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Not long after, Heather walked out of the bedroom. As he looked at her confused face,

Zayne suspected whether she was sleepwalking.

That apparently wasn't the case, for she questioned him after remembering his home didn't

look this way, "Where is this place?"

"I bought this new place, and you're paying for it." He felt compelled to remind her that the house wasn't cheap.

As she was baffled by his sudden request for funds, she stared at him and wondered if it was a secret.

"Why did you buy it, though?" Since she was unable to comprehend his decision, Heather

continued to gawk at him. Although buying a house wasn't an issue for her, it certainly didn't seem necessary for him to do so.

Upon hearing that, Zayne gave her a tender smile as if she had agreed to pay for it. However,

he was too lazy to get into the details as to why he had acquired the property at the moment.

Thus, he simply answered, "For safety reasons." He let her figure out the rest for herself.

Meanwhile, Heather squinted her eyes without pursuing the matter any further and merely

nodded. "If so, treat it as my gift to you. Tell me how much it costs and I'll pay you now."

Without any hesitation, she wanted to reimburse him at once.

"It's weird for us to suddenly talk about money," he playfully stated.

"Not really. You've been working on my case all this while, and I'm pretty sure the amount I

paid you isn't enough for everything. It's only right that I do so." Since she was looking for a

way to show her gratitude, there was nothing more suitable and practical than money.

Although he didn't require money, Heather couldn't think of any other methods to repay him.

Besides, who would ever complain about having too much money?

"If you insist, Miss Langston, I shall accept it. However, the accumulated amount isn't small.

Are you sure you want to pay it all right now?" Zayne clarified because it was indeed a tremendous sum.

She relaxedly answered while looking at him and said, "I have a limit of 10 million per day, so

let me transfer that to you for now." She knew that he was only teasing her, but she felt

compelled to flaunt her wealth.

"Jeez, you're such a wealthy woman, Heather!" Not only did he tease her, he even mocked

her straight to her face.

Jason, who had been listening to their entire conversation from the side, only realized how

affluent Heather was. He wouldn't have guessed so given her young age.

Then, she proceeded to dial a number. When the call got through, a woman's timbre could

be heard clearly. After giving her a simple order, the fund transfer was finalized.

As he listened to her conversation, he got to know that Heather had stored her assets in a

Swiss bank which was professional and highly secure.

After ending the call, she raised her eyebrows at Zayne and said, "It'll be done in 10 minutes.

Check your account later."

In response, he smirked helplessly. "You're sending me so much money at once, Heather.

That's more than enough." Being the resolute woman she was, she never gave anyone the

chance to oppose her decisions.

"There'll definitely be more expenditures in the future, so feel free to use it and notify me

when it's insufficient for your spending. Do not pay for anything in my stead next time."

Heather felt that it was her negligence that she hadn't considered the budget; by transferring him more than enough money, Zayne would no longer have to ask her for more.

As her friend, it was rather embarrassing for Zayne to even mention money matters.

Moreover, there were certain feelings that he had for her, and that made it even more difficult for him to bring it up.

On the other hand, Heather felt sorry that she hadn't initiated it. She was so distraught by everything else that she had forgotten about paying him.

"It feels like I'm being spoiled by a sugar mommy." Of course, he did not miss out on the opportunity to toy with her, thinking that money was only numbers to her.

"I'm nothing like that, okay? What I have isn't even half of what the Langston Family possesses," she replied with a sarcastic claim.

"Well then, has the family paid you your dues?" Zayne smoothly brought the matter up.

Meanwhile, Jason was intrigued by the fact that Heather's wealth bore no relevance to that of the Langstons. Furthermore, he grew even more curious since he had no idea where her source of income was, and there was even a trace of respect in his astonishment.

"Nope. Ever since I proposed my resignation, I haven't claimed a penny from them. I can sign up for unemployment pensions, can't I?" Heather innocently uttered as she was now a jobless citizen.

"I'm afraid nobody would be able to afford it," Zayne continued the satire. Given how she was fooling around with him, she was probably in a good mood.

"What a shame! Everyone pays for insurance, yet I'm not insured? Guess I've got to talk with them." Her sternness was truly staggering.

