

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 561

Since there was no point in discussing it further, the duo naturally stopped talking. However, Robert's attitude had given Heather an immense assurance. Knowing that her grandfather chose to side with her, she no longer saw any point to worry.

After exiting the study, Heather pulled out her phone that had been buzzing and opened up her Messenger, only to be greeted by Leon's swarming texts. Unexpectedly, the last one grabbed her attention. 'You'll need my help with Paige.'

Reading the obvious blackmail, she helplessly typed out a reply. Never would she have expected Leon to be this reactive.

'Thanks for the help.' Since it was not much of a threat, she didn't mind accepting his help.

Reading her response, Leon subconsciously frowned as he realized he was, as expected, no match of hers. Firmly believing that his family was indeed responsible for the explosion, he was unwilling to compromise by letting the matter affect the start up of their business.

'I think it's better that I head over to your place. Some things cannot be discussed via a mere call.' Leon insisted on visiting the Langston Residence as there were some particulars regarding his family that he would rather disclose face-to-face.

'There's no need for that. I have no interest in your family feud. Our partnership bears no relevance to your personal affairs.' Heather rejected his visitation right away, having no intention to get involved in Leon's ambiguous family matters. Since she had agreed to partner up with him, she decided not to meddle in his shady family business.

Upon seeing that text, Leon was taken aback. It was as if something had thoroughly changed her mind with how she wasn't one bit interested about his family.

'Rest up. Bad weather doesn't go well with discussion.' Fearing that she might lose a good friend, Heather no longer had the desire to further conversate with Leon.

Since nothing was ever elementary as it appeared, why not just stay a simpleton in such a complex world? Despite that, she would continue looking into the detonation. If Leon's family was actually pulling the strings, she would let him handle it himself.

Nevertheless, if there was a one in a million chance that the Moriartys were behind it, she would never let them off the hook so easily. Although Caleb hadn't been showing up lately, Heather knew that he was never far away from her.

As if they were always lurking around the Langston Residence, standing by for a lethal strike to the Langstons, Heather couldn't drop her worry of the Moriartys being aware that their conflict could drag the Hart family down. However, given how the Locke Group had been troubling the Hart Group, perhaps someone from the former did collude with the Moriartys.

With that, Heather couldn't be sure that Matthias had no hand in this. After all, he was the director of the corporation, so opposing the Hart Group must have been his command.

Linking all the happenings together, it was as if the opponents had laid down a chess board and Heather could only play it safe. Up until now, the Langston Group hadn't stirred up any major issues and the Moriartys were just staying put. No one could tell what they were waiting for.

And so, Heather decided to meet Myra at the same time to look for a chance to speak with Tony regarding the matter. Without having her breakfast, she immediately departed from the Langston Residence.

In this stormy weather, Myra suddenly got a call from Heather. "Open up, Myra. I'm at your door."

As the go-getter she was, Heather would never delay her plans she had come up with even for a minute. When Myra opened the door, Heather looked somewhat damp—it seemed like she got caught in the rain.

Myra's gaze fell upon Heather's right hand that was holding a foldable umbrella. Despite having put up an umbrella, she still managed to get herself wet, indicating how terrific the storm was.

“Is Tony at work?” Heather questioned, going straight to the point.

Welcoming her into the house, Myra answered, “He’s having breakfast. What’s the urgency?”

However, Heather only hummed in response. By then, she had already decided to go against Robert’s will—to work with the Locke Group. However, it was possible that the Locke Group was already affiliated with the Moriartys, so she thought forming an alliance with the Hart family was the safer bet.

Reading the time on his watch, Tony had anticipated a traffic jam in the storm that would hinder him from reaching his workplace on time.

Clueless about whomever it was that Myra opened the door for, he curiously stared toward the door. A minute ago, Myra silently left her seat and walked toward the door. Before he even realized it, he heard the house door opening.

Heather, on the other hand, entered the house and put her umbrella aside. In all honesty, both Myra and Tony were simultaneously surprised and baffled at her sudden appearance.

“Director Hart,” Heather courteously greeted.

At that, Tony turned to Myra—only to see her confused expression—before politely asking, “What’s the matter, Miss Heather?”

“There’s something urgent I came for. If I could trouble you for a bit...” As a drop of sweat fell from Heather’s face, Tony felt somewhat odd as it was his first time seeing her so desperate.

As she donned a bare face, no one could have associated her current appearance with a strong, independent business woman. Perhaps she had indeed come with pressing news.

“Work?” Despite saying that, Tony had no idea what business could make her so restless.

“Yes.” Giving him a knowing look, Heather hinted that she didn’t want it known to Myra.

Tony never liked discussing work at home and after receiving Heather’s underlying meaning, he suggested, “Why don’t you follow me to work to talk about it?”

