

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 507

As Leon chatted with her, Heather fell asleep. He called her a few times, but she didn't answer. Nonetheless, he couldn't bring himself to end the video call as he watched her sleeping visage. He even put aside his mobile game, opting to watch Heather instead.

Now that he thought about it, it was a nice thing to be able to just go nuts with Heather; the corners of Leon's lips soon lifted into a wide smile. In truth, Leon had been the crazier one during their conversation. There was a thin line between genius and insanity, after all.

Leon placed his tablet to the side and watched Heather sleep like that. She was deep in slumber, and it seemed like the woman had gone through a lot today for an absolutely spirited woman.

"It looks like the days were torture on you," Leon said to the sleeping Heather.

Leon had already decided to completely leave Heather behind him, for her conflict with Matthias actually made Leon jealous. After all, Matthias was someone who could make Heather crash her car into him. He also understood that Matthias would always be someone special to Heather.

Leon glanced at the time; when he realized that it was midnight, he ended the video call then. The day had gone by, and both of them were still just friends.

When he saw Matthias, Leon realized that Heather would never be his. Leon prized his friendship with Heather over being in a romantic relationship with her. In truth, when one was friends with someone, the less they'd think about wanting to date them.

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In the end, he would just allow himself this last chance to be greedy. Leon had never been this much of a coward around a woman; he mocked himself for it many times, but things were the way they were now. Even if their current relationship was a bit rocky now, Heather's true love had finally made his appearance at the very least.

Still, Leon had the feeling that Heather and Matthias were the best match for each other; he believed that they would get together in the end. Heather had rammed her car into Matthias, but he was still willing to help her out by lying right to the police. Since Matthias was willing to take responsibility for everything, what else could it be other than love?

Matthias already showed his feelings for Heather, yet she still wasn't aware of it—she just thought that something was wrong with Matthias' head. It seemed that melting the ice princess that was Heather was just a matter of time.

"I'm kind of salty. After all, I'm much better-looking than Matthias," Leon said in a moment of narcissism. As he said that, he watched Heather through the video call.

Soon, it was nearly 1.00AM. Leon ended the video call, but he still wasn't satisfied. He then said to himself, "I've got to go to bed early so that I can get up early. There's still plenty of fish in the sea after I've given up on her."

He had given up on Heather today; tomorrow, Leon could peacefully go out on the streets to search for his next target—after all, Asian girls were tiny and adorable. As he thought more about it, he felt that tomorrow was still going to be a good day.

The next morning, Heather woke up to a barrage of messages from Matthias. She opened her messaging app with bleary eyes. When did Matthias become this childish? He even sent her a bunch of GIFs.

Heather had the urge to smack Matthias. Feeling displeased, she typed three words in response.

'You are annoying.'

When did Matthias become a clinging limpet that she couldn't shake off?

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Matthias was pleased to read Heather's reply—at the very least, she had texted him back. He had been messaging her rather happily yesterday, but after Regan interrupted him, Heather had ignored him since.

Matthias sent a generic greeting which read, 'Happy Thanksgiving.'

Heather had no concept of Thanksgiving. She never celebrated it when she was abroad, so why did people keep wishing her that since yesterday?

'Don't pester me.' Since she had just gotten up, Heather was not equipped to answer Matthias properly.

Matthias glanced at Evan with a hurt look. Evan was the one who told him to stubbornly pursue her with all he got, so why was nothing working on Heather?

Evan was baffled from Matthias' stare, and he stared back at him uncomprehendingly. Right then, he suddenly thought that it was probably because of Heather. Lately, all Matthias had in his mind was that woman; even Lara noticed it, so Evan got the same thought immediately.

"Be thick-skinned and stubbornly cling to her?" Matthias said, a depressed look on his face. Evan's heart trembled at that. Had he known things would turn out like this, he wouldn't have suggested Matthias to do that.

"I realize that Heather hates me more now," Matthias announced mournfully. The more he clung to Heather, the further she ran from him.

