

## **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 733 - 738**

### **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 733**

In the freezing night, Matthias stared at the mansion in front of him with not a trace of anger. Since it belonged to the Lockes, it will no longer mean anything to him from now on.

Should I say goodbye?

Ever since Evan left, the residence had been especially quiet at night.

Having lost his

attachment to the mansion, he coldly gazed at the building as if the entire area only had one residence.

Despite his desire to walk in, he stopped himself outside the home. After all, he was now

truly alone after pushing everyone else away.

At this moment, he sensed a fragrance of blossoms wafting in the air. He tried to locate the

source but to no avail. Surprisingly, such a subtle aroma somehow matched the winter so

well. As he took in the scent, he was reminded of the countless incidents, wondering when

they would finally end.

What surprised him was the fact that the family head had yet to look for him since he left

the Locke Group, and that made him feel rather peaceful as the head seemed to have

acknowledged his resolution.

After a wait too long, the day he had been anticipating finally came.

Naturally, Matthias felt

somewhat empty. Not only was he damaging the Lockes' head legacy, he was also bringing

his efforts all these years down along with the Locke Group's downfall.

Although he wasn't at the company, he had already received news about the chaos that was

going on there. The head must have been absent in the company for so long that he had

lost his ability to herd his subordinates.

After hearing about the board's emergency meeting, Matthias predicted that his grandfather would give him a grave lesson. As he revealed a grin, he craved to see the old man's devastated face.

Even if the head could win over the board of directors' hearts, they wouldn't be able to stop his grand plan. Besides, all the members of the board were nothing but guilty, so manipulating them wouldn't be an issue to the head.

After working in the company for so long, Matthias came to know that the board members were merely puppets except for a few competitive ones. Since the head wasn't satisfied, he should get a taste of disappointment.

Eventually, Matthias decided to enter the residence. As it was already 10.00PM and the person he was expecting had yet to appear, he could only wait until the next day. As for what kind of havoc awaited him tomorrow, he didn't have a single clue. Matthias walked into the mansion and headed into the master bedroom. Meanwhile, the lights in the house had all been turned off as the deep night fell upon the city. While he lay on his comfortable bed, he stared at the ebony ceiling and enjoyed the tranquil atmosphere.

Things were so calm that he could even hear the storm outside the house hitting on his windows, and he loved such a vivid night. When Heather suddenly popped up in his mind, he wondered if she, who was in another residence, was already asleep by then.

He had deliberately chosen not to initiate any interactions with her, for he was waiting for the woman to do so. Since he knew that Heather had already gotten the news of him being fired long ago, he awaited her response.

Meanwhile, the woman stood at the window as she observed the serene winter night view—she was wide awake as well. When she saw that her phone never once beeped, she placed it aside. The night was remarkably serene, and she loved it. When she predicted how Bradford City would be hectic the next day, she felt inclined to join in on the crowd. Although she knew numerous people had intel on her movements, she couldn't tell when they would make another move on her. However, she was comforted by how Zayne managed to draw out each of the anonymous forces.

Before this, she had put all her suspicions on Caleb. Nonetheless, it was only after having gotten information from their investigation did she know that Caleb was nothing but a pawn on the chessboard. The mysterious force is either holding an immense grudge against me, or they have the intention to ravage Bradford City. Despite her guess, she didn't know the truth since Zayne had yet to figure it out as well. Perhaps the mysterious people would reveal traces of themselves upon the Locke Group's undoing. Thinking of that gave her a tinge of glee, and she wondered if Zayne was able to fall asleep in the room next to hers. Either way, she was so ecstatic that she couldn't fall asleep, and she rolled around her bed as her mind was in a mess. Since they were only one step from the truth, Zayne was naturally exhilarated as well. He was affected by his sense of achievement, and he would get excited like a child; this was a sight that Heather was familiar with. At that moment, she thought of Jason and anticipated that he wasn't able to sleep well

either. The more urgent something became, he would get perturbed by the surging of other potentially disrupting issues. Indeed, she was lucky to have the two of them by her side.

As she went through everyone she knew in her mind, she consequently thought of the highlight of tomorrow—Matthias! Perhaps the man was unable to fall asleep as well.

Somehow, the four people had gotten insomnia at the same time.

As she thought about him, she was deeply impressed by his tenacity.

After all, destroying

the Locke Group equaled to destroying everything he owned. As to who it was that gave him

such courage, Heather revealed a bashful grin when she thought of herself.

After all these years of hard work, Matthias was a fine example of a gifted man, and he was

a truly talented genius. For him to have plotted against the Locke Group for so long before

mercilessly ruining it was more than enough to prove that he was no ordinary man.

What was he going to do next after this plan? That was a question

Matthias was baffled by

as well, perhaps even more so than Heather. Meanwhile, the woman was contemplating if

being a businesswoman suited her at all.

That was the same for Matthias, who contemplated whether he would remain a

businessman after the war with his family. Among everything else, something Heather

couldn't grasp was whether he had reserved any assets as a contingency plan.

Once the Locke Group went bankrupt, he would no longer be worth any penny as his bank

accounts would be cleared—he would even have to be summoned to court. Although she

was worried about him, she believed that he would never sink so low and end up a prisoner.

Despite everything, nobody could guarantee that he could secure a bright future after leaving the Locke Group. Heather wasn't doubting his capabilities, but she simply suspected that he would relieve himself of the title of a businessman. As she stared out into the emptiness outside the window, Heather silently mourned for the tycoon as he would no longer be present in the industry. Since she was expecting his decision the next day, she grew utterly eager and hoped that he could thoroughly give up everything. She then proceeded to ponder on their future, thinking that they could be finally more innocent without the need to be defensive against each other. That fantasy got her all bashful, allowing her to bid farewell to her former cycle and introducing a door to an entirely new possibility. After pulling down the curtains, Heather walked away from the window and toward her bed. When she realized her over-contemplation in such a short amount of time was growing unrealistic, she knew she shouldn't be burdened with such thoughts anymore. Otherwise, she would feel herself getting greedy and demanding more from Matthias, who was already at his limit. She even felt that she was a black hole that was chipping Matthias away, and it occurred to her that they shouldn't have been acquaintances in the first place. In a flash, it was already the next morning; Heather was already awake. Although she consistently claimed that she wasn't interested, she was sincerely nervous. After a simple wash-up, she went down to the living room and bumped into Zayne. He had woken up even earlier than her, and he conquered the couch.

Heather walked right up to him and looked down at the man who was racking his brains with his head lowered. After carefully studying his face, she found it somewhat amusing.

When he opened his eyes, he was taken aback by the woman who was so close to him, and he immediately flinched backward. “What the hell?! What do you want from me?” Since he didn’t know what she desired, he snapped in dissatisfaction.

With an inexplicable expression, Heather merely replied with subtle satire in her tone, “Are you meditating early this morning?”

When he saw that she was here for a sparing of words, he quickly replied, “Did you consume a bomb this morning and have decided to go kamikaze on me?”

Immediately, he had seen through her perturbed mind.

“How heartless of you to say that, Zayne!” Heather exclaimed dreadfully. Given how blunt he was to her, it seemed like their deadly tongues were already far over the line.