Since the matter should be kept from Myra, they could properly talk about it in the Hart Group's building.

"Sure." As Heather answered, she thought that she might have been too impulsive given the fact that she had even come to the Hart Residence when she could have waited for Tony in the Hart Group.

Watching as Heather and Tony leave as they put up umbrellas of their own, Myra, who had been clueless since the beginning, couldn't help but feel a little left out.

Although they were behaving formally with each other, they seemed like criminals that were avoiding suspicion. With that, Myra couldn't help but wonder what it was that had Heather rush over to the residence.

Shortly after, the both of them got into their respective vehicles. A lot of times, some women hoped their best friends would befriend their partners while the rest would expect them to keep their distance.

Myra belonged to the former as she wished that Heather and Tony could get along. Since she had utmost trust in them and their qualities, she believed there wouldn't be anything messy happening between them.

As the storm continued to raid Bradford City, every vehicle seemed like a mini canoe drifting in the endless sea. Gazing out the window, Heather looked rather dazed, and she was perturbed by the fact that she was actually considering bailing on her own decided plans.

Thinking of Robert, she couldn't help but feel like she had betrayed him and a weird sensation surged in her heart. At that moment, she was hesitant on whether to confess the matter to Tony. Weirdly, the confidence she initially had was now nowhere to be found.

Very soon, the both of them had arrived at the Hart Group. Consequently, Tony exited his car while Heather, after spacing out for a while, weakly got out of hers.

Following Tony's footsteps, Heather worried that her trailing Tony into the building might not be a good idea. After all, it had been a hell of an autumn, so she intended to avoid any unnecessary trouble, knowing paparazzis were as savage as hungry beasts.

“Go ahead, Director Hart. I’ll be with you shortly.” Worried about the adhesive shutterbugs, Heather decided to stay in the parking lot for a little longer to steer clear of any possible sneak shots.

Once the fearless lady that never bat an eye to scandals nor cared enough to explain things herself, Heather had finally acknowledged the true dread of rumors. Back in the Langston Group, one of the partners had publicly shamed her with rumors during a banquet, indicating how a woman’s pride was always disregarded in the real world.

And so, Heather reentered her car and waited inside for another quarter of an hour before walking into the building alone. Apart from the fact that it was her first time visiting the Hart Group, her pretty bare face prevented the employees in the building from recognizing her—the mighty Heather Langston.

Without taking a detour, Heather walked to the director’s office, only to be stopped by Tony’s secretary, Leo. At that moment, even Leo couldn’t tell it was indeed Heather.

“Do you have an appointment, Miss?” Leo interrogated.

“Mr. Clark.” Heather revealed a tender smile as she continued, “I’ll have to trouble you to notify your staff. I’m Heather Langston.”

Hearing that, Leo dazedly glanced at her a few times. Although her current look was as beguiling as ever, it was a whole new semblance from her usual appearance.

“I’m sorry. You may enter.” Instantly, Leo felt embarrassed for making such a rookie mistake. No wonder Tony said Heather was coming!

Perturbed, Leo pulled the door open for Heather as he lowered his head, feeling too shameful to look her in the eye. That was the reason she always had makeup on. Otherwise, no one could recognize the robust identity she possessed.

Of course, Heather would sometimes enjoy looking at her own bare face. Although she was already pretty without makeup, perhaps even possessing a tinge of Everly’s attractiveness, it was no way appropriate to be presented in the industry.

At her presence, Tony invited her for a seat with a smile. Immediately, the tension that was on her face was relieved. Recalling her awful scowl, Tony got curious about her thoughts.

"I'm sorry for earlier. That was rude of me," Heather apologetically expressed after having shocked Myra with her visit.

"It's not a big deal. You must carry some important news, huh?" He spoke to Heather with a welcoming smile since she was Myra's closest friend.

After the incident at the hot springs, Tony had no idea if he had left Heather a bad impression. After all, he felt guilty after having bashed her that day despite her genuine concern toward him and Myra as a couple.

Presently, Heather dropped the courteousness and went straight to the point. "Do you know anything about the Moriartys?"

Hearing her question, Tony deliberately peered at her. Undoubtedly, he had heard some things about the Moriartys. Perhaps she comes bearing news about the Moriarty Family?

"I worry that the Moriartys might have come to Bradford City to have their revenge over a feud from many years ago." At the thought of Caleb, Heather felt that he would bring bloodshed upon Bradford City.

"Revenge?" Tony repeated the word as he didn't quite grasp her message.

"Back then, the Langstons, Harts, and the Moriartys had a relationship but after a certain event, the three families held grudges against each other. Do you know about this?" Heather questioned. Although she didn't know how much Tony understood about the families' history, she thought it was best for them both to be upfront.