"You've got to do it in moderation." Once again, Evan was back to being a saintly figure as he dispensed advice for matters of the heart. Meanwhile, Matthias was completely under the control of his emotions.

"I must lay out everything to her clearly today." When the thought of meeting Heather soon came to him, the depression within Matthias washed away completely.

"I think you can tell her everything in a roundabout way," Evan suggested.

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Matthias didn't believe Evan's words right now, so Evan's suggestion was completely of no use at all. On the contrary, it made Evan look worse to him.

"I should tell her everything as it is." Matthias intended to follow his own thoughts.

Meanwhile, Evan felt that Matthias and Heather weren't on the same page. Back when Heather was interested in Matthias, he hadn't reciprocated her feelings. Now that Matthias had gotten an epiphany for some reason or other and intended to pursue Heather, she probably no longer had the same feelings she used to have for him.

Evan had no idea how to tell Matthias all that. Back then, he had advised Matthias not to be harsh on Heather. Who would have expected Matthias to get that idea in his head and say all those cruel things to her? Needless to say, it was probably going to be a bit dangerous to win back Heather's favor.

"Why don't you give Miss Langston a reminder?" Evan was worried that Heather would not come today. The day before, Matthias had forced Heather into agreeing through underhanded means, so he had no idea whether Heather would actually come.

Matthias thought about it for a moment before he answered in a self-assured manner, "Heather has already promised me, so she will definitely come." He still trusted that part of her.

Evan couldn't roast him for this. Heather had agreed to be Matthias' fake girlfriend for a while, but in the end, the agreement between them fell apart. Women were fickle creatures, and they wouldn't necessarily do what they agreed to.

By the time Heather picked up her phone again, she remembered about the meeting with Matthias that she had agreed to yesterday; she was supposed to see him today.

Had she known that it was Thanksgiving today, she would've definitely pushed the meeting back a day. Although her parents weren't home, her grandfather was.

Heather would never hear the end of it from Robert if she went out on such a momentous occasion. Nonetheless, she gave it some thought; Robert still hadn't given her a reasonable explanation for his harsh slap yesterday.

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I'm not being petty by going out to fulfill an agreement during a special holiday.

With that thought in mind, Heather decided to dress up and head out, but before that, she must hand over the stalker's details to Myra.

Heather wasn't that anxious now that she knew Myra wasn't in danger during her talk with Leon yesterday, whom she had chatted with until she had fallen asleep. However, it was even harder to investigate who had hired that tracker, and she had no idea why they hired him. Since their opponent was even more powerful than the Harts, why did they hire someone like the stalker to track Myra and Tony?

No matter how she thought about it, nothing fit logically. As such, Heather's mind was a mess. Meanwhile, there was nothing on Myra's side after she had sent the information over. Myra and Tony were probably still asleep at this hour, but Heather was in no rush to get a reply from her anyway.

Similarly, she hadn't gotten anything from Lucas. Heather even deliberately asked Myra whether she should send the information to him; Myra and Tony had intended to handle this matter discreetly, so Heather couldn't just make it known.

Once Heather had dressed up and pulled the door open to go outside, the butler's kindly face greeted her.

"Miss Heather." The butler's smile was filled with eeriness.

"Planning to keep me here?" Heather's neck was stiff. She would not show any hint of weakness on the outside.

"Listen to yourself, Miss Heather. It is Thanksgiving today—an important day where the family gets together for a nice dinner. There will be an important guest coming, and The Old Master has given special orders for everyone to stay at home to welcome this guest." The butler smiled until all the wrinkles on his face were bunched together.

"Is there any difference between this and house-arrest?" Heather's expression was cold, for she hadn't expected her prediction to be right.

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"It's Thanksgiving, Miss Heather. It's not good to go outside today," the butler said, feeling troubled. Based on her outfit, he guessed that she was most likely heading out.

"I never celebrated Thanksgiving when I was abroad. I have an important meeting today, so there is no way I can stay here to welcome that guest," Heather said stubbornly. The more she was told not to do something, the more she wanted to do it.

