

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 607

Since she had stayed in Iceland long enough, Heather decided to return to Bradford City at dawn. After talking to Leon, she felt a lot better.

Bradford City still looked the same and did not change at all during the few days she was gone. As she walked out of the airport unnoticed, she glanced at the tall buildings while a sense of lament washed over her.

Upon returning to the city, everything felt so unreal to her. At that moment, the corners of her lips tugged upward as an emotionless smile emerged.

In fact, she did not tell anyone that she had returned. As she sat alone in the cab, she said to the driver calmly, "To Snowbush Manor."

Leon recently bought a villa at Snowbush Manor; he had moved in before Heather returned from abroad since he didn't want to stay in a hotel anymore.

Instead of going back to the Langston Residence right away, Heather went to see Leon instead. It seemed like she didn't want the Langstons to know that she had returned to the country.

Leon was still asleep when she rang the doorbell, so she patiently rang it three more times before it woke him up. He went to answer the door groggily, and to his surprise, Heather was standing at the door.

"You're back, Heather!" he said with unusual excitement.

"Didn't you ask me to come back earlier?" Her brows were slightly raised as she wore a faint smile.

"Please come in, Heather." He warmly welcomed her into his house.

While being led by Leon, Heather walked in as her gaze swept across the furnishings in the house. It looked like the previous owner of this villa was an artistic person.

The place had a European style to it, and she silently wondered if Leon had bought this villa from an old man since such decorations weren't common. After all, the only people who liked this aesthetic came from older generations.

"You didn't tell anyone that I've come back, right?" She wanted to keep her return a secret, and she specifically did not want Matthias to know about it.

"I am a man of my words, Heather. Do you not trust me?" He thumped his chest and reassured her. Indeed, he told not a single person and kept the secret well.

"I'll be staying here for a few days." She made her intentions clear.

Upon hearing this, Leon smiled brightly. He lived alone in a spacious and empty villa, and he was about to die from boredom. Naturally, he was over the moon when he heard that Heather was going to be with him.

that Heather was going to be with him.

"Why did you pick this villa?" She didn't expect Leon to like this style. In fact, it was rather surprising.

"Because it's unique." He liked things that were novel; even the women he pursued and liked were different from others.

"It's very unique indeed." She had to agree. Despite all the unexpected things he did, Heather was never surprised at all.

"Let me take you to the second floor to have a look." There were three floors in the villa, and the area was huge.

Heather liked simple villas, and two floors were already enough for her. In contrast, the Langston Residence was like a castle. The place was complex and luxurious, and it did not feel like a home to her at all.

"Don't you feel creeped out living in such a big house by yourself?" she jokingly asked.

However, Leon innocently turned around and looked at her confusion, not catching the joke.

"How come there isn't even a servant in the house?" She couldn't imagine that he'd be able to clean the entire villa all by himself.

"I don't like having people at home that I don't know well." He simply didn't like being with someone who he wasn't familiar with. As such, he dismissed the idea of living together with them.

"In that case, how do you clean such a huge house?" Heather asked as she gestured around the large villa. He didn't like servants in the house, yet he bought such a huge place.

"Part-time cleaners, duh! I can't go without them, and it's not like you don't know me, Heather." He simply didn't get why she would bring up such an insignificant matter.

Meanwhile, Heather gazed at him helplessly. She just wanted to talk to him about household matters, yet she was being frowned upon by him. Was she really incapable of initiating a conversation?

"It's better for you to act like your normal self, Heather," he said seriously. He couldn't figure out what she was thinking. Ever since she returned from Iceland, she had been acting more and more bizarre.

"Am I acting unusually?" She pointed at herself and asked, wondering what his look of disgust meant.

Leon stopped in front of a guest room and pushed the door open. With a loud creak, the quaintly designed wooden doors opened.

"Come and see your bedroom, Heather. Do you like it?" Leon did not answer her and changed the topic instead.

At that moment, she swept a glance at the decorations inside the room. It was open and airy, and the villa's former owner must have loved European culture. The antique style bedroom looked as though they had either gone back several centuries in the past, or they were currently on a film set.

"I like it," she said casually. No matter what the room looked like, she still wouldn't be sleeping comfortably. In fact, she much preferred her own bed.

"Good. I'm really glad." A satisfied smile appeared on his face. In fact, Leon had put much thought into preparing the room for her.

Although the previous owner had decorated the bedroom in a European style, Leon hired professionals to come over and redecorate it.

However, him messing around with the decorations was pointless, for Heather wasn't interested in this antique style at all.

