

## **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 720 - 723**

Now that they had reached this point in their conversation, Leon could only take away the documents on the coffee table sulkily. Then, he stood up and nodded at Zayne. "I disagree with you, but you made me admire you as I did back when I was a child," he said before leaving right away. He was now very confused since he couldn't find a better way to protect Heather.

After Leon left, Jason sat down on the sofa across from Zayne. This sofa is really comfortable, he thought to himself as he stretched his body while holding a bottle of iced black tea in his hand. The cold didn't bother him at all. "Why did you turn him down?" he asked after downing half of the liquid. Zayne played with his own hands. "I will not work with anyone else. They're all businessmen; no matter how nice they sound, they only care about their self-interests. I don't want to be swallowed whole by them."

Jason listened as if he understood what Zayne said. There seemed to be some truth in the latter's words, but he didn't care about such things. All he needed to do was to protect the detective, for that would earn him a lot of money. Zayne stood up and planned to go to his room to wash up, whereas Jason threw himself down on the incredibly soft sofa. He closed his eyes comfortably and sunk deep into the couch; it was rare for him to feel so snug. On the other hand, Zayne gave himself a simple rinse before throwing himself down on the bed. The warm and soft bed was simply heavenly, and it didn't take long before Zayne quickly fell asleep. Likewise, Jason fell asleep

while lying on the sofa.

On the contrary, Heather couldn't sleep after tossing and turning for a long time in the log cabin, and she felt that she had to do something to get herself to fall asleep smoothly. Now that even counting sheep was useless, she thought the sleepyhead inside her must have lost its way, so she simply got up from the sofa. Needless to say, she felt very uncomfortable sleeping on the sofa since her body ached all over as she lay on it. She decided to go out and stretch herself a bit, so she walked to the door, unbolted it, pushed it open and stepped out.

It was much colder outside than inside the cabin, so Heather quickly tucked her head in. The sky was already dark, and the whole forest looked gloomy. It didn't appear sensible to go out at this time, so she went back into the house and closed the door hurriedly.

After she experienced how chilly it was outside, this small log cabin felt like heaven instead.

Then, she looked at the bed in the center of the log cabin. She couldn't resist the temptation

of sleeping on it, but she found it unacceptable when she thought that this bed had been

slept on by someone else before. With that, she looked at the uncomfortable sofa at the

side. The sofa looks much cleaner, she thought to herself.

As such, she sank back into the sofa's embrace while cursing Zayne inwardly for not having

such an important detail considered. He must be pulling pranks on me on purpose. This

place doesn't have to be done up so miserably even if it's a shelter, she thought to herself.

These three days simply felt like years to her, and she couldn't imagine what to do next.

She didn't know what time it was when she finally fell asleep weakly, slowly heading off to dreamland as she banished all thoughts from her mind. The next day, she woke up feeling numb all over and felt that her body had almost stiffened completely. She couldn't move her body after she woke up, and her legs were so numb that it made her cynical. She limbered up her hands and massaged her legs with them as her blood wasn't circulating smoothly. She swore inwardly at Zayne again, feeling really aggrieved as she had to take refuge in such a manner. Moreover, she could only wait for him to pick her up in this barren wilderness. Otherwise, it wouldn't be easy to get out of there since it was now winter, and she didn't want to try surviving in the wilderness. She got out of the sofa and limbered up. As someone who practiced martial arts, Heather felt like an extreme failure. She had stopped practicing her martial arts skills for a long time over these years. She used to get up early and exercise every day, but even her bones had become brittle right now. Since she had nothing to do anyway, she decided to get some exercise in the log cabin's limited space. Luckily, this free space wasn't that awful since it allowed her to move around. Heather made one move after another with her hands in an imposing manner while exhausting her extra energy. After a while, she was hungry—it was only natural to become hungry faster when one did something so strenuous after getting up early in the morning.

Heather couldn't continue exercising on an empty stomach, so she went directly up to the simple kitchen in the log cabin where there were fresh vegetables inside the fridge.

However, after glancing at the dirty and greasy countertop, she decided to have more instant noodles instead. She felt aggrieved, for it was even a problem to eat in such a place. What a dilapidated place this is, she thought to herself as her mood instantly became awful. Heather didn't know whether to laugh or cry as she opened her eyes to a bad day. What should I do next? Should I go out for a walk? she thought to herself. As she didn't want to keep staying in the heated room, she wrapped herself in a blanket. Since she wore thin layers of clothing, she could only go out with her body wrapped in a blanket on such a cold day. Fortunately for her, signs of human habitation were rare in this place. Otherwise, people would laugh their heads off if they saw her like this. Heather couldn't even find a mirror in the house, but this was good since she wouldn't get to see her lunatic-like appearance. Then, she took out the small mirror in her makeup bag and looked at her face. Her face had become oily, and it was a huge discredit to her image. I must spruce myself up before going out, she thought to herself while despising herself inwardly. It was really ridiculous that she had landed herself in such a predicament. However, as she washed her face, she finally discovered one thing. There wasn't a place to shower in this log cabin, for there wasn't even a toilet. As such, she looked at the place with a depressed look. Did the forester relieve himself on the spot? she thought to herself. She couldn't stop herself from blurting out profanities. I'll definitely beat the sh\*t out of Zayne's face when he picks me up. Unfortunately, as soon as she discovered this, she sadly felt an urge to go to the toilet. Sometimes, the lack of something would exacerbate the

desire for it.

