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There weren't many other people at the State Science Center at this hour. Meanwhile, it was also Natalia's first time here. Back when Matthias had asked Heather out, he would always decide on places that she liked. With other women, he didn't think too much about it.

Natalia surveyed the place curiously. She was only in her early twenties after all, and since she was still a young woman, she had a strong sense of curiosity. Moreover, she felt that the place was extraordinarily fascinating since Matthias was the one who had asked her to come with him—this was probably how the mind of a person in love worked.

"Do you find all of this boring?" Matthias turned to ask Natalia, to which she shook her head.

She always ended up shy whenever she was with him, and it was to the extent that she didn't dare to look Matthias in the eye.

"It's all very interesting." Natalia didn't forget to emphasize that. Matthias smiled since he was pleased to hear this. "As long as you're having fun." He had been worried that Natalia would not be interested in the displays here. Meanwhile, the woman nervously clutched at the hem of her shirt. She hadn't taken a good look at her appearance when she left her home earlier, and she felt utterly defeated right now. She was embarrassing Matthias as she stood next to him in her dowdy outfit. She had happily gotten into his car without even thinking about her clothes, not to mention that she had gone out without makeup today. Needless to say, it left her insecure.

Naturally, Matthias didn't know about Natalia's thoughts. He just couldn't understand why

she perpetually kept her head lowered, and she looked like she had no confidence at all.

This made Matthias unconsciously think of Heather, for the woman had always been

brimming with confidence. In fact, those around her would be drawn to her because of the aura she exuded.

Heather gave off an unattainable air, and even Matthias was never able to succeed in his pursuit of her. There was just a world of difference between the two women.

Although Natalia said that she liked the science center, Matthias didn't feel that she was genuinely happy, wondering if this place wasn't to her taste. Had it been Heather, he would

have taken her somewhere else without a moment's hesitation.

However, the person before

him was Natalia, not her. Matthias was excited to be here, and he couldn't figure out another

decent place for them to go. Hence, he decided to continue looking at the exhibits since he

loved the technology on display here. He was absorbed by the exhibits, and it was closing

time soon. It was already evening by the time they left the science center, and night always

came earlier during winter season.

Natalia looked off to the side, for she didn't know what to do. When

Matthias looked at her,

his heart dropped before he gave it some thought and said, "It's getting late. I'll send you

back."

Natalia had been waiting for Matthias to announce where they would be going next for their

date, but she hadn't expected it to end here. Disappointment flashed across her heart, but

this was within Natalia's expectations.

"All right, thank you," Natalia answered politely, but the disappointment on her face was still

apparent.

Matthias glanced at her, but he didn't say anything else. Instead, they simply walked straight toward the parking lot. He felt that he must have gone crazy for inviting Natalia, and he was completely worked up by Heather.

While they were in the car, Matthias thought about what he had been wanting to say to Natalia. He had kept delaying it all day, and he nearly forgot about his main motive.

However, was there any need for him to tell her about that matter? Matthias couldn't be sure.

The two of them were silent, neither of them taking the lead to speak up. Natalia nervously

clutched at her seat, for she still wasn't courageous enough to talk.

Everything that she wanted to say to Matthias was stuck in her throat.

Meanwhile, the latter mulled it over and over. He couldn't let things drag on, so he just opened his mouth.

"Now that you've resigned, are you going to look for another job?" His question was phrased in a polite and inoffensive manner.

Natalia initially didn't understand what Matthias had said, so she was taken aback by this sudden question. Still, she answered his question with utter seriousness and replied, "Yeah,

I'm planning to look for a new job as soon as possible, but my educational qualifications aren't up to snuff. It won't be easy looking for another job."

Matthias continued to ask Natalia like he was an elderly family member speaking to her.

"Have you ever thought about what kind of job you'd like to apply for?"

Natalia turned her head to look at Matthias. She wanted to find some hints in his

expression, for his questions were getting weirder and weirder that she couldn't answer him.

