

## Standing before Love Chapter 712

However, things didn't develop in the direction Heather had hoped it would. Instead of giving her a chance to talk about her measures, Dr. Turner resolutely said to her, "I don't need anyone's help."

She looked at Dr. Turner with a baffled expression. This doctor is unable to tell good from bad, she thought to herself. She was a little angry; not only had Dr. Turner turned her down repeatedly, she didn't even get to know how good his medical skills were. This put her in a totally unfavorable situation. "Aren't you afraid that you might suddenly die before you can treat the forest?" She continued to persuade him, believing that everyone had their own weaknesses.

However, Dr. Turner cast Heather an emotionless glance. "I'm a doctor, so I'm well aware of my own condition." He was unmoved, for he knew that he still had time.

"Accident and tomorrow—who knows which might come first?" Heather was still unwilling to give up hope. She believed her hunch, and she just knew that Dr. Turner possessed an effective prescription to cure Robert with.

"You don't have to persuade me anymore. Perhaps I'll have an accident as soon as I come out of this forest." Dr. Turner's wise appearance made people wonder if he was actually serious or talking nonsense.

"What a pathetic person you are. You've confined yourself to a designated area, and you're afraid that you might have an accident once you leave such confines." Heather was fond of making sarcastic remarks, and this time was no exception.

However, Dr. Turner didn't let himself sink to Heather's level; he just wanted to get rid of this trouble as soon as possible. "Your friend should've regained consciousness by now. Just get out of here early before the sky darkens."

Heather thought it would be useless to continue wasting time here. In that case, she would go back and make some plans first. Evidently, asking Dr. Turner to come out of seclusion was much more complicated than she had imagined this time.

Meanwhile, Leon had heard their entire conversation loud and clear. Since Dr. Turner was already telling them to leave, it would be pointless for him to

continue feigning unconsciousness. Opening his eyes instantly, he gazed at everything unfamiliar around him and had to admit that this log cabin was quite picturesque. Then, he got up from the bed and walked over to Heather.

Heather finally noticed him when he was about to get close to her. Then, she turned her face around and looked at the man. Even Leon was planning to leave, so she had nothing to hesitate about.

“Your friend seems to be recovering well. In that case, you two should leave as soon as possible!” Dr. Turner continued to show them the door without hesitation.

Heather gave a slight nod in response. After all, it was pointless to keep on staying here, so she'd better go back and draw up a plan first before coming back to Dr. Turner again. So much for repeatedly requesting someone's help, she thought to herself.

On the other hand, Leon followed Heather and left directly without saying a word, which was very unlike him. After all, he was a polite gentleman, and thanking people was the most basic etiquette. “Don't be angry, Heather. Dr. Turner is a bit stubborn, but he isn't an evil person,” he comforted the woman. In reality, he hadn't said a word more than necessary to Dr. Turner just now because he feared that it would make Heather unhappy.

Meanwhile, Dr. Turner gave a soft sigh as he watched the two figures slowly disappearing into the forest. Young people nowadays were indeed young and impetuous, and he couldn't help being reminded of what had happened back then. He had also been daring and energetic at the time, thinking that he could change this world. Only now did he realize there were few changes he could make—it was already good enough not to be changed by this sophisticated world. In other words, he had lost the lofty aspirations he had back then. If it weren't for the promise he made to the woman he loved, he would rather go to the netherworld to search for her. He only feared that the woman he loved had drunk from the river Lethe, forgotten about him, and reincarnated early. He had asked her to wait on the Bridge of Judgment, but more than ten years had passed since then. He feared that he wouldn't be able to find her if he died a bit later.

Dr. Turner dragged his own lumbering body back to the bamboo hut, knowing that his bodily functions were deteriorating rapidly. This forest was probably the devil's dwelling, for it could cause people to age rapidly inside out. He didn't wish any outsiders to come here, nor did he wish the two young people

to come ever again. He hadn't found out how this forest impaired ordinary people's health, so he was worried that a person's presence in this place would cause hidden dangers to their health.

Meanwhile, Heather and Leon had come out of the forest. Those in the village had fallen asleep by now, making it seem like they had arrived at a no man's land. As they walked together, Leon suddenly suggested to Heather, "Why don't you bring your grandfather over? Dr. Turner won't turn down a patient who comes to him on their own, right?"

Heather shook her head. "That won't do, of course. Didn't you hear what he said? The smell given off by this forest is harmful to the human body. Grandpa is in very poor health right now, so how could we let him come to such a place?" Heather was somewhat agitated, and it seemed as though she hadn't recovered from the atmosphere just now.

"In that case, we'd better leave as soon as possible! Such a hell of a place will probably eat away at our health as well," Leon urged worriedly as he still wanted to enjoy a long life.

In the meantime, Heather looked at Leon apologetically as she didn't expect such a place to be so dangerous. She shouldn't have dragged him along, and she would be tormented by guilt if anything happened to him. "How did you feel when you smelled that faint fragrance today?" she asked worriedly. Leon had shown discomfort earlier today, so she was wondering if she should take him to the hospital tomorrow for a checkup.

"I didn't feel anything else except for dizziness." Leon could tell that Heather was worried about him, and it seemed like she wasn't that cold-blooded. Leon liked being cared for by Heather.

"We'll go to the hospital tomorrow for a checkup," the woman said to him. She knew that it wouldn't work if she asked Leon to go to the hospital alone. As such, they would undergo medical examinations together.

"Since when have you become so careful, Heather?" Leon knew that she didn't like hospitals, so he felt very gratified when she agreed to go along this time.

"You're full of crap." Heather was back to her aloof, sharp-tongued, and proud self again.

Leon couldn't help but protest as he said, "You talked quite a lot of nonsense there with Dr. Turner just now." He still remembered how he had done everything he could to woo Heather a long time ago. Not only did he have to put up with her sharp tongue at that time, he could even turn the other cheek if she slapped him on the left. However, as time went on, their relationship slowly changed from one between the suitor and the wooed to an ambiguous relationship that fell somewhere between friendship and love, and Leon began his journey of fighting back. Therefore, it was completely thanks to Heather that he had a sharp tongue right now. Even so, he liked the feeling of squabbling with her. Although he knew that he might not be a suitable match for her, he was sometimes reluctant to give her over to someone else. Could they continue to roast each other freely like this if Heather really had someone else by her side one day? That was probably impossible since bosom buddies would always become ordinary friends because of their boyfriend's intervention.

"It's getting dark. Do you plan to walk using your tongue?" Heather asked contemptuously. She was in no mood to continue engaging in a battle of words with Leon since many matters were awaiting them.

"Where is our car?" Leon was more concerned about this. Without a car, they would have to walk back on foot—that was practically impossible.

Heather smiled mysteriously. "Don't worry, I got them to park the car along the route we used, so we can definitely find it as long as we retrace our steps," she said while taking out the car keys.

Meanwhile, Leon felt simply helpless as he looked at the road ahead of them. They had spent that entire day traveling outdoors on foot. Moreover, this trip was technically a waste of time since their hard work didn't convince Dr. Turner. In an instant, he felt rather disappointed.

"Why do you look so down?" Heather asked caringly as she could tell that Leon's morale was quite low.

He shook his head and forced a smile at Heather. "Nothing. I just feel that this trip hasn't been worth it."

Heather looked at him with a half-smile. "That's not the case. Have you never gone on sales calls yourself?"

Leon shook his head. He was totally uninterested in his family's business, so it was even more impossible for him to go on sales calls. Hence, his knowledge of how to run a business was purely theoretical.

"You might think that there aren't any benefits when you first go on a sales call, but that actually isn't the case. We met Dr. Turner today and collected a lot of useful information. He used to only exist in rumors, but he's a solid human being now that we've met him in person. With that, I can unravel more details about him." Needless to say, Heather felt quite satisfied with today's results. She didn't have much time, but she was still willing to spend some time on Dr. Turner.

However, Leon felt that the chances of convincing the doctor was low. "How do you plan on persuading Dr. Turner, Heather? He's so stubborn."

"There'll always be some way." Heather was confident about the future. The fact that a problem couldn't be solved right now didn't mean that it couldn't be solved in the future.

"I can never be as self-confident as you are, Heather." Leon smiled at her, and his bright smile lightened her mood.

"I'm not self-confident; I just have my feet on the ground. Besides, Dr. Turner isn't as unreasonable as he seems, for he's much better than those unaccommodating clients of mine. The way I see it, it'll only take some effort to deal with him." Heather now treated this matter as a company project so that she could get fired up.

"What do you plan to do next, Heather?" Leon asked curiously. After all, he didn't have any good ideas himself.

"Our next step is to have a physical checkup before continuing to intrude Dr. Turner's quiet life in the bamboo forest." Heather thought they should deal with the doctor by pestering him ceaselessly, for she believed he couldn't hold out against them.

Meanwhile, Leon shook his head sympathetically. "Dr. Turner is unlucky enough to have met you." He couldn't tell if he felt sympathy or wanted to laugh when he imagined how Dr. Turner's quiet life would be intruded upon in the future.

“That can’t be helped, for Grandpa needs him to bring him out of danger. I can do anything wicked for Grandpa’s sake.” Heather was totally unashamed in front of Leon. After all, she was such an unscrupulous businesswoman.

“Just look at how you exhibit the qualities of an unscrupulous businesswoman again, Heather. That’s why you shouldn’t restrain yourself. You’ll definitely become a successful profiteer,” Leon remarked with a sinister smile. He had always thought very highly of Heather.

“Just shut up and hurry on our way. Otherwise, we’ll be going down the mountain in the dark,” Heather reminded him. They had been walking at a very slow pace, and this made her feel anxious.

“Don’t worry, Heather. I have excellent night vision, so I’m not worried at all about hurrying on our way in the dark.” Leon laughed slyly. He liked the dark night, and it had been a long time since he last traveled during twilight.

