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Heather didn't know whether to laugh or cry in the face of these sudden incidents. After all, most people would never have expected such an outcome. However, when she saw how confident Zayne looked, she suddenly felt much relieved. Indeed, she had great expectations for him at first, but he wore down her anticipation bit by bit. Now that she heard him saying so, she felt much more relieved. She trusted him completely, and she believed that he had the ability to turn things around. Heather, who had a heavy heart at first, felt a lot more relaxed right now. She looked at the scenery outside the car window and discovered that this was not the way back to Bradford City. Meanwhile, a scheming flicker flashed across Zayne's eyes as he stared at the back of Heather's head. However, when she turned her head around, he put on his signature smile again.

"Where are you taking me to?" From the looks of it, Heather felt like they'd be leaving Bradford City completely if they went any further.

"We definitely cannot head back to the city, so I've arranged a temporary shelter for you on the outskirts of town," Zayne replied calmly.

"Do I really have to stay alone at the shelter for three whole days?" Heather thought this idea sounded very absurd since it was long enough to drive a person nuts. "Three days will be over in a flash." Zayne felt that three days wasn't much, but that wasn't necessarily the case with Heather's personality.

Meanwhile, the woman had a troubled look on her face; she was still in two minds, for she didn't know whether to accept Zayne's proposal. When he saw her hesitation, the man

continued to lure her with all kinds of promises. “I promise to help you take care of your matters as long as you stay there obediently for three days.” The meaningful smile on his lips made Heather hesitate.

The two were in a stalemate while the car continued to move, but Heather knew that Zayne was the one who currently had the upper hand. In reality, she believed without a doubt that he definitely had his own ways of making her yield to him even if she refused his proposal.

“You’re making things difficult for me, Zayne.” She believed in him, but her instincts confused her a lot; she couldn’t help feeling that something bad would happen next.

“It won’t do you any good to insist on doing things your own way, Heather.” Zayne always had a way to calm her down, though he had a headache when she went back on what had been discussed previously.

“I have a bad feeling about this, Zayne,” Heather said as she broke down. Such an instinct almost tore her apart, and she hated this f*cking feeling.

“Don’t think about your intuition. Let me stress this again—you must remain at the place I’ve prepared for you, and I only need you to stay there for three days. Have you kept it in mind?”

Zayne stressed over and over again as if speaking to a kindergarten pupil, and it felt really frustrating.

Heather nodded reluctantly and suppressed her instincts for the time being. Right now, what she wanted to do most was to get a good night’s sleep at the shelter. If she had to stay in the shelter for three days, she could sleep half of the time away; it was very worthwhile when she thought about it. Moreover, she was very exhausted and could hardly open her

eyes right now, so it was important to find a place and get some good sleep.

The road seemed to be endless, but they finally arrived at the shelter after about a

half-hour's drive. Heather got out of the car first without giving Zayne the opportunity to

open the car door for her.

Zayne was already used to this, so he didn't ask to be snubbed right now.

As soon as he got

out of the car, he saw her looking at the house before her with a look of displeasure. "Is this

a log cabin?" she asked after looking the house up and down. This cabin seems too simple

and crude, she thought to herself.

Zayne walked to her left and replied with a smile on his face, "It is."

"Are you seriously asking me to stay in such a place?" Heather had disgust written all over

her face. She couldn't stay here, for she had no idea if there were any cockroaches or bugs

running around the cabin.

"Heather, this cabin is the forester's living quarters. Almost no one would expect me to hide

you in a place like this," Zayne asserted proudly. He believed in his intelligence, and no one

would think of this place for at least three days.

"Do you want me to guest as a forester for three days?" Heather was both amused and

annoyed. She didn't want to stay here, for she felt uncomfortable all over just by looking at

this place.

Zayne could sense the woman's disgust, so he comforted her and said,

"Actually, the room

is fairly clean, Heather. Let's go inside and take a look."

Heather had deep furrows in her brow, though. Since she refused to enter the cabin, Zayne

could only step forward as he pushed the wooden door open under her glare.

