

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 451

The atmosphere turned awkward for a moment. Matthias was coming up with an explanation, but seeing her in the flesh jumbled up his mind. Heather stayed silent too, so they stared at each other for a while. In the end, Matthias said, "I was just passing by. What a coincidence."

Heather knew it was just an excuse, though she played along with it. "It is." She gave him a polite smile.

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Matthias knew the encounter would end soon if he stayed quiet, and he was not letting that happen. "Wanna grab a bite together?" he asked.

Heather gazed at him. It would be inappropriate to refuse, and their agreement still stood; she wasn't someone who'd break promises easily. It hadn't been rosy on her side either. The more she thought about her relationship with Matthias, the more confused she was. She wanted someone to tell her what to do.

She thought nothing good would come if she got herself entwined with a dangerous guy like Matthias, and her instincts were always spot on. She didn't want anything to do with him, since it wasn't her nature to risk herself.

"Sure," she answered politely, putting some distance between her and Matthias. They went ahead in silence, and they had lunch together without saying a word. Matthias wanted to break the ice, but no matter what he did, he couldn't say a word.

Heather, on the other hand, felt guilty when she saw Matthias at a loss. She was trying to come up with a way to approach him without risking herself. And they weren't teenagers anymore. Acting sheepish made them look like children, and the thought annoyed her. She then started eating faster because she needed to get back to work, and she couldn't stay in a room with Matthias like that.

Matthias noticed Heather's reluctance, so he went for it without reservations. They had a deal, after all, and he wanted Heather to uphold it. "You've been avoiding me," he said calmly, trying to hide his nerves.

"I was busy with work," Heather explained. She knew it was flimsy, but she was actually busy with work.

Matthias stared down, hiding the look on his face. The mystery weighed down on Heather, since she thought she was doing something wrong. She wasn't asinine enough to think that Matthias was just being shy with her. That's impossible. But she didn't know why he was staring down either. Heather could never understand men and their machinations, since she was a woman after all. Ultimately, she could never fully understand him, though she reflexively wanted to put some distance between them.

"We're straying from the agreement. I want to put us back on track," Matthias said. All he had left now was the agreement they had. He had no idea how to win her back otherwise.

"But there aren't a lot of people who know about us. No matter how much we try to act as a couple, nobody's going to see it. Honestly, is there a point to that?" Heather pointed out the crux of the problem. Since not even Blake told the Langstons anything, barely anyone knew Matthias was "dating" her. She didn't want to bond herself with Matthias either, since she thought she was working well with the status quo. Heather didn't think she needed to get serious with him.

Even if someone did know about them "dating," acting like they were madly in love when they were just starting out would look too suspicious. It's fine. I'll put some distance between us, and being scared of him just confirms his charisma.

Deep down, she was worried she might actually fall for him. That would be a tragedy if it ever happened. Mushy romance was something she eschewed, so she didn't want to get into this mess. And Matthias wasn't what she had in mind whenever 'the one she liked' was mentioned.

Women were always sensitive to begin with, but Matthias didn't think of that. He instinctively wanted to be closer to Heather. He didn't care how much he had to do or how much he had to embarrass himself, as long as he could do what he really wanted.

It took Evan a long time to finally convince Matthias to be himself, but Heather wasn't making it easy for him. Her reluctance to talk was a blow to Matthias' confidence, but it

wasn't enough to stop him. "We have an agreement. We'll have to follow it." He stared calmly at her, as if he was talking about business.

So he's not giving up, huh? She smiled sardonically. This is getting weird. She didn't hate Matthias, but she didn't like him either. Eventually, she stopped smiling and shot him a polite stare. "What do you want me to do, then? Elaborate." She wanted to know what he had in mind.

It's just an agreement, not like I sold myself off. She thought it was funny that Matthias took it so seriously. What on earth is he thinking? Complex relationships weren't her cup of tea. She had too much stuff on her plate, so she didn't want more to deal with.

"I want us to act like a proper couple," Matthias answered.

Heather nodded. "If that's what you want, then fine."

Matthias thought he had made a fool out of himself. She doesn't even care. Why'd I even ask her out in the first place?

"I'm done." She put her cutlery down. The conversation killed any appetite she had left. Just when she thought Matthias was a decent guy, he turned back to his old self. If that was the case, Heather didn't see why she should keep talking to him.

Everything he did earlier left a bad impression on her. They got off to a bad start, so she knew the relationship would only worsen down the road.

"We are partners, Heather. I expect you to work with me because I gave you everything you asked." Matthias looked at her coldly. Heather wanted to retort, but she couldn't, for everything he said was the truth.

"You're forcing me to do something I don't want?" Heather shot back. She hated it when anyone threatened her, but Matthias didn't say a word. All he did was look at her. She was in a bad mood to begin with, and Matthias' request only served to annoy her further.

"You saw the contract. You should know where you stand," Matthias growled. Since he was going all out, he wouldn't hold back.

"Thanks for the reminder. I will uphold my end of the deal, but not today." Heather stood up, glowering at him. The negotiation ended in failure.