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The sky gradually darkened. Heather and Leon walked together, but they still couldn’t see any sign of the car. A rather worried Leon then asked, “Are you sure the car is really parked at a conspicuous spot, Heather?” He even suspected that the car might have been stolen.

“I’m sure of that.” Heather felt they would probably see the car if they walked a little further.

“It can’t possibly have been stolen, can it?” asked Leon, discouraged. As such, he couldn’t stop himself from voicing his doubts.

“That’s not possible,” Heather replied categorically. The car had a superb anti-theft function, so how could it be stolen that easily?

Leon continued to follow Heather. It’s so normal for a luxury car parked in desolate countryside to be made off with, he thought to himself. Instantly, he lost all his vigor like a deflated balloon, and they walked around while looking fruitlessly for a long time.

Eventually, Heather took her cell phone out of her pocket. At this moment, it seemed that they could only rely on the positioning system to find the car. Leon didn’t realize what Heather was trying to do until he saw what she was doing, and he realized that they had totally forgotten about this earlier. “Have

you detected the car's location, Heather?" He leaned closer to her as he was in desperate need of a car right now. After all, they were on a barren and desolate mountain where the vehicles passing by were mostly trucks. If they wanted to leave here sooner, they could only find their car. In an instant, he was well motivated again, dying to see the car at once.

Heather looked at the location displayed on her cell phone. The car was nearby, but why couldn't they find it no matter how hard they searched? She was somewhat perplexed, and Leon also found this rather strange. Hence, they looked at each other in puzzlement. "What should we do now, Heather?" Leon became even more convinced that the car must have been stolen, and it seemed that thieves' skills nowadays had become better and better.

"I think they probably camouflaged the car a bit." Heather looked at one particular spot with a false smile. Earlier on, I told them to park the car at a conspicuous place. Why can't they understand human language? she thought to herself.

Leon followed Heather's gaze and saw the car as expected. He then said to Heather with a sullen expression, "This place does seem conspicuous, huh."

As soon as he finished his sentence, he walked forward directly. Had Heather not checked the car's location, they probably would've searched for the car until the second half of the night without any success. Leon walked toward the vehicle with an unhappy expression, whereas Heather followed leisurely behind him. However, just as he was about to approach the car, she suddenly felt a sense of danger. In fact, Leon was ready to remove the branches from the car himself when she suddenly shouted, "Stop, Leon! Something's wrong."

Leon's outstretched hand paused in midair as he turned around and looked at Heather with a puzzled look. "What's wrong, Heather?"

She quickly stepped toward Leon and dragged him behind her directly. Then, she picked up a stone from the ground and threw it right at the car.

Just like that, the stone produced a sound as it hit the vehicle. Heather's hunch told her that this car had been tampered with, but nothing happened at all. Hence, Leon looked at her in confusion. "Don't prank me at a time like this, Heather." Thinking that the woman was merely teasing him, he shook her hand off directly and walked straight over to the car.



As a loud boom ensued just then, Leon was knocked over directly as a result of the heatwave produced by an explosion. He was fortunate to be strong and vigorous, or else he would've died here today. As the raging flames burned, he got up from the ground and looked at Heather with a trace of panic and confusion. He looked very ghastly, for another explosion had happened. He was f\*cking out of luck this year.

"The car has been tampered with." Heather's features were almost contorted. For the time being, she didn't know who was the culprit behind this.

"What's wrong with this, Heather?" Leon wondered in his mind whether this was the work of the bunch of perverse guys. There had been an endless stream of assassination attempts on his family since the Middle Ages, so it had to be said that he was lucky to be safe and alive until now. At the thought of this, he wished he could return to his family and come to a standoff with those who had the face of a human but the heart of a beast.

"We're being stalked." Heather believed that someone must be peeping at them in secret.

"What should we do now, Heather?" Leon knew nothing about Solaria's rules, and this place wasn't his turf.

"Call the police. This is the crime scene, so we should try our best not to disturb anything here," Heather replied as she took out her cell phone and began calling the police. After making the phone call, she stayed where she was and silently watched as the fire grew in intensity across from her. It probably wouldn't take long before the forest would be burned down as well. At the same time, she also called the fire brigade. Since this incident was too abominable in nature, she had to calm down and sort out the whole matter.

"I'm sorry, Heather. I'm probably the one who's caused this trouble." Leon looked at the woman apologetically. He surmised it was probably that bunch of people who did this—they loved creating explosions the most because evidence of the crime would rarely be left behind by doing so. Then, he looked bitterly at the growing fire in front of him.

"No head or tail can be made of this incident yet, so don't blame yourself for this. I'm the one who probably brought you into trouble." Heather didn't know what on earth was going on, but she suspected that she was the cause of this trouble.



“Are we going to wait here, Heather?” Leon watched how the fire grew in intensity and was worried that their safety might be endangered.

However, Heather refused to leave this place as she wanted to wait until the police arrived. “Yeah. We’re on a clearing, so the fire won’t reach us.”

Seeing how stubborn she was, Leon felt that he couldn’t chicken out either. After all, there was some distance between them and the fire anyway. On the other hand, Heather suddenly felt a bit tired, and she crouched down on her own. Leon crouched down as well and looked at her with his eyes full of care and sympathy.

Shortly after that, she received a phone call from Zayne. “Where are you right now, Heather? Hurry back to Bradford City. You’re in grave danger right now, and I heard that someone wants to have you assassinated.” He learned of this rumor somewhere.

Heather didn’t expect Zayne to learn the news so quickly. Her eyes flickered, and one couldn’t fathom her innermost thoughts. “I can’t go back right now. I have something important to finish.” She couldn’t go back since she wasn’t someone who cravenly clung to life instead of braving death.

“Stop fooling around. What else is more important than your life?” Zayne was almost pissed off by Heather as he knew how stubborn the latter was.

“Grandpa is going to die at any time, so I must find a renowned doctor to cure him.” Heather had wanted to hide this from Zayne earlier, but what kind of a person was he? He would uncover this sooner or later, so she decided to confess to him instead.

“You really don’t care about your life. All right then, don’t do anything rash and send me your location. I’ll go to you right away.” Zayne couldn’t leave someone in the lurch, especially when the person was Heather as she tugged at his heartstrings.

“Don’t come over here. I can hardly protect myself right now, and I’m afraid of dragging you into trouble if you come over right now.” Heather had already brought Leon into this mess, so she didn’t want to do the same to Zayne.

“Those who want to kill me are more than I can count on my fingers. I’m the dangerous person here,” Zayne replied in a bantering tone. At any rate, he needed to rush to Heather’s side immediately since he couldn’t allow anything

wrong to happen to her. "I can find out where you are even if you don't send me your location," he added specifically, not wanting to waste time because of her soft-heartedness.

Upon hearing Zayne's words, Heather could only tell him her location. Either way, he wouldn't be able to come to her in such a short period of time unless he came by private jet. "Keep in constant touch with me, and don't trust anyone else," he said before hanging up the phone.

When the call ended, Heather looked at Leon with an apologetic expression. "I'm sorry, but I'm the target of this explosion."

Leon had heard most of Heather's conversation with Zayne while she was talking over the phone. He looked at her with heartache, unable to imagine who on earth would plot a murderous scene against her. "In that case, are we going to wait for Zayne here?" he asked in a tender voice. He wished he could take Heather into his arms right now, but he suppressed this urge instead.

"I don't know that. Let's wait for the police to arrive first." Heather shook her head. Zayne wasn't superman, so the police would probably turn up before him.

"Didn't Zayne tell us not to trust anyone easily? Can we trust the police later?" Leon asked worriedly. Would it be a mistake if we wait for the cops? he thought to himself.

"I trust the police," Heather replied assertively out of a sense of justice. "Even if the person who's trying to have me assassinated bribes the police, I don't believe that he can bribe the entire police department. We'll definitely go to the police station later, and I believe that place will be very safe."

When he saw the look on Heather's face, Leon decided to believe her judgment, so he gave her a heavy nod. "We must be together all the time later, Heather. If anything happens, we can look after each other." He demonstrated unusual courage in the face of such a thing. Since he had experienced this before, he could think calmly and comfort her at the same time.

"Okay." They still had a long night ahead of them, and no one knew what else would happen later.

Perhaps because she had experienced an explosion before, Heather seemed quite indifferent this time. Still, the previous explosion happened a distance away from her, whereas this time's explosion almost killed her. As she narrowly escaped the jaws of death, she suddenly felt lucky to be still alive. How wonderful this feeling was! Suddenly, she came around to some ideas that she had been unable to come around to. For instance, Matthias popped up in her mind right at that moment. She still couldn't get over him, and she wanted to share her thoughts with someone at this moment. "Are you willing to help me, Leon?" she asked quietly like a ghost.

"Yes, I am," Leon replied without hesitation. He would try his best to satisfy or help Heather as long as he was needed. Sometimes, she was like a member of his family. Apart from love, they had established a kind of familial affection between them that went beyond blood relationships.

"I want to have the aid of your family's influence, so we must get engaged." Heather had to take advantage of Leon's family this time since she knew that his family had extraordinary international influence.

"You have my word," he responded without the slightest hesitation.

"But the one I love is Matthias, so we will break off our engagement when the crisis is over." Heather was particularly frank this time, but she knew that Leon would definitely agree to her request as long as she made one. Even though doing so would be unfair to him, she really couldn't make do with the situation. Now that the one she loved had shown up, she couldn't marry someone she didn't love.

Leon's face turned very ghastly. He couldn't stop himself from feeling desolate as Heather's words could be interpreted to mean that she wanted to exploit him. He looked at her as she looked at him, and they glanced straight into each other's eyes.

