

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 641

After a 30-minute drive, Heather finally found the place where the Great Detective was. It

was a remote area, which was a good choice when one wanted to hide from the public.

A smirk played by the Great Detective's lips as he looked at her walking toward him. I've

really missed her, he thought to himself. Then, he spread his arms wide and said to her,

"Hattie, let me give you a hug."

Heather rolled her eyes at him. "Zayne, be serious. I'm not in the mood to joke around with you."

Upon hearing her words, he put down his arms in disappointment but the smile on his face

remained as bright as ever.

"Hattie, who made you so angry?" he asked in a girly voice. He was not only a pervert but

feminine in character, not to mention bisexual.

"Please act more normal. You are becoming rather gay lately," Heather responded with a

look of disgust on her face.

Zayne Lee was unfazed by her reaction and said, "You dislike me for being a pervert, right?"

So, I thought that you may like me if I act this way and think of me as your bestie!" he purred

in a British accent that sounded so annoying that Heather wanted to beat him up.

"Did you stay in Britain for too long? Why do you have a British accent?"

She rubbed her

temple and was starting to regret asking him to come over.

"Don't you like it, though? It sounds gentle." He spoke with his pinky raised.

The way Zayne behaved in his burly build made his overall image seem incongruous. In all

honesty, Heather even suspected that he was actually putting up an act because she

couldn't imagine him as a bottom, nor could she imagine anybody having such a peculiar taste to actually accept him as a partner. Although Zayne was no longer the pervert he used to be when she met him, this time around, she still found his image now unacceptable. "Let's get to business." She cleared her throat and found a spot to sit down, trying her best to stay as far away from him. "Alright, I understand that you didn't invite me here to become your bestie," he stated as he took a seat beside her. "Is there any progress after so many days?" Heather asked with a frown. With Zayne's capability, it is impossible for him not to find anything after investigating things for so long. "What kind of progress do you want?" he countered with a raised brow. Truth was, he looked rather handsome after dropping the feminine act. "I want to rescue Myra as soon as possible." Heather murmured and her brows were tightly knitted. However, her request put him on a spot. "This will be difficult." "Difficult?" she repeated in disbelief. It was rare to hear Zayne using the word 'difficult', as he would usually complain that things were too simple to him. "Is there any better method?" she asked, refusing to believe that he had no better ideas. "Heather, I am but an insignificant detective. What other ways do I have?" This was the first time she heard him describing himself like this and it made her even more anxious. "Zayne, don't brush me off. I know that you definitely have a way!" Heather roared, thinking that he must be pulling her leg. This can't be true! However, Zayne merely shrugged and smiled at her. "This matter is not as simple as it

seems. The kidnapers may seem like mere criminals from the surface, but they are supported by unfathomable forces behind them.”

Truth be told, he did not expect Heather to be so irritable because of this and it was giving him a headache. She seldom lost her sense of judgement, but the kidnapping incident this time had obviously made her lose her calm.

Upon hearing that, Heather tried to calm herself down because blowing up at him would not help the situation since it wasn't his fault to begin with. “Do you have any good suggestions?” she asked.

“Stay put. Don't worry, though; your bestie's life is not in danger for now,” he reassured her, finally getting serious.

“Myra is pregnant, so of course I'm very worried for her!” Heather stressed this point again to him.

Zayne raised his brows and replied nonchalantly, “Heather, you know very well that this sort of thing happens every day. Even if the one who is being kidnapped is a pregnant woman, so what?” Zayne did not wish to see her losing her composure, so he had to find a way to make her view this kidnapping case without personal feelings.

However, Heather countered, “She has been my best friend since I was young. In my heart, she is more important to me than my real sister.” This was the first time she confessed her heartfelt feelings.

Zayne looked at her in distress, but he couldn't allow her to be emotional. He had to remind her to think with reason.

“The more you care about her, the more likely it is for you to fall in the kidnapers' trap.” He revealed the truth bluntly. “You are now being led by the nose. I have to say, Heather, I've

never seen such a stupid side of you.” He intentionally stressed on the word ‘stupid’ as he

could not bear to see her continue on like this.

“Do I really look stupid now?” She, too, felt that she seemed to have lost her judgement and

kept doing stupid things.

“Yes, incredibly stupid, I might add.” Zayne held nothing back as he recklessly degraded her.

“What do you think I should do, then?” She looked into his eyes with a piercing gaze. She

needed an answer right now, one that could show her the way.

However, Zayne raised his voice and muttered, “Like I’ve said—stay put.

This is a kidnapping

incident, so you should understand that this kind of case is the most challenging one to

handle.” He really couldn’t bear to see Heather this way. She seemed totally different from

how graceful and glamorous she used to be.

“I understand. I understand it all but if I don’t do anything, I feel useless.”

Heather had been

racking her brain to think of a better way these few days because she just couldn’t bear not

doing anything.

“You don’t understand that you are only acting foolishly.” Zayne shot her a cold look. He

never expected Heather to become this way when they met again, and he found it an utter

disappointment.

“How should we rescue Myra from the kidnappers, then?” She was especially concerned

about this matter. She had placed all her hope on Zayne, who had now practically become

her savior.

“Calm down. I can’t think of any way at the moment, but I’m not pulling your leg either—this

case is too complicated, so I don’t know how to explain it to you,” he explained slowly. It will

be easier to deal with this if my words can get through to her.

“Explain it to me in a way that is easiest for me to understand, then.” On the other hand, Heather required an explanation so that she could understand the entire situation.

“You are very irritable now, so I’m afraid that you may hit me if I say something wrong.” As

Zayne was speaking, he tried to match his words with his actions by giving her a timid gaze—he really pulled out all the stops for his act.

Upon seeing that, she raised her hand in frustration. “I will hit you right now if you don’t give

me a good explanation,” she muttered bluntly, as she knew that the generous Zayne never picked on her faults for trivial stuff like this.

“Alright, alright. Please forgive me, O’ Master Heather. I’ll tell you everything,” he helplessly

replied in aggrievement, which looked rather hilarious on him.

“You’d better give me a good explanation,” Heather growled in an intimidating tone.

“This incident probably involves a lot of parties. Now that Myra is in their hands, they have

got something on us, so we can’t just barge in and snatch her back even if we find their

hideout,” Zayne explained vividly.

“So?” Heather seemed to understand what he implied and looked at him thoughtfully.

“Have you forgotten that they are criminals? Even if they are treating Myra fairly well now,

things will not be the same if we try to barge into their place to save her. Do you really think

that they won’t make a move on Myra by then?” He threw her a question and had her figure it out herself.

“You are saying that our actions are limited and we can’t do much because Myra is in their

hands?” Heather responded with a question, finally understanding what he had in mind.

“You don’t say!” He revealed a bright grin, which she found rather ugly.

After listening to his analysis, Heather managed to calm herself down because what he had said made sense. Upon seeing that her expression had eased a little, Zayne inwardly heaved a sigh of relief.

“So we are going to remain passive?” she pressed on, reluctant to accept that there was nothing they could do. If we continue to do nothing, how are we going to rescue Myra?

“Have you heard of a kidnapping case where the kidnappers kidnapped a wealthy businessman for three months, and the latter managed to return unharmed?” Zayne suddenly brought up a case in a high spirit—it was a case that he was involved as well.

“Three months?” Heather repeated in disbelief. “We can’t possibly let Myra give birth at the kidnappers’ place, can we?” Myra’s delivery date was approaching and it left them with not much time.

“Stay calm. Trust me; I will try my best to get Myra back unharmed and as soon as possible.”

Zayne was picking his words carefully as Heather now was too irritable, and he was afraid that he might accidentally say something that would offend her.

“I trust you and your capabilities as well, but I need a timeline. I can’t just wait blindly,” she countered. It was hard for Heather and it never had been her intention to urge him this way

as well, but whenever she thought of the fact that Myra was still in the hands of the kidnappers, she would feel so restless that she was unable to do anything.

“One month.” Zayne reluctantly replied.

“So long?” Heather asked incredulously.

“Yes. This case is somewhat similar to the kidnapping case of the wealthy businessman. At

that time, the kidnapper didn't name their conditions even after quite some time and kept holding him captive, but of course, he didn't torture the businessman. When I accepted the case, I was the same as you—I had no idea what to do.” He continued to comfort her. He believed that an intelligent person like Heather would surely understand what he implied.

“And after that?” She was more concerned about what had happened next.

“It was a complicated case that involved the interests of many parties, so it would be difficult for me to tell you everything at once. However, you have to trust me that this isn't something that can be rushed,” Zayne reassured Heather, who had anxiety written all over her face.

Upon hearing that, she sighed. She initially thought that a kidnapping case like this would be rare, but it turned out that strange occurrences were never rare in a world as large as theirs.

It was great that Zayne had experience in this sort of case and she was glad that she did not find the wrong expert to help her.

“All you need to do now is to trust me completely and listen to my every command, alright?”

He had to gain her complete trust as there were a lot of things that required her to work very closely with him.

After some contemplation, she nodded seriously. “Okay. Consider it a deal.”

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Heather left Zayne's temporary residence with a fuzzy mind. In all honesty, she didn't even know how she got into the car. In the end, she started the car with a million thoughts running through her mind.

