

The two had long been accustomed to Heather's sarcasm. It was not easy to hear kind words from Heather—they were all reserved for clients only. "Heather, you're still here! And here I thought you would leave us behind." Leon did not back off from Heather's remark and showed her no mercy. Matthias, who had been standing at the side, replied casually, "Thank you, Miss Heather, for wasting your time here with us." Facing their cooperation, Heather turned speechless, but she didn't want to continue quarreling with them. After all, it was getting late, and she didn't want to delay any more time here. "Are you planning to eat this rabbit for dinner?" Heather asked, pointing to the rabbit in Matthias' hand—this was her effort to change the subject. "Yes! It must taste good," Leon replied almost immediately. Heather looked up and down at the gray-furred rabbit in Matthias' hand. She grew curious as to how Matthias caught it at all. By right, this color should not be easy to detect. "We are going to make a fire. Would you like to join us?" Matthias invited Heather again, even though Heather had refused many times prior to this. "No." Heather didn't want to help; she had no intentions in roasting a rabbit. "Heather, aren't you bored staying in the car all alone? It will be fun doing this with us," Leon urged Heather. In fact, Leon had a lot of fun in this forest.

"I'm good." Heather refused again. After all, what Leon found interesting was not necessarily interesting to her. Seeing Heather's determination, Matthias didn't invite Heather again and just let her be instead. Before they began hunting a while ago, Matthias and Leon found some withered grass, which they planned to make fire with. The grass finally came in handy as Matthias looked at the flint and steel on the ground—it was all now a matter of it working or not. As he picked up the flintstone, he felt that there was a bit of residual heat on the stone that was irradiated by the sun when he got it; he felt

like he had made the right choice picking this stone up. Before leaving, Matthias tried his best to put the flintstone at a place where it could be exposed to the sun as he weighed the stone in his hands. Leon, on the other hand, looked at Matthias expectantly. He had never seen such a way of making fire—this ancient way of making fire was especially new to him. Seeing how Leon was staring at the flint in his hand, Matthias handed the flint to Leon and asked, “Do you want to try?” Leon pointed to himself in disbelief. Then, he smiled and took the flintstone from Matthias’ hand, eager to try. Seeing his enthusiasm, Matthias smiled and handed it to Leon, but he didn’t tell Leon the correct way to use it as he wanted to see what he would do with the stones. Soon after he had received the flintstones, Leon immediately rubbed the two stones together vigorously. Seeing that the friction didn’t create the flame he wanted, he rubbed the stones even more violently in an effort to try to generate more friction. A crisp voice entered Heather’s ears, making her cast her eyes to the source of the voice curiously, only to find that Leon still failed to make fire. Meanwhile, Matthias was not simply standing idly on the side either; he wanted to try to make fire by drilling wood. However, since there was no sunshine, the chance of success was relatively low.

Heather saw Matthias skilfully fiddle with the sticks of dry wood in his hands; she didn’t get in the car, but instead silently watched them from the side. If they hadn’t been dressed in decent and formal clothes, they would probably look like savages now since they were using such barbaric and primitive ways of making fire. Night fell, and the forest turned extremely cold—it was not going to be easy to start a fire under such low temperatures. Matthias and Leo both had serious expressions on their faces. It seemed that they were attending to an important matter, but it was a pity that things were not going well. Soon after that, Leon put down the flintstones in his hands. His hands were almost raw and numb, but he still couldn’t get the result he wanted, leaving him utterly frustrated.