“It’s all thanks to you, Heather!” After having lived together for so long, he was reminded of her sharp tongue. Hence, he couldn’t hold back his instinct to go up against her.

Indeed, it was commendable how he could put up with her attitude. He then scanned her body with a gaze. Apart from her pretty looks, she’s really of no use, isn’t she?

“Is something big going to happen, Zayne?” After steering off from their verbal fight, she went straight to point as she grew uneasy, curious to know what was going to happen soon.

“Yeah. This should be it for the Locke Group,” he answered excitedly.

Matthias,

Matthias—what a brutal man he is toward his family.

“Once Matthias brings down the Locke Group...” Heather was inevitably concerned about his future.

With that, Zayne smilingly comforted her and said, “Don’t worry. Businesspeople are more about the benefits than personal feelings. Ruining the Locke Group or not, no one would dare to say anything if he were to be reborn in the industry.”

Heather was surprised to hear this, so she stared at him and shook her head, thinking that he must’ve misinterpreted her words. She wasn’t worried if Matthias could start anew as a businessman, but rather if he could forgive himself after everything. When she thought of the arrogant man, she was reminded of herself. No matter how disconcerted she was at the Langstons, she definitely couldn’t bring herself to do anything that would harm her own family, but that wasn’t the case for Matthias. It must be tough for him too, huh. As sympathy filled her eyes, she contemplated whether she should go and see him. With how he had been behaving oddly these days, she got somewhat anxious, wondering what she could do for him. “Do you think Matthias is crushed?” She suddenly blurted, wanting to hear Zayne’s analysis. “Who knows? I’m not him, but I’d assume he feels like death.” When he saw how concerned she was for Matthias, Zayne indirectly gave her a push. “Should I go and find him?” She sounded as if she was talking to Zayne hesitantly, but it also seemed like she was talking to herself at the same time. at the same time to herself. “Just say it if you’re worried about him. You don’t have to don that facade, you know.” Zayne clearly knew that she couldn’t stop worrying, so he simply exposed her innermost feelings. Perhaps dying for each other is the only endgame for them, right?

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

**734**

At that moment, any further exchange would simply be pointless. The day had barely started, yet it was already so disastrous. The next hours would be even more so.

The more Zayne wanted her to admit it, the more resistant she was to do so. With a stiff face, she responded, "It's his personal affairs. Why should I care?" When he heard her bold words, Zayne had a hard time holding back his laugh, for he was astounded by how persistent she was. Heather was so reluctant to admit it, so he didn't want to pursue the matter any further. Since she felt that way, he shall have it her way.

"What's your plan today?" As he went off on a tangent, Zayne started to chatter casually.

Heather felt that there had to be an underlying meaning behind his words, so she shot him a deadly glare.

On the other hand, Zayne stared at her calmly, and he thought her petite look was extremely adorable. She must be dwelling on nonsense again!

"Other than locking myself in here, what else can I possibly plan for? I literally can't do anything," she helplessly expressed.

At that, he simply snickered without a word. What a headstrong woman! Seeing how vicious

and tenacious she was, he couldn't help feeling pity for Matthias.

Matthias must have stepped on dung to have fallen for Heather! Zayne had long realized

that one would require a strong heart and mind to be together with her.

"Haven't you considered visiting the Locke Group?" He voiced the suggestive question with a devilish smirk.

Heather was annoyed by this, and she glowered at him coldly before turning around.

Meanwhile, Zayne pitifully gawked at her back. That's not cute at all!



“Are you going to join in on the fun, Zayne?” As if she had come to a realization, she then leered at him, having an intuition that he would put himself out there. “I wouldn’t miss it for anything,” he said confidently. One thing he loved was to discover traces of clues among a distracted crowd. However, Heather didn’t take the bait and blandly replied, “Enjoy while you’re at it, then. It’s not like I care.” Since she had intended to conceal herself, she decided not to show up in the public’s eye. As for Zayne, whatever he would do to get himself killed was his own business. “In that case, you’d be home alone,” he responded with a cunning smile. Given how inseparable he and Jason were, Heather had already accepted her fate. As of now, the danger was already over for her, but that wasn’t the case for Zayne. “Take care of the house, all right? I’ll bring first-hand information with me when I get home,” he uttered as he patted her shoulder with a face that was growing more sly by the second. “I don’t care,” she countered with a ferocious couple of words. “I have no idea what you’re interested in, honestly,” he helplessly declared. Somehow, her arrogance was adorable yet detestable. At that moment, he had the urge to pinch her little cheeks, wondering when she would eventually put down her pride. Although she voiced her indifference, her body language told it all. What an ironic combination! “I’m interested in you,” she maliciously stated, utterly despising the man. Despite that, he continued to grin. The longer he remained his smile, the more irritated she grew as she was considering whether to strangle the man before her.

Meanwhile, Jason stood at the side silently like an invisible man. Since she didn’t want to

debate with Zayne any further, she glanced at Jason. When he sensed her gaze, he pretended like he hadn't seen anything. In fact, he deliberately turned his face away. As she looked at him frustratedly, she was dumbfounded by the similarity of the two brothers.

"You're going to miss the show if you waste more time." To avoid being made fun of, she wished that Zayne would leave as soon as possible.

"Look at her being all aggressive!" Zayne mocked comfortably. Since he had already planned his schedule, he was undisturbed as he intended to leave right before the most critical moment.

"I'm going upstairs." The second floor was now her escape to avoid any more of his atrocious performances.

Jason was unable to bear the ridiculousness any longer, and he let out a deliberate cough that drew his brother's attention.

"When are we leaving? We're going to be late," the former reminded. After watching her leave decisively, he then turned to Jason. Since lingering any longer was meaningless, perhaps it was best that they depart now.

"Don't drop your guard," Jason was concerned about his brother's mischievousness as he warned him.

"Don't worry, I know my lines." After he acknowledged Jason's concern, Zayne felt rather pleased to see him getting more amicable.

All this time of bonding, Zayne could feel their brotherhood recovering. Although Jason was

apathetic on the surface, his heart was no less warm than anyone.

Right when Heather got to the second floor, she heard the interaction going on in the living

room. It seemed like they were finally going out. When she looked downstairs, the brothers were seen walking in line. How synergetic!

Sometimes, she would get jealous of their relationship. Despite Zayne's venomous tongue and Jason's emotionlessness, she acknowledged their fondness and concern toward each other. Moreover, instead of spitting empty words, the brothers would prove themselves with actions.

With that, she watched as the duo left and the door shut. Since there was nothing fascinating upstairs and she was never one to bear dullness, she contemplated if she should head downstairs. With a room so limited for any activities, she would surely suffocate!

However, the strangest thing was that Leon had been radio-silent these days and she had yet to receive a single piece of news from him.

After all, even Matthias couldn't bear not seeing her. With that, she couldn't help but wonder how such an active man was able to completely vanish and what he had been occupied with.

As Leon's oddness worried her, she decided to contact Leon to find out whether anything happened to him.

After pondering about it, she thought it was more efficient to give him a call and dialed his

number. Leon never picked up, and that made her more uneasy.

Even after calling him thrice, Leon was still unresponsive. The third time was usually the charm but it still didn't work, so she decided to try another method and texted him.

