

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 459

In the meantime, Heather noticed her phone ringing a few times but decided to ignore Matthias' calls and hang them up. Nonetheless, her phone continued to ring again and again, no matter how many times she declined them. Eventually, Heather became annoyed and directly turned off her phone after her refusal to answer the call failed to make Matthias give up.

On the other hand, the man lay down his phone in disappointment, surprised that Heather would rather turn off her phone than answer his call. It seems that I really did piss her off pretty badly yesterday. Great! Even Heather won't talk to me now. At the thought of that, he somehow felt overwhelmed by loneliness.

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Meanwhile, Heather was bothered by mixed feelings inside her, deeming Matthias capricious and fathomless. Deep down, she reckoned Matthias still stubbornly insisted that it was all her fault for ruining his chance of living a happy life with Myra. Despite her guilt toward him about the things that had happened in the past, she was still rational enough not to blindly shoulder all the responsibilities, not to mention the fact that the chain reaction that was triggered in the subsequent events was something she didn't expect.

Nonetheless, Heather continued to bury herself in work to forget about Matthias, thinking she had better things to do with her time. There is enough on my plate to handle, so I should probably stop thinking about him. As she dedicated her energy to her work, she was forced to put her entrepreneurial business aside. The Langston Group seems to have reached a dead end, and our customer simply won't give me a break. It's hard for me not to suspect Blake is conspiring with someone behind all this.

In fact, the project that Heather was working on seemed to struggle in making progress. Thus, she did everything she could and came up with different propositions to please her customer, but for some reason, her suggestions just didn't seem to be satisfactory every time. This customer is extremely hard to satisfy. It almost feels like we are not working with them but for them. Heather's patience was wearing thin. Why didn't Blake communicate with them? Why am I the one who needs to keep changing again and again instead? This is obviously a trick that someone is pulling off against me!

While Blake had secretly given his orders to every member in Heather's team and even arranged two of his trusted subordinates to work with her, she knew that her brother was trying to keep an eye on her every move. Therefore, the intense scrutiny put Heather under a lot of pressure and limited her freedom, preventing her from making the most out of her creativity. If this goes on, I'm going to embarrass myself in front of everyone, and neither will I have time to attend to my entrepreneurial business. No, this has to be stopped. I must talk to the person in charge to get us out of this dilemma.

At the thought of that, Heather unhappily walked out of her office and headed to the rendezvous to meet up with her client. Although a private meeting like this could go either way, it was her last resort because she didn't have any other choice left. After all, while a happy negotiation would result in a happy ending, it didn't usually end well for both parties. Furthermore, sexual harassment was rather common in the modern work culture since men tended to assume this was acceptable if the women asked to meet up.

Wearing her usual office outfit, Heather went straight to meet up with the person in charge of the project. Then, she saw the man fiddling with a cup in his hand before she showed him a charming yet mischievous smile, leaving him with his eyes wide open. After all, Heather was always seen with a poker face, which deceived many people into thinking that she wouldn't smile at all. Therefore, the man couldn't take his eyes off her, still trapped in his trance while enjoying the luxury of admiring her smile.

Soon, Heather stopped smiling and nodded at him. "May I have a seat here?"

The man answered, "Of course. Go ahead." Since both of them were meeting each other for the first time, he somehow found Heather to look a little different from the way she usually seemed in the office.

At that moment, Heather gave off a charming feminine aura that most men wouldn't be able to resist, although she naturally possessed the skill to easily seduce any man at will. However, she was rather disciplined as she wouldn't resort to that unless she wanted to ask favors from someone. At the sight of the man's slight anxiety, she curled her lips upward to reveal a faint smile, thinking he was not as intimidating as she thought he would be. He may be in charge of the project, but he doesn't look that powerful.