Matthias, on the other hand, also gave up on the wood in his hand. It seemed that the two pieces of wood he chose were not dry enough. Going back to Leon's side, he took the flintstones next to Leon's hands. "You need skills for this," Matthias said to Leon. He intended to teach Leon the correct way to make fire—that using brute force was not the way. "Well, It would be better if there were soft and fluffy materials similar to dandelion seeds," Matthias said while looking at the dry pine leaves on the ground—pine leaves were not so easy to catch fire. When he heard Matthias say this, Leon had a lightbulb moment and said to Matthias, "I know where to find it! Wait for me. I will bring them to you." Just right beside him, Leon did see this kind of material a while ago. So they are a good material for making fire, Leon thought to himself. He looked just as energetic as before. Soon, Leon brought what Matthias wanted, whereupon Matthias grabbed the material from Leon's hand and looked at the flintstones in his hand. He planned to use the sparks generated by the friction of the stone to ignite the fluffy material, and then cover the withered grass and pine leaves on it. Then, he would blow slightly toward the pile to make them burn. Seeing Matthias' calmness, Leon was certain that it would be successful this time. And when the fire rose, Leon smiled contentedly.

"Hurry up and find some firewood," Matthias told Leon, as they didn't have much firewood prepared in advance. Leon reacted very quickly this time around and left to find firewood immediately. Now that there was already a fire started, he only needed to find more dried wood. At once, Matthias moved the fire into the simple pit they had set up in advance, and he threw the firewood in front of him into the fire. There were a few large pieces of wood in it, and he figured that they would burn for a long time. Next, Matthias was about to deal with the rabbit tied up not far away. As he had to make fire a while ago, he had to temporarily tie the rabbit to a tree at the side. The rabbit's eyes were a bit hollow. It seemed that it didn't know that it was going to die

here. Matthias didn't have any reservations; he directly took the knife and cleaved it at the rabbit's neck, quickly ending its life.

Heather, who had been watching from a distance, seldom saw such a killing scene directly.

She quickly turned her head away. The rabbit looked rather cute, but in Matthias' eyes, it was nothing but a meal.

After killing the rabbit, Matthias directly put the rabbit on the fire. He was fast, indicating that he had done this before.

Since he was roasting rabbit meat, it didn't matter if he roasted it with the skin or not.

Hence, Matthias didn't even cut open the rabbit to clean its organs.

The entire process was rough and crude. This was the first time Heather saw such a scene,

and she was curious as to where he had learned all these skills from.

After Matthias did all that, he took out a handkerchief and wiped the blood off his hands.

Then, he turned and said to Heather, who was not far away from him, "Why do you keep staring at me?"

Heather looked at Matthias coldly. "You were not only savage, but also very skilled. You must have had similar training before." Heather could at least tell this about Matthias.

Matthias nodded. "Yes, this is a skill that everyone in the Locke Family must master." He didn't mind being honest with Heather.

Hearing that, Heather looked at Matthias meaningfully, but she didn't quite understand why

the Locke Family had such training. With that in mind, she barely squeezed out a polite smile in response.

"Your family sure is a special one." Heather's understanding of the Locke Family was only from books, and apart from Matthias, she had really not met anyone from the Locke Family before.

"The Locke Family is not only special, but also very traditional," Matthias continued, following Heather's words.

This made Heather even more curious about what the Locke Family was like. Matthias

rarely mentioned his family, but today, he took the initiative to talk about it with her, which made her feel a little strange.

Besides, she noticed that Matthias frowned whenever he mentioned the Locke Family. From that, it seemed that he had a very complicated relationship with his family. "Matthias, are these enough?" Leon ran over with a pile of firewood. He didn't like the thorny pine leaves; he felt that holding smooth wood was so much better. "Yes. Just put them aside." Matthias told Leon to put down all the firewood in his hand, and there was an unpleasant smell of burnt fur in the air. Leon looked over at the rabbit on the fire—it was dark and looked a little horrible to be eaten. Seeing Leon's expression, Matthias also turned his gaze to the rabbit that was roasting, and he decided to turn the rabbit since the outer layer was almost done roasting. The burnt fur was sticking to the meat, and it was impossible to tell from the outside whether the inside was cooked or not. Hence, Leon also curiously leaned forward to take a look. They were already able to smell the meat, so Leon sniffed harder—the scent made his stomach growl even louder.