"But Miss Heather, the thing is... the Old Master is already in the living room. Please go down there and have a proper talk with him about this." The butler didn't dare to offend Heather; even his tone was respectful due to his fear of her rage.

"Fine, I'll tell him myself." At times, Heather knew that she shouldn't let her temper get the better of her, but she still couldn't control her anger.

When she reached the living room and saw Robert's pale face, the words that Heather had for him became stuck in her throat—she couldn't even say a word.

Robert's frailness struck something within her. Instead, she said, "Grandpa, you don't look too good. I'll go with you to the hospital for a check-up." He had still been rosy-faced just yesterday; how did he end up like this today? It was like he had aged several years overnight.

"There's no need for that. Why should we go to the hospital on such a special holiday? It simply ruins the festiveness." Robert's voice had a slight hoarseness to it, and it seemed like he was really unwell.

"Grandpa, health trumps everything. Don't be so fixated on holidays and whatnot." Heather had to drag Robert over to the hospital for a check-up.

"Didn't you disagree about going to the hospital to be checked yesterday? Instead, you're making me go for a check-up today." Robert turned the tables on her.

"I eventually agreed to let the doctor perform a medical examination on me, didn't I?" Heather asked self-consciously, for she didn't dare to go against Robert.

"No more talking. Are you heading out today?" Robert shifted the topic to Heather herself as he surveyed her, and she felt rather uncomfortable by it.

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"I'm meeting someone," Heather said after bracing herself.

"Postpone it," Robert said flippantly.

"I've already agreed to the meeting. Unless you agree to let me take you to the hospital, I'm afraid I can't postpone it any longer," Heather replied stubbornly.

"Do not put two different things together." Robert was not going to fall for Heather's trick.

"If you won't agree, then I'm going out to my meeting." Heather was obstinate, and her temper was flaring up again. Meanwhile, Robert couldn't stand it either.

"No, we're having a special guest over today. You must stay here." Robert glared at her, his face turning paler. When she saw this, Heather was afraid to continue arguing with him and simply looked at her grandfather; she didn't dare to say the words that were on the tip of her tongue, for she was worried that Robert's health had some issues. As she looked at his colorless lips, Heather felt especially concerned.

"When our guest arrives, you will have to behave in a more mature manner; you cannot continue to be so willful. Your reputation has been spreading the last few years, and your temper has made a more frequent appearance. I do not wish for others to talk behind your back. You may not like to do certain things, but please do not make it so obvious," Robert said sincerely. Heather's personality was becoming more explosive, and he was truly worried that something bad would happen to her.

If Heather found out about the Moriarty Family, then...

Robert didn't dare to continue that line of thought, and all he could do was take things one step at a time.

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Now that they were in Venezuela, Myra and Tony hugged each other intimately after they finished touring Canaima National Park. Since they were staying at the presidential suite this time around, they could roll around the huge bed in any way that they liked.

When they woke up, he gently kissed her forehead as he revealed a slight smile on his face. Even though he had been quite disturbed by the stalker, he felt as though all his troubles had melted away when he hugged her in his arms.

Myra had been a light sleeper as of late. Even though it was a gentle kiss, it had woken her up. With an apologetic look on his face, Tony asked, "Did I wake you up?" Of course he wanted her to have a longer sleep.

"I'm easily woken up these days." On top of being pregnant, the bad encounter had also made her unable to be sound asleep.

However, it was not necessarily safe for them to return to Bradford City either. The mastermind who hired the stalker to follow them could be waiting at Bradford City for them to return, but Tony had already spoken to his family about it.

He was worried that the attack this time was directed at the Hart Family, so he asked them to take some precautions beforehand, even though it was blatant that the Hart Family was much safer in Bradford City, compared to Tony and Myra being in a foreign country. After all, they were not familiar with Venezuela and they did not have any friends around. It was quite a dangerous situation for them both. Hence, they had to be vigilant all the time. He was also

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unsure whether he should make a decision to return to Bradford City since the stalker had merely followed them around without doing anything.

However, Tony was also worried that the stalker might attack them on their way back to Bradford City, which made him feel conflicted. Meanwhile, Myra was also worried about it. Upon seeing how their well-planned honeymoon had come to this, he was annoyed.

