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Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 669

The encounter did not transpire as per Leon's expectations and he was quite disappointed as a result. Nonetheless, he realized that disappointment was a common thing one encountered in life, so he didn't remain dejected for long.

Zayne had noticed everything and stared at Leon for some time before he spoke, "Perhaps it's because I haven't had to personally deal with many cases over the years."

Leon couldn't help but curve his lips into a smile as soon as he heard Zayne's reply. After all, he had grasped Zayne's dark sense of humor.

"I think so too." The topic had ended with Zayne's answer. Leon didn't continue to pursue the matter as he felt that he should respect Zayne's privacy. Zayne's private life had nothing to do with him anyway.

Both of them busied themselves with their own tasks tacitly while Heather remained outside the room. She stared at the tightly shut door with a look of realization, Looks like it was a good idea to bring Leon with me. I should have known that it would be perfect to get them to work together!

Leon's outstanding computing skills are exactly what Zayne needs! She smiled self-mockingly. How could I have overlooked something so simple?! I don't even know what's going on with me lately! Most people reckoned that someone in love would usually end up behaving in a foolish manner. With that in mind, she asked herself, Is it actually because of my relationship?!

Heather's attention was suddenly disrupted by the soft sound of her cell phone ringing. The sound was an indication that she had received a notification on Messenger and it was only yesterday that she'd intentionally chosen this ringtone.

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She thought that it would be Matthias on the other end, but as soon as she clicked into Messenger, surprisingly, it was the strange old man who had contacted her before.

'Miss, have you resolved that frustrating incident you had?' For some reason, she was slightly annoyed by that man's blunt question.

She didn't like someone taking such a close interest in her personal life and even felt that there was something odd with him. However, she couldn't quite decipher his true identity at the moment.

'Why are you so concerned about my personal matters?' Heather replied in a rude manner. He was the one who spoke bluntly first!

Meanwhile, he wrote almost instantaneously, 'It's because you're the new owner of the wooden sword that I treasure the most. That's why I feel like I'm obliged to help you endure your difficult moments.'

Heather could catch a hint of pity from his voice, which triggered her even further. I don't need pity or compassion! No one has the right to treat me like that!

'Difficult moments?! Perhaps I have a different comprehension of the situation then. I don't think that I'm going through a difficult life at the moment!' She couldn't control her annoyance toward this con artist whom she reckoned was just trying hard to gain recognition.

She was prepared to delete his contact right there and her tone of voice turned quite cold with a hint of anger when the other party replied calmly, 'Do you believe in fate?'

While staring at the old man's message, Heather couldn't help but think, This is dumb! It's as if he's asking whether I know the company Amway?! Obviously, yes!

She vehemently refused to answer such a pointless question and reckoned that it made more sense to block this person's contact. Somehow, she didn't even know why but she'd approved this stranger's contact because of the wooden sword.

However, Heather now reckoned that she should delete him from her contact list. As she was careful with maintaining her privacy, she disliked having strangers on her Messenger.

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Before she could even do so, he quickly sent another message. 'Your best friend is currently experiencing an ordeal, but you can only watch as she suffers. This feeling of yours has completely destroyed all the self-confidence you once had.' He mentioned this sagely, which stopped her in her action of blocking him.

'Best friend'. Heather stared at those two words and she suddenly felt an unexplainable sense of fear. He must be quite a character!

She was about to inform Zayne about this, but before she did so, she quickly replied, 'Why are you saying this to me?' She had tried writing inconspicuously to prevent the recipient from realizing the issue with her words. Now, she was full of curiosity as she realized that it was something that could no longer be justified as sixth sense.

After Heather had knocked on the door, Zayne opened the door from the inside within seconds. In the room, Leon's eyes were fixated on the computer screen as his fingers whizzed deftly on the keyboard.

She was about to say something when Zayne placed a finger on his lips to signal for her to remain silent as he shook his head at her. He indicated for her to talk outside the room.

Both of them walked out of the room one after the other and left Leon, who was currently focused on his work, in peace. Meanwhile, Zayne crossed his arms in front of him and stared at Heather; he was quite confused at her sudden disruption of his work.

"Heather, do you have a question you want to ask?" He noticed that she seemed to be lost and he was quite keen to know what was troubling her.

In response, she gave him a rather forced smile. "Do you believe in Metaphysics?" She used to scoff at Metaphysics and he was clearly aware of that, which was why he found it strange for her to suddenly ask about this.

"Metaphysics? I'm half-convinced." Zayne generally maintained an idle observing attitude toward Metaphysics; he had never personally experienced it, so he couldn't confidently state its non-existence.

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“Let me show you this conversation.” Heather took out her phone and placed it in front of him as she said those words. She clicked on the conversation she had with that man to show him with the hopes that he would be able to analyze the situation for her.

