

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 491

Meanwhile, Leon was displeased with Heather's words. She was obviously daring him to drink, for her words reminded him of the humiliation he felt back when he tried to make Heather drunk. In the end, he was the one who got drunk instead. "One should be seen in a new light after days of separation." His command of English was extraordinarily good.

"You'll never drink me under the table." While holding the bottle of brandy in her hand, Heather directly sat down across from Leon with a coffee table between them. For some reason, she looked cute while sitting on the stool, but no matter how cute she looked, no amount of that cuteness could hold out against the intimidating aura she gave off.

"Get some ice," Leon said to her.

"It's cold enough; it's been in the fridge the whole time." Heather looked at Leon coldly with a provocative look in her eyes. As someone who found Heather's intimidating appearance cute during such a moment, Leon was a typical example of a person unafraid of death.

"Are you going to drink Louis XII cognac directly like this?" Leon asked while picking up the bottle of cognac. Upon looking at the bottle, Leon was rendered speechless. This 20-year-old cognac could potentially kill someone if it's consumed directly, he thought to himself.

"I'll drink it myself if you don't dare to." Heather looked down on Leon right away and snatched the cognac from him directly. The last time she had a good time drinking was the time she had a drink with Matthias, whom she lost to when it came to drinking. Come to think of it, it was laughable that Heather, who had a competitive streak, lost to Matthias in many aspects.

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Leon braced himself and looked at Heather. Seeing how thin and frail she looked, he snatched her glass in resignation. "Since you want to, let's just drink together." There was nothing that Leon wasn't afraid of doing. Furthermore, he was unwilling to be looked down upon by Heather.

Heather's mouth curved into a meaningful smile. She knew that Leon couldn't stand it whenever she challenged him to a dare. Moreover, drinking was a pretty good way to vent one's emotions when they had a lot on their mind.

In reality, Leon didn't like drinking with Heather. No one would keep drinking in silence without a word, and it was rather boring to drink for the sake of getting drunk. At this moment, Heather wore a poker face without even bothering to say a single word, and this caused Leon to be in no mood for drinking at all. He wondered who had offended her, though.

"Are you hungry?" Leon evaded the subject. Most of what they ate over dinner had been digested by now, so they would probably burn their stomachs if they kept on drinking like this. Leon looked at Heather with a helpless expression while thinking to himself, Sometimes, Heather is even manlier than a man. Can't this woman take care of her own health?

"No, I'm not." Heather's answer wasn't surprising at all.

"I'm hungry. I want to order takeout." Leon picked up his cell phone directly to check if there were any food delivery options nearby.

"Do you think that there'd be any takeout services in this desolate place?" Heather stopped what she was doing and looked at Leon as if she was looking at a retard. She was sometimes both amused and annoyed by Leon, for he was practically incapable of living. Come to think of it, this apartment is indeed very much out of the way. Leon is such an active person; I wonder if he'll feel depressed while staying here.

"Are you sure it's really fine for you to settle me here, Heather? You're even telling me that this place is desolate," Leon asked in displeasure. Heather had stopped drinking, but the sight of her drinking cognac like she was downing water caused the corners of his eye to twitch rapidly.

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"You can buy some books and read them here. This place is quiet." Heather played with the wine glass in her hand. Since she had drunk a fair amount of alcohol, even the tips of her brows were tinged with charm.

Leon even felt his throat burning as Heather's seductively charming face swam before his eyes. He gawked at her face; it was within his reach, but he felt that it was as far away from him as the remotest corner on earth. As his outstretched hand froze in midair, he gave a smile of resignation. "Reading? Just give me a break." He knew without thinking what kind of books Heather would recommend him, and he had no interest in reading them at all.

"What about your takeout?" Heather raised her eyebrows at Leon. She smelled strongly of alcohol, but she also gave off an inexplicably alluring scent.

Thinking that he had gotten somewhat drunk, Leon slapped his head. He wondered why Heather looked so pretty before his eyes, for the sight of her devastatingly gorgeous face made him itch unbearably. "I'll just cook something on my own." As he tried to conceal his innermost thoughts, he shook his head while looking at Heather with a disdainful expression.

