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Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 681 - 683

At this moment, a fierce gaze was directed toward them, making Leon feel even less like staying. Since it happened every time the family gathered, he was sensing that his cousin would very soon come and cause trouble for him. There was no way this time would be an exception.

Unfortunately, Heather failed to understand and only advised him patiently, "It doesn't seem appropriate for us to leave so early. Why are you so eager to rush home?"

"There are some things I can't explain to you right here," he answered uneasily. While he didn't care if his cousin caused trouble for him alone, he didn't want to drag her into things.

The fact that his cousin had left him alone for so long this time was likely solely because of her presence. No doubt, the man was observing them for now so that he could attack them after he had a general understanding of her personality. Leon was loath to imagine what that man had to be thinking, for his cousin's gaze was growing more and more unfriendly and even strayed to Heather from time to time.

"Alright," she relented after seeing the anxious look on his face. "If you think that's for the best, we'll do as you say." After all, she didn't know his family well and had no reason to insist they stay behind.

Instantly, he let out a gratified smile. It soothed his heart to be so well-understood by her. And so, Heather pulled him to his feet and they both walked toward Dave.

Meanwhile, the cousin noticed their actions and immediately rushed off the dance floor to reach Dave's side. With great interest, the former stared at Leon.

It was a provocation in Leon's eyes but despite knowing that was no good news, the cousin persisted in walking forward. Many times, he wished he could hire someone to murder this troublesome man. It was only logic that stayed his hand.

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Acting as if he only just noticed Leon and Heather approaching him, Dave looked toward them with an expression that suggested he knew what they were there for.

“Grandpa—” Leon started, but Dave quickly interrupted him, “Ah! Good, you’re here. Come with me to the study.”

The sentence thwarted whatever Leon’s cousin had been about to do, and he remained at a loss even as they left the room. He never even got the chance to say a single word.

Dave always did whatever he wanted to and right now, no one was providing a different suggestion. Originally, the cousin was about to wait for Leon to say something stupid before he jumped in to fan the flames of the discord between Leon and their grandfather, but the present situation didn’t play out that way at all.

For the whole night, he had looked for opportunities and finally found one, but it turned out to be fruitless, anyway.

Meanwhile, the study was silent, as Dave had summoned only Heather and Leon. Even the butler and servants were forbidden from entering.

Heather was immensely familiar with studies, for it was the part of the house that Robert summoned her to whenever he had something important to discuss with her. It seemed Dave and Robert behaved in largely similar ways.

However, their studies were very different. Heather found herself looking at a study so luxuriously decorated in a European style that she had to wonder if it was overly opulent.

“You don’t have to stand. Sit down on the couch,” Dave told them now before sitting down in his own chair.

Naturally, Heather and Leon gave each other a questioning glance before sitting down on the couch close to each other. The latter was feeling somewhat nervous but Heather, who was used to having such discussions in the study, was relaxed and at ease.

“I heard Leon has pursued you for a long time, Miss Langston,” Dave said abruptly, startling her so much that she was slow to react.

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Here she was thinking he had some other important matter to address, but it turned out he was curious about their relationship. As she didn't like it when her elders interfered in her love affairs, all thoughts of a more intelligent answer fled her mind as she said somewhat awkwardly and unnaturally, "Uh—he has."

Next to her, Leon contributed, "I fell in love with her the moment I saw her. She's always been a goddess to me."

Of course, that only made Heather feel even more awkward. How could he possibly seize this opportunity to speak from his heart? She had no idea what to say next.

"Are you sure of your relationship?" Dave asked, dropping another bomb on them.

Instantly, she felt guilty, but Leon helpfully stepped in and answered, "We only just got together, Grandpa." It was a lie that fooled even himself.

"Yes," Heather quickly added. "We don't have any plans to announce our relationship yet." She assumed Dave wanted to know when they intended to announce their relationship to the public.

In truth, that wasn't his intention; what he wanted to determine was whether they were actually a couple. And so, he dismissed them by saying, "There's nothing to announce. It's not necessarily a bad thing for you young people to keep your personal lives private."

"But of course, Grandpa," Leon answered smoothly. He couldn't believe he was so slow to catch on. All of a sudden, he sensed where this conversation was going.

Ironically, this was the moment Heather lost the ability to think on her feet and could only nod along dumbly with Leon.

"When are you going to get engaged?" Truly, Dave's questions were only becoming more and more pointed. They couldn't believe he was already thinking of engagements, to say the least.

