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Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 711

When Heather saw how indifferent Dr. Turner's attitude was, she became even more worried. It seemed like he didn't care about such things at all, and Heather didn't know what to use to move him if he didn't care about anything material and external. Furthermore, he looked indifferent to fame and profit, making her even more uncertain where to start. What should I do now? Heather thought to herself as she looked at Dr. Turner in distress. She was even more bothered by the fact that he hadn't even responded once so far.

With that, Heather believed she had to take the initiative instead of continuing to be so passive. After all, her grandfather's life was concerned. She walked directly up to Dr. Turner and stared at him, making him totally unable to ignore her. She was very confident of her charms, so she didn't believe Dr. Turner wouldn't be drawn to that as a man.

Meanwhile, the latter looked at her with an unperturbed expression. He couldn't understand what she meant, though he wouldn't be self-confident enough to think that she was seducing him.

"Did you not hear what I just said, Dr. Turner?" Heather looked at Dr. Turner playfully, thinking that doing so might please him more.

However, he merely got goosebumps all over him when he heard Heather's deliberately forced voice. He couldn't stand women behaving like this; as a person with a pure heart and few worldly desires, he wouldn't be seduced by a temptress like her so easily. Instead, he looked at her in a serious manner with a look in his eyes that spoke for itself. "If you have something to say, you might as well say it straight." He didn't like to beat around the bush, so he didn't want to continue playing hide-and-seek with her. Can't she say whatever she wants to say directly? he thought to himself.

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Heather smiled an infectious smile than Dr. Turner's little heart could bear, so he could only turn his face away.

"Dr. Turner, I'd like to ask you to come out of seclusion and help me save an old man." Heather thought she'd better state her purpose directly. If Dr. Turner really was a renowned doctor who had his heart in the right place, he certainly wouldn't close his eyes to a dying person. As such, she could only make an issue of his conscience.

However, he didn't extend a helping hand. "Sorry, but I can't help you," he refused Heather right away.

His refusal displeased Heather somewhat. How could he do this? Not only did he turn me down without thinking, he wasn't even willing to inquire about the details! she thought to herself. "I'd like to know why." She felt that Dr. Turner had gone a little too far. Isn't his refusal too straightforward?

"I swore on the day I came here that I'll never leave this place," Dr. Turner replied while staring at Heather's eyes. He liked her eyes, for they made him feel as though he was looking at a certain someone from ages ago.

"Are you going to shut your eyes to a dying person? How could you reconcile this to your conscience? Do you think you can apply your talents while staying here for the rest of your life? So many people outside are waiting for you to effect a miraculous cure and bring the dying back to life, yet you live in this remote and backward place. Have you never thought of looking for someone to pass on your excellent medical skills to? Do you think you've acted worthy of your ancestors?" Heather chastised in one breath. She was going to be pissed off by Mr. Turner. How could there be such a person? she thought to herself.

Meanwhile, Dr. Turner looked at Heather and found that his guess was correct. He stated airily, "You came for me this time, and you investigated me in secret." Now that everyone had made themselves clear, there was nothing to hide. As such, Dr. Turner thought they'd better lay their cards on the table directly. He looked at Heather icily as he needed an explanation.

"You're right. I came for you because my grandfather needs you to bring him out of danger." Heather looked at Dr. Turner indignantly as she didn't understand why he would react like this.

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“Too many people in this world need to be cured. I can’t save all of them, so I can only look after my own turf,” Dr. Turner retorted bluntly. He wasn’t the person Heather imagined him to be—how could he possibly save everyone with his medical skills?

“You’re rather selfish as a doctor. Have you ever thought of your ancestors’ contributions to Chinese medicine? You possess unique skills handed down by your family, so how could you have the heart to let these skills vanish from the world?” Heather didn’t believe that Dr. Turner felt no guilt since she could see the sorrow in his eyes.

“You don’t have to say anything else. I won’t leave here—not even this forest.” Dr. Turner didn’t want to listen to Heather anymore. He knew that he was ashamed to face his ancestors and that he shouldn’t become like this for the sake of a woman, but how amazing love was! Love would sometimes make one feel sad and disheartened, but it would also drive one to despair at times. Of course, it could also give birth to hope.

“What are you guarding in this forest? Why did you choose to settle down in this place?” Heather questioned Dr. Turner again and again, thinking that there must be a story behind this.

“Don’t ask anything anymore. I don’t want to tell you any of it, nor will I leave here, so please find someone more competent instead!” Dr. Turner suppressed his anger. One could be shamed into anger, so he didn’t want to let someone seize his sore points and continue to lecture him.

“You really are a well-bred doctor, but you’ve forgotten your duty as one. No matter what happened to you before, you shouldn’t abandon yourself to vice. Your ancestors must be ashamed of you.” Heather kept seizing on the subject of Dr. Turner’s ancestors, doing so just to arouse a sense of guilt in him so that he might disclose his past to her. She knew that Dr. Turner was plagued by something, so she had to liberate him from it. In other words, she believed that she would make a breakthrough.