"From what I remember, you mentioned that you like antique style interiors," he said in an ingratiating manner. Since she liked it, he decorated it according to her tastes.

"Is that so?" She had no recollection of it at all. She wondered when exactly did she mention such a thing to him.

"Forget it. Your good memory doesn't work when it comes to me at all," he said exasperatedly. Heather had a particularly good memory, but she couldn't remember things like this with Leon.

No one was able to remember every single thing; naturally, she only remembered things she felt were important. As for the unimportant details, she didn't remember them by heart.

"I'm sorry, Leon," she said apologetically. She did feel rather embarrassed that she couldn't remember the casual remarks she made to Leon, whereas he could remember them clearly. From time to time, he would bring up what they spoke about before. In any case, Heather seemed to be the one who had the upper hand in their relationship.

"You're scaring me by apologizing out of nowhere." Leon gazed at her strangely, not expecting that she would take the initiative to apologize—it was not like her at all.

"It's just an apology. Is it that scary?" she asked in a resigned manner. Was it such a surprise that she apologized?

Since the last disagreement with Matthias, Heather began paying attention to her words and actions in order to avoid hurting or offending others.

"You've apologized to me only a handful of times over the years," he said half-jokingly. He started to notice the major changes in Heather after a few days of not seeing her.

Still, Leon couldn't figure out what had happened when Heather and Matthias were alone together. She kept her mouth shut, and it aroused his curiosity. However, he couldn't find a good reason to ask her about it.

"People are always changing," she said casually. Perhaps her change came a little too late, but she was now paying attention. In due time, she would be able to kick some of her bad habits.

"Your change came unannounced, and it's a little overwhelming to me." He wasn't used to this; it would've been better if she took one step at a time.

"Don't you like the change in me?" She didn't want to dwell on it any longer. After all, she had been sitting on the plane for a long time and was exhausted. Right now, she just wanted to rest.

"I do," he said quickly. Since she had the sense to change herself, there wasn't anything he had to say.

"I'm tired. I'm going to get some rest." She spoke frankly, lest Leon kept pestering her. If this continued, she would probably fall apart from exhaustion.

She was going to plop onto the bed once Leon left, but for the sake of hygiene, she decided to freshen up a bit. She swiftly went to the bathroom and unexpectedly saw a large wooden bathtub inside. Then, she walked toward it curiously.

It seemed like she was supposed to bathe in this. She rolled her eyes as her germophobia was acting up. She couldn't imagine taking a bath in a wooden bathtub, for she felt that it wasn't hygienic. Further down the line, she wondered if Leon had ever bathed in this—it seemed even more unbearable to her.

She wanted to move to another room, but she no longer had the strength to go to Leon. When she glanced down at the bathtub, she was surprised to see that she hadn't noticed the envelope inside it. After reaching out, she proceeded to grab the item.

She immediately opened it up, found a letter, and unfolded it. She didn't expect Leon to have already expected that she would be fussy with the tub's cleanliness, and he had even written a note for her beforehand. In the letter, there was a detailed explanation for her.

After reading the note, she was relieved and could finally enjoy a good soak in this high-tech wooden bathtub.

The bathtub design looked ancient from the surface, but it was actually a high-tech bathtub with a self-cleaning function—this was extremely important to Heather.

At that moment, Heather undressed herself to take a good bath. From the corner of her eyes, she noticed some flower petals that were placed on the side.

To her surprise, Leon had even prepared flower petals for her to take a bath with. It seemed like he had put a lot of thought into this.

Since he had made such a huge effort, she wasn't going to disappoint him. After pressing the button on the outside of the tub, she scattered the petals into it.

With that, the warm water slowly injected into the tub while the petals floated on the water. Heather felt the water to check the temperature, but she quickly realized the tub could even automatically adjust the bath's temperature.

Soon, half of the bathtub was filled. After a moment, she peeled off her clothes and stepped into the tub.

The room and water temperature was just right, and she slowly relaxed her body. As the speed of the water gradually slowed, she felt the water pressure gushing down her back.

The tub even had a massage function, but she did not turn it on. Heather just wanted to have a quick soak, for she couldn't wait to get into bed and lie down.

The water in the wooden bathtub seemed to be different from regular tap water. It had a faint medicinal fragrance that was mixed with a light floral fragrance, and it was so comfortable that she was reluctant to get out. She was afraid that she would fall asleep in the tub if she stayed any longer.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 608

Heather was dripping wet when she got out of the tub. Then, she grabbed a towel and dried herself up. After taking a bath, she felt relaxed and walked to the bed in satisfaction.

