

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 441

Tony stood tall and proud as the breeze blew his bangs. His handsome features were warm and alluring. When he turned slightly to face Myra, he was wearing a refreshing smile that was as stunning as the gods from ancient myths.

“Before we go on our world trip, you have to marry me.” Tony was wearing that look when he stared into Myra’s eyes, which she found irresistible.

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They had been engaged for a while, so they had been thinking of marriage. To be more precise, Myra was planning to hold the ceremony after she gave birth to the baby. When she observed her belly, she noticed it was bulging slightly, so she was worried she might not look good in a wedding dress.

Upon noticing her hesitation, Tony arched his brow. Things don’t seem to be progressing as smoothly as expected.

“Tony, I won’t look good in a wedding dress now.” Myra was visibly dejected. If she didn’t get held up by matters pertaining to Stark Group, she wouldn’t mind getting married sooner.

“You definitely will. Myra, you look good in anything.” Tony tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear while soothing her.

It was a breezy day, so their clothes made noises as it flapped in the wind. It cooled them down so much that they had almost forgotten about the heat in Bradford City. In fact, the weather was just nice. Having waited for a long while, it was finally a cloudy day. Without the blazing sun, the breeze that blew nonstop was a pleasant addition to the scenery before them.

A huge plot of land in the northern suburbs belonged to Hart Group. Tony had been building something over the desolate place, but nobody knew what he was up to. Transportation was an important aspect to the project which had yet to be completed. Nonetheless, he was expecting to announce it to the public by the coming year.

Tony made sure to carefully support Myra when they were walking. If it wasn't for his desire to show her the grand place, he wouldn't have dragged her along to a place with such uneven ground. From his point of view, Myra could only step on flat and clean surfaces. However, she wasn't that delicate, so she didn't find it disagreeable. On the contrary, having the opportunity to let out some sweat felt cathartic.

As they neared their destination, a triumphant smile gradually surfaced on Tony's face. I wonder what expression she will make later on. He was eager to witness what was to come. Throughout the day, Tony seemed somewhat adorable. When Myra checked out his profile, he was giggling like a child.

"Stop putting up airs," Myra said despite her anticipation.

"Do you see that?" Tony pointed at somewhere not far from them. "It's over there."

When Myra cast a glance in the direction where he was pointing at, she could see from afar a structure that resembled an amusement park, which piqued her curiosity. Therefore, she picked up her pace in order to take a closer look at the structure.

"Slow down." Tony was following behind her with a worried expression.

Soon enough, they got to where Tony was talking about. Myra was so surprised by the scenery before her that she could hardly believe her own eyes. It was as if they had entered a dreamland. While grasping Tony's arm, she was elated. "How did you even think of creating such a beautiful dreamland?"

"Because you were the one who gave me the inspiration to do so." Tony held Myra's hand in a tight grip. "Let's check out the place. You might recall something." The knowing smile that Tony wore seemed to be a hint.

A huge manor was erected near a mountain by a river. It was named Tomyrra Wonderland, which was a combination of Tony and Myra's name. It was a dreamy place. While it might not be a literal kingdom, the small amusement park was fully furnished and equipped with the necessary facilities.

Tomyrra Wonderland satisfied Myra's dream of being a princess. It mimicked the setup of a fairytale kingdom where princes and princesses lived. Even the design of the gates looked fantastical.

Although pink was chosen as the base color of the entire amusement park, it wasn't tacky at all. Instead, the combination of pink and a refreshing touch of blue gave the place a dreamy quality. Since the place was set to be an amusement park, a myriad of other colors were also utilized. Therefore, the place was bursting with colors that went well with each other, not at all looking gaudy.

The deeper they ventured, the more familiar the place felt. Myra began to wonder if she had seen this place somewhere, or perhaps in a dream. While wearing a faint smile, she wondered if Tony had perhaps designed the place himself.

"Do you like it?" When Tony posed the question, even his firm features softened.

"Yeah. I have a feeling that I've seen it somewhere before." Not only was the place familiar, but she might even have doodled it on paper.

Without a word, Tony wore a smile while looking at Myra. All of a sudden, she was seized by a memory, which prompted her to stare at Tony in disbelief. So this is how it is, she thought. "Tony, did you design the place according to my scattered manuscripts?" Agitated, her voice didn't sound as cool as it usually was.

She used to be a designer, so she would spend her free time working on blueprints. Once, she recalled a dream about a wonderland that she had as a kid, in which she spent a memorable time. Thus, she created a blueprint based on that dream of hers. When Tony found out about the blueprint, she told him about that dream she had as a child, since it wasn't a big deal.

Tony was very supportive of the idea, and encouraged her to finish the blueprints by filling in all the details. Back then, she didn't even realize he already made up his mind to build the amusement park.

When she thought about how hard Tony must have tried to hide the construction from her, as well as all the hard work that he must have put in while recreating the stuff of her dreams in the real world, she couldn't contain herself.

It was the best gift that she had ever received. While looking at Tony, she bit on her bottom lip to stop herself from bursting into tears. Ever since he came into her life, he seemed to be capable of bringing her one surprise after the other. Relishing in the sound of his heartbeat and his scent after embracing him, Myra realized she was smitten by him. "Tony, I will cry if you do this." Her voice was trembling.

Tony patted her back. "You're such a crybaby. The fact that you like it is the most magnificent reward for my efforts." He held her tightly. For the longest while, he had been thinking of creating something that could commemorate their love.

"You sound so formal. How long have you been working on this?" Myra recalled that he had spent most of his time keeping her company in Bradford City, so she had no idea how he managed to find time to work on the amusement park.

"It has been a while since construction began, and it's not finished yet, but I wanted to show it to you during Valentine's Day." Tony couldn't recall how long he had spent working on the project, but he figured it was all worth it as long as Myra was happy about it.

"Will the park be open to the public by next year?" Myra asked curiously.

"Yeah, but we will play with all of the facilities in it before that." He wore a genuine smile, his every move mesmerizing.

