

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 519

There was only silence all the way to the art gallery and Matthias didn't answer Heather's question. Am I doing this because I hate her? Or is it because I'm exacting my revenge? At first, this was actually the reason why he did it but at some point, he began to look at her differently.

After the car stopped, she got out of the car straight away without even waiting for him to open the door for her. Looking at her retreating figure, Matthias had many emotions surging within him but he didn't know what to say.

There were many times he wanted to tell her outright that he had fallen in love with her, but the moment the words reached the tip of his tongue, he couldn't spit them out.

After all this time, he had never confessed his love to anyone since his confession toward Myra had totally failed back then. He had always been waiting for a chance to say the words that he was preparing for a long time. Should I be more fancy like on television or more straightforward and simple?

"Heather!" Looking at her leaving hurriedly, Matthias couldn't help but call out to her.

The woman in question froze for a moment before she continued walking forward. Seeing that she was unmoved by his call, he had no choice but to catch up with her.

The tickets were with her so he quickly followed behind her. Before entering the art gallery, the two of them maintained the same distance between them at all times.

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After Heather handed the tickets in her hand to an attendant, Matthias took a step forward and closed the distance between them. She could feel him approaching her and she even got a whiff of his cologne. He really is a detailed person.

He immediately stepped forward and grabbed her hand, and her eyes widened in response. "You should relax a little," he whispered into her ear.

Heather tried to free herself but he was grabbing her hand tightly, refusing to let go.

"Let me go," she growled.

They had already entered the art gallery and the people around them were very quiet, so it wouldn't be appropriate for her to shout loudly. Looking at the smirk on his face, she realized that she really hated this look of his.

"If you prefer me to hold you by the waist, I can let go of your hand," he announced dominantly. I can't be too gentle with her; otherwise, I won't even get the chance to speak.

Glaring at him angrily, Heather realized that he wasn't joking since she could feel the aggressiveness exuding from his body. For a moment, she didn't dare move a muscle.

"Looks like you still prefer me holding your hand." He revealed a victorious smile. At least we have come to an agreement.

However, she didn't like the feeling of a warm palm and she could even feel the sweat coming from Matthias' hand, but never in a million years did she think that it was because he was nervous. He had never held someone's hand this openly before and he lacked experience when it came to dating, so he was actually a little embarrassed deep down.

As for Heather, she didn't want the curator, Mr. Henriksen, to see them coming in as a 'couple', so she avoided him while looking at her hand, which was held by Matthias tightly.

"Matthias, what are you trying to achieve here? Stop playing games with me," she muttered since she could not stand his silence any longer.

"I just want you to accompany me at this exhibition. You promised me a date." Matthias tilted his head and revealed a boyish and bright smile.

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I've never seen this side of him before. Heather pouted her lips as she had nothing to say once he mentioned the date. Fine. I'm killing two birds with one stone anyway. Not only am I not defying Grandpa's orders, I'm also repaying Matthias for the date I missed yesterday, so I'm actually honoring my promise.

"I don't like art galleries." She looked at the painting on the wall with boredom since she wasn't interested in it at all.

"I don't like it either." He looked around and he wasn't interested in these paintings too, but he still had a mysterious smile on his face. "But I like looking at these paintings with you."

Suddenly, Heather felt her heart skip a beat. He is obviously flirting with me. What's wrong with him today? Everything he says seems weird.

"But I don't like coming to art galleries with you. It is a gruesome chore," she muttered ruthlessly as she vowed to herself, I won't be easily swindled by his words.

"Then please bear with me," he uttered bluntly. It was true that the two of them had many problems with each other in the past.

Therefore, he tried to approach her peacefully at first before taking on a more forceful approach. Since I can't please her by lowering my status, it won't hurt for me to be more aggressive with my approach.

"Matthias, you are still shameless as always." Initially, she was confused by his recent actions and she thought that his personality had really taken a turn but by the looks of it, he was still the same old Matthias.