“It’s the Lantern Festival today, which is a time for families to reunite.” He was quite comfortable with pinching her chubby cheeks.

“Unfortunately we are in Venezuela, which is far away from our hometown.” Myra smiled. She did not want to show her concerns because she knew that he was already worried about their current situation. She did not want him to be worried about her as well.

“There are no mooncakes here. Why don’t we make it ourselves?” Even though mooncakes were unavailable, they could make it themselves as the raw ingredients were not difficult to locate anyway.

“Good thinking.” Myra smiled again. For the past few days, Tony had been trying to cheer her up to divert her attention from the stalker.

Since they had already arrived at that decision, they quickly got out of the bed to get started on their plan. Thinking that Heather would update her anytime soon, Myra took her phone with her. Sure enough, there were a few messages from Heather.

Myra downloaded the document that Heather had just sent. When Myra opened it, Tony had also scooted over and paled after quickly skimming through it. She then shot him a glance before looking back at the document.

“I didn’t expect the mastermind, who arranged the stalker, to come from such a powerful background,” he mocked, making her wonder whether it was good or bad news.

Upon hearing that, she looked at him in worry, making him realize that what he had just blurted out frightened her.

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“Don’t worry, the stalker does not pose any physical threat to us. He is only responsible for collecting information and I’m sure he won’t be attacking us.” It was actually a piece of good news that finally calmed Tony’s anxious thoughts.

He did not expect Heather to have the capabilities to investigate such a group. A few years back, he had merely heard some rumors about them.

“Why did they follow us to gather information about us? What kind of information do we possess to warrant such a great deal of effort?” Myra was confused to hear that. There were a few technical terms mentioned in the document that were quite difficult to understand, so she directly asked him.

“I have no idea, but this is the bad part. Some big guys have their eyes on us now.” Tony did not understand the secret goal of the powerful mastermind behind the stalker. He did not want to hide anything from Myra. After all, judging from her intelligence, she could get this piece of information from the document itself. It was better to let her know from the beginning so that she did not have to look it up herself.

“What about us?” She wanted to know Tony’s next step, but it seemed like he hadn’t thought about what they should do next.

“Just follow our initial plan. Once we are done with our travels, we’re heading back to Bradford City.” He did not want to change his plans. Apart from that, the group was so formidable that they might have already known about his plans.

“I don’t even have the mood to travel anymore,” Myra complained with unease.

“We have to follow our initial plan. I assume the group already knows about our plan. If we suddenly change our plans, it would be bad if they realize that we have found out about them. At least we are still safe now, so let’s continue to pretend that we know nothing about this.” Tony voiced his opinion. He would rather go with the flow and pretend that they did not discover the stalker instead of changing their plans in a panic.

After hearing Tony’s justification, Myra nodded. Even though she was quite anxious and fearful, she was less so with him around.

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“Today, our plan is to make mooncakes.” Tony recollected his composure and spoke in a happier tone.

“What fillings should we put in?” Myra asked solemnly. After all, it was a serious question.

“Fruits?” he asked tentatively. There were many different types of fillings for mooncakes nowadays, but he did not like the almond flavor and was willing to accept a fruity filling instead.

After thinking about it, she replied, “I guess that’s what we can make here.” After all, since they were not in Bradford City now, they could not get their hands on many of the ingredients.

“Fruits it is. What type of fruit are you craving for?” There were many types of fruits around, but Tony had no idea which one to choose from, so he thought Myra could inspire him.

“An assortment of them.” Myra did not have any particular cravings as well, so she thought it would be best to have an assortment of fruits.

“Let’s take a look at the market on the streets and buy some fruits to make them into fillings.” Since they were going to make mooncakes by hand, they had to do everything including the fillings from scratch.

They happily walked out of the hotel to the busy street after they made their decision. As they held hands, they smiled at each other before they started to buy the required ingredients. Since it had been a while since Myra last made something, she was looking forward to it. In fact, even Tony was excited about it because he had never done something like this before. Now that he thought about it, the idea of making mooncakes was rather interesting.