“Come on, spare the insurance companies,” he advised her. Judging by her expression, it

was as if she was going to look for the insurance manager.

“Seriously, I need to talk to them. I want an explanation regarding my car’s destruction.”

When she remembered how her favorite car had turned into collateral damage, she couldn’t

let the insurance company off easily.

What pained her even more was that it was an international, limited-edition supercar, so it

would be a hassle to obtain another one. Even if she were able to get one, she could only

acquire it second-hand.

“Perhaps you’re the one who should be doing the explaining.” Looking at how infuriated she

was, Zayne wondered what it was that the company had done wrong.

“Whatever.” As she leaned lazily against the wall, she looked rather ravishing.

“Since you’re awake, are you not returning to the Langston Residence?”

Zayne interrogated

her as he was baffled by her unaffectedness.

“Not yet. I can stay here, can’t I?” Since she wanted to keep her return to Bradford City

confidential, she decided to stay at Zayne’s place as it seemed to be a secure spot. Besides,

she trusted him with his secrecy.

Not forgetting there was another man in the room, Zayne turned to Jason, and Heather

accordingly turned to the latter as well. As they both turned to him almost at the same time,

he was slightly intimidated by their gazes and immediately turned around, showing them his

broad back instead.

“It’s not appropriate for you to stay with us big men here.” Since he was unable to grab hold

of Jason’s thoughts, Zayne could only answer so.

“I ran a rough check on the apartment. The two of you can set up a camp outside the unit

while I enjoy the bedroom. What do you guys think?" Despite her innocent smile, the conditions she demanded were rather overbearing. When he saw how she had returned to her old self, Zayne was rendered speechless. Nonetheless, he would never mistreat himself, so he wasn't exactly enthusiastic toward her stay. "No way," Jason immediately refuted. He did not elaborate on the reasons, and he was apathetic toward the conversation. At once, Zayne hastily explained, "Forget accommodating you, my goddess, the unit can barely contain the two of us." This time, he refused more directly. As she leered at the men, Heather was instantly disaffected by the fact that she was being mercilessly rejected. Since she couldn't think of a place to stay in, she still felt that Zayne's unit was the perfect spot for a hideout after countless considerations. After all, she intended to keep her return to Bradford City a secret from anyone.

"Please? I'll even pay rent," she pitiably asked. "You own this place, anyway. You don't have to pay rent." Seeing how Zayne wasn't willing to give in, she suddenly became enraged. "Since it's my house, why can't I stay here?" Heather furiously inquired. "As they say, first come first serve. You should start looking for another place." Once more, he heartlessly rejected her. In fact, it was the first time that Heather had gotten continuously rejected by Zayne. "Where else can I go?" she asked discontentedly. "Don't you own an entire apartment in the city?" He knew thoroughly about her in-and-outs. Heather waved a hand in denial, for she wanted to lay low for a while. She then said, "There's

no privacy in that place. People would instantly recognize that I have returned.”

“Anyway, with how the reporters in the city idolize you, you’d get spotted regardless of where you live. As for me, I don’t want my place exposed.” He rationally broke it down for her.

“In that case, what else can I do?” Heather was equally frustrated by the paparazzi, and she queried helplessly.

Nevertheless, what Zayne said was true; since Heather was often trailed by stalkers, it was indeed unsuitable for them to stay together. Given their current circumstances, and how he had hired himself a bodyguard, it seemed as though he was truly in a tight spot.

When she realized that, Heather found it pointless to prolong the argument. After all, Zayne was also in a risky position himself. Hence, a renowned figure like her should probably keep a distance between him and herself. With that, she found comfort in that thought.

“Have you considered looking for Leon or Matthias?” He provided her with two options.

“If that’s the ultimatum, I’d rather stay in my apartment.” She was still feeling guilty about nearly bringing harm to Leon, so she didn’t want to trouble him anymore.

“If you’re still disturbed by the explosion, I’d suggest going to Matthias.” He saw through her thoughts and gave her another recommendation.

“I’ll be more likely to expose myself to him.” Despite having said that, she didn’t sincerely mean it. As she was still running away from Matthias, it was only natural for her to refuse to see him.

