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Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 722

Heather hadn't been staying in the forest for long, but she deeply felt how lonely the forester must've been. What puzzled her the most was the fact that there wasn't even a TV, and he was probably out of touch with society. She leaned against the window sill while looking at the tiny bit of greens outside the window.

Everything was deathly still in winter, but that little bit of life was enough to warm the heart. Heather was bored stiff, so she would often relieve her boredom in such a way. If it weren't for the deepening dusk and the daybreak, she wouldn't have known how much time had passed. Why isn't there something to check the time inside this house? she thought to herself.

Heather felt increasingly bored; she couldn't find anything interesting, nor did she see anyone. In her mind, she planned to give the forester a TV as a present. After all, every industry was different, and they were equally worthy of respect.

She would get to meet Zayne one day and one night later, whom she hadn't been looking forward to seeing so much. As she lay down on the sofa again, the lazy feeling made her feel a bit relaxed. She was anxious, but she would occasionally space out as she did at this moment. She fell silent just then, not thinking about anything else since she just had to lay quietly on the sofa. Suddenly, she felt as though those grudges and overnight wealth were very far away from her. Not only that, Heather suddenly found it difficult to imagine the days to come if her life continued to be so easy and comfortable. It seemed that she had never enjoyed a life of ease and comfort since she was born. When she had time, she would let a fortune teller read her fortune to see if she was destined to have a tumultuous life.

It'll probably be nice to be here during spring and autumn, Heather thought to herself as she imagined how the ancients withdrew from society and lived in wooded mountains. Such

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pleasure of roaming happily through the forests and mountains kept inspiring her to write literature.

Surprisingly, she saw a pen and some papers on the small desk beside her. She wondered if she should get up and write a poem since she hadn't written any in such a long time. She even remembered having published an anthology of poems while attending junior high school. However, poets were mostly down on their luck, and she, a filthy rich businesswoman, didn't quite match the poetic charm.

Suddenly, Heather laughed as it occurred to her that she was down on her luck. She whispered to herself, "It seems like I'm in a lousy situation right now." Indeed, she had never been in such dire straits before, for she was now trying to survive on an inhabited island. Luckily, she had instant noodles to keep her company, or else she would have to go out and search for food by herself. She couldn't find anything to eat in the winter and would starve to death in this log cabin.

The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to laugh, for she was convinced by her imagination. Life is so beautiful, yet I'm so bored, she thought to herself as she stood up quietly. Her whole body was limp as she had lied down for too long on the sofa. As she raised her eyebrows, she felt that such a despondent side of herself was really interesting, but she could only look for some fun in her boredom.

Only on the third day did Zayne set out early in the morning to meet Heather, and it was fortunate that everything went smoothly. In fact, even Zayne himself didn't expect everything to proceed without any hiccups. After all, he had prepared a week's worth of food for Heather since he was worried that three days wouldn't be enough to solve the problem. He showed up at Heather's log cabin at lunchtime and stared at its tightly shut wooden door, wondering if she hadn't come out all this while!

Then, he stepped forward and knocked on the log cabin's door. When Heather heard that, she put down the cup of instant noodles in her hands in surprise. As soon as she happily opened the wooden door, she saw Zayne as well as Jason behind him—it was her first time getting to see Jason's looks clearly. She initially thought that he was only a mute driver, but she didn't expect him to be so tall and sturdy. Meanwhile, she looked at Zayne as if she was looking at her savior, for she couldn't wait to return to modern society.

"Heather, are you moved now that I'm here early in the morning to pick you up?" Zayne's smiling face was very offensive to the eye.

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Heather cast him a disdainful look. “Thank you for arranging one hell of a place for me, Zayne,” she said angrily. “The most annoying thing is that there isn’t even a TV.” The more she thought about it, the angrier she was. Her face was ruddy with anger, and she looked pitiful and charming without any makeup. Jason had been displeased by her attitude at first, but he instantly forgave her inwardly when he saw Heather looking like this.

“Haha! Don’t you hate watching TV the most, Heather?” Zayne had previously dragged Heather along to watch some TV dramas together, but she ruthlessly refused. Therefore, women weren’t the only vengeful ones since men also had such a side to them. This time, Heather truly experienced what it was like to be bored stiff.

“Indeed, watching TV is a waste of time, but does it even matter since I’m already in such a place?” Heather replied in vexation. In short, she was in the right and wouldn’t allow Zayne to refute her.

Since he knew Heather’s temper, he didn’t argue with her anymore. “Okay, you’re right.”

Heather could say nothing else when she saw how sincere Zayne was. After that, her eyes roamed over Jason. She had seen him twice, and it seemed like Zayne trusted him very much, so she was curious about their relationship.

“By the way, Zayne—find time to have a TV delivered over when you go back,” she said while pointing at the door, thinking that it’d be great to have a TV to watch some dramas.

“Huh? Don’t you want to go back? Do you want to stay here for a few days longer?” Zayne teased Heather with a laugh.

