

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 408

The next day, Myra received a text message from Heather early in the morning. After so many years, Heather still preferred the direct way of texting. Myra had always been a light sleeper, so she woke up when her phone buzzed.

'What time are you leaving?'

Heather was direct in asking the question. Glancing at the time on her phone, she then immediately replied.

'See you at Times Square at 10AM.'

The nearest shopping mall to the Hart Residence was Times Square. She estimated that she would be able to make it there by 10AM.

'Okay.' Heather's text messages were always short and sweet. In fact, she wasn't a straightforward character, but she was only this direct to Myra and never lied to her.

Since she was meeting up with her best friend, Myra got all dolled up and wore a white cotton dress. She hadn't dressed like this for a long time, and wearing this outfit made her look a few years younger. She was overflowing with youthful energy.

In addition to that, after seeing Heather, she felt like she had gone back in time. After graduating high school, she felt nostalgic about the past and all the things that they had gone through.

On the other hand, Heather favored light-colored and simple outfits, so most of her clothes were white. Today, she wore a simple, light green, spaghetti strap dress.

In her opinion, life was already complicated enough, so she didn't see the point of making everything else so complex. Even the thought of the fancy things the Langston family wore made her head hurt.

Growing up in that environment, one would either be deeply affected by it or abhor it. She was one of the few latter. Frankly, the only thing she was thankful to her parents for was not giving her a gaudy name.

Heather arrived at Times Square first. Usually, she would arrive early when there wasn't anything going on. If she left right on time, she would probably run into some unexpected situation. As such, she'd much rather arrive early than late.

Fortunately, not long after she arrived, Myra came. Heather was a little surprised when she saw her as she nearly forgot what she looked like in a white cotton dress.

Even though she hadn't been home the past few years, she knew about Myra and Sean's failed marriage. She had only met Sean once, but she could already tell that Sean was a fool. Compared to him, Tony was indeed much smarter.

"I'm always later than you," Myra said helplessly.

"Time management requires reasonable planning, which involves statistics." Heather's lips curved into a small smile. The scholar's brain was filled with things the average person wouldn't be able to comprehend.

The pleasure of shopping wasn't just walking around in the mall, but also in buying. Retail therapy was a pleasant experience for the mind and body.

As a child, Heather had the knack of being a spendthrift, while Myra was used to restraining her in time. Otherwise, Heather would have spent impulsively on numerous things that were mostly useless.

For example, when buying clothes, Heather would buy a lot at once and hang them in her closet. She would rarely wear them unless she particularly liked it, while the pile of clothes that she never wore grew.

After so many years, Heather still hadn't changed. She was the most irrational when she was shopping. To her, as long as it was something she liked, she had to buy it regardless of its practicality.

"I'm going to buy a lot of things today," Heather said as she opened the memo on her phone and handed it over to Myra.

"Are you sure?" Myra stared at her worriedly. The memo was a few pages long, and she assumed that it would grow longer as they shopped.

They might even need a truck to send all the items back home. Just as Myra was considering whether to call up a delivery truck, Heather had begun her shopping spree.

"I haven't been home for so long and they've completely messed up my room. I didn't even sleep well last night. I warned them not to touch my room before I left the country, and yet my room looks like a unicorn puked in it." The thought of her pink, floral-themed bedroom with a princess bed made her gag. She complained about her family's taste, and that it was making her stressed out.

"It was inevitable." Myra comforted her. Just as she expected, Heather had an endless stream of complaints when she returned to the Langston Residence.

"Let's go to the furniture shop." Just then, Heather tugged on Myra's arm. She was still mad that her family had messed up her room.

Myra nodded firmly as she started her big task. She knew Heather would go crazy at the furniture store and buy a whole new set of furniture for her home.

"I heard there's a good furniture shop in Times Square, and it's all custom-made. I don't like my things to look generic." Heather favored custom-made and unique things, and following trends wasn't her style at all.

"As long as you're happy. Which store is it?" Before shopping, Heather would plan out her routes. She would meticulously plan out her destinations based on what was on her shopping list since she didn't like to wander aimlessly in the mall.

Unless she was bored to death or she was there by chance, she wouldn't wander without a purpose. In her words, shopping malls all looked the same, and the aesthetics weren't impressive. If she had time to wander around, she might as well use that time to wander in a scenic area. This way, at least she could enjoy the scenery.

