

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 415

It was the next day. Chimes of the windbell hanging from the ceiling could be heard as rays of sunlight shone into the room. As the wind gently blew, strands of Heather's hair danced in the wind. She even looked gorgeous when she was asleep. Lowering his head to take a look at his watch, Matthias began to contemplate whether he had overdosed her with drugs seeing that she hadn't woken up yet.

He donned a neat suit that didn't have a trace of wrinkle on it. He was gazing deeply at the woman who was still unconscious. Heather never thought that he would drug her yesterday, and Matthias only won because he had the element of surprise.

As if on cue, she started to move. It was evident that she was suffering from a bad migraine as she woke up. Obviously, the drug had a strong effect. Rubbing her temples, she felt like her body had been hit by a truck.

Waking up feeling extremely groggy, the first thing she saw was Matthias' unwavering gaze at herself. Out of instinct, she calmly took a look at her clothes. Watching her action, he couldn't help but put on a coy smile.

"Don't worry, I'm not sexually attracted to you," he casually commented. As a girl, it was normal for her to be more alert about being sexually assaulted anyway.

Trying hard to suppress the anger within, she glared at him with all the energy she could muster. There was definitely hatred in her eyes.

"Why did you drug me?" she asked it loud and clear. As someone who had never fallen into such a trip prior this, Matthias had taught her a lesson this time.

Disregarding her question, he simply walked over to the window and pulled the blinds open before turning back to face her. The look on his face seemed like he was waiting for drama to ensue.

The sudden exposure to sunlight was almost blinding. Covering her eyes, she felt even worse with the sudden brightness on top of her bad headache.

Meanwhile, he started to unbutton his suit while walking toward her. "Since the weather's so good, we should do something good for our health."

At once, she got off the bed and stood in a defensive stance. However, that only lasted for a second because the next thing she registered was that her body was too weak. It seemed that the drug's effects hadn't completely worn off.

"It wasn't easy to make you stay overnight at my place." At that moment, he was only left with his shirt on. Shooting her a smirk, he successfully made her feel alarmed.

"What are you trying to do?" she asked, thinking that it was a futile effort to guess his motive.

"The entertainment news today is pretty interesting," he said as he began to unbutton his shirt from the uppermost button. When she heard that, her eyelid twitched on its own accord.

Looking at him with extreme alertness, she tried to look for her cell phone as she had a bad feeling.

"Sorry, your phone was too noisy earlier so I turned it off." Having said that, he fished out her phone from his pocket, irking Heather to no end.

She then walked right up to him, attempting to snatch back her phone from his hands. Seeing her in such a weak state, he could not help but smirk. After all, it was his first time witnessing her weak moment.

"You want your phone? Here." He simply offered her the phone.

Just as Heather was about to move further away from him after retrieving her phone, she was pulled into his embrace before she could go. Due to the weakness she was experiencing, she had no strength to fight him. What did he drug me with?! How can it be so strong?

Hence, she was now a limp person who couldn't fight back for her own life. Just the thought of it angered her a lot as she could only take what he was about to do to her. How did she end up here?

When she attended the meeting yesterday, she had already sensed that something about him felt odd. However, she did not think that he would stoop so low as she only assumed that they would at least have a civilized talk before fighting each other. It was totally unexpected that he would trick her this way.

Just then, Heather tossed her phone away in annoyance as she failed to turn it on after trying multiple times. Looking at how enraged she was getting, Matthias leaned close to her ear and said in a hushed voice, "It looks like your phone's battery is flat."

That served as a reminder that she was still stuck in his arms, and she was about to blow a fuse because of that. At this moment, she was only left with one way to escape the restraint: play it smart.

"Matthias, let go of me." She was trying her best to stay calm despite feeling all the rage within her.

"You must hate me a lot right now." He guffawed as he let his hands roam all over her body.

"Are you taking revenge on me?" she asked coldly. It seemed that he still hadn't gotten over what happened in the past, so he was using such a despicable way to take revenge on her.

Loosening his grip on Heather, his cold voice could be heard coming from above her. "Do you know that Myra doesn't remember me at all?" The chagrin in his tone was hard to miss. Whenever he recalled that not only did Myra forget their promise, but him altogether, he was bitter.

"What has this got to do with me?" She glared at him at once. Indeed, he hated her because of Myra.

All of a sudden, he pushed her onto the bed. Knowing that she couldn't fight him in her current state, she didn't protest much as she simply stared at him with hatred-filled eyes.

"Don't look at me like that. Do you know who this stare reminds me of?" After tipping up her chin, he tightened his grip on it. Locking eyes with her, all he was thinking of was his urge to gouge out those beautiful eyes.