Heather then began to suspect that there was someone else behind the man she was sitting in front of. Therefore, her instinct told her that it would be easy to deal with him the moment she saw him. This guy has been rejecting my proposal again and again just because of some trivial issues that he can't see past. Trusting her judgement, Heather believed the man

right in front of her was not difficult to deal with, which was why she had asked him out so that she could confirm her suspicion.

“Thank you very much for coming, President Cassidy.” Heather politely greeted the man with a seducing smile.

Upon hearing Heather’s soothing voice and how she addressed him as President Cassidy, Isaac lost himself in his inflated ego as he started to fall for her beauty. At the same time, his eyes gave him away, indirectly revealing his lechery to Heather.

“The pleasure is mine.” Isaac remembered what he was told and tried to keep quiet as much as possible when facing Heather.

Heather ambiguously fixed her gaze on Isaac as she didn’t seem to notice anything special about the man. Instead, he looked more like an ordinary businessman to her. He doesn’t seem like a bigshot; he looks more like a middle-aged pervert who doesn’t even bother to talk much. And his gaze? It disgusts me. “Actually, the reason I wanted to meet you up this time is to talk about our business,” Heather said, trying to sound Isaac out for some useful information while masking her intention with her smile.

“Understood.” Isaac seemingly wanted to talk more with Heather, and he would have slipped in a dirty conversation somehow. Nonetheless, he was an obedient servant to whoever was behind him as he never forgot what he was told. Nope! More talking leads to more mistakes, and I can’t afford to let her see through me.

“My team previously submitted our proposal thrice, only to be rejected by you, President Cassidy. Well, while people always say the third time’s the charm, in our case, I guess the fourth time’s the charm as we will be extra careful with the next submission,” Heather said, seemingly implying something ambiguous.

Nevertheless, Isaac seemed to notice the subtle hint as well and began to wonder what she was up to. Thus, he pricked up his ears and listened to every single word Heather was going to say closely. In the meantime, Heather caught a glimpse of Isaac’s calm and collected look, thinking she might have underestimated the man.

“Regarding your proposal, I admit that I’ve been rather rigid and stern because I want the best result from our synergistic partnership.” Isaac put his words implicitly, reacting differently from what Heather expected.

This guy knows what he's doing; he is acting like an old cunning fox.

"Of course, maximizing profit is always the ultimate goal for all businessmen, so I can definitely understand that you engaged in a partnership with us to seek more profit." Heather continued to smile, trying to make herself look approachable because she'd seem rather apathetic if she didn't.

As the conversation went on, both of them made their own situations known in a harmonic way despite their conflicting standings. Soon, Heather was able to have Isaac figured out, whereupon she felt happy that she had roughly learned everything necessary about the man.

Meanwhile, Isaac's rational mind succumbed to his lust, thanks to Heather's beauty. After all, he failed to prevail over his lechery despite knowing the danger that might follow. With his lust clouding his judgement, Isaac was barely able to think straight as he was eventually dominated by Heather, who later managed to extract the information she needed successfully.

Two hours later, Heather grew tired of exchanging pleasantries with Isaac, who was starting to get a little inappropriate. Disgusted by that, Heather was afraid that the man would take his perverted act too far, so her smiling face was quickly replaced by her usual glacial look. Because of that, Isaac came to his senses and kept his lechery in check.

"I'm glad that we've had a fruitful discussion, President Cassidy. It's getting late now, so I should get back to the Langston Group and work on the proposal further. I hope our next proposal will meet your expectation, President Cassidy." Heather spoke while she extended her arm to shake Isaac's hand.

In the face of the lady's serious attitude, Isaac immediately snapped out of his trance and shook her hand in response, only to feel a strange adrenaline rush throughout his body, as if he was being shocked. Oh, gosh! Heather's hand is so smooth. Not long after Isaac regained his rationality, he was taken over by his lust once again while Heather registered the situation.

"President Cassidy." Heather called out to Isaac, trying to retract her arm back.

