if he didn't love her, none of the mess would have happened. Heather was feeling much better when she came back to her room. She was only angry because Matthias was overly attentive of Everly. Before this, she said she was keeping him away from her cousin, but the truth was that she was actually jealous that he was checking out someone else.

She tried her best to lie to herself, but to her surprise, she actually cared about Matthias more than she let on. When she got back to her room, Heather lay down on her bed and glanced at her phone, then she took it. A moment later, she realized Matthias had called her countless times and sent her dozens of messages.

There were a lot of messages, but she read through them patiently, and she realized Matthias only made an explanation after a few minutes between each message. She didn't like that, but she didn't know that Matthias needed to seek counsel from Evan after he got back. He wouldn't know what he did wrong otherwise. That was why his messages took some time.

Evan disliked the new work, because Matthias was as dumb as a rock when it came to romance; not even Evan wanted to guide him anymore. Matthias had committed a lot of grave crimes in romance, and Evan wondered why Heather kept forgiving him. If it were anyone else, they would have cut all contact with Matthias already.

Even though Heather kept giving him chances, Matthias showed no considerable progress. In fact, the mistakes he made kept getting weirder and weirder. At this point, even Evan the love counselor couldn't salvage the situation. Coupling that with how random Heather could be, Evan didn't think they could end up dating.

Meanwhile, Matthias was on the verge of giving up, for Heather had been silent for hours. He was holding on to his phone, and when he was about to fall asleep, Heather finally texted him, waking him up.

Matthias was relieved after reading the message. Thank god Heather is still giving me a chance. He thought it was a serious matter after hearing Evan's analysis, though reality turned out to be much kinder, and he smiled.

Hence, Matthias took the chance to ask her out on a date. Romance was all about dates, so he wanted to have more alone time with her. 'Wanna come with me on a ride tomorrow?' Someone gave Matthias a couple of free vouchers a few days ago, but he hadn't used it, so he wanted to invite Heather on a date.

'What kind of ride?' Instead of refusing him outright, Heather threw him a question. In other words, Matthias had a chance.

'A super high tech, super realistic ride.' Matthias recalled some of the vouchers were for high tech rides. Realistic rides sounded fun, so he thought Heather would like it.

'Place?' Heather still didn't refuse him. She's giving me a chance. This is good.

'Tech Plaza,' he quickly answered, for he had a feeling she'd say yes.

'Time.' On the other hand, Heather thought Matthias was slow in the uptake. Most people would tell their date the venue, time, and content of the date at once, but she had to ask Matthias for it one by one.

'Nine in the morning,' Matthias answered promptly.

'I'll think about it and get back to you tomorrow,' she answered seriously. It looked like they had a long way to go before they could date.

Then, she tossed her phone aside, ignoring him. Heather didn't like to spend much time on her phone, or else her life would only revolve around it. She brought her phone around to maintain contact with everyone, but she wouldn't check it most of the time.

She wanted to spend more time on work, and even if she was trying to wind down, she'd spend the time on something meaningful. Scrolling her phone was meaningless, so she never had an interest in it, and she had even less need of her phone when she was overseas.

People like her were rare in the modern era, but she wouldn't break her own rules even if it meant she'd have to go against the flow. Phone scrolling could easily waste an hour or two of her life, and she knew that was not a good thing. Time was a precious resource, so she wanted to spend it wisely.

Even though she was on her bed, Heather didn't feel like sleeping, so she got up and went to her bookshelf. It had been a while since she read. Heather thought everyone should read as much as they could, and as long as they could. Humans should spend their life getting their hands on professional knowledge and all kinds of information.

She sat on her bed and turned on the lamp beside her. Since the lamp was easy on the eyes, it wasn't too bright. She liked to turn on a lamp whenever she read, or she couldn't see the words. That much was obvious.

'A Hundred Years of Solitude.' She was only halfway through the book. It was a heavy one, and she couldn't understand why she read it before she came back.

Night time was perfect for a reading session, so she was reading seriously. Heather was the most attractive when she was quiet, and she drifted to sleep with a book in her hands that night. If there was one downside about night reading, that would be the fact that the reader would fall asleep easily.

She woke up at around seven the next morning and realized she was still holding the book. Much to her disappointment, she only read ten pages the night before. I thought I could read more. Oh right, I said I'd reply to him today. She wondered if she should say yes, then she recalled her grandfather's message.

It was obvious that she liked Matthias, but she thought it would be frivolous of her to say yes so easily, so she wanted to read through his messages first. But when she turned her phone on, the thing that caught her attention wasn't Matthias' messages; it was Myra's unread message.

Heather opened her Messenger app to read the message. Since Myra was on her priority list, she could always see her message.