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In the end, Leon nodded solemnly. "I understand that." The word 'understand' almost broke his heart. He thought he could give Heather his best wishes in an easygoing manner, but it seemed like he was unable to do so since he still had wishful ideas. "I've looked into Matthias for you, Heather." In reality, he had already begun investigating Matthias when he met the latter, for he didn't allow anyone to approach Heather purposefully.

She was a little surprised by this, but what Leon said was understandable. Then, she looked at him before turning her gaze to somewhere else. “Zayne has looked into Matthias as well.” Sometimes, Heather considered herself lucky that the men protecting her were all exceptional—they’d entrust her to someone else as long as they could see that she was happy.

“Matthias has really fallen in love with you, and he had no ulterior motives when he approached you. Perhaps he hesitated because he didn’t know if he should go against his entire family for your sake.” Leon felt as though he was being possessed by Matthias. At this moment, he took on the latter’s role as he harbored an unspeakable love for the woman.

“Going against his entire family for my sake?” Heather hadn’t heard Zayne mentioning this, so she suspected that this was merely Leon’s wild guess.

“This is just my guess, for Matthias has been doing things that are against his family’s interests these days.” Leon didn’t dare to affirm that his guess was right, but he could put himself in Matthias’ shoes. If Leon had the real power to control his family, he would probably choose to destroy this perverted family as well.

“How is that possible?” Heather knew that Matthias was a successful businessman who would do anything for profit, but she couldn’t believe that he wanted to destroy his family.

“Perhaps Matthias already had this idea a long time ago, and he became more certain of it after falling in love with you,” Leon commented from Matthias’ perspective.

“Why would he want to destroy his family? Matthias will have nothing to his name if he destroys the Locke Group.” Nonetheless, Heather couldn’t understand how he felt. She didn’t like her family either, but it never crossed her mind to destroy them at all.

“Heather, not everyone protects their family like you and Tony do. For some, their hatred toward their family members is already deep in their bones. In my eyes, my family is a concentration camp of perverts too, and I’d definitely destroy them if I could.” Leon admired Matthias very much for this, for the latter must have sacrificed a lot to climb to his current position in that kind of family.

“This is only your guess. We have no idea what Matthias truly thinks, though.” Heather could sense Matthias’ attachment to the Locke Group, so she didn’t believe that he would destroy the company. Needless to say, she found this really hard to accept.

“Time will prove everything, Heather.” Leon flashed a charming smile against the backdrop of fire.

Before their conversation ended, they heard several fire engine sirens. Not long after that, police car sirens could be heard as well. What a crazy world this is, Heather and Leon thought to themselves as they stood up and put their love affairs aside first.

They then retreated to a safe zone under the police’s guidance while the fire brigade and the police bustled about. They seemed unusually calm and collected, completely unlike people who just experienced such a horrifying incident. Now that the police had arrived, it was no longer necessary for them to continue staying at the scene. Therefore, they were taken to the police station before those reporters swarmed crazily to the place.

As they sat beside each other in the police station, Heather and Leon were unsmiling as they gave off a powerful aura. Meanwhile, the police department arranged for a young and beautiful policewoman to record their testimony. With her smart-looking short hair, the policewoman was brimming with cheeriness, and Leon held back his usual casual attitude without flirting with her this time.

“Please describe in detail the process of how the explosion happened back then,” the policewoman said in an authoritative manner.

Heather’s eyes fell on the policewoman. There was a sense of decadent beauty about her, and her fair and flawless face gave a sense of holiness. “We were going down the mountain back then when I found my car using my cell phone’s positioning system. Someone had covered the car with branches, and Leon was about to move forward and remove the branches when I sensed danger and stopped him. After that, I pulled him back to a safe area and threw a stone at the car. A minute later, the car suddenly exploded.” She gave a simple explanation of how the explosion happened.

The policewoman looked doubtful, though. She then asked in puzzlement, “Someone covered the car with branches? Why would such a strange thing happen?”

“Our car was stuck in a pit on our way here. I made a phone call to have someone deal with it, telling them to tow the car out of the pit and park it somewhere conspicuous,” Heather answered while taking out her cell phone and finding the phone number she had previously dialed. “It’s this phone number. I’d suggest that you guys investigate this case by following this trail,” she added calmly like a detective.

The policewoman was slightly displeased by Heather’s tone of voice. “Please describe in detail what happened to you two today,” she ordered while trying her best to sound polite.

Since she didn’t want to continue speaking, Heather shot a glance at Leon and signaled for him to tell the policewoman the whole story.

The latter took Heather’s hint readily and smiled at the policewoman, causing her heart to flutter as she had never seen such a handsome man all her life. “The story begins in the morning. We set out from Spring Willow Hotel to Plymbiens Hill by car at 9.00AM, but it got stuck in a pit near the hill and could no longer move forward. As a result, Heather called for someone to come over and deal with this, whereas we entered the hill on foot. On our way back, she found the car using her cell phone’s positioning system, but someone covered it with branches as simple camouflage. At the time, we guessed this was done because the person feared that the car might be stolen. Heather has told the rest of the story very clearly, so I don’t have to repeat it,” he explained briefly since both he and Heather thought it wasn’t necessary to tell the police every single detail.

“What’s your purpose for going to Plymbiens Hill?” The policewoman continued to question them as the story still sounded puzzling to her. As far as she knew, few people would ever go there.

Just then, Heather interjected all of a sudden and said, “We went there to look for the famous Dr. Turner.” She knew that he was unwilling to leave his log cabin. In that case, she would have the police ask him out instead.

Leon turned to look at Heather. After they exchanged a few glances, he immediately realized what she was trying to do.

“Dr. Turner?” The policewoman looked at them with a puzzled expression as she had never heard of this name.

“My grandfather is in poor health, so I wanted to ask Dr. Turner to help me examine him,” Heather continued. No matter what, she had to get Dr. Turner involved in the case.

As the policewoman listened to Heather and Leon’s words, she felt that the story had become increasingly complicated, and she wrote down all the important points. On the other hand, Heather didn’t forget to remind her, “Perhaps Dr. Turner also has something to do with this. You should summon him to the police station and ask him about it.”

Leon also said in support of Heather, “That’s right. When we met Dr. Turner today, we felt that he was being rather weird.”

The policewoman looked at them in bafflement. Why would a Dr. Turner be dragged into this? “Do you two have any enemies?” she asked as a matter of routine. Still, she wrote down Dr. Turner’s name upon hearing their repeated mentioning of him.

“We’re both businesspeople, so we have a lot of enemies. Still, we haven’t thought of a specific enemy who’s itching to kill us for the time being,” Heather replied with a delicate touch. She believed that she had never done anything too wicked, and she wanted to know who was the culprit behind this as well.

The policewoman asked more questions, but Heather and Leon’s testimony didn’t provide much help. Currently, the most suspicious person was the person Heather had called earlier. “Thank you for your cooperation. You two may go back now,” the policewoman said while standing up. In fact, she was quite reluctant to part with the man.

Heather and Leon then looked at each other before the former decided it was better for her to say it. “We don’t want to leave the police station for the time being. The suspect hasn’t been caught yet, so we’re worried about our safety.”

The policewoman was secretly delighted when she heard Heather’s words, so she said to the both of them, “In that case, you two may wait at the police station for the time being. I’ll tell my superior about your situation and ask them for further instructions.”

The duo smiled with satisfaction. They claimed they were afraid and worried, but in reality, one couldn’t sense fear in them.



The policewoman took one more look at Leon before she left, reluctant to leave him. Meanwhile, Heather and the man remained in their seats. She then looked at him and commented, "You're quite charming when you put on a serious expression."

Leon smiled at her. "Are you attracted by my charm as well?"

Heather cast him a disdainful glance. "The policewoman from just now seems to have a good opinion of you."

He raised his eyebrows and said, "Personally, I prefer long-haired women."

Heather responded to Leon with a faint smile as she spoke. "In that case, it seems like I should cut my hair short."

The latter looked at her with a look of speechlessness. "Are you willing to part with your beautiful hair, Heather?"

The two had put what happened previously behind them as they talked and joked quietly in the police station. Some things might cause fear and anxiety if one didn't know the reasons behind them, but once the truth was understood, the only thing left to be done was facing it with equanimity. After all, humans instinctively feared the unknown. Right now, Heather just wanted to quietly wait at the police station for Zayne to arrive, for she believed that he was capable of protecting them.

Suddenly, Leon asked, "Have you ever suspected Zayne, Heather?" When he connected the previous explosion with the current one, he felt that this person was somewhat strange.

"Nope, I trust him." Heather was a person who never suspected whoever she hired, for she'd never let anyone suspicious work under her in the first place. Because of that, she didn't think Zayne was behind it.

"I like your boldness, Heather." Leon smiled. I'm so stupid. I know her disposition very well, yet I'm asking such a question, he thought to himself. "Are we going to stay here tonight, Heather?" He didn't like the police station as he found this place somewhat oppressive.

"Is there anywhere safer?" Heather thought it was better to stay at the police station, though she also yearned for her big and soft bed very much right now.

“Could you ask Zayne where he is right now, Heather?”

If it weren't for Leon's reminder, she would have almost forgotten that Zayne had specifically told her not to lose touch with him. She immediately told him about her situation, and he replied to her not long after that. 'Leave the police station. There aren't enough people in the police station at night, so this place isn't completely safe.' Zayne calmly analyzed the situation for her, wishing that he could grow a pair of wings and fly to her side right now.

“In that case, where should we go now?” Heather couldn't think of any other place, but she surmised Zayne would recommend her one.

Shortly after that, Zayne texted her an address. 'Go to this place right now and wait for three hours until I arrive.'

## Standing before Love Chapter 715

Since there was no time for more consideration right now, Heather decided to follow Zayne's instructions. However, Leon disagreed with her. “Can I tell you my opinion, Heather?” He thought what Zayne had said sounded too exaggerated. He had been hunted himself, so he believed he was qualified to speak. “Three hours isn't long. It's better to stay at the police station instead of spending time looking for the address.” He didn't believe that someone would burst into the police station and kill people in large numbers. Such a situation appeared mostly in films and TV dramas, but it rarely happened in reality.