Needless to say, Isaac immediately let go of the lady's hand, feeling ashamed of his action. Man! What just happened?! That was embarrassing! Since Heather was no ordinary woman, Isaac didn't dare to take her lightly.

After parting ways with Isaac, Heather returned to the Langston Group, thinking the two hours she had just spent on the man was worth it. As I expected, there is indeed a bigger fish behind Isaac. Although she managed to confirm her suspicion, she didn't think this was good news to her as she was soon bewildered by her next question. We're just business partners, so is it really necessary to go through so much trouble by getting a puppet?

Thus, Heather started to have second thoughts about her initial assumption and reckoned Blake might not be the mastermind behind the matter. Instead, it was someone else behind Isaac. If that's the case, this matter is even more complicated than I'd thought. If Isaac were behind all this, the worst he'd do is just humiliate me, which wouldn't affect the project or lead to more trouble; but if the problem comes from our customer, the project will be at risk of abortion with or without my humiliation. Ah, man! This is going to be a sticky situation.

After all, any conflict with the partnership could likely jeopardize the project and lead to heavy losses. Still, Heather was confused with the mastermind's intention, seeing no point in creating all the mess since the project was meant to be a win-win situation for both parties.

I don't understand this at all. If we don't work together properly, no one is going to benefit from our situation, so it makes no sense for anyone from our customer's side to ruin our project. Perhaps it is necessary for me to pay their boss a visit. Although Heather was unsure whether the customer's boss was the mastermind behind it, they were the only suspect who came to her mind.

While their fourth preparation for the proposal was ongoing and nearing its completion, Heather would hate to see it fail again, deeming the previous rejections a big humiliation to herself. Therefore, she carefully dove into every detail of the project and told her team members to pay attention to any mistake, no matter how insignificant it might be. After all, she was afraid her proposal would be rejected again because if it happened one more time, she would be too embarrassed to continue leading the team or staying in the company.

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As Heather returned to Langston Group, her mind was full of questions while she troubled herself over the next step. The moment she opened the door to the office, Heather had the urge to cry, but she had no tears to shed. She looked at the man sitting on her seat and gave him a smile that looked worse than crying.

“Where’d you go?” Matthias looked at Heather in disdain. It was obvious that he came here to catch her in the act.

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Matthias’ tone got on Heather’s nerves. She hadn’t even confronted him about the incident the day before, but he dared to use this questioning tone to talk to her.

“That’s none of your business. Get off my chair.” Heather wasn’t intimidated in the least. If it weren’t for the glass door, she would’ve made Matthias wish he were dead.

She was suddenly impressed by Blake for getting her an office with a glass door. It was crystal clear, so anything that happened on one side of the door could be seen from the other.

The transparency restricted Heather’s actions and words. When she was dealing with Blake, she had to think twice about what the onlookers would think of her. Even though she didn’t care too much about what others would think, she was in Langston Group, and gossip was a scary thing. She did not wish for everyone in the company to dislike her.

If it weren’t for this, Heather would never tone down her actions. It was as if she had turned into another person altogether, and even Blake probably felt unaccustomed to it.

Matthias turned around in Heather’s chair, not caring for a second that his behavior had struck a nerve with Heather. Even in such a precarious situation, he could still smile like no one’s business.

Matthias had been dropping by more frequently lately, and people were discussing in private about how people should always keep a clear line between their work and private matters. Heather herself disliked people who blurred the lines between work and private life, but now, she was doing the exact thing she hated. This was why she loathed her encounters with Matthias at work.

“Why didn’t you pick up my calls?” Matthias’ expression turned grim in an instant, as if Heather had committed a grave sin.

“I’m a busy woman; I don’t have time for your nonsense,” Heather retorted without holding back.

Heather’s eyelid started twitching due to her lack of rest, whereupon she rubbed her eyes. Matthias obviously wasn’t satisfied with her answer, so he aggressively stood straight up from the chair.