By that point, Myra already left his arms. She had a satisfied smile on her face, content with the surprise. "So, Director Tony Hart built an amusement park from scratch for my sake." She opened her arms casually.

It was a sight for sore eyes. Without a trace, Tony took out his phone to snap a photo of Myra when she was in such a casual state. Upon hearing the noise, she walked up to him with a stern look on her face. "Hey, why did you snap a photo of me?" She was a little embarrassed.

"You looked good, so I figured I should record it." Tony shook the phone in his hand as he spoke. With a witty smile, Myra took out her phone to snap a few shots of him before he could react, so he didn't get to avoid it.

"Myra..." Tony wasn't expecting her to do that. She sure is getting cleverer.

"You look good too." Letting out a chuckle, she opened the photo gallery to check on the photos. She took the photos so quickly that she didn't even get to see how they looked. Tony also scooted closer. It turned out that he was the type who looked good no matter what pose he struck. Even in the photos that Myra took casually, he still was as handsome as ever. "Tony, you sure are an attractive man." Myra seemed lovesick.

"From my point of view, you're the most attractive of them all." He said so while staring at her. It was his sincere opinion. No matter how pretty other people looked, they could never compare to Myra.

"Hmph!" Myra huffed, partially because of shyness, before walking forward. After all, there were still a lot of scenic views throughout the journey ahead. It took them a while to go through the entire place. "A lot of girls will come to take photos after it is officially opened to the public." Myra looked almost like an expert when she made that comment.

Nodding, Tony agreed with her. "You can treat this place as an amusement park." Even though there were elements that differentiated Tomyrra Wonderland from one, it was still essentially an amusement park, for it had multiple facilities as well, but merely with more buildings. He was also planning to hire performance artists for shows and gigs, so it would be different from an amusement park.

They spent an entire afternoon at the place. When they noticed it was getting late, they left reluctantly. Myra adored the place, as it brought her back to her dreams of when she was a child. It was just that in her dreams, the place was crowded, and nor was Tony with her. However, the experience was enough to make her feel like she went on a time travel.

After they got back in their car, Myra's eyes were glued to Tony. She couldn't help but stare, as she had a hard time articulating her feelings. All she could think of was to thank the heavens for bequeathing her someone as outstanding as Tony.

"Don't I look exceptionally handsome today?" Tony joked while starting the car engine.

"Yeah, you are so freaking handsome. Nobody in the whole wide world looks better than you." Myra didn't hold back while praising him, which made him practically light up with joy.

"You silly girl." He wore a content smile. Hearing her praise him like that made him feel happy.

"Yeah. I will forever be your silly girl. I have nothing to worry about as long as you're with me." While on their way back, she couldn't stop saying sweet nothings to him.

"So when will you marry me?" He was serious about it. After all, he couldn't wait to see her in a wedding dress. He was also looking forward to the moment when Myra and him swore their oaths in front of God amidst the ringing of church bells and the blessings of a crowd.

"Anytime you deem suitable." Having lost herself in feelings of bliss, Myra wouldn't mind doing anything that Tony asked of her right now.

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Compared to Tony's immaculate preparations, Matthias could only soldier on. In order to ask Heather out during Valentine's Day, he had to prepare a special gift. While hanging around in a shop, he wondered what Heather might like.

Myra would know that best. Bored, Matthias scanned through the array of gifts in front of him. Even though the colorful items were pleasing to the eye, he wasn't sure if Heather would like them.

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The shop owner was a middle-aged woman. Aware of Matthias' distress, she took it on herself to make an inquiry. "Sir, you must have come in search of a gift for your girlfriend!" The fact that she got it right at first glance was proof of her shrewdness.

Meanwhile, Matthias kept a straight face while nodding stiffly. It was his first time ever doing something like this, so he was uncomfortable with it. All the while, he was all tensed up as if he were dealing with a dire task.

"Here we have all kinds of gifts. What does your girlfriend like?" The lady pressed on, as she didn't want him to stay glued to the spot forever as time ticked away.

"She's kinda... special." Matthias couldn't come up with a better description. "I have no idea what I should pick." In fact, his hands were tied.

The lady smiled knowingly. Judging from Matthias's expression, she deduced he had just established a relationship with his girlfriend. Otherwise, he wouldn't have given such a vague description of her.

“Something custom-made would be better. Those who are so-called special would prefer unique gifts.” The lady offered him her suggestion. After all, her shop specialized in providing custom-made gifts, which was also a more lucrative business.

“How should I do that when I don’t even know what she wants?” He was on point. It was a bother, as his mind was a complete blank when it came to gifts that Heather would want.

“Can you perhaps describe your girlfriend? I should be able to provide you with some recommendations.” The lady was careful in how she phrased her question. In the face of such a prudent customer, she figured she shouldn’t be bragging.

After some thought, Matthias replied, “She’s a smart woman, having just completed her PhD program in Italy. Ever since she graduated high school, she has been living abroad.” He assumed that Heather’s experiences while living abroad would affect her preferences.

However, his descriptions were not detailed enough, and the aspects he had placed emphasis on were peculiar. It only served to confuse the shop owner. “What about her personality? What kind of person is she?” The shop owner was more keen to know about Heather’s character, not her experience.

“She dislikes gaudy stuff and prefers objects with a light color tone. She’s also someone with high standards.” Having concluded with much difficulty, he was certain those would help in picking out a gift.

“What about a simpler question... Do you know if she needs anything?” The shop owner decided to try another approach. Since she still couldn’t get a grasp on Heather’s character, she decided she should try the simplest method, which might yield results.

Yet, it only led to Matthias gawking at the shop owner, visibly floored by the question. Who knows what she needs? Maybe she needs a corporation? How in the world should I get her one? Besides, she won’t even want it even if I am willing to give it to her.

“Is this your first time buying your girlfriend a gift?” the shop owner questioned tentatively. Upon realizing that Matthias knew nothing whatsoever about said woman’s preferences, she was doubting if he was indeed buying a gift for his girlfriend.