"We're not in a rush to get engaged," Leon answered so naturally that it was as if he had already come up with solutions to these questions.

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It's a good thing he's being so reliable right now, Heather thought, for they would be in a very embarrassing situation otherwise. Never had it occurred to her that they would have to face the topic of marriage eventually.

"If you're confident in your relationship, the responsible step would be to get engaged," Dave persisted.

At that moment, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Meanwhile, Leon felt similarly awkward. All of a sudden, he was remembering what Dave said to him previously, and it seemed Dave was no longer holding back.

"We haven't been together that long, Grandpa. It really wouldn't do to rush the engagement," Leon continued to explain while Heather fervently wished that she could find a corner to hide in alone.

"You've both known each other for so long. For you to be together now means it's a well-thought decision. That means engagement wouldn't be rushed but rather something that is a natural conclusion," Dave pointed out sensibly.

All of a sudden, Heather felt like the situation would end badly if she didn't make some things clear. With no other choice, she brought up whatever leverage she had. "I still have to discuss the matter of getting engaged with my family, Grandpa."

With a smile and a nod, Dave merely answered, "That's quite fair, Miss Langston. Perhaps I shall drop by the Langston Residence tomorrow."

The first sentence lightened her heart, but the second sentence made her feel infinitely tenser. Everything was spiraling out of control too quickly, and it seemed like Dave was truly the kind of person to do exactly as he wanted to.

Uncomfortably, she informed him, "I haven't explained things to my family yet. I'm afraid it won't be appropriate for you to drop by tomorrow."

Upon hearing that, Leon quickly stepped in as well, saying, "Don't rush things, Grandpa. You're going to scare my future wife away." While his tone was deliberately light, he was actually feeling incredibly nervous.

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“Ha!” Dave roared with laughter before telling them directly, “It’s clear to me that you aren’t sure of each other’s intentions yet.” His knowing gaze made them feel immensely guilty.

“We just want to take things slow, Grandpa,” Leon continued to lie. Yet, at this moment, the more he said, the more the truth would be revealed.

“You have been taking things slow. Haven’t all these years been enough?” Dave asked in the tone of someone who had been through similar situations before.

Meanwhile, Heather kept her silence. There was no point in continuing to argue; they had played right into Dave’s hand. If she kept talking, she would have no more secrets left.

“It’s decided, then,” Dave said without further ceremony. “Before I leave Bradford City, I want to see it done.”

His announcement made them both feel a bit like jumping off a cliff to their deaths. They were in for it now. Only now did they understand that some lies couldn’t be told without major repercussions, but it was already too late for them to come clean.

Impulsively, Leon asked, “When are you leaving Bradford City, Grandpa?” He couldn’t give up just yet.

“It could be weeks or it could be two to three months. I wouldn’t feel good about leaving without seeing you both engaged,” Dave answered gleefully, sending chills down their spines.

Once more, they exchanged glances. They didn’t say anything else and Dave took their silence as acquiescence. In truth, he had long taken measure of Heather and found her to be an excellent potential addition to their family. That was why, even if he knew they were acting right now, he was determined to have his grandson marry her.

There was no way he would be able to find someone better suited to Leon than her, and he could feel his body deteriorating day by day. His only wish now was to see Leon a husband and a father.

No longer could they delay things. He could tell that Leon did want Heather as a wife, and while he could also tell that Heather wasn’t in love with Leon, such petty matters as feelings

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no longer mattered. All Dave wanted was to see them united, so he would be wilful for one more time to ensure that their marriage happened as soon as possible.

“You may leave now. I want to be alone,” he informed them without giving them any more opportunities to protest. By having them leave, he could plot his next step in peace.

One after the other, the pair left the study. At this moment, Heather didn’t know what to say, nor did Leon know how to explain things to her.

“I’m sorry things turned out this way, Hat,” Leon took the initiative to say. Other than apologizing, he couldn’t do anything else.

“It’s not your fault,” she comforted him. “I should have thought of this possibility when I agreed to your request.” The most important thing right now was for them to figure out how to resolve the situation.

“What are we going to do now?” For however much he hoped for them to spend the rest of their lives together, he had no wish to force her to marry him.

“We’ll figure it out. For now, let’s go home.” She felt weary and emotionally exhausted and no longer had any wish to stay there.

“Alright.” Similarly, he didn’t want to stay and only wished they could be home sooner.

Just like that, they passed through the hall directly and left without saying their goodbyes to anyone. While it was a little rude, Heather was no longer in the mood to care about such etiquette.