"Thank you for your praise, Miss Langston." However, he still enjoyed the constant bickering between them. It was probably because the two of them never got along well, so he didn't care about the way they interacted and only cared about liking her.

Sometimes, one would be struck by love in the most unexpected of ways. Until today, Matthias still hadn't figured out why he fell in love with her. Whenever he wasn't by her side, he would miss his various interactions with her, so the affection toward her would come up to him all of a sudden.

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“Just tell me what you want. There’s no need for games.” At the moment, she didn’t want to play any more games with him. There’s no point bickering with each other.

“My goal is simple.” He revealed a satisfied smile, reminding her of his speech back in Italy where he had a triumphant smile that was particularly attractive.

“Spit it out. I don’t want to beat around the bush with you any longer.” The two of them stood side by side in front of a famous painting with their hands tightly intertwined, as if they were a cute couple.

Matthias purposely closed the distance and he was about to whisper in her ear, but she moved her head away as she still wasn’t used to this kind of intimacy.

“You are my goal,” he enunciated every word clearly. At a very close distance, he could even smell her natural scent and the fresh perfume she wore.

She had an elegant swan-like neck, which tempted him to no end. However, he tried to suppress the urge to kiss her since it wouldn’t be appropriate for them to show intimacy in such a public space.

For a moment, Heather’s thoughts ran wild as his words were too ambiguous. As he breathed into her ear, she could feel his warm breath caressing the behind of her ear, making her want to move away from him.

Since she couldn’t figure out his intentions, she planned to deal with it coldly, so she used her only free hand to push him away. Immediately, the suppressing and ambiguous atmosphere faded away between the two of them. Even though Heather really wanted to punch him, the occasion wouldn’t allow her to do so.

After calming herself for a while, she tried to maintain her façade. The people who are attending the exhibition today are all elites so I can’t cause any trouble.

“Let’s go!” she announced imperiously as she couldn’t take it anymore. I can’t do anything in the art gallery.

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Matthias shook his head. "Our date has just started. Why are you in such a hurry?" He finally got the chance to come out with her alone, so he was delighted even though they were doing nothing.

Heather looked at her hand, which was held tightly in his, and she suddenly felt that she had lost her freedom. "Can we go somewhere else?" We can at least find a place where I'm not restrained. Now, I'm completely under his control.

However, Matthias was unwilling to leave. "The environment here is great and the paintings look gorgeous. Why don't we calm down and enjoy it?" Knowing her, she is definitely plotting something but I won't fall into her trap this easily.

"Since you like it so much, why don't you stay here? I'm leaving." Heather refused to give in to him. Even if a world class painting was displayed in front of her, she wasn't in the mood to enjoy it at all.

And so, he had no chance but to take a step back. "Where are you going?" Since she had already made her words clear, it wouldn't be wise for him to continue dragging her around the art gallery.

He finally got the chance to enjoy a peaceful time but he didn't expect her to hate it so much. As he looked back at the painting resignedly, she dragged her to the entrance straight away. Looks like she really doesn't like these paintings.

Soon, they arrived at the entrance but when Heather saw how reluctant Matthias was to leave, she asked tentatively, "Do you really like the exhibition?"

He nodded his head slightly as he didn't hold back his praise. "The paintings in the exhibition really are magnificent. Even an amateur like me can see that they are gorgeous."

It seems like he really wants to stay here for a while to enjoy these paintings.

"Since you like it so much, we must leave here as soon as possible." She tried to annoy him by revealing a smirk and she couldn't help but go against him. Upon hearing that, Matthias paused for a moment and he held onto her tightly. Suddenly, she couldn't move an inch, so she asked confusedly, "What are you doing? Are we not leaving?" Is he now throwing a tantrum?

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“Do you really hate this exhibition or do you hate the things I like?” He was displeased with her cynical tone. Initially, she wanted to infuriate him and now, she almost succeeded in doing so.

“I hate the things you like,” she answered directly without any consideration for his feelings.

“Really?” he asked reluctantly. Truth was, her answer was very obvious but he didn’t know why he was deceiving himself.

