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Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 708

The scenery outside was indeed quite beautiful, and Leon's attention was shifted toward the view in an instant. Nonetheless, it wasn't a good idea for him to admire the view whilst driving.

Just then, the car plunged straight into a pothole. It wasn't unusual for a narrow and muddy road on the hills to be filled with unmended pits and holes, though. Heather and Leon got down from the car, and it seemed like a jeep would've definitely been more suitable for this trip.

"Thank you so much for your suggestion, Heather." Leon made sarcastic remarks while the former stood by his side.

Heather didn't feel like responding at all. Without taking a look at Leon, she made a call on her phone immediately. Leon could only sulk in his own words when he realized that he was being completely ignored.

After Heather put down her phone, he came up to her again. She glanced at him and said, "Someone will take care of this later."

Leon turned to Heather in confusion, for he wasn't quite sure what she meant by that. In fact, it didn't seem like she had told him all there was.

"What do we do now, though?" Leon asked hesitantly. Were they really going to wait for help in this desolate wasteland?

"We'll carry on by foot," Heather responded calmly in an emotionless manner.

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Leon's eyes were instantly filled with disbelief as he stared at the woman. "By foot? Are you serious, Heather?" He felt that she must've gone crazy—no ordinary person would ever want to do that.

"We'll reach our destination after hiking this hill. It won't take long on foot, but we'll have to take a detour if we drive." Heather had thoroughly studied the map, and she knew that the steep mountain path was a short-cut.

"Are we really going to leave the car behind, Heather?" Leon tried to snap her out of her impracticality by mentioning the car. At any rate, he wasn't ready to scale an entire mountain today.

"I told you—someone will take care of it. Besides, the car's already locked, so nothing will go wrong," Heather said nonchalantly. Sure enough, a car meant nothing to her.

"Since someone will be here to take care of it soon, it wouldn't take long to wait for them, Heather. Walking isn't as easy as driving." Leon would rather wait for help to arrive and resume their trip after.

"Trust me on this—walking will take as much time as driving right now." Heather didn't want to waste any more time; she was unsure how long it'd take for the repairmen to arrive, so she'd rather make haste and start walking instead.

"Let's not worry about it for a few minutes, Heather. Why don't we wait a little?" Leon didn't feel the need to rush. After all, the old physician would always be in the village in the mountains; he wouldn't run away any time soon, so he couldn't understand why Heather was in such a hurry.

"It'll make us seem more sincere if we go on foot." In fact, Heather had other ideas.

She had found out much about the doctor before she came. The famed physician was an eccentric old man with a strange personality; Heather had a feeling that money alone wouldn't be an attractive currency for him, so she naturally wanted to make a good impression through other means.

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“It’s not our choice whether we go by foot or by car, Heather. No one would look that deep into it.” Since when was Heather so stubborn and inflexible? Businessmen weren’t supposed to be sincere and truthful to begin with.

“It’s been a long time since I last had a breath of fresh air outdoors. Can’t you just let me have a walk?” Since Leon was so determined to change her mind, Heather had no choice but convince him with personal reasons.

“I didn’t know you’d be so eager to calm your mind in nature, Heather.” Leon couldn’t argue any longer. His persistence would only lead to worse outcomes since the woman was adamant.

As a result, Leon reluctantly followed behind her. One reason he wasn’t willing to carry on by foot was because of Heather—she had just been discharged from the hospital, so she needed to take extra care of her body.

“Come on, keep up. Why are you dilly dallying? You’re a man,” Heather urged Leon as she walked in front. She was quick with her steps, and she didn’t look like someone who had just gotten out of the hospital at all.

Meanwhile, Leon quickly picked up his pace. He understood Heather’s temper, so he obviously didn’t want to upset her. Soon, the man caught up to her from initially being far behind. Since he was fit and healthy, he had no problems keeping up with Heather if he was being serious about it.

As it turned out, hiking wasn’t a leisure activity at all—Heather’s forehead was beaded with sweat, but they still had a long way to go. The map clearly stated that they only had a few miles on their route, but it was awfully time-consuming to actually hike up the path.

Just then, Leon turned to Heather who was strenuously biting down on her lip. He knew that she was pushing herself, for her body hadn’t fully recovered yet. In other words, Heather was obviously torturing herself by doing this. Meanwhile, Leon couldn’t help but be reminded of Matthias. He thought to himself if Heather was still feeling remorseful about what happened between them.

From his understanding of Heather, Leon knew that she couldn’t let go of Matthias at all. She had simply forced herself to say those hurtful and heartless words to him back in the

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hospital. Unfortunately, Matthias' response to that was less than mediocre. He was quite a proud and egoistic man, so it was natural that he'd be severely angered from Heather's provocation.

At times, Leon pondered why it was so difficult for Heather to find a suitable man. Perhaps she was looking for a saint to be her partner—after all, how many people out there could endure her sharp tongue? The man would even have to learn to observe her ever-changing mood, and only then could he penetrate the layers of her cold facade to understand her soft and fragile heart.

Even Leon himself couldn't do it, let alone Matthias. He could only watch her suffer while being unable to help. Sometimes, he'd even question himself—why did he decide to help his romantic rival? There was always a voice deep inside of him, constantly telling him to keep Heather to himself.