At the sight of his face from the side as he drove, Natalia was starstruck. She thought that Matthias was cool no matter what he did. It wasn't until he turned to face her as well that Natalia frantically answered, "Maybe sales or something like that will be a good fit for me." "Being a saleswoman is a job that's great for picking up new skills. If you're confident, you can come and interview at our company." Matthias finally found a good opportunity to extend a job offer to Natalia, and the latter stared at Matthias uncomprehendingly as she wondered if her ears were playing tricks on her. She had Googled Matthias' name before, so she knew that the Locke Group that Matthias headed was one of a handful of mega corporations that went unrivaled in Bradford City—no, even the entire country. Natalia's heart leaped for joy at Matthias' offer to let her work at the Locke Group. She couldn't describe her current emotions. If Matthias hadn't been there right now, she would definitely have jumped up right there and then. Naturally, she was willing to take up his offer.

"Are you really letting me work at your company?" Natalia didn't dare to believe it, so she asked him again. Her eyes were wide open at this piece of good news that had befallen her, and her excitement radiated from her entire being. Seeing Natalia's simple joy, Matthias' mood improved greatly all of a sudden. "You shouldn't be asking if I'm okay with letting you work there—you should be asking yourself whether you're fine working there instead." Matthias believed that Natalia was a talent that could be molded, and he believed that she would be able to excel in a sales position under the Locke Group.

He had looked into Natalia's past before, so he knew that she was an excellent and smart student. However, she would probably have to change that distant demeanor of hers; it was better to be warmer and more approachable when it came to sales. Of course, he couldn't guarantee that customers wouldn't be sadistic toward her, or that they would win against her mouth. At the very least, she looked like she had a certain level of competency.

"I want to work there." Natalia hastily nodded. How could she let a chance like this pass her by?

That topic opened up a new wealth of other topics. The initially tense atmosphere dissipated, and they began to chat excitedly. Natalia was filled with curiosity about her new job, so she had plenty of questions to ask him.

This was something that Matthias was good at, so he naturally explained everything to her, sparing no detail. He had once been in the sales department back then, and he was as competent as anyone else when it came to that field.

Without either of them being aware of it, they soon reached Natalia's apartment block. After all, time always flew by whenever people had fun. Matthias stopped the car, but Natalia was a little reluctant to part since she still had plenty of things she wanted to tell him.

"Remember to come to the Locke Group tomorrow," Matthias reminded her as she got out of the car.

Natalia revealed a girlish smile and answered, "I know. I'll definitely be there tomorrow."

Seeing how Natalia smiled so innocently, he too showed a radiant smile. It was relaxing being with this woman.

After they said goodbye to each other, Matthias continued to drive back into the city. It was already late, so he had to go home and rest. He hadn't been resting well lately, and he had a tough battle ahead of him in a few more days. Hence, he had to make sure that he got enough sleep.

By the time he returned to the manor, it was already 8.00PM. Matthias got out of his car, but

Evan didn't come to greet him. At that moment, he felt an inexplicable sense of loneliness.

He had personally chased Evan out because of a woman, and he didn't know where the

latter was in Bradford City right now. Nonetheless, he knew that the kind person hadn't left

the city yet.

The earlier fight between the two was meaningless. They had been close friends for years,

and they shouldn't have gotten into such a huge fight over Heather.

In reality, Evan was concerned for Matthias. He had enthusiastically tried getting him and

Heather together because he knew that it was difficult for Matthias to fall in love with

someone. Likewise, the reason he wanted Matthias to give up on Heather was because he

didn't want to see his friend fall deeper and deeper until he hurt himself.

However, when one

had been touched by love, it was hard to shake it off.

For the last few days, Matthias attempted to numb himself through different methods, for

that was the only way he could stop himself from looking for Heather.

He already had no

pride left when it came to her, and he shouldn't embarrass himself that much at the very

least. Not only would Heather look down on him for that, he too would not be able to look at

himself.

But when the hour was late and the night was quiet, Matthias couldn't control himself from

thinking about Heather, especially when he had no one to talk to.