“Wait for me, Hat!” Leon exclaimed as he hurried behind her. It was evident from how quickly she walked, even in heels, that she was in a terrible mood.

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In the car on the way home, the silence left Leon swallowing his words multiple times. Heather's expression was such that he dared not address her even though he could never have predicted how things would progress.

"Send me back to the Langston Residence," she told him. She didn't wish to pour all of her frustrations on him because after all, he couldn't entirely be blamed for the situation.

Only because she spoke up first did he dare answer her. In the end, Leon worriedly told her, "All of this was my fault, Heather. I'll fix it. Don't take my grandpa's words to heart."

He wanted to comfort her even though the empty words of reassurance made him feel guilty; after all, not everyone could change his grandfather's mind.

Seeing through him right away, she shot him a cold glance. "How are you going to fix it? You have no strength to oppose your grandfather's might." Right now, they were caught between a rock and a hard place.

"The matter of our engagement concerns only us. It is no one else's business." He was well-aware of his rights even though he knew what his grandfather was capable of.

Right now, Heather's head was pounding so hard that she felt like it was about to explode. "Whatever took place in the study wasn't a discussion, Leon. Haven't you understood him by now?" Given that the situation had progressed to such a point, there was no use saying anything else.

"Don't worry about it, Heather. I have a way to fix things," Leon repeated calmly, but his confident demeanor only made her more worried.

"How are you going to fix it? You can't do anything stupid!" Heather told him trepidatiously. Knowing his temper, she was afraid he would do something to sabotage himself.

"Don't worry about me. I only regret forcing you to help me," he said apologetically. If he knew how things would turn out, he would never have dragged her into this mess with him.

"Don't apologize to me. It's not your fault. If anything, it's my fault." Right now, she didn't want to hear his apologies. His behavior was making her feel uneasily like he had something up his sleeve.

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“Let’s drop it,” he finally told her, much to her surprise. “I want to talk about something lighter.”

Cautiously, Heather studied him, but they were still within the dim interior of the car and she couldn’t tell what he was thinking. All of the sudden, she had the impression that she was growing further and further away from him.

“Promise me not to do anything stupid,” she enunciated clearly. It wasn’t a request—it was a plea.

Finally, he turned and gave her an oddly playful smile.

“I care too much about myself to do anything stupid, Heather,” he answered carelessly, which only made her even more nervous.

The worry on her face was so obvious that he couldn’t help laughing, simply because she was too adorable when she looked like that.

Leon loved it when Heather worried about him, since it let him know that he held a certain place in her heart. Fervently, he wished he could stop time and take a picture of this moment so that he could preserve it. There was nothing he wanted more than to be by her side for just a little while longer.

From how things looked right now, he no longer had any reason to stay by her side. Suddenly, he felt a little sad, but some things were decided, and he could not look back.

“You’re acting very weirdly and it’s scaring me, Leon,” she told him frankly. No matter what he said, she was not at ease with his behavior. For some reason, she just felt like he was not acting like he usually did.

“Do I turn left or right at the next junction, Heather?” he asked, seemingly in his own world and not registering her concern for him.

“Right,” she answered definitively.

“Thank you,” he answered with a slight smile, but she preferred it when he was grinning broadly or hopping mad with rage, and not when he was like this.

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“Have you gone mad? Why are you thanking me?” she asked him, pained. She had no idea how to describe what she was feeling right now.

There was one thing she was afraid of, which was that he would one day put away his frivolous attitude. Having heard rumors about him, she knew what he was like in the past.

After having spent so long with him, she found that she was increasingly becoming unable to tell which one was the true Leon—the frivolous one or the one from before she met him.

And now, she felt like he was slowly reverting to his character from years before. When she thought back to the first time they met, she realized that they had heard of each other’s deeds long before they knew each other.

“Can’t I be a little polite, Heather?” he asked, sounding simultaneously helpless and affectionate. He didn’t know what she was worried about.

In truth, Leon thought he hid it well, but it seemed that he was wrong and that she could see through him at a glance. If anything, she was even close to guessing his plans.

“You know good friends don’t have to be so polite with each other,” she told him lightly. More and more, she was realizing the gravity of the situation. Was all of this his plan? Was he trying to say goodbye?

“I often apologize to you. It’s not so strange if I thank you occasionally,” he said with faux innocence. His eyes were clear, making her further confused as to whether to believe him. Yet, as if he was trying to change the topic once again, he reminded her, “We’ll reach the Langston Residence in 20 minutes.”