"How much longer to go, Heather?" Leon looked at her worriedly. He wanted to find an excuse to stop so that she could take a rest.

"We'll be there in about half an hour; we'll be going downhill in a bit," Heather replied excitedly. Her energy seemed to be fully replenished at this moment.

It was as though they would see the renowned doctor in person if they kept pushing on for just a while longer. As a result, Leon felt a lot more motivated as well. However, from the looks of it, Heather's body was already at its limit. As such, Leon reached out a hand and firmly steadied her by her arm.

"I can't go on anymore. Let me take a rest," Leon begged cheekily. He knew Heather very well, for this was the only way to make her stop for a break.

She turned around and stared at Leon; she knew that he was sympathizing with her, but she didn't feel like taking a break at this time. Leon gripped her arm harder in response to her blatant display of perseverance, but it seemed like Heather was eager to continue forward.

"We'll take a rest after we reach the peak of the hill." This was also considered a mini goal that Heather had set for herself.

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Finally, Leon let go of her in resignation. Since she had put it that way, it wasn't right for him to keep on insisting. Heather wasn't just any normal person; she had extraordinary willpower, so he believed that she would have no problem carrying on.

It was wintertime, and tiny colorful flowers sprouted from the grass on either side of their path. The flowers were scattered all around, and one wouldn't even have noticed them if they didn't pay attention.

Heather gazed at the tenacious lifeforms in the harsh winter, and her mouth curved into a slight smile. Indeed, life was more dynamic in the wild compared to the city. Winter in Bradford City didn't look any different compared to other seasons—one wouldn't be able to tell the four seasons apart in a city. As such, she almost forgot that fall was the season of harvest.

"You look like you're in a much better mood after sweating, Heather." Leon came up to her again; he could always find ways to make small talk.

He had an ethereal appearance comparable to a god's, but his chatterbox personality greatly reduced the attractiveness brought by his outlook. In Heather's eyes, he'd always be a boy that would never grow up.

"Leon, do you know that your entire face is covered in sweat?" she said to him as a mocking smile tugged on her lips.

Leon wiped his face with the back of his hand and said, "What about now?" He couldn't imagine himself being covered in sweat, but it would definitely destroy the perfect representation of his image. He couldn't allow that to happen.

Just then, Heather laughed at Leon's embarrassed reaction. Is he really unaware that I'm just bluffing?

Leon realized that Heather had tricked him the moment he started wiping his face, but since his behavior was able to win her smile, he thought that it was worth it. Leon retrieved a piece of wet tissue paper from his pocket before he wiped his face with it. Then, he started wiping his hands over and over again.

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With that, he felt a lot more refreshed on his hands and face; he was also grateful that he'd brought along a packet of wet tissues just then. Meanwhile, Heather watched Leon before her gaze shifted to the sun above.

The weather was exceptionally great today, and Heather could finally experience the warmth of the sun in the wintertime. At that moment, she wanted to undo some of the buttons on her shirt. However, she gave up on that thought in the end as she was worried about catching a cold. In actual fact, Heather knew that she hadn't fully recovered and that she had to take extra care of her health.

After crossing the mountain, Heather and Leon began to see several houses down the road; Leon's mood instantly lightened at the sight of that. There were quite a few of them by the hillside, and the cluster of houses formed a small and simple village by the hills.

However, Heather didn't know the specific residence of the doctor. As she peered down from the hilltop and noticed the village, she wanted to head there to find out more about the mysterious doctor.

Leon and Heather exchanged a knowing look—it seemed like they were on the same page. Heather hadn't had any breaks throughout their journey, and now that they had arrived at a bustling neighborhood, Leon had to drag her there to take a good rest.

Not too long after, the two arrived at the village. The villagers were quite visibly shocked by their sudden visit. Sure enough, there was a huge difference in the way Heather and Leon dressed compared to the villagers; they could tell immediately that these two were from the big city.

Moreover, Leon's appearance had piqued the children's interest; a group of kids even came up to him eagerly, speaking aloud in a dialect unknown even to Heather. She looked around and tried to find someone that she could converse with, but after a glance, she noticed that there weren't any youngsters in the village.

The entire village consisted of only the elderly and the young, and it seemed like the strong and able-bodied people were all out for work. Heather didn't understand their local dialect, so she was thinking of finding someone who could speak standard English to ask them for more information.

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Meanwhile, there was an elderly woman who was especially irked by Heather and Leon's arrival. She came up to them and continuously snapped at them in a local dialect. The both of them shared awkward glances, not knowing that this old woman was being unkind to them as they stared at her with indifferent looks on their faces.

"May I know what you're saying? I can't hear you clearly." Heather could only vaguely make out a few words from the old woman's speech; perhaps she could understand her if she repeated her words.

However, the old woman simply glared at Heather with obvious hostility in her eyes. Upon seeing that, Leon hastily took a step closer and shielded her protectively. He didn't know what on earth this old lady was saying, but he wouldn't let Heather get hurt even a little.

The old woman jutted a finger at Heather and Leon. In fact, she seemed even more displeased with him; it was probably his foreigner appearance that made the old woman awfully unhappy. After all, this area was still a closed community unexposed to civilization.

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