The weather was rather fine today, with the afternoon sun lazily spilling light over the land. It was an afternoon that Heather would usually love but she had lost the mood to enjoy the sunshine today. Sitting in the driver's seat, she kept rubbing her temple while biting her lips. The lack of rest recently had made her migraine more severe. She wondered if Myra was being properly treated in the hands of the kidnappers, and Heather couldn't forgive herself when she thought of this. At this rate, Heather might push her own body to the limits before Myra was rescued. Every day and night, she was unable to close her eyes and have a good night's sleep; sometimes, she would fall asleep but would later be awakened by nightmares. Little did she know that Myra was actually having a good time. Although she was being confined by the kidnappers, they did not torture her. She could still see the sunlight and currently, she was basking under the sunlight while carefully reading a book. Myra had no idea how much Tony and Heather had suffered in order to rescue her. In fact, there weren't any thoughts in particular in her head. She felt as if she had been in a dream ever since she had been kidnapped. Her mind had been blank these days and she couldn't even process the fact that she had been kidnapped. When she was here, she met the woman who had told her a lot of inside information at the cemetery. However, Myra had forgotten her looks and she only found her face familiar.

"Madam, would you like to have some water?" As Myra was pregnant, they dared not feed her any unhealthy food or drinks, so plain water was the safest thing for her.



Myra turned around. The sunlight landed on her and her dark hair seemed transparent under the bright light. She smiled gently at the woman. Myra felt that she seemed to be unable to control herself these few days. She had not seen Tony for some time, yet she did not find it strange at all. It was as if not meeting him was a plot that had been preplanned and she somehow was able to accept the fact easily.

“Thank you.” Anyone who saw how she was now would think that she merely had a change in her living environment instead of thinking that she had been kidnapped.

There were people taking care of her when she was here. After her memory had been tampered, she calmly accepted the current situation and did not miss Tony at all.

After the woman served her water, she quietly left Myra but accidentally bumped into a man’s firm chest.

The man whispered from above the woman’s head in a low, sexy voice, “Why are you in a hurry?”

The woman looked up to him resignedly. “Master, it was an accident. I wasn’t in a hurry.” The woman wore neither a humble nor arrogant expression, and she did not seem like an ordinary servant.

“Is she acting normal lately?” the man asked the woman.

“Master, I’m not sure how to answer your question. She is acting strange lately, but isn’t this what you want? So...” There was a shadow of a smile by her lips as she replied in an indirect manner.

“Did she mention Tony or Heather?” The man looked down at the woman from his height as he contemplated on how he should deal with her. This woman is getting out of control.

“No. She is just like a newborn baby. This part—” She pointed at her head as she spoke and

revealed a wicked smile. “—is probably blank.”

The man smiled in satisfaction; it was obvious that he was glad with the answer. Although he dared not give Myra a strong dose in consideration of the baby she was carrying, it seemed like what she had been given turned out to be quite effective. “Good. Remember to feed her the drug at this time every day.” The man instructed the woman. This was, in fact, not the first time he stressed on this. “Master, you can trust me completely on the task.” She smiled coquettishly and the man forced a smile.

Myra turned to look in their direction and she flashed a faint smile at the man from a distance. Upon seeing that, the man nodded satisfactorily. It was undeniable that Myra had an elegance that set her apart from ordinary flamboyant beauty. Tony was probably attracted by her calm and graceful temperament, and the man had faith in Tony’s taste.

“Master, what should we do next? Are we going to continue to take care of her?” the woman asked in puzzlement.

There was a ‘Myra’ at another end of Bradford City who was not as blessed as the real Myra in the hands of the kidnapper.

“There’s no rush. Let’s wait for another two weeks.” The man was in no hurry at all and he wanted the fun to continue on.

“Heather and Tony are turning the city upside down in search of her. Are we going to ignore them?” The woman mentioned Heather and Tony. They already had people watching the two of them, so they knew that the both of them had done a lot in secret.

“Don’t worry. With Myra in our hands, the sky won’t fall and the earth won’t shake no matter

what they do," the man announced in full confidence. Currently, he was about to gain full control of the entire situation in Bradford City.

"Master, you killed three birds with one stone this time. You surely are a genius," she murmured to flatter him.

"We will have to thank Myra and her important role for this," the man mocked, his gaze fixed on Myra. Truth was, he was a little envious of her.

Whenever he thought how a woman as strong as Heather would go to such an extent for her sake, he would feel a hint of jealousy. Perhaps Heather would never treat him this way in this lifetime.

Meanwhile, Myra was reading a book quietly as she intermittently raised her head to look at the bright sun above. The sun was so blinding that she couldn't open her eyes and it even forced her eyes to become watery. This feeling was so nostalgic and for some inexplicable reason, it put her in near tears, as if she had lost something important. Her chest felt empty, her head felt empty, and her memories became even more fuzzier.

Many images flashed across her mind but she couldn't hold onto anything.

"Did I lose something?" she mumbled to herself.

Myra's words were heard by the man and he exchanged glances with the woman. Both of them probably did not expect this to happen.

Myra's memories had been completely erased, yet she came out with this doubt. It looked

like they should not underestimate the potential of the human brain.

The two of them looked at each other in unison and the woman said, "Seems like we will

have to give her a stronger dose."

A hesitant look appeared on the man's face. "I'm worried about the child that she is

carrying.” The man had his concerns because the motive for this kidnapping had never been to hurt someone.

“Master, since when have you become so soft-hearted?” A sarcastic smile played by her lips.

Upon hearing that, he turned to her in rage as he roared, “You are not in the position to lecture me!”

She lowered her head respectfully. “I’m sorry, Master. I’ve crossed the line.”

The man then left in a huff. Looking at his figure from behind, the woman sneered. “Master, if you continue with your petty kindness, you will have a hard time taking on the family’s responsibilities,” she uttered in a voice so soft that only she could hear. At that moment, Myra caressed her own belly and wanted to rise from the chair. She knew that she was carrying a child, but she couldn’t seem to remember who the father of the child was.

“Janelle, could you help me up?” Pregnancy had affected Myra’s flow of blood and caused her to be unable to stand up, so she massaged her numbed calves. “Hold on for a moment. I’m coming.” Janelle then went toward her. Janelle walked up to Myra and carried her up with her height advantage. It seemed so effortless, hinting at Janelle’s incredible strength.

“You should take some walks when you are free; you shouldn’t sit down all the time.” She advised Myra as if she was her elder, although she was merely a woman in her twenties.

“I don’t have any strength and now I feel tired,” Myra replied helplessly, her drowsiness becoming more pronounced.

“Let me help you to your bed.” A triumphant smile appeared by the corner of the woman’s

lips as Myra's drowsiness showed that the drug had started to take effect.

Myra nodded in response. "Thank you, Janelle." In reality, she was totally clueless about the woman's malicious intentions.

"You're welcome. It's my duty to take care of you. You don't have to treat me so politely,"

Janelle replied amiably, as if she had a close relationship with Myra.

"I feel bad for having to trouble you all the time." Myra felt embarrassed despite Janelle's

'kind' words. Truth was, she was not familiar with the other woman and even instinctively resisted her a little.

"It's no trouble at all. We are just like sisters so we can skip all the formalities between us. I

don't like to listen to things like you feeling bad for troubling me."

Janelle, who had rather

good acting skills, rapidly got into her role.

"Your husband has left again?" Myra asked curiously.

Janelle forced a smile as she was still not used to pretending to be her master's wife.

"Yes, he's just too busy. He is our family's sole breadwinner because I can't help out much."

She, on the other hand, had pretended to be a housewife.

"No, I think that you are amazing. I can't cook but you can cook really well." Myra blinked her

innocent eyes and it made her look all the more like a child.

"Do you want to learn how to cook?" Janelle suggested. Staying with Myra all day long was

too boring, so she wanted to find something to do.

"Can I?" Myra pointed at herself.

"Of course, but you have to listen to me; I don't want you burning down my kitchen." Janelle

treated her like how she would a child.

"I..." Myra glanced at the other woman timidly. She wanted to try it out but at the same time,

she was shy and lacked the courage to do so.

“You should be bolder,” Janelle encouraged. After Myra’s memories had been erased, she had somehow become silly and innocent, so it was actually quite fun to tease her.

However, Myra had her concerns. “I’m worried that I can’t do it well.” Now, she seemed to have returned to when she was a child. Janelle never expected Myra to have such a pure and innocent personality when she was little before she met Heather.

“Don’t worry, you have me.” Janelle continued to encourage her. Now that Myra doesn’t annoy me as much as she used to, I don’t mind making friends with her for the time being since we have to spend another two weeks together!

“Thank you. Janelle, you’re such a nice person.” Myra blinked her dark, innocent eyes at the other woman, which made it hard for anyone to lie to her face.

Upon seeing that, Janelle let out a smile of self-mockery. “I hope that you will still find me a good person after this.” Her words contained so many emotions as it reminded her of the

weak and useless self from years ago. At that time, she was as kind as a saint who tried to save the world.

She couldn’t remember when she had become who she was today—a person who was so despicable to the point that even she herself was unable to tell if there was a limit to how far she would go.

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A week soon went by. Heather had been locking herself in her house and refused to come out even when Matthias came looking for her.

On this day, Heather was sitting at the dining table and her gaze intermittently landed on

Everly. It was so obvious to the point that even the latter took notice of her gaze.