“Yeah.” Matthias looked morose when he admitted that. For goodness’ sake, he didn’t find the question funny at all.

"If that's the case, I would suggest that you buy her a bunch of lipsticks. I'm sure no woman will be able to resist that." Bored and giving up on profiting off of Matthias, the shop owner gave a random suggestion.

Matthias, however, wore a frown when he detected a hint of mockery in the woman's tone. He glowered at her, as she was making him look bad. Therefore, he was determined to buy something from her shop, all the while figuring that a lipstick might be a decent gift for Heather.

"What's the most expensive item you have in your shop?" Matthias' abrupt inquiry seemed to have reignited the shop owner's passion. Therefore, she proceeded to introduce him to various items.

After a long and confusing session, he eventually decided on buying a delicate-looking wooden case. He thought it would be a good idea to fill the ornate case that seemed to be crafted in medieval fashion with lipsticks.

When it came to choosing lipsticks, he had to secure the help of his assistant, Lara Locke, thinking she should have a better idea. When she showed up with a bright smile on her face, he felt as if she was his salvation. He had been hanging around in front of the various shops, but he didn't even know where to start. In his eyes, all of the lipsticks were a similar shade of red.

"Mr. Locke, why are you suddenly interested in lipsticks?" Lara regarded him with curiosity. After all, she never expected him to skip a day's work for the sake of picking out lipsticks in a mall.

What happened was mind-blowing, as it sure seemed like Matthias was in love. Having worked under him for a few years, Lara deemed him as someone who was outright dumb when it came to love. No matter how she looked at it, the only person who he might have fallen for would be Heather, who had delicate features, as well as a domineering air about her.

She figured Matthias had good taste in women, and that they were a good match. All of a sudden, a mental image of their interaction popped into her mind, which somehow made her buzz with excitement.

Agitated, she began blabbering before Matthias could say another word. "I get it, Mr. Locke! You must be choosing a Valentine's Day present for your girlfriend!" She was chuckling so

hard that Matthias was gawking at her in puzzlement. Then, she threw him the most practical question. "Mr. Locke, what brand and what color does Miss Langston normally use?"

Matthias stared at her in confusion, obviously not understanding a word that she said. In fact, he had no clue about it. "I don't know. I plan on buying three of each brand," he declared proudly.

Thrilled by his declaration, Lara gazed at him with a bubbly look. All of a sudden, his figure appeared all the more sturdy and dependable. "Do you know what color Miss Langston normally uses?" After some thought, she went with the easiest question, as she figured he might have no idea about brands and color codes.

"Don't lipsticks only come in red?" Matthias blinked in perplexity. It can't be that they also come in rainbow colors? Although models apply lipsticks with dazzling colors during fashion shows from time to time, nobody uses them in their daily lives! Shouldn't red be the default?

"Even the color red comes in different shades, such as crimson, fuchsia, rose, peach, cherry pink, and loads more!" Lara lamented. How can he be this dumb even though he has such good looks?

"I suppose every brand has a few best sellers, so let's get one of each!" After a lightbulb moment, Matthias came up with an idea. He thought it would work, as products that sold well were generally appreciated.

"Mr. Locke, I think Miss Langston might prefer something less mainstream." Lara arched her brows at him. She was quite certain that Heather wouldn't actually like what the masses appreciated.

"Then pick out a few that you think might suit her." Matthias guessed it would be better to let Lara do that, as he couldn't possibly choose a suitable one. They spent the remainder of that afternoon in the mall, shopping for lipsticks. Lara went from one shop to another tirelessly, until Matthias was feeling a little impatient.

During work, Lara had always been a bit impatient. On the contrary, Nikolai had more patience, so they worked well together by balancing Lara's gusto out with Nikolai's attentiveness.

It wasn't until Lara started meticulously picking out the lipsticks that Matthias finally got to witness her patience. The catch being, she was enjoying herself without her usual impatience.

Women really find lipsticks irresistible, huh. Seeing that Lara seemed to be enjoying herself, Matthias decided to get some rest in a corner. After patting on her shoulder, he encouraged, "Keep up with the hard work until you pick out eighty of them. You don't need to worry about money. I'll go get some rest."

It was true that women never felt tired while shopping for stuff. If Lara were doing anything else, she would most probably have started complaining about it. As soon as Matthias left, the sales assistant said in admiration, "Miss Locke, your boyfriend is so nice to you. It's such a romantic gesture to allow you to choose eighty lipsticks."

When Lara glanced at Matthias, who was standing some distance away from her, she put on a wistful smile. "Haha, I have to work harder! I still have forty more to go!" She was obviously faking it. It's a good thing that the dumbass finally fell in love, but why can't I help but feel bitter about it?

Pouting, she was suddenly overwhelmed by the urge to cry. She assumed that Matthias would notice her if she continued to stay by his side. Alas, he only ever paid attention to someone else. Whenever he looks at me, he's in fact looking at someone else.

Although she wished for him to actually notice her, it seemed impossible. Lara laughed in a self-deprecating manner before carrying on with the task at hand. Since she couldn't have him, she decided she would end her unrequited love then and there.

Now that he found someone he loved, she would give him her blessing, as well as make minor contributions to his relationship. This is enough. She told herself repeatedly in an attempt to hypnotize herself. You won't be able to remain by Matthias' side if you get too greedy.

When evening came, she finally completed her mission brilliantly. Matthias gave her a satisfied smile. On the other hand, she was still wearing a careless smile while blinking at him. "How are you going to pack them?" She was curious about it. He wouldn't just offer them up in a pile, would he?

Matthias shook the wooden case at her, supposing he should be able to tuck all of the lipsticks into the case. "Let's give it a try," he suggested. He believed that actually trying it out would give him the answers.

Indeed, there was still some space after he put all of the lipsticks into the case. While he thought he would be able to gain Heather's approval, he didn't notice the anguished look on Lara's face when he turned to face the other way.