'Hey, Heather, I think I've seen Matthias before. Can you jog my memory?'

That was not good news for Heather. She never expected Myra to ask her about that, but she knew she had to keep lying to her friend, even though she didn't want to. Maybe she remembered something, or she wouldn't bring it up. Caught between a rock and a hard place, she couldn't even take the time to answer Matthias.

'You're just overthinking, Myra. Wait, you got up at five?' Her sleep is being affected. No pregnant woman would wake up at five. And she didn't sleep early last night.

She shifted the topic, but Myra didn't answer her question. Instead, she asked, 'Is that so? But I feel like I've seen him somewhere, and the more I think about it, the stronger this feeling gets. Can you tell me the truth, Heather?'

Heather felt guilty after seeing the last sentence, though she knew Myra didn't mean it. Even so, it knocked on her conscience, and she realized that lying wasn't what a friend would do. The more she thought about it, the guiltier she got. Then, she started feeling that dating Matthias would be a slap in the face for Myra. 'Maybe it's just your pregnancy working, Myra. You're reading into it too much.' I have to hide it from her. I can't let anything happen to the baby.

'Every time I close my eyes, I dream of my high school. I wonder if I have met him before during high school.' The closer she was to the truth, the more frustrated Myra was. A lot of things didn't add up, but she couldn't figure out what was wrong.

'Have you told Tony about it?' Heather asked, worried. It'd get more complicated if Tony got involved. And possibly worse.

'No. Tony's been busy with work, so I don't want to trouble him.' Myra had thought about it, and she felt like she might have been overreacting, so she wouldn't trouble him with it before getting any definitive answer.

'Wanna hang out, Myra? You shouldn't sit around all day even if you're pregnant.' Now, she was inviting Myra to go out, forgetting everything about Matthias.

'Not today.' Myra added a troubled emoji, then she kept texting. 'I need to go to the Hart Residence today. Haven't been seeing Grandpa and Grandma ever since I came back.' Myra was a good granddaughter-in-law, so she would spend time with Tony's family while he was busy with work.

'Alright then.' Heather couldn't keep it up anymore. Myra was already a married woman after all, unlike her. Sometimes she envied Myra for having a happy family, and her baby would be born soon too.

On the other hand, she thought she had nothing but a lot of money in the bank. That was her only source of security, but she thought it was pathetic. A while later, she scrolled down to Matthias' chat window and saw that he was already asking her if she had made up her mind. Since she had nothing to do, she decided to go out with him. 'Sure. I'll go,' she answered curtly.

Despite the short answer, Matthias was overjoyed. He thought it was no dice, but surprisingly, she said yes at the very last moment. Evan suggested that he pick Heather up at the residence, since it would look more genuine, not to mention it was a gentlemanly move. "It'll be easier to get her affection," he said.

Matthias took the advice and left halfway through breakfast. Evan stared at the feast of a breakfast before shooting Matthias a nasty glare. "Gals before pals, huh? Despicable," Evan grumbled. Heather changed him. I sure hope it's for the better.

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Heather and Blake were having a quiet breakfast, as if the argument the night before never happened. The butler told Robert everything, but Robert decided to stay quiet. Even so, he was worried his grandchildren would fight again.

That was the moment when Matthias barged in at the worst time possible. Everyone was still having breakfast, so they stared at him the moment he came in, and Heather frowned. Is this guy dumb? He came right after I said yes? She was slightly regretting her choice. Despite his uninvited presence, everyone turned their attention back to their breakfast, saying nothing about Matthias' arrival. Perhaps they had agreed to the relationship between him and Heather.

Robert was still welcoming as usual, so he asked Matthias to come over, but the guy only had eyes for Heather. He seemed oblivious about the fact that he came in at the wrong time, and to top it off, he looked as happy as a lark.

What should I do with him? "You're early, Matthias." Robert pointed out the obvious, since he knew Matthias was there for Heather.

"Well, I did say I'll give you the proposal as soon as I can, so here I am." Matthias made up an excuse, though he did have a proposal at hand. After all, coming over without anything was inappropriate.

Robert said, "I'm still having breakfast, so I can't really go away." Then, he looked around before setting his gaze on Heather. "You're done with your breakfast, Heather? Good, can you take him to the study?"

Heather couldn't refuse her grandfather, so she nodded. "Sure." She wanted to take him away anyway, for Matthias had been doing a lot of over-the-top stunts around her family. This is not good.

In the meantime, Blake watched everything in silence. He wasn't surprised about their relationship, since they didn't keep it a secret back at the company. Now that they were getting closer, and Robert was greenlighting it, Blake realized that Heather must be getting along well with Matthias. And he hated that.