Everly tried to muster her courage multiple times to ask Heather the reason for looking at her so often but in the end, her courage dissipated and no words escaped her lips. In the past week, the kidnapper had not contacted them, but Zayne had made a breakthrough in the investigation—he managed to discover the identity of the man whom Everly had met that day. Heather was at Zayne’s temporary residence. In her hand was a photo of a man with an unfamiliar face; she couldn’t recognize him at all. “You don’t know this person?” Zayne got straight to the point and asked.

“I have never met him before.” Heather had never thought that it would be a man that she did not know of. She had made many speculations before this, but she couldn’t figure out how Everly got in touch with a stranger. “But that doesn’t necessarily mean that Everly doesn’t know him,” he replied as he stood off to one side. Zayne had yet to find out Everly’s relationship with this man, but he believed that he would soon make progress. However, Heather disliked anybody badmouthing her family. “What do you mean?” “Everly is a much more complicated person than you imagine—her social circle is quite bizarre.” Zayne couldn’t think of a better way to describe it other than the word ‘bizarre’. “What do you mean?” Heather had never expected Everly would turn out to be a girl like this, which was totally different from what she imagined. He took the photo from her hand. “Stop staring at the photo—this man is behind the new mysterious force in Bradford City.” He directly revealed the truth to her to save her the effort of racking her brain to figure out his identity. “As expected,” she muttered and scoffed.

“Looks like you are able to guess it right.” Zayne was glad because it showed that Heather’s brain was still working, at least.

“I can’t seem to figure out how Everly got herself involved with this force.” She was still clueless about it despite trying hard to understand the situation. Zayne smiled and said nothing, which puzzled Heather even more. His attitude was so ambiguous and she found it rather irritating. In short, it made her want to punch his face.

“You are becoming more violent these days. Ever consider seeing a doctor?” Zayne

muttered, able to guess her thoughts. As expected from the Great Detective—a mere glance was enough for him to tell what she was thinking.

“Shut up!” she roared. “You didn’t manage to find out Everly’s relationship with that man, did you?” There can be only two reasons for his attitude now—either he has everything in his hand or he has nothing at all.

“Ah, you figured it out,” he exaggerated.

Heather looked at him with a complex expression. After all that drama, it turned out that he knew nothing, yet he made her anxious for no reason.

“You tricked me again,” she snarled. He would probably give her a heart attack from extreme anger before the kidnappers managed to do so.

However, Zayne continued to tease her. “I almost can’t remember how cold and elegant you were before.”

“Shut up! Find out their relationship as soon as possible,” an angry Heather instructed. As she was Zayne’s client now, she felt that he had to listen to her orders.

“I believe that this matter is irrelevant, so why are you so concerned about it?” He played with the photo in his hand while looking at the handsome young man on it—he seemed quite young.



“I have a feeling that this matter has something to do with Everly.” It was merely a gut feeling, so Heather wasn’t sure if Everly really had anything to do with the case.

“It’s only a guess and you could be wrong,” he teased. After he had gotten used to how calm and composed Heather usually had been, he found the current ‘lively and vibrant’ Heather rather interesting.

“I trust my gut feeling. Anyway, follow up with this finding and I believe that you will find something about the kidnapping case.” She strongly believed in her intuition because it had helped her a great deal for many times.

“Okay, the customer is always right. Since you have given me an order, I will surely look into it,” he responded with a large grin.

“Don’t give me such a fake smile,” Heather muttered in disgust as she disliked his fake grin.

She knew that Zayne was a hypocrite and he would always wear a fake smile to mask his real thoughts. Truth be told, he was even worse than Matthias. Although he seemed harmless on the surface, he was actually full of wicked thoughts.

One shouldn’t be fooled by his identity as a renown detective and think that he wouldn’t do bad deeds. Back when he was young, he had been a man who never did anything good and all he did was evil deeds. If it wasn’t for the girl who had appeared in his life, he would have been sentenced to life in prison.

“Hattie, saying that makes me sad. Can’t you treat me more gently?”

Zayne joked without any fear toward Heather.

“If you continue to speak like this, you will be dead soon.” Heather took out the dagger that she always carried with her, and it had a cold gleam to it as it reflected the sunlight that fell

on it.

“Wow, Hattie, you really are violent,” he exaggerated.

“Stop calling me that,” she growled through gritted teeth, fully hating the way he addressed

her. His attitude gave her a headache.

“Okay, I will stop calling you this way, Hattie.” Zayne had always been a person who never

feared to test the limits of others, so he surely would not watch his mouth.

The dagger suddenly slashed through the air by his face as she glared at him with cold

eyes. “You won’t lose only your beard next time.” On top of her dagger was his beard, which

showed the dagger’s sharpness.

“Alright, alright. Let’s not be so violent. Put down your dagger and maybe we can talk over a

cup of coffee, yes?” A helpless Zayne tried to comfort her. He never expected that Heather

had become so terrifying.

He remembered that he met Heather for the first time at a ball when he went to Europe to

investigate a murder case. The scenes at that night remained vivid in his memories, even

until now. The moment Heather made an appearance, everyone’s gaze was locked on

her—she shined brightly, much like a moon surrounded by stars.

Back then, she wore a red gown. Zayne had never seen anyone looking so gorgeous in a red

gown and at that time, he thought that he saw an angel. The angel was wearing a red gown,

looking as enchanting as clouds that were dyed red in the evening.

As she put her dagger away, his gaze became creepier and it gave her goosebumps.

“Don’t look at me with such a perverted gaze,” she warned him.

Heather knew that Zayne was attracted to her and liked her a little but she had given her

heart to Matthias, so it would be impossible for her to like anyone else.

“Okay, are there any other instructions?” He averted his gaze. Love is a b\*tch that never goes the way I want; I don’t need that kind of thing.

“Did you manage to find out where Myra is?” Heather asked as she was anxious to know about this.

“Is this really important?” He looked at her, feeling a headache coming on. In all honesty, he had no idea how to provide an answer to this question.

Although he was a well-known detective who was an expert in cracking cases, investigating a person’s whereabouts was never his strength. This time, he had come to Bradford City on his own and left his partner behind, so there were certain areas which he faced trouble.

“This is my utmost priority. I have to know where Myra is no matter what you say.” Heather, on the other hand, would not be dismissed so easily with only a few words by him.

“I’m sorry. Investigating a person’s whereabouts is not my strength,” he replied helplessly.

He had never confessed this to anyone but he did so to Heather now.

“What? Then what’s your strength?” Baffled, she glanced at him, thinking that he must be joking.

He suddenly grabbed her shoulders, forcing her to look into his eyes as he enunciated,

“Look into my eyes and tell me if what I’m going to say is true or not.

Investigating a person’s whereabouts is not my strength, so I have a partner in secret and nobody knows about his existence.”

Heather looked at him in disbelief and even forgot to free herself from his grasp. Why is he only telling me this secret now?

After a while, she quietly asked, “Where’s your partner, then?” Now, she had a sense of foreboding.

“He didn’t come here with me. We were working on a case but you asked me to come over urgently. I had a fight with him because I chose to come to you, so I’m now on my own,”

Zayne explained in a nonchalant voice, as if he was talking about the weather.

“What?” Upon hearing that, she looked at him, baffled. On one hand, she couldn’t process the fact that Zayne had a partner in secret but on the other hand, she never thought that he actually took her so seriously.

“Don’t feel touched—it was because I couldn’t resist your beauty.” He let go of her as he

spoke and raised her chin with his index finger, much like a thug.

However, a loud wail was soon heard when Heather bent his finger.

“Don’t touch me.” Her

eyes seemed to be burning with flames of anger.

Zayne was someone who would take a mile once he was given an inch, but Heather would

not allow him to have his own way.

“Ouch! I know my mistake, alright? Now let go of me. You are going to break my finger,” he pleaded.

“Do you still dare to touch me after this?” She was determined to let him remember his lesson this time.

“Of course not, so please let go of me. If you break my finger, who will help you to

investigate the case?” Zayne instantly gave in. Although he had good martial art skills, he

refused to use his skills on a stunning woman like Heather.

Fortunately for him, she let go of him and coldly snorted. “Don’t ever make the same

mistake again.” She had warned him before this, but he never learnt from his mistake.

“Why is my life so tough? I forsook my partner for you, but how could you treat me this way?” the drama king sobbed.

“Don’t mix things up. Although I’m grateful that you are willing to go to such lengths for me,

that doesn't mean that you can touch me as you please. You know that I hate men who don't respect women." Heather stated her grounds sternly. She refused to give an inch when it came to pride-related matters.

"I understand. Heather, you really are becoming more of a feminist," he remarked helplessly as he wondered if it was a right choice to abandon so much to rush over to her.

Upon hearing that, Heather found her expression easing a little. Then, she patted his

shoulder and assured, "Don't worry; I will make it up to you."

Upon hearing that, he instantly felt alive. Heather knew what he had in mind when she saw

his reaction, so she explained herself before Zayne managed to say anything, "I meant that I

will make it up to you financially. Don't take it the other way."

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Upon hearing that, Zayne shrugged. What a tease Heather is, not giving me any leeway to

flirt with her!

Now, not only could he not take advantage of her through his actions, but he couldn't take

advantage of her by his words either. And so, Zayne couldn't help but question his decision.