“Nah, I don’t think so. If you wish to conceal yourself, you just need to clarify it with him, and

I'm sure he'd come up with great ideas. Matthias doesn't just have a knack for business," he beamingly stated, knowing that what Heather understood about Matthias was but the surface.

"You're saying he's better than you?" At her mindless question, Zayne's instinct to protect his manly ego rose.

"We're of different leagues. You can't compare us like that," he helplessly answered, dumbfounded at how childlike she was at times given her unfiltered utterance.

"I won't look for Matthias. Have you not a clue about the unresolvable feud between me and him?" She felt obliged to inform Zayne about her conflict with the other man.

However, he disagreed. "Regarding that unresolvable feud of yours, you no longer have to worry." As the tactful detective he was, there was no detail about her and Matthias that he let slip past.

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Right now, Heather somewhat regretted her phrasing. Indeed, the word 'Incompatible' had been a little overkill, and it was getting thrown back in her face right now.

Jason stood silently by the side like he was invisible, whereas Heather and Zayne just ignored his existence. Although he heard their conversation, he was a little confused about the relationships between everyone involved. One moment they would be talking about

Leon, and one moment they would be talking about Matthias; it seemed that those two had ties with Heather.

"I won't get help from him. If you won't help, then fine," Heather said those harsh words

quietly.

Zayne took in Heather's child-like face. Sometimes, he wondered if Heather's maturity was a misconception instead, for her current stubbornness was just like a rebellious child's.

"I'll arrange a place for you to stay. Remember not to go out often." In the end, Zayne

couldn't ignore her, and he couldn't leave her alone without helping.

"Thanks, Zayne. I knew that you wouldn't stand around without giving me a hand." Heather

revealed a cheerful smile. The way she handled Zayne sometimes resembled a child trying

to get their way with their parents.

However, the man had to admit that she was right. Now that things had come to this, he

would treat this as the price for his crush on Heather. He was well acquainted with Bradford

City now, and he knew which places were suited to become hideouts.

Arranging a place for Heather to stay was a quick and easy task. This time, he decided to

rent a place for her instead. Someone like Heather couldn't stand to sit around twiddling her

thumbs, so Zayne decided to find a villa or single-family home for her.

He immediately thought of a good spot. "There's a bunch of villas by West Avenue, and it's

rather secluded since people don't usually go there. Of course, there's nowhere else for you

to go from there either."

"Are you saying that you're going to buy a villa for me?" Heather wondered whether it would

be more realistic to just wait until tomorrow since she had hit her spending limit today.

Besides, 10 million didn't seem to be enough to buy a villa. It looked like she had to adjust

her spending limits again.

"You're dreaming—there's no need to buy a villa." Zayne couldn't stop himself from taking a

jab at Heather. Why was buying something the only thing on a woman's mind?

“You’re going to rent me one?” When she realized that she would be staying alone at a villa, it seemed kind of boring even though it would be great to have so much space to herself.

However, Heather didn’t quite want to be alone right now, especially when she had just stayed on a secluded mountain by herself for some time. She looked at Zayne and wondered if she should invite him to stay with her too.

“Yeah, I’ll get someone to handle everything for you.” He knew some people who worked in real estate.

“Why don’t we all stay together? The villa would be huge enough.” Heather extended an invitation to him.

Meanwhile, the latter eyed Heather oddly. She didn’t seem like that sort of person, so when did her personality change?

Before Zayne could answer, Jason had already cut in. “Sure.”

Zayne looked at Jason in a displeased manner. He had been the one who refused to take Heather in, but now, he was the one agreeing to stay with her in the new villa.

“All right, that’s settled then.” Heather didn’t give Zayne a chance to refuse as she sealed the deal, an innocent smile still hanging from her lips.

“Hey, what do you mean by that?” Zayne hadn’t answered her. Since when did he agree with her idea?

“Hurry up and rent me that villa, or else I’m going to be sleeping on the streets tonight,”

Heather said in all seriousness.

“If there’s one thing that Bradford City has an excess of, it’s hotels. You won’t be sleeping on the streets,” Zayne rebutted her. Why was she pretending to be pitiful at this time?

“As a single woman, hotels aren’t exactly a good option,” Heather said while giggling. Lately,

he felt that Heather had been acting a lot like a delinquent, and this was giving him a headache.