He hated it when everything was going well for her. Why is she the one who's getting it good? Compared to her, Blake had been having a bumpy ride over the years, but all of it was his fault. Instead of reflecting on himself, he decided to put the blame on Heather, much to her chagrin.

Blake thought Heather had a smooth life, but it couldn't be further from the truth. She ran into a lot of problems too, but Blake ignored all of it.

On the way to the study, Heather put some distance between her and Matthias. She didn't want to talk to him, much to his confusion. Since he couldn't figure it out, Matthias asked her carefully, "You don't seem to welcome me, Heather."

"Yes, you're right," she snapped back. You came right when everyone's having breakfast. Of course I don't welcome you.

This is not a good start. Matthias was still confused. He was an idiot when it came to women, for he knew nothing about pleasing them. They came to the study a short while later, then Matthias followed her in.

Heather turned around, asking formally, "Where's the proposal?"

He took it out of his suitcase and handed it to her. They didn't seem like a couple, though he wanted to approach her. However, he didn't know how to do it; he knew he would mess things up, for she was a hard obstacle to overcome.

It was getting closer and closer to nine, but Heather still didn't bring the date up. He wanted to remind her of the date, but she didn't seem too happy. On the other hand, Heather seemed to be putting on airs to test Matthias. Matthias didn't want to be late, for the most exciting part was at the start. In the end, he mustered up his courage to ask, "It's getting



late, Heather. I think we should be going now." He was as careful as he could, for he was worried he might upset her.

In response, Heather looked at the time. We'll really be late if we don't set off right now. She was coming up with a way to get past the living room without anyone noticing, since some people were still having breakfast down there. None of this would have happened if he called me before coming. The more she thought about it, the more annoyed she was.

"Don't call me by my name. I thought I told you so." Heather was getting irritated. Matthias was shameless and forgetful, but she couldn't do anything about it.

Right when they were about to argue, Robert came in. Ah, this is familiar. She's annoyed, so I guess they're upset again. Hmm, they're really a perfect couple.

"Grandpa." She greeted him politely, her enthusiasm for the date doused.

"Hello, Mr. Langston." Matthias greeted him even more politely, worried someone might take it the wrong way.

"Do what you have to do. I'll go through the proposal." Robert knew what had happened once he took a look.

Heather looked at him, then at Matthias. She was still annoyed by Matthias, even though he never did manage to make her happy once, much to her chagrin.

"Can I borrow her for the morning then?" Matthias asked. Since Robert was there, he was feeling more confident. Actually, Matthias didn't know what he should do around her. No matter what he did, she would still be angry. As a result, he had to think about everything a hundred times before he went for it.

That was how it was like to fall for someone. Love would change someone, turning them into the kind of person they hated the most. Matthias never expected himself to bow down for love, for he never thought about getting down after reaching the top of the world.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." Robert waved them down, though he was smiling. Matthias seldom takes the lead. This could lead to something good.

Heather shot him a disgruntled look. "You haven't asked my opinion, Grandpa." She couldn't believe Robert would just let Matthias take her away without asking her.

“Ah, you youngsters should go on a few dates. The weather’s good, you know. And you’re only young once.” Robert wanted them to go on the date right away. The more he thought about it, the more he thought they were a great couple, not to mention the fact that he wanted Heather to be happy.

“But it’s overcast, and the air’s dry. This is not a sunny day.” Heather took her own sweet time to argue with Robert, but Matthias was getting nervous.

Robert smirked, reminiscing about his youthful days. Ah, to be young. You can do anything and dream of everything. Time and hope is on your side.

When they left the castle, it was already eight thirty. Heather plopped down on the passenger seat, mocking, “There’s only half an hour left. Are you sure you can make it?”

Matthias was vexed that Heather seemed so indifferent about it, but in a sense, he was the only one to see her acting that way, so he just excused it as preferential treatment. “Don’t worry. We’ll be there in time. Buckle up.”

Oh, I know he loves to drive fast. Guess he’s breaking the traffic rules again. “I don’t want to get involved in another car crash,” she said sarcastically.

“If I remember correctly, you were the one who crashed into me both times,” he answered calmly, grinning. Matthias looked great when he smiled, but he made one mistake—he didn’t realize that he shouldn’t argue with the girl he liked. Sure, he might have won the argument, but he killed the conversation, so Heather stopped talking.

He didn’t drive fast though, for Heather was there. Everything he said was a joke, since he wouldn’t endanger Heather just to get there in time. He wanted everything to be safe when she was around.

