

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 555

It was Heather's first time bringing Leon back to the Langston Residence, so the sight of them walking side by side naturally attracted the attention of other pedestrians. Excited, Leon spat some meaningless chatter as he scanned around the residence.

"It's like a medieval castle! Ha!" He laughed loudly as he was astonished by the residence, as if it was one of the iconic buildings in Bradford City, although he might have been exaggerating.

"Shut up," Heather muttered furiously as she was triggered by Leon's running mouth.

When it came to her, Leon would always find something about her to pick on. He would have so many teases building up in his mind that he had trouble finding words to express them.

"Heather, is this why you've been reluctant to bring me to your residence?" Presently, Leon finally acknowledged that the reason Heather wouldn't bring him home was to prevent him from making fun of her.

"Shut up, I said. Is this how you behave as a guest?" Heather shot him a look from the corner of her eye, failing to find the humor in his speech. Why is he so detestable?

Holding back his laugh, Leon nervously waved his hand out of denial. "Of course not! The design is really unique. For someone who seldom explores the world, overreacting to such a wonder is natural, isn't it?"

Sensing the mockery in his words, she decided to ignore him while she drowned in remorse for bringing him home. I must have been out of it when I decided to bring Leon to the

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Langston Residence. As much as Heather wanted to clip his mouth shut, she could only surrender to her misery.

On the other hand, Leon, whose smile was toppingly intoxicating, had smeared the line between heterosexual attractions. Be it a man or a woman, no one could resist his charm.

Sadly, the hideous, infuriating truth behind the handsome mug was only known to Heather. At that very moment, she wanted to toss him outside the door.

"I can't wait to see your boudoir, Heather!" After seeing how Heather's home was built like a castle, Leon got eager to see what her bedroom looked like and wondered, Perhaps it's like a princess' chamber?

"Our family rules are strict. Only my significant other is allowed entry into my boudoir." she shot him a cold grin. If she were to let him into her room, she'd be a gag topic for days!

"Oh—how disappointing! Looks like I'll never have the chance to visit your room for the rest of my life, then," he mumbled with a dispirited expression. Seeing how Heather wouldn't let him into the room, it must have been as he predicted—the boudoir was but a front to the princess chamber.

"Behave yourself! My grandfather hates an indecent man," she reminded him. Indeed, Robert did abhor men that had a cunning tongue like Leon. He might even have Leon escorted out of the residence before dinner.

"Am I not decent enough?" Feeling great about himself, Leon thought that as long as he wasn't too uptight, he would be good to go.

Heather sarcastically scoffed as she rolled her eyes at him, secretly hoping everything would go fine. Except for Myra, she had never brought any friends to the residence. Now that she had brought Leon over, she would be extremely ashamed if her family didn't accept him.

Seeing the inexplicable expression on her face, Leon thoughtfully behaved himself as he straightened his clothes. Although sporting a jacket seemed somewhat perfunctory, his fit figure allowed him to look fanciable.

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As long as he was mindful of his facial expressions, Leon would still be a piece of art, not emitting any trace of obscenity.

Gifted with a ravishing face and the diligence to maintain a desirable body, Leon had certainly passed the attractiveness test. Besides, he had undergone nobility training, so he could reflect the quality of a noble as long as he remained stern and orderly.

To strangers, Leon would appear friendly and beguiling. However, to acquaintances, evilness would fill his eyes when he grinned with cunningness imprinted on his face, just like a true degenerate.

Shortly after, Heather led Leon to the residence hall—a vast, empty hall, only because the kids were still in school while the adults hadn't gotten off work.

The stillness in the residence would soon be over when the kids eventually returned home, turning the silence into a head-aching party.

Since the children were raised spoiled, none of them was sensible in arguments. Annoyed by that, Heather often fantasized about smacking each of them.