Zayne didn't want to continue talking to Heather, so he merely glanced at Jason. Needless to say, he was exasperated; since things had already been decided, he didn't have any right to complain.

Initially, Zayne had planned on renting a smaller house that was on the plain side for

Heather, but now that the three of them were going to stay together, it would be better to find a place with more rooms.

By then, the sky had already darkened since twilight always descended early during winter.

Zayne and Heather sat in the back of the car, whereas Jason took the wheel as usual. With

that, they began to move elsewhere. The trunk was filled with their belongings, for they

heard that the house was completely bare and empty. They probably would have to buy

plenty of things for the move, but considering the situation, even making purchases was a

difficult task. Fortunately, Zayne knew people from all walks of life, and he got someone to

deliver a few sets of bedding to the housing neighborhood's office.

Zayne didn't want to leave a trail behind, so after some thought, he decided that it would be

safer to have everything delivered to the security office instead.

Meanwhile, Jason could

retrieve the items later since he was an unfamiliar face. Many people in Bradford City knew

Heather, and plenty of people could also pick Zayne out of a crowd as well. However, not a

lot of people knew Jason, and he wouldn't be easily recognized since he was a killer.

By the time they reached the house, it was already 7.00PM. Jason immediately made a

beeline for the security office the moment he parked the car, so Heather and Zayne were the only ones left inside the house. They stared at each other, neither of them intending to make a move first.

Luckily for them, the place had already gotten a cleaning before they arrived, but it was in no shape for people to live in. Jason had been the one to help transport the items in the car's trunk, so until he came back from the security office with the bedding, they couldn't do much.

When Jason got back, he saw Heather and Zayne sitting on the couch. Neither of them seemed like they were getting to work as they both loafed about. "Figure out which room you want by yourselves." Jason chucked a set of bedding at Zayne's face, and it hurt like hell. If it wasn't for Heather being a girl, Jason would have also tossed the bedding right at her. Heather watched as Zayne got a dressing down, and she withheld her laughter. After all, she didn't want him to hold a grudge against her. "I'm going upstairs to sort out my room." Then, she simply made her way over to Jason and grabbed two quilts from the pile next to him. She would use one as an actual quilt, and she

would temporarily use the other as a mattress topper. Tomorrow, she would get someone to sort out the rest of the house. Although Zayne was angry, he couldn't easily lose his temper at Jason and merely laughed exasperatedly.

"Okay, I'll unpack in my room too," Zayne said through clenched teeth. Jason smiled coldly as he looked at Zayne, making a chill run down the latter's back. It was no wonder Jason was a killer—that smile was chilling. As he went upstairs, Zayne reminded him, "Don't get your hopes up. I won't be cleaning your room."

Once he finished speaking, the man quickly went up to the second floor. Jason took in Zayne's somewhat harried figure and recalled how they used to fool around with each other like that when they were children. Time had passed in a blink of an eye, and many things had changed since then. However, Jason then shook his head since it was futile for him to recall the past. After all, Zayne was currently in a precarious situation. Nonetheless, Jason felt that there was nothing that he wouldn't forgive Zayne for, and he just hoped that they would be able to weather through this period safely. No matter what, the fate of a killer was to be killed. Jason had long since prepared himself to die at an early age, but ever since Zayne abruptly dragged him back to their homeland, he suddenly felt that living seemed pretty nice. Perhaps Jason should seriously consider Zayne's words. The latter had been talking his ear off these few days while Jason simply ignored him, but he could tell that he was just concerned for him. Jason's heart was gradually softened, but it wasn't a good thing when a killer's stone-cold heart was melting. Maybe Jason should stop killing, but did he have the chance to turn back once he began walking down this path? This was a path with no return, and he had seen far too many cases that ended in tragedy. When Zayne passed by Heather's room, he saw her laying out her quilts in a well-practiced manner. From the looks of it, Heather wasn't a wealthy young lady who had been spoiled by her upbringing.

At the sight of her being absorbed in her work, Zayne decided that he must not lose to her.

He had once hit a low point in his life, so he had to rely on himself during that time.