"Hmph!" Heather scoffed and shot him a disdainful look before saying, "You're still suffering from the lack of self-esteem." Initially, she thought that he was different from the person he was before, but it seemed that he had yet to escape his mental fetters.

“Shut up! Do you really think you’re still the queen who’s all high and mighty?” He landed a hard punch on the space next to her ear, and she could even hear the swishing sound of the air from his swift action.

“Matt, I really feel sorry for you.” She reached out to caress his face, thinking about just how much of filth was hidden behind such a good-looking face,

“Shut your trap! I will make you pay for what you did,” he yelled. Immediately, he turned his face to the side, shaking off her touch that he hated so much.

“I was young and immature back then. I didn’t know that it would leave such a big impact on you. I apologize for what I did.” Giving him a sincere look, she finally admitted her wrongdoings a few years back. Back then, he was a soft-hearted person unlike now.

“Do you seriously think you can solve everything with an apology?” He sneered as he side-eyed her. How could that be possible? He would only be content to see her in the state of despair that he had been in.

“I’m sorry. I’m genuinely apologizing. I was too arrogant and presumptuous back then. It was all my fault. Will you please forgive me?” She took the initiative to show inferiority toward Matthias as she was not the self-centered person that she was a few years back. She honestly didn’t want him to be her nemesis.

“And now you’re even asking for my forgiveness. How hilarious! What right do you have to ask for my forgiveness? I will never forgive you!” He raged upon hearing that. Initially, he thought that he would be able to control his emotions, but he still failed to do so when Heather was right in front of him.

“What do you want then?” Looking at him, she knew that it was inevitable to pay back for her mistakes. It was only logical that way after all.

“What I want is simply for you to have a taste of the depths of despair that you condemned me into.” The corner of his lips curled up as he smiled coyly. He then gave her a soft pat on her cheek before leaving a kiss on it.

Hearing that, she looked at him, puzzled as ever. She was oblivious of the despair that she brought upon him back then. What would that feel like?

"I guess you really hate me to the bones," she said in a casual tone as things were not salvageable at that point anyway. She was willing to pay back if that was what Matthias wanted.

"Do you know how I pulled through all these years? I was initially the most insignificant child in the Lincoln Family, and now I've worked my way up to be the top. I've sacrificed a lot." His tone was laced with malice. He didn't want all these in the beginning either; he just wanted to be a normal person, grow up in peace and be together with someone he liked for the rest of his life.

Heather was the one who had shattered his simple dream into pieces. If she had not stood in the way, he wouldn't have missed out on Myra, and she would have been married to him now.

Whenever he recalled the fact that Myra was about to be married to another man and was even bearing his baby, it pained him. It pained him beyond words. It was all because of Heather. She might not know how big of a turmoil that she had caused in his life, and yet he had already revived after going through all the sufferings.

"Isn't it pretty good now? With your weak personality back then, you never would have become the person with the most power in the Lincoln Family today. Now, you have both the wealth and power, alongside the control over the whole Lincoln Family; you've become a successful person. That's a good thing." She couldn't see what was so wrong about the current situation. Was it bad to be successful?

"In your eyes, all you see is success. A self-centered person like you wouldn't know anything about feelings and relationships. You know it yourself that you've always been selfish in your friendship with Myra." As he spoke, he closed the distance between them, making Heather feel a little suffocated.

"What is wrong with being successful? Do you know how many people strive to be successful? The percentile of successful people is so low after all. How is it bad to be one of the rare successful people?" She raised her voice to rebuke. Faithful to her theory, she did not want to let him step all over her.

"Very well, you cold-blooded woman. You're just so pathetic. You can stay lonely till death then!" With that, he ripped off the pajamas she was wearing.

At once, her face fell. She gave him a cold, stern look as she warned, "Don't touch my clothes." She was still trying to hold her stance. Even though she was physically incapable of resisting at the moment, it didn't mean that she would let him do as he wished.

"So you do have fears too." Elevating his body with his arm as support, he peered down at her. His eyes were filled with complacency at this moment.

"Are you seriously resorting to bullying a woman with such a dirty trick?" She looked at him with discrimination. In fact, she truly hated men who acted so vulgarly toward a woman. No true man would use their physical advantage to repress a woman.

"What do you want me to do to you then?" He brought his lips close to her ears as he said sotto voce. It made her feel uncomfortable as she didn't have similar prior experience.

Due to the close proximity, she caught the scent from his body. At this moment, Heather's mind was boggled. The androgen emanating off him was making her heart race uncontrollably.

"I can pay back however you want. Fight me fair and square; you shouldn't play dirty like this. It'll only make me look down on you." Her eyes gleamed as she looked at him. She believed that he still had regards for his dignity as a man.