“Okay.” Heather’s voice was clear and unemotional, but Leon knew she was hiding her feelings.

It was obvious to him that her heart was currently in turmoil, but he had no idea how to hide his tracks or his innermost thoughts from her.

“Am I less annoying sometimes than at other times?” he asked, smiling so beatifically that she forgot to answer him for a moment.

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After a beat, she recovered from his smile and hummed. "You've never been annoying. I'm the one who's been annoying." She had to admit that her personality was, in actual fact, the more grating one.

"No way. How could the person I loved be annoying?" he responded casually. "What do you think I should do if I accidentally love you for the rest of my life?"

It was jarring to see how serious he looked despite the levity of his question and his tone, and Heather had no idea what to make of it.

"Don't love me for that long." She felt uncomfortable right now and even a little jealous at the idea that he would fall in love with someone else in the future.

At the end of the day, she was an ordinary woman. After having him love her for so long, she was used to him and genuinely a little reluctant to give him to someone else.

"You like the version of me that loves you," he teased, even taking his eyes off the road to do so.

"You're a good man. There are plenty of reasons why someone would be moved by you. I'm honored to have your love and, sometimes, even selfishly wonder how nice it would be if you could keep loving me." She had to take a good and honest look at herself. While she knew that it wasn't right for her to think like that, she couldn't help herself.

"Silly Heather. Do you know you're moved by me and even feel possessive of me?" he asked, his voice pained. "Yet, you love Matthias and are so certain of it." He thought he would be able to stay by her side forever, but it turned out that he couldn't.

"I'm not moved by you or Matthias because I don't even know what being 'moved' feels like. Maybe all I know about finding a romantic partner is following the clues and coming to a logical conclusion," she answered self-deprecatingly but honestly. Maybe he was right and she did feel 'moved,' but it was too minor for her to take into account.

Seeing through her lie at once, he asked incredulously, "You're not moved by Matthias? Why would you treat him so differently if you weren't, and why would you be together? You have such a complicated relationship and seem, on the surface, completely like a pair who shouldn't be dating. Is this your so-called 'following the clues'?" In truth, he had known for a long time that she was moved by Matthias.

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"I know. Perhaps that's why I'm destined to be single for the rest of my life," she joked, smiling so unnaturally that it looked worse than her crying.

"That won't happen. I can tell how much he loves you. In fact, he might even love you as much as I do and be willing to abandon his family for you," he reassured her, almost speaking to himself rather than to her. For her, he would renounce his entire family as well.

"I don't know about that..." she mumbled vaguely, not understanding his meaning but not having a better response.

"You're too cautious, Heather. You don't let others approach you, and you hide yourself in your heart so deeply that, even now that you're in love, you think about running away rather than growing closer to the object of your affections. Only cowards run away from love." As he said that, he couldn't help thinking of the preposterous things he did all those years ago. Even back then, he had known that she was running away from him, and yet he stubbornly insisted on finding ways to provoke her, ultimately causing his own downfall.

While he didn't exactly look forward to seeing her with Matthias now, he still hoped she could find love and thus could only give her such advice as she tried to run away once again.

"Whatever is mine will be mine, even if I run away," she opined with a brilliant smile. "But I know that I'm being ridiculous by running away and constantly denying our relationship even while I hope he'll be able to withstand whatever I put him through and get me back." She hated that she did that. Love shouldn't have to be so difficult, and her behavior was hurting not only herself but Matthias as well.

"You're not brave enough, that's all. Everything you just said is an excuse for you to run away," Leon answered, hitting the nail on the head. After so long, he finally understood the real Heather.

"I don't want to listen to all of that, Leon. Let's drop the topic." How could a 20-minute ride take so long that he managed to give her such a thorough dressing-down?

Pushing away the sorrow and grief that was starting to permeate his heart, he told her lightly, "You're the only one who can be brave for yourself, Heather. If, in the future, I'm no longer by your side, you must learn to be brave."

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“Did you stay by my side for so many years so that you could understand me so well?” she asked with a slight frown on her face. She didn’t want him to leave, especially at such a helpless moment, but she didn’t know how to get him to stay.

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In the unhappy atmosphere, they ended their discussion. Leon knew this was Heather’s way of protecting herself; in fact, she had hurt him many times by acting just like this.

For the last few minutes of the journey, they remained in silence and did not speak even as she exited the car. This time, he stayed in the driver’s seat throughout the entire process and did not get out to see her to the door.

While Heather could hear the car idling behind her, she didn’t turn back. Only after he had driven and she had walked very far away from each other did she frailly look over her shoulder at the long, empty stretch of road.

