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Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 734

At that moment, any further exchange would simply be pointless. The day had barely started, yet it was already so disastrous. The next hours would be even more so.

The more Zayne wanted her to admit it, the more resistant she was to do so. With a stiff face, she responded, "It's his personal affairs. Why should I care?"

When he heard her bold words, Zayne had a hard time holding back his laugh, for he was astounded by how persistent she was. Heather was so reluctant to admit it, so he didn't want to pursue the matter any further. Since she felt that way, he shall have it her way.

"What's your plan today?" As he went off on a tangent, Zayne started to chatter casually. Heather felt that there had to be an underlying meaning behind his words, so she shot him a deadly glare.

On the other hand, Zayne stared at her calmly, and he thought her petite look was extremely adorable. She must be dwelling on nonsense again!

"Other than locking myself in here, what else can I possibly plan for? I literally can't do anything," she helplessly expressed.

At that, he simply snickered without a word. What a headstrong woman! Seeing how vicious and tenacious she was, he couldn't help feeling pity for Matthias.

Matthias must have stepped on dung to have fallen for Heather! Zayne had long realized that one would require a strong heart and mind to be together with her.

"Haven't you considered visiting the Locke Group?" He voiced the suggestive question with a devilish smirk.

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Heather was annoyed by this, and she glowered at him coldly before turning around. Meanwhile, Zayne pitifully gawked at her back. That's not cute at all!

"Are you going to join in on the fun, Zayne?" As if she had come to a realization, she then leered at him, having an intuition that he would put himself out there.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," he said confidently. One thing he loved was to discover traces of clues among a distracted crowd.

However, Heather didn't take the bait and blandly replied, "Enjoy while you're at it, then. It's not like I care."

Since she had intended to conceal herself, she decided not to show up in the public's eye. As for Zayne, whatever he would do to get himself killed was his own business.

"In that case, you'd be home alone," he responded with a cunning smile.

Given how inseparable he and Jason were, Heather had already accepted her fate. As of now, the danger was already over for her, but that wasn't the case for Zayne.

"Take care of the house, all right? I'll bring first-hand information with me when I get home," he uttered as he patted her shoulder with a face that was growing more sly by the second.

"I don't care," she countered with a ferocious couple of words.

"I have no idea what you're interested in, honestly," he helplessly declared. Somehow, her arrogance was adorable yet detestable.

At that moment, he had the urge to pinch her little cheeks, wondering when she would eventually put down her pride. Although she voiced her indifference, her body language told it all. What an ironic combination!

"I'm interested in you," she maliciously stated, utterly despising the man.

Despite that, he continued to grin. The longer he remained his smile, the more irritated she grew as she was considering whether to strangle the man before her.

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Meanwhile, Jason stood at the side silently like an invisible man. Since she didn't want to debate with Zayne any further, she glanced at Jason.

When he sensed her gaze, he pretended like he hadn't seen anything. In fact, he deliberately turned his face away. As she looked at him frustratedly, she was dumbfounded by the similarity of the two brothers.

"You're going to miss the show if you waste more time." To avoid being made fun of, she wished that Zayne would leave as soon as possible.

"Look at her being all aggressive!" Zayne mocked comfortably. Since he had already planned his schedule, he was undisturbed as he intended to leave right before the most critical moment.

"I'm going upstairs." The second floor was now her escape to avoid any more of his atrocious performances.

Jason was unable to bear the ridiculousness any longer, and he let out a deliberate cough that drew his brother's attention.

"When are we leaving? We're going to be late," the former reminded.

After watching her leave decisively, he then turned to Jason. Since lingering any longer was meaningless, perhaps it was best that they depart now.

"Don't drop your guard," Jason was concerned about his brother's mischievousness as he warned him.

"Don't worry, I know my lines." After he acknowledged Jason's concern, Zayne felt rather pleased to see him getting more amicable.

All this time of bonding, Zayne could feel their brotherhood recovering. Although Jason was apathetic on the surface, his heart was no less warm than anyone.

Right when Heather got to the second floor, she heard the interaction going on in the living room. It seemed like they were finally going out. When she looked downstairs, the brothers were seen walking in line. How synergetic!

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Sometimes, she would get jealous of their relationship. Despite Zayne's venomous tongue and Jason's emotionlessness, she acknowledged their fondness and concern toward each other. Moreover, instead of spitting empty words, the brothers would prove themselves with actions.