After sending him a message on Messenger, Leon was still idle. As she stared at his

childish profile photo, her anxiety grew more intense, wondering what he was so preoccupied with.

The longer it took him to respond, the messier her mind got as she didn't know what she

could do to get to him. Since phoning him was of no use, she tossed her phone on the couch so that she wouldn't get disrupted by peering at her phone. As if the phone didn't want to be left alone, it suddenly rang within three seconds after she tossed it.

Immediately, she grabbed her phone and saw that it was Leon calling her. In that instant, her nervousness was noticeably relieved. As soon as she picked up the call, she heard Leon's familiar voice.

"Why didn't you answer, Leon?" she asked him.

Meanwhile, he scratched his head and said lethargically, "Thanks to you, I was awakened from my sleep because of your call."

He wouldn't have expected Heather to call him. However, he was surprised by her call as he had assumed she would no longer contact him after his disappearing act. "Why have you been so quiet, Leon?" She directly addressed his dazing silence.

"Have I?" Leon, who didn't think so, had been busy with numerous matters that had been a pain in the bum.

"What have you been secretly planning on?" When she heard his tone, she knew it was going to be nothing good.

"Why are you doubting your cute junior again, Heather?" He squinted his eyes as if he was going to fall back to sleep.

"You were never trustable to begin with." Since she knew that he was a sly fox, she was certain that he had been involved in some shady activities.

"Oh, Miss Langston! It pains me to hear you say that!" Leon insisted on his innocence.

"Spit it. What are you planning?" She persistently pursued, not allowing him any space.

As he stared helplessly at the phone, he even thought about hanging up on her. However, he

knew that he'd be in grave danger if he were to do so, as she would probably come over and blow him to smithereens.

"I'm just staying at home and being a filial grandson to my grandpa," he stated in a pitiful tone. Having been trapped by his elder, he had almost died from tediousness.

Instantly, she recognized his circumstances and laughed out loud, acknowledging how similar they were.

"You're grounded by your old man?" Listening to her condescending tone, Leon gritted his teeth.

Sensing his dissatisfaction, Heather got even more gleeful so she muttered, "What did you do to deserve his punishment, Leon?"

Hesitant to entertain her any longer, he desired to hang up the call as she was getting in his head.

"I haven't gotten good sleep, Heather. If there's nothing important, I'm going to hang up." He wished to ignore her. With how miserable he already was, he had to face the woman's mockery.

"Don't be like that! I'm only calling you because I'm worried. Don't you miss your senior even for a little bit, my dear junior?" Right now, Heather was savoring her enjoyment at the expense of Leon's agony.

"No. I just want to sleep." Leon's eyelids were shut as if he was about to die, but his senior wasn't anywhere near finished.

"Have you heard about the Locke Group?" She thought such weighty news could pique Leon's interest.

Contrary to her belief, Leon bore no interest in the Locke Group, nor did he want to hear any more crap from her as his eyes were closing.

“That’s all for today, Heather. I’ll get back to you when I wake up.” Leon felt manipulated, and he wanted to head off into dreamland. Feeling manipulated, Leon wanted only his dreams. Locke, Hart, Langston—who cares? “When will you finally be free? I’m going to need your help with something.” Since she knew that Leon had the talent for certain things, she started to be all business-like.

“Let’s talk about this next time, Heather. I want to sleep.” Leon was nearing his limits. Does she not understand human language? “Fine. Hit me up if you need any help from me.” Heather acknowledged the only person that could relieve Leon from his prison was solely herself. “Wow, you’re so nice, Heather. What’s the catch?” He ended the call as soon as he finished his words. On the other hand, Heather, who was left no opportunity to respond, leered at her phone and let out a scoff, wanting to give Leon a good beating.

### **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 735**

Anger was still anger in the end, and Heather wasn’t someone who would cling to someone unreasonably either. She knew that Leon wouldn’t have hung up on her so easily, and it seemed that he was extremely tired. After her call with Leon ended, Zayne texted her. She played the video clip that he had sent to her, but she wasn’t sure how to react to it. Not only that, Heather didn’t know how he had managed to get his hands on this firsthand information—the venue in the clip was where the Locke Group’s board of directors were currently at.

Heather took notice of Matthias in an instant. When she saw him there all by himself, she suddenly felt that he needed to be protected as well. Sometimes, she really couldn't get a handle on him as her heart ached for Matthias. However, Heather couldn't bring herself to examine her conscience even though she could sense that Matthias was under a lot of pressure. She had only watched a few seconds of the video clip, but her heartstrings were already being tugged. Needless to say, Matthias' expressionless face affected her. How could things have come to this? Heather initially assumed that Matthias had prepared himself, but from the looks of things, he actually hadn't. Perhaps he even felt guilty. She really wanted to charge over and watch the proceedings, and Heather had no idea how Matthias would face this situation alone. Would he be able to weather it? Some time earlier, Heather had pored over some information about Matthias. She understood that he had made huge sacrifices to be able to climb to his current position.

Now, he had to personally destroy the work created with his blood, sweat and tears. Heather could even sense the excruciating agony that Matthias was going through now, so she had to reflect on herself. Was it really a good thing to reach this point? Heather sent an emoji to Zayne, fully aware that he was deliberately irritating her. In other words, he really had to add more chaos to the mix. Zayne immediately texted her back. 'Looks like I underestimated Matthias.' Heather didn't want to answer Zayne's text, for she knew that he was merely baiting her. Her lips quirked up, for Zayne couldn't hide his tricks from her.

“This has nothing to do with me.” Heather continued to maintain her distant demeanor. She herself knew very well whether she actually had a hand in this, but she was prideful. How could she bow her head so easily? Matthias probably knew that about her, so he hadn’t contacted Heather immediately and took on all the pressure himself without causing extra hassle for her. Perhaps Matthias had once wavered before, but Heather’s thoughts were a tangled lump as she immediately switched off her phone. If she didn’t watch the video, then she wouldn’t be worked up about it. She knew that Matthias would definitely talk to her after this, and she wanted to hear what he had to say. As she spread across the couch, she could imagine Matthias currently battling it out verbally. After all, he had never lost to anyone when it came to debates. Right now, however, Matthias wasn’t actually having an easy time. The higher-ups, who were under the encouragement of the head of the Locke family, nitpicked at Matthias and tore into him. However, the latter did not relent throughout the process. After all, he knew that this was just the beginning and that there would be more troubles ahead.

The family head observed Matthias’ silence from the sidelines, looking for a weakness to pounce on. However, Matthias did not say much, so it was naturally difficult to find a weak point. Matthias had no idea how long this endless war of words was going to last, but he couldn’t avoid it either. Hence, all he could do was to face it head-on. Some of the high-ranking board members even attempted to convince Matthias by appealing to his morals through the thousands of workers under the Locke Group’s employment.



“I am not the sole one responsible for the Locke Group’s current situation,” Matthias stated lightly. He didn’t intend on taking responsibility for this. If they wanted to guilt trip him, then so be it.

When Chester saw Matthias rebuff him so casually, he smiled. Matthias was a callous person, and someone with such a personality was practically a prodigy in the field of business.

Yet, not only did Matthias refuse to put his heart into the Locke Group, he even forced the company into a corner. Chester only regretted that he hadn’t noticed Matthias’ rebelliousness earlier.