Resigned, she turned to face forward once again, thinking that she understood Leon so little now. Perhaps she never really knew him. After so long, she finally understood one thing, which was that the friends and family she surrounded herself with wouldn’t necessarily stay forever.

Self-deprecatingly, she smiled, thinking about the fact that the people by her side were leaving her one by one. Her existence was becoming more and more detestable and at this rate, she didn’t even know why she kept on living.

When she entered the hall, it was empty. There wasn’t a single person, so she walked into the living room alone and threw herself down on the couch. Only after taking in the familiar fragrance of the air did she feel like she had returned home. No matter what she thought of her family, at the end of the day, this place was still her home.

Somehow, she fell asleep on the couch and was discovered by the butler in the middle of the night. Instead of waking her up, he found a warm blanket and gently covered her with it.

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Well-aware of how lightly she slept, he tried his best not to wake her up. In fact, he didn't even try to lay her down into a more comfortable position for fear of waking her.

At around 4 or 5 AM, the living room grew chilly enough to wake her up. As she rubbed her arms, the blanket slid off her.

Opening her eyes, Heather took in her surroundings as well as the blanket in her lap. The previous night's memories were a little hazy and she had no idea who put this blanket on her.

Since it was still early, she stood up uncomfortably from the couch. Her back ached sharply and she scarcely dared believe she fell asleep sitting up on the couch.

After picking up the blanket and depositing it on the couch, she surveyed her surroundings. Since she couldn't see anyone else, she decided to retreat to her room. After all, she had yet to remove her makeup.

At this hour, silence was paramount, so she stepped lightly and crept slowly up the stairs. Finally, she reached the second floor, but she still had to cross the corridor to get to her room and she was afraid of waking the others up with her footsteps.

Nonetheless, her carefulness meant she was successful in her mission. Quietly, she opened the door to her room, which looked like it always did despite how long it felt like she hadn't come home.

Now that she had returned to her own familiar, comfortable space, she felt inexplicably tired. All of a sudden, she felt like her strength had left her body.

Her bed was only a few steps away from her but she couldn't lie down just yet—she had to clean herself first. Hence, she dragged herself to her bathroom, feeling so devoid of energy that she might fall to the ground asleep in the next second.

Warm water flowed from her showerhead and she shut her eyes tightly underneath it. She loved the feeling of being cleansed by water. If it weren't for the fact that she was so tired, she would have soaked herself properly in the tub.

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By the time Heather left the shower, she was lightly fragrant with the familiar scent of her body wash. Heavily, she threw herself down onto her bed. Its softness enveloped her and as she lay there, she let out a child-like smile.

No matter what terrible things took place during the day, everything would be fine once she returned home and lay down in her own bed. With child-like stubbornness, she burrowed underneath her covers, determined to enjoy this comfortable moment.

By now, it was already 5 AM. Inexplicably, she had lost her sleepiness, so she stared aimlessly at the ceiling, wondering if she would fall asleep in a bit. At any rate, she felt comfortable right now.

It had been a long time since she felt so comfortable and only now did she understand one thing, which was that she would only feel comfortable in her own bed. Never would she be comfortable with sleeping at others'.

It was ironic that the one place she was trying to avoid was also the one place that gave her peace of mind. It seemed there were many things she wouldn't understand until their time came.

With her eyes open, she awaited dawn's approach. It would likely take a while before the sky lightened completely. If she looked out of the window right now, the sky outside was still inky dark and she hoped she would fall asleep before it grew light since she didn't want to be disturbed by the sun.

Sometimes, Heather wondered what lives the people her age were living. If her life were to become commonplace, what kind of ordinary folk would she be? It was a question that popped up in her mind from time to time.

Recently, the thought was stronger than ever before. She could already imagine the future that awaited her but, given that life was giving her less and less to live for, she couldn't accept that she had to continue on this path. By now, she was even thinking about giving up everything before her.

The life she longed for the most right now was to run away from her current difficult circumstances to the countryside where she could lead the carefree life of a farm owner.

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Of course, she didn't tell anyone about that fantasy, since it would never come true, anyway. When everyone, including herself, had accepted that she would become an outstanding businesswoman, her future was already fixed in stone and all of her thoughts had to revolve around that idea.

Any seeds of hope could only sprout in her heart and nowhere else. Nowadays, she felt like she was becoming less and less like her old self. When did she become so weak and cowardly?