"I'm sorry that this dragged on for so long. It's already way past the usual time to clock off work." With that, he picked out three lipsticks from the case. "Happy Valentine's Day. These three are a gift for you. Since you were the one who picked them, I suppose you will like them."

Matthias was smiling warmly as he spoke. I'm not a cruel boss who would exploit my employees. On the contrary, I'm rather compassionate toward them. Since it's Valentine's Day, it's appropriate that I give Heather seventy-seven lipsticks. It's such a meaningful present! This will be the perfect gift when coupled with a bouquet of flowers!

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Matthias chose and sent the flowers out during his break time, so he assumed that the flowers would have reached Heather's office by then. I'm sure most women wouldn't say no to flowers. It might be a rather traditional gift, but I believe it's customary to gift flowers to one's girlfriend during celebrations like this.

Heather had been kept busy the whole day. She was finishing up her work when a young man arrived at her office with a parcel in his arms. The young man broke into a smile when Heather held the door open for him. He was always polite to his customers, but he was especially friendly that day when he saw how pretty his female customer was. "Hello. This is a gift for you. I'll need you to sign this," he uttered politely.

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She simply took a glance at the rectangular-shaped parcel that was still in his arms without showing any intention of taking it from him. He began to feel rather awkward under her

scrutiny, and he couldn't seem to tell what was going on in her mind. "Who sent this?" she asked. She had a feeling it was Matthias, but she wanted to make sure anyway.

"Mr. Locke," the young man answered honestly.

Heather seemed to contemplate something for a moment before she gave the young man her orders. "Leave it on the couch." She waved a dismissive hand toward the couch as if she couldn't be bothered by the gift at all. Based on the packaging, she was pretty sure that he had gifted her fresh flowers. She wasn't too fond of flowers—it was a common gift she received ever since she was young.

Isn't Matthias a little too uninventive? Does he think I'm going to go out with him after he sends me these boring flowers? He must be daydreaming. Moreover, he didn't even send these himself. How can he expect me to go out with him when he doesn't even show any sincerity? He's probably busy with work at the Locke Group now. I knew that I shouldn't have held any hopes for a man like him.

This tiny disruption was soon ignored as Heather continued to bury herself in her work for a while. She only had to handle some final matters before she could get off work. Most of the other staff members had rushed out of the office since it was Valentine's Day, and she was the only one who didn't mind staying back to complete her work.

By the time Matthias arrived, Heather was still occupied with the tasks she was handling. He quietly pushed the glass door open before he slipped into a corner where he watched her doing her work. She had been too immersed to notice his presence, but he didn't mind as he found her even more charismatic right then.

Heather only realized his presence when she looked up after she finished her work. The first thing that caught her eye was the tiny, wooden box in his hands. She sent him a puzzled glance as she wondered, Did he just rush over after he finished his work? That little box looks interesting. I wonder where he got it from. It seems rather delicate and exquisite—it looks almost like a work of art.

"Everyone else is gone. When are you planning to let yourself off work?" Matthias said as he gave her a lopsided grin.

"Right now," Heather replied as she hastily tidied her desk. It was important that she kept her desk tidy.

As he walked toward her, he quickly realized the flowers that had been left by the couch. She didn't even open the packaging, so I guess she's not interested in it at all. She spread her lips into a smile when she realized that he had noticed the flowers. "I didn't open it because I don't like roses," she explained. Since it was Valentine's Day, she was certain that he had bought her roses—she didn't even bother to check what flowers they were.

"It's fine. You can throw it away if you don't like them." He put on a generous smile to show that he wasn't bothered by her words. He continued to explain himself when he realized that she was eyeing the wooden box in his arms. "This is for you as well. You can throw this away if you don't like this too." He was starting to sound rather grumpy, probably because he hadn't expected to receive such treatment from a woman. It was the first time he had purchased any gifts for a woman in a long while, after all.

She took the box from him, feeling the firm structure against her palms. "This box seems really special. I like it," she said after taking a glance at the box. Its exterior design was simple and elegant, which suited her taste perfectly.

"Aren't you going to take a look at what's inside?" he probed. His actual gift was the lipsticks that the box contained.

Heather gently shook the box, listening to the sound it made and contemplating for a moment before she opened it. The lid was lifted to reveal a bunch of lipsticks. She scrunched her nose as she looked at all the different lipsticks inside—she hadn't expected such a gift. Matthias might be the only person who'd get the idea to keep lipsticks in a wooden box, she thought. Her expression remained calm as she shut the lid.

"I spent the whole afternoon picking these out for you, so I hope that you like it," he uttered.

Her expression flickered the moment she heard his words. Does he have nothing better to do? How could he spend an entire afternoon choosing lipsticks? A faint smile appeared on her face as she pictured the sight of a man browsing lipstick collections at a beauty store—the image itself was amusing to her. "Would a man like you know anything about lipsticks?" She opened the box again to pick out a few that caught her eye. These look pretty decent, she thought.

"You don't have to worry about that," he mumbled awkwardly. He couldn't possibly tell her that he had ordered his assistant to help him pick out the lipsticks, could he?

“Well, this was a thoughtful gift. Why don’t we grab a drink at your place?” she asked with a broad smile on her face. He couldn’t conceal the surprise in his gaze, as it was rare for her to take such an initiative. Does she have some sort of ulterior motive? Something doesn’t feel right here.

Heather’s smile remained on her face. She seemed like she was in a good mood. “We’ll have to drink until we’re drunk tonight, then!” he uttered in a serious tone. It was rare for him to encounter someone who enjoyed drinking as much as he did, and he was glad that he wouldn’t have to spend Valentine’s Day drinking on his own.

Matthias had ordered his housekeeper to decorate the place earlier that day. The housekeeper was a professional he had hired at a pricey rate, so he was certain that the Locke Residence would look completely different by the time he got home that night.

Indeed, both Matthias and Heather received a huge surprise when they first returned to his house. Heather quickly frowned and glared at Matthias as they were greeted with a shower of petals over their heads. Matthias had the urge to slap his palm against his forehead when he saw the proud grin on his mixed-blooded housekeeper’s face.

