

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 727

Typically, people felt embarrassed while talking about money matters. When Jason heard Zayne bringing that up all of a sudden, his heart clenched since he didn't quite know how to respond.

"I don't really have any hobbies, and I don't have anything else to spend my money on,"

Jason said, having forced an answer out. After all, he wasn't used to talking about this with anyone.

Zayne also thought that he was overstepping boundaries, so he smiled and said, "Just asking. Don't think too much about it." It hadn't been easy improving his relationship with Jason, and he didn't want to make a misstep.

Awkward moments occurred frequently between the two brothers, and when they did, the awkwardness would linger for more than just a day or two. Jason didn't look like he minded, though, for he wouldn't hold a grudge over it. At any rate, he just felt odd about it.

The pair looked at each other tacitly before turning away again, and Zayne regretted his words. Meanwhile, Jason calmed himself down and pretended that nothing happened.

After that, he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. He had been the driver over the past few days, and he needed to be alert while on the road. Since he didn't have to take the wheel today, he could finally get some rest.

Meanwhile, Zayne was so hungry that his stomach kept growling.

Although the car sped up, Jason continued to close his eyes. Zayne had no idea whether he had actually fallen asleep, for he knew that Jason was born with an alertness that was extraordinary. People like him

found it difficult to sleep peacefully.

The weather today was actually nice, and the heat inside the car was cranked up to a comfortable temperature. Jason drifted in and out of consciousness; this swaying sensation had made him actually think about just falling asleep several times. However, it clearly wouldn't do to sleep in the car. The restaurant might be just around the corner, and likewise, the assassin might be lying in wait for a chance to strike. Jason still had enough energy to pay attention to the changes in his surroundings.

Sometimes, he thought that being a killer wasn't all that great of an occupation.

Over the years, he felt that he had aged quickly. Although Zayne was his elder brother, Jason clearly looked older than him. If Zayne hadn't insisted on keeping that moustache of his that mature-looking men usually had, he might still look like a young lad. Zayne glanced at Jason to his side, his lips curving up into a big smile. It was a simple and everyday moment in life, but sometimes, just trying to enjoy a simple moment like this was hard.

He turned his gaze back to the road, his eyes narrowing slightly. There were many things that he wanted to eat because hunger made people less picky about their food. They would think of eating everything, and anything would taste delicious to them. The windows of the car were rolled up securely. Maybe if he rolled the windows down, they would be able to smell the scent of breakfast foods wafting around the city. However, since the weather was on the cold side, Zayne felt that it was better to keep the windows rolled up. After all, the sunlight streaming in still brought him joy. It was rare to see such bright sunlight during a winter morning, and it felt like he was at the

beach. Zayne looked out of the gleaming window, realizing that the world outside the vehicle had brightened up considerably. Everyone looked forward to having a carefree life, but not many were able to achieve it. Since he had managed to snatch a moment to just relax, Zayne treasured it dearly. In fact, no one had better interrupt this moment. He simply hoped that his phone wouldn't ring, for as long as it didn't, his calm heart would relax even more.

To him, every phone call was torturous. Zayne's phone had been modified; no regular person could call him, so he would pick up every call without any hesitation. Not only that, people would only call him if they had something important to tell him. Right now, he was most worried about receiving a call from Heather. As Zayne thought about her, he wondered if she had gotten up yet. At any rate, he just wanted to rush back before the woman woke up. When he thought that he would most likely have to live like a recluse for the near future, Zayne immediately felt that his future was bleak.

They were about to reach the restaurant after their current street. Zayne slowed down the car, and Jason cracked his eyes open alertedly. As he looked ahead warily, it turned out that they had reached their destination. Meanwhile, he was here thinking that something had happened.

"It's great that you don't need me to wake you up. Is it because you smelled the delicious scent of food?" Zayne teased. Whether Jason humored him or not, Zayne had to poke fun at the former.

Meanwhile, Jason had also gradually gotten used to Zayne's antics. When Zayne got all gloomy at times, he didn't feel used to it.

“You were driving too fast.” Jason had even heard the car’s system reminding Zayne to watch out for his speed.