Unlike the disciplined, meticulous family they once were, the Langstons had failed to pass down the admirable traits to their heirs as none of the succeeding generations after Heather was well trained, but it was not that she cared anymore. Nonetheless, the kids still knew their places in the family and would control themselves when Robert was around.

Conversely, when in private, they would turn into a gang of mischief in a split second, and Heather would immediately discipline them. Hence, they were rather scared of her.

Ultimately, when it came to instructing children, she alone couldn't do much in helping them develop their core personalities; she could only educate them to conduct themselves under certain circumstances.

Heather sat down on the couch and she invited Leon to do so too. She then had a servant prepare some tea for him, and they then served some tidbits and snacks along with drinks.

Leon thanked the maid with a friendly smile and it made her blush immediately. Upon seeing that, Heather shot him a warning look. Despite having informed him several times in

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the past, Leon disregarded her reminders as he carried on with his usual ways. Ah—when will he ever change?

Because of his tendency to make passes, Leon would never have a good ending with girls. After all, who in the world would like their partners to continuously flirt around with others?

Despite that, Heather had an intuition that he might drop that irresponsible habit of his if he were to get together with Paige.

“Where’s Old Master Langston?” Leon looked around but he couldn’t find Robert anywhere. He could have saved the sweat if he knew the old man wasn’t present.

Heather pursed her lips slightly and she knitted her brows. “If he’s not in the living room, he should be in the study room,” she murmured. Truth was, she hesitated whether to bring Leon to Robert. Although she had mentioned Leon to him, she wasn’t sure if he still remembered it.

“I’m a little nervous,” Leon explained outright. Somehow, he felt more anxious than meeting the parents of a partner, not that he had done that many times.

Hearing that, Heather responded with a smirk as she would never have expected the mighty Leon to reveal his timid side. It seemed like her effort in making her grandfather seem intimidating didn’t go to waste.

Just as she had wished for, a little uneasiness helped shut Leon’s witless mouth up. This way, he wouldn’t blurt things he wasn’t supposed to, especially pertaining to certain private matters that she wasn’t ready to tell Robert.

“What for? Grandpa’s real amiable!” Heather’s grin got even deeper as she got to enjoy Leon’s vulnerable look.

“Why do I find that hard to believe?” he questioned suspiciously. Amiable? What a load of bull!

Just like the one Leon had at home, a man who had once conquered the business world could never evolve into an amiable person even if he tried. Recalling how ferocious his grandfather was, Leon would shiver even at the mere thought of his existence.

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“Don’t stress yourself out. After all, weren’t you the one nagging to see him?” Heather teased. As a matter of fact, Leon was indeed the one who wished to meet Robert, which Heather took no part in.

“Maybe I shouldn’t be seeing him after all. I don’t think I’m ready to.” Frightened, Leon tried to retreat from his decision. “Well, I could meet him when our business starts up. That way, we have more things to talk about.”

“No way, Leon! Since you’re already here and the maids have already seen you, Grandpa will be coming soon knowing you’re here.” Heather continued to scare Leon as she felt tremendously satisfied seeing his panicked expression. Serves him right for being so gabby!

“Tell him something urgent came up and I had to go. I’ll take my leave now.” He stood up as he spoke, getting ready to walk out, to which Heather quickly grasped his arm.

With one drag of a hand, Leon was immediately pulled back to his seat and Heather gave him a vicious stare. “Do not leave. If you do so, you’ll be embarrassing me, so do as you promised.” Looking at her murderous expression, Leon was frightened out of his mind.

Coincidentally, the sight of the duo sharing skinship was caught by Robert and he frowned. Even with his deteriorating eyesight, he could tell the man beside Heather wasn’t Matthias.

Perhaps she is seeing a man other than Matthias? Then again, Robert knew how Heather hated being intimate with other people. Given how close they were interacting, was Heather closer with this man than with Mathias?

Speeding up his steps, Robert wanted to identify the man. Could he be someone she truly fancies?