If he hadn't come over so easily, he might have been able to negotiate something for

himself.

"Don't think of doing anything funny," Heather snapped at him now as she eyed him

viciously.

He could only offer her a helpless smile in response. He didn't dare to argue with her, since

one could only compromise upon meeting a woman such as Heather.

Not too long ago, he

thought she had crossed a line but now, he was mesmerized by her. No matter how

outrageous her request, he was willing to go through hell or high water for her.

Once again, he shrugged. Unfortunately for him, she greatly disliked this action and thought

he seemed all too much like an unreasonable hooligan.

“You’re so cruel to me, Heather!” Afraid that she would pull her dagger on him again, Zayne

didn’t dare address her more intimately.

“Have you helped me look into Matthias?” she asked him instead of dignifying his statement

with a response, referring to the time she asked him to investigate Matthias.

At this point, he looked at her with discomfort. There were some things he found hard to

say, so he stammered and stuttered, which in turn made her extremely unhappy.

“Get to the point. There’s no need to beat around the bush,” she told him as she stared at

him keenly. Truly, she didn’t understand why he behaved like that.

“Do you and Matthias have a bad relationship?” he asked cautiously.

Thing was, he found

out a bit of insider information but it pertained to Heather and Matthias’ romantic

relationship, and was therefore difficult to bring up to her.

Rolling her eyes at him, she answered plainly, “Save your gossip. I’m only curious about what

secrets he’s hiding behind my back.”

“That’s rather unkind of you,” he protested righteously. “Everyone has their secrets and even

people who are dating must have their own personal space.”

In the end, Zayne wasn’t willing to tell her Matthias’ dirty little secret, firstly because he was

afraid she would be disappointed in Matthias and secondly, he could understand why

Matthias would keep this secret from her.

“Are you going to tell me or not?” Heather asked impatiently.

“No,” he answered clearly, irritating her even more.

“Fine, don’t tell me then. Your pay will be deducted by half.” Heather was ruthless, for she didn’t believe he could pass up the money. Naturally, his face fell when she brought money into the equation. How could he live with himself if he blindly sacrificed his hard-earned coin for a man he didn’t know?

Not to mention that the man was, technically, his rival in love. After thinking about it for a while, Zayne finally decided to tell her the truth. “Do you really wish to know Matthias’ secret?” he asked her, feeling troubled. This is such a quandary! He felt like he was betraying his fellow men. “Yes.” No matter what, Heather couldn’t shake the feeling that Matthias was hiding something related to his family from her. Since she was deeply afraid of his family, she needed to know what he was hiding from her. After dithering for a few more minutes, he told her joyfully, “It’s actually not that much of a secret. I imagine you might even have guessed it already and only want confirmation from me.” With a single look, he was able to see through her. Clearly, his reasoning skills hadn’t diminished throughout the years. Thus, she only smiled at him without saying anything, surmising that it was likely she already knew the answer. “However, I regret to inform you that you’re mistaken!” he crowed triumphantly. The smile at the corners of his lips was particularly glaring. It was a unique skill he had—the ability to make her explode with anger in an instant. If it weren’t for the fact that he was quite useful, Heather might have killed him just to shut him up by now. Communicating with him was simply too much trouble. She hated how much he loved teasing her self-righteously. He was deeply sexist and

chauvinistic, and she had told him many times that she did not like being teased like that.

"You know this way of talking will get you killed," she informed him with a forced smile.

Yet, Zayne still dragged his feet, refusing to plainly speak Matthias' secret. She had no idea what he was so concerned about.

"At any rate, Matthias isn't as despicable as you think he is." Since Zayne didn't dare to be frank, he spoke in circles that left her confused.

"Are you saying I make him look ugly?" she asked with dissatisfaction.

"I'm not saying that," he refuted, gesturing at himself. "I'm not the one saying that you're being petty."

Fed up, Heather barked at him, "Stop beating around the bush! I don't intend on continuing to waste my time here arguing with you."

For the first time in his life, upon seeing that she was about to leave, he almost hoped she would. Nonetheless, he was still very concerned about his pay.

In the end, Zayne regarded her with a forced smile and did not say anything. Thus, she spun on her heel and headed toward the exit, taking all of her ire with her.

"Hey!" he shouted after her.

Alas, she neither responded nor stopped walking. When he realized she was about to open

the door and walk out, he hurriedly asked, "You're not really going to deduct my pay, are you?"

Already vexed, Heather became even angrier upon hearing that. Hence, she wrenched open

the door and, without looking back, faintly answered, "I'm thinking about taking away your pay altogether."

"Hey, I'll go on strike!" he called out before she could step outside.

In the end, she cut him off with an unceremonious slam of the door.

Truth was, Heather



didn't take his words to heart because she knew he wouldn't go on strike. Similarly, she wouldn't genuinely deduct his pay. It was only because they had this understanding that they acted so carelessly around each other. Rarely could she tolerate someone being so impudent toward her. If it weren't for the fact that Zayne could provide her with all sorts of intelligence, there was a chance she wouldn't speak to him again in her lifetime. However she looked at him, he was simply someone she didn't like and only begrudgingly managed to stay friends with. After Heather left, the smile on Zayne's face faded as well. While he acted one way in front of her, he acted another way when he was by himself.

Even if she would keep misunderstanding him, he liked torturing himself like that.

Nonetheless, he knew that it was probable that he was someone she didn't want in her life.

After making her exit, Heather cautiously looked around. Like a famous celebrity, she put on a large pair of sunglasses upon determining that there was no one nearby.

In truth, she was only being careful because she knew someone was following her. Every visit to Zayne was a tedious task. However, he had professional anti-reconnaissance knowledge and with his guidance, she would not easily be followed—not to mention that he had multiple hideouts and constantly flitted in between them to prevent others from spying on him.

Only after she was a long distance away from his current hideout did she update him with a message saying, 'I have left safely.'

Once, they made a plan. On the off-chance that their meetings were discovered by someone else, Zayne's face was not to be exposed.

Even though he had already erased all of his information, he was still afraid of being recognized by someone. To prevent that, he wore a disguise every time he met up with her and sometimes, he did not show up at all. Now, after seeing her text message that she was safe, Zayne internally sighed with relief. Nonetheless, he was still worried that someone could spy on her, as she wasn't a professional and didn't have strong anti-tracking capabilities. At this point, he thoughtfully rubbed the stubble on his chin. It took a lot of time, money, and energy to meet up with her. The disguises were quite expensive and this was his first time taking on such a difficult case that he couldn't even show his real face. It was a pity she wasn't grateful for his sacrifices. Sometimes, he truly felt that she was cruel. In the past, he often thought that women like her were heartless. Now, he knew that it wasn't that she was heartless, but that her heart was not for him.

After about half an hour, Heather finally reached the Langston Residence. To her surprise, she discovered Everly in the living room and, to her even greater surprise, Matthias was sitting opposite Everly. For a moment, she wondered just how long they had been talking. After all, two people that she never thought she would see together were chatting together quite happily. "Heather!" Matthias called out, noticing her immediately. It was as if he had a radar that could detect her the moment she appeared in his vicinity. In response, she gave him a forced smile. Right now, she didn't trust anyone—not her significant other and certainly not her cousin. In fact, it terrified her how well her cousin and

her significant other were getting along, not because she was afraid Matthias would fall in love with someone else, but because she was afraid they would make a deal with each other in private.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming, Matthias?” she pretended to chide him.

Beside them, Everly also stood up. She looked a bit embarrassed, as if Heather had caught her in bed with the enemy. After all, she was hiding so many secrets from Heather that she automatically felt guilty whenever she saw the latter now.

“What are you both talking about? It seems so interesting,” Heather added meaningfully before Matthias could reply.

Instantly, Everly became even more embarrassed as she couldn’t help reading into Heather’s question.

Matthias, on the other hand, didn’t seem to notice anything was wrong.

“We were talking about what you were like when you were young,” he replied with a smile.

Internally, Heather chuckled coldly. She wouldn’t be so easily tricked by him. Everly didn’t exist when Heather was young, and the lie would have worked better if he’d told her that he and Robert had chatted about the time when she was young.

“I did a lot of stupid things when I was young, but nothing quite so amusing.” Her tone was self-deprecating but the sarcasm in it was getting clearer and clearer.

Sitting nearby, Everly winced. Sometimes, a woman’s intuition worked well. Realizing that the situation was rapidly going downhill, she hurriedly interrupted in a tone of adoration, “No way! I’m the one who did a lot of stupid things when I was young. You were always so radiant and admirable!”

Meanwhile, Matthias continued to smile but even he was starting to realize that Heather was behaving oddly. He couldn't understand it, though. Not too long ago, Heather had constantly praised Everly in front of him, so why was the meeting between these two cousins so tense now?

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As the two cousins stared at each other, Matthias held his breath. He could see that, due to the sharpness in Heather's gaze, distress was already starting to show on Everly's face.

Even he himself could not bear it.

"I must have been very annoying when I was young," Heather sneered.

Now that she had a better understanding of Everly, she was shocked and even felt a little bit hateful.

She never minded the people who were enemies of her from the beginning, like Blake

Langston. At worst, they would fight to the death. However, she hated those who acted

kindly toward her in the beginning and turned around to stab her in the back. In short,

Everly's behavior had greatly disappointed her.