Zayne answered nonchalantly, “As long as we don’t get caught, it’s all good.” Since he was unable to get rid of his frustration, he occasionally needed to do some rule-breaking.

“Are we getting out a little up ahead?” Jason asked as he took in the restaurant before him.

It looked huge, so it probably was a high-end restaurant.

Soon, Zayne parked the car at the plaza. The plaza outside the restaurant was filled with

luxury cars, and it seemed that the restaurant was very popular.

When they got out of the car, Jason said to Zayne calmly, “You probably shouldn’t have

come to a place like this.” He glanced at the luxury cars around them.

“Are you worried that someone will recognize me because of all the rich people around

here?” Zayne knew what Jason was implying.

Jason shook his head. “I’m worried that your wallet will shrivel up.” It

was rare for Jason to

crack a joke.

“Relax, I have some money in my pocket. I can still afford a meal,” Zayne

said, following up

on Jason’s joke.

They entered the restaurant as they talked, and Jason smelled the heavy scent of food

drifting around inside. It immediately made him work up an appetite. He hadn’t been hungry

earlier, but he was famished all of a sudden.

“The food here smells really good,” Jason promptly said to Zayne.

A smug look came over Zayne’s face. “I chose this place—of course it’d be great.”

Jason ignored him and walked straight ahead, whereas Zayne followed him. They had

emerged in the very center of the seating area, so finding a table became their first priority.

Jason searched for his target while Zayne continued to follow behind him.

The latter couldn't be bothered to ask Jason what he was doing when it came to things like

this. In truth, with his clever mind, he could already figure out which table was theirs without

even looking at the table number.

However, since Jason was being so focused, Zayne didn't say anything else. He used to

think that Jason was the one who was hopeless at daily life, but Zayne now realized that he

was the actual hopeless one.

Jason soon found a table for them, and it seemed as though he had just relied on his

instincts. In fact, his instincts were quicker and sharper than anyone else's calculations.

Zayne took his seat after Jason had sat down, and they were both seated across from each

other.

"What do you want to order?" Zayne first asked Jason for his opinion.

Jason immediately pushed the menu over to him. "I'll take whatever you're ordering." It

seemed like he had full trust in Zayne's tastes.

"Are you sure that we have similar tastes?" Zayne asked, his tone filled with skepticism.

"Not really, but whatever you order probably won't be terrible." Jason had low standards. As

long as it didn't taste awful, he would eat it.

"Would you believe me if I say that I'm going to order some unholy-tasting abomination for

you?" said Zayne jokingly. Jason really didn't care, and this left the former worried.

"I'd believe that." Naturally, he believed that Zayne would do such a thing.

"In that case, it looks like you're giving me the green light to get you something awful."

Zayne was like a wicked scoundrel who teased women for no reason as he poked fun at

Jason.

Meanwhile, the latter was unfazed as he stared at Zayne coldly. He even crossed his arms

over his chest, watching to see what the man would do.

Since Zayne didn't get a response, the atmosphere naturally turned awkward. He lowered

his head and continued to look through the menu. As expected, Jason was someone with

no sense of humor, and he couldn't get anywhere with Jason in a joking conversation.

Zayne soon ordered their breakfast. Of course, he couldn't wait to share some good dishes

with Jason. He loved the food here, so he naturally hoped that someone he was close to

would also like the food.

After all, sharing meals brought joy to people. Zayne wanted to see a pleased expression on

Jason's face later when they ate. At the thought that he would soon be able to see that, he

became even happier.

"Do they have red wine?" Jason suddenly asked, for he suddenly had a craving for some.

Typically, he showed some self-restraint. Whenever he had a mission, he would rarely

imbibe any alcohol. Besides, he was acting as their driver here now, so it was more

imperative that he didn't drink.

When he heard Jason bring this up unprompted, Zayne said to a waiter, "Bring me a bottle of your most expensive red wine."

Jason raised an eyebrow. He knew that Zayne lived a luxurious life, and he always ate the

most expensive food and used the most expensive goods. Just then, Jason recalled the

amount of money sitting in his own bank account. He himself couldn't quite remember how

much money he had in there. At any rate, it was enough for him to live a life of leisure.