However, Zayne had overly enjoyed the materialistic comforts of life in the past few years,

and it was to the point where he didn't even do basic daily tasks by himself. Slowly enough,

he forgot how it felt to rely on himself.

Meanwhile, Jason carried the rest of the quilts upstairs. The doors to both Heather and

Zayne's rooms were ajar, so he curiously peeked inside. Heather had nearly finished setting

up her room. Her space looked neat, whereas Zayne's room was a sight for sore eyes.

He recalled that Zayne had been hopeless at housework when they were little. Jason's eyes

of disgust met Zayne's, and a mocking smile appeared on his lips.

Zayne never thought that he would earn Jason's scorn while he attempted to pull some

bedding on, and it seemed that he had no ounce of talent when it came to housework. At

that thought, Zayne haphazardly pulled the creased quilts over the bed.

On the other hand, Jason began to put his bedding on in an orderly fashion. He had been

used to taking care of himself all these years, so simple chores were a piece of cake to him.

Once he was done with his room, Jason decided to lend Zayne a hand, but when he arrived

at the latter's door, he realized that Zayne had already closed it. Heather had closed hers

too, and it was weird that they were both this synchronized.

Nonetheless, Jason reached out

to knock on Zayne's door.

The man was already lying on his bed when he heard the knocking sounds. He reluctantly

rolled off the bed and opened the door to find Jason standing there.

The moment he entered the room, Jason noticed Zayne's bed that was as messy as a

pigpen. "You haven't grown at all over the years, Zayne," he mocked.

Meanwhile, the man had no rebuttals for him. He cleared his throat and pretended he didn't

hear anything.

“Let me teach you.” It was rare for Jason to display such kindness. He walked straight to the bed and noticed that the quilt cover hadn’t been properly pulled on over the quilt itself.

Jason had no idea where he should begin to direct his scorn.

“Can you even sleep in a bed like that?” Jason asked in disdain.

Meanwhile, Zayne had an odd feeling as he helplessly looked at Jason.

He was getting

scoffed at for being unable to make his bed, and he felt hurt by that.

“When you put the quilt cover on, you have to pay attention to the corners. Watch and learn

now.” Jason never thought that he would one day have to teach Zayne such a simple thing.

As such, Zayne carefully observed from the side. Housework seemed simple, but doing

them was torturous. He had to admit that he was terrible at this aspect.

“I see,” Zayne answered from behind.

As he watched Jason breezily set everything into place, Zayne felt even more disgusted at

his failure. He glanced at Jason, for he hadn’t thought that there would be so many tricks for

chores.

Although some people were smart, they were useless at maintaining a house. Indeed, Zayne

had no idea how he should distribute the chores at all.

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With that, they spent the night in the villa. Zayne kept tossing and turning in the darkness,

unable to sleep no matter how he tried. He thought about how Heather was to his left and

Jason was to his right.

The two most important people were in the rooms next to his, and

Zayne felt that it was

surreal. The nicer things were, the easier it was to shatter it. For some reason, he thought of

Murphy's Law as his mind tangled itself into a ball of chars. Although he was great at handling cases, he was never good at figuring out his feelings. Jason had been chatty recently, and Zayne had no idea whether he was thinking over the suggestion he gave earlier. With that, he turned over and continued to think about it.

Likewise, Heather couldn't sleep as well; she wondered whether it was because she had slept during the day or if it was because she had been constantly sleeping on the couch. Now that she was on a bed, she couldn't fall asleep whatsoever. This was a sleepless night, and the only one who could actually sleep was Jason. It had been ages since he got to lay in a bed, so he immediately fell asleep the moment he plopped down. However, his senses were still on high alert despite his slumber. The moment there was a sound or any slight motion, he was awake. The night sheltered the killer, and likewise, it also gave the killer a good night's rest. Jason had already gotten used to having his circadian rhythm flipped. When he was overseas, Jason didn't need to think too much, for he seemingly just picked one of two choices each day—he either killed a target or protected one from being killed. In the middle of the night, Jason woke up from his deep sleep. He still wasn't able to sleep peacefully, so he got out of bed and stood by the window before pulling the curtains open. A cold breeze swept inside. The heating in the house was on. As Jason listened to the sound of the wind as the breeze chilled his bones, he thought this feeling amazing. How long had he been away from his homeland? It had been such a long time that he couldn't even remember anymore.