Not only had Everly hurt Heather, but she was putting all of the Langston Family in danger.

Her selfish actions crossed the line, much more than Blake's idiocy did.

Meanwhile, Everly offered her own derisive sneer, feeling like Heather was hinting at

something. "That's not possible, Heather. You were always the most welcomed one in the family."

At that, Heather's smile grew even more frigid. "The family is scared of me. I'm the least welcomed one."

It wasn't proper for Matthias to interrupt but Heather's pointed words genuinely made his

heart ache. He stared at her profile, thinking about how she wore callousness around her heart like a shield, preventing people from getting too close. Nevertheless, she turned to him now and looked at him imperiously. "Did you need something?" Her frustration was bleeding over and she snapped at him even though he had done nothing wrong. Of course, this was not an impulsive decision. The truth was that Heather had long planned to allow Everly to observe everything yet not be able to confirm the truth, so that the latter could feel a sense of urgency and start leaping to her own conclusions. At this moment, Everly's mind was, indeed, filled with doubt. She didn't know why Heather acted so venomously toward her. Her cousin's rage was coldly cutting and so fierce that it was hard to bear. Yet, Heather did not intend to give Everly too much time to mull things over. As Matthias finished stammering the reason he was here, she immediately had him go outside with her. After they walked out of the living room, she suddenly said, "So, you cower away from telling me the real reason you're here and only give me a bunch of overbearing excuses. Why are you becoming more and more of a coward, Matthias?" Startled, he looked at her, having no idea what he did wrong or why he was being lectured by her. "I missed you so I came to find you," he said as he reached out to take her hand. "No PDA. This is my house," Heather said with displeasure. Unfortunately, he was becoming bolder and bolder and much to her regret, her words only provoked him.

"Why don't we go to my house, then?" He smiled suggestively. When Matthias thought of the scene that could await him at home, he felt eager.

Unfortunately, she shrugged his hand off and eyed him coldly before she said

expressionlessly, “Stop throwing a fuss. I’m not in the mood.”

Upon hearing that, he looked at his abandoned hand in resignation.

Once again, he was

being cruelly rejected—it seemed he would still need to put quite a bit of effort into seducing

her.

“Have you been alright lately?” he asked with concern, as her mood had been simply too odd

and unpredictable these days.

However, she didn’t feel like elaborating or answering such an upsetting question. As she

was being spied on, she could not say too much to him.

“I’m fine. I just haven’t felt like seeing you much.” Apart from using her words to hurt him,

she had no idea how to chase him away. Right now, she simply had no way of facing him

calmly.

Long used to her venomous tongue, Matthias did not fear it. Instead, he only laughed,

wanting to cheer her up a bit.

In truth, she hated it when he behaved like that. He would never know, but the guilt she felt

whenever he did it surpassed the love that surged up in her.

“Did someone make you unhappy?” he asked her carefully now, quite used to her little

temper tantrums.

She gave him an exasperated look in response. Does he think I am as petty as an

unreasonable child?

What she didn’t notice herself, perhaps, was how tolerant he had been of her unreasonable

moments during this period.

“Don’t come looking for me during this time, Matthias,” she informed him sternly.

At this moment, Matthias couldn’t help but sober up. The fact that she said that was not

good news. Women were so difficult to understand, especially Heather. "It seems I've angered you somehow," he said. After all that, he felt that the problem turned out to be him.

Upon hearing that, Heather felt like slapping her hand against her forehead. Why is it so difficult to get through to him? Sometimes, it's so tragic that it is very nearly funny. Internally, she was still thinking about how to get rid of him and no matter what motives he had, she could not get in contact with him ever again.

Since he was jumping down another rabbit hole, she had to change tactics. Why are men so difficult to teach? she grumbled to herself. Out loud, she said, "If you truly don't wish to anger me, then I beg you to please listen to me."

"Alright, I understand," he told her confidently.

In truth, Heather didn't think he did, or he wouldn't still be standing here. Even after a long time, he made no move to leave. Never did she think he could use such methods to confront the changes in his life.

Since he still wasn't moving, she was forced to ask, "Well?"

"Yes?" Mattias asked her innocently and completely shamelessly.

She never understood why he acted like he might die if he didn't see her for one day. Even

though she liked him, she didn't cling to him like a limpet.

"You can go home," she said, pointing at the door. Since he was pretending like he didn't understand, she had to make things clear.

"I don't want to," he told her directly, irritating her to no end.

"You said you understood so if you really do, you must listen to me," she coaxed him, as if he was a child.

In her heart, she had already decided to chase him away if she couldn't coax him to leave.

Currently, she had too much to do and investigate. She barely had time to go to work, let

alone lose herself in a relationship.

“If I’ve angered you in some way, Heather, you can tell me. You don’t need to beat around the bush by telling me to leave,” he informed her with unusual sternness, leaving her at even more of a loss.

If they kept going this way, they would only be talking in circles. Thus, she came up with a new method to shake him off and she gave him a sly smile.

“Matty.”

Her sudden, intimate form of address made Matthias’ heart thump, and he instantly knew that she was up to something.

Sensing the unease and that knowing he understood her, Heather had to think carefully

about what she would say next. In the end, she settled for trying to convince him to change

his personality, since there was no way she was going to change hers.

“Don’t be so

stubborn, Matty. It’s not good for two people to have such similar personalities.

“I’m afraid you’re more stubborn than I am,” he answered honestly. He couldn’t keep being

controlled by her and had to fight back where he ought to.

“Alright. I’ll admit I’m stubborn—very stubborn, apparently. In that case, won’t you do as I

say?” She batted her eyelashes, trying to look beguiling so that he would feel guilty for

rebutting her.

“I have been doing as you say, but haven’t I done enough?” All of a sudden, he felt wronged.

Nothing he did was enough. No matter how much patience and compromise he offered her,

she never felt like it was enough.

“Well, can you do as I say one more time?” she cajoled. It repulsed her to wheedle like that,

especially at home where her family members could hear her and embarrass her.

Seeing that she was giving it her all, Matthias no longer felt like he could argue with her



anymore. After a moment of thought, he said, "Alright, I promise." Even though he didn't know why she suddenly made this decision, he would do as she said given her insistence.

Pulling his resolve from the depths of his soul, he said, "I promise that I won't come to find you during this period."

Gratified, Heather smiled widely. "I knew you were the best, Matty." Even she knew by now that she was asking for too much, but she continued to do so despite her guilt.

As she watched him leave, she suddenly felt desolate. More and more lately, she was feeling confused—there were so many things she couldn't understand, including her own feelings.

If there weren't so many schemes and plots between them, perhaps things wouldn't be as complicated as they were now and perhaps there wouldn't be so much suspicion.

She craved a relationship where she would be able to love wholeheartedly. Sometimes, she envied Matthias for his ability to devote his entire heart and soul to the relationship.

Such a thing was never a possibility for her. Since she was always thinking about other issues, romantic relationships were barely worth a mention to her. This reality was very different from what she imagined, where she would be able to have someone in this world who belonged completely to her, and whom in turn she would completely belong to.

When it came to her relationship with Matthias, she was beginning to doubt the nature of love and whether she truly loved him. In all honesty, the sayings she heard of love weren't like her relationship and she felt a little lost.

On this day, she had yet to receive a call from the kidnappers. Nonetheless, she wasn't anxious, for she believed they would make the next move very soon. By her estimation, they would quickly lose their patience and expose their true motives. As she watched Matthias get farther and farther away, Heather suddenly felt a little sad, for she didn't know how long his feelings for her would last. Her instincts told her that their relationship would not, ultimately, succeed. She feared that they would separate in the end and even had nightmares about such an event. The fear was one of the reasons she didn't dare invest fully in case she made it difficult for her to extricate herself in the end. Romance was never as simple as she imagined them to be.

Rubbing her temples, Heather turned and went back into the living room. Unexpectedly, Everly was still there. When their eyes met, the apology in Everly's eyes gave her a great sense of satisfaction. These were the results Heather wanted. The more apologetic Everly looked, the more it proved the latter had done something wrong. With that, not only could Heather confirm Everly's betrayal, but it allowed her to disturb Everly's mood as well. She was confident that she would be able to make Everly feel incredibly restless. A breakthrough with Everly would lead to a large reward, and Heather trusted her own judgment completely.

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Step by step, Heather ascended the stairs to the second floor. Her gaze was as fierce as a hawk's and she was giving off a murderous aura.

These few days, Robert hadn't sought her out for a chat. It seemed he had realized that something troubled her and had decided to give her some space. The freedom thrilled Heather, for she was most afraid of facing him during this time. If he pushed, she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to lie to him. When she returned to her small space, she took off her coat and prepared to take a shower. Ever since Myra's kidnapping, she had found every day to be torturous yet passing too quickly.

After her shower, she came out wrapped in a towel. Her bare shoulders were alluring and her hair was still dripping water. Since there was no particular reason for her to do her hair during this period, she simply let it air dry while she sat in front of the computer, frowning deeply.

After turning on the computer and reading a few lines on it, she sighed softly. Even after so long, they had yet to find Myra's concrete location. Just how stealthy are the kidnapers being? Originally, she thought that her tracking skills were improving in leaps and bounds under Zayne's guidance.