He had chased Evan out, and he had also pushed Lara and Nikolai away. Right now, his lonely self seemed so pitiful; he didn't even have one person he could spill his heart to. With that, Matthias laughed at himself self-deprecatingly.

After brushing his teeth, Matthias plopped onto his bed. As he stared at the ceiling, Heather's face appeared as an image up there. Damn, I'm even seeing things right now.

"Heather, if I can do everything over again, I will not get to know you," Matthias muttered to himself bitterly.

He knew that if he simply bumped into her, he would definitely fall in love with her again.

Heather was his other half, and she was someone that God had sent down to him. Matthias

could not be saved, and he could not stop himself from loving Heather.

From the very first

time he set eyes on her, he knew that she was someone fated for him.

Meanwhile, he wasn't the only one suffering from a sleepless night—Heather couldn't fall

asleep either. She had already left Bradfort City, but her heart still remained there.

At the same time, another person's breaths could be heard inside the room. Heather recalled

the days she spent with Matthias in Iceland; they had stayed in the same room during that

trip, and they had also been intimate.

Leon's even breaths made Heather sink even further into her memories.

She couldn't move

past Matthias; the more she pushed him away, the more her heart wanted to get close to

Matthias. She really was a failure of a person.

Through the haziness of her mind, she heard Leon sleep-talking. "Now that you're here,

please don't go, Heather."

Those words struck a deep chord within Heather's heart. Pining after someone was such a

painful thing, and Heather felt that she was hurting others as well as herself.

There was nothing on Matthias' side, so she wondered if Matthias had finally decided to give up on her this time.

Heather smiled self-deprecatingly. She always had the feeling that he would abandon her for some gain, and now, Matthias had really let her go. She had gotten her wish, but a chunk of her heart was lost.

"Matthias, you really are..." Heather muttered to herself, but she was also afraid that Leon would hear her. After all, they were only just a meter apart.

In the bed, there was a man who deeply loved Heather as he slept next to the woman. She wanted to take a good look at Leon's face with the aid of the moonlight, but she seemingly ended up seeing Matthias' face instead.

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Heather put on a jacket and quietly got down from the bed. Then, she went up to the window and admired the moon outside. The full moon was bright and yellow tonight, and it almost seemed as though she could see Matthias' face printed on it. The latter seemed to be everywhere she looked these days, and Heather felt like she could go crazy from these hallucinations. In fact, she had much better things to do, so why was her mind occupied by these romantic affairs instead? In Heather's eyes, Matthias had the handsomest face which was incomparable to any man on earth—his good looks were precisely the type that could make her heart flutter.

Sadly, she only felt deeply attached to him after she left. Could Matthias also be thinking about her right now? Was it the best decision for them to break up like this?

It was already 2.00AM when Heather returned to her bed, and she still had to wake up early the next morning to drive. According to rumors, there was an incredible physician who dwelled in this city—apparently, he had the power of rejuvenation. Heather had sourced this information far and wide. Sure enough, when one began to lose trust in Western medicine, they would often seek remedy from Chinese medicine which was both traditional and reliable. Heather wasn't certain about the doctor's true abilities, but perhaps he could give Robert a new hope in life. It was still rather early when Heather opened her eyes the next morning, for she couldn't sleep well at all. On the other hand, Leon was still sound asleep. Similar to Heather, the man hadn't been resting well these days either, so it was great that he was able to get some quality sleep this time.

Heather waited for Leon to wake up, and she even informed the hotel staff to prepare a scrumptious breakfast. When she glanced at the clock, she noticed it was almost 8.00AM.

I'll let Leon sleep for another hour.

At 9.00AM, the hotel staff knocked on the door right on time, sending over the breakfast that she had ordered earlier that morning. Heather got down from the bed and opened the door for the servers, whereas Leon was surprisingly still asleep. The servers left after pushing the food cart in, but Heather stared at the breakfast spread and realized that she didn't have much appetite. However, Leon could eat like a horse, so she believed that he would have no problem finishing it.