The cold wind continued to blow, sweeping over Jason's face and burrowing under his pajamas. It was a little chilly and cold, but it quickly cleared his mind. Jason didn't know what his current adversary looked like, for that adversary still hadn't shown themselves even until now. The longer this went on, the more dangerous it would be. Moreover, he was worried about the safety of those around Zayne. In other words, no one could guarantee that they would be able to make it out of this situation completely unscathed. Jason thought that Zayne would be in an even more precarious state if he continued to drag things out further. Everything looked normal on the surface, but in reality, there were waves threatening to rise. There were quite a few times when Jason wanted to plead for Zayne's life when he had met that old man, but he wasn't able to speak up in the end.

He didn't want to do something that would upset Zayne. Since he was willing to give this chance to Heather, that meant that Zayne cared deeply for her, and at the same time, it showed Zayne's inherent trust in Jason. The man had brought this up several times when he was off on one of his tangents, and he would always say that nothing could go wrong as long as Jason was there in such an assured tone. Nonetheless, this mission was far more difficult than any of the previous ones—it was the first time Jason ever felt pressured. Back when the target he was supposed to be protecting got killed, the most that would happen was a blow to Jason's reputation. This time, however, was different.

Jason could not allow himself to make a mistake, for if he did, then Zayne would be assassinated. He would live with the pain and trauma for the rest of his life, and that would be even more awful than death. The howling wind blew Jason's thoughts into a mess. As the days passed, his worries grew. He had always kept his emotions hidden, not wanting Zayne to know about his concerns. After all, he didn't want the latter to shoulder these burdens with him. However, could he really hide everything from Zayne? Jason felt that the man had seemingly caught wind of something in recent days. He wondered if Zayne was naturally self-sacrificing or something, for he hadn't let anything slip on the surface. Jason waited for the sun to rise as he stood by the window. He pulled his pajamas closer to his body, feeling as though half his body was still warm from the heating while the other half experienced the chilling wind. This oscillation between warm and cold cleared Jason's mind exceptionally well. He looked out the window, and he could see the greenery in the distance with his excellent night vision. This neighborhood was so quiet that it was a little frightening. There was no one outside at all—not even a single patrolling security guard. West Avenue wasn't out in the countryside either, yet the house was so silent. Jason didn't know why, but perhaps Zayne knew something about it. After all, he wouldn't have chosen this place to stay otherwise.

Indeed, Zayne always could get whatever information he wanted out of others, and he was a genius in that aspect. Jason smiled faintly, his smile warm and gentle. A night like this was nice, and it was a pity to sleep it away. Jason listened for any signs of

motion from the room next to his, not knowing whether Zayne had fallen asleep.

Meanwhile, the latter hadn't wanted Jason to worry about him, so he pretended to be asleep even though he couldn't. He did his best not to make any sound, and he was even quieter than if he had actually been asleep.

The two of them clearly thought of the other as important, and they were still concerned for each other. Yet, neither of them could take the plunge and admit their feelings verbally.

The next morning, Jason squinted as he watched the fiery sun rise; the red of the clouds during dawns in winter had always been a welcome sight. He liked to watch the sun rise as well as when sundown came. With the coming and going of the sun, the day would pass by just like that.

It was yet another peaceful night as nothing happened, and even Jason was suspicious.

Was there really someone who wanted Zayne's life? Was this only an elaborate trap that Zayne had set instead?

He heard a sound from the room next door, and it seemed that Zayne had already woken up.

It was rather early for him to be awake, though. In reality, the man hadn't slept the whole night.

Meanwhile, in the other room next to Zayne's, Heather was currently fast asleep ever since drifting off to slumberland during the latter half of the night. In fact, she was already asleep before Jason had woken up.

She continued to remain asleep at this hour, for it had been a long while since she was able to sleep so comfortably. In fact, it seemed like Heather would only wake up at lunchtime.

When Zayne woke up, he regretted suggesting that they rent a villa. A villa was such a huge

ambition, and it was a pain to do anything. If they called for delivery or anything of that sort, there was the danger of the workers leaking their location. Hence, even getting food delivered was a bother.