However, even Zayne's tracking skills were more theoretical than practical. Presently, she put down everything at hand, crossing her arms as she stared at the computer before her.

It was truly strange for a group of common thugs to have the ability to disappear without a trace. The more trouble she had finding Myra, the more she noticed the oddities in the kidnapping. Heather wanted to know who was behind the scenes, for anyone who had such an ability would surely have something to do with Caleb Moriarty. Recently, she had arranged for people to spy on Caleb but they hadn't found anything out of

the ordinary. Apparently, all he did all day was work. Doesn't his country care that he's working as a businessman? That was a question she kept thinking about. Doesn't he have to return home for official duties? At any rate, she dearly hoped he would leave Bradford City quickly, for every day that he stayed, she felt immense pressure not knowing what he was up to. Nonetheless, she didn't believe business was all he was doing. Even Zayne advised her to drop her tail on Caleb, but she refused and privately hired a detective to keep spying on him. A woman's intuition was a scary thing, not to mention Heather believed so strongly in her intuition that Zayne felt depressed. He was restricted in everything while he was working under her. Meanwhile, she refused to give up investigating Caleb. Even though she worried about his anti-reconnaissance skills, she had the feeling she might be able to find out one of his dirty little secrets if she persisted.

Presently, she turned off her computer. It was frustrating because every time they were about to find the kidnapers, the kidnapers escaped their grasp. She was just about ready to turn the city upside down in search of that elusive group. It was almost like guerrilla warfare. If she wanted to capture the group, not only would she need to have a few teams on hand, she would need to ensure that she could rescue Myra in one fell swoop. While it wasn't hard to find good mercenaries with quality training, it would be difficult to rescue Myra without a scratch. That was something Heather hedged her bets on. However, without an easy solution, she could only choose the stupid one. If she could pinpoint the

location of Myra and her kidnapers from the very beginning, she would have more time to carry out a rescue.

Now, she thought about getting a new computer. Her current computer was simply running too slowly and it was at this moment that she remembered the computer Leon had.

The problem was that she didn't wish to get Leon involved in this matter. Given that even the kidnapper had warned her against it, she was extra hesitant. Of course, if Leon got involved, there would definitely be a breakthrough in the case and for a moment, the impulse to get in contact with him nearly overtook her.

The next second, however, she rubbed her eyes tiredly and sank back into her chair. A while back, he had acted so strangely that she felt like things weren't as simple as he made them out to be. Now, she did not wish to give him any more trouble since, by her understanding of him, he was involved in something major.

It was already a failure on her part to be unable to help him. If she added more to his plate at this moment, she would never be able to live with herself.

Meanwhile, her phone stayed dark. The kidnapers would never contact her out of the blue, no matter how desperately she wished for it. Even Matthias did not contact her.

As she stared at her silent phone, she unexpectedly felt a little lonely. The world was so complicated and she couldn't help remembering her most innocent childhood years before she knew what it was like for her parents to hate her.

The sound of knocking interrupted her thoughts abruptly. Looking toward the door, she called out, "Who is it?" She didn't know who would look for her at this hour—perhaps the butler?

“It’s me,” Everly’s crisp voice echoed.

It surprised Heather a little that Everly dared to disturb her at this time.

Clearly, the latter’s  
boldness had grown.

Heather was originally about to move to put on some clothes but she stopped mid-motion.

After all, it was only Everly and decorum was hardly necessary. “Come in.”

Pushing the door open, Everly entered and gaped at her cousin. This was her first time

seeing Heather in such a careless state. All along, Heather cared a lot about her image, and

her constant breaking of the pattern during this period surprised Everly to no end.

“What’s so urgent?” Heather asked with a smile that belied the murderous intent she felt underneath.

For a moment, Everly stared at Heather, not knowing what to say. Thing was, she couldn’t

help feeling like Heather felt some kind of enmity toward her, and that wouldn’t do. It had

taken a lot of effort to improve their relationship and she had no wish to return to square

one. “Do you dislike it when I speak to Director Locke?” she blurted, for she couldn’t think of

a better reason for Heather’s ire than that Heather was jealous.

“Why do you say that?” Heather asked, giving nothing away with her expression. She never

expected Everly to jump to the wrong conclusion that she was jealous.

“I-I...” Everly stammered. Heather’s retort made her embarrassed and in an instant, she

flushed red.

“If you’re here solely to ask me something as silly as that, I think you should go!” Heather

dismissed her unceremoniously, as Everly’s hesitance was giving her a headache.

Instantly, Everly turned even redder and gave Heather a hurt look.

Unfortunately for her,

Heather had no intention of continuing to chat with her. Right now, she seemed to keep

everyone at arm's length.

"Okay," Everly answered numbly but did not go out.

Upon seeing that, Heather shot her an exasperated look. She didn't know when Everly learned to be like Matthias, all talk and no action. All that was lacking was his cheeky shamelessness. "Well, go on out then!" she pressed, pointing at the door.

Seeing that Heather was beginning to chase her out, Everly could only leave miserably.

Ironically, it was the sight of her frail silhouette exiting the door that made Heather's heart ache. After all, Everly was her cousin.

"I hope you can find your way back, Everly." At the end of the day, she still hoped Everly would be able to return home and not have to face the Langston Family's wrath on others' behalf.

Even if Heather had no safe way of finding out about Everly's dealings with the outsiders, she believed that whatever went on could not be beneficial to the family.

From her perspective, going behind the family's back to do god-knows-what was considered a betrayal and endangerment to the family. Sometimes, even Heather felt like her own thinking was too extreme, but she was just like that and she had no way of changing who she was.

After Everly left, Heather cleared her head of its jumble of thoughts. No longer did she wish to dwell on upsetting things. Instead, she made plans to do something outrageous.

She had long booked her flight ticket. Since the kidnappers were determined to play cat-and-mouse with her in Bradford City, she was going to provoke them into breaking the

pattern. Given that they hung her out to dry by not contacting her, she was going to be similarly uncourteous toward them and simply leave the city. Then, she would see how antsy they got.

The next day, she woke up early and got ready to fly to Singapore.

Wondering whether someone would try and stop her from going on vacation abroad, she headed to the airport in high spirits.

The airport was bustling and Heather smiled, looking like she was in a good mood. The kidnappers hadn't called her yet, but she forced down the anxiousness in her heart. She had to persist—she firmly believed the kidnappers would call her.

Time flew by quickly and soon, there were only a few minutes left before boarding. She never thought the kidnappers could hold out for so long. Internally, she counted down the time until takeoff. Even after boarding the plane, she didn't dare to believe that she would be taking to the skies soon.

The entire time, she stared at her phone. The kidnappers did not call, nor did anyone else. It was ridiculous. Clearly, she had miscalculated and there was nothing left for her to do but fly to Singapore.

The flight was smooth and like he had disappeared into thin air, Matthias did not check up on her once. Even Everly did not send her any news. It was as if the whole world had forgotten her.

The flight landed safely in Singapore. In no mood to actually tour the country, she made plans to catch a ride on the earliest flight back to Bradford City. Very quickly, she bought a ticket but her phone rang at this time, prompting her to look down



at the caller ID. In truth, she hadn't needed to check to know it was from Zayne. After all, he and Leon were the only two people who knew this particular number, and Leon was a little occupied at the moment. Thus, Zayne was the only one who would call her.

"Surprised by my international call, Hattie?" He was as frivolous as always.

"If you have something to say, say it." She didn't have time for his nonsense. Right now, she was still waiting for a call from the kidnappers.

"Stop waiting for a call from the kidnappers. You'd better give up! They're not going to call you," he continued unceremoniously, aggravating her to no end.

"How can you be so sure?" she demanded. Even if she believed in his reasoning abilities, his attitude was still annoying.

"Use your brain! Why are you so dumb lately, Heather? Did you hit your head?" he continued to provoke her. After all, she was abroad at the moment so she couldn't retaliate.

Heather tried her best to calm herself down. "I want legitimate reasons, not your nonsense."

"The kidnappers aren't in a rush to see you and they wouldn't call to check up on you even if you ran all the way to the North Pole. Myra is in their hands and the person who should be worried is you. Flipping the situation on their heads is not going to work," he informed her calmly.

Hearing that, she grew sober. If he could read her thoughts so thoroughly, so could a clever kidnapper. That meant she had, indeed, made a stupid mistake. Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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After hanging up on Zayne, Heather threw the flight ticket that she just bought into the trash.

Since the kidnappers weren't shaken by her departure, she would play along with them.

And so, she decided to have a good time in Singapore. It wasn't her first time visiting the country, but it was her first time going there without any official duties on hand.

As that was the case, she decided to have a stroll around the city. It did, in fact, have its charms. Never before had she walked through its crowds in such a mood and as she wandered around, she almost lost herself to a trance.

Truth was, she felt more relaxed being so far away from Bradford City.

While she was in the city, every day felt as suffocating as if she had an invisible net thrown over her—however much she wanted to do, she was powerless.

The air quality in Singapore was quite good and she couldn't help taking in a deep breath.

On the other hand, the air in Bradford City was too polluted and breathing in too deeply on a smoggy day could make someone dizzy.