Unwilling to talk about the past, Tony stared at Heather thoughtfully, as he wasn't prepared to discuss such matters with her.

Hearing no response from him, Heather switched to a more friendlier approach. "Caleb's already in Bradford City. But you already knew that, didn't you?"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 562

The air was tense as Tony would never have expected Heather to bring forth such a matter. At the very least, it wasn't one for them to deal with privately.

Since it involved two families, he couldn't make decisions on his own. However, Heather wasn't one to be irrational either, so what on earth made her do such a thing?

"So this is the work you wished to speak to me about?" Since the relationship between Langstons and the Hart family had been hostile for the longest time, it would only continue that way. Knowing that, Tony couldn't see the discussion going anywhere.

Disappointed, Heather frowned at Tony as his attitude made it apparent that the Hart family had no intention to reconcile with the Langstons, and the grudges they held against each other would not dissolve merely because of the Moriartys' interference.

"I've heard that the Moriartys have been working with the Locke Group in secret. Given how long they have hidden in the dark, there's no way the Langston family is their sole target." Heather felt the need to remind Tony that the Moriartys would give the Hart family a hard time. She even added some baseless deductions of her own.

Hearing her outlining that point, Tony was slightly stupefied. Indeed, it was uncanny for an unstable corporation like the Locke Group to start a conflict with the Harts.

Having assumed that Matthias' power was but a façade and after listening to Heather, who apparently knew much more than him, Tony felt that things weren't as simple as he imagined.

However, he continued to stay rational so as not to make himself anxious over Heather's baseless rumors. "Where did you hear that from?" he questioned.

"I'm still searching for evidence." Heather was much more upfront with Tony than with Robert.

Now that he thought about it, Heather and Matthias had been close lately, so perhaps this was a fragment of her scheme. Bearing that in mind, Tony focused on Heather's composed face.

All this time he had been underestimating her, but it seemed like she was far more formidable than he assumed. She was so skilled at hiding her emotions there was no telling if she was sincere or faking it.

"So how do I play into this?" Having figured out the general idea of Heather's intentions, Tony assumed she had come looking for help. Since she was earnest enough with her opinions, she must have come up with certain strategies.

"You and I both know that our families aren't exactly on good terms, so having them cooperate is near impossible. However, that doesn't affect our capability to work hand-in-hand in private," Heather confessed her intentions. In fact, when she was on her way to the Hart Group, she had already predicted that Tony would never agree for their families to team up. As such, she could only compromise and make her attempt with Tony.

Without voicing his agreement, he waited for Heather to continue. Since she had approached him by herself, she must have come up with a master plan.

"My company will start operating on New Year's day so before that, I'll have all the time I need to investigate the Moriartys," Heather proceeded while studying every subtle change on Tony's expression as she attempted to figure out whether he was willing to cooperate.

Unfortunately for her, Tony was as calm as a clam, indifferent even. Perhaps the incentives weren't appealing enough for him since businessmen had always reached an agreement based on the benefits they offered each other.

"Have you watched the news today?" All of a sudden, Heather switched to a new, irrelevant topic. Since he wasn't at all interested in what she was professing, perhaps he would be at what she was about to say next.

"I haven't." Knowing this was Heather's setup, he patiently waited for her to make her move.

Pulling out her phone, she swiped to the news and presented it to Tony. The headline was about the explosion from last night.

In a flash, Tony scanned through the news. Published alongside the words was a photo of a woman's back with Heather's likeness. There was even a Miss Langston mentioned in the news. In that instant, Tony understood what was going on.

"Somebody set off a bomb in my apartment. It was as terrifying as it was unpredictable." Heather knew that safety was a priority to Tony and he would hate to have the people surrounding Myra get hurt.

"And the Moriartys are behind this?" Tony curiously asked as he recalled how he and Myra were stalked back when they were overseas. That alone proved how influential and threatening the Moriarty family was.

"Honestly, it's still unknown so I'll have to make some time looking into it." She was unable to provide a clear answer. After all, if she could, there wouldn't be a need for her to approach Tony.

"Let's talk about this again when you finally know for sure." While Tony was still reluctant to agree, he would definitely protect Myra without slacking off for even a second.

At that, Heather helplessly blurted out, "Since when have you been so stubborn..." After so much talking, Tony was still unwavering and that made her feel perturbed.

Shaking his head, he laughingly stated, "I'm not being stubborn. I'll lend help however I can if you need it. However, partnering up requires strategies and executions. You don't just form an alliance through words."

After circling around with her words, Heather still hadn't revealed her plans on how they could work together. Evidently, it seemed like she hadn't completely thought this through, so could anyone blame Tony for not agreeing to cooperate?

"So far, there are two unknown particulars that are stopping me from working with you." As everything Heather had mentioned was the point of forming an alliance, how could he agree to be affiliated if she wasn't even sure of it herself?