"How much longer do we have to do this?" Leon grew impatient. All he could think of now was the taste of the rabbit's meat. "It needs to be heated for at least half an hour more. It's still too early." Matthias was not in a hurry. One mustn't be impatient over these sorts of things—if the cooking time was too short, bacteria might still remain in the meat. Only ten minutes had passed, and there were more than twenty minutes left to wait. Leon, who was idle now, didn't know what to do. Matthias continued to stare at the rabbit meat that was roasting before him, seemingly very focused. Heather could smell the scent of the roasting rabbit meat; even without any seasoning, it still smelled amazing. The outside was all scorched and black, and the smell of meat was still mixed with a hint of burnt smell. Seeing that, Leon gulped hard and immediately asked Matthias, "Should I peel the burnt parts off?" Without peeling it, there was no way to tell if the meat inside had been fully cooked. "No." Matthias stopped him. "Just make the fire smaller." After all, roasted food had to be

charred on the outside for it to be tender on the inside. Moreover, the oil dripping from the rabbit skin by the fire will make the fire bigger. Leon watched happily from the side, while Heather only wrapped her hands around her chest; she felt cold as the temperature dropped. As if they had telepathy, Matthias suddenly turned around and said to Heather, "Are you cold? Come closer to the fire. It's warmer here." He invited Heather to come closer to the fire. Hearing this, Leon hurried over and said, "The temperature difference between day and night is too much. It's so cold right now, so it's better for us to stay by the fire." Heather looked at the two of them. Not wanting to torture her body, she moved a little closer, but still kept a little distance from them. Leon kept squeezing toward Matthias, and the two of them looked like brothers. It was unexpected to Heather that Leo and Matthias would grow so close. This surprised her, but it didn't seem to be such a bad thing after all. Right then, she smiled lightly and felt a warmth envelope her heart.

It had been a while since she had done such a time-consuming and useless thing. After what happened today, Heather did indeed find it quite interesting, and she thought she would definitely look back fondly to this in the future.

"Heather, get closer. It'll get warmer if the three of us are closer together," Leon turned his head and shouted at Heather as nighttime in the forest was exceptionally cold.

Matthias also turned his head to look at Heather, as if sending out a silent invitation. The shadows of the flames danced on their faces, flashing and dimming as if it would never extinguish.

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The smell of meat made Heather a little hungry, but she remained silent as she watched

Matthias flip the rabbit meat with an indifferent expression.

The bag of potato chips she had before this was her dinner. She wasn't going to eat the rabbit meat Matthias was grilling, so she pretended not to be hungry at all.

"Heather, are you hungry? The food Matthias is grilling smells so good that I can hardly

resist it." Leon gulped. The food in front of him was making his stomach feel increasingly empty.

Heather had no desire to respond to Leon, as certain sensitive topics shouldn't be brought up. Meanwhile, Matthias continued working quietly on the task at hand.

Seeing that Heather wasn't going to answer at all, Leon had no choice but to talk to himself while drooling over the rabbit meat. "I'm so hungry. I can't wait." "Just a short while more and you can eat it," Matthias said from beside him. He was getting a little hungry too.

The three of them exchanged short chatter, so the atmosphere was lively. From time to time, Heather's gaze would turn toward the rabbit meat that was being grilled. It was Heather's first novel experience of barbecuing in the wild, so she actually wanted to try grilling the meat as well.

Noticing the curiosity in Heather's eyes, Matthias shot her a knowing look, but she simply shifted her gaze disdainfully.

"Are you in a hurry?" Matthias asked Heather curiously.

"I'm not in a hurry at all. You guys take your time barbecuing. I'm going back to the car first."

Heather didn't want to be nestled with them by the fire anymore, for it painted a bad image of her. She was the distinguished lady of a well-known family in Bradfort City, yet she was being led astray by them.

After Heather left, Matthias and Leon began discussing in low voices, because neither of them understood why Heather suddenly left when she was doing well earlier.

"Matthias, you provoked Heather again." A sly smile played at the corners of Leon's lips.

Heather truly had no regard for Matthias whatsoever.

Matthias gave Leon a puzzled look. "When did I provoke her? Did I say something wrong?"

Matthias couldn't wrap his head around it. I was just concerned about Heather. Women's minds are so hard to understand.