“Since Zayne has told us to do so, I believe that he's given this serious and careful consideration.” On the contrary, Heather didn't think Zayne was making a mountain out of a molehill. She knew him very well, and she was aware that he was a person with great finesse.

“Heather, it'll be more likely for us to encounter danger if we go out right now.” Leon needed to remind her about this. It wasn't necessarily safe outside, and it might be even more dangerous than staying at the police station.

Heather insisted on trusting Zayne, though. “Zayne has planned the route for us, so I believe in his judgment and plans.”

Upon hearing Heather's words, Leon could say nothing more. “Since that's the case, let's go, Heather!” He had always known how to behave. Now that Heather had already said something like this, what else could he say?

However, Heather suddenly changed her mind. "I'm the one they're trying to kill, Leon. You have nothing to do with this, so you'd better not risk your life with me."

When he heard her saying that, his face darkened instantly as he looked at her frostily. "Am I a coward who's afraid of death in your eyes, Heather?" No matter what, he would never leave her at this moment.

"We have to be rational, Leon. It's really not suitable for us to move about together in such a situation right now." Heather didn't want to bring him into trouble. She wanted to act alone, but convincing Leon was a big problem.

The man ignored Heather's words directly, though. "Heather, what route has Zayne planned for us?" He refused to go elsewhere right now since he only wanted to stay by her side. Her current predicament unsettled him very much, so he couldn't wait to get closer to her and was even willing to shield her from danger. Therefore, it was absolutely impossible to separate him from Heather right now.

"You know my fighting skills, Leon. I'll be even more overcautious with you around," Heather said frankly. She looked at him sincerely, trying to use such a way to stop him from coming with her.

Meanwhile, Leon was nearly fooled by Heather when he looked at her. Luckily, he didn't believe her to be such a person, so he said firmly, "Don't worry, Heather. I'll never get in your way."

Heather was still unwilling to accept this, though. She knew how dangerous the outside world was, but she didn't have any alternative to choose from. However, Leon was different, so she couldn't let any danger befall him.

"Heather, Zayne will arrive if we keep stalling for time. In that case, we might as well wait for him at the police station. Anyway, the policewoman's superiors will definitely appoint some people to protect us after she asks them for instructions," Leon said in a threatening tone. Indeed, they couldn't go anywhere if they kept on wasting time like this.

Going on like this wasn't the solution, so Heather could only take him with her. Right now, she could only pray for their safety for the upcoming journey. Then, the pair of them openly walked out of the police station. They were lucky in a sense that the policewoman hadn't come back yet, or they probably would've been unable to leave.

When they picked up their car, Leon asked Heather worriedly, "Is it really fine for us to leave directly?" After all, the policewoman had already requested help from her superiors to dispatch more police personnel for protection, so it seemed like they'd be making her look really bad by running away like this.

"Nothing will happen." Heather laughed. "We're witnesses, not suspects," she reminded him. She didn't know why, but she felt that Leon seemed to be burdened with sin.

"Let's hurry up and get into the car," he suddenly urged. Only after getting into the car did he feel a sense of security. They had been completely exposed outside just now, which made him feel very insecure. The limited space in the car instantly kindled a sense of security in him.

Heather looked steadily ahead as she drove, whereas Leon looked at her from the side. Now that things had become increasingly complicated, every second felt unbearable. "Do you have a better way right now, Heather?" he suddenly asked, baffling the woman somewhat.

"What sort of way?" Heather asked puzzledly in reply. Why would Leon say things that don't make any sense? she thought to herself.

"We seem to be too much on the defensive side, Heather. Is there any way to gain the initiative?" Leon thought it felt very awful to be an easy target since he couldn't make head or tail of this at all.

"Calm down, Leon. It's impossible to gain the initiative since we don't even know who the suspect is right now." Heather thought that Leon's words sounded too easy. If it was that easy to do so, they wouldn't have been so worried about their safety.

"Just think carefully, Heather. Can't you really think of any suspects?" Leon believed many could be suspicious, so he hoped that Heather could use her head.

However, she shook her head. "At the moment, I still can't figure out who would want me killed." She couldn't pinpoint such a charge on anyone since she wasn't that kind of person.

"Would Zayne happen to know some inside stories then, Heather?" Leon thought they didn't know exactly what Zayne knew in reality, for the latter sounded rather reserved over the phone.

“Many questions can be solved once we meet him.” Instead, Heather calmed down at this moment. Now that such an incident had happened, it wouldn’t do any good to continue thinking about this.

Leon’s mind was crowded with disturbing thoughts, though. “How much time are we away from our destination right now, Heather?” He wasn’t able to stay calm since he only wanted to reach their destination sooner.

“We’re still about 20 minutes away.” Heather looked at the map. The address Zayne had given her was actually not very far from where they were, and it could be considered a clean and unpolluted place.

“It looks like there’s nothing dangerous along the way. I hope things will stay the same for the next 20 minutes,” Leon said as he looked around, hoping that he didn’t jinx it. We’ll definitely get through this safely, he thought to himself.

The corners of Heather’s mouth turned up slightly. She then reminded him, “Fasten your seat belt. I’m speeding up.”

Leon felt somewhat embarrassed, for he had forgotten to fasten his seat belt just now. He quietly put it on, and the car began to accelerate.

Since Heather intended to arrive at the destination as soon as possible, the car’s speed increased until it seemed like they would arrive in just over ten minutes. She would glance around her vigilantly, worried that someone would suddenly pop up and give them a hard time or sabotage their escape plan.

As such, Heather tried her best to race against time as time was ticking. However, when she and Leon arrived at their destination, they were surprised to find that it was situated in the wilderness. They looked at the scenery around them in disbelief, for they had expected to reach a place crowded with people; even if there weren’t too many lively crowds, the place should’ve been an inhabited place. In other words, it couldn’t possibly look like the scene before their eyes. “Do you think the mobile navigation system has made a mistake, Leon?” Heather believed that it shouldn’t have made such a ridiculous error.

“Perhaps this is just a smokescreen that Zayne created on purpose.” When Leon connected the dots, he realized that this was probably the effect Zayne wanted. People typically refrained from heading into wilderness, nor would those who tried to kill Heather come to such a place. Therefore, this was a temporary refuge that Zayne had created especially for her.

“So are we going to wait here until he arrives?” Heather asked while looking at the tall and big trees around her. She had to admire Zayne for his ability to hack into the navigation system.

“Yeah, he’ll probably be here very soon. It’s safe here right now.”

Leon and Heather sat side by side in the car, not getting out of it since it was safer to be in the vehicle than outside. As the two had a feeling that they were depending on each other for survival, they looked at each other with a half-smile.

While they were waiting for Zayne, Leon didn’t forget to tease her as he said, “Are we staging a great escape, Heather?”

“Yeah. Actually, I’m curious about the person who wants to kill me.” Heather was dying to know, for she believed that she had never done anything wicked that made someone else want to kill her.

On the other hand, Leon had calmed down by now, so he carefully analyzed the situation for Heather. “You’ve probably stood in the way of someone’s interests, Heather.”

“Interests?” Heather felt enlightened as she seemed to think of some people from a certain conglomerate.

“Are we thinking about the same thing, Heather?” Leon smiled mysteriously. He thought to himself, If my family’s not the one doing this, it’s probably...

“I don’t know exactly what kind of presence the Locke Family is. I probably have stood in the way of their interests, so it’s not impossible if they try to kill me using their influence both in the government and the underworld.” Heather thought of the Locke Family. She was on such close terms with Matthias, so it was highly possible that members of the family hated her.

“How much do you think Matthias knows about this, Heather?” Leon asked her. It seemed quite embarrassing no matter what role Matthias played in this matter.

“Don’t think nonsense. We’re probably just overthinking this.” Heather didn’t want Matthias to be blamed. Even if the Locke Group really had something to do with this, she wouldn’t blame it on him. After all, she was a rational person

who could distinguish right from wrong. Even if Matthias was involved in many things, it couldn't be supposed that he should be held responsible.

"I thought you would be harsher to Matthias, Heather." Leon's lips curled into a smile. They alleviated each other's nervousness very well by chatting casually like this right now.

"Do I look like such a bad person?" Heather asked while pointing at herself in displeasure.

Leon immediately shook his head. "Things will be much simpler if the Locke Family really is the one behind this. I'm only afraid that we might have thought about this too superficially, and the perpetrator's identity is actually far beyond our expectations." He made a clear and logical analysis.

"There isn't anything far beyond our expectations right now unless you send someone to assassinate me," Heather replied in a jesting tone. Right now, she really thought that nothing could be even more surprising.

Leon smiled awkwardly as Heather's sudden teasing remark made him feel embarrassed. Suddenly, he realized one thing—perhaps the crisis of confidence between him and Heather was slowly worsening. Otherwise, Heather wouldn't have said such a teasing remark without thinking in the past. "I'd definitely poison you directly if I were to assassinate you," he said in tune with Heather's words to alleviate his embarrassment.

## Standing before Love Chapter 716

The process of waiting was very boring, so Heather and Leon killed time by talking nonsense. They engaged in small talk since neither of them had expected the destination to be such a place. However, there were still two hours left when they fell silent. They both looked at each other, wondering how they should spend the rest of the time. Not only that, they wondered if those trying to kill them realized they had come here without any hiccups. Were they really safe in the wilderness?

Just then, Heather's eyes met Leon's. As they made eye contact, the latter didn't know what to say at such a time. Since they couldn't find any topics to talk about, they had a false impression that they were caught in a deadlock.

"Why don't we watch a movie together, Leon?" Heather suggested, for she felt that carrying on like this wasn't the solution.