With that, she watched as the duo left and the door shut. Since there was nothing fascinating upstairs and she was never one to bear dullness, she contemplated if she should head downstairs. With a room so limited for any activities, she would surely suffocate!

However, the strangest thing was that Leon had been radio-silent these days and she had yet to receive a single piece of news from him.

After all, even Matthias couldn't bear not seeing her. With that, she couldn't help but wonder how such an active man was able to completely vanish and what he had been occupied with.

As Leon's oddness worried her, she decided to contact Leon to find out whether anything happened to him.

After pondering about it, she thought it was more efficient to give him a call and dialed his number. Leon never picked up, and that made her more uneasy.

Even after calling him thrice, Leon was still unresponsive. The third time was usually the charm but it still didn't work, so she decided to try another method and texted him.

After sending him a message on Messenger, Leon was still idle. As she stared at his childish profile photo, her anxiety grew more intense, wondering what he was so preoccupied with.

The longer it took him to respond, the messier her mind got as she didn't know what she could do to get to him. Since phoning him was of no use, she tossed her phone on the couch so that she wouldn't get disrupted by peering at her phone.

As if the phone didn't want to be left alone, it suddenly rang within three seconds after she tossed it.

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Immediately, she grabbed her phone and saw that it was Leon calling her. In that instant, her nervousness was noticeably relieved. As soon as she picked up the call, she heard Leon's familiar voice.

"Why didn't you answer, Leon?" she asked him.

Meanwhile, he scratched his head and said lethargically, "Thanks to you, I was awakened from my sleep because of your call."

He wouldn't have expected Heather to call him. However, he was surprised by her call as he had assumed she would no longer contact him after his disappearing act.

"Why have you been so quiet, Leon?" She directly addressed his dazing silence.

"Have I?" Leon, who didn't think so, had been busy with numerous matters that had been a pain in the bum.

"What have you been secretly planning on?" When she heard his tone, she knew it was going to be nothing good.

"Why are you doubting your cute junior again, Heather?" He squinted his eyes as if he was going to fall back to sleep.

"You were never trustable to begin with." Since she knew that he was a sly fox, she was certain that he had been involved in some shady activities.

"Oh, Miss Langston! It pains me to hear you say that!" Leon insisted on his innocence.

"Spit it. What are you planning?" She persistently pursued, not allowing him any space.

As he stared helplessly at the phone, he even thought about hanging up on her. However, he knew that he'd be in grave danger if he were to do so, as she would probably come over and blow him to smithereens.

"I'm just staying at home and being a filial grandson to my grandpa," he stated in a pitiful tone. Having been trapped by his elder, he had almost died from tediousness.

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Instantly, she recognized his circumstances and laughed out loud, acknowledging how similar they were.

“You’re grounded by your old man?” Listening to her condescending tone, Leon gritted his teeth.

Sensing his dissatisfaction, Heather got even more gleeful so she muttered, “What did you do to deserve his punishment, Leon?”

Hesitant to entertain her any longer, he desired to hang up the call as she was getting in his head.

“I haven’t gotten good sleep, Heather. If there’s nothing important, I’m going to hang up.” He wished to ignore her. With how miserable he already was, he had to face the woman’s mockery.

“Don’t be like that! I’m only calling you because I’m worried. Don’t you miss your senior even for a little bit, my dear junior?” Right now, Heather was savoring her enjoyment at the expense of Leon’s agony.

“No. I just want to sleep.” Leon’s eyelids were shut as if he was about to die, but his senior wasn’t anywhere near finished.

“Have you heard about the Locke Group?” She thought such weighty news could pique Leon’s interest.

Contrary to her belief, Leon bore no interest in the Locke Group, nor did he want to hear any more crap from her as his eyes were closing.

“That’s all for today, Heather. I’ll get back to you when I wake up.” Leon felt manipulated, and he wanted to head off into dreamland.

Feeling manipulated, Leon wanted only his dreams. Locke, Hart, Langston—who cares?

“When will you finally be free? I’m going to need your help with something.” Since she knew that Leon had the talent for certain things, she started to be all business-like.

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“Let’s talk about this next time, Heather. I want to sleep.” Leon was nearing his limits. Does she not understand human language?

“Fine. Hit me up if you need any help from me.” Heather acknowledged the only person that could relieve Leon from his prison was solely herself.

“Wow, you’re so nice, Heather. What’s the catch?” He ended the call as soon as he finished his words.

On the other hand, Heather, who was left no opportunity to respond, leered at her phone and let out a scoff, wanting to give Leon a good beating.

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