“This meeting ends here.” Just as he was lost in thought, Chester heard Matthias speak.

“No.” Chester, who had remained silent all this while, finally spoke up. He then looked straight at Matthias.

The latter looked at him fearlessly, and a mocking smile seemed to appear on his lips. To him, Chester was just a toothless tiger.

“Matthias, you are currently at the helm of the Locke Group. Since the company is a sinking ship, do not expect to come out of this unscathed,” Chester said, his words loaded.

Matthias could hear the threat in Chester’s words, and he looked at the man in disregard.

Evidently, he was not afraid of him. Matthias had already made plans to escape from this precarious situation, and he would not have any second thoughts about doing that.

“I certainly will not run from the responsibilities I should bear.” Matthias’ eyes were like burning torches.

Chester eyed him for a long while. He understood the younger man’s resolution, and he also

knew what Matthias was about to say. He shook his head; the battle had yet to start, but Chester already lost horribly. Although the board members were present throughout the meeting, no matter how they struggled, they were still just pawns in the hands of those two. Matthias didn't care about these board members, and Chester had never thought of them as important. It was a pity that Matthias intended to stay his course. Just then, the sounds of firecrackers going off rang from outside. Matthias sat in his seat disinterestedly as everyone exchanged glances. Chester thought that this was a snub. The meeting had been proceeding relatively peacefully, and now there were firecrackers. However, he didn't want to embarrass himself in front of all these people. The firecracker sounds got closer and closer, and Chester's expression was now an ugly sight. On the other hand, Matthias seemingly didn't hear anything. He gathered the papers on the table and prepared to leave the meeting room instead. Meanwhile, an evil smile hung off Zayne's lips as he manipulated everything outside. In fact, no one probably knew that he was the one masterminding it all. Even when Matthias left the meeting room, everyone was still looking at each other. Meanwhile, the vein in Chester's temple kept twitching. This was certainly a challenge to him. Zayne was in the skyscraper across the building where the meeting was being held. Matthias eyed that skyscraper, thinking that Zayne was indeed a skilled hand at stirring up chaos. It was amazing that he was able to cook up such a malicious scheme. He also had no idea where Zayne might have interfered. The Locke Group had tight security, yet he was able to waltz in and out as he wished. Matthias secretly let a faint smile show,

for he would let Zayne do as he wished.  
Now that he had gotten those people off his back, Matthias didn't care about them anymore. In the past, he hadn't dared to offend anyone, which was why the board members all had that particular expression on their faces. These people who simply waited around for their dividends without lifting a finger were insects of society.

As such, they would not have such good fortunes in the future. After Matthias had left, the meeting room descended into utter chaos. Chester eyed the gaggle of useless board members before him, for none of them were of any use at all. In truth, Matthias had been their sole pillar. All of the actual power was in his hands, and the Locke Group was completely Matthias' to toy with. With that, Chester stormed out of the meeting room, livid. When he thought about how no one else in the Locke Family could be relied upon, he felt deeply helpless. Naturally, he didn't want to walk all the way down this dead path. He knew that even if destroyed Matthias now, he couldn't save the Locke Group from its bankruptcy. However, the Lockes would not forgive Matthias. Even if he did destroy the Locke Group, Chester still cared about him slightly. Despite it all, the elder man could not bring himself to tear Matthias down. By the time Chester realized his own compassion, he finally understood why he had allowed Matthias to take up a spot in his heart. The older someone got, the more sentimental they became. Chester had allowed Matthias to matter to him, and that was how the younger man got the opportunity to do what he did. Perhaps it was because he knew that he didn't have long to live, but Chester was almost

indifferent. Had this been in the past, he definitely would have maimed Matthias.

When he recalled the past, he really had done far too many underhanded things, and his hands were utterly sullied. Chester looked at his cane in pain; this was probably his karma, and he wouldn't be able to rest easy in death.

Matthias stepped out of the Locke Group, sick and tired of those irritating days. From now on, he was free to fly in the vast skies available to him. The Lockes had clipped his wings in the past, but he was reclaiming those lost wings of his right now. His only wish was that the Locke Group had gone bankrupt earlier. Right now, he was in a dangerous position, for Matthias had no idea when the Lockes would come knocking on his door for revenge.

He knew what that family would do, and it was possible that he might die in an accident.

Matthias even wondered whether he should find a safe place to hide from this danger.

Despite the vastness of the world, there was seemingly nowhere for Matthias to hide no matter where he ran. When he crossed the road, he could even imagine himself getting hit and being flung from the impact. Needless to say, he had a natural sense of fear.

Zayne sent a message to him just then, informing Matthias to see him immediately after he had settled everything. The former had long since figured out the Lockes, and he knew that Matthias was in danger.

Jason was standing next to Zayne, and he said to him, "When will you get rid of that bad habit of meddling in others' business? With your current situation, you can't protect Matthias at all."

Zayne showed Jason a simpering smile. "I know that I'm having trouble watching out for myself, but I believe in your capabilities. You will definitely be able to protect us."

In Zayne's eyes, Jason was someone he could entrust his life to. He was fully aware of the latter's skills, but he also knew that he shouldn't have interfered with Matthias and the Locke Group's matters. However, Matthias was someone important to Heather. Zayne was willing to risk his life for her, so how could he ignore someone that Heather deeply cared for?

"Don't try to win me over with flattery. It's already a lot of effort protecting just you." Jason wasn't exaggerating, for he hadn't met such a mighty adversary before. The more powerful the foe, the more fear they caused. They would hide in the dark as they prepared to kill their enemy at any moment. Jason really didn't have the extra energy to ensure Matthias' safety, nor did he know what Zayne was thinking.

Meanwhile, Matthias was already in the elevator. It was just a short distance, but the trip felt like it took a century. Throughout his journey, he had had to overcome many difficulties. He had no idea when an accident might occur, and although he was careful, there was still no sign of when trouble might crop up.

When Matthias pushed open the door to the hotel, Zayne turned around to face him and show him a mysterious smile. He then closed the door. From the looks of things, Zayne had been waiting for him all this while—he hadn't even bothered to lock the door. It was only then did Matthias finally notice Jason standing next to Zayne.

Jason gave Matthias a once-over. He could tell that the man had been trained in

martial-arts. As such, people like him wouldn't be half-bad in a fight, for Matthias wouldn't keel over so easily.

"I wonder if the great detective Zayne himself will be able to help me with a favor?" Matthias

slowly approached Zayne. Both of them had wariness in their eyes, but they weren't on edge

because of each other. Instead, they were on the lookout for unexpected 'accidents'. Jason

was not exempted from this feeling either, for he instinctively could feel danger slowly

marching closer.

"Are you perhaps asking me to send you to prison?" Zayne immediately read Matthias'

thoughts.

"I can't think of any place safer than that." Matthias smiled. As long as no one shot him in

the back, Matthias would not die so easily given his training.

"I'll try my best." Zayne thought that he had managed to create a new problem for himself. In

fact, he was actually worried whether he would be able to back out of this to save his hide.

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

### **736**

Ever since he stepped foot in Bradford City, Zayne had nothing but problem after problem

piled on his plate. This time, he looked for trouble himself. Matthias' situation was already

far beyond what Zayne could handle, and Jason knew that the latter was barely holding on.