The wooden door didn't seem to be locked, and it opened with a squeak. This was an open-plan house that made people feel very insecure. As the door opened wide, there was a stinking smell of sweat coming from the room. It seemed that the former forester was a very 'masculine' person. Heather covered her nose at once; she couldn't even stay for 15 minutes in this kind of environment, let alone live here for three days. "I'm not going in, and I don't want to stay here." She was green in the face as she thought that Zayne was simply pulling pranks on her.

"Don't be picky at this time, Heather. Trust me—this place is safe." Zayne walked out and was ready to drag her inside directly. However, Heather shook her head vigorously. "I'd rather you let me live in the jungle outright than let me stay here," she said while pointing at the door. "The door is unlocked, you see.

It's no different from staying outside." Zayne curled his lips. Heather is really good at finding faults, he thought to himself.

However, he had to convince Heather as soon as possible since he couldn't stay here for too long. "I can give you a blanket if you want to camp outside," he said while walking to the trunk of his car. After opening the trunk, he took out a blanket from the inside and handed it directly to the woman.

Heather looked at Zayne hesitantly, but he didn't seem to be joking. He had made up his mind, and this made her feel very helpless. After taking the blanket, she turned her face away in a fit of pique, whereas Zayne closed the trunk and got into the car directly. After all,

there was no spare time for Heather to throw tantrums since many matters were waiting for him in Bradford City. This time, he said to the driver mercilessly, "Drive back to Bradford City."

At the sound of the car starting up, Heather turned around and looked at the car with displeasure showing on her face. This time, though, Zayne didn't care about her feelings at all. Come to think of it, this is the only way Zayne could probably think of. Otherwise, he wouldn't have let me suffer here, she comforted herself as the car slowly drove away under her gaze.

Perhaps no one would think of such a place, she thought to herself. As she felt like a savage, the corners of her mouth turned up gently. I'll just take this as seeking joy amid hardships.

She wasn't interested in entering the log cabin, but it was really very cold outside. Since Heather hadn't been bundled up in the first place, she practically experienced the winter in the forest. She wrapped herself in the blanket while looking at the log cabin hesitantly. I can only suffer from the cold outside if I don't get in, she thought to herself. Meanwhile, coldness wore her down bit by bit as she was in two minds.

Time was ticking, and it seemed that the sun would be going down. If she went on like this, the dark night would set in, and it would be even colder in the forest. The log cabin's door was wide open, and it looked like it was tempting her to go back inside. At last, Heather couldn't stand the chilliness and walked into the place. Luckily, the inside of the log cabin looked better than the outside—there was even a heater and a fridge.

Surprisingly, the forester's house wasn't that bad. Heather didn't think much about it at the time, but Zayne had prepared everything specially for her. She then closed the door directly

from the inside. As it turned out, this wooden door could only be closed with a bolt. Such an old way of handling things is really a return to the old days, she thought to herself.

Heather instantly felt comfortable after she closed the door and turned on the heater. Still, she continued wrapping herself in the blanket. Since there was a distinct odor in the room, she took her perfume out of her handbag and sprayed it directly around the house. This bottle of limited-edition perfume was probably even more valuable than this log cabin, but her heart didn't ache at all as she used it as an air freshener. As she smelled the perfume's

scent in the air, she felt as though her soul had been lifted. Right now, she felt much more comfortable.

Suddenly, she felt somewhat hungry. As her stomach began rumbling, she came directly up to the fridge and opened it. There were various snacks in it, and several cups of instant noodles had even been carefully prepared for her. At the sight of these items, her lips curled into a smile of satisfaction.

Right now, she no longer hated this log cabin that much. Although it was small, it was complete with basic necessities that were sufficient. Then, she took a cup of instant noodles out of the fridge directly. Zayne had every detail considered, and the food stored in the fridge would last her for three to five days.