Heather's face turned ghastly. It was impossible for her to relieve herself on the spot, but was there an alternative right now? The log cabin would be uninhabitable if she relieved herself in it. Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, she opened the log cabin's door. Luckily, there were toilet papers inside, or else she would've killed Zayne if he hadn't prepared any for her. Wouldn't she have to wipe her butt with leaves instead? Now that there was already nothing much to have scruples about, she left the blanket in the log cabin and went out to find somewhere to relieve herself. She couldn't bring the blanket

with her since it was a clean item, of course. Still, she was ashamed to take off her clothes wherever she was. She couldn't get over her reluctance, yet the urge to pee kept challenging her bladder.

What should I do now? she thought to herself. She stood awkwardly beside the log cabin, and she even thought that someone was passing by when she heard the rustles of the leaves in the wind. As a civilized person, she couldn't do such a vulgar thing. She felt as though there were two people fighting in her head. However, her physiological need overcame her embarrassment in the end, and she found somewhere hidden to relieve her urge to pee. When she pulled up her trousers, she felt a chill not only on her butt but also in her heart. She was overcome with regret when she thought of how Zayne was living it up in Bradford City. Why did she trust Zayne back then? Now, she'd rather stay in Bradford City and be hunted than to live like a savage. Unfortunately, she had no communication equipment and had no

way of contacting the outside world. She couldn't stay here for a minute longer, but as she looked at the boundless forest, she didn't know what it would be like if she went outside. After all, she couldn't possibly leave this place on foot on such a cold day! She comforted herself inwardly as she thought that a night had passed. Time passed quickly, so Zayne would pick her up very soon. At the moment, Zayne was both an angel and a demon in Heather's mind's eye. On one hand, she wished that he'd appear before her sooner, but on the other hand, she wished she could beat the sh\*t out of his face. Meanwhile, Zayne sneezed non-stop when he woke up early in the morning. He rubbed his nose and muttered to himself, "Heather must be swearing at me." Throughout the entire time, he laughed as he spoke. When Jason saw how Zayne was laughing like an idiot, he said icily at one side, "Your crazy smile is an eyesore to me, Zayne." However, the latter didn't mind Jason's sharp tongue, for he knew that Jason was such a person who could never say something nice. Meanwhile, the other man knitted his brows when he saw that Zayne's had become even brighter, wishing that he could blast this idiotic

smiling face with his gun. "It's time to set out," he reminded Zayne. It was already such an hour, yet Zayne still had time to laugh foolishly in the mirror. Zayne nodded. "You care more about this than me." He knew that Jason still had a bit of familial affection for him, and he craved such a feeling since he couldn't find any relatives in this world other than Jason. Even though the pair weren't related by blood, he treated the

latter as his younger brother. He was a person who lacked love, so he craved more affection.

Jason was still the driver, whereas Zayne sat in the back seat. Jason wore a pair of sunglasses with an unwelcoming expression, whereas Zayne looked at his snow-white collar. The person he was about to meet today wasn't a simple figure, so he was worried that something would go wrong during their talk.

The car moved slowly since traffic jams were inevitable at this hour. Zayne looked at the sea of cars around him. Luckily, they had set out an hour ahead of time, or he would've definitely been late because of the traffic congestion. Naturally, he couldn't be late for the

appointment with the big shot. Zayne hoped he could reach a consensus with that person, or else he couldn't be sure when Heather could stop hiding.

Zayne hadn't found out who on earth was trying to kill Heather, but he knew that her life

would definitely be saved as long as that big shot was willing to be her backer. He had

previously thought hard about how to save the woman, but he didn't expect that the big shot

would arrive in Bradford City as well. Since the person was here, Heather would be saved as

long as he managed to convince him. However, he wasn't confident that he could convince

the person completely. After all, he had no bargaining chip, and it was thanks to Jason that

he obtained the chance to meet this big shot this time.

Jason seemed to have perceived Zayne's anxiety, and he abruptly said in front of the latter,

"Zayne, you can only take the plunge if you have no bargaining chip." His sentence sounded

unreasonable, but what he said seemed to be the case when one thought carefully about it.

On the other hand, Zayne believed he could convince the big shot. He recalled the serious

promise he made when he first parted with Heather. Since he had painted such a rosy picture for her, he had to keep his word. After all, how could he be worthy of Heather's trust if he couldn't even do a good job of this? "Thank you," he replied gratefully.