Moreover, it was no wonder Singapore was known as a garden city. As she strolled through it, she felt her spirits lightened by quite a bit. Rarely did she get to enjoy being alone while she was in Bradford City; even if all she did was stay at home, she could not avoid running into her family members.

Since this was such a rare opportunity, she carefully considered what she would do after her

walk. She wasn't too keen on going to famous tourist attractions as there wasn't much

worth seeing at such places with crowds. Thus, she decided to seek out a secluded spot

instead and looked for a coffee shop amid a cluster of shophouses.

At this moment, she needed a steaming cup of coffee. This was her habit—her mood would

improve a lot after having some coffee.

After finding her target, she pondered for a moment before entering the coffee shop. As there were many Solarians working in Singapore, she had no trouble communicating in her native tongue. Upon finding a spot by the window, she sat down and looked outside. It was a cozy feeling she always enjoyed. She ordered the most common kind of latte and waited for it to arrive and for a moment, she temporarily forgot her troubles in Bradford City. There weren't many customers in the coffee shop and Heather got to enjoy the rare moment of peace. Even the people outside looked cozy. The atmosphere here was so markedly different from that of Bradford City that she almost found it hard to tear her eyes away from the window and pick up her freshly delivered cup of coffee to take a sip. Truth was, her drink tasted all right. At this moment, she thought of Matthias, who was far away in Bradford City, and wondered what he was doing. It was strange that she missed him only when he was so far away. Perhaps he's missing me right now, she thought to herself. She thought she would be carefree without him, but it turned out that she found it hard to be separated from him too. In this game, she no longer cared about winning. Since she was already in love, she resolved not to trouble herself with relationship issues anymore.

The coffee was slowly dwindling and now, she felt much more clear-headed. Curious, she scanned her surroundings. The place was relatively empty and she could occasionally hear loving couples whispering sweet nothings to each other. All of a sudden, she felt a need to slow down her pace in life. All these years, she had rushed through life so quickly that others found it hard to catch up to her.

Instead of enjoying the little moments in life, she only felt bogged down by its troubles.

While others were busy seeking love, she was obsessed with working and studying, day after day, over and over again.

In her world, there were no fairy tales. Like a fruit forced to mature early, she had grown up young and moved forward before she was truly ready.

Suddenly, she envied the people here and the comfortable expressions on their faces.

Perhaps there was something to be learned from them, and she forced herself to relax the muscles of her face to look less severe.

Right now, she could hear a group of girls whispering about her at the table next to hers. Her beautiful looks always drew discussion and, long used to that fact, she let others talk about

her as they pleased. She looked how she looked. The fact that some people found that a hard pill to swallow had nothing to do with her.

As the hours passed, the coffee shop slowly grew emptier. When she recalled that there was a good place for gambling in Singapore, she contemplated whiling away her evening hours there.

Because she departed in a rush, she didn't have much cash on her. It had been a long time since she participated in such exciting games, and the mere thought of it made her heart race in anticipation.

Meanwhile, far away in Bradford City, the kidnappers were flummoxed to learn that Heather had gone all the way to Singapore during such a stressful period. They couldn't help feeling like she had some kind of trick up her sleeve.

And so, one of the kidnappers asked respectfully, "What should we do, Master?" Within this empty space, the man who stood before the kidnapper gave off a spine-chilling aura.

“Interesting. Very interesting, indeed,” he murmured in a low voice. It was hard to tell

whether he was pleased or enraged.

Baffled by his response, the kidnapper could only continue with a follow-up question.

“Should we give her a warning?”

At this point, the man gave the kidnapper a sharp, cold look. Instantly, the latter bowed his

head, displaying even more respect.

“She can vacation whenever she wants,” the man answered carelessly.

Truthfully, he wasn’t

bothered by her departure from the country and instead, he found it quite amusing.

“What should we do next, Master?” The main purpose of the kidnapper’s visit was to ask for

the next step in their plan.

After taking a few steps back and straightening his collar, the man crossed his arms over

his chest and asked in a demeanor that suggested he was listening to a joke, “Do you need

me to teach you that?”

Duly chastised, the kidnapper turned red. Once again, he had embarrassed himself in front

of the man. It made him feel useless like he couldn’t even say the right things. “I-I’m sorry,

Master,” he chattered through his teeth. He had a bone-deep fear of the man, for the bloody

scene that heralded their first meeting was unforgettable.

After shooting a scornful look at the sniveling drudge, the man then let out a meaningful

smile. This kidnapper had many murders to his name and it was a smart decision to have

him kidnap Myra.

After dismissing the kidnapper, the man decided to go see Myra. During this period, he was

experimenting on her like she was some kind of lab rat, and he

wondered how she was

doing at the moment.

Thus, he got in his car and drove to a place in the suburbs that nobody would think of. He imagined that the 'smoke bomb' in the kidnapper's hands would last for a good while. Now, his nondescript car stopped outside an unremarkable building. Because of how well-disguised he was, the unobservant would never recognize his real identity.

He was satisfied with his disguise, but the problem was that there was one thing he miscalculated. Because he hadn't managed to keep full tabs on Heather's comings and goings, he had no idea of Zayne's existence. In this battle of wits and bravery, no one had the opportunity to catch their breath. Even the immensely private Heather was forced under scrutiny. Everyone longed to become the winner but Heather could not afford to lose. It was just a pity that she had only just learned to admit defeat before being dragged into this mess. Now, she was learning that being able to surrender was sometimes a blessing. What she wasn't aware of was how Tony was being tested or what kind of games the kidnappers were playing on him. In Tony's heart, he had already killed the woman who pranced around in front of him every day a million times. If it weren't for Myra's sake, he would not have been so tolerant of this woman. The truth was, he was waiting for the perfect timing, but the wait was wearing him down after so many days that he felt like he was going to explode. He didn't know when things would come to an end and however calm he remained, he had no way of accepting that Myra had been missing for so many days.

Every day, the woman paraded herself in front of him as if nothing was wrong. Yet, whenever he looked into her eyes, he could tell she wasn't as uncomplicated as she appeared. There was a certain pure brightness to her gaze that clashed jarringly with her deliberate actions.

"You don't have to put on such a performance," he told her coldly now. Unabashed, she leered at him. "You're so cruel, Director Hart. Can't you humor me for putting on such a good performance?"

Casting her an indifferent glance, he answered, "There's no need for you to act like this in

front of me. I only want to save my wife as soon as possible."

Upon hearing that, the woman let out a smile that was entirely inappropriate for the severity

of the situation and faked innocence as she said, "I'm only responsible for keeping you

company, Director Hart. I don't know about anything else."

"Alright. I understand your meaning." With that, he ended the conversation, for saying too much wouldn't help his chances.

"Don't fault me for not reminding you that your wife is actually in a safe place, Director Hart.

You don't have to worry too much. We want to build a good, collaborative relationship with

you, and that naturally means we would never dare mistreat your wife."

Her words sounded

nice, but even a fool would realize that this wasn't the way to seek business partnerships.

Nevertheless, Tony did not offer a rebuttal. What was there to say at this point? All of a

sudden, he felt like he hadn't run into a group of kidnappers but rather a group of

thick-skinned, shameless hooligans.

"If you're here to seek collaboration, why not tell me your conditions?"

he enunciated clearly

as he stared at her. There was nothing he wished for more than the opportunity to tear her

to shreds.

While the woman knew he hated her, she didn't care. She had long gotten used to the taste of hatred and now, she was happy to watch him slowly be consumed by his hatred.

"I don't know the conditions of the collaboration, Director Hart, so please don't be impatient,"

she told him calmly, instantly making his rage flare up. He couldn't help feeling like she was making fun of him.

"You say you want to collaborate but you don't even know your conditions. Is this the way to seek collaboration?" Tony questioned, his patience quickly becoming frayed.

"I'm just a poor lackey, Director Hart. Getting angry at me won't change things." The woman

retained her affable smile, seemingly unruffled by his attitude.

Seeing that nothing would scare her into submission, he decided not to say anything. It was

no use, anyway; he might as well just shut up.

"It's lunchtime, Director Hart. What kind of cuisine do you like?" Once again, she changed the

topic as if nothing was wrong. Nonetheless, he didn't deign to answer her.

Such was their mode of communication during this time. It made him feel like she was

trying to seize total control of him, which he was not pleased about.

Deep down, he was already thinking of how to avoid her surveillance.

Yet, right now, she was

still standing there persistently. At this rate, he wouldn't be surprised if she followed him into

the washroom.

"I'm not hungry, so please leave." Since this was his room and he had no wish to see her, he

unceremoniously dismissed her.

"Your food intake has grossly decreased lately, Director Hart. I'm very worried about your



health,” she told him, putting on such an attentive air that he felt deeply disgusted by her.

“Get out,” he repeated firmly as he glared at her.

Nonetheless, she refused to budge, repulsing him with her pompous behavior. Well, he would find a way to show her that he, Tony Hart, was not to be controlled by anyone.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter  
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In Singapore, the gentle breeze that brushed by in the night gave Heather a strange feeling.

She was, after all, in the streets of a foreign country, so it would only be natural for her to miss Bradford City, especially the people there. All of a sudden, Matthias’ face popped up in her head.

She shrugged away the messy thoughts in her head, then cast a glance at the hustle and bustle not far away. After a fleeting hesitation, she decided to head in. It was a European-styled building and from its exterior, it looked nothing like a casino at all. This was a casino in Singapore that was operated by Genting Corporation from Malaysia.