However, Leon shook his head in response. "I'm afraid that we might miss the subtle noises around us, Heather. A quiet atmosphere like this is more suitable right now." He kept a clear head the whole time. Indeed, he was more experienced than Heather when it came to such escapes, and he had not missed any details that he should've paid attention to along the way. Right now, he had to be more vigilant. He could tell that Heather hadn't hit her stride and was even considering herself lucky.

"You're right." Heather pondered over Leon's words and realized that she had indeed let her guard down too much. She hadn't figured out the whole matter, yet her fear had gradually disappeared.

"Heather, the one trying to kill you must be difficult to deal with. We should focus all our attention right now, and we mustn't give them any opportunities," Leon reminded her. With her current state, she couldn't be considered ready for an escape.

"I know what you're talking about, Leon. It's just that my mind is in a jumble, and I've even lost my judgment." Heather couldn't find any breakthroughs right now. In short, she was very confused.

"You have to believe in yourself, Heather. Also, I'll never let anyone hurt you," Leon said like a sacred knight. He regarded Heather as a woman who was more important than his own life, so it was only natural that he wouldn't let her get hurt at all.

"Don't be so nervous, Leon. You've been acting like this ever since we left the police station. What on earth is wrong with you?" Heather looked at Leon's perturbed expression, not knowing what was disturbing him.

"I was thinking about Zayne's words from start to finish just now. In my opinion, I think that the assassination attempt this time is no longer as simple as we believe it to be. Instead, it's far more complicated and difficult to deal with than we'd ever imagine." Leon believed in Zayne's judgment as a great detective, and it seemed hard to say whether the latter could protect Heather after this.

"So?" Heather still looked unperturbed. She knew what Leon was worrying about, but they couldn't do anything right now. This was reality, and she could only muddle along with no thoughts of what would happen next.

“I can’t even think of anywhere safe, Heather.” Leon had been thinking of taking her to a safe area, but nowhere was safe in the entire world since the killers could chase them to the edge of the earth.

“Don’t think about it then.” When Heather saw how troubled Leon looked, she suddenly felt like a sinner. She recalled how he had to worry about her many times along their way here, and this made her very apologetic. Now that another trouble surfaced before the previous one had been solved, she didn’t know what to do. If she couldn’t even save her own life, where should she go next to search for a renowned doctor to cure Robert? She felt so incompetent, and such a feeling almost overwhelmed her.

Leon’s brain worked quickly as the two hours slowly tormented them. He had to come up with a good solution, for he wouldn’t let anything happen to Heather.

Both of them weren’t pulled out of their respective worlds until Zayne’s helicopter landed beside them with a loud rumble that reverberated in their ears. When they got out of the car separately, Zayne had just gotten off the helicopter. At last, the three of them met up. He looked at the two people who weren’t far away from him; they seemed to be in good condition, and this made him feel somewhat gratified. “Heather,” he called her name before walking up to that woman.

On the other hand, Leon instantly felt much safer at the sight of Zayne. After all, he was a great detective with unusual capabilities, so many problems could be solved easily with his help.

“I’m very relieved to see that you two are unscathed.” Even the mustache at the corner of Zayne’s mouth became attractive as he walked toward Heather and Leon gracefully.

“What should we do now, Zayne?” Heather asked straightforwardly. She didn’t know what to do next, so she hoped that he had come up with a future plan.

“Take one step at a time,” Zayne answered conventionally. Was there any better solution right now? There didn’t seem to be any, so they could only do this.

However, this was the last answer Heather wanted to hear. A hint of disappointment flashed across her eyes, though there weren’t any other good ideas right now.

Leon didn't think so, though. He asked Zayne directly, "Is there anywhere safe?" Since Leon couldn't find a safe place on earth for Heather, he placed all of his hopes on the detective.

Zayne looked at Leon and hesitated somewhat. However, the latter got the answer from the look in his eyes, so he spoke on his own. "There must be such a place, but you can't say it directly for some reason," he said while guessing.

Upon hearing Leon's words, Zayne immediately denied it. "It's not that I'm afraid of saying it straight, but no one in their right mind would choose to go to that kind of place unless they don't have any other options. In fact, Heather might get a complimentary full-body tan because of the amount of sunlight there." He didn't forget to make a joke toward the end of his speech.

"Are you talking about Africa?" Heather's first reaction was to think of the African rainforest. Indeed, she didn't like going to such places. Moreover, she couldn't forsake her life of luxury to live in such conditions. Leon looked at Heather and said with a serious expression, "It's worth going anywhere if you really are doing so to save your life."

Upon hearing Leon's words, Heather argued, "Why is escaping the only thing on your mind, Leon? Someone wants to kill me, and he won't be happy as long as I'm alive. Should I keep hiding because of that? It's pointless to do so since I can't possibly spend the rest of my life lying low. The only thing I can do right now is to find out the person trying to kill me. I want to confront him face-to-face."

Both Leon and Zayne were astounded by Heather's words. The two men looked at each other, for it seemed that Heather had thought too superficially about the entire matter. After a long time, Zayne responded slowly, "Heather, the person trying to kill you isn't easy to deal with. You can't confront him face-to-face right now." He had to remind her this, or she wouldn't know how powerful the person actually was.

Leon had guessed this earlier, so he wasn't surprised to hear Zayne saying this right now. Similarly, Heather had also considered this problem before, so she also wasn't surprised by Zayne's words. Even though both men were being careful this time, she thought running away wasn't a good solution; they could only solve this problem by confronting the culprit face-to-face. "I know that. I have imagined all kinds of situations, but running away won't solve any

of it right now.” She held onto her own views since she refused to hide anywhere.

Zayne didn’t expect Heather to be so stubborn. He shot Leon a glance, only to see the helplessness in the latter’s eyes. They both knew very well that no one else could change Heather’s decision once she had made up her mind.

“What happened this time isn’t simple, Heather. You’d better hide for a while.” When Zayne saw Heather behaving like this, he wanted her to properly go into hiding outside, for he feared that she would act on impulse.

“I don’t want to go to Africa,” Heather replied straightforwardly as she didn’t want to hide anywhere.

“I’ll arrange a more comfortable place for you. I can arrange a temporary safehouse if you want to go to places like Korea, Japan, the United States, or even Australia.” Zayne knew what Heather thought, so he could arrange those comfortable refuges for her.

“I’m not going anywhere.” She was unusually determined. “I’m going back to Bradford City now,” she said in a sulky tone.

“You can’t go back to Bradford City right now, Heather. Be rational.” There was a trace of anger in Zayne’s voice, and it was probably because he hadn’t expected Heather to behave like this.

“Bradford City is a cosmopolis with a sound legal system. I don’t believe anyone can commit crimes to that extent.” Heather’s tone of voice wasn’t nice either, for she thought that Leon and Zayne were making mountains out of a molehill this time.

“Can’t you hold back your stubbornness when your life is at stake, Heather?” Leon asked Heather as she turned around, for he was getting pissed off by her attitude. Why is she behaving as though she isn’t afraid of death at all? he thought to himself.

“I want to go back to the Langston Residence. I believe the Langston Family can guarantee my safety.” Heather couldn’t imagine what unscrupulous tricks the other party would pull, but she had to go back home. Right now, only the Langston Residence could give her a sense of security.

“No,” Zayne replied from behind Heather. “The Langston Residence is the most dangerous place right now, so you mustn’t go back.” He really didn’t know what to do with her.

“I want to go home—it is the safest place for me.” Heather looked at Zayne as he stood in her way. Since when did the problem become so complicated? She found this somewhat difficult to accept.

“You mustn’t go back.” Leon also walked up from behind Heather. He was inches away from her, and it seemed as though she’d enter his embrace the moment she turned around.

“Don’t coerce me like this; you’re making it seem as though I’ll be dead this time.” Heather didn’t like such a feeling, for Leon and Zayne’s concerns made her feel very burdened.

“Do you have a better way, Leon?” Zayne asked the man. He had a safe house for Heather, but he didn’t have any other ideas since she refused to comply.

Leon understood the meaning behind Zayne’s words when he heard the latter calling his name. To put it bluntly, Zayne was reminding Leon that he could use his family’s power to protect her. Since Zayne had brought this up, he could only go along with his wishes. He then said, “You can go back to Bradford City, but you must stay with my family, Heather.” Luckily, Leon’s family was currently living there and could provide refuge for the woman.

Heather turned around and looked at Leon as the latter backed away. Meanwhile, Zayne agreed to Leon’s suggestion and said, “Heather, if you insist on going back to Bradford City, perhaps nowhere else is safer than Leon’s family.” Zayne knew about Leon’s background, so he knew that his family wasn’t a presence that ordinary people could mess with.

“Am I going to live there as Leon’s fiancée?” Heather asked with a hint of self-deprecation. She didn’t expect that she would have to use Leon’s family backing so soon.

“Yeah.” He nodded. “I’m sorry, but only this identity can give you shelter for now.” Leon’s eyes showed a troubled look. In reality, he didn’t want to just pretend to be lovers with Heather.

When Zayne heard their conversation, he curled his lips slightly. He seemed to have thought of a good solution. "Perhaps being Leon's fiancée will cause the one trying to kill Heather to have scruples." He thought that this new identity was pretty nice.

"You two must get engaged as soon as you guys get back, and you must let the whole world know that you are Leon's fiancée, Heather," he said with a hint of awkwardness. For the time being, Zayne couldn't think of a solution better than this. Even though he was somewhat distressed deep down inside, he didn't care so much about it as long as Heather's life could be saved.

## Standing before Love Chapter 717

As soon as Zayne finished his sentence, he noticed the strained expressions on Heather and Leon's faces. There was an inexplicable embarrassment when he brought up the subject of engagement directly. Sensing the embarrassment he caused, he smiled and decided it was better to directly skip the topic. After all, he couldn't fathom women's minds despite being a great detective, let alone Heather's thoughts since she never let anyone see through her innermost ideas.