Nothing could relieve her hunger better than instant noodles right now, but there was no hot water. Heather looked at the large bottle of mineral water on the wooden table before catching sight of the electric water kettle beside it. The only trouble is that I have to

personally boil the water, she thought to herself. Several large bottles of mineral water were placed together on the ground, and they seemed to have been prepared for her by Zayne. At the sight of this, she felt much more at ease. Luckily, she didn't really have to live like a savage.

Heather continued sizing up this small log cabin while the water was boiling. Right now, the cabin seemed to have a unique taste to it. Still, she felt a bit ill at ease while sitting on the wooden bed. She felt dirty whenever it occurred to her that the forester slept on this wooden bed every day, often with his body reeking of sweat.

Luckily, Zayne made a special effort to put a genuine leather sofa in such a cramped space.

Since the cabin's space was limited, the sofa wasn't long as it stood about 1.2 to 1.3 meters

long. It seems that I can sleep on this couch by curling up on it, she thought to herself.

Compared to the dirty bed where the forester slept, Heather would rather sleep on the sofa.

It was a bit small, but she could curl herself up into a ball on it. She had never been in such

an embarrassing predicament before, and she finally understood what it was like to be

hunted to the ends of the world right now.

If she could take revenge, she would definitely have the ones trying to kill her skinned and

devoured alive. After all, women were very vengeful; she was now thinking over how to

torture and kill the ones trying to kill her. No matter what, she had to pay them back in the

future a hundred times more than what she was enduring right now.

Heather felt lost during the days without her cell phone. After all, modern people couldn't do

without a cell phone at all. She looked at her right hand, for she kept thinking that she had to

hold something in her hand to feel relaxed.
At the same time, she wondered if someone was looking for her right now. She only hoped that such days would be over sooner, for she really couldn't stand living such an isolated life. Three days suddenly became unusually slow, and every single second was torturous. She estimated the time and reckoned that Zayne was probably already on the way back to the city at this moment. She had pinned all her hopes on him right now, so she hoped that he wouldn't disappoint her. It never even once crossed her mind to suspect him. Such complete trust was unlike her, but not every trust could be rewarded well.

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Sleepiness overtook Heather, but she was afraid of falling onto the ground. Hence, she would stir a little and wake up at once as she curled herself up on the tiny sofa. She turned up the heater to full blast, but she felt chilly no matter what since she had only a thin blanket on her. She wondered if Zayne didn't have enough time to fix up this shelter or if he was deliberately pulling pranks on her. She appeared to be in a bad mood as she rubbed her nose in a very unladylike fashion. She was bored stiff as there wasn't even a TV inside the cabin. She couldn't sleep well, nor could she watch a soap opera even if she wanted to. At this moment, she missed the bustling scenes of Bradfort City terribly. Now, it seemed so hard to get what had been within her easy reach. Heather buried her face in the sofa and took a deep sniff at its genuine leather, for it smelled way more pleasant than the stench in the cabin. Since she couldn't sleep no matter what, she decided to play her trump card by putting

herself to sleep using the most primitive method. "One sheep, two sheep, three sheep..."

There appeared to be countless little sheep before her eyes, yet drowsiness failed to sweep over her.

Heather's head throbbed with pain, for she was in a situation where she wanted to sleep but couldn't do so. However, she couldn't do anything about it since she couldn't even find a book in such a place. When she thought about this, she felt very displeased since Zayne was being rather inconsiderate.

Meanwhile, the same man sneezed while sitting in the car that was moving at a high speed.

He pinched his nose and thought to himself, Is someone thinking about me?

There was still a long way to get to Bradfort City; it wasn't small, and it deserved to be called

a cosmopolitan. Zayne liked this city because Heather had been born and raised here, but

the current situation had become increasingly complicated right now.

Even though he

described it to her as though it was easy to solve, the situation was actually difficult to turn

around. Besides, he wasn't the person who could turn things around either.

It wasn't easy to put things back in order, and Zayne regretted promising Heather to come

here since he had to face a complete mess of things now. Just then, he wondered if she

was getting used to living there right now. After all, she was the daughter of a wealthy

family, so he thought that she probably couldn't get used to sleeping in that kind of place at

all. Upon thinking about this, his lips curled into a sly smile. He admitted that he had selfish

motives in arranging such a shelter for her, but this was nothing. Worse things might

happen in the future, so this could be considered an advance warning for her.