After Matthias had left, Jason descended into worry. He looked at Zayne, his face a little on

the pale side. Neither brother had managed to reach an agreement.

Jason completely did

not approve of what Zayne was doing, and the conflict between them could blow up at any

moment.

The atmosphere was loaded like a powder keg. Both men's expressions were tense, and it seemed as though things would break down the next second. Jason moved and took a step forward, whereas Zayne curled his hands into fists. The situation was both awkward and tense.

Jason continued to march forward. Zayne could find no reason to make him stay, so he helplessly watched as Jason left the room. He looked at his younger brother, his lips faintly quirking up into a mocking smile. He hadn't expected that this decision would leave Jason this disgruntled.

As for what would happen next, no one could guess. Zayne had never been this worried about his future. He experienced the feeling of knowing that he had a bumpy future ahead, and the man alternated between feeling lost about his future and feeling determined.

However, being faced with such a tricky situation invigorated Zayne. How much worse could the day get? Zayne chuckled nonchalantly about it.

Jason, who used to worry so much about Zayne's safety, had abandoned him and left. This time, Zayne was truly on his own with no help. He didn't even know whether he would meet with an accident the moment he stepped out of this place, for his eyelid kept twitching. He had an ominous feeling that something bad was to come. Just then, he wondered what Heather was doing now. He would inexplicably think of her from time to time, for she was someone that he liked. He had been by Heather's side for a long while, so he was even less able to tamp down on his impulses. When a person loved someone, their feelings would still show through their eyes even

though their mouth was taped shut. Likewise, Zayne could not contain his crush on Heather, and he wished that it would end faster. Since he couldn't continue staying with her, he had already decided to forget about his feelings for her. As such, he couldn't let himself continue to get lost in his emotions.

Zayne's opinion of himself grew even worse day by day. Who would have thought that he would be bound by love? Since when did his admiration toward Heather change into something else?

He couldn't continue wasting time here, so he immediately walked out of the hotel. Danger was waiting outside at every corner, but he tipped his head up proudly anyway. Regardless of it, he was still fearless. With each step he took, he silently calculated the odds of danger appearing. Without being aware of it, Zayne had already walked out of the building. He then looked at the Locke Group across from him. At the sight of the shiny golden plaque before him, Zayne gave a condescending chuckle. After all, everything would turn to dust soon.

Anything could happen in the big city, and there were countless possibilities every single day.

At the thought of how he used to fight tooth and nail when he was still at the bottom of the totem pole, Zayne felt a chill run through him. Society nowadays was overly cruel and cold, and it lacked empathy for others.

Zayne knew that Jason had already driven off with the car since he could see the vehicle's exact location on his phone. Jason drove at such a breakneck speed that Zayne was worried the traffic police would chase after him with their sirens blaring.



However, what right did Zayne now have to worry about Jason? He already could barely protect himself, and he had no idea where he should go next—even flagging down a taxi was useless now. Zayne curled and uncurled his fists. Either way, he should head back now!

Zayne could not find a sense of belonging in this sizable city. Hence, returning to the villa and lying low like a coward was the safest strategy thus far. He then flagged down a taxi. When Zayne felt around in his pockets, it was then that he realized that he had no cash on hand. The man felt exasperated as he stared at his phone; if he had known that something like this would happen, he would have gotten a Venmo account. He had always been too lazy to register for one, and now he was suffering for it.

Zayne pursed his lips, for the only thing he could do now was to contact Heather. At times like this, he needed an urgent helping hand from her. However, right at that moment, a car suddenly lost control and careened toward Zayne, hitting him before he even had the time to get out of the way. As everyone screamed in shock, Zayne felt a trickling warmth on his face as blood ran down it. It was a sensation that he hadn't experienced in a while. He then recalled that one time someone had cracked his head open back in high school. In a few more moments, Zayne would pass out gloriously.

Meanwhile, the culprit behind the crash had already escaped, whereas the people around him all dug out their phones. Some filmed the scene while some called emergency services, and some also called the police. The crowd was in a frenzy. By the time the ambulance arrived on the scene, a few minutes had already passed. An oxygen mask was quickly fastened to Zayne's face after he had

been carried into the ambulance. The paramedics crowded around him, all of them gently calling out to him in an attempt to bring Zayne back to consciousness. Heather was bored out of the mind when she answered her phone. When she first saw the unfamiliar number flashing on the screen, she ignored it, only forcing herself to pick it up once her phone rang for the third time. She was stunned when she heard the statement from the hospital. She never thought that Zayne would be a victim of attempted murder when he left the house earlier, and Heather didn't dare to believe this reality. She stared at her phone, unsure of what to say.

Fear overtook her just then, and her breaths were coming out in rapid pants. A gentle woman's voice drifted over the phone as she reminded her, "Please come quickly, Miss Langston. Your boyfriend is currently in mortal danger." Heather already couldn't be bothered about those tiny details; she yanked on a jacket and immediately charged out. All this while, she had relied on Zayne. Now that he was down, she had no idea what to do next. By the time Heather made it to the hospital, Zayne was already in the emergency room. She watched the light above the ER's door, unable to imagine that Zayne was the one lying behind those doors. Heather couldn't face the facts before her when she recalled how energetic Zayne had been. She then remembered that he had once mentioned that he used to get into fights with others over territory, and that was why he often landed himself in hospital. Various thoughts crowded Heather's mind, and the wait was torturous. In fact, she couldn't

get herself to relax at all. Several hours had passed since she started waiting outside the emergency room, and she felt that she was on the brink of a breakdown. It was now that she realized how long ER procedures could be. Heather wanted to rush inside, but she would only get in the doctors' way as they attempted to save Zayne. She still held onto some of her rationality, and she would not do such a foolish thing. Time ticked by, whereas Heather constantly checked the time on her phone as she kept praying. Regardless of whether deities truly exist, Heather would gladly believe in God right now, praying that He would help her this once. She kept comforting herself, firmly believing that Zayne was a hardy one who would not die here. Heather kept hoping for the doors to the emergency room to open the next moment, and those doors opened under her anticipation at long last. Heather quickly made her way over and she grabbed the doctor's arm to ask, "Doctor, is the guy inside okay?" By then, Heather didn't know how to express herself through words. It was already hard enough for her to maintain enough coherency.

The doctor looked awful as he kept shaking his head, and Heather's heart sank all the way down. She hadn't expected the doctor to respond like that. Her grip tightened, and the doctor looked at her in pain. "Talk. What exactly is going on?" Heather already had no patience left. Her face was drained of color. The doctor looked at Heather, aggrieved. "The patient is fine. I, on the other hand, am not." The doctor patted his head. His chronic headache had flared up again. Why was this

patient's family so violent?

Heather let out a breath and she let go of the doctor. Her heart was finally at peace. She immediately left the doctor and made a beeline for Zayne, who was currently being wheeled out of the emergency room by the nurses as they transferred him to a VIP room. When she rushed over and saw Zayne's face, her lips curved up into a wide smile, feeling a lot better once she saw how he was.