"No! We'll be victims of food poisoning," Heather objected as she recalled the pasta Leon had made for her back then. The pasta tasted so awful that she wondered how someone could be such a terrible cook. At that time, she thought that Leon was deliberately playing a prank on her. It never occurred to her how hard Leon had worked to make the plate of pasta, but the pasta tasted so awful that it almost made her cry.

"Don't drink on an empty stomach ever again. Do you want to have a perforated stomach?" Leon asked fiercely while snatching the wine glass from Heather.

Heather stood up and came to Leon's side directly. As they sat side by side at a close distance from each other, Leon grew increasingly nervous. Meanwhile, Heather noticed all the subtle changes in his expression as they were only inches away from each other.

"Sometimes, I don't even know what on earth I'm doing. Everyone seems to think that I must achieve something." Heather spoke in a childlike tone as her face took on a confused expression.

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"You aren't drunk right now, are you?" Leon was somewhat worried, for he had never seen Heather behaving this way. He had never thought about how to deal with her when she was drunk.

"No, I'm not." Heather kept staring at the cognac on the coffee table without glancing at Leon, whereas all Leon saw was her. "Can I speak my mind to you?" She turned to look at Leon with an innocent look in her eyes.

"You don't have to pretend in front of me." Leon pretended to be composed as he couldn't wait for Heather to have a heart-to-heart talk with him.

"I'm at a loss right now, and I don't know what on earth I'm doing. Can you tell me if you really enjoy being a businessman?" Heather looked at Leon curiously. However, Leon was so tall that she had to put in some effort whenever she looked up at him, whereas Leon could easily see her every move.

"Of course not. I want to be a traveler who travels all over the world." Leon liked to be on the road to any place that he was unfamiliar with. In other words, places that he had never been to attracted him greatly.

"That's not a bad idea." Heather tilted her head to one side in a seemingly cute manner. "I've never thought about what else I can do other than being a businesswoman," she answered, distressed. She had never thought about this question, for she thought she was born to be a businesswoman.

"Heather, I'm forced to be a businessman because I have no other options, but nobody is forcing you to be a businesswoman. Every choice you make at present is of your own free will," Leon commented penetratingly. Leon sometimes had a sharp tongue, especially when he wanted to divert his attention from Heather.

"Do you mean that I have a competitive streak?" Heather looked at Leon in displeasure as if she was unsatisfied with his reply.

"Do you not?" Leon looked at Heather fearlessly as he was unafraid of being killed by the look in her eyes.

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“All right, I have only myself to blame.” Heather didn’t want to argue with Leon either since there was nothing wrong with what he said. She didn’t want to be someone like Matthias, for he deceived himself as well as others. “In that case, let me ask you a question about relationships.” She sounded calm, and it seemed as though she had nothing to do with what she would be talking about.

Leon’s heart skipped a beat. As he stared at Heather’s good-looking features, he didn’t want her to worry about relationship problems, nor did he want her to be heartbroken for the sake of another man. “You know that I always keep a playful attitude toward life. I can’t give you any good answers if you ask me questions about relationships,” he replied frivolously since he was uninterested in discussing relationship problems with Heather.

“If someone keeps saying that his first love is his only glimmer of hope over all these years and that it was precisely because of his first love that he was strong-willed enough to pull through and undergo a complete transformation into a successful person...” Heather began slowly.

Leon looked at Heather in bewilderment, for he didn’t understand what she was talking about. For some reason, he felt that she sounded rather weird.

“In that case, do you believe that this man really loves his first love? Does he love her, or is he just obsessing over her?” Heather narrowed her eyes. The alcohol had gone into her head, but she was still sober. Nonetheless, there were many things that she couldn’t help but want to say.

“He loves her, I guess. Don’t people say that love will make someone better?” Leon furrowed his brows. He then thought to himself, Could that man be Locke Group’s president? Is Heather his first love that she’s talking about?

Heather looked at Leon thoughtfully, for she felt that his answer was somewhat perfunctory. “Are you sure about that? If he really loves his first love, why didn’t he come to her earlier? Why would he wait for many years until his first love found her Mr. Right?”

