

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 593

Seeing Heather's deep awareness of herself, Matthias felt like he had misunderstood her all along and had assumed that she was someone who wouldn't repent.

"If you're able to recognize your problems, then it proves that there's still a chance to fix them," he said earnestly. It was better to console her during this time as it was rare that she would want to improve herself.

"What problems do I need to fix?" Looking over at him, she needed to hear his answer.

On the other hand, Matthias was stumped. Some of her bad habits also looked cute to him now. His mind inevitably went blank when she asked him about the problems she needed to fix.

"You have a bad temper and are very purposeful." He gave a general answer. Aside from that, he couldn't think of anything else.

In regard to her temper, she really didn't give anyone any leeway, unless she had business relations with them, in which case she would give them some. In normal life, she wouldn't even bother with anyone who couldn't benefit her.

She was purposeful in her interactions with people as she targeted people based on their value. Matthias was not a fool. He had sensed very early on that she was using him.

He saw through her intentions from the start, but he was swayed by her. Even if she was using him, he would still go along with it.

"You told me in the past that I was even using Myra. Thinking about it now, you weren't wrong." She mentioned Myra without realizing. Despite never wanting to admit that she was using Myra, after all the things Myra said today, she couldn't help but reflect on her actions.

From the start, she had approached Myra with a motive. She wouldn't be able to face herself if she denied that now. When she thought back on their past, she couldn't remember when she had started treating Myra as a real friend.

"I said that in a burst of anger. I can see that you're genuine to Myra. Even though you've done some hurtful things to her, you were also the one who took the most care of her," he comforted. Listening to the sad things she was saying, he felt absolutely heartbroken for her.

The truth of the matter was clear. Myra must have found out about the things Heather kept hidden from her; why else would Heather have come out of Myra's house in that state?

This was a tough situation that even Matthias couldn't be of much help in. If he resented Heather that much back then, then it must be worse for Myra. She was certainly furious and wouldn't forgive Heather no matter what.

Nevertheless, this issue was also a heavy blow to Heather. She was doubting herself and her life. Matthias wanted to come up with a countermeasure, but he couldn't think of a good way. It was better for them both to resolve this themselves.

"The airport is right ahead. Stop overthinking. The both of you need to calm down for a moment. When we come back from Norway, you can go to Myra again and talk to her." Matthias felt like he was simply a considerate and sweet man at this moment. He wanted to step up and be a beacon to Heather to expel the gloominess in her heart.

"Myra doesn't want to see me again. I don't have the right to go look for her now. I want to do something to make it up to her, but she won't even give me that chance. It's all my fault for going too far." She was like a weak little girl who spurred people to want to take care of her.

While Matthias was driving, he reached out to put a hand on her shoulder and give her some comfort.

"I want to go to Iceland," she said abruptly. She wanted to go to an ice-cold nation that befitted the cool, icy feeling she felt.

"Okay," he replied without hesitation. Wherever she wanted to go, he would accompany her.

It was already dark out now. As they got out of the car one after the other, they were met with a dreary-looking airport. Heather urgently wanted to leave this place even though they couldn't take a direct flight to Iceland.

Upon arriving at the front desk, they bought tickets to go to Paris first and planned to switch flights to go to Iceland in France. Since their flight was at dawn, an endless night still awaited them. Hence, they went to rest in the boarding area.

Huddled together, the both of them looked just like a couple. Heather was leaning against his shoulder while listening to him talk.

In order to prevent her from thinking about Myra, he kept talking to her to divert her attention, which she also went along with. The two had never been that harmonious before.

Every now and then, people would cast curious and envious glances at them. Their looks were that eye-catching in a crowd. The presence Heather had, especially, resembled a dazzling lotus flower. Whether it was their looks or presence, they were both well-matched.

It had been a long time since Matthias was this close to her. He felt his heart thumping as he smelled the nice fragrance coming off of her. At this moment, he felt a wave of happiness. He only wished he could always be that close to her.

As the latter part of the night gradually approached, he listened to the sound of Heather's steady breathing while she slept on his shoulder. While she was sleeping, the crease between her brows still did not ease. Seeing her weighed down, he only despised himself for not being able to expel her worries and solve her problems.

She was adamant on not letting Matthias and Myra meet. In truth, he really wanted to meet Myra once. That way, he could speak up for Heather.

He saw how much Heather cared about Myra, and he wanted to tell Myra all about it. The words that came out of his mouth would be the most convincing.