“Mr. Locke, do I have the right to choose the next location for our date?” she asked in an aggressive tone.

Finally, he let go of her hand and muttered, “Yes, you do.” It’s no use reasoning with her.

“Come play tennis with me,” she suggested. Matthias, on the other hand, didn’t know why she wanted to play tennis with him all of a sudden.

Since he didn’t know how to play tennis, a hint of hesitation flashed across his face, and the alert Heather picked it up. I can’t let go of this chance to embarrass him.

“If you don’t know how to play, I can always teach you.” She curled up her lips in a sarcastic manner as she tried to make him hate her.

However, he had his own ego to protect. “There’s no need for that.” It’s just tennis. How hard can it be?

“Then let’s have some fun later on,” she countered with a bright smile. Finally, I’ve won this round.

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At the tennis court, Heather had changed into her tennis outfit and it brought out an adorable, preppy charm to her appearance. It was as if she had a Midas touch that allowed her to turn even the plainest of clothes into chic attire.

The tennis outfit flattered her silhouette and accentuated her curves. Matthias, on the other hand, had had to change into his tennis outfit as well, and his day-to-day appearance might mislead one to overlook his lean, muscular build.

He had spent a better part of the last few years training to fill up his frame, so it went without saying that he boasted a well-built physique, with a body fat ratio that was rigorously maintained at 10 percent. His towering height gave the impression that he was neither strong nor athletic, but the truth was such that he packed a punch stronger than that of a world boxing champion.

Presently, he saw that Heather was poised to serve the ball. He tightened his grip on his tennis racket, trying to feel and familiarize himself with its weight. This was his first time playing tennis and though he had absorbed as much as he could from his lessons, there were still a couple of techniques he had yet to master.

Not wanting to appear weak before his opponent, he frowned and tried to imitate Heather's posture. She was standing with her feet slightly apart and her knees were bent as she came to a low squat, her soles firmly planted on the ground.

She looked like she was ready to serve and Matthias stared at the ball in her hand intently, knowing that there was little else he could do other than to wing it.

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He was confident in his own athletic abilities and he was sure that he could return her serve despite not having grasped the proper stance or posture. On the other side of the net, Heather was appraising him with a taunting gleam in her eyes as a smirk tugged on her lips. The service was just as important to her as it was to him and she couldn't wait to see him defeated.

The very next moment, her racket slammed against the ball and she sent it hurtling toward him at incredible velocity. Matthias, on the other hand, was calm as he flicked his racket, looking handsome and dashing as he aimed to return the serve. His stance was unaffected by his lack of knowledge in tennis.

However, his racket made contact with thin air as the ball flew past it. He stared in disbelief as the ball bounced and rolled to a stop on the far side of the court. I missed it, he thought in bewilderment.

Frustrated, he couldn't believe that he was humiliated at the start of the game. Meanwhile, Heather was smiling pleasantly, somewhat relieved that he missed the return.

She could tell from his stiff and clumsy posture that he was completely unfamiliar with tennis and fortunately for her, she had chosen such a battlefield to finally demolish his triumph. She was beginning to get sick from having him lord his superiority over her whenever they were together.

Now, she could finally dominate him on the tennis court. At the sight of the smug look on her face, Matthias was no longer embarrassed of his early defeat and he felt his heart swell at how happy he had made her.

"Director Locke, it looks like you need to work on your techniques," she sang challengingly, her voice carrying over the court. She looked young and vibrant as she swung her racket back and forth.

"I'm afraid you'll have to keep training with me then, Miss Langston," he answered courteously, shedding the assertive demeanor he had put on back at the art gallery.

Heather marveled at the way he could be gentlemanly for a minute and domineering the next, and his mood swings could give anyone a whiplash. He's more fickle than women are, she thought with amusement. However, she felt her heart leap when she fixed her gaze on

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his fine looks. Matthias was beginning to grow on her and the more she looked at him, the more handsome he seemed.