Along the way, he tried to chat with her, but Heather didn’t show any enthusiasm. Chatting with Matthias was a tiring chore, so she didn’t want to give him the chance to annoy her.

Time was slowly running out, so Matthias tried to go with the less congested routes, sometimes going through the narrower roads, even. He did that just because he didn’t want to be late. Since it’s a date. I want to leave a good impression. He had his own creed, and he wanted to work hard to change her opinion of him.

"We're here." He parked his car in Tech Plaza's underground parking lot. Much to Heather's surprise, he only took twenty minutes to get there.

Once they got out of the car, Heather walked over to the plaza elegantly, asking, "So tell me more about the super realistic ride." It was just a concept after all, so she didn't know what the ride would entail. I'll have to get some answers first.

"It's a ride in space. Some spacefaring tech in the future." Matthias loved that kind of stuff, but he forgot to ask what Heather liked, so he glossed it through in the chat.

Heather wasn't interested, but she wasn't uninterested either. She didn't know much about the industry, but she was willing to see more.

"Have you ever dreamed of being an astronaut?" Heather remembered Matthias saying he wanted to become an astronaut, but it was a vague memory, so she asked it for confirmation.

Matthias was surprised that Heather actually remembered it, for he only mentioned it in passing. The fact she remembered it delighted him. Well, he left a lasting impression on her back then, but all she thought about then was business and profits, so he was already overjoyed that she actually remembered his dream.

"Yes, and you told me you wanted to be a great businesswoman." Matthias remembered that, for Heather had that dream since she was a child.

"I see." Heather smiled for once, and the atmosphere loosened up a little. She had probably forgotten what she said back then, but she could imagine herself saying that.

They chatted happily and eventually came to the science museum. There was a long tunnel inside, and lights hung from the walls as far as the eye could see. Apparently, they were going down a time tunnel.

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 545

The road was paved with glass, creating an illusion of walking on space. Also, the path was flanked by a starry sky, and Matthias seemed to have reverted to a childlike state. His eyes were gleaming happily while the stars were smiling down at him. Heather envied him for that, as it had been a long time since she last felt like a kid who got her wildest dream fulfilled.

She wondered what her wildest dream was anyway. Every time she was asked that question, Heather would tell them about how she wanted to be a successful businessperson. But is that really what I like?

“Feels like we’re walking in space, huh?” Matthias looked at her.

Heather nodded with a smile. She didn’t want to snuff out the light in Matthias’ eyes, for dreams were something to be respected, and she respected everyone’s preference. The older she got, the vaguer her childhood dream was, but she knew she never wanted to be a filthy businessperson in the first place.

“Look up there. It’s the planets.” He poked her gently, reminding her of the view.

Heather looked up and saw the planet’s hologram. I see. This is no normal path. They started off with something normal to get the customer into the mood, but the deeper we go, the more magnificent it gets. “Super realistic ride, huh? Interesting,” she commented calmly, but that was already an acknowledgement coming from her.

It wasn’t a long ride, but they spent more time than everyone else normally did. Matthias would point out all the projections, then when they were nearing the end, the projections turned into AR visuals.

A spaceship was floating above their heads, and Matthias tried to touch it. Heather watched him as he tried to get closer to the spaceship, and she thought Matthias was really adorable that day.

Then, two women in spacesuits appeared at the end of the tunnel and announced simultaneously, "We shall open this door of mysteries for you."

Heather was surprised that the ride was better than she thought it would be, while Matthias looked excited. He suddenly held her hand, and Heather wanted to shake it off. However, she hesitated when she saw how delighted Matthias was.

Matthias took her to the door and tried to push it, but it was an automatic door, so it slid open before he could touch it, just like in the movies.

They went inside the spaceship, though Heather was just curious, while Matthias was in there to learn. It was a nice view, for the simulation was no AR visuals, but real-life objects. Matthias tried to touch everything he could. At that moment, it was as if they were flying in space, and a big screen stood before them.

They could see what was happening outside through the screen, then they looked at each other and realized that the people around them looked emotionless. After a while of observation, they realized that the people were just simulations instead of the real deal.

Matthias wondered if the simulations could talk to humans, so he took Heather and went up to the captain to greet him. "Hello, captain."

The captain was sitting in the center, but he ignored Matthias. Matthias looked at Heather before trying again, though he knew it must look stupid. "Can you understand me, captain?" He had to get the answer for that, or it'd become an obsession.

"Be quiet, sir. I'm trying to lead my team here," the captain answered, much to their surprise. Apparently the simulations could talk to people.

"Sorry, captain, but I have a lot of questions—"

Before he could finish, the captain interjected, "A moment please, sir. I'm very busy right now."