Then, she walked up to Leon's bed before she reached out and nudged him. "It's time to

wake up." Heather's voice was cold and emotionless.

"Huh?" mumbled Leon as he heard a familiar voice by his side.

"Get up." Heather was a little louder this time. Along with that, she nudged him harder as

well.

"What?" Leon mumbled something incoherent after that, and he couldn't wake up at all.

"It's getting late, Leon. It's time to get up." Heather was getting impatient, for the third time

was her limit. She was about to get rough if Leon still didn't wake up.

As expected, Leon still wasn't willing to get up—it was clear that he couldn't be woken up by

such gentle means. Thus, Heather decided that she wasn't going to be polite anymore.

She pinched his nose without a warning, waiting to see if he would continue sleeping even

like this. Leon opened his mouth to breathe, and his eyelashes quivered in panic. Heather

then said ominously, "You'd better get up right now, Leon."

He opened his eyes in a flash. He looked toward Heather, but he couldn't tell where he was

for a moment, coming to his senses only after a while.

As he panted for air, he said to Heather in dissatisfaction, "You're going to break my nose!"

Heather was putting more and more force in her fingers while Leon complained in pain.

"Since you can't be woken up by words, I can only use force," Heather said with a

mischievous smile.

After that, she finally let go of Leon's nose slowly. The man's nose was now swollen and red,

and a chuckle escaped Heather's mouth all of a sudden. It was too funny to watch!

"Good morning to you too!" Leon exclaimed in distress.

The helpless look on Leon's face greatly lightened Heather's mood, and he was no doubt her

happy pill.

“You’re being too rough, Heather. No man would want you if you keep acting like this.” Leon rubbed his nose, feeling utterly wronged from being tortured by Heather every single day.

“Oh, is that so?” Heather questioned him sarcastically.

“What time is it, Heather?” After that, Leon rubbed his eyes and asked innocently.

“Can’t you find out yourself?” She turned around promptly. Since Leon was awake, she couldn’t be bothered to talk.

Leon grabbed his watch by the side and was surprised to see that it was already past

9.00AM. No wonder it’s so bright outside. He had overslept quite a bit this time, and he even

promised yesterday that he was going to wake up super early today. As he recalled that, he

repeatedly slapped his face for not keeping his promise.

“I’m sorry, Heather. I overslept.” Leon scratched the back of his head apologetically. Right

now, he looked exactly like a guilty elementary school student who was admitting his

mistakes.

“Quick, come and eat. Quit stalling already.” Heather was already dressed up, and she even

had some light makeup on her face.

“Hehe, I know that you care about me, Heather. Look at all this good food you’ve ordered on

my behalf!” Leon giggled foolishly as he got down from the bed.

“Cut the nonsense and come here.” Leon was already used to Heather’s cold-shoulder

toward his silly behavior.

Thus, he quickly made his way to the table which was filled with all his favorite

food—indeed, Heather was just a woman with a tough mouth and a soft heart.

“You look so energetic today, Heather! I guess you’re in a pretty good mood, huh?” Leon

praised her sweetly. Lately, both of them were in a slump, so a little positivity once in a while was very much needed.

Heather couldn't be bothered to respond. In fact, her dark eye circles were extremely horrifying at the moment; if it weren't for her full coverage concealer, she would've looked awfully tired and lifeless right now.

"Cheer up, Heather," Leon comforted her hastily. He was worried that she was still thinking about Matthias, and he only hoped that she wouldn't look as troubled as this whenever she was with him.

"Do I look that unhappy?" Heather argued.

"Yeah." Surprisingly, Leon nodded.

Heather glared fiercely at Leon, wanting nothing more than to slam his face against the table. He then quickly corrected himself after feeling the murderous intent in Heather's eyes.

"No, you look like you're in a wonderful mood, Heather."

"Huh," Heather snickered. Leon's ability to read the room was improving these days to the point where she couldn't find a reason to display her 'brutality' toward him.

"Come on, Heather, stop acting like that. My poor little heart is going crazy for you." Leon

tried to act cute with a high-pitched voice, and a wave of disgust instantly passed over Heather.