Upon hearing Heather’s words, Leon got even more confused. He thought that Heather was the first love she was talking about, but judging from her words, she couldn’t possibly be the first love. If that was the case, why would Heather ask such a question? “He probably feels

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inferior and thinks that he isn't worthy of his first love, so he worked hard for many years to present himself before her in the best way possible. Men are too proud at times, and they always want to give the woman they love nothing but the best."

Unbeknownst to Leon, his answer happened to coincide with Matthias's. The puzzlement in Heather's eyes grew. Could I have really misunderstood Matthias's feelings for Myra?

"He never sought his first love for so many years. Shouldn't he worry that his first love would be together with someone else? That happens to be the case, you see. His first love fell in love with somebody else, and he's destined to remain single." The look on her face turned serious. This time, she didn't feel drunk at all; on the contrary, she couldn't believe that she was wrong.

"This is possible if a man firmly believes that his first love will stay faithful to him and keep waiting with her original desires unchanged. This can only prove that the man is rather conceited and bumptious, so he ended up with a slap in the face by reality." Thinking that he might make the same mistake like that man, Leon rationally analyzed the situation for Heather.

"I will never understand men." Heather smiled helplessly as she recalled the words she said to Matthias in a staunchly self-righteous manner. As it turned out, she was the wrong one. Is this the difference between men and women? She shook her head as she couldn't find an answer to this question. Could I be wrong? Even now, she still couldn't believe that she was wrong.

"In that case, may I ask you a question?" Leon asked while mimicking Heather.

"No." Heather gave a sly smile. At this moment, Leon looked silly and yet cute.

Leon looked at Heather with dissatisfaction. Why does she have the audacity to cheat like this? he thought to himself. He decided to ignore her and asked, "What does the man and his first love have to do with you? What role are you playing in their story?"

He even has the nerve to ask that question, Heather thought to herself. Her expression had softened at first, but it froze again because of Leon's sudden question.

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Speaking was sometimes an art; this was especially the case at this moment, for Leon's question spoiled Heather's mood just as it finally improved. Heather sometimes hated Leon for being so blunt. Even if he has seen through it, he shouldn't disclose it. How should I answer this kind of question?

Seeing how Heather didn't answer him, Leon looked somewhat sheepish, and he started to forcibly change the subject again. "I'm feeling rather hungry."

"It's not good to eat so much at night." Heather went on with the subject. Since Leon had given her a way out, why shouldn't she take this opportunity to get herself out of this?

She thought to herself, It seems that it's inappropriate to talk to anyone about Matthias. Even when I try to talk to Leon about Matthias, the conversation still ends on a sour note even though he's an outsider. Any conversation automatically turns grave once it involves Matthias, and it seems like talking about this in a relaxed atmosphere is merely wishful thinking.

"Can you cook?" Leon looked at Heather with utmost sincerity as he was really hungry. He had good digestion, and he always felt hungry not long after a meal. As such, having four or five meals in a day wasn't a problem for him. He felt even hungrier after drinking some cognac, but he knew that he could kill someone with his cooking skills.

"No," Heather replied stoically. She refused to make food for Leon, for the grease and smoke produced in the kitchen would make her dirty. It never occurred to her that she would cook for someone one day, for she would rather do so to fill herself with food.

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Leon looked at Heather helplessly. In his opinion, Heather was capable of everything, but it was apparent that she would never make a few stir-fries for him. The last glimmer of hope was gone.

When she saw that Leon's mind was preoccupied with getting something to eat, Heather decided to go back to her room with the remaining half bottle of cognac in her arms to drink to her heart's content alone.

Meanwhile, Leon looked at Heather helplessly from behind. Heather has abandoned me again by leaving me alone on the sofa. She's too cruel!

After drinking almost the whole bottle of cognac, Heather lay on her back in bed with a look of despair. Her cheeks were warm, and all she could smell was alcohol; even her body reeked of it. She soon felt that the world was spinning around her, so she closed her eyes and quietly appreciated the peaceful silence at this moment.