Watching Heather turn timid when she never did, he decided that he would come up with a secret plan of his own once they returned. He didn't want to see Myra and Heather break apart from each other either. He still had a small place in his heart for Myra although they didn't end up together; he still cherished those wholesome moments of his past and still saw Myra as a good friend.

If Myra and Heather, the best of friends, wanted to cut ties with each other, then he would be the most anxious for them. He understood their friendship. Being stubborn was only temporary; Heather didn't know how to express herself while Myra couldn't understand her for now. During this time, they needed someone to give them a little push.

Meanwhile, the waiting process was agonizing. Matthias did not dare to make any movement for fear that he would wake Heather, who was a light-sleeper. Seeing the crease between her brows, he really wanted to help her smooth it out. At the moment, however, things were heading in a direction he wasn't anticipating.

A text arrived on his phone. Looking at the content of the text, he couldn't help but tighten his grip. It was a text from an unknown number with one simple line: 'Do you like my gift, Mr. Locke?'

It looked like someone was playing tricks behind their backs. Matthias really wanted to reply to the text, but it occurred to him that it was most likely a burner phone. The person working behind the scenes was extremely careful in every step and wouldn't expose themselves because of one text. Hence, calling the number would also prove futile.

Instead, he quickly gave orders to uncover who was exacerbating this situation. This person was someone he would never forgive.

'Why are you trying to drive a wedge between Myra and Heather?' In the end, he still sent a reply to the other party.

'It is all part of my plan.' The other party replied in an instant. Matthias was trying to buy time to try to determine the exact location of that person through the text.

Not long after, however, that person sent another text: 'I know your capabilities. Don't try to find out about me. You're not capable enough for that yet.' The tone of the text was so brazen that it irritated Matthias even more.

It seemed like this person wanted to infuriate him. First, they planned to drive a wedge between Heather and Myra, and now, they were provoking him. As for the relation between the two, he still did not know yet.

At some point, Heather had woken up. She was staring at his phone with a pale complexion on her face.

He quickly turned off his phone, but she was even quicker as she snatched the phone right out of his hand and dialed the unknown number. Unexpectedly, the person answered the call.

A hoary voice came through the phone. "Miss Langston, you're impatient as always." Surprisingly, they guessed that Heather was the one who made the call.

"Who are you? Why are you plotting against me?" She tried to stay calm in order to get more useful information from the other party.

"I am playing a chess game, where each person is a chess piece." The hoary voice was filled with confidence. They were trying to make her infuriated.

"Who are you playing with?" On the other hand, she didn't act hastily. Her tone was calm, as though nothing was happening.

"The chess pieces." The person gave a strange answer.

After that, they hung up. From the start until the end, their words were extremely suggestive. As of yet, Heather still did not know how to decipher the profundity behind them, but she suspected that they were using a voice changer. Still, the voice sounded so natural that she couldn't hear any traces to prove that it was artificial.

"Did you discover something?" Matthias asked out of concern.

"No," she answered and returned the phone to him.

"Are we still going to Iceland?" He thought that the phone call would change her mind, so he deliberately asked.

"Yes. We have two hours left before we board the flight." She gripped the flight ticket tightly in her hands, as though it was her life-saver.

"Relax a little. We're going to Iceland to alleviate your mood. I don't want you to go there in distress," he exhorted. From the outside, it looked like she was going to Iceland to kill someone instead of distracting herself.

"I can't force a smile." She tried to force a smile at him, but it looked even worse than her being in tears.

"I'm not forcing you. You can talk to me if you can't figure anything out." He was like a gentle older brother, trying to clear out her gloomy mood.

"Matthias, are you going to leave me too one day?" she suddenly asked sheepishly. Even though she always did everything alone, there were times when she also felt lonely and needed someone to keep her company.

"No. Have you heard of something?" he prodded.

"What?" She went along with him.

"If ten people in this world loved you, one of them would definitely be me. If only one person in this world loved you, that would also definitely be me. If I ever leave you, then it would be because I was on my deathbed." Matthias learned and applied what he knew. The last sentence was especially sentimental.

"Don't spout nonsense." She shot a glare at him. It seemed like she had regained some spirit from before.

"Don't worry. For the sake of growing old with you, I won't let myself die in front of you. I will live to the fullest and become an old goblin." He did not hesitate to ridicule himself to ease Heather's depressed mood.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 594

The atmosphere was heavy. At this hour, there weren't a lot of people waiting to board a flight. The lounge exuded a mild refreshing scent that seemed like it was barely even there. It instilled a sense of familiarity in Heather, as though she had smelled this scent somewhere before.