Jason continued driving the car expressionlessly, but there was a trace of emotion in his heart. Even he couldn't understand why he decided to come back from such a faraway place to help Zayne. Did he really do this because the price Zayne offered was tempting enough? Jason rejected affections since assassins weren't supposed to have feelings. Besides, an assassin could never quit their business, and he had buried himself when he embarked on this path back then. The reborn Jason was an unfeeling and cold-blooded robot, but the longer he stayed beside Zayne these days, the more feelings sprouted in his heart. He rejected such a pleasant feeling, and he even wanted to finish this task sooner.

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Each of them had their own agenda, but Zayne focused his attention as he couldn't continue to let his mind wander. Furthermore, he was secretly delighted since he would be meeting the legendary figure soon. Jason drove the car steadily until they reached a desolate place. Naturally, how could a big shot easily tell them where he or she was? Right now, they could only wait here until someone took them away. Jason and Zayne got out of the car and leaned against it, for



those people would arrive in about a few minutes. At this moment, they felt that time flew by slowly, and every second felt so long. Zayne moved closer to Jason's side. About three minutes later, three to five brawny men turned up on the clearing. Both of them exchanged glances. The brawny men were holding face coverings in their hands, and they promptly handed them out as soon as they walked up to the pair. Of course, Jason and Zayne obediently covered their entire faces. They wondered what special materials the face coverings were made of since their eyes couldn't see anything at all. Zayne felt that everything was pitch-black before his eyes. Just then, he heard the brawny man say to him, "I heard that you're very capable of investigating cases, great detective. In that case, we'll have to inconvenience you a little." As soon as he finished his sentence, Zayne felt a pain in the back of his head and passed out. As it turned out, the brawny man hit him directly from behind, knocking him out directly. Such a method was rather barbarous. Jason knew the proper way to behave, so he didn't show any dissatisfaction despite his displeasure at what the brawny men had done. He didn't know how much time had passed as these brawny men kept turning him around until he almost felt dizzy. Come to think of it, that person was rather cautious. Back then, Jason had helped him by chance; if it weren't for that incident, how could someone like him and Zayne get in touch with that figure? He

silently counted from one to 100 in his mind, using it as a method to estimate the time.

About an hour later, both Zayne and Jason were shoved into a room.

The former hadn't regained consciousness yet, whereas Jason's face covering was torn off violently. Hence, he blocked his eyes with one arm as he couldn't adapt to the intense light for a moment. Meanwhile, he heard the sound of water being splashed at one side. As it turned out, Zayne hadn't come round, so the brawny men could only splash cold water on him to wake him up. With that, the man woke up at once. He felt chilly all over, for he didn't expect that it would be so difficult to meet the big shot. Everyone else in the room went out just then, leaving only Jason and Zayne behind. They were both tied to their stools, and Jason repressed the urge to laugh as he saw how much of a sorry sight the other person looked. At this moment, Zayne, who had been well-dressed at first, was as wet as a drowned rat, and he seemed to be seething with anger. However, there was still no sign of the big shot, and Jason couldn't even recall what the person looked like.

It didn't take long before an old man appeared in their sight. Zayne looked at the old man's ordinary face, and he didn't expect him to have such a terrifying identity. "Jason." The old man walked up to him. "Thank you for helping me ten years ago." His voice was loud, and he seemed to be in good health.

Zayne held back his sharp tongue, though he really wanted to ask this old man if this was the way one should treat someone who had helped them.

"That was only an accident," Jason replied truthfully since he wasn't a polite person.

The old man wasn't angered, though. Instead, he glanced at Zayne and sat on the main seat.

This time, it was more convenient for the latter to see the old man's face clearly. The old man seemed harmless, but Zayne shuddered when he thought of what the old man had

done before. "I have to thank you no matter what your purpose in saving me was," the old man responded with a clear articulation. Zayne felt the need to take action just then, or Jason would definitely say something that embarrassed everyone again. "Hi, Mr. A." No one knew the old man's real name since everyone in the underworld addressed him that way.

"You must be Zayne Lee, the famous detective," the old man said politely. "That's an overstatement, Mr. A. I'm nothing but an insignificant and nondescript person," Zayne replied politely with no trace of his usual arrogance. "You're very different from what you're rumored to be, Detective Zayne. It seems that you're here for a woman this time." The old man hit the nail on the head. After all, he knew that only a beautiful woman could make a hero bow. "You really live up to your reputation, Mr. A. You're able to see through my thoughts before I even opened my mouth," Zayne complimented the old man. Jason watched the two men exchange words at each other as if he was an outsider. He didn't want to get involved in this in the first place. Besides, Zayne was better at dealing with people than him. "I'll definitely try my best if there's something I can help," Mr. A replied politely. However, Zayne had to be suspicious when he saw how polite Mr. A was. Things went far smoother than he had imagined, and this aroused his suspicions. According to what he knew about Mr. A, the latter wouldn't promise to take action so easily. "Mr. A, I heard that someone is trying to kill Heather Langston, the third daughter of the Langston Family. I'd like to ask you to be her backer," he said in a pleading tone.

Mr. A looked at Zayne as a benign smile played on his lips. "To save Miss Langston's life."