It turned out that such idle thoughts were best for inducing sleepiness because not long after that, she fell asleep. By the time she woke up, it was already past noon and she was immensely surprised that no one had come to wake her.

After rising, Heather cleansed herself once again by soaking in the tub this time. As warm water enveloped her body, she shut her eyes. Perhaps it was a bad idea to take a bath so soon after waking up, since her body very quickly softened once again.

Finally, she dragged her limp body out of the tub. She felt like, if it weren't for the fact that she was hungry, she could actually have returned to bed and continued sleeping.

Carelessly, she put her hair up in a bun. In an instant, she felt refreshed, so she left her room. The moment she stepped outside, she could feel how chilly the air was even through her thick sleepwear.

It surprised her to feel how cold the weather was and she looked around her before going downstairs. Only the butler and the servants were in the hall and when she peered out of the door, the world outside was blanketed in white. It turned out that it had snowed while she slept.

The moment Heather saw snow, her mood lightened. This year's snow was particularly thick, and she suddenly recalled that it always snowed when she was young.

After she grew up and especially while she was abroad, she rarely saw snow. Yet, she had an obsession with it, so she decided now that she would go outside after filling her stomach with food to have a romp in it.

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Percolating with childlike wonder, she told the butler, "I'm a little hungry. Have the kitchen make me some tea." It would not be realistic to have them prepare a proper meal right now. Some simple refreshments would suffice and she believed the butler would understand her.

"Of course, Miss Heather." With a bow, the butler left, having long awaited her arrival.

Lately, Robert had been particularly indulgent toward her. Even the rest of the Langston Family found it intolerable. No matter what she did, he would stand by her side.

Even though she was acting incredibly strangely during this period, no one in her family—not even the usually arrogant Blake—dared say anything about it.

Of course, the rest of the family speculated on exactly what Robert did to Blake. At any rate, he no longer dared bad-mouth her and was even either intentionally or unintentionally avoiding her.

However, Heather herself noticed none of this. In recent times, all of her thoughts were dedicated to Myra's kidnapping, and she had no energy to invest in the matters of Langston Group nor the Langston Family.

Subconsciously, she looked toward the dining table. Despite how large it was, it was currently as silent as the hall where the servants were tiptoeing around her.

For a moment, she thought about seeking Robert out, but she didn't know what she could say to him. Meanwhile, her cell phone was in her hand but no one was looking for her. Matthias, especially, hadn't called her in a long time and she genuinely felt like asking him what on earth he was up to these days.

Sitting down on the couch, Heather looked at the coffee table before her and reached out to gently touch it. It seemed simultaneously familiar and foreign, and she was startled to realize that all of the furniture in the hall had changed at some point unbeknown to her.

At this moment, the butler exited the kitchen with a plate of light refreshments in his hand. He walked right up to her and, with a polite smile on his face, handed the plate to her.

Bidding him sit opposite her, she said, "I have something to ask you." How was it that her familiar home had changed so drastically within a few days? It made her feel incredibly unsettled.

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“What’s wrong, Miss Heather?” While he didn’t know what she was about to ask, he was a little alarmed by her sudden gravitas, since that could only be bad news.

“Has the hall been renovated?” She looked at the slightly pastel walls around her. From what she last remembered, the walls of the hall were white.

“Did you only just notice, Miss Heather?” He was astonished, for he had assumed that she figured it out long ago.

“What materials did they use? There isn’t the slightest smell of paint. Or has all of the furniture been switched for newer ones?” She felt so incredibly confused. While a renovation wasn’t exactly a huge issue, the accumulation of small issues gave her a bad sense of foreboding.

“All of this happened recently, Miss Heather. Perhaps because you haven’t been home much recently, you didn’t notice.” He had no idea how to explain things to her since there wasn’t actually a need to report such things to her.

“I need to know when this happened and why.” She wasn’t comfortable with the fact that all of it happened so inexplicably.

“It was Old Master Langston’s orders,” the butler answered in similar confusion, not understanding the weight her question carried or why she was reacting so strangely. “Perhaps he was bored of the previous wall color and wanted a new coat. As for the furniture, he said they hadn’t been changed in a while and that it was time to change them, anyway.”

“I’m going to find Grandpa.” No longer did she feel like eating. Feeling like she understood what Robert was trying to express, she decided that she had to go and seek him out right now.

“Please don’t, Miss Heather. He only just fell asleep and you know how rarely he gets to rest in the afternoons. You mustn’t wake him.” The butler tried to stop her, but the expression on his face wasn’t natural enough and Heather was immediately suspicious.

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