"You'd better start acting normal." Her tone had a hint of warning to it.

"Hehe, have you finally cheered up a little?" Leon asked proudly.

"Nope." Heather truly wanted to ignore this fella.

She ate very little during breakfast. Meanwhile, Leon could tell that Heather had lost quite a

lot of weight recently, so he wanted to urge her to eat more.

However, the words that came out of his mouth were instead brazen as usual. "You should

eat more, Heather. Your boobs are about to disappear.” Leon immediately regretted his choice of words right after, for he seemed to have triggered Heather yet again.

“Indeed, my boobs can never be compared to yours.” Heather’s eyes nonchalantly swept across Leon’s chest.

Leon had a muscular chest; with the added advantage of his foreigner genes, he had quite a natural brawny build.

Once he heard Heather’s words, he covered his chest with his hands and stared at Heather

warily. “Hey, stop staring at my body.” He acted like he was protecting himself from a pervert.

“I’m not interested anyway. I don’t like men with boobs bigger than mine,” said Heather in disdain.

At the very least, her daily bickerings with Leon made life feel much more interesting.

“I’m full.” Leon turned toward Heather in dissatisfaction, for he was suddenly unhappy after hearing Heather’s remarks.

“Let’s go, then.” Heather looked at Leon with a half-hearted smile. Right now, he was nothing more than a slave to her—of course she had to use him to her full advantage.

“Shouldn’t we rest a bit after eating?” Leon was used to taking a nap after his meals since life was more fulfilling that way.

“Of course not—especially not after eating. You’ll get fat.” Heather put on a radiant smile as she bared her teeth, and it made her look like an enchanting vampire.

Thus, Leon could only dejectedly follow behind Heather. They were heading to a remote area today, and it was very befitting for a famed physician to reside at. Even though Leon was Heather’s driver for the day, he wouldn’t shut up and kept on

blabbering on. Meanwhile, Heather was desperate to stuff cotton in her ears; she didn't want to hear any of Leon's rubbish on the way there.

"This famous Chinese medicine doctor you speak of is really odd. Why won't he take the chief physician spot in the heart of the city? Instead, he's hiding away in such a barren, rural area," Leon said in disapproval. It hadn't been easy to find this legendary physician.

"Not everyone works for the money. Some doctors purely want to help people," Heather spat coldly in reply.

"How's that possible in this day and age?" Leon clearly didn't believe her. Whatever it was, profit came first before anything else. Besides, he'd never seen a kind-hearted person before, not to mention a complete saint.

"You shouldn't judge others with your own standards. Everyone has different goals." Heather sounded like an educator when she said that. In contrast to Leon, she quite admired the doctor's resolve.

Nevertheless, Heather hadn't met the doctor in person, so she didn't know if he was simply fishing for fame or if he was truly a kind-hearted doctor. Anyhow, Heather merely wished for the best. After all, she didn't want to go all the way there for nothing, and it'd be such a waste of time.

"You've changed, Heather. You've become too compassionate," said Leon as he roasted her.

Ever since Heather returned to Bradford City, she seemed to be changing every day. She was no longer the arrogant goddess in high school; now, she was becoming more and more down-to-earth. With that, she was straying further away from the stereotypical image of a businesswoman.

"Is it not a good thing to change?" Heather questioned him. She was quite happy with her

current self—at the very least, being compassionate was much better than being inhumane.

“For someone in the business realm, it might not be a good thing.” Leon frowned at her.

“There are compassionate businesspeople out there too; you shouldn’t limit your understanding of people in business.” Heather had gained a new understanding of the business industry, and she didn’t think there was a need to force herself to adhere to stereotypical standards.

“A businessperson will have to sacrifice someone else’s profits in order to accumulate capital. A compassionate businessperson will experience a conflict with their conscience, so why not be a heartless one instead?” Leon was still in disagreement with Heather’s perspective. After all, he had yet to reach her level of enlightenment. “If that’s the case, I’ll try my best to avoid that. I’ll do what I can to come to a conclusion that benefits everyone so I can give back to society.” Heather countered his claims positively, for she didn’t think it was impossible for someone like that to succeed as well.