A devious smile lit up her face as she said, "Then you ought to watch your back." She had gone easy on him when she served the ball earlier, but that did not mean she would hold back for the rest of the game.

"I'll be sure to give it my all," he quipped, flashing her a kind smile that made her heart thump.

There were a lot of times when she had inadvertently revealed her true self before him, and it was precisely because he could see through all her acts that she felt it was pointless to keep up any pretense with him.

She loved it when she could take off her mask and be in her own skin whenever she was with him. Being together with Matthias had its perks, one of which was that she no longer had to hide away her real emotions.

Fuelled by this strange surge of endearment that she had for him, Heather slammed her racket into the ball once more in a ruthless stroke. The ball flew toward him at high speed and she prayed that it would brush past his shoulder so that she might secure a second triumph.

Matthias was taken aback by how ruthless she was as the ball whooshed past his collar, a breath away from hitting his neck.

The thud of the ball hitting the ground seemed to echo around them. He could still feel the breeze from when the ball flew past his neck and his skin prickled at the very close call. He berated himself for letting down his guard in the first place—he should not have underestimated her thirst for vengeance.

He was itching to ask her if she was a Scorpio, because it would account for her tendencies to seek revenge. Heather, on the other hand, was standing on the other side of the court, smiling as she tilted her head to assess him. The pink tennis outfit she was wearing suited her well and coupled with her fresh-faced appearance today, she looked younger and more unassuming than her usual haughty self.

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"You'd better be careful, Director Locke," she chimed, grinning like the cat who ate the canary. She was more than happy to see him struggling.

"Of course you would find joy in my suffering," he accused exasperatedly.

She winked at him and offered no reply. At some point during the course of their acquaintance, she found that torturing him was what gave her satisfaction.

Maybe I'm just petty and despicable, she thought with a wicked and triumphant smile on her face. Seeing how frustrated he was only made her want to squeal in delight.

"Looks like somebody missed again," she sang and she stuck her tongue out playfully. It was almost as if the tennis outfit she wore brought out the mischievous and childish side of her.

"I won't miss the next one," Matthias declared confidently and determinedly.

Heather only shook her head in response. From what she had seen thus far, it would take him a couple more misses before he could even return one of her strokes, but she knew better than to underestimate him. She was particularly careful the third time as she got into her serving position. Her eyes met his over the net and it was as though they were communicating telepathically.

She was suddenly anxious as she knew that Matthias was a fast learner and absorbed new information like a sponge. While she didn't know how much he had picked up since the beginning of the game, she wanted to make sure that he would miss this ball just like he did the last two, so that she could rub her triumph in his face. However, she thought about the determined edge in his voice earlier when he said he would not miss.

"Watch out," she announced after what felt like a long moment. She began to tip her racket forward, and Matthias could feel the adrenaline and anxiety sprouting within him.

He was laser-focused as his eyes focused intently on the ball. I will not miss this one and I'm going to return it. He watched as the ball flew toward him like a flash of lightning, and he waited calmly until the ball was close to hitting the ground in front of his feet before he swung his racket.

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This time, his racket managed to make contact with the ball and he returned it with surprising precision. Heather grew sullen at this, but she did not dwell on it as her eyes followed the movement of the ball and she returned it with an agile stroke of her own.

And so, the both of them sent the ball flying back and forth. Before long, they came to a tie after three rounds, which served as a testament to Matthias' sponge-like ability to retain whatever he had learned. He appeared to have mastered tennis within the short span of one hour, and it was hard to tell from the way he rallied against Heather that he had never stepped foot inside a tennis court before this.

Meanwhile, Heather was a fan of intellectuals but there were times when she hated them, such as now. She couldn't help but wish Matthias was a little slower now that he was quickly adapting to the ferocity of the game, and it wasn't long before she found herself in the midst of an actual tennis battle. The game no longer brought her the same satisfaction that came from her earlier triumphs.

"Looks like I'm a fast learner after all, Miss Langston!" Matthias was gloating as he swung his racket, pleased with his progress following their hour-long match.