The three decided to get on the plane first and discuss the other matters later on. While they were on the helicopter, Leon quietly sat aside in a rare occurrence, whereas Zayne sat next to Heather. He opened his mouth, but there was something that he couldn't bring himself to say. On the other hand, Heather noticed Zayne was troubled and simply winked at him. When Leon noticed their little gestures, he understood at once that the two seemed to have some secrets they didn't want him to know about.

Time flew swiftly by on the helicopter, and the three of them remained silent as if the air were condensed. Only when the helicopter landed safely and steadily did Leon, who had been pretending to be asleep the whole time, slowly open his eyes. He noticed that the distance between Heather and Zayne was extremely close, and it seemed as though she'd melt into Zayne's arms if they got a little closer.

When they got off the helicopter, Zayne said jokingly to Heather, "It cost me a lot of money to rent the helicopter this time. You must be billed for all of that."

Heather looked at Zayne with a faint smile. "I'll pay you double the money." She knew that Zayne was trying to alleviate their embarrassment. She didn't

know what was wrong with Leon, but he didn't want to say anything and seemed depressed.

They had landed on the outskirts of Bradford City. There was still a long way to go back, but Leon didn't choose to go the same way with them this time. "You two should just go ahead first. Someone will pick me up later," he suggested.

Heather and Zayne didn't delve into it either. They had seen the luxury car that was waiting for them at one side long ago, and Zayne even had a driver arranged. Such actions would undoubtedly expose their whereabouts, so Heather looked at Zayne in puzzlement. However, the latter merely gave her a mischievous smile without offering any explanation.

Heather followed Zayne, and he opened the car door gentlemanly before signaling her to climb in first. On the other hand, Leon stood nearby without looking at them. After taking a look at him, Heather immediately got into the car before Zayne followed suit.

As soon as they were seated, Heather asked directly, "What do you mean by this, Zayne?"

The latter merely shrugged as the corner of his mouth turned up in a roguishly handsome smile. "Leon is giving us space to be alone," he replied without answering her question.

"Did you reach an agreement with Leon?" Heather thought that something was fishy, so she needed an explanation.

"There aren't so many conspiracies. Heather, you must at least try to trust someone else." Zayne thought that Heather was thinking too much, but he couldn't blame her for this. After all, Leon's behavior was indeed suspicious.

"In that case, can you tell me exactly what you're hiding from me?" Heather noticed while on the helicopter that Zayne had something private and personal to tell her.

"It's something about Leon's family," Zayne replied while looking out of the car window. He was still hesitating if he should tell Heather about this unconfirmed guess.

"It doesn't seem like a good thing, right?" Heather asked affirmatively. Otherwise, they wouldn't have to avoid talking in front of Leon.



“That’s right. As far as I know, the current person in power in Leon’s family is his grandfather. He seems to like you a lot and hopes that you can get engaged to Leon sooner.” Zayne seemed to know a lot.

Heather nodded. It surprised her that Zayne knew this too, but it was normal for him to know about this given his capabilities. “So, are you suspecting that the one trying to kill me is related to Leon’s family?” She associated this with the attempt on her life since she couldn’t think of any other explanations.

“No, that’s not the case. It’s definitely not someone from Leon’s family.” Zayne shook his head with the corners of his mouth turned up in a rather annoying half-smile.

“In that case, why are you bringing this up all of a sudden?” Heather didn’t like how Zayne deliberately kept her in suspense.

“I just want to remind you that you’d better keep some distance from Leon to avoid becoming someone else’s pawn like him.” Zayne’s smile became even brighter, and there was an insinuation in his remark.

“Someone else’s pawn? I don’t quite understand what you mean.” Heather felt a bit funny. Since when has Leon become someone else’s pawn? Zayne is a bit of an alarmist, she thought to herself.

“The matter isn’t as simple as you two think. In short, the situation in Bradford City is particularly complicated—we might’ve been reduced to someone else’s pawns,” Zayne replied in an airy tone, but what he said made Heather feel very nauseous.

“It seems that a fierce battle is about to begin in Bradford City.” Heather seemed to have realized something, but she still didn’t understand the specifics.

“You can say that. I’m also puzzled as to why this bunch of people have chosen Bradford City as their battle arena.” Zayne increasingly felt that this job was a difficult one. The deeper he looked into the matter, the more details he found out. At the moment, many families were already involved in this. On the surface, these families seemed to have nothing to do with each other, but now that all these families were involved, Zayne was quite troubled.

“What should we do now?” Heather asked with a frown. Things would get out of hand if this went on.

“I don’t know, but I have a piece of good news to tell you.” Zayne didn’t want the mood between them to continue being so oppressive, so he decided to say a piece of good news to lighten the atmosphere.

Heather looked at Zayne. How is it possible for him to still have good news at such a time? It sounds kind of awkward, though.

“Myra has returned to the Hart Family safely,” Zayne announced with a wink, and he didn’t seem serious at all.

Heather was speechless and astonished since this really came as a surprise. She said in disbelief, “You’re not kidding me, right?”

“Why should I joke about that?” Zayne looked at Heather’s expression and thought that she was really adorable. Still, her response was very normal.

“I want to see Myra,” Heather said with delight. She didn’t expect that Myra had safely returned home, which was probably the best piece of news she had heard as of late.

“Don’t get excited just yet. I’m afraid you can’t meet Myra now because she’s been in a confused state of mind since her return. She can’t even recognize her husband.” Zayne regretfully told Heather the bad news.

“What are you joking about? Myra is in a confused state of mind?” Heather’s expression changed at once, not expecting this to be the outcome.

“It seems like she’s lost her memory. Fortunately, there’s nothing seriously wrong with her. She’s been in good health,” Zayne comforted the woman.

“I must see Myra. I must figure out what on earth happened,” Heather said emotionally as she couldn’t wait to meet her friend right now.

“You can’t. You’re in a dangerous situation right now, so you’d better take care of yourself.” However, Zayne disagreed with what Heather said. Had he known that she would react so strongly, he wouldn’t have told her this.

“I must see Myra. I’m worried!” Heather shouted. After all, she couldn’t believe that such a thing would happen to her.

“Don’t get worked up. As far as I know, Myra has probably been fed some kind of medicine to become like this. Generally speaking, everything will be

fine as long as the antidote is found,” Zayne advised Heather since she mustn’t act on impulse at this moment.

“Are you able to find the antidote?” Heather almost seized Zayne by the collar as she asked the question.

“This is a bit difficult. I haven’t exactly figured out why the person kidnapped her.” Zayne didn’t dare to give Heather a 100-percent guarantee, but there had been some clues about the matter.

“I want to see Myra, and I must meet her today.” Heather wouldn’t put her mind at rest until she saw her friend.

“You’re still being hunted right now, so you’ll only bring danger to Myra by meeting her. I’d advise you to find a place to hide.” Zayne calmly analyzed the situation for Heather as she was becoming more and more irrational right now. He had discovered this a long time ago—Heather’s so-called maturity was actually forced, for she was still a little girl at heart. After experiencing this series of events, her nature was completely exposed. In fact, it could be said that she was extremely vulnerable at the moment.

“Am I a failure, Zayne?” Heather had too much disdain for herself as she calmed down. Not only was she unable to do anything, she often acted on impulse as well.

“You’re not a failure—you’re just used to pretending to be mature. After doing that for a long time, you’ve forgotten that you’re just a little girl,” Zayne replied curtly. In truth, he found this side of her a little more adorable.

“Thank you for reminding me.” Heather decided to confront her truest self. She had been tired of pretending over these years. She kept pressing herself to act more maturely, yet the outcome was so miserable.

“I have arranged a place for you to hide, so you must stay there during this period of time. Keep in mind that you mustn’t go anywhere, and your cell phone has to be confiscated as well,” Zayne said while taking away Heather’s cell phone.

“How should I contact you without a cell phone?” Heather clutched her cell phone tightly. She couldn’t do without a cell phone, or else she would completely lose contact with the outside world.

“Do you know how dangerous your cell phone is?” Zayne remembered having talked to Heather about this. “Your cell phone can reveal lots of things, so you can’t use a cell phone again in your current situation.”

Heather reluctantly handed her cell phone over to Zayne. There was still reluctance in her eyes, for she didn’t know what would happen next without her cell phone. “I’m afraid that the police will call me.” She was still involved in a case. Since she was the victim, the police would definitely contact her.

“Just leave these matters to me. I want you to stay alone in the hiding place for three days.” Zayne looked confident, and it seemed like he had devised a plan to deal with the situation.

“What exactly are your plans? Why can’t you tell me directly?” Heather found Zayne’s behavior extremely suspicious.

Zayne seemed to have thought of a perfect solution, though. “I’ll help you ask Dr. Turner out and help Myra find the antidote. Just give me three days—I’ll give you something different.”

“You were aware of everything?” Only then did Heather truly realize Zayne’s capabilities, and it seemed like she had underestimated his capabilities before.

“Yeah, I know everything. I have figured out many things these days, and now it’s time for me to take action.” Zayne’s mouth curved in a confident smile, and his eyes were sharp as though he could put an end to all these complicated matters in the next second.

“If that’s the case, why did you ask me to get engaged to Leon?” Heather asked angrily, feeling that she had been fooled by Zayne.

“I was just kidding. Didn’t you hire me back then because of my extraordinary capabilities?” Zayne knew that his recent performance had disappointed Heather, and now it was time to redeem his pride.

“Hey! Have you been fooling me all this while, Zayne?” Heather was almost sent into a rage because of him. As it turned out, he had many hidden cards up his sleeve.

## Standing before Love Chapter 718

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.

## Standing before Love Chapter 719

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 Bradford 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 Bradford 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.