“Throughout my time here, I have experienced profoundly how bored the forester must be every single day. We should give him a TV so that he can pass the time.” Heather knew that Zayne wouldn’t speak properly, so she simply made things clear to him.

Zayne laughed. “You really are adorable, Heather. The forester doesn’t like watching TV; he likes listening to the radio instead. I’ll convey your kindness to him, though.”

Heather blinked her eyes as there seemed to be something wrong. “I never came across a radio here, though.”

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Zayne didn't expect Heather to be so lovely when she was dorky. "The forester has a cell phone, and cell phones can receive radio stations' signal nowadays."

Heather went red in the face. What did I just say? This is so embarrassing, she thought to herself. As she looked somewhere else, she felt rather ashamed. Hence, she'd better pretend that she didn't know anything.

"Let's go, my lady." Zayne made an inviting gesture to Heather.

Heather walked down the steps and stepped forward directly. Just as she was about to reach the car, Zayne quickly stepped forward and pulled open the car door for her.

Jason knew Zayne was a proud person, but he didn't expect that the latter would be willing to humble himself in front of this woman. It seems that Heather really isn't a simple woman, he thought to himself.

Heather and Zayne discussed the matters about Bradford City in the car, and she looked like a completely different person as her face emanated a frosty aura. "Have you done what you've promised me?" She looked at Zayne as if she would immediately teach him a lesson if he uttered the word 'no.'

"This isn't the first time we're working together, Miss Langston," Zayne replied in a cheeky tone, looking just like a ruffian with a grin.

"Has the order to kill me been lifted?" From Heather's perspective, she had to care about her personal safety first.

"Yeah, so you don't have to be worried. No one will plot against you in secret anymore," Zayne replied proudly. Even he was surprised that this matter had been solved with such ease.

"In that case, how about Grandpa?" Compared to her personal safety, Heather was more concerned about Robert's illness.

"This is your cell phone. Check it yourself." Zayne handed Heather's cell phone to her with the corner of his lips turned up.

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Heather took her cell phone skeptically as she didn't know what Zayne was keeping her guessing. Can such a tricky problem be solved using my cell phone? she thought to herself. When she unlocked her cell phone, her Messenger interface popped up directly. After catching sight of the chat room that was pinned to the top of her inbox, she immediately tapped it open. Zayne had used her Messenger to chat with someone else, and the person he chatted with was the old man who had given her the cross necklace as a present.

Heather finished reading the chat history in disbelief. It was a small world, for the old man who previously gave her cross necklace was actually on good terms with Dr. Turner. This time, not only had the old man given her the cross necklace he treasured in his possession, he even did her a favor. She thought that no one could ask Dr. Turner out, but she didn't expect that this inconspicuous old man would be able to do it. "This is a miracle." She didn't know how to comment on this matter, for Zayne simply opened her eyes.

"Sometimes, the ones who can help you are by your side. You might search high and low before finding the person when you least expect to." Zayne laughed with the intention of claiming full credit.

"Why would they be involved with each other?" Heather asked in disbelief.

"This world is small, and I discovered his relationship with Dr. Turner while investigating him," Zayne said proudly.

Heather's face was no longer frosty at last, and she smiled a smile that looked as beautiful as a melting iceberg. She laughed while shaking her head. "I suddenly admire you a little, Zayne." Of course, she had to praise him at this moment. After all, few people could solve such a tricky thing without just a small effort.

"Haven't you always admired me?" Zayne continued to brag after having gained an advantage.

Meanwhile, Jason drove steadily in the front seat and listened as the two people chatted happily behind him. He was also glad for Zayne—after all, it was rare for a woman to make him so happy.

"Yeah, you're the best. You solved two big problems of mine in one fell swoop." I'll let Zayne be pleased with himself at this moment, Heather thought to herself.

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There were cheers and laughter inside the car as Heather became more and more earthly. Zayne stared at her before his eyes and recalled the fight he once had with her. At this moment, he actually envied Matthias. Love could change a person, and the current Heather was much different from the Heather he remembered. For some reason, when he thought of what Matthias had done recently, he was somewhat worried about the love-hate relationship between the two. He couldn't even figure out why Matthias wanted to get close to such a woman since Heather and that woman couldn't be mentioned in the same breath at all. It was a popular belief that a woman's heart was fickle and difficult to understand, but perhaps a man's mind was even harder to fathom. Zayne only hoped that Heather wouldn't raise merry hell with Matthias because of his recent immoderate behavior when she got back to Bradford City.

Zayne had spent a lot of thought and care on Matthias, who was his rival in love, so he knew that the man really loved Heather. Since that was the case, Zayne could help him fulfill his wish, but these two people had caused a lot of worries since they insisted on doing things that made each other feel uncomfortable. Still, Zayne wasn't generous enough to assist his enemy. If Heather misunderstood Matthias, Zayne would do nothing more than watch the excitement; he wouldn't step forward and defend him.

His thoughts were interrupted when Heather suddenly spoke. "What are you thinking about? Why are you smiling so slyly?"

Zayne smiled like a fox. "I'm thinking that the scene will definitely be lively when you show up in Bradford City."

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