“Shut up and stop poking into my business!” Dr. Turner glared at Heather fiercely, thinking that she had really gone too far.

Meanwhile, Leon wondered if he should keep on feigning unconsciousness as he lay on the bamboo bed. He heard the conversation as clearly as daylight and felt that the atmosphere between Heather and Dr. Turner smacked heavily of gunpowder, so he feared that they might come to blows. He thought to himself, If it weren’t for the fact that Heather needs Dr.

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Turner's help, she would've knocked him to the ground by now. After all, few people dare to speak to her like that.

"In that case, go out with me and save my grandfather." Heather looked at Dr. Turner icily. Her patience was limited, and she had plenty of ways to force him out of seclusion.

"That's impossible," Dr. Turner refused directly. He wasn't someone who would surrender that easily.

"You probably don't know who I am. I know you want to guard this forest, but I can tell you confidently that I can raze this place to the ground." Heather didn't believe that Dr. Turner didn't care about what he was guarding, so she would like to see how he would respond to this.

Dr. Turner looked at Heather. Indeed, he didn't know who she was, but he could tell from her tone of voice that what she said didn't sound like an exaggeration. He frowned slightly, unsure of whether he should tell her what had happened in his past.

The two looked at each other for a long time before Dr. Turner was beaten first. He let out a sigh of resignation and said, "What I'm guarding isn't this forest, but the people in this mountain."

Dr. Turner's sigh had a sense of story to it. Heather suddenly felt that she was being somewhat rude—was she really right to coerce a stranger like this?

"Is it even possible that your dream is to be a country doctor? I can't understand this at all. You can protect more people instead," she asked in a slightly mocking tone.

"You probably haven't looked into the villages in this mountain. This mountain isn't high, and it has 12 villages in total. There aren't many villagers here, though. In fact, there are less than 1,000 of them. Like other mountain people, they are sincere and hard-working, but God has been very unfair to them. Their average lifespan is very short, and many are already lucky enough to live to the age of 50," Dr. Turner explained in a mournful tone as he recalled the woman he loved. She died of a sudden illness in her early thirties, and there hadn't been enough time to save her life.

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“Why would their lifespan be so short? Are they still living in a primitive society?” Heather asked puzzledly.

Dr. Turner shook his head. “It’s because of the forest. You both have smelled the strange smell inside here, and it’s precisely that smell that eats away at their health bit by bit. People with poor health may not even live to the age of 30,” he answered while shaking his head. He wondered if this place was a corner forgotten by God, for this was too unfair to the people here.

“In that case, they can leave here or destroy the forest, can’t they?” Heather didn’t think it was difficult to solve this kind of problem, so she couldn’t understand why Dr. Turner looked so distressed.

“Those dwelling in the mountains live off the surroundings. The forest is the mountain’s foundation; by destroying the forest, the foundation that villagers rely on for survival will be destroyed as well,” Dr. Turner refuted Heather, thinking that she was the kind of person who lived in clover and was completely unaware of how poverty-stricken those living at the bottom of society were.

“In that case, they should leave this place.” Heather thought that staying alive was the most important thing.

“Some young people have left one after another these years, but the elders are unwilling to move. After all, they are reluctant to part with the place where they have lived all their lives.” Dr. Turner didn’t want to explain it to Heather anymore. He controlled his temper as he didn’t want to let himself sink to her level.

“So are you staying here to find a way to solve this problem?” Heather finally figured out what Dr. Turner was thinking. Wouldn’t he weigh the pros and cons before doing such a risky thing, though? she thought to herself.

“This is what I promised someone—I’ll change this place and turn this forest into a normal one,” Dr. Turner vowed solemnly, feeling that he was getting closer and closer to his goal.

“You should think about how old you are, Dr. Turner. Do you think you can definitely change this place with your own mortal body? Did it ever cross your mind that you might also die early here?” Heather hit the nail on the head even though she didn’t really want to dampen

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Dr. Turner's spirits. After all, the tenderness revealed in his eyes just now was deeply moving. She already had a general idea of the truth; Dr. Turner had probably made a promise to the woman he loved, which was why he decided to stay in this place and disregard his life. However, it seemed that the person he loved had passed away, so she secretly felt sorry for him.

"I know I don't have much time left, so I must work even harder right now. I'll find a way to cure the villagers very soon as long as I'm given a little more time," Dr. Turner insisted almost madly.

Heather was somewhat affected by Dr. Turner's words since such a devoted lover was rare in this world. Besides, he meant well by doing that. At the thought of this, she said directly to him, "I can help you realize your plans as soon as possible, but you must help me." The corners of her mouth turned up slightly, for she believed that she would definitely convince him this time.

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