## Standing before Love Chapter 720

Now that they had reached this point in their conversation, Leon could only take away the documents on the coffee table sulkily. Then, he stood up and nodded at Zayne. "I disagree with you, but you made me admire you as I did back when I was a child," he said before leaving right away. He was now very confused since he couldn't find a better way to protect Heather.

After Leon left, Jason sat down on the sofa across from Zayne. This sofa is really comfortable, he thought to himself as he stretched his body while



holding a bottle of iced black tea in his hand. The cold didn't bother him at all. "Why did you turn him down?" he asked after downing half of the liquid.

Zayne played with his own hands. "I will not work with anyone else. They're all businessmen; no matter how nice they sound, they only care about their self-interests. I don't want to be swallowed whole by them."

Jason listened as if he understood what Zayne said. There seemed to be some truth in the latter's words, but he didn't care about such things. All he needed to do was to protect the detective, for that would earn him a lot of money.

Zayne stood up and planned to go to his room to wash up, whereas Jason threw himself down on the incredibly soft sofa. He closed his eyes comfortably and sunk deep into the couch; it was rare for him to feel so snug. On the other hand, Zayne gave himself a simple rinse before throwing himself down on the bed. The warm and soft bed was simply heavenly, and it didn't take long before Zayne quickly fell asleep. Likewise, Jason fell asleep while lying on the sofa.

On the contrary, Heather couldn't sleep after tossing and turning for a long time in the log cabin, and she felt that she had to do something to get herself to fall asleep smoothly. Now that even counting sheep was useless, she thought the sleepyhead inside her must have lost its way, so she simply got up from the sofa. Needless to say, she felt very uncomfortable sleeping on the sofa since her body ached all over as she lay on it. She decided to go out and stretch herself a bit, so she walked to the door, unbolted it, pushed it open and stepped out.

It was much colder outside than inside the cabin, so Heather quickly tucked her head in. The sky was already dark, and the whole forest looked gloomy. It didn't appear sensible to go out at this time, so she went back into the house and closed the door hurriedly.

After she experienced how chilly it was outside, this small log cabin felt like heaven instead. Then, she looked at the bed in the center of the log cabin. She couldn't resist the temptation of sleeping on it, but she found it unacceptable when she thought that this bed had been slept on by someone else before. With that, she looked at the uncomfortable sofa at the side. The sofa looks much cleaner, she thought to herself.

As such, she sank back into the sofa's embrace while cursing Zayne inwardly for not having such an important detail considered. He must be pulling pranks on me on purpose. This place doesn't have to be done up so miserably even if it's a shelter, she thought to herself. These three days simply felt like years to her, and she couldn't imagine what to do next.

She didn't know what time it was when she finally fell asleep weakly, slowly heading off to dreamland as she banished all thoughts from her mind.

The next day, she woke up feeling numb all over and felt that her body had almost stiffened completely. She couldn't move her body after she woke up, and her legs were so numb that it made her cynical. She limbered up her hands and massaged her legs with them as her blood wasn't circulating smoothly.

She swore inwardly at Zayne again, feeling really aggrieved as she had to take refuge in such a manner. Moreover, she could only wait for him to pick her up in this barren wilderness. Otherwise, it wouldn't be easy to get out of there since it was now winter, and she didn't want to try surviving in the wilderness.

She got out of the sofa and limbered up. As someone who practiced martial arts, Heather felt like an extreme failure. She had stopped practicing her martial arts skills for a long time over these years. She used to get up early and exercise every day, but even her bones had become brittle right now. Since she had nothing to do anyway, she decided to get some exercise in the log cabin's limited space. Luckily, this free space wasn't that awful since it allowed her to move around.

Heather made one move after another with her hands in an imposing manner while exhausting her extra energy. After a while, she was hungry—it was only natural to become hungry faster when one did something so strenuous after getting up early in the morning.

Heather couldn't continue exercising on an empty stomach, so she went directly up to the simple kitchen in the log cabin where there were fresh vegetables inside the fridge. However, after glancing at the dirty and greasy countertop, she decided to have more instant noodles instead. She felt aggrieved, for it was even a problem to eat in such a place. What a dilapidated place this is, she thought to herself as her mood instantly became awful.

Heather didn't know whether to laugh or cry as she opened her eyes to a bad day. What should I do next? Should I go out for a walk? she thought to herself. As she didn't want to keep staying in the heated room, she wrapped herself in a blanket. Since she wore thin layers of clothing, she could only go out with her body wrapped in a blanket on such a cold day.

Fortunately for her, signs of human habitation were rare in this place. Otherwise, people would laugh their heads off if they saw her like this. Heather couldn't even find a mirror in the house, but this was good since she wouldn't get to see her lunatic-like appearance.

Then, she took out the small mirror in her makeup bag and looked at her face. Her face had become oily, and it was a huge discredit to her image. I must spruce myself up before going out, she thought to herself while despising herself inwardly. It was really ridiculous that she had landed herself in such a predicament.

However, as she washed her face, she finally discovered one thing. There wasn't a place to shower in this log cabin, for there wasn't even a toilet. As such, she looked at the place with a depressed look. Did the forester relieve himself on the spot? she thought to herself.

She couldn't stop herself from blurting out profanities. I'll definitely beat the sh\*t out of Zayne's face when he picks me up. Unfortunately, as soon as she discovered this, she sadly felt an urge to go to the toilet. Sometimes, the lack of something would exacerbate the desire for it.

Heather's face turned ghastly. It was impossible for her to relieve herself on the spot, but was there an alternative right now? The log cabin would be uninhabitable if she relieved herself in it. Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, she opened the log cabin's door. Luckily, there were toilet papers inside, or else she would've killed Zayne if he hadn't prepared any for her. Wouldn't she have to wipe her butt with leaves instead?

Now that there was already nothing much to have scruples about, she left the blanket in the log cabin and went out to find somewhere to relieve herself. She couldn't bring the blanket with her since it was a clean item, of course. Still, she was ashamed to take off her clothes wherever she was. She couldn't get over her reluctance, yet the urge to pee kept challenging her bladder.

What should I do now? she thought to herself. She stood awkwardly beside the log cabin, and she even thought that someone was passing by when she

heard the rustles of the leaves in the wind. As a civilized person, she couldn't do such a vulgar thing. She felt as though there were two people fighting in her head.

However, her physiological need overcame her embarrassment in the end, and she found somewhere hidden to relieve her urge to pee. When she pulled up her trousers, she felt a chill not only on her butt but also in her heart. She was overcome with regret when she thought of how Zayne was living it up in Bradford City.

Why did she trust Zayne back then? Now, she'd rather stay in Bradford City and be hunted than to live like a savage. Unfortunately, she had no communication equipment and had no way of contacting the outside world. She couldn't stay here for a minute longer, but as she looked at the boundless forest, she didn't know what it would be like if she went outside.

After all, she couldn't possibly leave this place on foot on such a cold day! She comforted herself inwardly as she thought that a night had passed. Time passed quickly, so Zayne would pick her up very soon.

At the moment, Zayne was both an angel and a demon in Heather's mind's eye. On one hand, she wished that he'd appear before her sooner, but on the other hand, she wished she could beat the sh\*t out of his face.

Meanwhile, Zayne sneezed non-stop when he woke up early in the morning. He rubbed his nose and muttered to himself, "Heather must be swearing at me." Throughout the entire time, he laughed as he spoke.

When Jason saw how Zayne was laughing like an idiot, he said icily at one side, "Your crazy smile is an eyesore to me, Zayne."

However, the latter didn't mind Jason's sharp tongue, for he knew that Jason was such a person who could never say something nice. Meanwhile, the other man knitted his brows when he saw that Zayne's had become even brighter, wishing that he could blast this idiotic smiling face with his gun. "It's time to set out," he reminded Zayne. It was already such an hour, yet Zayne still had time to laugh foolishly in the mirror.

Zayne nodded. "You care more about this than me." He knew that Jason still had a bit of familial affection for him, and he craved such a feeling since he couldn't find any relatives in this world other than Jason. Even though the pair

weren't related by blood, he treated the latter as his younger brother. He was a person who lacked love, so he craved more affection.

Jason was still the driver, whereas Zayne sat in the back seat. Jason wore a pair of sunglasses with an unwelcoming expression, whereas Zayne looked at his snow-white collar. The person he was about to meet today wasn't a simple figure, so he was worried that something would go wrong during their talk.

The car moved slowly since traffic jams were inevitable at this hour. Zayne looked at the sea of cars around him. Luckily, they had set out an hour ahead of time, or he would've definitely been late because of the traffic congestion. Naturally, he couldn't be late for the appointment with the big shot. Zayne hoped he could reach a consensus with that person, or else he couldn't be sure when Heather could stop hiding.

Zayne hadn't found out who on earth was trying to kill Heather, but he knew that her life would definitely be saved as long as that big shot was willing to be her backer. He had previously thought hard about how to save the woman, but he didn't expect that the big shot would arrive in Bradford City as well. Since the person was here, Heather would be saved as long as he managed to convince him. However, he wasn't confident that he could convince the person completely. After all, he had no bargaining chip, and it was thanks to Jason that he obtained the chance to meet this big shot this time.

Jason seemed to have perceived Zayne's anxiety, and he abruptly said in front of the latter, "Zayne, you can only take the plunge if you have no bargaining chip." His sentence sounded unreasonable, but what he said seemed to be the case when one thought carefully about it.

On the other hand, Zayne believed he could convince the big shot. He recalled the serious promise he made when he first parted with Heather. Since he had painted such a rosy picture for her, he had to keep his word. After all, how could he be worthy of Heather's trust if he couldn't even do a good job of this? "Thank you," he replied gratefully.

Jason continued driving the car expressionlessly, but there was a trace of emotion in his heart. Even he couldn't understand why he decided to come back from such a faraway place to help Zayne. Did he really do this because the price Zayne offered was tempting enough? Jason rejected affections since assassins weren't supposed to have feelings.