The smile on his lips was inscrutable.

Zayne looked at Mr. A nervously as his success or failure would be decided at this moment.

As he waited for the old man to nod, he felt that he could hardly breathe.

"Okay," Mr. A agreed readily.

Zayne looked at Jason as both of them were somewhat in disbelief. They hadn't expected

this matter to be solved so easily, for Mr. A was rather open to persuasion. "Thank you."

Zayne could hardly suppress his inner excitement as he was really grateful to Mr. A.

"You don't have to thank me. Just thank your younger brother instead,"

Mr. A replied while

pointing at Jason. He admired Jason very much and had wanted to take the latter under his

command back then. Now that they were meeting once more, he still had the same idea in

mind.

Zayne looked at Jason gratefully, which made the latter feel uncomfortable as he wasn't

accustomed to such behavior from Zayne. After they finished discussing the matter with Mr.

A, the old man left immediately whereas the pair waited for someone else to come over and

untie them. Their faces were covered once more, and the brawny men escorted them from

Mr. A's temporary residence to where they had originally come from.

Luckily, Zayne didn't

have to be knocked out this time, and he kept twisting his neck after being excited. One

brawny man nearly smashed the back of his head by hitting him too hard.

Despite that, Zayne didn't keep still along the way either. He said to the brawny man,

“Actually, you guys don’t have to be so on guard against me. I have a special and deep respect for Mr. A, so I’ll never do anything harmful to him.” However, the brawny man ignored Zayne completely, making it seem as though he was talking to himself from start to finish. Only after this time did the brawny man realize that the rumored great detective was so talkative. After more than an hour, Zayne and Jason were left where they had originally been, and they pulled off their face coverings boorishly. The brawny men had already gone far at this moment, and Zayne looked at them from behind. Not every brawny man is so unsettling as the one before me, he thought to himself while giving Jason a bright smile. “Thank you, my dear brother.” He hoped Jason could quit his business and stop working as an assassin, for it was such a dangerous job. “Don’t call me that. I merely helped you by chance, so you don’t have to thank me. It’s enough to pay me a higher commission.” Jason dissociated himself from Zayne, but he sounded much gentler this time. Zayne knew that Jason’s heart could melt even if he was an iceberg. Therefore, he thought he should seize upon this opportunity to mend his relationship with Jason. “Are you really unwilling to acknowledge me as your brother, Jason?” he asked affectionately. The latter continued to drive while ignoring Zayne completely. He couldn’t respond to Zayne since he just wanted to walk down the path of being an assassin until the very end.

“Jason, I know my father has done you a disservice, and I’m a coward who didn’t help you when you needed it the most.” Zayne began to reflect on his mistakes. He knew that he had

made many mistakes, and Jason had suffered a lot since his childhood. "Shut up, Zayne." Jason didn't want to hear these moving words from him since he knew that he couldn't be blamed for those matters. After all, Zayne could hardly protect himself at that time.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me, okay? Please don't leave me again. You and I are the only ones depending on each other for survival in this world, so stop living a life of licking the blood off the blade." Zayne tried to persuade him.

"I'll break off the contract right now if you continue to harass me with affections, Zayne,"

Jason replied angrily as he didn't want to listen to his words anymore. With that, Zayne immediately shut up. He couldn't continue urging Jason since doing so

would only drive him away sooner. Come to think of it, it was rather laughable that this was the first time Zayne felt that he lacked so much love.

The two didn't say anything else along the way. It was supposed to be a happy day, yet it

turned out like this. After returning to the apartment, both Zayne and Jason didn't speak

again. The former stayed in his bedroom, whereas the latter sat on the sofa. It wasn't until

Jason fell asleep did Zayne creep out of the bedroom. He knew that Jason barely slept at

night these days to ensure his personal safety. People let their guard down most easily at

night, so Jason would never make a mistake at this moment.

He obviously cared about Zayne, but he didn't say anything about it.

Hence, such a stubborn

person rendered Zayne at a loss for how to get him to open his heart. As he recalled what

had happened during their childhood, he felt that he wasn't qualified to be an elder brother.

There had been a chance to redeem Jason's soul, yet Zayne was too cowardly at that time.

Then, he gently covered Jason with a thin blanket. The heater in their apartment was

working on full blast, but Zayne was still worried that Jason would catch a cold.

Jason's health was the most important thing at this critical moment, so he couldn't fall ill at that moment. As Zayne stared at Jason's face, his heart ached when he thought of how delicate Jason looked when he was a child and what he had experienced over these years.

"I'll definitely bring you back to life." He knew everything, and he certainly knew that Jason could turn back because the latter had taken the path of being an assassin.

Zayne had accumulated many resources over these years, so he believed he could give

Jason a whole new life with his own power. Right now, the only thing needed was the right timing. Once their matters were over in Bradford City, he would go into retirement with

Jason. He was tired after all these years, and it was time to end the legend as he didn't want to continue carrying the reputation of being a great detective for the rest of his life. Right now, he only wanted to lead a normal life with Jason.