As the car drove into the city, Zayne found a comfortable posture for himself and rearranged his position in the vehicle. He estimated that they were at least 20 minutes away from their destination, and the journey would take longer if they got caught in any traffic jams. "No third person can know about what happened today," he said from his seat at the back of the car to the driver in front, using an authoritative tone that allowed no rebuttal.

The driver responded in a deep voice, "Okay."

Zayne closed his eyes with satisfaction. The driver in front of him was no ordinary person.

Instead, he was an all-around bodyguard that Zayne had specially hired from abroad for his personal safety. This guy was an assassin who typically sought refuge in remote areas, but he would occasionally work as a bodyguard. He was almost capable of everything, and his ability to kill was even more unbeatable. Meanwhile, Zayne was a person who was on friendly terms with both the government and the underworld. He disliked fights and killings, but since his personal safety was being threatened this time, he couldn't find a more reliable protector than the man in front of him.

Just then, the driver in front of Zayne lowered his voice and said to him, "I have to remind you as a friend, Zayne."

The latter, who had just closed his eyes, opened them once more. This guy rarely spoke, so Zayne wouldn't ignore him when he opened his mouth on such a rare occasion. "I know what you're going to say." He didn't want this guy to advise him since that would make him appear stupid.

“Don’t ruin yourself for a woman, Zayne,” the all-around bodyguard reminded in a caring manner.

Zayne propped himself up with his arms and narrowed his eyes as a smile of resignation played on his lips. “Are you advising me in your capacity as my younger brother, Jason?” He leaned forward. Perhaps no one would’ve thought that this man, who could kill people without batting an eyelid, was the younger brother of Zayne, the great detective.

“Don’t coerce me using our brotherhood. We aren’t related by blood,” Jason Lee retorted contemptuously. I shouldn’t have reminded Zayne, he thought to himself.

“Yeah, our relationship is one between an employee and his employee.” Zayne laughed. He shouldn’t have brought up the subject of brotherly affections at such a time, for he should’ve known long ago that Jason had no regard for affections.

“Either way, remember to take care of yourself. I don’t want to collect your dead body,” Jason replied coldly.

“Just be rest assured, you brat. I’ll probably be the one who collects your dead body instead,” Zayne retorted, refusing to show any signs of weakness.

Nonetheless, Jason still cared for him a little bit, and this was more than enough.

With that, Jason returned to his usual and indifferent self without saying another word.

Zayne had long been accustomed to this side of him, and he sometimes even suspected

that he was a robot. He recalled the scene where he first met Jason as a child; Jason looked

like an alien at the time, for his big head and tiny body made him look funny yet pitiful.

Zayne had gotten himself a house in the city this time, and it cost him a lot of money. The

houses in Bradford City were insanely expensive, so much so that even single apartments

were unreasonably overpriced. I must make Heather pay for all this. She has lots of money

in her personal vault anyway, he thought to himself with a smile. Why can't I use anything else but money to communicate with those close to me? He would arrive at his apartment in another while. He was a bit tired, and he couldn't wait to go back and get some sleep.

The car stopped in the apartment's underground parking lot, and Jason protected Zayne as they got out of it one after another. This kind of underground parking lot was where accidents were most likely to happen, so he shielded his employer with his own body out of his professionalism.

Meanwhile, Zayne patted Jason on the shoulder from behind. "Relax, they don't have spare time to deal with me at the moment." Zayne was a detective, so he had these details well within his grasp. Needless to say, he wouldn't let himself be killed so easily.

Jason frowned at Zayne. The two wisps of the latter's mustache looked gentlemanly and mirthful at the corners of his lips with an inexplicable ludicrousness to it. When the siblings were compared to each other, Jason was virtually a giant with a height of approximately two meters. If he didn't work as an assassin, he could join a basketball team instead. His stocky build made Zayne appear a few sizes smaller, and it was totally believable that he could shield Zayne with his sturdy body when danger befell.