Unfortunately, Jason hadn't tried to enjoy life. Money had turned into numbers that just kept increasing, and in the end, it would most likely just rot in the bank. "Just this for now," Zayne said to the waiter, having already placed his order.

Jason glanced at him. Once the waiter walked away, he said to Zayne, "You ordered enough for three."

Zayne grinned brightly. "We still need to bring some food back for Heather." He knew that

Jason wanted to say that he was being frivolous, for he had long since noticed that Jason

had words to say about his loose spending habits.

However, Jason was not embarrassed by this, for he simply looked at Zayne without

speaking. A victorious smile appeared on the latter's face.

Jason looked absolutely adorable when he admitted defeat, and Zayne felt that he would be

in a great mood for the rest of the day.

Soon, the food they ordered gradually arrived. Zayne immediately picked up his cutlery,

unable to resist when there was delicious food before him. While he gobbled down his food,

Jason ate with better manners than him.

Jason watched as the former ate with no decorum, clearly remembering that Zayne was

polite and gentlemanly when he was with Heather. It was only now did Jason think that the

other person had a more manly air to him; the Zayne that he remembered was

straightforward and carefree like this, and it was as though he had found some old memory.

"Aren't you hungry?" Zayne was surprised by Jason's appetite. After all, Jason hadn't eaten

as much as him despite being taller.

"I nearly forgot about my hunger when I saw how engrossed you were with your food."

Jason was polite and cultured. Under his hulking appearance was the heart of a scholarly young man.

Jason had been a weak and frail boy when they were children. Back then, he loved reading poetry. It was hard to believe that he would grow up to be a killer when one took into account how he was as a young boy.

"I'm worried that I'll eat your share too." It didn't seem that Zayne was joking either. In reality, he actually could eat two servings of food.

"If you like the food, then have some more." Jason recalled their time together as children.

Zayne had a huge appetite then, so Jason would always give half of his food to Zayne.

"We might need to order more food. I'm hungrier than I thought I was."

Zayne smiled faintly

at Jason, for the both of them had inadvertently thought of their childhood.

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When they were leaving, Jason hastily climbed into the passenger seat, so Zayne naturally

became their driver. Nevertheless, he was in a very good mood after a satisfying meal, so he paid no mind to such a small inconvenience.

He pulled open the car door and entered the driver's seat before promptly starting the

engine. Meanwhile, back in the villa, Heather had already woken up. She came out of her

room and looked around the empty house, noticing that there was not a single person around.

Heather's mouth twitched at the realization that Zayne had left without a word first thing in

the morning. Didn't he tell her that it was important to stay hidden for the time being? In the

end, he was the one who had gone out instead.

Since there was no one at home, Heather decided to head downstairs to the living room; this villa was truly an empty shell to live in. Right now, she was starving, so she went straight to the kitchen. After pulling open the fridge, she found that it was also as empty as a robbed room.

All of a sudden, she felt like she had come to an abandoned city, and she was instantly reminded of her days in the forest. However, she had her phone and a TV in the villa, so it wasn't as boring as living in the wild.

A wave of hunger hit her just then, and Heather rubbed her stomach helplessly. At the end of the day, this beautiful villa was still incomparable to the cabin in the woods; there were at least instant noodles there, so she didn't need to starve.

Since she was left with no other choice, Heather unlocked her phone, but she didn't have any food delivery apps installed on it. She quickly tapped on the app store platform to download one of those. Food delivery was the most practical choice for her right now even though she was in no mood to order takeout.

After spending a long time surviving on instant noodles, Heather wanted to eat something fancy since she was back in Bradford City. She stared reluctantly at her screen, deliberating if she should install the app or not.

The next minute, a rumbling noise came from outside the villa. Heather looked toward the sound and saw Zayne and Jason coming inside together. She slumped against the sofa weakly, for she was so hungry that she could pass out any time.

Meanwhile, Zayne's lips curved into a sly smile as he watched Heather's disheartened state.

"Are you awake, Heather?"

The woman's eyes darted lifelessly toward him. "What nonsense." Her scornful response was troubling yet amusing to him.

“Are you starving, Heather?” Zayne quickened his steps and went up to her.