The day would dawn in a while, and she opened her eyes to look at the curtains thoughtfully. Her head was dizzy, and it was probably because she had almost stayed up through the entire night—staying up late would make someone weak, after all. I wasted an entire night because of Matthias again, thought Heather as she scolded herself inwardly for being useless. Why should she let him control her?

Just then, the poisonous look Matthias had given her before he turned around crossed her mind. Judging by the hatred which filled Matthias's eyes, he would probably never forgive her for the rest of his life. Perhaps he would get over his obsession with her one day, or perhaps he would no longer hate her bitterly one day.

...

Meanwhile, Matthias's entire face looked somewhat unreal behind the shroud of mist as he was soaked in a hot spring bath. Evan dutifully kept watch nearby, for he could never have a good night's sleep whenever Matthias was in a bad mood.

"Extreme anger will hurt the liver, so please pay more attention to your health," Evan comforted Matthias as his eyes almost flashed fire. He felt that what Matthias needed right

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now wasn't a hot spring bath; instead, Matthias needed a cold bath to cool and calm him down!

"I want to tackle the Langston Group," Matthias said impassively. It was clear from the look in his eyes that he was suppressing something.

Evan looked at Matthias calmly without a flicker in his eyes; he seemed to have figured out long ago that Matthias would have such a plan. "Are you aware of the consequences?" Matthias would sometimes discuss work-related matters with Evan since the latter had a bit of business acumen. After all, Evan majored in economics and was born into a family of businessmen.

"Why would I grant Old Master Langston's wish when he wants to reap the spoils without lifting a finger?" Picking up the cigar from the side, Matthias took a big puff from it and blew a smoke ring.

Evan couldn't express his opinion, though. After all, he wasn't very interested in what was going on in the business circle. Matthias talked to him about this not to discuss the issue with him, but only to speak his mind. "I'm afraid that the Locke Group isn't powerful enough to deal with the Hart Group and the Langston Group simultaneously for now," he advised Matthias dutifully nevertheless, for he couldn't imagine the Locke Group dealing with the Langston Group and the Hart Group at the same time. Wouldn't the Locke Group be unable to defend itself if the Langston Group and the Hart Group joined hands?

"We can't deal with the Langston Group head-on. Instead, we must disintegrate the Langston Group from the inside." Matthias's mouth curved into a sly smile. Right now, only a heavy workload could stop his imagination from running wild.

"Blake hasn't risen to the bait yet, so I'm afraid it won't be easy to disintegrate the Langston Group from the inside," Evan analyzed calmly. They had previously thought that they could easily make Blake take the bait, but they had underestimated him.

"We can only start with Blake. Then, we'll either wait for an opportunity or create one." Matthias was making plans inwardly, for he must bring Blake down no matter what. Otherwise, how was the Langston Group going to collapse from the inside?

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“What about Miss Langston, then?” Evan thought to himself, How is Matthias going to date Heather in the future if he’s about to launch a ruthless attack? Won’t they become enemies instead?

“She is the vital pawn.” Heather’s indifferent face, which one would love and hate simultaneously, crossed Matthias’s mind. Now that things had come to this point, Matthias thought he didn’t have to show anyone mercy. Business rivalries were an extremely common thing. Since Myra had forgotten him completely, he would better do something to make her remember him even if it meant that she would end up remembering his unsavory reputation!

“Are you really going to—” Evan asked, but Matthias cut him short directly before he could finish his sentence. “I want the Locke Group to become the most outstanding enterprise in Bradford City. I want to prove myself to the Locke Family, and I don’t care about anything else!” It was evident from the harshness of his voice that Matthias had made up his mind.

“Isn’t it too fast, though? We recently took root in Bradford City, after all.” Evan felt that Matthias was a bit too eager to achieve instant success and gain quick profits. Ever since coming to Bradford City, Matthias behaved like he had been fired up—he even brought his plans forward.

“What?” Matthias looked up at Evan, for he didn’t like being questioned by someone else.

Since he felt that Matthias was becoming more and more autocratic, Evan couldn’t say anything else. He had said everything he should, so to what extent Matthias would listen to his words was the man’s own business.