Heather couldn’t care less. She kept some distance between them and glared coldly at Matthias. She did not have the time to deal with him, and the look in her eyes suggested that she would kill him if she could, for he was being utterly unreasonable.

“Heather, remember our promise.” Matthias suddenly brought this matter to attention, but Heather was unfazed.

“Please give me some space. You are already crossing the line. If you keep doing this, I will have to revoke our agreement.” Seeing Matthias leaving the seat, Heather strode over to it. She still had many things to take care of; she didn’t have time for Matthias’ antics.

As Heather walked by, Matthias grabbed her. He held her in a tight grip, which hurt her a little, but Heather feigned nonchalance.

“Let go.” Heather really despised Matthias’ attitude. He shouldn’t use force in an argument because it is ungentlemanly.

Matthias glared at Heather, as if she owed him a billion. Heather paid it no mind, for she would never allow Matthias to read her feelings.

“Heather, you’re so cold-blooded.” Matthias looked disappointed. Heather thought it weird; she couldn’t understand why he acted like this.

“Matthias Locke, can you please be more mature about relationships? A childish person wouldn’t be able to maintain a relationship even if they did get into one.” Heather’s tone provoked Matthias, and she looked at him like she was looking at a child who wouldn’t listen to reason.

“What do you mean by that?” Matthias let go of Heather and glanced at the onlookers outside. The look in his eyes was enough to send chills down their spines.

Soon, the busybodies disappeared from view. Then, Heather exercised her wrist for a bit before walking toward her own seat. She proceeded to sit down, completely ignoring Matthias’ presence.

Once again, Matthias was enraged by Heather’s actions. So far, everything she did was conveying a single message—she did not want to have anything to do with him. They were so distanced from each other.

“I meant exactly what I said. Did you fail your English class?” Heather was relentless in her provoking. She continued working as she spoke, handling business on one hand while dealing with Matthias on the other.

Heather knew that if she ignored Matthias now, he would do something even more out of line. She did not want to waste her time; as long as Matthias did not interfere with her work, she would just pretend she was watching a clown show.

Matthias furiously rushed in front of Heather. He was extremely annoyed to see her still going about her work, as if nothing was happening. Her attitude throughout their whole argument was so infuriating that he hated her to the very core.

Matthias really wanted to snatch the documents away from Heather and tear them all to pieces, but his upbringing stopped him. Moreover, he was a proper man, so he refused to act like a shrew.

“Heather, I came here today to apologize to you. I can’t believe you’re giving me this horrible attitude.” To Heather, Matthias was trying to accuse her of being the bad guy when he was the one who had wronged her. No matter how nice she was, she could no longer keep her calm under his relentless taunts.



“True, my attitude is indeed horrible. I am unable to cater to you, the great Director Locke.” Heather tried her best to suppress her urge to choke the guy. The smile plastered on her face was already starting to distort as her hatred for him grew.

I can't believe someone like him exists. He can annoy me without even trying to, and every single word from his mouth is driving me mad.

“Heather, I'm very disappointed in you.” Before Heather could blow up, Matthias criticized her one last time before turning around and leaving with pizazz.

Heather glared at Matthias' back as he left. If they weren't in the office right now, Heather probably would have thrown a dagger at him and stabbed him to death. She was almost ready to fling the signing pen in her hand at him, but she managed to keep her emotions in check at the last minute.

Heather knew she could never communicate properly with Matthias. She wanted to just cut ties with him, so now, she wanted to find a way to rescind her contract with him.

No matter how sorry Heather had felt for Matthias before, it was all gone now. When she thought of Matthias now, all she could think of was his detestable face.

How could I have sympathized with Matthias before? Heather gritted her teeth as she read the document she was holding; even the signing pen in her hand was shaking. Heather felt her lifespan decrease every time Matthias dropped by. Thinking that, she straight up threw the signing pen into the bin.

“Trash,” Heather muttered as she looked at the pen. No one knew if she was talking about the pen or Matthias.