Heather shook her head in response; she wasn’t in the mood to chatter and simply turned to

look at him glumly. As Zayne stared at the dejected woman, he wondered if he should say something to cheer her up.

Jason walked up to them immediately after noticing what was going on, and he was holding

a bag of food in his hand. He placed it onto the table and said to her, “You should eat it while it’s hot.”

Heather glanced at the container of food before eyeing Zayne again.

“Did you guys eat out?”

The man smiled and replied, “Yeah, but we didn’t forget to pack you some food.”

Heather wasn’t too happy with his words, though. She simply pursed her lips slightly. “You’re

the one who told me not to leave this place. How can you go out to eat instead?” Her tone

carried a slight hint of mockery to it.

On the other hand, Zayne returned her eyes with a helpless look on his face. “Heather, how

can one possibly live without the pleasures of eating and drinking? This is nothing but

human nature.”

Heather rolled her eyes, for he wasn’t even putting any effort to come up with an excuse.

However, it wasn’t the time to linger on that—at this point, Heather was more eager to fill her

stomach. She proceeded to ignore Zayne and opened the container at the table. The smell

of food instantly hit her nose and she couldn’t help but take a few big sniffs.

“It smells pretty good.” Heather smiled. With a container of mouth-watering food in front of

her, her mood naturally improved.

Zayne quickly passed her a pair of cutlery and gazed at her affectionately. He really liked the way Heather was right now, for she looked like an innocent little girl with no worries at all.

Heather took the fork and spoon from his hand and started to enjoy her late lunch.

Meanwhile, Jason had gone upstairs in a jiffy. Naturally, he understood at once what was going on downstairs. He could tell that Zayne was unimaginably patient toward Heather,

and Jason's face darkened slightly at the observation. He didn't know if he should pity the man or be happy for him.

Loving someone was a blessing, but it was bound to be painful if the other person didn't feel the same way. Since Jason had to deal with such a painful experience in the past, he wondered how Zayne was feeling right now. Nevertheless, Jason eventually tossed away the ridiculous thoughts in his mind and decided to take a nap in his room; after all, getting enough sleep was of utmost importance to him.

Recently, he would wake up in the middle of the night every day as he was worried that he would wake up to Zayne being in trouble the next morning. After all, Jason could always tell when danger was approaching, for it was like a bomb inside of him that could go off at any minute.

Despite all of that, Zayne didn't seem to care about anything at all. Jason watched his radiant smile from afar, and it'd be great if that guy was really as innocent and naive as this.

In the end, Jason turned away, not wanting to watch them anymore. He knew that Zayne had his own plans, so he wouldn't be able to manipulate his judgement. Meanwhile, Heather was probably famished as she gobbled down all the food in one go.

Zayne felt quite accomplished as he watched her by the side. He loved to see her like this, for she was so full of life and vigor. After a while, Heather couldn't find a garbage can to throw away the container after she was done eating, and Zayne looked around at the empty house as well. Needless to say, he found it near impossible to live in a place like this. "Tell me, Zayne—since we're not allowed to hire door-to-door services or go out, may I know how we're expected to live under such stringent conditions?" Heather wasn't worried about the quality of life in this villa. Instead, it was a matter of staying alive. Zayne rubbed his chin as he replied, "I've already thought about this problem. The most practical solution is to get help from a trusted and reliable companion." Heather didn't see the point of him saying that. What did he mean by someone who was reliable and trusted? It was such a complicated way to define a person.

"There aren't many who can be trusted." Heather couldn't think of anyone who fitted that criteria; she even figured that it was much less for Zayne who had just arrived in Bradford City not too long ago. "Don't you worry, for I've already found someone for the job," Zayne said confidently. In response, Heather asked curiously, "Since when do you have reliable friends in Bradford?" Heather clearly remembered he didn't have many friends in the city. "Judging by the time, he should be on his way now," Zayne simply said mysteriously. Along with that, the look in his eyes became mischievous as he stared at Heather. The woman stared back at him warily. It seemed that the situation was complicated, for there was definitely more to it than he let on. Right then, Zayne's phone started ringing. Both

pairs of eyes instantly locked onto the phone, and Zayne picked up the call under Heather's gaze.