"Don't take it to heart. It's really hard to guess what Heather's thinking.

You shouldn't care about this too much." Leon patted Matthias on the shoulder, as the latter was currently

experiencing what he had experienced back then. Of course, Leon's current situation wasn't any better.

Looking at Heather, who was in the car, Matthias didn't even have the mood to taste the delicious food. Without Heather around, it was meaningless for him to do anything.

"Matthias, I think the rabbit meat is cooked!" Leon stared at the greasy grilled rabbit meat while lamenting about his inability to withstand hunger. He felt so hungry, and he wished so badly to taste the delicious food.

"It should be done." Leon picked up the rabbit meat as soon as Matthias said that.

"Be careful. It's hot." Matthias warned Leon, stopping him from doing anything more.

Leon grabbed both ends of the stick with the grilled rabbit in the middle.

With a dagger,

Matthias removed the burnt parts from the rabbit's surface.

The rabbit meat was piping hot, but Matthias' movements were swift as he handled the meat.

Heather opened the car window and watched Matthias and Leon's antics, envious that they

could find happiness in such ordinary things.

Heather couldn't remember how long it had been since she found joy in the small things in

life. Occasionally, she would slow down her rapid pace and contemplate her life.

While she was growing up, happiness was scarce; she didn't find anything worthy of happiness.

All day long, Heather could feel the novelty and joy Matthias and Leon were experiencing

from the outdoor barbecue, but she didn't have the mood to participate at all.

She found many things to be boring, and nothing could interest her. Inside the car, Heather

watched the flames flickering in the distance, and she had the feeling that she was the little

match girl watching the cheerful family through the window.

While Matthias ate, he asked Leon, "Has Heather always been like this?"

Heather looked

disappointed, but he didn't know how to brighten up her mood.

Leon stuffed his mouth full of rabbit meat, looking blessed. "Just like her namesake plant,

Heather lives in solitude. Up till now, I haven't seen her take up any hobbies."

It was a rare occurrence for Leon to understand Matthias' question. Matthias frowned and said, "Just like her namesake plant. That's a good way to put it. Heather and solitude. She's really the kind of person who sticks to herself and is unconcerned about everything."

"Now that you understand this, don't worry about her temperament anymore. Whatever the case, after you become a married couple in the future, you'll get used to it," Leon said to Matthias caringly, causing the latter to find the situation both funny and embarrassing.

Leon's words certainly made him feel a mixture of joy and sorrow. "In front of Heather, I can't find any sense of accomplishment, nor do I have any confidence to pursue her." Matthias confided in Leon, thinking that perhaps Leon could give him a little help. After all, Leon and Heather had known each other for a long time, so he knew her better than Matthias did.

"That's completely normal. Are you not used to it now, or is it because you can't let go of your pride?" Leon deliberately lowered his voice when he got to the last part, as if he was afraid that Heather would hear him.

"I have to respect and love myself first before I can love others, so how can I possibly let go of my pride?" Matthias had a baseline when it came to his feelings. He couldn't shamelessly love Heather, and in his eyes, love shouldn't be done subserviently. Leon shoved the last piece of rabbit meat into his mouth, seemingly afraid that Matthias would snatch it away. His chewing was forceful as the grilled rabbit meat was rather chewy.

The two of them were truly unbelievable. They didn't leave a single bite for Heather, mainly because Leon had eaten most of the meat. Even Matthias only ate a small portion.

"I won't comment on that, and it wouldn't be good for me to say much about your affairs either." Leon didn't want to get involved in this messy situation. However, Matthias was right; he was a dignified seven-foot-tall man, so he couldn't possibly let go of his pride just to pursue a woman. If he disregarded his pride, then he would indeed be too spineless.

If Matthias was actually such a spineless man, Heather wouldn't like him either. Perhaps through every conflict they had, they would start to develop a fondness for each other.