“What are you doing, Evan?” Matthias asked annoyed. He told the housekeeper to set the mood for a celebration at home, but he hadn’t expected the decorations to turn out so embarrassingly cheap.

“Valentine’s Day! Romance, petals,” Evan announced in an exaggerated tone. He didn’t have a good grasp of their language, so it was clear that he was a foreigner. Matthias tried his best to control his temper since Heather was right beside him.

Meanwhile, Evan proceeded to reach for Heather’s hands before planting a kiss on her fingers. “Welcome, beautiful Miss Langston.”

Heather decided to forgive the man when she saw how earnest he looked—it was acceptable for him to do such a thing only because of the innocent, warm demeanor he gave off right then. She therefore gave the housekeeper a forced smile before turning to Matthias. “Let’s go to the balcony.” The open-air balcony was Heather’s favorite place in the Locke Residence. Since the Langston Residence was designed to look more like a traditional castle, it didn’t have an open balcony, and she couldn’t enjoy the breeze outside when she wanted to.

“Okay.” Matthias reached for Heather’s hand before he shot Evan a hostile glare to indicate that he was angry at Evan for having kissed Heather’s fingers.

Heather found herself caught in an awkward situation. She wanted to brush Matthias off, but she decided that it would be better if she didn’t shame him in front of his housekeeper. Once they were a distance away, and once Evan could no longer see them, she then pulled her hand away from Matthias. “You’re making me feel uncomfortable. I don’t like getting too intimate with others,” she whispered in his ear as a reminder. She felt displeased as Matthias seemed to have crossed the line as her fake boyfriend. He was a little dejected when he felt her soft touch slipping out of his fingers, but he knew not to insist on holding her hand.

The both of them got to the open, rooftop balcony while Evan hurried around to get the maids to prepare various dishes for them. Although Evan was a somewhat odd character at times, he still managed to tick most of the boxes that his job required.

Meanwhile, the two individuals were dumbstruck by the sight that greeted them at the balcony. Evan had arranged for Romeo and Juliet figurines to be set up on the balcony, and he even added colorful lights to enhance the Valentine’s Day mood. Matthias pressed two fingers against his temples. How did Evan decide to go with such decorations?

Heather pressed a hand over her lips to conceal her smile. “It’s pretty cute. It certainly sets the atmosphere, don’t you think?” She tried her best to comfort Matthias when she saw how annoyed he looked.

He felt much better when he realized that she didn’t seem to mind the decorations. He just didn’t want to embarrass himself in front of her. There was a long table that had been set up near them, and it seemed like they were about to share a candlelight dinner.

Heather turned to flash Matthias a smile. “Don’t you think the table is a little too long? It’s going to be hard for us to talk,” she uttered as she raised an eyebrow. She wasn’t too interested in having a candlelight dinner then.

Similarly, Matthias didn’t have any such intentions—all of it had clearly been arranged by Evan. I should have seen this coming—he’s from a different culture, after all, Matthias thought as he rolled his eyes. “Should we ask to change the table, then?” he asked awkwardly.

"It's fine. That was just an offhand comment." Even Heather could sense the awkwardness in the air then. It felt peculiar to her since it was her first time interacting with someone of the opposite gender during Valentine's Day. At one point, she even wondered if it was the right decision to have agreed to visit Matthias's house. All those news articles came out after I last visited this place. We might be stuck together now, but I don't know if he has a hidden agenda for what he wants to do tonight. I can't let my guard down, she thought as she threw him a glance. I have to improvise as we progress.

Matthias felt rather nervous himself. He had spent most of his years focused on his job, and he was clueless when it came to romantic relationships. Both of them were kept a distance apart as the dishes were served at the table, and Heather found herself settling down a little as the distance made her feel safer. The more she thought about it, the more she decided that it would be better if they had kept a distance. It was a special day, and they were surrounded by such a romantic environment. Even Heather herself felt dazed by the setup—anyone who didn't know better would have probably assumed that Matthias was trying to go after her.

The tense atmosphere between them eased up after they drank a few glasses of wine. Alcohol didn't just warm their insides; it seemed to also heat up the atmosphere around them. Both of them began to discuss a few random topics, ranging from politics to market trends. They gradually got comfortable with one another when they realized that they had a few topics in common. It was then that Evan's voice sounded from a distance away. "You can't go there, Nikolai."

Matthias felt his heart sinking the moment he heard this, and Heather quickly raised her head to look in the direction of the voice. Soon enough, Nikolai appeared in front of them with a look of disbelief on his face. His gaze was filled with hurt as he looked at Heather before shifting his focus to Matthias.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you guys." His body was stiff and tense as he turned around and walked off without looking back.

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Matthias felt oddly ashamed of himself as he lowered his cutleries. He watched helplessly as Nikolai stormed off. It seems like Nikolai really treats Heather differently. I've always thought that he didn't know anything about romantic relationships, but I guess that was just because he hadn't met the right person at the right time. It worries me to see him so deeply infatuated with Heather though. Who would have thought that it would be love at first sight for Nikolai?

He reminds me of how I had felt when I first fell in love with Myra after seeing her gentle and warm smile. Love is such an unpredictable thing. Who knows if he'll spend the rest of his life longing for a girl, or if he'll be able to get over his feelings before that?

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Heather lowered her cutleries when she saw how worried Matthias seemed. Any spark of romance that they shared a while ago was completely gone after Nikolai's sudden appearance. They both exchanged glances with one another, and neither of them looked like they had the appetite to continue their meals. "I'm sorry," Matthias finally said after a while.

He didn't understand why he felt the need to apologize, but his apology was precisely what Heather had been waiting for. In response, she curled her lips upward as she questioned the reason for his apology. "What's there to be sorry about?" she uttered in a casual and lighthearted tone. She wasn't about to get herself caught between Matthias and Nikolai.

"Nikolai has been under a lot of stress recently, so he might have acted out of line earlier. I hope you can forgive him." Matthias was attempting to justify Nikolai's acts, but it clearly wasn't much of a justification.