"You'd better come quick. She's about to get angry." Zayne immediately cut the line after that, giving Heather no chance to make out the caller by their voice. Even though Zayne had only said one sentence, Heather could gain some information from that simple exchange—in fact, it seemed to be some valuable information.

"I'm guessing this helper of ours is someone I know." Heather came to that conclusion using the elimination method. As such, she could vaguely guess who their visitor would be after that.

"I think you already know who it is by now." Zayne chuckled goofily, for he felt like he had just been caught red-handed.

"Weren't you supposed to keep this a secret? In the end, you exposed our location on your own." Heather's tone was one of accusation, for she thought that Zayne was really too lenient to others.

"We had an equal exchange." Zayne told her the truth.

Meanwhile, Heather was surprised to hear that. She didn't think there'd be anything for those two to exchange, and she didn't know what exactly they'd traded on either.

"Did you guys even think about my feelings when you made the deal?" Heather wasn't fond of being kept in the dark. Then, she rubbed her temples in defeat since the situation was troubling.

"I'm sorry, but his offer was so attractive that I couldn't reject it," Zayne said truthfully. In fact, this exchange was way too unfair for the other side.

"Whatever." Heather wasn't too unhappy about it. After all, the other person was indeed

someone she trusted fully. Technically speaking, it wasn't completely a rash decision on Zayne's end.

In fact, Zayne had already expected Heather to react in such a manner. He could finally relax inside, for he obviously didn't want to see her lose her temper.

"What are your plans for later, though?" Zayne asked Heather as he tested the waters.

"I'll wait for him to arrive. We have some things to clear up on anyway."

There were certain things that still needed explanation; they'd been put off for too long, and Heather was

already feeling impatient. Hence, why not take the chance now to make everything clear?

"In that case, I might have to give you two some private space," Zayne teased her mockingly.

"Stop being sarcastic. He wouldn't even be coming if it wasn't for your betrayal." At the end

of the day, Heather was a little angry. As she thought of the things that Zayne had done, discontent filled her chest.

"This isn't a betrayal; I'm an ally." Zayne was smiling, but he didn't feel too good inside.

"Don't let me hear any excuses." His smile instantly froze at the sound of her words.

Zayne knew that she was just casually speaking her mind, so he didn't take it to heart. The

two locked eyes in silence for a moment before he said to her, "I'll head upstairs first, then.

Remember to make him feel at home later."

Heather snapped at Zayne's leaving figure, "Hey! Why should I do that?"

Heather was a little

dissatisfied, for she wasn't fully prepared to meet that person yet. Why did she have to

welcome him as well? Wasn't Zayne being a little too hard on her?

"I know you can do it." Zayne turned around to give her a smile and a strange knowing look.

Disregarding his usual gentlemanly qualities, Zayne was awfully cunning whenever he acted like this—it was both upsetting and annoying to watch. Heather narrowed her eyes in response and put on an intimidating face, and Zayne hastily turned back around in the end.

With his back facing Heather, Zayne gave his hand a wave. “I know that he’ll give this villa a new look when he comes, Heather.”

She was even more irritated when she heard that, for she really didn’t want to attend to their guest in the living room.

“I’m going upstairs, so you take care of him on your own. You’re the one who contacted him, after all,” Heather said to Zayne’s back.

“I’m so tired these days... I really don’t have the energy to socialize, so I’ll leave it to you,

Heather.” Zayne sounded sincere, but in actual fact, he appeared to be in good spirits. There was no sign of fatigue on his face at all.

It looked like Zayne was fully on their helper’s side this time, and Heather had a feeling that she’d been betrayed as she stared angrily at the man’s figure.

Even though she seemed easy-going to the idea, she wasn’t mentally prepared to meet their visitor. She couldn’t possibly ignore him entirely later, so she’d rather head straight to her bedroom and hide there for the time being. However, running away wasn’t her style after all.

Zayne probably knew that, and it was the reason he was forcing her to handle the situation.

As Heather was debating with herself, her feet seemed to be glued to the ground; she couldn’t move them at all. Deep inside, she was more eager to face the situation head-on.

Nonetheless, the urge to shy away from reality popped up in her mind from time to time, for this was indeed a difficult decision to make.