“Your ideals are so high up, Heather! That’s good to hear. I hope you’ll succeed in becoming a compassionate businesswoman.” Leon was too embarrassed to carry on his insults after hearing Heather’s response.

After all, he was more than happy for her to find a new goal in her life. He remembered clearly that it wasn’t too long ago when she was still doubting herself and wondering if she was truly suited to be a woman in business.

Now that Heather had found her answer, it was definitely something to be celebrated! Leon hoped that she could work her way toward this new goal of hers without straying off again.

Indeed, the mental journey on her path to happiness was too torturous and painful.

“Remember to turn right. Keep your eyes on the road,” Heather quickly reminded Leon as the corners of her mouth curved slightly. She knew that Leon would support her decision no matter what, and it put a great feeling in her chest.

“What kind of road is this?! It’s too bumpy! I never knew such narrow and bumpy roads still exist in this country; I would’ve brought my jeep if I had known!” Leon couldn’t stop complaining as usual.

“Narrow and bumpy roads have their own beauty too. Rather than complaining all the time, why don’t you admire the scenery around us?” Heather mused. She sounded like a philosopher with years of wisdom.

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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.

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.

"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

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.

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.

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.

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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The two of them shared uncomfortable looks, for they'd never faced a situation as awkward as this. What could they do now, though? Meanwhile, Heather noticed the old woman's resentment toward them as well, so she pulled Leon to the side immediately. It seemed like they'd run into quite an ancient village today.

"I don't think we're welcomed here, Leon." Heather lowered her voice since she wasn't sure if the villagers could understand them.

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Leon blinked a few times; he was unsure as well, but he had a feeling that the villagers were extremely unfriendly toward them. Leon tried to think of a way to solve the issue at hand, but he couldn't come up with any good ideas even after racking his brains.

"Do you have any solutions in mind?" Heather assumed that Leon had already found an

answer, for his eyes were darting left and right.

“No, but why don’t we go deeper inside?” Leon felt that it wouldn’t help to keep being surrounded by these groups of people, and it’d be better to continue the search themselves.

“Okay.” Since they didn’t have better ideas at the moment, they could only go with this one.

Heather and Leon continued walking under the unfriendly gaze of the villages. The two of

them didn’t know where they’d find more signs of human life, but nothing could go wrong if they followed the hillside path.

Right now, they weren’t anywhere near the depths of the mountains or forest, so why were

these people acting like they’d never seen any forms of modern civilization? Heather was

constantly troubled by this doubt, and it seemed as though this place had been completely cut off from the outside world.

Was this why the old physician had decided to reside here? After all, he was indeed known

as someone with pure intentions to help the sick. Heather studied the faces of the

surrounding people and noticed the dull and spiritless look in their eyes—she had a feeling

that there was something not quite right with these villagers.

Soon, the duo finally let out a breath of relief after leaving the village.

However, they had now

entered a forest. Just then, a strange and inexplicable fragrance wafted from the trees; the

faint yet notable scent surprised both Heather and Leon.

She took a deep breath and turned to Leon. “Do you smell that?”

Leon followed suit and took a deep breath as well, inhaling a huge gulp of the mysterious

fragrance into his lungs. After that, he felt uncomfortable all of a sudden; there was

something unusual about the scent.

“Something’s definitely wrong.” Leon was confident about it.

“This fragrance is indeed suspicious,” Heather expressed her doubts. Why would there be a lingering floral scent in the middle of winter? It doesn’t smell like plum blossoms, so what is it?

“You took such a huge breath of it earlier, Heather. Aren’t you feeling dizzy?” Leon narrowed his eyes at her, for it seemed like Heather wasn’t feeling any aftereffects at all.

“No.” Heather shook her head. She wasn’t dizzy, but Leon didn’t look so good on the other hand.

“Could it be a poisonous gas?” Heather guessed. At the same time, panic rose on Leon’s face as soon as he heard that.