When she saw the wooden bedframe, she wondered if it would creak when she slept on it. Soon, she shook the thought out of her mind.

Solid wood was heavy, and the bed rails looked rather aristocratic. As she lay down on the bed, a content smile appeared on her face.

It was a big and spacious bed; even if she turned around, she wouldn't have to worry about touching another person. This reminded her of the nights she slept next to Matthias in Iceland, for she was worried that she would accidentally kiss him whenever she turned around.

After her experience spending the night with another person, she couldn't get used to being alone again. She noticed she was becoming more and more melodramatic, and she wondered if she really had fallen for Matthias.

She wanted to ask herself what she liked about him many times. She could obviously avoid this, but why didn't she?

Initially, she thought she would fall asleep when she lay in bed, but she was wrong. In fact, she didn't have the tiniest sense of sleepiness. As soon as she lay down, her mind drifted to Matthias like a curse—even if she told herself not to fall for him, her chaotic mind couldn't calm down.

Heather was annoyed by this, and she grabbed her phone from the side. Since she couldn't fall asleep anyway, she decided to play mobile games to cure her insomnia.

A familiar tune rang when she opened the gaming app, but she instantly felt bored. On second thought, all mobile games were boring.

Day after day, their tasks were the same; Heather was dissatisfied that these games had no storyline at all. Despite that, she went online every single day to complete the daily tasks. It looked particularly boring, and it felt like it was a single-player game.

She didn't like completing the tasks as a team, so she played by herself. Nonetheless, it was enough for her. As long as she could pass time and eventually fall asleep, she didn't expect much from this game.

When her mind was focused on something, other things would not emerge in her head out of nowhere and disrupt her mood. At that moment, she put all her concentration on the game.

The longer it took for her to level-up as the game progressed, the time she spent on this game increased as well. She didn't think that she would be this dependent on a mobile game to pass the time one day.

In fact, she was shocked at her change. It was all because of Matthias; even though he wasn't around her, he still had a huge impact on her.

Just then, random thoughts popped up in her head—she thought about what he was doing and how he had been. Needless to say, she couldn't help but think of him and the little details of his life.

At the same time, he was thinking about her too. Not only had he returned from Iceland by himself, he didn't leave anyone there to keep an eye on Heather.

He didn't know what she was doing, and was unaware that she had returned to the country. As he continued to assume that she was still in Iceland, he wondered if the heavy snow had stopped.

She was always so capricious that he was worried about her being alone there. On second thought, his worrying was unnecessary.

Heather was perfectly capable of taking care of herself. After all, she had been abroad ever since she graduated high school, and she had taken care of herself quite well.

After seeing her gentle side in front of others, he couldn't understand why she was so strict with him—it felt as though whatever he did was wrong in her eyes.

Just then, the sound of music filled his ears. His heart was in a turmoil since he had been holding back from going to Heather these few days. In truth, there were many times he wanted to reach out to her and asked how she was doing.

"Answer it." He glanced at Nikolai angrily as the music kept blaring, but Nikolai simply let it continue.

"You've been a little cranky lately, Director Locke," Nikolai said helplessly. He didn't want to bother Matthias, but the latter insisted on having Nikolai move all of his work there to keep him company.

Since he had no idea what was going on in Matthias' mind, Nikolai didn't want to work with him. After all, he was always on his toes whenever Matthias was around.

"Be serious when you're working," Matthias grunted in annoyance, making sure to correct Nikolai's attitude.

As he lowered his head, Nikolai knew better than to provoke Matthias at this moment. Recently, he had quite a temper. Matthias sighed at how Nikolai was whenever he was a little more stern to him, but he couldn't do anything about it at all.

"Director Locke, I've been working so seriously that I can't even answer the phone." With that, he declined the call. It was from the same person again, and they wouldn't let him go even during office hours.

"Put it on mute and stop disturbing me." Matthias really couldn't stand Nikolai's attitude. After all, it wasn't good to be so casual as they worked.

At that moment, Nikolai quickly put his phone on mute. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry that he had put himself in trouble again. Meanwhile, Matthias fiddled with his phone as he hesitated again and again whether to send Heather a message. To be frank, he wanted to call her and hear her voice—he was getting impatient.

When he snuck a glance at Matthias' troubled expression, Nikolai seemed to understand the distress he was in. He realized he was having troubles with Heather again. Apart from work, men were always stressing about women!