Taking out his handkerchief, Matthias carefully wiped a few wild berries. He planned to give Heather some fruit, as forcibly pulling her over wouldn't make her happy. Upon seeing Matthias walking toward her, Heather closed the car window. She put on her earphones, not exactly wanting to bother about him. Nevertheless, this did nothing to stop Matthias. Matthias knocked on the car window, creating thumping sounds, so Heather had no choice but to lower the car window once more.

"Wild berries for you to replenish your vitamins." Matthias grabbed a handful of wild berries and spread them out in front of Heather. His gentle smile made him look like a carefree gentleman.

"It's fine. I don't like sour food." Heather rejected Matthias' kindness, but he grabbed her hand and forced all the wild berries into her hands. Without a doubt, Heather's hand wasn't as big as Matthias', so a number of wild berries fell from her hand, leaving only half of the bunch laying firmly in Heather's palm.

Noting the stubbornness in Matthias' gaze, Heather reluctantly withdrew her hand. She noticed that Matthias had wiped the wild berries until they were bright and shiny. This was a token of Matthias' regard, so Heather couldn't refuse. Hence, under his watchful gaze, she picked up a berry and placed it into her mouth.

"Don't worry. There aren't any pesticide residues on them." Matthias flashed her a gentlemanly smile. As he watched Heather eat the wild berries he gave, his mood improved a whole lot.

"I know." The wild berries turned out to taste good; they were slightly sour but still acceptable.

Heather proceeded to eat a second one. Matthias was more excited than anyone else to see this. It seemed like she didn't dislike the taste of the berries, which gave him a sense of achievement.

"Do you really have no interest in anything?" Matthias asked boldly.

Heather was eating the berries when Matthias said this, causing her appetite to disappear in

an instant.

Is having a lack of interest my fault? Heather didn't like it when other people posed such questions so directly. Matthias had crossed the line, so her face naturally turned sour.

"What does it have to do with you?" Heather shot Matthias a cold look, thinking that he was being really nosy for not letting go of any of her affairs.

"Don't be so disgruntled. I want to get along well with you, but I can't find the right way to do

it. You might as well be honest with me and tell me the truth. Open up to me so that I can

find a way to make it easier for us to get along well." Matthias was fed up with the constant

ups and downs between the two of them. He didn't want to touch on topics that Heather

disliked; he just wanted to make her happy every day.

"I advise you not to waste your effort," Heather replied coldly. "Also, I have no intentions of

getting along well with you, so you shouldn't put so much effort into it as it'll just be in vain."

Every sentence she said was more aggravating than the other. Whenever Matthias tried to

make his way into her heart, all of her thorns would spike up.

The cold wind blew against Matthias' face, but he couldn't feel the chill, because Heather's

words had frosted his heart.

"Heather, why are you always so hostile toward me?" Matthias was truly puzzled. Why does

Heather have to treat me so much more terrible than she treats others? And she's rarely

gentle with me.

"You probably offended me in your previous life," Heather said without blinking. Sometimes,

she would feel bad about her behavior, but she would still hurt Matthias unscrupulously

when dealing with him.

"Fine. As long as you're happy." Matthias didn't want to continue talking to her. Heather

refused to give in at all, and her heart was utterly frozen, so how was he supposed to get

through to her?

Seeing Matthias return looking frustrated, Leon didn't take pleasure in his misfortune this

time. Instead, he looked sympathetically at Matthias, remembering that Heather had also

thoroughly hurt him in the past.

“Matthias, you don’t need to care too much about what she says sometimes. She crosses the line at times, when in fact she—” Without waiting for Leon to finish speaking, Matthias interrupted him. “I’m fine. It’s getting late. We should pack up and go back.” Matthias didn’t want to talk about this anymore. Perhaps one day, he would completely lose his feelings for Heather, and maybe then he wouldn’t be so troubled. Heather turned away, not wanting to look at Matthias as she knew that she had hurt his pride once again. In their relationship, the both of them were of equal status. Heather knew she only acted this harshly because she knew that Matthias loved her, but she couldn’t control herself. “I’m sorry,” Heather whispered as the thought that maybe she should change this personality flaw surfaced in her mind.