## **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 722**

Heather hadn't been staying in the forest for long, but she deeply felt how lonely the forester must've been. What puzzled her the most was the fact that there wasn't even a TV, and he was probably out of touch with society. She leaned against the window sill while looking at the tiny bit of greens outside the window.

Everything was deathly still in winter, but that little bit of life was enough to warm the heart.

Heather was bored stiff, so she would often relieve her boredom in such a way. If it weren't

for the deepening dusk and the daybreak, she wouldn't have known how much time had passed. Why isn't there something to check the time inside this house? she thought to herself.

Heather felt increasingly bored; she couldn't find anything interesting, nor did she see anyone. In her mind, she planned to give the forester a TV as a present. After all, every industry was different, and they were equally worthy of respect. She would get to meet Zayne one day and one night later, whom she hadn't been looking forward to seeing so much. As she lay down on the sofa again, the lazy feeling made her feel a bit relaxed. She was anxious, but she would occasionally space out as she did at this moment. She fell silent just then, not thinking about anything else since she just had to lay quietly on the sofa. Suddenly, she felt as though those grudges and overnight wealth were very far away from her. Not only that, Heather suddenly found it difficult to imagine the days to come if her life continued to be so easy and comfortable. It seemed that she had never enjoyed a life of ease and comfort since she was born. When she had time, she would let a fortune teller read her fortune to see if she was destined to have a tumultuous life. It'll probably be nice to be here during spring and autumn, Heather thought to herself as she imagined how the ancients withdrew from society and lived in wooded mountains. Such

pleasure of roaming happily through the forests and mountains kept inspiring her to write literature.

Surprisingly, she saw a pen and some papers on the small desk beside her. She wondered if



she should get up and write a poem since she hadn't written any in such a long time. She even remembered having published an anthology of poems while attending junior high school. However, poets were mostly down on their luck, and she, a filthy rich businesswoman, didn't quite match the poetic charm. Suddenly, Heather laughed as it occurred to her that she was down on her luck. She whispered to herself, "It seems like I'm in a lousy situation right now." Indeed, she had never been in such dire straits before, for she was now trying to survive on an inhabited island. Luckily, she had instant noodles to keep her company, or else she would have to go out and search for food by herself. She couldn't find anything to eat in the winter and would starve to death in this log cabin. The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to laugh, for she was convinced by her imagination. Life is so beautiful, yet I'm so bored, she thought to herself as she stood up quietly. Her whole body was limp as she had lied down for too long on the sofa. As she raised her eyebrows, she felt that such a despondent side of herself was really interesting, but she could only look for some fun in her boredom. Only on the third day did Zayne set out early in the morning to meet Heather, and it was fortunate that everything went smoothly. In fact, even Zayne himself didn't expect everything to proceed without any hiccups. After all, he had prepared a week's worth of food for Heather since he was worried that three days wouldn't be enough to solve the problem. He showed up at Heather's log cabin at lunchtime and stared at its tightly shut wooden door, wondering if she hadn't come out all this while! Then, he stepped forward and knocked on the log cabin's door. When Heather heard that,

she put down the cup of instant noodles in her hands in surprise. As soon as she happily opened the wooden door, she saw Zayne as well as Jason behind him—it was her first time getting to see Jason's looks clearly. She initially thought that he was only a mute driver, but she didn't expect him to be so tall and sturdy. Meanwhile, she looked at Zayne as if she was looking at her savior, for she couldn't wait to return to modern society. "Heather, are you moved now that I'm here early in the morning to pick you up?" Zayne's smiling face was very offensive to the eye.

Heather cast him a disdainful look. "Thank you for arranging one hell of a place for me, Zayne," she said angrily. "The most annoying thing is that there isn't even a TV." The more she thought about it, the angrier she was. Her face was ruddy with anger, and she looked pitiful and charming without any makeup. Jason had been displeased by her attitude at first, but he instantly forgave her inwardly when he saw Heather looking like this. "Haha! Don't you hate watching TV the most, Heather?" Zayne had previously dragged Heather along to watch some TV dramas together, but she ruthlessly refused. Therefore, women weren't the only vengeful ones since men also had such a side to them. This time, Heather truly experienced what it was like to be bored stiff. "Indeed, watching TV is a waste of time, but does it even matter since I'm already in such a place?" Heather replied in vexation. In short, she was in the right and wouldn't allow Zayne to refute her. Since he knew Heather's temper, he didn't argue with her anymore. "Okay, you're right." Heather could say nothing else when she saw how sincere Zayne was. After that, her eyes

roamed over Jason. She had seen him twice, and it seemed like Zayne trusted him very much, so she was curious about their relationship. “By the way, Zayne—find time to have a TV delivered over when you go back,” she said while pointing at the door, thinking that it’d be great to have a TV to watch some dramas. “Huh? Don’t you want to go back? Do you want to stay here for a few days longer?” Zayne teased Heather with a laugh. “Throughout my time here, I have experienced profoundly how bored the forester must be every single day. We should give him a TV so that he can pass the time.” Heather knew that Zayne wouldn’t speak properly, so she simply made things clear to him. Zayne laughed. “You really are adorable, Heather. The forester doesn’t like watching TV; he likes listening to the radio instead. I’ll convey your kindness to him, though.” Heather blinked her eyes as there seemed to be something wrong. “I never came across a radio here, though.”