He had only been thinking about arranging a place for Heather herself to stay yesterday, so he hadn't thought about it too carefully. After last night's maelstrom of thoughts, however, Zayne deeply regretted it.

Truth be told, Zayne thought that staying at the apartment he bought would have been better, and it would also be a good place to hide their identities. Now that they were in this arrangement, there was nothing to be done. As such, Zayne wasn't that worried about being exposed because it was something inevitable. Otherwise, he wouldn't have actually come along with Heather and stayed with her.

Now, their enemy was lying in wait in the dark. Regardless of how Zayne tried to hide his identity, he figured that he would not be able to escape this foe's eyes. Mornings weren't a great time to be thinking such negative thoughts, so Zayne clambered out of bed, wondering if he could still catch the sunrise outside. He poked his head out of the window, and although he didn't manage to see the morning sun as it rose, he did see

Jason's own head poking out of his window. He then called out to him, "Morning."

When Jason saw how comical Zayne looked, he retreated to his room with a hint of a smile hanging from his lips. Often, Zayne had this child-like innocence to him. How did someone like him manage to navigate this complicated society? Better yet, how did he even become a renowned detective? Jason thought that Zayne was a miracle, and he envied the latter for always being able to

keep that pure heart of his despite his experiences. Just then, someone knocked on the door. Zayne had come looking for Jason, and the former heard a quick reply from inside the room. "Just come in." Without preamble, Zayne pushed the door open and entered. Then, he saw Jason giving him a pure and innocent smile. "How should we deal with breakfast?" Heather was still asleep at this hour, but Zayne's stomach was already rumbling. Having no other choice, all he could do was seek help from Jason and his excellent housework skills. "I'll make some fried eggs." Jason wasn't exactly a skilled cook, and he usually fried just a few eggs for his meals.

Zayne followed Jason downstairs, for he wanted to watch him as he cooked. Back at his apartment, Zayne usually got takeout. The kitchen in the villa was only kitted out with the basics, but that was enough. When Jason opened the refrigerator, however, it was completely empty. Hence, it seemed that he would have to nix the idea of making fried eggs. "Looks like we'll have to go hungry." Jason didn't feel one way or another about hunger, for he didn't fear it. "What? Let's just go out and eat then!" Zayne didn't want to go hungry. He worked to eat better food, after all. In fact, he had been rather particular about his food all this while. His time in Bradford City was probably when he was at his least pickiest. Jason shook his head. "We can't leave whenever we want to. It'll be easy to leave a trail." Zayne stared at Jason, speechless. "We can drive out to some restaurant far away from here for breakfast." Zayne thought that the pain of exposing their location could not be compared to the pain of hunger.

“Where do you want to go?” Seeing how Zayne was insistent, Jason couldn’t continue to refuse. After all, he knew that Zayne always had a plan. “To the best restaurant out there.” Zayne remembered that he still hadn’t brought Jason out for a nice meal even though the latter had been in Bradford City for a long time now. “Sure,” Jason agreed. Zayne gave a radiant smile, for it moved him to no end to be able to eat delicious food. However, Jason’s words proceeded to interrupt Zayne’s daydream. “Aren’t you going to wake Heather up?” Jason had to remind Zayne that Heather was still there. “Nah, I can’t get her to wake up. We’ll just bring some food back for her.” Zayne thought that it would be better to bring breakfast back for the woman instead of wasting time trying to get her out of bed.

Jason shrugged, for it seemed that Zayne would pick food in a heartbeat if given a choice between food and Heather. Indeed, that was how he rolled. “Let’s head out then,” the man exclaimed eagerly. Jason watched as Zayne behaved like a cat who ate the canary, and his mood took a turn for the better. Zayne’s smile had a soothing quality to it. They went down to the garage to get their car, and Jason slid straight into the driver’s seat. However, Zayne tapped on the glass and said to him, “I’ll drive today. I’m better when it comes to sniffing out great food.” At that, Jason shifted himself over to the passenger’s side. Jason wasn’t a talkative person, and he generally just did things instead of announcing that he was going to do it beforehand. “Jason, I’ve checked your expenses and it looks like you don’t spend much.” Zayne changed

the subject and suddenly began talking about an unrelated topic with him.