"I so envy your ability to pick up new things so easily, Director Locke," she said sarcastically. He's so full of himself and he's dangling his triumph in front of me on purpose.

She was already drained from the match, and she knew that she would spend the next day in bed if they were to go on with the game. The gym was becoming a foreign place ever since her return to Bradford City and now that she was confined within the walls of her office on a daily basis, her stamina was not the same as it had once been.

"You happen to be an excellent coach," he mused, politely giving her the credit.

Heather was humbled by this but she did not say anything to him in response. Nonetheless, Matthias had a keen eye and he could tell from her body language that she appreciated the credit.

After a pause, she decided that she should end the game here. Her limbs were already aching from the exercise as she called out to him, "Let's take a break."

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Matthias' stamina was far better than hers. He was a man, after all, and he had had professional training for a while now. His strength came up to par—if not completely surpassing—that of a militant in the special forces. There had been a time when he thought he might make a living for himself as a personal bodyguard should being the director of Locke Group not work out for him.

Heather found herself a chair and sat down, making herself comfortable. As for Matthias, he stood next to her, looking like an actual personal bodyguard.

"Aren't you tired?" Now that she was seated, Heather had to crane her neck in order to get a good look at him and even then, all she could see was the delicate curve of his jawline. She marveled at his incredible stamina.

"Not at all," he answered as he gazed down at her. Apparently, his features were so perfectly chiseled that he looked good from any angle.

"Stop standing there and sit down. I'll sprain my neck if I have to keep looking up at you while we talk," she snapped and tore her eyes away. It was hard to suppress the sudden attraction she felt for him at that moment, seeing how she was a sucker for handsome faces.

Upon hearing this, he sat down, taking up most of the space on the bench. She instantly regretted asking him to sit and she scooted slightly to the side. However, he inched closer to her, causing her to turn and glare at the good-looking man next to her.

His alabaster skin was glistening with a fine layer of perspiration, and testosterone was practically dripping off him as he nudged closer to her. Unlike other men, Matthias did not stink of sweat or body odor. In fact, he even smelled a little citrusy despite the vigorous match just now.

"I remember how you used to look like a zombie back in the day, and now it's like you're a completely different person," she remarked thoughtfully. She was curious as to how he had managed to give himself such a makeover—from frail and sickly to strong and athletic.

"There's infinite potential in everybody, and I just so happen to have cracked God's password," he joked, his answer as vague and mystifying as the smile on his face.

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"If it's true that the Locke Family is bursting with talent, how are you so clueless about tennis?" she asked, riding her wave of curiosity.

Matthias did not give her an answer this time and he only offered her a rueful smile. He didn't want to tell her the truth—that his lack of experience in tennis had something to do with her.

"Okay, fine; don't tell me." Heather rose from her seat and made a beeline for a different resting spot, but she was infuriated when he followed her like the thick-skinned rascal that he was.

"It's because you've loved tennis since you were little," he finally confessed, flushing slightly.

"Oh—so your hatred for me translates to your hatred for tennis? That certainly makes sense," she mocked. There was never a quiet moment between the both of them and their relationship proved to be fertile ground for constant bickering.

"The past is in the past. Must you hold on to it so stubbornly?" he countered somberly. He had been determined to let go of the past, even if it meant his love for Myra would wither away in the dark.

When Heather heard this, she scoffed coldly and retorted, "I don't think I'm the one who's having a hard time letting go." How dare he accuse me? This is a classic example of the guilty party filing the suit first!

"I've let go but the question is, can you?" Matthias bit out every word, his gaze darkening with the emotions that threatened to overwhelm.

She gave him an odd look. This was the man who had been clinging onto the past with steel-like will, yet he stood before her telling her otherwise.

Should I believe him? There was a somewhat crestfallen look in her eyes as she pondered on his words. Indeed, there was nothing in the past for her to cling on to and she wasn't the one who had had her heart broken, so why did the past fill her with so much guilt?

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