Matthias saw her off and smiled sadly. He wanted to talk it out with her, but it broke down. He noticed the change in Heather ever since Valentine's Day, and he wondered why. Women are fascinating creatures. Getting to his feet, his face fell. Heather had crossed the line that day, but Matthias did the same thing to her too, so none of them could take a step back.

Heather came back to the company feeling down in the dumps. She knew she had a lot to do, but all she felt like doing then was to shred all the documents to pieces. Because of the rectification that morning, she couldn't even get any of her work done, so technically, she was just starting work in the afternoon. The project manager was a fussy middle-aged man who could never be on the same page with her. Thanks to that, she made little to no progress. There were times she wondered if the project manager was working for Blake. She needed to deal with him, but she had no way of doing it at the moment.

If I can't do it the right way, then I have to bend some rules. No businessman is innocent. She was trying to find a legitimate way to break through. If she bent the rules, Blake could use that as an excuse to make her life harder. She had a feeling it was a blatant trap just waiting for her to spring. Every step she made was done with careful consideration, for one false move could cost her everything.

She couldn't bring herself to work through the mountain of documents, since all she could think of was the meeting with Matthias. She wondered how she should deal with him after the negotiation's breakdown. I shouldn't have signed the damn contract. But she had no way to turn back time and reconsider her decision.

She didn't want to think about the talk with Matthias, nor did she want to stay in the office, since it was too suffocating. In the end, she decided to get some fresh air. I think I'll call Myra. She hit Myra up and asked her where she was. Myra wanted to talk to her about the marriage with Tony, so they agreed to meet up and vent.

It was already three when they met up. It was the perfect time for an afternoon tea, and that was what they did. Heather blew on the steaming hot tea before taking a sip, but the scalding tea made her stick her tongue out like a child. She could always be herself around Myra, sometimes to the point of being childlike. Myra was also amused by her antics, and she chuckled.

"Is something wrong, Heather?" She winked at her. They could forget about everything and be themselves around each other.

"You're a lady. Are you sure you should laugh like that?" Heather beamed. She felt more at peace with Myra around, and she could even tease her friend.

“You never call me out in such a hurry. Spill it. It’s been half an hour, and I’m sure it’s important.” Myra wanted to get to the meat of the topic, but Heather was still hesitating, much to her vexation.

“It’s hard to talk about.” She bit her lip. Heather couldn’t talk about her agreement with Matthias, but she needed to vent to someone. For a moment, she didn’t know how to even begin the conversation.

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It’s hard to talk about? Myra’s heart sank, because Heather never described anything that way. She shot Heather a look, telling her to keep talking.

“How does it feel to love someone?” Heather asked after much hesitation. She didn’t know how it felt to love someone, nor did she know how to fall for someone.

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Myra shot her a look of surprise. “You have a crush?” That was the only reason for that question; at least, that was the only one she could think of.

Heather shook her head. “No. But I don’t dislike him either. It’s a weird feeling.” Heather looked confused, because even she couldn’t understand the relationship between her and Matthias.

Myra stared at her in disbelief. At that moment, she needed Heather to be completely honest with her, or she wouldn’t be able to give her any good advice. “Why’d you ask that question then?” Myra wasn’t about to be fooled. Obviously, she could see that Heather was going through something special in her life, and she could think of nothing else but romance. Heck, I can practically smell it off her.

“Because I don’t know how it feels to love, so I want to understand it,” Heather answered.

“But if you don’t know how it feels to love, how are you so sure that you don’t love that man?” Myra tried to set up a trap for her, since it would take a bit of work for her friend to admit she had a crush.

“Because I have never thought about dating him. If I don’t want to date him, then how can that be love?” Heather was getting serious, and anyone would think she was talking about recent affairs if they didn’t know better.

Now, Myra was looking at her with worry. She knew Heather hadn’t realized that she had fallen in love. “Loving someone and dating them are two different things. There are a lot of factors to account for in the dating scene. Just because you love someone doesn’t mean you’d date them, and just because you date someone doesn’t mean you love them.” Myra decided to put her problems aside and counsel Heather. Her problems are bigger than mine.

Upon hearing that, Heather looked at her innocently. Myra could see the confusion in her eyes, and she realized Heather knew nothing about the ABCs of love. “Heather, look at me,” Myra told her seriously. “Have you had any breakthrough in romance?” She was reminded of how innocent Heather was. By now, Myra thought Heather would have started learning about the ABCs of love, but apparently, her friend was as ignorant as ever.

For that reason, Myra started worrying for her. Oh no. She received basic sexual education, but she knows nothing about love. D*mn, if this goes on, she’s going to run into some pervy b*stard sooner or later. Myra knew there weren’t any good men around Heather, and some were total manwhores.

The thought that Heather would date someone like that made her nervous, but when she thought about it, she realized Heather wouldn’t fall for someone like that either. Heather was a feminist, so she wouldn’t feel anything for misogynists. That was also one of the reasons Heather was still single.

With how much worse society was compared to school, Myra thought it would be harder for Heather to find a partner, since she couldn’t even get a boyfriend in high school. For some reason, Myra was starting to worry for her, as if she was Heather’s mom. She didn’t mind how old Heather was as long as she could find someone she loved.