It was rather easy to find flour and fruits, but they still needed sugar and olive oil. Soon, they gathered all the ingredients and merely needed to look for another convenience store for some molds.

It was probably the most unique Lantern Festival they had experienced. After being busy for the entire morning, the mooncakes that they made had tasted quite good, but it came with

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weird shapes as Myra and Tony did not manage to find the specific molds. After all, it was difficult to search for the exact molds that were used in the local convenience stores.

She could not help but grin from ear to ear when she saw the weirdly-shaped mooncakes. She took a picture of them and posted it to her Stories. After leaving Bradford City, she and Tony felt like they were an ordinary pair of husband and wife who experienced many things that they had never tried when they were in Bradford City.

When she saw some flour on Tony's nose, Myra thought he looked funny, so she quickly took a picture of him. Before he could even realize what was happening, she had already taken a comical picture of him.

Tony first saw a picture on her Stories. Upon seeing how he actually looked cute in the picture, he narrowed his eyes when he looked at her. On the other hand, Myra smiled happily. After experiencing such simple and normal happiness, Tony felt that it was worth it to bring Myra here. There were many things that were inconvenient for him to carry out in Bradford City and his days were mostly filled with work. However, at this moment, he was free and easy like a bird.

"Take a bite of this." He took the mooncake to feed her himself.

Myra wanted to avoid him. "You gave it to me because you don't like it. I don't want that." Tony did not like desserts, but she convinced him to have a little of them.

"There are still quite a lot of leftovers. Do you want to bring it back?" It was his first time baking something himself, so he thought it would be a waste to throw the leftovers away.

"No. I can't eat too much sugar. Why don't we share it with others?" She suggested with a smile. When we share good stuff with people, we can spread joy around.

"Sure." Tony agreed with Myra's idea.

With that being said, they gave the remainder to the employees of the convenience store, who thanked them with a smile when they saw the mooncakes. After all, the employees were quite curious about the taste since they never had any mooncakes.

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When Tony and Myra returned to the hotel, they were satisfied with their actions and decided to leave the stalker aside. When one was happy, one would often forget about their troubles. While they were in bed, Myra could not fall asleep, so she dragged Tony outside to look at the moon. They brought some stools to the balcony and enjoyed watching the moon there. The round moon had always been the same—no matter where it was.

“I still remember back when I was still in school, my geography teacher said that the moon was the roundest on the 16th of each month.” Myra recalled her student days with Heather. She had no idea why she had recently been reminiscing about her younger times.

Occasionally, she felt that her memories were incomplete, as she always dreamed of a person whose face was blurred out. When she woke up, she would feel disappointed, as if part of her memories had been deleted.

At that moment, the feeling became more intense. Myra wanted to talk to Tony about it, but she resisted when she was about to do so. After all, he had not taken part in her past memories. She also thought that he could do nothing about it even if she told him what she felt right now.

Moreover, she had a feeling that the memories that she had forgotten were related to a young boy who had not gone through puberty. Since it was related to a young boy, Myra felt even more embarrassed to discuss it with Tony. If that person really existed, he could be her first love. She did not even dare to continue her train of thought. How could one forget their first love? I seem to hear that voice somewhere.

Perhaps at this moment, if Matthias was right in front of Myra and behaved in the same way as he always did, she might remember the missing part of her memories were related to him. However, since Tony was the only person around her at this moment, it was impossible for her to be in touch with Matthias. As such, it could not be possible for her to recall him at this point in time.

If Matthias knew about this one day, he might feel slightly regretful. Back then, if he persevered and appeared in Myra’s life on a daily basis, she could have remembered her past with him. However, after arriving in Bradford City, he seldom appeared in front of her because of her relationship with Tony.

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“In that case, let’s view the moon again tomorrow,” Tony suggested as he looked at Myra adoringly.

“No. It’s not the Lantern Festival tomorrow.” When she raised her head, her messy thoughts were chased away. I’m with Tony now, so I should focus on this moment instead of other matters.

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