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# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 720

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.

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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.

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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

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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

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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.

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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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