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Gambling was legal here. Heather wanted to experience the exhilaration that was induced right before one won or lost a game, which she found a rather effective way to destress.

When she entered the building, the greeter at the entrance couldn’t help but cast a few more glances at her—it seemed like nobody could ignore her beauty no matter where she was.

Her reflection appeared on the glass and she glanced at herself. She was still as stunning as always but inwardly, she felt hollow.

A hint of depression slowly crept to her brows but she entered the building without hesitation. It was buzzing in the casino and everything in front of her was dazzling. After a brief survey of the surroundings, she chose the simplest game—Sic Bo. Upon seeing the two sections—Big Bet and Small Bet—on the table, she unhesitatingly placed her chips at the Big Bet section. She did not mind about winning or losing as she merely wanted to relax her mind.

After making Big Bets for a few rounds, she kept losing money but she remained impassive and looked unconcerned, which puzzled the dealer. As the game went on, she continued to make Big Bets with different amounts of chips every round. Even the people around her were flustered on her behalf, yet she remained indifferent, as if nothing absurd was happening.

To Heather, winning or losing when gambling depended on whether one won or lost money in the end. In other words, the money she lost now did not matter, as she believed that she would eventually win everything back.

A lot of gamblers had faith that they could make a huge win and turn the tables if they persisted, but they often ended up losing their entire wealth.

Nevertheless, Heather was different from them.

Gamblers went to the casino for money but she was there for relaxation. Although she wanted to win, she was very well aware of the possibility of losing as well. Tonight, she had exchanged a whole bunch of chips, and if she was unable to win her money back before she lost everything, she could just consider the money that she had lost were spent on entertainment since she only lost a limited sum.

To Heather, playing Sic Bo was no different from playing a claw machine. If other gamblers

knew her real thoughts, they might think that she was out of her mind.

“Are you still betting on Big Bet?” the dealer asked as he couldn’t bear to watch any longer.

Anyhow, it was rather strange that the dice sum happened to be small multiple times

consecutively today, as if God was deliberately playing tricks on the guest before him

tonight.

“Yes, all in.” Heather smiled at the dealer and calmly placed all her chips at the Big Bet

section.

The people around her were instantly excited and many of them bet on Small Bet, leaving

Heather the only one who bet on Big Bet. A scene like this was extremely rare, so even the

dealer was nervous. He looked into Heather’s eyes, only to see her confidence in them.

This was just how Heather was—always shining as bright as a star and forever brimming

with confidence. Even when everyone thought that she would lose for sure, she still stood

her ground.

Everyone’s heart was in their mouth. The results were about to be revealed and only Heather

remained indifferent. Everyone watched as the dice sum was revealed to be small. In the

end, they all sighed with relief. Heather had lost and she was the only one who did so.

The corner of her lips curved upward into a smile—it was one that indicated that she had

found her release. I actually lost this time. Even Heather was shocked herself; she had

always been confident about her luck but it seemed like luck was not on her side this time.

As she had lost all her chips, she turned away unhesitatingly. Although she had only played

one game, she felt much relaxed now. Sometimes, experiencing some excitement could

make one feel much relieved, which explained why she was in a great mood now. Heather might be the only person who was still happy after losing so much money. At that moment, welling inside her was some sort of confidence that she would be able to recover her wealth even if she were to spend it all. Her spirit was soaring high and it would be even better if she had someone to drink with her right now. With such thoughts in mind, she intended to do so by going to the bar to drink a few glasses of strong alcohol. And so, she hailed a taxi outside. As soon as she boarded it, she said to the driver, "Take me to the buzziest bar."

There were no communication barriers between them as English was quite commonly spoken in Singapore. The driver understood her and replied in a less fluent English, "Okay, it will take... 30 minutes." Heather opened the car window to look at the neon lights outside as the vehicle drove past the buzzy and lively area. She loved the hustle and bustle because all of that represented business opportunities, and she loved large cities because she could make the most of her abilities here. She had a good impression of Singapore so she considered investing in this country; she had even decided on what to invest in. Her brain kept working non-stop, which was actually a feeling that she liked. If she stopped using her brain, those annoying matters would come flooding back to her mind, so she might as well find something to do. While she was considering the feasibility of the investment projects, the vehicle stopped in front of a bar so she alighted from it. Heather looked stunning dressed in all white. That being said, her poker face was cold and

aloof, effectively deterring anyone from striking a conversation with her. Her cold

temperament, which seemed out of place in this lively atmosphere of the bar, made her stand out.

She went to the counter and said to the bartender, "Give me a bottle of vodka with 96%

alcohol." She had ordered a base alcohol as she preferred mixing her own alcohol; she

wasn't convinced by the bartender's skill.

The bartender looked at her, puzzled. Although he understood English, he was baffled when

a woman suddenly ordered a bottle of vodka as soon as she arrived.

"Do you not have one?" Her gaze was cold when she looked at him.

Under the dim lights in

the bar, she looked even more stunning.

The bartender obediently passed a bottle of strong vodka to her and when she got the

bottle, she appraised it for a moment. Vodka with 96% alcohol content was quite

uncommon nowadays. Even if some bars had them, most of them were not genuine, but the

one she had in her hands now seemed promising.

Heather planned to taste it. The reason she ordered vodka with a high alcohol level was

because she wanted something strong tonight. She was a person who could hold her drink

so most strong liquors were ineffective to her. Thing was, she wanted to get drunk tonight.

She was drinking to her heart's content in the bar and a mesmerizing smile played on her

lips, attracting the attention of many men and inducing their desire to strike a conversation

with her. However, Heather seemed like a difficult person to deal with, so most people dared

not approach her.

The bartender, on the other hand, watched as she downed glass after glass and it stunned

him. She was just too courageous and he had never met any woman who could hold her drink as well as she could.

Heather smiled at him and said, "Let me buy you a drink."

The bartender blushed, feeling disconcerted when she suddenly talked to him. In contrast,

Heather found him rather interesting and thought that he might be a Solarian.

In the end, the bartender took a clean glass and murmured, "Thank you."

She poured him a drink and glanced at him before asking, "Are you a Solarian?"

The bartender put down the glass and replied, a shy smile playing by his lips, "Yes, I'm a

Solarian. I'm studying in Singapore and at night, I work here part-time."

He couldn't wait to tell her everything about him.

As expected, he is still a student; it's rare to find someone so pure in a bar, Heather smiled

as she mused, which in turn made her look stunning.

"That's good." She then raised her glass and invited him to drink with her.

The bartender nervously raised his glass and clinked it against hers. He did not expect to

encounter such a beauty at work tonight—no man could resist such a heavenly beauty like

her.

When other men saw Heather taking the initiative to 'flirt' with the bartender, they thought

that it was finally the right time now, so they flocked to her. The next moment, men crowded

her but her expression instantly became colder when they approached her. The men looked

at one another with hostility. All of them wished to be the first guy to talk to her but she

directly rose from her seat, giving them no chance to chat with her.

In the end, Heather left the alcohol and walked away. Since she had had her fair share of

alcohol, she intended to leave the place immediately; she had no intention to mingle with the men there.

As she had always disliked trouble, she chose to leave when the situation still permitted her to do so. As a matter of fact, she disliked noisy bars; she preferred to drink in a calm and elegant environment whenever she craved a drink.

The bartender looked at Heather's figure sadly as she left. It was unexpected that the encounter with a beauty had lasted only a short period of time; yet, he felt that he would remember the brief conversation that they had had for the rest of his life.

The men left in disappointment but one of them, who was reluctant to give up, followed Heather even after she left the bar. When she was standing by the street waiting for a cab, he gathered his courage and took the initiative to talk to her. "Hello." It was a simple and traditional way to strike a conversation.

Heather ignored the man. The effects of the strong alcohol that she had consumed started to kick in, causing her to be in a dangerous state now.

Upon seeing her ignoring him, he stepped forward in an attempt to touch her, but she avoided him smoothly. With her brows slightly furrowed, she thought, This man will be dead if he does anything more.

After consuming alcohol, Heather was more violent than usual, not to mention the fact that she had outstanding fighting skills. All these made the current Heather a dangerous beast that would break the neck of anyone who approached her with malicious intention at any time.

"Where do you stay? I have a car and I can drive you back." The man spoke in fluent English.

He guessed that she was a Solarian because he heard her speaking English when they were

in the bar earlier, so he intended to please her by speaking the same language.

Heather continued to ignore him. She usually wore this attitude toward those who

shamelessly tried to hit on her and treated them like air.

“Miss!” he patiently called out to her. “Pretty lady!” He watched his words as he knew that

most women dislike others addressing her as ‘Madam’ or ‘Mrs’.

However, Heather didn’t even bother to cast a glance at him. To her, this sort of man was no

different from a roach and he did not deserve her attention at all.

However, with her current

low tolerance, she would make sure that he got a taste of her fist if he continued to bother

her.

When the man reached out his hand again to touch her, not only did Heather avoid his

disgusting hand, she even elbowed him in his stomach.

The man bent over in pain. It was not a light strike at all and it made him nearly throw up.

Oftentimes, this was just how Heather was—ever so cruel. But then again, she had never

seen herself as a kind person.