Most people couldn’t stay single for life. They would need a partner, and with how happy things were going on between Myra and Tony, she naturally wanted Heather to be happy as well.

After all that explanation, she still doesn't understand? Wow, now I know how those top scorers feel when they teach me stuff. No wonder she never dated. If she knew nothing, she would gain nothing.

"Let's talk about you." Heather shifted the topic. Since she couldn't talk about her problem, she wanted to talk about Myra's; at least she could help her friend out that way.

However, Myra wouldn't let it slide so easily. She needed to have a long talk with Heather. Every time, she'd stop whenever Heather refused to speak, but not this time. She wanted to get to the bottom of it. "Don't mind me. You wouldn't ask me out for nothing. Stop running away from it. You love to help me, so let me help you for once. Just tell me what you have in mind." Myra stood her ground and wouldn't accept no for an answer.

Why did I ask her out? Heather didn't want to tell her about Matthias, and she couldn't talk about the agreement either. Since she had to keep the fact that Matthias was the source of her problems a secret, there was no point in the conversation. Myra could arrive at the conclusion if they kept it up, and that would be worse than Heather confirming it herself.

"Maybe I'm just lonely." Heather started making up excuses now. She had to fool Myra no matter what.

"You're lonely?" Yeah right. You're always busy, so that's not gonna happen. You don't have time for it, nor would you fall for someone because you're lonely.

"Yes. You'd feel like dating when you're lonely, won't you? And you'd even consider dating someone you would never give a chance to. That's why I asked you what it means to love someone." She lied through her teeth, but she genuinely wanted to know how it would feel like to love someone. Does affection equal love?

Myra didn't believe her fully, but she decided to take the bait. "I can't explain it to you, but you'll know once it comes for you." She couldn't define love that easily, since love came in different forms, just like how she loved Sean and Tony differently.

She loved Sean because of a lot of factors back then, while she loved Tony with all her heart. She knew nobody else could be a better match for her than him, and sometimes she felt like they were one individual instead of two. Myra couldn't explain all that to Heather, since words weren't enough to describe it. Even if she could explain it, Heather might take it the wrong way.

“So you’re telling me to wait until fate comes knocking?” Heather smiled dryly. I’ve waited for years. It probably will never come.

“Maybe it will come sooner if you change your surroundings,” Myra said in a roundabout way.

Heather looked at her seriously. She wanted to know what Myra meant, then she realized Myra was saying that her circle was filled with bad men. None of them were close to the kind of person she liked, and she had to admit it. “You think something’s wrong with my circle?” she asked.

Myra nodded. “You like men who respect women, but the men in your circle can’t even stay loyal. Even if they could, none of them are good enough to attract you,” Myra explained. She was Heather’s friend after all, so she knew how Heather thought.

“Are you worried I might die alone if this keeps up?” Heather smiled. The atmosphere was getting too depressing, so she had to loosen it a little, or everyone would think they were talking about something serious.

“Haven’t you come across someone who’s loyal and brilliant enough to attract you?” Myra asked. It seemed simple, but those requirements alone eliminated most men in her circle.

“I do,” Heather answered after a moment of hesitation.

Myra’s eyes gleamed. Great! She looked into Heather’s eyes and continued, “When did you meet him?” Myra was getting excited that Heather finally decided to open up. Could that guy be the reason she’s so frustrated?

“I can’t remember. Only a handful of guys fit the bill of the person I would like, but...” Heather trailed off, and the suspense was killing Myra. “But I feel nothing.” Then, she shrugged. Even though their physical looks fitted the bill, their souls didn’t; personality and tastes were important too.

Myra gave her a look of defeat. I can’t talk about romance with her. Guess I’d talk about the market next time. Nonetheless, Myra didn’t give up. “You don’t like any of them?”

“Well, all except one or two, I guess.” Heather thought of Matthias right away. She could see his arrogant expression and the smirk he always wore whenever she closed her eyes. Matthias always looked so vivid to her whenever she thought about him, but she was

confused, and she wondered what she felt about it. Is this love, or something else? I just can't hate him.

"A couple of them?" Myra couldn't believe it. The conversation had too many twists, and she felt glad she never talked about romance in depth with Heather before, or she might have punched Heather in the face. Her friend wasn't someone who was great with words, and she'd say something suggestive only for it to be something innocuous.

"I want to approach him and talk to him. Is that love?" Heather asked curiously. At that point, she saw Myra as her mentor in romance.

"Well, you might be feeling some affection for him, and that makes him special. Did you make any moves on him?" Myra asked quickly. She was more concerned about her friend than herself.

"No," Heather said. She wouldn't make any moves when she knew relationships were a chore. She started having some thoughts of her own, though most of them were about how she could dodge the matter at hand. When it came to love, Heather was a coward; she'd rather evade the matter than face it head on. There was one time where she liked a boy in her school, and the boy had some feelings for her, but she just had to go and ruin it.

That incident left an indelible mark on her. She knew Myra was worried about her, so she wondered if she should tell Myra about that little incident at school. Maybe I shouldn't have brushed it off. I should have asked Myra about her thoughts.