Besides, an assassin could never quit their business, and he had buried himself when he embarked on this path back then. The reborn Jason was an unfeeling and cold-blooded robot, but the longer he stayed beside Zayne these days, the more feelings sprouted in his heart. He rejected such a pleasant feeling, and he even wanted to finish this task sooner.

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Each of them had their own agenda, but Zayne focused his attention as he couldn't continue to let his mind wander. Furthermore, he was secretly delighted since he would be meeting the legendary figure soon.

Jason drove the car steadily until they reached a desolate place. Naturally, how could a big shot easily tell them where he or she was? Right now, they could only wait here until someone took them away. Jason and Zayne got out of the car and leaned against it, for those people would arrive in about a few minutes. At this moment, they felt that time flew by slowly, and every second felt so long. Zayne moved closer to Jason's side. About three minutes later, three to five brawny men turned up on the clearing.

Both of them exchanged glances. The brawny men were holding face coverings in their hands, and they promptly handed them out as soon as they walked up to the pair. Of course, Jason and Zayne obediently covered their entire faces. They wondered what special materials the face coverings were made of since their eyes couldn't see anything at all.

Zayne felt that everything was pitch-black before his eyes. Just then, he heard the brawny man say to him, "I heard that you're very capable of investigating cases, great detective. In that case, we'll have to inconvenience you a little." As soon as he finished his sentence, Zayne felt a pain in the back of his head and passed out. As it turned out, the brawny man hit him directly from behind, knocking him out directly. Such a method was rather barbarous.

Jason knew the proper way to behave, so he didn't show any dissatisfaction despite his displeasure at what the brawny men had done. He didn't know how much time had passed as these brawny men kept turning him around until he almost felt dizzy. Come to think of it, that person was rather cautious. Back then, Jason had helped him by chance; if it weren't for that incident, how could someone like him and Zayne get in touch with that figure? He silently counted from one to 100 in his mind, using it as a method to estimate the time. About an hour later, both Zayne and Jason were shoved into a room.

The former hadn't regained consciousness yet, whereas Jason's face covering was torn off violently. Hence, he blocked his eyes with one arm as he couldn't adapt to the intense light for a moment. Meanwhile, he heard the sound of water being splashed at one side. As it turned out, Zayne hadn't come round, so the brawny men could only splash cold water on him to wake him up. With that, the man woke up at once. He felt chilly all over, for he didn't expect that it would be so difficult to meet the big shot.

Everyone else in the room went out just then, leaving only Jason and Zayne behind. They were both tied to their stools, and Jason repressed the urge to laugh as he saw how much of a sorry sight the other person looked. At this moment, Zayne, who had been well-dressed at first, was as wet as a drowned rat, and he seemed to be seething with anger. However, there was still no sign of the big shot, and Jason couldn't even recall what the person looked like.

It didn't take long before an old man appeared in their sight. Zayne looked at the old man's ordinary face, and he didn't expect him to have such a terrifying identity. "Jason." The old man walked up to him. "Thank you for helping me ten years ago." His voice was loud, and he seemed to be in good health.

Zayne held back his sharp tongue, though he really wanted to ask this old man if this was the way one should treat someone who had helped them.

"That was only an accident," Jason replied truthfully since he wasn't a polite person.

The old man wasn't angered, though. Instead, he glanced at Zayne and sat on the main seat. This time, it was more convenient for the latter to see the old man's face clearly. The old man seemed harmless, but Zayne shuddered when he thought of what the old man had done before. "I have to thank you no matter what your purpose in saving me was," the old man responded with a clear articulation.

Zayne felt the need to take action just then, or Jason would definitely say something that embarrassed everyone again. "Hi, Mr. A." No one knew the old man's real name since everyone in the underworld addressed him that way.

"You must be Zayne Lee, the famous detective," the old man said politely.



“That’s an overstatement, Mr. A. I’m nothing but an insignificant and nondescript person,” Zayne replied politely with no trace of his usual arrogance.

“You’re very different from what you’re rumored to be, Detective Zayne. It seems that you’re here for a woman this time.” The old man hit the nail on the head. After all, he knew that only a beautiful woman could make a hero bow.

“You really live up to your reputation, Mr. A. You’re able to see through my thoughts before I even opened my mouth,” Zayne complimented the old man.

Jason watched the two men exchange words at each other as if he was an outsider. He didn’t want to get involved in this in the first place. Besides, Zayne was better at dealing with people than him.

“I’ll definitely try my best if there’s something I can help,” Mr. A replied politely.

However, Zayne had to be suspicious when he saw how polite Mr. A was. Things went far smoother than he had imagined, and this aroused his suspicions. According to what he knew about Mr. A, the latter wouldn’t promise to take action so easily. “Mr. A, I heard that someone is trying to kill Heather Langston, the third daughter of the Langston Family. I’d like to ask you to be her backer,” he said in a pleading tone.

Mr. A looked at Zayne as a benign smile played on his lips. “To save Miss Langston’s life.” The smile on his lips was inscrutable.

Zayne looked at Mr. A nervously as his success or failure would be decided at this moment. As he waited for the old man to nod, he felt that he could hardly breathe.

“Okay,” Mr. A agreed readily.

Zayne looked at Jason as both of them were somewhat in disbelief. They hadn’t expected this matter to be solved so easily, for Mr. A was rather open to persuasion. “Thank you.” Zayne could hardly suppress his inner excitement as he was really grateful to Mr. A.

“You don’t have to thank me. Just thank your younger brother instead,” Mr. A replied while pointing at Jason. He admired Jason very much and had wanted to take the latter under his command back then. Now that they were meeting once more, he still had the same idea in mind.



Zayne looked at Jason gratefully, which made the latter feel uncomfortable as he wasn't accustomed to such behavior from Zayne. After they finished discussing the matter with Mr. A, the old man left immediately whereas the pair waited for someone else to come over and untie them. Their faces were covered once more, and the brawny men escorted them from Mr. A's temporary residence to where they had originally come from. Luckily, Zayne didn't have to be knocked out this time, and he kept twisting his neck after being excited. One brawny man nearly smashed the back of his head by hitting him too hard.

Despite that, Zayne didn't keep still along the way either. He said to the brawny man, "Actually, you guys don't have to be so on guard against me. I have a special and deep respect for Mr. A, so I'll never do anything harmful to him."

However, the brawny man ignored Zayne completely, making it seem as though he was talking to himself from start to finish. Only after this time did the brawny man realize that the rumored great detective was so talkative.

After more than an hour, Zayne and Jason were left where they had originally been, and they pulled off their face coverings boorishly. The brawny men had already gone far at this moment, and Zayne looked at them from behind. Not every brawny man is so unsettling as the one before me, he thought to himself while giving Jason a bright smile. "Thank you, my dear brother." He hoped Jason could quit his business and stop working as an assassin, for it was such a dangerous job.

"Don't call me that. I merely helped you by chance, so you don't have to thank me. It's enough to pay me a higher commission." Jason dissociated himself from Zayne, but he sounded much gentler this time.

Zayne knew that Jason's heart could melt even if he was an iceberg. Therefore, he thought he should seize upon this opportunity to mend his relationship with Jason. "Are you really unwilling to acknowledge me as your brother, Jason?" he asked affectionately.

The latter continued to drive while ignoring Zayne completely. He couldn't respond to Zayne since he just wanted to walk down the path of being an assassin until the very end.

"Jason, I know my father has done you a disservice, and I'm a coward who didn't help you when you needed it the most." Zayne began to reflect on his

mistakes. He knew that he had made many mistakes, and Jason had suffered a lot since his childhood.

“Shut up, Zayne.” Jason didn’t want to hear these moving words from him since he knew that he couldn’t be blamed for those matters. After all, Zayne could hardly protect himself at that time.

“I’m sorry. Forgive me, okay? Please don’t leave me again. You and I are the only ones depending on each other for survival in this world, so stop living a life of licking the blood off the blade.” Zayne tried to persuade him.

“I’ll break off the contract right now if you continue to harass me with affections, Zayne,” Jason replied angrily as he didn’t want to listen to his words anymore.

With that, Zayne immediately shut up. He couldn’t continue urging Jason since doing so would only drive him away sooner. Come to think of it, it was rather laughable that this was the first time Zayne felt that he lacked so much love.

The two didn’t say anything else along the way. It was supposed to be a happy day, yet it turned out like this. After returning to the apartment, both Zayne and Jason didn’t speak again. The former stayed in his bedroom, whereas the latter sat on the sofa. It wasn’t until Jason fell asleep did Zayne creep out of the bedroom. He knew that Jason barely slept at night these days to ensure his personal safety. People let their guard down most easily at night, so Jason would never make a mistake at this moment.

He obviously cared about Zayne, but he didn’t say anything about it. Hence, such a stubborn person rendered Zayne at a loss for how to get him to open his heart. As he recalled what had happened during their childhood, he felt that he wasn’t qualified to be an elder brother. There had been a chance to redeem Jason’s soul, yet Zayne was too cowardly at that time. Then, he gently covered Jason with a thin blanket. The heater in their apartment was working on full blast, but Zayne was still worried that Jason would catch a cold.

Jason’s health was the most important thing at this critical moment, so he couldn’t fall ill at that moment. As Zayne stared at Jason’s face, his heart ached when he thought of how delicate Jason looked when he was a child and what he had experienced over these years. “I’ll definitely bring you back

to life.” He knew everything, and he certainly knew that Jason could turn back because the latter had taken the path of being an assassin.

Zayne had accumulated many resources over these years, so he believed he could give Jason a whole new life with his own power. Right now, the only thing needed was the right timing. Once their matters were over in Bradford City, he would go into retirement with Jason. He was tired after all these years, and it was time to end the legend as he didn't want to continue carrying the reputation of being a great detective for the rest of his life. Right now, he only wanted to lead a normal life with Jason.