"It's fine. I wasn't too bothered by it. I'm full now." Heather gave him a hearty chuckle, but he had to force himself to look away, for he would have been too distracted by her angelic smile otherwise.

"I'm full too. Why don't we go to the living room and try something from my alcohol collection?" he suggested. He wanted to get rid of the awkward atmosphere between them, so he figured that they had to do something else.

On the other hand, she swirled the remaining liquid in her glass and finished it before she responded. "It's late now. Perhaps we can do it some other day!" Heather no longer wanted to stay around, and she made it clear with the look in her eyes; even her smile was starting to seem rather impatient.

"Let me send you off then." Matthias decided that he couldn't forcefully keep her around, so both of them then got out of their seats.

"It's fine. I'll see myself out." Heather felt oddly sober after rejecting his offer. She no longer wanted the ambiguously romantic relationship with Matthias; any mildly intimate acts they shared between them only reminded her of her past self that she despised. Now, she believed that liking someone was a sacred and unique experience, and what she had with Matthias was a compromise that was gradually growing into a romance. The slow transition from putting on a show as a couple to privately interacting with each other as a couple was frightening for Heather.

Yet, Matthias couldn't comprehend the fear that Heather was feeling. He wasn't even aware of how much he had fallen for her as he still believed that Myra was the only woman he fancied.

That was the thing about romantic relationships that weren't wholly established—neither party would know what would happen next if one of them genuinely fell for the other. Being the combination of a woman who refused to open herself up to love and a man who had another person that he fancied, they simply weren't suited to toy around with the idea of love between them.

We would only hurt each other in the process. Heather might have been testing the waters for a while, but she quickly came to this conclusion. Therefore, she rushed off soon after Nikolai interrupted their meal. All Matthias could do then was to watch as she made her way out.

Evan hurried over to send Heather off once Matthias sent him a look, and he returned to see that Matthias had flipped the entire table over. As Evan began to tidy up the mess that Matthias had just made, the latter was still fuming with anger, so he gave Matthias a long, thoughtful gaze.

Only a few individuals were aware of the fact that Evan and Matthias were friends. Heather knew that Matthias was her senior, but she didn't realize that Evan was, in fact, her senior as well. Halfway through their studies, Evan traveled to England to train as a housekeeper, and Matthias had specially hired Evan to work for him because of the relationship they had with

one another. Regardless of where Matthias went, he would make sure to bring Evan along with him.

Matthias didn't necessarily need a housekeeper for himself, but what he longed for was a person that he could talk to. It was tough to suppress all his emotions without releasing them to someone, and Evan was his trusty outlet. He trusted Evan since he was a quiet person who knew not to gossip about others.

"Stop cleaning up," Matthias said to Evan. "Get someone else to do it. I want you to have a few drinks with me." Matthias walked over to Evan as he spoke, and Evan had no choice but to get to his feet. Although Evan wasn't the most outstanding housekeeper, for he often achieved only the bare minimum standards, he was still a decent listener. That was the main reason their friendship grew, even though they had only been classmates for a year.

"Did I make a mistake?" Evan was an observant man. For a moment, Matthias was tempted to ask Evan if he had ever not made a mistake.

Once they got to the living room, Evan dutifully opened a bottle of wine for them. All the alcohol that Evan had picked out for Matthias were top-tier drinks, and the both of them often had a few glasses with one another. Several issues might have been a cause for concern when they were sober, but there was little that they couldn't solve by having a few drinks. At the very least, alcohol allowed them to escape their problems for a while.

They quickly slipped into a conversation as they drank. "Why do you care about what's right or wrong?" Evan asked in a carefree tone that reflected his personality. In the past, Evan had been the child of a wealthy family, but things changed when his family went bankrupt. He lost everything overnight, and he had no hopes of getting back up on his feet as he didn't have many talents or skills to begin with.

He only studied economics in the same school as Matthias because his father had assumed that he would inherit the family business someday. However, when the business collapsed, everyone grieved and struggled over the loss except Evan. He was the only one who felt relieved as he hadn't wanted to inherit the company from the start.

He felt much more relaxed with his life after the bankruptcy, and his decision to transfer to England for a housekeeping course was made on a whim. In Evan's opinion, there was no clear distinction between right and wrong, as long as he didn't feel troubled by his decisions. Matthias, on the other hand, seemed to enjoy troubling himself, and that was probably one of the reasons Matthias kept Evan around as a listener.

Matthias longed for someone who could help alter his personality, be it a family member, friend, or lover. He might have portrayed himself as a powerful and manly individual, but deep down, all he longed for was someone to save him from the person he was.

“I never expected Nikolai to fall for her,” Matthias uttered in a pained voice. He had no idea how the issue could possibly be resolved at that point. What’s going to happen in the future? Who knows how this might impact or hurt Nikolai? My heart’s a mess. I feel like I’m watching as Nikolai is going through what I went through in the past. What makes it worse is that I’m the one who forced him upon this path.

“It’s up to an individual to decide if they like or dislike someone. What’s so hard to understand about that? The third person in a relationship doesn’t deserve to be too harshly criticized. Factors like a third party, a secret lover, or unagreeable family members don’t play a key role in one’s relationship. It’s never the main reason that two people don’t end up with one another.” Evan analyzed the situation in a logical manner. Although he had never agreed with Matthias’s view, he knew he couldn’t tell Matthias what to do.

“Fine! Yeah! I just wanted to blame everything on Heather because I’m a cowardly man who’s too selfish to do anything else!” Matthias howled in response.

Being the calm and carefree individual he was, Evan seemed unfazed by this outburst. Instead, he gave Matthias a rather exasperated stare. Both of them never seemed to agree with one another, yet Matthias insisted on keeping Evan by his side all the time. Matthias was worried that he would never be able to feel clear-headed again once Evan left him.