After quickly replacing the pen, Heather continued working. She had so much suppressed anger that she wouldn't be surprised if it would affect her physically someday. Heather thought that the problem probably lay in her offending the HQ at Langston Group too often. She was determined to quickly solve the problem with Langston Group and establish her own business as soon as possible.

When Heather came to her senses, she found that the document was signed with Matthias' name. Unsure if she should laugh or cry, she crossed out the name with hatred in every stroke, then signed her own name with a frown on her face.

After leaving Langston Group, Matthias was still boiling with rage as he drove to Stark Group. He had little care for anything else as he rushed right in to look for Myra.

However, at that moment, Myra was at the bridal shop trying on wedding dresses with Tony. Matthias had never had such bad luck before; he had finally mustered enough courage to look for Myra, only to find that she wasn't in the office.

With a dark expression on his face, Matthias asked the receptionist, "Where's Miss Myra?" He behaved as if Myra had run off with his money.

Before the receptionist could admire Matthias' good looks, she was already frightened by him. Stuttering, she replied, "M-Miss Myra... had some business... out of office."

Matthias was impatient. "I know she's out of office. I'm asking where she went, and for what."

The receptionist was so scared by Matthias that she was near tears, but she didn't dare to offend him. She knew that Matthias had visited Stark Group a few times before, and he was also holding some of Stark Group's shares.

Knowing Matthias' identity, the employees at Stark Group naturally dared not offend him. The receptionist answered timidly, "I don't know." She didn't stutter this time, but Matthias was not satisfied with her answer.

"All right. It seems you can't help me." Matthias spoke before he stormed away. The receptionist nervously watched him leave, having no idea what was going on.

The receptionist hesitated, wondering if she should report this to Myra when she returned to the office. After some thinking, she jotted it down and decided to leave it at that until Myra clocked in.

Meanwhile, Myra was elated as she tried on wedding dress after wedding dress. She had not much of an opinion on the dresses, but Tony kept voicing his dissatisfaction.

"Tony, are you still not satisfied?" Myra was slightly tired as she complained a little.

"I want to give you the best wedding dress there is." Tony examined the wedding dress Myra had put on as he spoke. He felt that something was off, and that the dress still lacked something. He had envisioned a wedding dress that would stun everyone at first glance.

Tony wanted Myra to be the most beautiful bride in the world on their wedding day, so everything must be the best of its kind. He was starting to consider having a dress tailor-made overseas.

After taking off the wedding dress, Myra decided to take a break. She sat down beside Tony and noticed that he was deep in thought.

By the time Tony's gaze fell on Myra, three minutes had already ticked by. He looked at her from head to toe and thought for a long while before saying, "I think we should get one tailor-made overseas. I've been checking out a few bridal shops these few days."

Upon hearing that Tony had intended to get a dress tailor-made overseas, Myra wondered if she had to hop on a plane just to try on wedding dresses out of the country. She didn't have the energy for that.

Myra shook her head in all earnestness. "That sounds so tiring! I don't want to go overseas." She knew that wedding dresses must be tried on, for some dresses might look pretty, but it would be useless if they didn't suit her in the end.

"I'm thinking of buying a dress from each of those shops that I've shortlisted. I'll have them shipped by plane so you won't have to travel all the way there to try them on." Tony had settled on this course of action after a series of thoughts, but he knew that doing it would mean that they would have to spend quite a lot on the wedding dress alone, so he was worried that Myra would reject the idea.

"That won't do. I only need one wedding dress; getting more than one would be a terrible waste." Myra immediately turned down the idea. She knew that any shop good enough to catch Tony's eye would definitely be remarkable, and the price tags would definitely be astronomical as well. Seeing that Tony even wanted to get a dress from each of them, it was too much of a waste to consider.

Hearing that, Tony flashed a confident smile. "Rejection denied. Don't worry, for none of them will go to waste." There was a hidden meaning behind that smile, but Myra had no idea what plans Tony had in mind.