“Since we’re currently unable to form a real partnership, we shall wait until certain things are set in stone.” As Tony expressed that, he couldn’t figure out why she couldn’t think through the matter at hand.

Heather, on the other hand, requested for a definite answer to the question from him. “My reason for coming today is only to ask if you are willing to form a treaty with me.”

“As I said, I’ll provide assistance however I can if you wish for it,” he emphasized once again. Women and their redundancies!

At once, Heather’s tensed up face alleviated as she responded with a subtle smirk, “Take care of Myra.”

“No one in Bradford City can lay a finger on her,” he claimed confidently, as he intended to protect Myra no matter what happened to the city.

Heather trusted his capabilities and she knew that Myra would be safe as long as the latter was under Tony’s care. Meanwhile, deep down, she was contemplating whether to see Caleb for herself. As the general of Leisfield, he must have his reasons for staying in Bradford City for so long.

After leaving the Hart Group, Heather drove her car under the heavy downpour. Despite the raging storm going on, she somehow felt at peace.

Having completed her mission for the day, although she wasn’t able to get both the Langstons and the Harts to work together, she was able to receive Tony’s explicit consent showing his support.

So far, Heather was still clueless about Tony’s true power, except for the fact that he must still have a remarkable influence in the United States after staying there for so long.

Once Tony participated in the fight, it would be impossible for the opposite parties to trump so easily. Therefore, she should hasten the alliance to make advances on her countermeasures.

In such weather, although the number of vehicles on the road was significantly less, navigating through it was no easy feat as one was only a minor mistake away from an accident.

Fortunately, Heather was quite proficient in driving. Up until now, she had only encountered two accidents, both thanks to Matthias. While one was merely an accident, the other was purposefully planned.

As Matthias' face popped up in her head, she subconsciously grinned, wondering what the man was up to at the time. As if they had some kind of connection, Matthias, at that moment, was also thinking about her and he was about to call her.

Staring at her ringing phone, Heather waited until the traffic light turned red before answering the call. For safety's sake, she didn't call while handling the steering wheel with only one hand. Furthermore, the merciless storm was restricting her vision so she couldn't afford to be reckless. What wicked weather!

Just when Matthias was about to give up after three consecutive calls, Heather picked up at the last one. Instead of reprimanding her for missing his calls, his first words were "Heather".

Hearing that, Heather felt rather awkward. Despite having asked him not to address her in that tone, he just wouldn't listen. Nonetheless, after hearing it from him for so many times, she eventually got used to it as her desire to remind him waned.

"Are you at work or at home?" Receiving no response, Matthias softly inquired just in case she was in a conference meeting.

"I'm outside. Have you forgotten that I've stopped working at the Langston Group?" Feeling his questions were rather deliberate, Heather was somewhat baffled.

"Don't you have a studio?" Knowing very well that Heather had been preoccupied with starting her own company, Matthias didn't spit an ignorant question.

"Enough about that. How may I help you?" Having received his call all of a sudden, she naturally thought he called her for a specific reason.

"I just wanted to hear your voice," he stated flirtatiously, to which Heather had goosebumps upon hearing.

"If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up. I'm driving right now," she claimed, about to end the call.

As he could hear her revving engine through the call, he expressed with concern, "You should head home quickly. It's not a good day to wander around in your car." Worried about her safety, Matthias couldn't fathom why she would take the risk traveling in such disastrous weather.

Then, Heather gave a light grunt and quickly hung up. Recently, Matthias hadn't been like himself and he was constantly doing things that were rather meaningless.

Initially, she planned to head home but her mind suddenly changed. And so, she changed directions and proceeded to the hotel Leon was staying at. If it was as Leon described, he might still be in danger because as of then, no one could tell what the bomber's intention and next move were.

When she appeared before Leon with her bare face, the man, still half asleep, extended his hand to pinch her face.

"Does it hurt?" Having not expected a bare-faced Heather to exist, Leon felt that he must still be sleeping and that was but a Heather in his dreams.

Brutally, she smacked his hand away and countered, "Does that hurt?"

It did, in fact. Leon was in so much pain that he was literally gritting his teeth as he stared at his swelling hand. Perhaps Heather had put too much force in the smack.

"Why are you here, Heather?" he questioned, feeling bewildered. Turning to the window, he could only see rain outside, which meant that Heather had overcome the storm to meet him.

"I was afraid that you might get bored being alone here," she deflected with a fabricated excuse.

"Wow! Since when have you become a samaritan?" Skeptical, he felt that she must have come over with a purpose.

"You and your cursed mouth. Mind your words!" She replied with another smack on his head. I came all the way here because I was worried, yet I am being greeted by your foolishness. Hmph—looks like I shouldn't have come!