Ever since he found out about Myra’s upcoming marriage and her pregnancy, he felt like he was caught in a muddled, fuzzy state that didn’t allow him any coherent thoughts. I’ve lost my final opportunity to get Myra to return to me, and perhaps fate will never bring us together again. How am I supposed to be okay with that? How am I supposed to give up on our relationship? Our memories had once been a light at the end of a dark tunnel that guided and pushed me forward, but it now feels like I’ve lost that source of light. I simply can’t bring myself to accept the cruel truth.

“It feels like you haven’t grown up at all sometimes.” Evan shot Matthias a pitiful look. There was one important reason that Evan agreed to stay by Matthias’s side—Evan believed that they were the same type of person. Some people refuse to continue growing even before they’ve fully matured. These people only continue to age physically, but they remain the same mentally. I was like that—I refused to grow up because I didn’t want to bear any responsibilities.

Instead, I allowed myself to stray wild, to seek a life of freedom for myself. Matthias refused to grow up after encountering his struggles in love, and he has trapped himself within that immature, childlike relationship ever since. He might have grown his career and his abilities, but his love life has been stagnant ever since that experience. He's stubbornly holding onto the good memories he had in the past, and he even thinks that Myra might long for him the way he longs for her. He certainly wouldn't have expected Myra to have completely forgotten about him.

"You can pretend to be drunk when you're drinking, but how are you going to continue acting dazed when you're sober, Matthias?" Evan swirled the red wine in his glass. He preferred darker shades of wine.

"Have you ever loved someone?" This was the first time Matthias ever asked Evan about his love life. All along, Matthias had only focused on talking about his own relationships, but he had never heard Evan talk about his relationships.

Evan looked up and tugged his lips into a smile. "I'm sure everyone has fancied a person or two, right?" His smile broadened as he spoke, like flowers that blossomed in the middle of spring.

"How did you get over it, then?" Matthias wanted someone to tell him what to do. He couldn't afford to continue loving Myra, yet he couldn't bring himself to cut ties with her.

"Why do I have to get over it? I'm enjoying the relationship. Not all love stories are depressing, you know. The first person that I've ever fancied is still in contact with me right now, and we're still close friends. I'm thankful for how much I've grown with this person." Evan had always believed in maintaining relationships with his loved ones, and he didn't see the need to cut ties with anyone. To him, there was no need for tearful separations or drunken midnight calls.

However, that didn't mean that he was someone who gave up on a relationship easily. He insisted on giving his all in a relationship before he gave up on it. The most memorable parts of a relationship shouldn't be the part where one party desperately clings to another while the other person decides to walk away from the relationship, right?

I think that the best relationships are those that are kept simple. I believe that everything will work only when both parties love each other. I don't see the need for any other excuses. Why would two individuals get together if they had so many reasons not to be together from the start?

What's meant to be is meant to be. I don't think there's a need to lament over the person you were forced to let go because of some external reasons. If the both of you were really that in love with each other, you would have found your way back already. If one party has lost feelings for the other, then the relationship can no longer be forced. Force two people to stay in love, and they'll only end up hating each other.

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While there were some who were sad, others were happy. On the night of Valentine's Day, Myra and Tony spent the entire night clinging together, whispering sweet nothings to each other. They had been through so many twists and turns, and it had been a long time since they last enjoyed such a peaceful moment. As they immersed themselves in this moment, they held each other, embracing the beauty of it.

"I want Heather to be my maid of honor," Myra suggested.

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Taking in the smell of her, Tony appeared intoxicated, and he tightened his hand on her chest. He hugged her tightly, as though he had the whole world in his arms, and he began to smell the scent from her hair again.

"Mmh," he murmured softly. Right now, he would agree to anything she said.

"Knock it off." She moaned for a bit while his hands started to stray around her body. This guy is always fooling around! she thought, feeling somewhat annoyed.

"There's no rush about the wedding. Let's not speak about the details today. Let's speak about us." Rolling over, he then lay on top of her and gazed down at her.

With her brows knitted tightly together, she pushed him feebly while saying, "You don't know when to be content." She was grumbling at him, thinking that he had superhuman stamina.

"I can't control it when I just look at you," he muttered close to her ear as he began kissing her.

"No more, please," she begged before it even started. Unlike him, she was already tired. Plus, she was also pregnant.

A devilish smile spread across his face and he kissed her on the lips. Pressing himself against her ear, he whispered, "I can't sleep tonight. I love you so much, baby." Anything could be said when affections were at its strongest.

However, no one else could even imagine Tony to act like this in bed, because everyone remembered him clearly as a person who was incredibly difficult to approach. Sometimes, he wouldn't even give others the chance to discuss anything further.

After that, it took Tony all of his self control to get a grip on himself. Myra was carrying a baby after all, so he shouldn't overdo it. Then, he pulled Myra, who was limp from tiredness, into his arms and kissed her forehead while she snuggled into his chest.

"You're not letting me speak properly," she whined. Really, Tony didn't let her catch a break at all, and she could barely lift a finger now.

On the other hand, Tony found her to be very adorable in this state, and he couldn't help but peck her lightly on the lips. She gazed at him helplessly, thinking that he sometimes acted like a clingy big boy.

"Go to sleep, Myra," he instructed.

However, she didn't feel like sleeping for the moment. Hence, she mumbled in his arms shamelessly, "I can't sleep. I want you to put me to sleep."

Affectionately, he gazed at her, noting how cute she was, and he continued to kiss her cheeks. Just like a doll, he kissed her everywhere as though he wouldn't get tired of it.

Although annoyed, Myra was equally amused by him, and she suddenly felt that he was being a little adorable on this day as she snuggled deeper into his arms.

"Tell me a story," she requested, acting a little spoiled. A pregnant woman's temper was unpredictable, and her personality kept changing during her pregnancy.

Just when Tony's kiss was about to land on her again, she held up her hand and blocked it. "I can't sleep if you keep doing this." What's with him and his kisses today? she thought helplessly. My skin may start to peel if he keeps this up!

"Okay, okay. Bedtime story it is then," he replied. Then, he rubbed his nose against hers and pecked her eyelids gently.