"Do you smell this fragrance?" Her question was so sudden that Matthias wasn't able to make the switch yet.

He tried his best to sniff, but he didn't pick up any unusual scents. Getting up from his shoulder, Heather looked all around but did not notice anyone suspicious.

"A perfume fragrance?" He only smelled perfume. When he tried his hardest, he even smelled a fusion of several different perfumes.

Looking around, he figured that it was probably coming from the person next to him; even a man was wearing perfume.

"No. Maybe I was mistaken." She brushed it off. It seemed the mild scent was also gone now. She reckoned she was just imagining things.

He looked at her with a worried gaze and suspected that the heavy burden weighing in her mind must have led to this scenario.

"We're going to board the flight in a bit. Stop overthinking." He spoke nonchalantly, but he had his guard up. It was possible that Heather wasn't mistaken.

He also had a feeling that they were potentially being followed. Thinking about the phone call earlier, he was certain that someone was following them in secret. Otherwise, why would that person behind all of this know them like the back of their hand?

Even with both of their heightened senses, they couldn't find their stalker. It seemed the stalker disguised themselves very well. Only a few people were scattered around the lounge. On the surface, they all looked like social elites. If the two really had a stalker, then it would be one of these people here.

When it was almost time, people started pouring in one after the other. They were most likely on the same flight as the two. Matthias was on high alert, trying to determine the most suspicious person. Compared to him, Heather was a lot calmer. Her facial expression gave nothing away; it didn't look like she was interested in uncovering the identity of the stalker just yet.

"No one here looks suspicious," she murmured in his ear.

This sparked his curiosity. What criteria did she use to judge that these people weren't suspicious? Nevertheless, she never made up nonsense. Since she made that statement, she definitely had a rationale behind it.

"They're challenging us. If they sent someone at this time, that'd increase the likelihood of them exposing their identity," she analyzed. At first, her mind was in a mess because of Myra, but with the sudden turn of events, she was back to her senses.

Someone was following her in secret. She was not a saint and was going to pay them back for it. Currently, she was waiting for the day when she could counter-attack.

There was one thing, however, that she couldn't figure out. Why did this person have to go through Matthias? What was their purpose? She had yet to figure that out. Perhaps once she went abroad and eased her mood, she would naturally figure some of it out.

Even though Heather didn't say a word, she agreed with Matthias. She was too oppressed in Bradford City. Ever since she came back to the country, nothing good had happened, so indeed, she needed a distraction. Her problem with Myra was not going to be resolved for a while either.

It was better if she stayed rational. If her rationality crumbled, the outcome would only be less favorable. She boarded the flight with a weight on her mind, but before going on the plane, she asked Matthias to give Robert a call.

"Old Master Langston," he greeted warmly.

"Matthias! What made you think of me?" They joked around with each other. Robert had already taken Matthias for his own grandson-in-law, so he was a bit more affectionate toward him.

Shortly after, Robert came to the realization. It's clearly Heather's phone, but why am I hearing Matthias' voice? Are they together this late in the night?

"Is Heather with you?" Robert asked directly.

"Yes. I have something to tell you, but I don't know how to." Matthias was in a tough spot, but Heather was placid next to him.

“Speak your mind. Is Heather giving you a hard time again?” Robert had a feeling that Matthias’ phone call was not good news.

“No. I’m at the airport with her now. I want to apologize to you for not getting your permission beforehand and bringing Heather here of my own volition. I would like to borrow her for a few days.” Matthias spoke in one breath. He was truly in a tough spot. He had never done something without authorization before, which made him very apologetic toward Robert.

“Where are you guys planning on going?” Robert’s voice became lower, and he clearly sounded upset.

Matthias looked over at Heather with a troubled look. It was troublesome now; he had left a bad impression on Robert, which wasn’t the outcome he had hoped for.

“Heather wants to go to Iceland for a few days. I—” Even through the phone, the stiffness in Matthias’ voice was clear. Why does it feel like I’m doing something illegal?

Without giving him a chance to finish, Robert interjected, “Put Heather on the phone.” He had complaints about Heather’s recent behavior.

“Grandpa.” Her voice came through the phone into Robert’s ear.

“Is Bradford City not cold enough for you that you’re going to Iceland in the middle of winter?” Robert felt like Heather had already overstepped her boundaries before. Now, she had come up with another strange idea; it felt like she was eloping overseas with Matthias.

“Grandpa, I felt an urge to go to Iceland. I want to go somewhere no one can stop me.” She spoke in a gentle voice, but her tone was still persistent.