Zayne immediately took her phone in his hands and quickly scanned through their conversation. After that, he stared at her with a confused expression. “What does this have to do with Metaphysics?” He could not find any link to Metaphysics at all from their entire conversation.

“Not long ago, I was browsing at the flea market and he gifted me with a wooden sword. Since I don’t like to receive gifts, I insisted on paying the market price for it,” she briefly explained to him.

Meanwhile, he rubbed his chin and asked, “So, this is the guy who gave you the wooden sword? Do you mean to say that there is a link to Metaphysics because of the wooden sword?” He revealed a smile, but it was quite obvious that he was dumbfounded. “My darling Heather, you must be extremely tense lately. There’s nothing wrong with your conversation, so please don’t overthink everything,” he comforted since he knew what was on her mind and he immediately dismissed it.

“Then, what is his motive?” Heather calmly rebuked. Although she remained quite wary about the situation, once her suggestion was dismissed by someone, she would contrarily turn to the other side and insist on her thoughts.

Zayne returned her cell phone back to her. “Your best friend is currently going through multiple ordeals. This sentence itself could refer to anything at all or it could be just a gimmick to lure you in. It’s quite common for con artists to say that. As for the next sentence, you can only watch on as she suffers—I mean seriously?! Then, tell me, what’s all this right now?! You’re frantically rushing here and there to resolve the problem. As far as I can see, you’re not standing idly and watching her suffer! Well, as for the last sentence that he mentioned about your self-confidence being affected, this is all just a psychological deduction on his part, so there’s no need for you to take all this to heart.”

He patiently explained everything to Heather as he felt that those words from the old man had meant nothing. Besides, she was a whiz at psychology studies, which made Zayne believe that she wouldn’t be shaken by a few ambiguous sentences.

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"I get your point. I understand that scientifically speaking, all of his words are a strong indication that he is playing a psychological game. I suspect that he might even be fully aware of my identity, which is why he intentionally prepared all these words to get closer to me after the previous encounter in order to trick me." Heather analyzed the situation based on her knowledge of psychology. She was able to figure things out herself; however, she needed a detective's hunch rather than a psychological point of view now.

Zayne had immediately caught the gist of things. In response, he revealed an awkward smile. "Heather, I hardly depend on my hunch even when solving mysteries." Meanwhile, he wasn't sure why she was so mindful of a con artist. Don't tell me she's so easily swayed nowadays?!

"Look at the last message." She handed over her phone to him once again. It was moments earlier that the other party had sent a long text in reply to her previous question.

He focused his attention on the phone; there were a bunch of words packed closely together and it looked slightly blurred.

'I told you that our encounter was part of fate. I experienced countless ordeals when I was young and I was also once tormented by the fact that I couldn't help my best friend. At that time, the guilt overwhelmed me and shattered my self-confidence. Back then, I didn't manage to save my friend, so I really wish that you'll succeed in helping your friend. Otherwise, you'll surely regret this for the rest of your life." That person had tried to cajole Heather by returning to the topic of 'best friend' and continued to convince her from there.

Upon reading that message, Zayne frowned and was quite disdainful. "This person's out of his mind!" That guy's spouting all sorts of nonsense! What the heck!

Meanwhile, she stared at him. Her sixth sense told her that things were clearly not what they seemed to be, but she was struggling with her logical thoughts. Evidently, her logic indicated that the sender of the messages was clearly insane!

"Forget about it. I believe he must have some ulterior motive, but let's just wait and see since I can't seem to figure out what's behind his back right now." She decided against deleting the person's contact.

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He suddenly jeered, "Are you sure you're not going to delete this person's contact?" He was keen to do it on her behalf and remove this person who spouted endless nonsense.

"No, it's actually quite interesting." She revealed a relaxed smile as she pretended that nothing had happened since she didn't want to disrupt the initially comfortable atmosphere.

Heather then took her phone from Zayne and deleted the entire conversation she had with that man. Out of sight, out of mind! She didn't want to continue the topic with that person because she was quite sure that she wouldn't be able to stop herself from deleting him or blocking him otherwise.

Meanwhile, Zayne had no idea what was on her mind. Actually, he realized that she was no longer the same Heather he remembered from their reencounter.

Not only did Leon feel that her emotional intelligence had significantly decreased, even Zayne reckoned that she'd flushed her brains down the drain. Overall, she seemed to behave in a stranger manner; she was no longer a force to reckon with in the corporate world.

"You should continue with your work. I want to know the person's identity by tonight!" It was something that she insisted since it sounded like she would not head to sleep until he deciphered that person's identity.

"Hey, I could also find out the identity of that old man while I'm doing this!" Zayne willingly volunteered for the job.