He looked at Heather in disbelief and terror—why would there be poisonous gas in the middle of an ordinary forest?

“Don’t scare me, Heather. We’ve been here for some time now; how could we still be alive if we’ve really inhaled poison?” Leon was a little worried about himself, for he didn’t want to sacrifice his life in a place like this.

Heather shielded Leon behind herself and said to him in a strict tone, “Anything is possible in a place like this.” She wasn’t trying to scare him, but since this was the famed physician’s chosen residential spot, there was bound to be something special about this place.

“What do we do, then?” Leon wanted nothing but to leave this forest as soon as possible.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t know what to do if they were really poisoned to death here.

“Why don’t we turn back? Maybe they’ll help us if you pretend to pass out.” At that moment,

Heather thought of an idea.

Healers were supposed to believe in equality for all lives; since the renowned physician was

kind-hearted with pure intentions, he would definitely lend a helping hand to any sick person.

If that happened, wouldn't they be able to find the doctor effortlessly? With that thought in mind, Heather let out a silent chuckle of glee—her idea was not bad indeed and it seemed reliable. However, Leon wasn't too happy with her suggestion. He didn't want to pretend to be sick, but he was actually feeling quite dizzy. "Are you sure it's going to work, Heather? They looked so disgusted earlier; will they really help us?" Leon was a little concerned, and his heart shuddered at the thought of the old woman's terrifying glare.

Heather put on a confident smile and said, "I don't think they'd leave us to die. All right, then. I'll be counting on your performance later. Considering your outstanding acting skills, I know you'll win their pity for sure."

Leon stared at the ominous grin on Heather's face. Why does her plan feel so unreliable? That peculiar village didn't feel safe at all. Snippets of horror films appeared in Leon's mind. The storyline they were experiencing was precisely a common occurrence in such a genre—they'd first arrive at an uncivilized village, and that would lead to many bizarre incidents.

Right now, Leon was more than eager to leave this place; even the way their car had descended into a pithole seemed straight out of a horror movie. At the thought of that, Leon was instantly covered in cold sweat.

This didn't feel like a journey to find a doctor at all! Instead, what a strange experience this was—he felt like they were on a treasure hunt. They couldn't have been tricked by the group of scary old people, right? While Leon was still immersed in his wild imagination, they had already exited the forest. In

truth, they hadn't gone very deep inside it, so it would only take a short walk before they reached the strange village again. With that, Heather turned to Leon—it would soon be his time to shine.

However, Leon clearly still hadn't snapped out of his trance. Heather coughed loudly to gain his attention but to no avail, so she could only slap his shoulder hard to wake him up.

"Hey!" Leon exclaimed in shock. "What the hell, Heather?" He glared at her in dissatisfaction.

"What are you daydreaming about?" In fact, Heather was more annoyed at Leon—he was being absent-minded this whole time.

"Are you really sure about this, Heather? Do you really think they'd really bring us to the doctor? Besides, he can't be the only doctor around!" Leon listed a series of possible scenarios, insisting that her plan was unreliable.

"You're not entirely wrong, but either way, we'll find the doctor faster this way. Just endure it for a little while!" Heather blinked repeatedly at Leon. His strong reluctance against her plan was quite interesting to watch.

Indeed, Leon wasn't planning to be swayed by Heather's persuasion attempt. He turned his face away, but Heather quickly pushed his head back to face her. She stared at him innocently and tried to convince him by acting cute.

Heather knew that she had to be soft in order to deal with Leon. Sure enough, he couldn't resist her display of cuteness. His brows snapped together, and he had already decided to give in deep down.

"Come on, Leon. Let's give it a try, okay?" Heather said coyly. With that, there was nothing else the man could say against her.

She maintained her pleading gaze as Leon nodded reluctantly. He chewed on his bottom lip and said, "Remember to be alert later, Heather." Leon was still doubtful about the plan, but there was no way he could reject her at this point. Heather put on a kind smile and replied, "Don't worry, I'll protect you." Heather knew exactly what Leon was worried about, and he was definitely thinking too much again.