Hearing the rapid footsteps coming from the staircase, Heather swiftly unhanded Leon as they both stared at the staircase, only to see Robert walking over.

Heather watched as Robert came down the stairs, and she got worried that he might have seen her dragging Leon. She then thought that she should have been more careful in the residence and regretted her decision to bring Leon home. Now, she had basically dug a hole for herself.

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Leon turned to Heather anxiously, clueless about what to say when Robert was approaching them. Since having arrived in Bradford City, Leon had been socially helpless as he had to force himself to communicate with others, unlike in Italy, where people were more hospitable.

If the opening acts were already this exhausting, how devastating would the main play—the tricky Robert—be? In all honesty, Leon hadn't the faintest idea.

"Relax; act more naturally. Just remember—you're my entrepreneurial partner, so confer more about the job and do not even try being funny." Heather purposefully emphasized the last part.

Regardless of everything, cultural differences between countries would never cease to exist. Thanks to the openness of Italy, a carefree man like Leon was born.

Hastily, Leon nodded his head in acknowledgment. Within seconds, Robert arrived before them. Immediately, Heather sprung up from her seat to link her arm through his as she beamed sweetly.

So there really is a man that can turn Heather into a demure, little girl, and that man is none other than her grandfather, Robert Langston! Stupefied by her act, Leon momentarily forgot to greet the old man.

"Who's your friend, Heather?" Robert quizzed his granddaughter.

Despite Heather's hinting glare, Leon, who was still stunned, wasn't able to heed her signal. As Leon failed his first impression, Heather felt utterly frustrated and could only peer at him helplessly.

"Hello, Grandpa." Out of panic, Leon mistakenly blurted the form of address Heather uttered.

Amazed by his stupidity, Heather shot a speechless look at Leon, having already stabbed him countless times in her mind. Upon hearing that, Robert hit her with a knowing look and she knew then and there that she was done for.

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Afraid that the old man would misunderstand, Leon hastily corrected, "I mean... Old Master Langston! It's a force of habit. I hope you un—"

"It's fine. I understand," Robert interrupted in the midst of Leon's explanation.

Leon was lucky that Robert was in a fairly good mood on top of Heather forgiving Leon for his slip up—as long as he didn't further annoy her grandfather. When she first brought Myra home the other time, Robert had enjoyed Myra's company. Even Myra herself loved to have his acceptance.

Robert indeed seemed more amicable unlike Leon's own grandfather, which allowed him to heave a breath of relief.

"You're the second friend whom Heather has ever brought home," Robert suddenly stated. Upon hearing that information, Leon felt somewhat honored.

Like an obedient granddaughter, Heather kept her gaze elsewhere while Leon would occasionally sneak a glance at her. Catching that, Robert attempted to figure out the nature of their relationship from their eyes. Sadly, nothing had attracted his attention, except for how awfully natural she was with Leon around.

The way she behaved suggested not even a hint of affection toward the boy. It seemed like her feelings toward Leon were wholly platonic. As for Leon, Robert couldn't tell whether the emotion in his eyes was adoration, admiration, or perhaps something more.

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A relieved Leon responded with an awkward smile—one that spooked even Heather. As if he was a whole new person, all of his gestures today were out of the ordinary and she was thoroughly perplexed by that.

Upon seeing how the ice breaker between him and Robert was far smoother than expected, she realized her worry of Robert disliking her friend was all for naught.

Then again, why would Robert hate any friend of hers? He was always welcoming toward her peers as he understood her well enough to know she wasn't someone who wouldn't befriend any rascals.

Therefore, despite the fact that Leon seemed rather frivolous and flippant in nature, Robert knew anyone within Heather's social circle must be goodhearted and sociable. Nonetheless, he didn't mind Leon's flaw as he recognized the boy's attitude toward her was solely out of respect. Considering that Leon was able to treat her in such a way, Robert didn't mind her seeing him as a true friend.