As such, they returned to their apartment on the 21st floor without any danger along the way. After looking at the doorknob, Zayne shot Jason a glance. He discovered that someone had sneaked into the apartment, but no one dared to guarantee whether the person was still

inside right now. It seemed like the intruder had bad intentions, so Zayne took out his keys and opened the door first while Jason removed his silenced gun from the holster. As soon as Zayne opened the door, Jason rushed into the apartment with big strides and held his gun at Leon, who was currently sitting on the sofa. The only reason Jason hadn't fired his gun was because he recognized this man. On the other hand, Zayne was also surprised to see Leon. He made a gesture to Jason, who put his gun away carefully and closed the door right away. Zayne sat across from Leon and curled his lips gently, making the two wisps of his mustache appear even more vivid.

"You two have taken too much time to come back," Leon said while looking at his wristwatch.

"How did you find this place?" Zayne had greatly underestimated Leon before. It seemed that Leon was a force to be reckoned with, and he probably had lots of secrets as well.

"It's easy for me to check someone out in Bradford City." Leon smiled in an easy manner. The smell of gunpowder filled the air around him and Zayne as they exchanged glances, whereas Jason went straight to the fridge, opened it directly, and took an iced drink from it. No one knew how hot his body was as he finished off the drink with one gulp in the winter.

"What's your reason for coming here?" Zayne asked straightforwardly since it wasn't necessary to beat around the bush with Leon.

"My purpose is simple. I'm here to join hands with you," Leon answered openly as he came with complete sincerity.

"You're here to join hands with me, yet you came uninvited. I'm afraid this isn't a

collaboration,” Zayne rebuked penetratingly since Leon’s attitude wasn’t as simple as a cooperative one.

“I don’t know what you think, but I did come with complete sincerity.

These are the

documents I’ve brought you.” With that, Leon handed the stack of documents beside him to

Zayne directly.

The latter took the documents. When he saw how confident Leon looked, he immediately

realized what these documents were about. However, he put the documents on the coffee

table between them without intending to open those files. This bargaining chip was too

good to be true, so how could he accept it so easily?

“Why aren’t you accepting them?” Leon was surprised by Zayne’s attitude. After all, he was

sure that the latter would gladly accept these documents.

“I’m afraid I can’t afford a bargaining chip of equal worth.” Zayne wasn’t a businessman, but

he understood what an equal exchange was.

“My request is simple,” said Leon as he tried to convince him. After all, Zayne was the only

one who could do this because Heather trusted him.

“The simpler the task, the harder it is to get it done. I know you’re an outstanding

businessman, Leon. How could someone in the business world let themselves suffer a

loss?” Zayne replied with a look of distrust, not allowing Leon to mislead him.

“You and I are both protecting the same woman, so we’re natural allies.

Even if you turn me

down right now, we’d still join hands in the future,” Leon said confidently.

Zayne disagreed with Leon, though. “No, that’s not the case. There are too many differences

in terms of how we protect her, so it seems impossible for us to join hands. I can only hope

that we won't become enemies in the future." He didn't appreciate what Leon had done at all.

"It seems like you really don't intend on joining hands with me," Leon said disappointedly. He didn't expect that Zayne would think about such things, and it was his fault for oversimplifying the matter in his mind.

"The more you desperately try to save Heather's life, the more dangerous her situation will be. You should know that you're a large part of the reason why she's landed herself in her current predicament." Zayne had to remind Leon since he didn't want the latter to continue hurting Heather in the name of protection.

"In that case, tell me what I should do," Leon asked while staring at Zayne. He didn't think he was hurting Heather since he tried so hard to make her happy.

"Your family is too complicated, and it has gotten so many families involved. Bradford City is almost falling apart thanks to the disputes among these families. These forces will only come to an end when you guys leave Bradford City once and for all, and Heather will be entirely safe by then." While investigating Leon's family, Zayne discovered that most of these messy situations were connected to this particular family.