If someone were to fall sick in a horror movie, it would mean the end for that character.

Male characters were mostly used as bait in such plots, and Leon had a feeling that he was currently in a similar scenario.

The two of them walked side by side while doubt still lingered on Leon's face; he was a little regretful for accompanying Heather on her arduous journey. How could someplace like this still exist in this day and age? Indeed, the way a famous doctor's mind worked was different from an ordinary person, and he wondered how the doctor could get used to living in a place like this.

From afar, they could see the figures of the old folks in the village. These people moved very stiffly to the point where Heather and Leon felt uncomfortable.

There was still no sign of the younger generation this time round. As the two of them

entered the village again, Heather deliberately let out a few coughs in Leon's direction, signaling that it was time for him to pass out.

However, Leon didn't make a move. He simply stared in puzzlement at the elderly and children around him. All of a sudden, he felt like he was surrounded by a group of Neanderthals.

He took in the mud houses around him, and he was a little worried about his safety at that moment. Since the villagers weren't aggressive by any means, though, he could at least

relax slightly.

“Are you feeling unwell, Leon?” Heather turned to him, seemingly questioning the man fiercely with her eyes.

“I’m fine, Heather. Is your throat feeling dry?” Leon asked in concern. Heather was almost panting for air from her excessive coughing earlier.

“Don’t push yourself, Leon,” Heather forced those words out through gritted teeth, refusing to believe that Leon was that oblivious to her hints. It seemed like he couldn’t escape any longer. Without a choice, he let himself collapse to the ground in an exaggerated manner. Heather’s face fell immediately, and she stared at Leon in panic as he lay motionless on the ground.

“Are you okay, Leon?!” Heather shook him gently; the astonishment on her face didn’t look like play pretend at all.

As Leon lay there with his eyes shut, he could only think about his clothes which were ruined just like that. The ground must be filthy... My clothes must be covered in mud right now...

Leon was practically crying inside.

“Wake up, Leon!” She pinched his philtrum as she spoke, being completely serious with her acting.

Leon was still unresponsive, so Heather turned to the people around her and yelled, “Is there a doctor? We need a doctor!” She hoped that they could understand her.

Surprisingly, the crowd seemed to have understood her words. Either that, they had caught meaning from her gestures and facial expression. They pointed her in a direction and gave her a bunch of instructions too. Sadly, Heather couldn’t understand them at all.

Just then, a boy who looked like he had autism came up to them suddenly. He spoke to

Heather in standard English with incorrect pronunciation as he said, “I’ll take you to Dr. Turner.”

Heather looked at the boy like she had just found her lifesaver, for she didn’t think there was anyone in the village who knew standard English. Even though his pronunciation made it difficult to understand, at least it was slightly easier to comprehend compared to a Scottish accent!

“Thank you.” With those words, she put Leon’s weight on her own back and stood up while supporting his side.

The elderly and children were all shocked to see that—they’d never seen a woman with such great strength. Heather smiled slightly as she noticed the stunned expressions on their faces. This had indeed destroyed her image of an elegant goddess, but she was a strong and independent woman to begin with. Now wasn’t the time to pay attention to those unnecessary details.

Leon didn’t look too heavy, but Heather felt otherwise as soon as she had to carry him. If it weren’t for her strength training in the past, she would’ve probably been crushed by his body weight.

As she followed behind the little boy, she asked him, “This Dr. Turner you mentioned... Is he from your village as well?” She seemed to be too straight-forward with her question.

However, the boy didn’t seem to think much of it. He replied frankly, “No, he’s from the big city. He’s the one who taught me standard English.”

Heather was overjoyed inside. Her plan was a success indeed—they’d effortlessly found their target. Nonetheless, Leon wasn’t in a celebratory mood as he lay on Heather’s back; he

didn't feel right to put his full weight on her, but he couldn't get up either. What should I do?

He felt unbelievably shameful to be carried by Heather like this!

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

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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.

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.

“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.

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.

“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

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.