Then, Robert continued to study their interaction, wanting to ensure there weren't any romantic feelings between the duo. As it was a rarity for friends of different genders to remain purely platonic, he felt happy for Heather's friendship with Leon. Although he had heard about Leon from her before, he didn't mind it since he assumed it was just another successful man.

Now that they finally met today, Robert discovered something Heather didn't mention about Leon—his sincerity toward her.

It was the same when she first brought Myra home. Myra quickly grew on Robert thanks to her truthfulness as well as her lack of intention to take advantage of his granddaughter, which was enough to acquire his recognition and permission for further interaction. As a businessman himself, he acknowledged that in this dog-eat-dog world, a faithful connection without any polluted mindset was rare, but it was what everyone needed.

Shortly after that, Leon took the initiative to share the moments he had in Italy with Robert, which included details that Heather previously omitted as she had only told Robert the stories in the Langston Group division, but nothing about her university life.

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When Leon brought up the topic about their lives as students, Robert was visibly piqued and chatted excitedly with Leon. Heather was at the side and wanted to remind Leon to be mindful of his words in private, but he remained talkative and spilled the beans on certain matters that she would rather not touch on.

“Heather was the golden girl back in uni. She was so popular that people mentioned her name everywhere on my first day!” Reminiscing about that particular memory, he smiled with nostalgia. Back then, he was filled with fascination toward her and had been eager to meet her.

“Attagirl!” Robert replied as he let out a satisfied laugh, knowing that she had been exceptional since she was a kid. As other kids were impressed by her, they would even perceive her as their role model.

In agreement, Leon continuously nodded his head and added, “And I would always look for opportunities to get to know her properly!” Recalling his innocence, he remembered how he used to regard Heather as his dream girl.

Since he wasn’t acquainted with her back then, he had somehow obtained a photo of her and kept it with him at all times. After days of effort, he eventually gathered his courage and patiently waited for her on the path she always took to class.

After Leon waited for a long time, Heather finally showed up. At that time, they might have simply walked past each other or perhaps made eye contact with each other. Regardless, he chickened out at the most crucial moment and failed to start a conversation with her.

While listening to his description, she had a flashback of meeting a dashing mixed-race boy when she was returning to her dorm.

A committed Leon would always wait for Heather and occasionally sneak a peek at her, clueless to the fact that he would ultimately become the hot topic of the entire university.

During that period, he had a pair of tranquil eyes with a beguiling face, which made him more striking than the hunks from other universities. Every person’s eyes would fall upon his boney face—boys and girls alike. Due to his appeal, relationships came easily to him and he would start one witlessly and end it on a whim.

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Now that Leon had entered university, he wished to turn over a new leaf and decided to pursue Heather, wanting to experience the purest form of love. Unfortunately, due to certain reasons, she didn't give him the chance and rejected his advances.

After having failed to ask her out, Leon, born with a playful nature, quickly relapsed into his hedonistic lifestyle. With an abundance of admirers around him, he would wantonly date anyone whom he had the slightest interest in.

With that, Leon and Heather both moved on in their own routes, drifting away from the potential of a romantic relationship. Moreover, as she was extremely particular with the integrity in her relationship, there was no way she would allow a playboy to tag along with her.

"She was that charming, huh!" Robert exclaimed with a gratified laugh. Since Heather seldom spoke about her past, he was joyous to have heard it from Leon.

"Certainly! She had so many pursuers that each of them had to rack their brains just to get her attention." As Leon and Robert were overly indulged in conversing, they hadn't noticed the hideous scowl on her face.

Everything that Leon had revealed was the topics that she won't share in front of Robert. How could she have expected him to be loquacious and become such a good companion with her grandfather in such a short time? After having no interest in hearing about the childish lover-boy talk, let alone joining in the conversation, she frustratedly wished to hide in isolation.

"Hahaha!" Robert cackled loudly. In Bradford, after knowing Heather's identity, no boy from her school dared to confess their affection to her.