Zayne didn’t expect Heather to be so lovely when she was dorky. “The forester has a cell phone, and cell phones can receive radio stations’ signal nowadays.” Heather went red in the face. What did I just say? This is so embarrassing, she thought to herself. As she looked somewhere else, she felt rather ashamed. Hence, she’d better pretend that she didn’t know anything. “Let’s go, my lady.” Zayne made an inviting gesture to Heather. Heather walked down the steps and stepped forward directly. Just as she was about to reach the car, Zayne quickly stepped forward and pulled open the car door for her. Jason knew Zayne was a proud person, but he didn’t expect that the latter would be willing

to humble himself in front of this woman. It seems that Heather really isn't a simple woman, he thought to himself. Heather and Zayne discussed the matters about Bradford City in the car, and she looked like a completely different person as her face emanated a frosty aura. "Have you done what you've promised me?" She looked at Zayne as if she would immediately teach him a lesson if he uttered the word 'no.'

"This isn't the first time we're working together, Miss Langston," Zayne replied in a cheeky tone, looking just like a ruffian with a grin. "Has the order to kill me been lifted?" From Heather's perspective, she had to care about her personal safety first. "Yeah, so you don't have to be worried. No one will plot against you in secret anymore," Zayne replied proudly. Even he was surprised that this matter had been solved with such ease.

"In that case, how about Grandpa?" Compared to her personal safety, Heather was more concerned about Robert's illness. "This is your cell phone. Check it yourself." Zayne handed Heather's cell phone to her with the corner of his lips turned up.

Heather took her cell phone skeptically as she didn't know what Zayne was keeping her guessing. Can such a tricky problem be solved using my cell phone? she thought to herself. When she unlocked her cell phone, her Messenger interface popped up directly. After catching sight of the chat room that was pinned to the top of her inbox, she immediately tapped it open. Zayne had used her Messenger to chat with someone else, and the person

he chatted with was the old man who had given her the cross necklace as a present.

Heather finished reading the chat history in disbelief. It was a small world, for the old man who previously gave her cross necklace was actually on good terms with Dr. Turner. This time, not only had the old man given her the cross necklace he treasured in his possession, he even did her a favor. She thought that no one could ask Dr. Turner out, but she didn't expect that this inconspicuous old man would be able to do it. "This is a miracle." She didn't know how to comment on this matter, for Zayne simply opened her eyes.

"Sometimes, the ones who can help you are by your side. You might search high and low before finding the person when you least expect to." Zayne laughed with the intention of claiming full credit.

"Why would they be involved with each other?" Heather asked in disbelief.

"This world is small, and I discovered his relationship with Dr. Turner while investigating him," Zayne said proudly.

Heather's face was no longer frosty at last, and she smiled a smile that looked as beautiful as a melting iceberg. She laughed while shaking her head. "I suddenly admire you a little, Zayne." Of course, she had to praise him at this moment. After all, few people could solve such a tricky thing without just a small effort.

"Haven't you always admired me?" Zayne continued to brag after having gained an advantage.

Meanwhile, Jason drove steadily in the front seat and listened as the two people chatted happily behind him. He was also glad for Zayne—after all, it was rare for a woman to make him so happy.

“Yeah, you’re the best. You solved two big problems of mine in one fell swoop.” I’ll let Zayne be pleased with himself at this moment, Heather thought to herself.

There were cheers and laughter inside the car as Heather became more and more earthly.

Zayne stared at her before his eyes and recalled the fight he once had with her. At this moment, he actually envied Matthias. Love could change a person, and the current Heather was much different from the Heather he remembered. For some reason, when he thought of what Matthias had done recently, he was somewhat worried about the love-hate relationship between the two. He couldn’t even figure out why Matthias wanted to get close to such a woman since Heather and that woman couldn’t be mentioned in the same breath at all. It was a popular belief that a woman’s heart was fickle and difficult to understand, but perhaps a man’s mind was even harder to fathom. Zayne only hoped that Heather wouldn’t raise merry hell with Matthias because of his recent immoderate behavior when she got back to Bradford City.

Zayne had spent a lot of thought and care on Matthias, who was his rival in love, so he knew that the man really loved Heather. Since that was the case, Zayne could help him fulfill his wish, but these two people had caused a lot of worries since they insisted on doing things that made each other feel uncomfortable. Still, Zayne wasn’t generous enough to assist his enemy. If Heather misunderstood Matthias, Zayne would do nothing more than watch the excitement; he wouldn’t step forward and defend him.

His thoughts were interrupted when Heather suddenly spoke. “What are you thinking about? Why are you smiling so slyly?”