Robert couldn’t stop her. Doing something first before telling him would catch him off guard. Even if he opposed, she was still going to go to Iceland.

“You’ve been causing more and more trouble these days,” Robert reprimanded.

Heather turned around intentionally and lowered her voice. “You always wanted me to be around Matthias more. Isn’t this the situation you wanted to see?” With Matthias by her side, she naturally became more bold. At least, Robert would feel more at ease.

“Whatever. Go and come back sooner. Don’t delay the opening of the company.” Robert could tell that she was getting more and more distracted from the business, and he didn’t know what she had in mind either.

“Okay.” She almost forgot that Robert was constantly keeping an eye on her from behind. It was going to be a bit difficult to act capriciously.

If it weren’t for this phone call, she would probably continue to delay the opening of the company. When the call with Robert ended, she decided to rush back before the New Year and proceed with opening the company as planned.

“How did it go?” Matthias asked.

“He told me to come back before business opens. He hopes that I put work first and stop messing around,” she said nonchalantly. She almost forgot about the responsibility on her shoulders.

“Are you done with all the preparations for opening the business?” he asked out of concern. It was clearly written on her face that she was reluctant.

“Everything had already been prepared before I returned to the country.” She brushed away her gloominess from before. It looked like she had to get back on track again.

While they were talking, the announcement to board the plane was made, whereupon they followed the crowd out of the boarding area. They had bought first-class plane tickets. Upon getting on the plane, they realized that there weren’t a lot of people in first-class.

It was ideal as well. It was quiet, so they wouldn’t get disturbed by other people. Heather consciously nestled up against Matthias’ shoulder. Since she had done it once, the second time came a lot more naturally.

Lowering his head to look at her, he was filled with happiness. If only there was no end to this trip. Not long after, she was about to fall asleep. She didn’t know whether it was because she had stayed up all night, but she felt especially drowsy today.

The last time he watched her this sound asleep was when they were pitted against each other not long after she returned to the country. Indeed, time had flown by and changed their hostile encounter with each other. In the present, he only wanted this happiness to last forever.

The moment the plane took off, he also felt exceptionally comfortable. They were leaving this place to Iceland, where no one knew who they were. Perhaps in Iceland, there weren't that many people out to get them.

By the time Heather woke up again, it was already bright out. Even though Matthias felt like his shoulder was about to break, he didn't dare to move out of fear that he would wake her up.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked in a caring tone, worried that she didn't get enough sleep.

During this time, Matthias also dozed off for a moment, and the two fell asleep with their heads leaning against each other. When he woke up, he felt a pain in his neck, but he didn't wake her up.

"Are you hungry?" He was worried that she would be hungry since she didn't really eat the day before. Her body wasn't able to endure such torment.

"I don't have an appetite." She still didn't want to eat anything. Previously, he thought that she was starting to feel better, but her emotions were still a wreck.

"Have something to eat at least so you don't get stomach pains." His concerned appearance made him look like an elder. It reminded her of how Robert cared for her.

"I want to have some porridge." She would probably be able to eat if it was porridge.

He stood up. "I'll go take a look." Perhaps he would be able to find what she wanted.

After a long while, he returned with empty hands. It looked like he wasn't successful.

"It's fine. Once we get off the plane, we can go have some." Looking at the time, she saw that they were about to land soon.

"There's no porridge in Paris," he lamented. They had the best porridge back home.

"I might have more of an appetite when we get off the plane, but right now, I really don't," she explained to him kindly. He could be really stubborn sometimes that she wouldn't know what to say to him.

On the other hand, he didn't know what to do with her either. If she says so, then so be it.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked in return. He was concerned about her hunger the whole time, but he did not tend to his own stomach.

"I'm not," he replied.

Looking at him in dissatisfaction, she said, "It's not good to have double standards." Why is he becoming more and more like a nagging mother? Why didn't I notice he had these qualities in the past?

"A certain someone doesn't want to eat, so how could I have an appetite?" He pushed the responsibility to her again and was making it seem as though she was absolutely wicked.

"So you're blaming me!" she bantered.

As they talked and laughed together, the atmosphere loosened up. It seemed as though they had really put Bradford City behind them. On the surface, Heather looked completely fine, but Matthias knew that she was hiding it from him; even the smile on her face carried some pretense.

"Since you left Bradford City so suddenly, did you inform the people at Locke Group?" It would've been fine if she had acted on impulse by herself, but she was feeling disconcerted now for dragging him along.

"I'm the Executive President of Locke Group; I don't need to inform anyone there." His expression shifted slightly, as if she had crossed a line with him.