Heather followed them closely, and she took in his face like that as though she had never seen him before in her life. Zayne in this state was absolutely foreign to her. She wondered whether she should be thankful, or if she should be feeling something else.

Meanwhile, Zayne's face gradually became blurry, so Heather reached up to wipe at her face. It turned out that she was crying. She had nearly forgotten what it was like to cry, and she shook her head hard—how embarrassing of her.

It turned out that Heather could not take it when facing the possible death of a loved one.

She felt that she had failed completely, for she was growing weaker and weaker. Right now, she was an utter mess from the various emotions crashing over her. When one experienced love and loss, they would become a complete person, and their hearts would become weary and worn-down.

Indeed, Heather shouldn't have allowed herself to become attached.

She was already heartless and unfeeling, but now, fate had shoved everything in her face. It seemed that attachment and love were torturous. Heather would rather return to the past when she used to see the world through a distant lens.

Heather hated this feeling, but she also couldn't turn it away. She couldn't sit by and ignore others' sacrifices. She felt like everyone was pressuring and guilt-tripping her by appealing to her emotions. Those awful feelings could not be shaken off. Once Zayne had been safely transferred to his new room, Heather intended to look for Jason. Right now, he was the only one who could ensure Zayne's safety. Heather knew her own capabilities, and she knew that she couldn't protect Zayne. She also firmly believed that his accident was definitely not pure coincidence. However, Heather couldn't find Jason at all since she didn't have his contact details. She took Zayne's phone, and all she saw was a single entry in his contacts. The entry 'Girlfriend' stared right up at her, for the number belonged to Heather. Although the tag was blinding enough, the name in brackets next to it, which was her own name, was an even bigger shock to her eyes. She never thought that this was the secret that Zayne had been hiding on his phone, and it was no wonder he refused to let her see his phone. However, now was not the time to worry about all this. Heather could not find a way to get in touch with Jason at all. She looked through Zayne's phone, and she still made no progress on that front. She was unable to imagine how the two brothers usually contacted each other. As she stared at the phone, Heather had the sudden urge to hurl it. Just then, the phone let out a few beeps. The look in Heather's eyes shifted, and she opened up the offending app which turned out to be a tracking platform. After checking it, she quickly realized that it was tracking Zayne's car. Since the car was currently in motion, Heather guessed that Jason was the one driving it. With no other options available, all

Heather could do was follow this lead to look for Jason. She quickly mapped out a route in her head, for she had to find him as soon as possible. Right now, Heather urgently needed a car. She needed to find Jason quickly, for she was uneasy about leaving Zayne alone in the hospital. She didn't have much time, and she had to spring into action at once.

### **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 737**

Heather walked toward the main road while pondering. Judging by the traffic of the cars that were passing by on the busy road, she had a feeling it would be very hard for her to get a cab at this moment. Hence, she was starting to get a headache just by staring at the noisy street.

She reckoned no drivers would be willing to accept a booking at times like these but she still decided to give it a try—only now did she suddenly realize the importance of owning a car.

But alas, the fastest way she could think of was to increase the offer price. She believed there would definitely be drivers who were willing to accept her booking as long as she offered a price that was high enough. However, she worried that the cabs were too far away.

True enough, when Heather opened the ride-hailing app, there were no drivers around the area. She wished she could get a driver by offering a huge stack of money, but sometimes, there were situations that even money couldn't solve.

When a driver finally accepted her booking, a smile instantly appeared on her face. However, the cab was 2 kilometers away, and Heather was worried that it would take a much longer

time to arrive due to the heavy traffic. In the meantime, she paid close attention to Zayne's phone, worrying that Jason might get too far away; given Jason's speed, Heather thought he might drive out of Bradford City at any moment. I have to intercept Jason as soon as possible. However, Heather couldn't think of better routes to get to the outskirts of the town from the city center. In these kinds of situations, Heather wished she could fly. Moreover, the traffic in the city center was hectic. As such, Heather prayed that Jason would make a turn and stop going further.

Just then, Heather's prayer was answered as the car finally stopped. She quickly looked at the GPS to find out the car's location. To her surprise, the car actually stopped at a gas station. Perplexed, Heather had no idea why Jason had to stop at the gas station to pump petrol. She was worried that he would continue the journey a few minutes later. The tracker on the phone wasn't too effective and she couldn't track the car remotely because the maximum range of the tracker's signal was 10 kilometers, which was very limited. Currently, it showed that they were 60 kilometers apart. Knowing how big Bradford City was, Heather wondered if she would ever be able to catch up to him. Thinking of Zayne's current situation, Heather wasn't sure if she had made the right choice to chase after him this time. Just as Heather was in a dilemma, a black Honda stopped in front of her. Heather opened the door and quickly got into the car. Immediately, she ordered the driver, "To Street 102." Since she had hailed a premier cab, the driver's service and attitude were top-notch. Obeying Heather's command, the driver sped toward the location.

Meanwhile, Heather stared at the GPS of the phone anxiously. The tracker on Jason's car had not moved since then. What is going on? At the moment, no one was able to predict Jason's actual thoughts, so Heather could only take one step at a time. Nevertheless, it was good news that Jason had stopped by the gas station. However, Heather worried that he would have left by the time she arrived, as she couldn't figure out why he would want to stop at the gas station. Nevertheless, these questions were out of Heather's control. There could be many other unpredictable things that might happen on the way, but it wouldn't help if she continued worrying so much. Heather said to the driver, "Get there in the shortest time possible. I'll pay you extra."

The driver answered in resignation, "I can only try my best at this point in time." He knew Heather was a customer who had offered a high price. However, as much as the driver was willing to accept her offer, the traffic was at a complete standstill. In fact, Heather wasn't annoyed at the driver because she understood his difficulties. She blamed Bradford City's terrible traffic as the cars were hardly moving. Fortunately, the driver was skillful and had somehow squeezed his way through the lanes. After traveling for 10 kilometers, the traffic got better. Heather heaved a sigh of relief as Jason's car had not moved at all. However, she was beginning to worry about the unmoved car as Jason could have abandoned it and run away anytime. Even so, Heather was still hopeful. Moreover, she had already informed Leon about this matter. For now, she could only wish that Leon got to the hospital as soon as possible. This was an emergency, so Heather was certain that Leon would understand. She had



completely entrusted Zayne's safety to Leon now, and she believed that Leon would not disappoint her.

Not only did the two brothers not unite at this crucial moment, but they even had a conflict with each other. Heather did not expect such a terrible situation to happen as soon as Jason left Zayne.

To be honest, Heather had not completely recovered from the shock yet, but she was still conscious enough to be worried about Zayne, who was lying in the ward. She worried he would be alone when he came around as she didn't know when exactly he would wake up.

The doctor had said that he could regain consciousness anytime, but when Heather recalled his pale face, she worried that he wouldn't come around today. She hated today—the 13th. She had not had some peace of mind since the morning, and yet such an incident occurred in the afternoon.

It was now evening and the sky was getting dark. Heather wished the day could be extended as she could sense danger coming, and she was afraid that something would happen to Zayne again.

What should I do? Heather had even thought of Matthias, but the latter was also having struggles of his own at the moment so she didn't want to add on to his trouble.

However, Heather was not aware of the deal between Matthias and Zayne. The incident happened right outside of Locke Group's building, so it was impossible for Matthias to not be aware of Zayne's condition.