Zayne smiled like a fox. "I'm thinking that the scene will definitely be lively when you show up in Bradford City."

### **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 723**

Suddenly, the term 'Bradford City' felt so distant. Heather looked at Zayne while he stood next to her, but she didn't know what to say. It seemed as though he had seen through her helplessness, so he turned to the other side as things were getting rather awkward and there was nothing that could be said to alleviate it. When she was leaving, she turned around and took a last look at the grove. To her, everything that had happened felt so much like a dream as she would soon have to face the reality back in Bradford City. As she pondered on that, she recollected her thoughts and emotions. Unlike how she typically welcomed disputes before, she now feared that what was coming her way might be too enormous for her, and she grew afraid that she couldn't overcome it like she always did. "It seems like you haven't been resting well. If you're tired, you can grab a quick nap in the car," Zayne chivalrously advised when he saw the dark circles under her eyes. Perhaps even the hut was a challenge for her! Somehow, Jason's ears got very sensitive and when he heard Zayne saying those words, and he couldn't help but sense some kind of affection the latter held toward Heather. Since it was rare for Zayne to fall for anyone, Jason didn't know whether to be happy or sad for him. After all, he saw how Heather didn't share the same feelings toward his mate. While intimacy filled the air, he suddenly cringed at himself for being so petty and worrying

about Zayne's private affairs.

Soon, Heather fell asleep in the car. With her eyes shut, she looked so much more beguiling when she stayed silent compared to when she spoke.

As he stared at her charming slumber look, Zayne revealed a serene smile when he

strangely noticed how youthful her face was.

Just as he was about to caress her face, he was worried that she might not like it. Hence, he

ultimately withdrew his arm while thinking that he was such a beta.

Whenever he was with Heather, he couldn't bring himself to take any advantage of her; he

also questioned himself what it was that he had been sticking his neck out for. When the

thought of Heather being in danger popped up in his mind, he would risk himself even more.

Zayne felt rather conscious that his life was being grasped in the woman's hand, and he felt

unjust for not knowing what it was about her that bewitched him.

Upon thinking about this, he smirked bitterly and wondered what the unpredictable future

held. Despite his feelings, since he was never one to participate in such extravagant clan

feuds, and he hoped that he would be able to pull himself out of the drama. After all, given

the complexities within the feud, involving himself would be just trouble.

Now that he had made an exception for Heather, he would have to live his future days on the

tip of an iceberg. Plus, with the bounties going on, he wouldn't be able to guarantee his own

safety.

As such, he could only take it one step at a time. Zayne looked out of the windshield in a

depressed manner, and he suddenly felt that Bradford City was so far away for some reason.

Even after traveling for so long, it was still nowhere in sight.

On the other hand, Heather was sound asleep, and Zayne couldn't bear to interrupt her.



Visibly, it hadn't been long since she last had a good rest. He furrowed his brows, and he was at a loss for words. He was only here to toy around in the beginning, but now he realized that he shouldn't have treated her in such a way. What a persistent woman! He thought to himself helplessly. Since the first day, Heather probably didn't even touch the bed. Little did she know that the bed was brand new, and it was only designed to appear used. She might not have even looked at the bed carefully, for the sheets were newly acquired as well. When he thought of this, Zayne was utterly speechless.

Considering how she always nitpicked things, he wondered if she had learned her lesson after the last three days. Nonetheless, given how she was still behaving so overbearingly, perhaps she was still the old her. Thanks to Jason, the heater in the car was rather warm, though Zayne was the only one that felt hot. While Jason was focused on driving, it seemed as though he was merely an innocent driver. In fact, no one in the world would suspect that he was a killer. They were blessed by today's weather, and Zayne revealed a contented beam as he looked out the window. Since he was a scenery enthusiast, he was satisfied by the beautiful day. On the way back to Bradford City, he felt a sense of comfort that he hadn't felt since long ago as he admired the passing scenery. Although there was no telling what the future held, he figured he should at least cherish what he had now. All of a sudden, Jason spoke from the front of the vehicle. "We'll be reaching town in another 30 minutes." In response, Zayne simply replied, "Okay."

Soon, 30 minutes passed by quickly as they approached Bradford City. Zayne turned to the side and looked at Heather, and the latter was still in her dreams without any idea that they were closing in on their destination. In truth, Zayne was a little reluctant to return to Bradford City. If he were able to live on, he would never return to that place. Unlike before when he needed only to solve cases, he now had so much more to do. After all, for him to throw everything he had learned his entire life on the table was indeed exhausting. As they traveled through the busy town, it was nothing like the peaceful suburbs. Just then, Zayne hesitated if he should wake Heather up. If he didn't do so, she would have to rush her departure as they were nearing his temporary shelter. Given everything that's happened, I wonder who she would want to meet once we arrive. I think it might be Matthias, Zayne thought to himself.