“I know your worries. Indeed, the Locke Group isn’t powerful enough to do such a rash thing,” Matthias replied unconcernedly as he didn’t go so far as to lose his basic judgment. When he received no reply from Evan, he continued, “It might be a good way to take them by surprise.” After all, he had a plan in mind. If everyone thought that the Locke Group couldn’t possibly do such a thing, he might get good results by launching an attack when everyone had their guards down.

“Clamping down on them might be useful for the time being, but this method must be disputed if we want to have the number one position to ourselves all the time,” Evan retorted

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perfectly. In short, he disapproved of Matthias doing such a rash thing. After all, it wasn't too late to lay a solid foundation in Bradford City and take their time with this later.

Matthias wanted to take a huge gamble, though. "I can't wait that long. Since it's a competition, it'll be a trade war without bloodshed. I'll deprive the Hart Group and the Langston Group of the chance to rise again!"

Evan looked at him worriedly, for he felt that Matthias was behaving like a possessed person. Now that nothing could probably stop Matthias, it seemed like he could only wait until Matthias learned the hard way. Matthias isn't going to stop until he bangs his head against the wall! he thought to himself. "You're gambling." The last thing Evan liked was such a leap of faith that was a gamble in nature, for that was how his family had gone bankrupt back then.

Matthias had never been radical, but he became increasingly difficult to understand right now. Evan originally thought that he understood Matthias, but he could no longer tell if that was the case since Matthias had changed a lot. What on earth affected Matthias? Does this irrational behavior have something to do with his relationships?

Business-related matters couldn't be confused with private affairs. Matthias was in a dangerous state right now, but Evan had no idea where to start. He thought that Heather might be able to put a stop to Matthias's madness, but Matthias now considered her one of his enemies; it seemed like he wanted to deal with her.

"I'm confident of doing that," Matthias replied confidently. So what if it was a gamble with high stakes? He could afford any price.

Evan buttoned his lips. Now that Matthias had said this, Evan could no longer give any suggestions. Right now, he could only observe what would be the consequences of Matthias's obstinacy. At times, Evan even felt that Matthias didn't like the Locke Group at all and might destroy the Locke Group someday. Instead of saying any negative remarks once more, he encouraged Matthias and said, "In that case, I wish you good luck in advance. May you reach the summit in one fell swoop."

Since he was satisfied with Evan's words, Matthias took a glance at him and immersed himself in the hot spring. Evan, who was taken by surprise, nervously looked at the position

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where Matthias had submerged himself underwater. He thought that Matthias was a bit too capricious.

Matthias didn't emerge from the hot spring until two minutes later. After looking at Evan impassively with his emotionless eyes, he directly got up from the hot spring. Evan hurriedly unfolded the bathrobe and put it on Matthias, who directly put on his oversized nightgown despite his damp body. At last, he gave a faint smile. "Trust me on this; nothing serious happened to the Locke Group while it was in my hands, so it won't suffer an unexpected setback in Bradford City. On the contrary, it will surely make a name for itself." Matthias knew that Evan was advising him for his own good, but he was more determined to forge ahead since he was bolder than ordinary people.

Evan nodded at Matthias, but he still had misgivings deep down inside as he didn't know how to answer the latter. After going back to the villa, Matthias went to the master bedroom on the second floor right away, whereas Evan stopped keeping him company.

As he looked at Matthias's straightened back from behind, Evan had a meaningful look in his eyes; naturally, he wouldn't easily show it in front of Matthias. Then, he pulled open a nearby door and walked inside without hesitation. No one knew what exactly was on Evan's mind. Sometimes, Matthias even had a feeling that a potential threat might come from Evan, and this concern was probably not groundless.

As he leaned his back against the door, Matthias reached out his hand, felt his heartbeat, and gave a sorrowful smile. Now that he had no way of turning back, he could only brace himself and walk down this path. He planned on taking a hot shower, so he stepped toward the bathroom. It was already late, and he would have to go to work a few hours later.

It was a new day, and the sun was about to rise. Matthias took a meaningful look at the drawn curtains as another day had gone to waste. I mustn't let a woman interrupt my train of thoughts, he thought to himself silently.

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