"That would be great!" A pleased Heather smiled at him. In fact, she had the exact same notion in her mind, so it was just perfect that he'd volunteered for it.

"Hand me your phone. I need to take a look at his details." He turned to her.

"Sure." She handed over her phone and noticed that he suddenly smiled at such an odd interval.

At that moment, Zayne had her phone in his hands and it wasn't long before he walked off into the room with the item. Then, the door slammed shut.

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Suddenly, Heather slightly regretted her decision. I can't believe I handed Zayne my phone?! Why does everything seem so surreal?!

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After taking Heather's phone with him, Zayne's facial expression slightly changed. Leon, who was busy, raised his head to look at Zayne and saw her phone in his hands.

She had never allowed people to touch a personal belonging such as her phone, so he was curious as to how Zayne managed to have her phone.

When Zayne had noticed Leon's gaze, he gave an honest smile, which made Leon confused. However, this was not Leon's main concern. As the search was about to come to an end, he quickly returned his focus to the laptop again.

Zayne walked to his working desk and placed the phone on the table. He looked at the profile picture of the person on Messenger, which was a picture of a wooden sword. The person seemed to love wooden swords.

He quickly clicked into the man's Facebook profile and immediately saw a link that would bring the viewer to motivational pages. Zayne's expression slightly changed because after perusing the entire profile, he could not locate any pictures whatsoever.

His face darkened. If there were photos, it would be easier for him to track. However, since there were no photos at all, it would be more troublesome with just a Messenger account.

When he shot a glance at Leon, he noticed that Leon was close to tracking their target. Not wanting to be too slow, Zayne quickly started on his work as well.

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Both of them were like opponents in an online game with their tapping keyboards being the only sounds in the room. Even though he was not excellent at tracking people down, he was not someone who would easily admit defeat either.

As long as he could track this person on Messenger, he would not lose the game. He thought about the various different techniques that his assistant had used to track people down.

When he first talked to Leon, Zayne had his reservations. He would show his capabilities this time around and learn more about the true identity of that old man.

Soon enough, Zayne used a trick to obtain the pictures of the person on Facebook. Even though it was only a few pictures, it was enough for him.

He looked at the old man who was stroking his beard in the picture. It was a decent-looking man, but even up until now, Zayne was confident that he was a scammer.

How do I prove that I'm moving forward with the investigation? Through the pictures, he quickly discovered the old man's identity. It was not the complete information about his background as the one listed in the profile section was limited.

Upon seeing the limited information, Zayne felt troubled. because it was not an easy task for him to unearth more information that lay underneath. It was only now that the real task had started as he copied the information that he discovered.

On the surface, the man's identity seemed to match with Heather's description. It was just that Zayne was unclear whether the man had secretly done some illegal activities or not.

He believed that many ordinary people were hiding under the hood of the peaceful society. Since many of their crimes were not even recorded, he could only make some deductions based on the clues that he found.

The old man looked like he was a law-abiding citizen, but in reality, Zayne did not believe that he was merely an ordinary citizen. That old man must have done something that no one else knew about.

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Call it a detective's instinct or whatnot, but the old man's picture and behavior had made Zayne suspicious. In reality, he had studied a bit of physiognomy that often brought upon some unexpected effects when he was trying to find the root of a case.

The old man's face made him quite uncomfortable. With a face like his, it was impossible that he was just an ordinary citizen, which created more suspicion about his identity. Of course, Zayne cared more about the evidence. He would not simply give any conclusions based on the old man's looks without further evidence.

While he was still troubled about the old man's life, Leon had already tracked the person who proclaimed himself as a reporter, based on the methods that Zayne told him. Leon stared at the picture fixedly—the man looked exactly like how Leon had remembered him..

In the picture, the man had a pair of morose eyes that looked exactly the same as he was in real life. Leon had already noticed that the man's eyes had a different expression from an ordinary person back then.

Then, he stood up from his chair. After spending such a long time tracking the person in complete focus, his entire body became sore. It was better for him to walk around every hour when he was working at the computer for that period of time.

Hence, Leon was quite impressed by programmers who had to face the computer for such a long time, but there were also many cases of them suddenly dropping dead.

"I'm done," he spoke as he stretched his body while walking over to Zayne.

Once again, his gaze fell on Heather's phone again. Up until now, she had never entered the room to take her phone back and it seemed that she trusted Zayne a lot.

After all, a phone would contain a lot of private information. On top of that, Zayne was a detective. It was reasonable that one would feel anxious if he had obtained their phones. Upon seeing that Zayne was still busy, Leon did not utter another word and instead sat next to him and quietly watched him.