As he assumed that, he predicted that she would return to the Langston Residence at once because she was deeply concerned with her grandfather's health. Eventually, he couldn't bring himself to wake her up. Even when the car had stopped, Heather was still fast asleep—it was Zayne's first time seeing her look so inelegant. The man thought about how he should wake her up, and he furrowed his brow since he didn't really have the heart to do so. Hey, why don't I... Since he couldn't find a better way, he simply lifted her up. As he carried her in her arms, he had an adrenaline rush after smelling her thick fragrance emitting from her body. Since when did she put on such a heavy perfume? With that, he vaguely remembered how he had sensed the aroma back in the cabin. After

being reminded of that, he presumed that she must have hated the scent in the cabin and dipped herself in cologne, taking the perfume as an air freshener. When he thought about this, Zayne let out a suppressed laugh, for he was intrigued by how adorable she was. After lifting her up horizontally, he resembled a kidnapper when he carried her from the vehicle to his unit. Along the way, he entirely disregarded the weird faces and gazes from the bystanders as he remained a stern face that intimidated them from voicing any judgments. Moreover, with Jason beside him, the others could only quietly stare as none dared to say a word. In fact, it was Zayne's first time performing such high-profile movements, exposing himself to the risk of his whereabouts being tracked. "Your actions are rather... special with her, Zayne," Jason blurted upon entering the door. When he heard that, Zayne immediately felt awkward. Although it was obvious even to ordinary people that he had some sort of adoration for Heather, he would lose his ego if he were to openly admit it. "Customers are gods, and I'm only fulfilling my responsibilities," he tactfully defended. To be fair, it wasn't much of a defense.

Meanwhile, Jason chuckled at once. He seldom laughed and always maintained a thug-like poker face, but he appeared significantly amiable when he chuckled, emitting the aura of a gentleman. "Excuses, excuses!" he replied straightforwardly. "No, no, no! That's not an excuse. I'm merely demonstrating the right way to treat a customer. You, on the other hand, should learn a thing or two." Zayne successfully deflected his mockery.

Instead of arguing any further, Jason pursed his lips and said nothing more as he got on the couch. Meanwhile, Zayne carried his sleeping beauty into the room and placed her on the soft bed, allowing her a restful slumber.

After gently shutting the door, he disrupted Jason when he joined him on the couch. While they stupidly peered at each other, none of them had any intention to speak.

Ever since they were kids, they rarely had any interactions nor did they share any blood

relations with each other, but there had always been an unspoken connection between the

two of them. In Zayne's heart, Jason stood a place no lower than Heather. After all, she was

but an incomplete dream while Jason was as real as the stars.

Although there's no solid future with Heather, he intended to bring one for Jason and

himself as they both needed a chance at redemption.

As the clock ticked, both of them fell asleep while snuggled against each other. Perhaps it

was because the other two had fallen asleep, a contagious, lethargy-invoking atmosphere

surged throughout the unit. Naturally, Zayne grew lethargic and gradually drowsed off as

well.

When he finally woke up later on, he found Jason gazing into space with his eyes open as

big as the moon, and it looked as though something bad had happened.

Since he had been

awakened by Jason's movements, he looked at the latter sternly and was clueless to what

had happened.

"Go check on Heather," Jason ordered Zayne as it wasn't appropriate for him to do so.

Upon hearing his words, the latter grew wide awake. Since he was very much concerned

about the woman in his room, he hastily rushed over.

He then pushed the door open and was relieved to find Heather sleeping calmly on his bed.

Given how Jason's tone was somewhat frightening, he thought that the man outside must have been anxious.

Well, as long as she's okay, he thought to himself before closing the door.

Perhaps it was

because of the loud door-opening noise, when Zayne shut the door,

Heather's eyes

immediately opened as she gawked at the ceiling, feeling as though she had been

kidnapped.

"Where is this place?" She pulled open the door and quizzed drowsily.

Since she had just

woken up, her hoarse voice sounded rather endearing.

When she saw both Zayne and Jason in sight, she rubbed her eyes and was assured of her

safety. She then pointed at Jason while still half-asleep and interrogated,

"You haven't told

me about his identity, Zayne."

Jason was surprised when he heard his name being mentioned, so he

blinked his eyes

innocently while Zayne introduced him as he shrugged his shoulders.

"This is Jason. He's

my brother and currently my bodyguard. He's really good at fighting," he mischievously said.

"I'm great at killing too," said Jason blandly.

Heather was immediately shocked and awake, for she realized that

Jason was not one to be

messed with. Judging by his tone, he mustn't have been joking about it.

Upon that, Zayne nervously chortled. Why is Jason being so upfront? Is

he sick of living right

now? Since he was forced to expel the killer's self-consciousness, he

gave Jason a piercing

leer and was visibly annoyed.

"Just kidding," Jason expressionlessly stated, though there was no power of persuasion in

his words.

"Haha. Very funny," she responded with a forced grin.

Awkwardness filled the room instantly, the three of them peered at one another. It seemed like there was nothing else they could talk about. Since she hadn't gotten sufficient sleep, she waved at the brothers squashed on the couch and uttered, "I should head back to sleep."  
"Sleep tight," Zayne answered.