Not long after Heather had left the hospital, Matthias arrived—even earlier than Leon did.

Looking down at Zayne who was lying on the bed, Matthias couldn't believe that in a blink of

an eye, the man who was full of vigor before this was lying in a ward. At this moment, Matthias had to take up the responsibility to protect Zayne because he still needed Zayne to come around to help him with some matters; they were both troubled in the same boat.

Matthias was dying for Zayne to regain consciousness as he worried that there would still be other people attempting to harm Zayne in the hospital. He observed the surroundings coldly and kept his guard on at all times as they could be in a perilous situation at this very moment.

The VIP ward was very quiet and the corridor outside was empty. After observing the entire place clearly, Matthias closed the ward door, sat beside the bed and stared at Zayne indifferently.

Just then, Matthias perceived a familiar scent in the ward. He took a whiff of the smell in the air and was certain that it belonged to Heather.

Since Heather was here earlier, she will definitely come again later. For some reason,

Matthias was filled with anticipation, but he was fearful at the same time because no one

would know what would happen next. Right now, he wished Heather wouldn't be involved in

this matter. However, he knew Heather would definitely not just sit and watch since such a

big incident had happened to Zayne—even Matthias had not figured out who ambushed Zayne.

Furthermore, this incident occurred at such bad timing, which had killed two birds with one

stone—Zayne was bedridden while Matthias' plan was completely disrupted. There must be

someone observing them in the dark. Matthias was terrified as he recalled Lara, who might

have been used. Until today, Matthias had not obtained any useful information from Lara, so he had no idea which organization was manipulating all these in the dark.

Just by thinking of such a mysterious yet ubiquitous organization existing gave Matthias the chills. If this carried on, things would get completely out of hand very quickly. Since they even targeted the people whom Matthias was closest to which caused him to be appalled at their ability, he was worried that they might be spying on Heather too. Nonetheless, Matthias soon gathered his thoughts as he knew he shouldn't be derailed by them—he needed a plan. Given how the organization came and went like a shadow, he couldn't help but worry that they might kill someone. It was difficult to guard against an ambush, so Matthias checked the entire ward to ensure that Zayne was in a safe environment. As soon as he finished doing so, the sound of knocks came forth from outside the door. Alarmed, Matthias fixated his stare at the door.

Just then, Leon's voice emerged. "Open the door, Heather." Without thinking much, Leon immediately thought Heather was the one in the ward. Feeling exhausted, he was about to reach his limit as he knocked on the door impatiently. Matthias walked over and opened the door. As their eyes met, Matthias stared at Leon in puzzlement.

"What brings you here?" Having his guard up, Matthias didn't intend to let Leon in.

Leon smiled at Matthias. "Oh, so Heather has summoned you too." He thought Matthias was here because Heather summoned him.

Only after hearing his words did Matthias step aside and abandon his hostility. "Did Heather ask you to come to ensure Zayne's safety?" he asked in a mild tone.

"I'm not capable enough to protect Zayne." Leon disagreed. "I just came a little earlier."

There'll be others coming later.”

Leon was indeed dedicated. This time around, he had even dispatched his old man's bodyguards in order to help Heather.

The moment Leon stepped into the ward, he looked for Heather, but to his surprise, she was nowhere to be found. All he could see was Zayne, lying weakly in the bed. He quickly walked over but still couldn't believe what was in front of him was true. To Leon, Zayne was as skillful as James Bond with a glowing magnificent aura. How could such an accident happen to him? For a while, Leon wasn't able to accept it. He gazed at Zayne and took a few steps back. Sitting where Matthias sat just now, he began to accept this cruel truth.

“I heard that Zayne's accident happened at Locke Group.” Leon was well-informed, and he couldn't help to join the dots—he was suspicious of Matthias. Matthias perceived the intention behind Leon's words, but he ignored him. He wouldn't trust anyone at this point in time, so of course, he wouldn't explain the situation to Leon.

“Why would Zayne go to Locke Group all of a sudden? Was he there to find you?” Leon confronted Matthias. He was determined to obtain an explanation from Matthias today, as he couldn't think of any other reason for Matthias to show up at the hospital.

“Does it matter where the accident happened?” Matthias asked disdainfully in reply. He didn't understand why Leon was being so hostile toward him this time. “It doesn't, but I'm confused as to why you came uninvited. I doubt Heather has asked you to look after Zayne.” Leon insisted for Matthias to give him an explanation.

Frowning, Matthias thought Leon was ridiculous because the latter was drawing a forced

analogy. He didn't know why Leon was dissatisfied with him at this point. It seemed like Leon's hostility toward him was not as simple as being merely suspicious of him.

### **Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 738**

The atmosphere surrounding the two men was extremely intense. Matthias didn't want to cause more trouble at this moment, so he took a few steps back and attempted to keep a distance away from Leon. Leon understood Matthias' intention. He smirked and said in a sarcastic manner, "President Locke, I heard you've been keeping a woman recently." Matthias freaked out upon hearing his words. So Leon's actually mad because of this. Matthias couldn't think of an appropriate explanation. Staring at Leon's eyes, he knew Leon might not buy his words even if he explained them to him. "You actually believed those rumors?" Matthias said justly. He didn't intend to explain the details to Leon, nor did he want to be maligned. "I've seen you and the woman together with my own eyes." If it wasn't that Leon had seen it himself, he wouldn't be this suspicious of Matthias. Matthias looked at Leon in resignation. It seems like he's really concerned about Heather's matters—he's still bothered about these things at this point in time. "She's an employee from my company. It's normal for us to have interactions occasionally." Matthias still remained calm although he felt a little unnatural. Recalling his encounter with Natalie, Matthias knew he was indefensible. Nevertheless, his conscience was clear as he did not cross the line and had improper thoughts toward Natalie. But even so, how was he supposed to explain all these? Would the others believe

him? Leon was staring furiously at Matthias as if the latter had done Heather wrong. At the same time, Matthias didn't know how to bring this about to Leon. "President Locke, your explanation is very unconvincing. Everyone would agree that a normal staff should not have such interactions with the big boss," Leon said in dissatisfaction. No matter what Matthias said, he regarded it with contempt. As such, the two of them were in a stalemate. Matthias did not want to continue explaining as it made him look like he did something wrong. However, Leon got more annoyed seeing Matthias' response as he had never expected Matthias to be someone like this. "Don't forget the purpose of you coming to the hospital." Matthias reminded Leon of the more serious issue. He did not wish to be questioned further and for Leon to neglect what he was supposed to do. On the other hand, Leon was extremely dissatisfied with Matthias to the point that he would never want to entrust Heather to Matthias' care as he'd rather take care of Heather by himself. "President Locke, you've got a bizarre taste," Leon said in disdain. He had seen the woman before, and Heather was in a completely different league. "That's enough." Matthias couldn't stand being provoked by Leon again and again. There was a slight change in his expression as he glared coldly at Leon and his tone turned hostile. None of them were willing to give in. It was only quite a while later did Matthias speak up pensively, "Things between Natalie and I are not like what you've imagined. I merely gave her a hand, that's all."

Matthias deemed he had done nothing wrong and had no inordinate feelings toward Natalie.