"Tell me the story," she said, looking forward to his storytelling skills. As she wondered what sort of story he might come up with, she had a bad premonition about it at the same time.

At the thought of this, she broke into a giggle instead. People in their country would often say that pregnancy would make one dumb for the next three years. Furthermore, she was now still in the passionate stage of a relationship with Tony, so for an instant, she felt like she had no intelligence left to spare.

"Two rabbits live in the forest. The white rabbit is named 'I Love You', and the black rabbit is called 'I Don't Love You'. Unfortunately, 'I Don't Love You' died later. So what's the one left called?" he said in a serious tone.

Did he actually tell such a lame story to humor me? she thought silently. I can already guess the ending by listening to the beginning! However, without hesitation, she answered, "I Love You!" She stared at him with her big, round eyes, and he felt tempted again.

"Wrong!" he said with a lopsided smirk. "The black rabbit is dead, so there's only the white rabbit left." A triumphant smile spread across his face as the sarcasm in his expression intensified. It didn't strike Myra that he would trap her with wordplay.

Burying her head into his chest, she grumbled, "You're just playing around with words." So my bad premonition from earlier had come true.

Tony laughed out loudly. "You're so cute." Pinching her cheek, he still had the triumphant smile on his face, and he felt incredibly smug.

On the other hand, Myra decided to ignore him as she felt that he was being too crafty, and she kept quiet in his arms.

"Do you feel suffocated?" he asked in a teasing tone. The way they flirted as husband and wife was always a little childish.

"You don't have to know," she snapped. After being spoiled by Tony, she had become rather stubborn with refusing to admit her feelings, and she would only reserve her small tantrums for him.

But then, it didn't bother him, and he merely continued to laugh. Instead, he seemed to find her really adorable this way.

There was nothing scary about a small tantrum as long as there was someone to indulge her in it. Besides, it could be fun for a couple if it didn't go overboard.

After a long while, she murmured, "You promised to tell me a story, but why did you end up telling a brain teaser instead?" From the way she complained about him, she appeared like a child who didn't get her sweets.

Pressing his forehead against hers gently, he forced her to look into his eyes, which were so passionate that she felt that her soul could drown in it.

"What story do you want to listen to, silly?" he asked.

He was so gorgeous that she blushed and her heart galloped. Even up close, she couldn't find a single flaw in his looks. In her eyes, he was close to perfect, and it was as though he carried a holy light around him. As she stared at him, she couldn't hold back and leaned in to kiss him lightly.

How could Tony let go of the little lamb that had given herself to him? As he returned her kiss, he kissed her deeper, and she felt dizzy from it, even feeling a little out of breath.

When she was about to pass out, he finally let her go. This time, she was really tired, and she stayed in his arms quietly.

As he watched her lay quietly in his arms, he started humming softly. It was a tune without lyrics that he used to coax her to sleep. This was the first time she witnessed him displaying his musical talents, and even his humming sounded so good. After she found a sweet spot in his arms, she gradually drifted off to sleep.

He only stopped when she had fallen asleep deeply, and he watched her sleep as though he couldn't look at her enough. Also, he loved the smell of her, which set him at ease.

“You’ll be my wife soon, Myra,” he whispered gently. For a long time, he had wanted to marry her, and he wanted to do it properly and formally.

When Myra was sleeping, she looked especially cute, just like a child without a care in the world, and he couldn’t keep his eyes away from her. Previously, she would have nightmares sometimes in her sleep and would knit her brows tightly, but she was so peaceful now. At the thought that all the issues had been resolved, Tony felt incredibly relaxed. We have to go for a honeymoon after the wedding, he thought. We have to travel the world!

Sometimes, the world wasn’t so wonderful, but as there was someone he loved in this world, just a smile from her was enough to make up for all the unhappiness in this world.

Just like that, he gradually fell asleep as well. The next morning, it was Myra who woke up before he did, which was rather rare. Cautiously, she watched his sleeping face in appreciation as she was afraid of waking him up; she rarely had the chance to watch him sleep anyway. Tracing a finger down his cheek, she smiled in satisfaction and kissed his face secretly. Then, mimicking what he always did, she leaned in close to his head and sniffed, wondering what smelled so good about hair.

All this brought her tremendous joy. It seemed like he was in deep sleep this time, and she couldn’t stop herself from poking his face with her forefinger. Much to her delight, he didn’t wake up, and her smile brightened as she wrinkled her nose at him.

“It’s time to wake up, Tony!” she muttered under her breath. Entertained by herself, she gazed at his chest, and an innocent smile spread across her face.

When there was no reaction from him, she was even more delighted, getting a kick out of not getting caught red-handed for doing something naughty. Feeling more confident this time, she rubbed her nose against his, and when she saw that he was still asleep, she moved her hands to his firm chest, which was just the way she liked it—lean and muscular. She liked men with some muscles, but not so obvious that it would appear that he has a bigger chest than herself. It was not a trait everyone liked.

Then, like a child who had gotten away with her pranks, she moved her hands further downward, where she could feel his abs next. He had eight-pack abs, and she really liked that on a man. Tony’s figure was so good that it was irresistible to women, and it made men jealous.

This was all due to his commitment in workout. As a person who emphasized on working out, it was important to him to keep his body healthy so that he could protect those that mattered to him.

Going further down a little more would be his V-line abs, and she could imagine how water would flow over it. The more she thought about it, the more her heart raced, and she kept feeling as though she was up to no good.

After that, she didn't dare to venture any further downward, for her face had turned bright red at this point. How could I do something like this first thing in the morning? she asked herself, wondering if she had been possessed by some sort of perverted entity, but her hands still remained on his abdominal muscles.

"You can move your hands lower, Myra," Tony said. Then, he moved his body upward swiftly, and her hand slid downward unwittingly.

Suddenly, she felt something with her hand, and she quickly retracted it. Glaring at Tony, who was pretending to be asleep, she saw that he was grinning mischievously. Again, she was being pranked by him for no reason.