Matthias kept quiet and turned to the screen. Apparently, the spaceship was traveling smoothly, so the captain didn't have anything to do. And nothing was happening, as everyone was working as usual. Matthias whispered, "Looks like the captain is ignoring us." Matthias was still looking at the captain.

"Or maybe you're just annoying," she teased. Compared to Matthias' curiosity, Heather would much prefer a quiet observation.

"It's probably pre-programmed." Matthias wanted to salvage the situation. Since simulations weren't really advanced, it was impossible for a simulation to have a conversation with a normal human.

Heather smiled. It was a gentle smile, for Matthias was acting like a curious teenager that day; the sight of it even made her tone down her fierce look.

"Mr. Locke, Miss Langston, please take your seats," someone suddenly called them, much to their surprise. Simulations have gotten this far?

They looked in the direction of the sound and saw a robot around half the size of a normal adult. It looked like it was an adorable child, and it was coming up to them, eventually standing before Matthias and Heather.

"Mr. Locke, Miss Langston, we will be warping soon. Please take your seats." It then pointed at two empty seats on the right.

Matthias and Heather looked at each other before going to their seats and sat down, just like how the robot advised. The seats turned on auto mode and buckled them up the moment they sat down. It was as if they were in a Hollywood set, where everything felt real but also fake at the same time.

After that, they heard the captain commanding the crew, and Matthias held Heather's hand while grinning gently at her. "We're going to leave Earth for another planet now. I'm glad that you're with me on this journey." Seemingly thoroughly enjoying the process, he got into character.

She blinked at him, feeling interested about Matthias' change. A while later, she nodded. "We're gonna colonize it." She started beaming, and he laughed.

"Nicely worded. We'll build a big colony," Matthias answered.

They had a fun time and ignored the bumpy ride along the way. Warping could be extremely uncomfortable, but they didn't feel it before they lost their grip on gravity. Once they realized they were in a gravity-free space, they could feel the floaty feeling even in their seats.

Heather held Matthias' hand tightly as the simulation became more and more realistic. She started feeling as if she was on an actual space trip with Matthias. The super realistic ride slowly deconstructed her perception of reality, bringing her into the mood, and then putting her into the scene.

Soon, Heather was starting to feel dizzy and uncomfortable; her mind was all jumbled up. That was the moment when the robot popped up and handed her a pill. She looked at it before turning to Matthias, who nodded at her, and she took the pill hesitatingly. Then, the robot answered cutely, "This pill will lessen your nausea, Miss Langston."

Wait, how did it notice my discomfort? "Can I really take this?" she asked. Heather couldn't believe that they had actual medicine lying around, and the pill she was holding looked like a cocoa bean.

"Don't worry. It won't harm you," Matthias persuaded her. He seemed confident that the pill would work.

Thus, she popped it into her mouth. Wow, it even tastes like a cocoa bean. Bit sweet. She felt better after taking the pill, though she suspected that it was just a placebo effect.

"The effect is the strongest ten minutes after ingestion. It will soothe all your discomfort." As the robot spoke, it slapped its belly and revealed a clock that was counting down.

Heather didn't know how far technology had advanced, since she didn't read much about it. She was surprised that robots had come so far though, and the simulated humans were great too. Since they were in a dark room, it was hard to tell that they were simulations.

The spaceship was still warping, but Heather was feeling better after taking the pill. On the other hand, Matthias looked fine, much to her envy. Since men had better physical abilities than women in general, Heather couldn't win against him when it came to this aspect.

He was showing concern for her, and she smiled. "I'm feeling much better now. Keep your eyes on the screen, not me." Matthias was looking too adorable, so she couldn't even bring herself to scold him.

The screen was showing some realistic footage, and the guests could see what was happening in space. Hm, this is interesting. Heather thought she could fall in love with space after the ride, while Matthias was getting more and more excited, as if he were a hot-blooded teenager.

"Space is awesome!" he commented. Traveling in space was his dream, and the trip fulfilled that wish of his somehow.

"Slow down," the captain commanded. As the spaceship started slowing down, the feeling of vertigo was slowly disappearing too. Matthias and Heather stared at the screen, which was now showing a beautiful planet. The beauty of that planet captured their attention, and Heather grabbed Matthias' hand. "What is that planet? It looks like Earth."

"Kepler-452b," he answered. That planet was 98% similar to Earth.

"Are we going to land on this planet?" she asked. Since they could simulate a space trip, she was looking forward to the simulation of the landing.

"The captain will answer that, Miss Langston." Heather was amused by the robot's sudden appearance. Then, they saw the captain coming down from the helm and walking up toward them. Matthias and Heather were starting to get a little nervous, since the captain finally had time to answer their questions.