In general, Heather was goal-oriented. She had a purpose in everything she did, instead of doing anything blindly. Back then, she became friends with Myra because of a miscalculation. If Myra had not taken the initiative to comfort her and moved her as a result, it was unlikely that they would be such good friends.

Heather had accounted for everything, but overlooked the power of relationships. She had selflessly devoted herself to her friendship with Myra because of these feelings.

At that time, Heather never thought that in addition to friendship, romantic relationships would also cause her to tumble down. She wasn't an outgoing person, but once she opened up to someone, she would be warm and willing to do anything for them.

It was sort of a way of maintaining her pure heart. After all, she wasn't a robot, and she would be affected by her feelings.

Heather dragged Myra to the furniture with the rumored unique style. When they arrived, she was rather satisfied with the shop. From the first glance at their brand logo, she knew she was at the right place.

They went straight to the bed section because the first thing Heather wanted to get rid of was her bed. In the display window, there were about a dozen bed models. In order to save space, they had displayed the models instead of the actual item.

However, when shopping for beds, Heather thought it would be better to see the physical item. The hands-on experience would help her in making her decision.

While she was going through a few models, Myra quietly waited instead of giving Heather her opinion. In the selection of things, Heather had her own principles and it was better for Myra not to interfere.

Besides, Heather was an opinionated person, and even a little stubborn. When her mind was made up, there was no one that could persuade her otherwise.

When Heather told the manager that the models alone weren't sufficient in helping her make her decision, the manager cleverly replied, "Miss Langston, our store's policy is customization and we strive to make each item unique. These models are just the more popular ones out of the hundreds and thousands of products we have. You don't have to choose from them. You only need to tell us your specific requirements, and we will try to make it as accurate as possible."

Hearing this, Heather smiled slightly. The fact that this custom-made furniture shop could do this was far beyond her expectations. She thought it was just a bluff and that the items were essentially the same despite any changes in design.

"If you take a closer look at these models, each one is different in both appearance and details. We put most of our focus on details, and we will provide you with the best service. You may even specify the raw materials." The manager was aiming to impress.

Even Myra almost gave in and bought one for herself, but she suppressed the impulse in time. No matter how persuaded Heather was, Myra wouldn't be moved. Even when she offered to buy it for Myra as a gift, Myra unrelentingly refused.

"Shopping-wise, you're not like a woman at all." Heather furrowed her brow and scowled resentfully.

How could Myra refuse such a temptation? Buying things was one of the joys of life and nourishment for women's souls.

"Rational consumption is important, and you should be careful when shopping so as not to cause any unnecessary waste of resources," Myra responded in a serious manner. She had always believed that spending recklessly was a waste of resources. Based on this itself, Heather was impressed since there weren't many people who had the same mindset as her.

"Don't give me that. Since you mentioned the waste of resources, let me give you an example. When shopping demand shrinks during an economic crisis, some things with a short shelf life may face the fate of being scrapped before they even leave the factory. When goods keep piling up and remain stagnant, and when the people's shopping ability can't keep up with the production, manufacturers will simply get rid of some of the goods to keep them affordable. Now tell me, isn't that a greater waste of resources?" Heather flawlessly countered Myra's argument. No matter what, she could always come up with a bunch of arguments.

In terms of reasoning, Myra could never be able to win against Heather. Not to mention that Heather's head was filled with a bunch of fallacious arguments.

"Buying is justice and the way to go. I'm spending money to expand domestic demand and contribute to the national GDP. I worked tirelessly to earn money with my wisdom just so I could chase the high of spending. As long as I want it, I will buy it. This is the right way of living." Heather cocked her head to the side and smiled smugly at Myra. Even when she said sophomoric things, she still looked so charming.

At that moment, Myra wore a look of defeat. Heather had gotten more eloquent ever since she last saw her. At the rate that she was growing, Myra feared that she would never be able to catch up to her.

“Alright, alright. You’re the queen, so you do what you want,” Myra said rather helplessly, remembering when they were still kids and Heather liked to play the queen and Myra the princess. She always said that being a princess was useless, and that it was better to be the queen.

At once, Heather giggled. She hadn’t laughed so happily in a long time.

“Miss Stark.” Out of nowhere, a man’s voice came from not far away, interrupting their laughter.

Just then, Heather gathered herself together and looked toward the source of the voice. When she saw Matthias, a look of horror flashed across her face. As if she was bewitched, she involuntarily blurted, “No way!”