He wanted to tell Matthias that he had received some news about Heather leaving Iceland. However, Nikolai wondered what would be a good time to break the news to him since he kept getting scolded by Matthias these past few days.

In fact, it wasn't long since he heard about this. As he mulled it over, he twirled the pen in his hand. Although he was a little introverted, he was cunning and mischievous on the inside.

Occasionally, the air conditioner would emit a faint noise. They had bought a silent air-conditioner, but it was impossible for a truly silent air-conditioner to exist—there'd always be a little sound coming from it.

When he was stressed, even the slightest noise was a pain in the neck to Matthias. As he pushed his phone to the side, he no longer wanted to be swayed by Heather.

They were at a critical moment right now, and he couldn't give up just yet and waste his efforts. He even hoped for Heather to return a little later; he wanted to wait until everything was settled before starting fresh with her.

However, it was just a thought; whatever happened next was certainly not unrelated to Heather. There were many things that couldn't be avoided, and a helpless smile appeared on his face just then.

As his fingers drummed on the desk, his mood was getting more and more obvious. Nikolai wanted to speak several times, but couldn't find the right timing.

"Director Locke," he finally said.

Matthias shifted his attention to him, and his cold gaze was enough to send a shiver down Nikolai's spine. He didn't know what Matthias was thinking, but it didn't seem like something bad.

"What's the matter?" He spoke with a serious face. If Nikolai didn't say anything serious, he wasn't going to hear the end of it.

"I just heard some news that I don't know if I should tell you," Nikolai said, but did not manage to arouse Matthias's curiosity.

"If you want to tell me, then go ahead." There was a hint of curiosity in his voice.

"It seems like Miss Langston has left Iceland. Someone spotted her at the airport," Nikolai said confidently. After all, he was rarely wrong about the intel he got.

At once, Matthias's expression shifted. He didn't expect that she had already left Iceland; based on his understanding of her, she wouldn't return so soon. After thinking about it for a long time, he still couldn't figure it out. Meanwhile, Nikolai didn't know what had triggered him again.

"Where is she now?" Matthias asked. Just because she had left Iceland, it didn't mean she had returned to the country. Moreover, it was possible that she had gone somewhere else.

"I'm not sure about this since it was at Bradford City's airport. For the time being, no one has seen anyone that looks like her," Nikolai said bluntly. Placing a spy at the airport was indeed a brilliant idea.

"Apart from the airport, where else do you have more eyes and ears?" Matthias pretended to ask casually, making it look like a cop meeting with an informant.

"Eyes and ears?" Nikolai seemed a little confused about his words. He assumed Matthias must have gotten too excited at the news of Heather's return, for the words he used were rather weird.

"Let's not talk about it. You should just carry on with your work." Matthias didn't want to distract Nikolai from working.

It seemed likely that Heather was already at Bradford City. As he thought about it, Matthias wanted to call her and personally ask her where she was.

After thinking about it for some time, he decided to send her a message. Finally, he found a reasonable excuse, and the corners of his lips curled into a smile.

After sneaking a glance at him, Nikolai breathed a sigh of relief when he saw his expression. Whenever Heather upset Matthias, he would torment his staff; Nikolai was one who suffered the most.

However, Matthias did not get a response from Heather. The message had been sent for a long time, and she should have already seen it by now. Despite that, she never replied.

He wondered if she was still angry at him as he rubbed his temples. This was troublesome. In fact, Heather wasn't like other women who could be coaxed easily.

On second thought, he was the one who should be angry. He glanced at his phone several times, but there was still no news from her.

It was true that the first one who was moved in a relationship was the loser; he profoundly felt that he had no self-respect at all when it came to Heather. She was perfect and he liked her a lot. Despite that, he just couldn't tell her so.

However, how could he have known that Heather was asleep at this time? There were many misfortunes in life, and Matthias' mood worsened right at that moment.

On the other hand, Heather was sleeping soundly, not knowing that she had received a text. When she finally woke up, it was already late at night.

As her eyes fluttered open, it was already dark outside. She blinked continuously, and it took a moment for her eyes to adapt to the darkness. Leon didn't even come to wake her up, and it was such a good sleep. Just then, she wondered what time it was.

Listlessly, she searched for her phone but to no avail. Once again, she lay back down and closed her eyes, trying to go back to sleep. She didn't have the energy at all, and her body felt like jelly.

Just then, the sound of bells filled the air. She silently counted and realized that it was 12.00AM. Midnight was the loneliest time of the day, and the night was as cold as ice. At that moment, Matthias' frowning face flashed across her mind out of nowhere.