Although he had perceived signs of Natalie being interested in him, this wasn't something within his control.

"Of course you can be upright. After all, you're now an eligible bachelor, so women will

naturally be attracted to you." Leon continued taunting Matthias and refused to listen to his explanation at all.

In fact, Matthias had expected such an outcome, so he knew his explanation would be in

vain and would only make Leon despise him even more. Nonetheless, Matthias understood

Leon because if he was in Leon's shoes, he would be angry too.

After all that had happened, Leon was willing to entrust Heather to Matthias, which showed

how much he trusted him. At this moment, Leon probably felt that Matthias had failed to live

up to his trust.

Just as the two of them were still arguing, Zayne gradually came around and mumbled in

dissatisfaction, "No way you're bringing me to hell!" It was as if he had just woken up from a nightmare.

Instantly, Matthias and Leon stopped arguing and looked toward Zayne at the same time. It

seemed like Zayne's condition wasn't critical anymore.

After getting out of the coma, Zayne lifted his head to look at the two men and pondered

who they were.

It was only a moment later did Zayne come to a sudden realization.

"Why are you guys

here?" He had not realized he was in the hospital yet. Staring at the white walls, he took a

while to regain his senses and finally realized that he had nearly lost his life.

“Can you still remember what happened?” Matthias quickly walked up to him and asked worriedly.

“I was hit by a car.” The last piece of memory Zayne had was that a car recklessly ran into him. Of course, his body wouldn’t be able to resist the collision with a car.

“Did you see who the driver was?” Matthias interrogated like how an inspector would.

“I can’t remember.” Zayne shook his head. Everything happened within a split second, so he wasn’t able to remember the details clearly. In fact, he had been knocked down even before he could see the driver.

“Seems like we don’t have any clues,” Matthias said in disappointment. Standing aside quietly, Leon smirked when he saw Matthias’ dejected look.

“Please stop acting like a professional, Detective Locke.” It was obvious that Leon’s words were filled with scorn. He would not let go of any chance to sneer at Matthias.

Zayne looked at Leon in puzzlement as he didn’t understand what Matthias had done to provoke him to the extent that he had to be so mean toward the guy. The atmosphere between the two was extremely intense. What exactly happened between them?

Matthias allowed Leon to continue speaking as he pleased since he did not want to argue.

He wasn’t bothered by it, nor did he see the point of doing so.

Meanwhile, Zayne glanced around his surroundings with a blank look. Right now, he couldn’t get up from the bed and could only observe the surroundings with his eyes while lying down.

“I’m a little thirsty. Can you guys get me a cup of hot water please?”

Zayne broke the awkward atmosphere.



Hearing that, Matthias immediately took a paper cup from the table beside the bed as he knew there was a water dispenser outside. This VIP ward was empty and patients were not given special care. As such, Matthias thought he should buy some necessities for Zayne.

After Matthias had left, Leon and Zayne were left in the ward alone. The two of them exchanged glances and understood each other immediately. There was a secret between the both of them.

“Leon, did Heather ask you to come take care of me?” Zayne realized his mind was still functioning properly and his thinking capability was still rather good.

“Yeah. Heather was weeping sorrowfully—I’ve not seen her like this before.” Leon recalled the time when Heather called him, he was heartbroken to hear her sob. “She wept sorrowfully?” Zayne repeated after Leon in disbelief as the description was totally different from the Heather in his memory, and he found it unbelievable. Heather actually wept! Zayne ate his heart out because he was the one lying in the hospital right now.

Otherwise, he could have witnessed the rare sight of Heather crying.

“Yeah. I was totally shocked. You know Heather doesn’t cry easily, and I’ve never seen her like this before,” Leon said as he still felt sorry for Heather.

“It seems like me getting injured this time is worthwhile.” Zayne giggled. Not only did he escape from death, Heather was worried about him too, so he thought things were not as bad as it seemed.

“Oh, please.” Leon looked at Zayne in resignation. He couldn’t understand what on earth was in his mind.

Zayne laughed. “I’m just seeking joy in the midst of hardship. It’s rare to have Heather weep for me, so of course, it’s something worth celebrating.”

Leon lifted a brow and didn't intend to nag Zayne anymore. Since Zayne had said so, he'd rather let him think whatever he pleased. It was unnecessary to be so serious with a patient.

"Enjoy your celebration then," Leon said nonchalantly and was glad that Zayne was cool about the whole incident.

Zayne chuckled. "Come on, dude, can't you lose the sarcasm?" He knew Leon was merely

giving mean remarks and that deep down, he still cared about him.

Just then, Matthias came in with a cup of hot water and walked up to Zayne. Gazing at

Zayne, Matthias thought he should feed him the water.

"Don't get up." Matthias saw Zayne attempting to get up arduously.

Zayne stopped his movement as he couldn't get up no matter how hard he struggled.

Resigned, he stared at Matthias like an injured cub.

"I'll feed you. Take it slow—it's hot," Matthias said to Zayne because he couldn't think of a better way right now.

Zayne blinked and had no choice but to agree to Matthias' proposal.

Matthias wanted to

look for a spoon so he could feed Zayne directly from the cup, but he was worried that he

would wet the bed sheet. He looked at Leon and wished to command him to run the errand,

but he felt like it was just better to stay silent.

Perceiving Matthias' stare at himself, Leon asked in disdain, "Why are you staring at me? Is

there something you need me to do?"

With that, Matthias gave up on the thought of asking Leon for help as he'd rather do it

himself. He placed the cup which was filled with hot water on the bedside table and said to

Zayne softly, "I'm going to borrow a spoon. Give me a minute." Matthias was actually very

gentle when dealing with a patient.

Of course, Zayne wouldn't stop him. At least Matthias was taking care of him dedicatedly and it was rare for him to do so. A moment later, Mathias walked out again. Then, Leon walked over to Zayne and stared down at him from the top. "I didn't expect Matthias to be so dedicated when taking care of someone." Leon was even more certain of his suspicion that there were some private trades between Matthias and Zayne. Otherwise, why would Matthias treat Zayne with such great care? "Just shoot what you would like to ask. You don't have to beat around the bush." Zayne recognized Leon's true thoughts with merely a glance. Narrowing his eyes, Leon had no idea how to bring this about to Zayne in such a short time. Nevertheless, he knew Zayne was an experienced and schemeful man, so it was impossible to get any insider information from him.

"Forget about it. There's nothing that I'd like to know," Leon said sulkily while thinking of the probability of both Matthias and Zayne being accomplices. "I'm surprised that you actually suppressed your curiosity." Zayne was still smiling, but his smile wasn't one that would infect others. After all, Zayne was a patient now and he should be given the most respect. As such, it would be inappropriate for Leon to probe a patient. "Since there's nothing you'd like to ask me, please help me get some oranges." Zayne could taste a stench of blood in his throat and wished to alleviate the smell by having some fruits. Looking at Zayne in resignation, Leon was startled that Zayne was actually craving for some oranges at this moment. However, since the patient had raised the request, how could he turn him down?

“Sure. I’ll buy you whatever you want to eat, but I have to wait for Matthias to be back first because I’m worried about leaving you alone in the ward,” Leon said patiently. This was also an exhortation from Heather.