Leon liked the pair of eyes that Zayne had. Like his compatriots, he also had dark black irises. While Leon had met many people with black irises, it was rare to come across someone with completely black irises like Zayne's.

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Zayne's irises were as dark as night and it was a color that Leon loved the most. Even Heather did not have such eyes.

Leon had once observed her eyes, which were slightly brown. Of course, her eyes could not be compared to anyone else and he had also loved it. However, in comparison, he would have much preferred Zayne's eyes.

By the time Zayne had noticed Leon, Leon was already looking at his eyes for a long time. After noticing the curious look in Leon's eyes, Zayne squinted. "What's wrong?"

Unable to help himself, Leon blurted out his thoughts. "Why do you have such dark black eyes?"

Upon hearing that, Zayne smiled, not expecting him to ask such a question. After rubbing his nose, he replied, "My eyes are different from the average adult. I have a pair of black eyes that makes me look like a child and it's probably the facial feature I'm most proud of."

Leon firmly nodded in agreement to Zayne's words. "Yes, they are as dark as night. I love them."

When Zayne heard Leon's compliments, he was over the moon. With a nod of his head, he added, "Actually, many kids have such eyes. So, people would feel more simple and pure when they look at eyes like mine." The topic had aroused his interest, so he explained more to Leon.

This scene made Zayne recall the first time he met Heather and she had also mentioned his eyes back then. It was the same type of observations that both she and Leon had shared.

"Yes, they are gorgeous, so much so that I can't even describe what I feel." Leon could not find any adjectives to describe Zayne's eyes as words failed him.

"Actually there are many people who have similar eyes like mine." Zayne, however, did not feel that it was a special thing because in fact, he preferred blue eyes.

Leon shook his head. "I don't think so. The black in your eyes is not something an ordinary person could compare with." He thought that it was the greatest part about seeing Zayne in real life.

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Zayne merely smiled without saying anything else. Since he had not finished his task, he threw himself back into the investigation. He was quite stubborn most of the time and his nature was both an advantage and a disadvantage to his job. It made him persevere to find out the truth, but it also led him to dead ends.

While looking at the old man's photograph, Leon assumed that Zayne was investigating this person. Even though Zayne did not know who this man was, he seemed to treat him with importance.

"I'm heading outside first. I'm worried that Heather might become bored from waiting outside." As he sensed the slight awkwardness in the room, Leon felt that it was better to accompany Heather outside.

When he walked out of the room, he saw Heather asleep on the couch and removed his sweater. As he gently walked toward her, he covered her body with his sweater..

Even though he was being gentle and light, she still woke up as a result of his actions. With a pair of dazed eyes, she greeted, "Leon." Her voice was quite thick as she had just woken up.

"Heather, are you tired?" Leon could understand the fatigue she had been feeling for the past few days.

"No." She immediately rose from the couch and the sweater slid from her body.

He reacted quickly and caught it, but he did not know why she was being stubborn. Nevertheless, this was her character—she was a stubborn person who would never admit defeat.

"Heather, I already discovered the person." Leon told her this piece of good news.

"You're pretty quick," she commented as she looked at her watch. If I knew that Leon could reach this stage after being instructed by Zayne, I should have brought him over sooner.

"I bet you can't guess his true identity." Leon was trying to make her curious about it. His tone seemed slightly prideful amidst his childishness, as if he was still a child, but he had always been like this.

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“Of course I can’t.” Heather was in no mood to play games with him and she only wanted him to quickly reveal the truth.

“He’s an American and he always accepts jobs that are associated with photography abroad. Logically speaking, he should be in the United States right now. I think the reason for him being here is because a local had hired him..” Leon deduced that the man was hired by someone to Bradford City to follow her and take pictures of her.

“Your deduction seems reasonable, but why did he show you that picture?” Heather thought that it was extremely weird. It was as if the enemy had deliberately tried to reveal himself.

“I have no idea either. Perhaps Zayne can uncover the reason.” It was better for Zayne to continue the work from where Leon had left off since he was only responsible for tracking that person down.

“In that case, we might need to wait. He is probably still investigating another person for me.” With that, Heather looked at the tightly shut door. There was no movement in the room—it seemed like Zayne had encountered some difficulties.

“You asked him to investigate an old man?” Leon asked with curiosity. He could not imagine why a person like an old man would have a connection with Heather.

“Yeah, he’s a weird old man.” She stopped after the brief explanation. She did not want to divulge too much information to Leon and she would not tell anyone the full picture either.

Leon was intelligent enough to know about this. Upon seeing that she refused to explain further, he changed the subject. “Heather, it seems like you encountered many things over the past few days.”

Heather raised her head to look into his eyes as the invisible barrier still stood between them. Many things simply could not return to the past and she could only swallow what she wanted to say.

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