However, it seemed like that wasn't the case abroad. Apparently, she had been receiving so many confessions that even he was baffled how she could have denied every one of them. As he laughed at Leon's stories, Robert incidentally turned to her, only to see her gloomy frown while Leon was still ignorantly speaking and immediately recognized the tragedies ahead of the poor boy.

"Oh! There was one boy who would profess his love for Heather on Valentine's Day every year, only to get turned down by her each time!" Leon slyly grinned. Being the one who

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confessed the most to Heather, he couldn't help but feel sympathetic when he remembered the boy.

After having had enough of his crap, she gloomily spoke, "I'm a little tired. I'll get some rest upstairs." As she spoke, she rose to her feet and left the men without glancing back.

A curious Leon watched as Heather's figure departed. At the same time, he felt weird by the fact that Robert didn't even try to stop her. It was just minutes ago when she behaved like a filial granddaughter in front of Robert, so why didn't he mind even one bit when she had left so rudely?

"Have I said something wrong, Old Master Langston?" Leon timidly inquired after feeling threatened by her final malicious glare before she completely vanished.

"You haven't, Leon. Carry on. I'm all ears." Robert continued to encourage Leon so as not to scare him away, or he would lose the chance for more invigorating tales.

After all, despite Robert's attempt to have a light-hearted chat with Heather about her study days, her mouth was always resistant as every time he brought up Italy, she would always focus on business and discussed matters regarding the Langston Group's branch.

Feeling guilty, Leon apologetically mumbled, "It's getting late. Why don't we continue next time? I should be going home now anyway." If he were to overstay his welcome, he would have to stick around for dinner with the enormous family, which would make him feel immensely awkward.

It was soon before the kids came home one by one. However, after seeing Robert sitting on the living room couch, they quickly returned to their room, not daring to lurk in the same space as him.

"You should stay for dinner," Robert enthusiastically invited Leon for a meal.

Upon hearing that, Leon grew hesitant as he imagined how the entire family would puzzlingly stare at him at dinner. Not that he was afraid of being at the center of attention as it had always been that way since he was a kid, but he simply felt uneasy.

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Robert's invitation had reminded Leon of the dinners he had at home: a crowd seated around a table without any interaction, not even a single word—noble, but desolate. However, all that facade of maintaining royalty like ancient kings was but a joke to Leon, for he looked down upon the declining family's insistence on upholding its righteous front.

"I'll take your silence as a yes," Robert quickly added before Leon could answer.

With that, Leon had no excuse to turn Robert down. Although Robert was indeed much friendlier than Leon's own grandfather, they were both of the same cunning people in their hearts. Despite that, Robert undoubtedly seemed much more approachable in comparison, hence Leon would feel disheartened at the thought of his own grandfather.

Since he was but a young man, Leon had taken countless measures to detach himself from his toxic family and earned a significant sum of money without the help of his family, which was similar to what Heather was doing.

The only difference between them was their familial background—the Langstons were decent, upfront business people while Leon's family was highly involved with shady activities and eventually evolved into heartless individuals.

Furthermore, Heather had the love and support from Robert whereas Leon was the black sheep back at home. Sure, he was currently free like a bird, but no one could tell when he would be 'captured' back home.

Therefore, he could only live in the moment, enjoying each day as he went. Life was so unbiased that it treated everyone equally yet unfairly.

Upon seeing the complicated emotions in Leon's eyes, Robert was sharp enough to pick up the anomaly in the man in front of him—something he hadn't noticed in the gregarious boy from earlier.

As it seemed that Leon also had his share of secrets, Robert stared at him with empathy. He figured he should do a background check on Leon since he hadn't done so previously.

For starters, Leon was a combination of irony as shown in his physical qualities, although no one could quite tell what his origins were.

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“Allow me to show you my study room.” An enthusiastic Robert invited Leon to his study room. It was unusual for Robert to invite anyone into his study, so there must be something important he wished to discuss with Leon in private.

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