

Standing before Love Chapter 732

When the door to the director's office was pulled open from the inside, Matthias left the room. Since the Locke Group was fully under his control, there was no need for him to be there.

At this very moment, he could openly announce that he wished to personally bring Locke Group to its downfall, and that bearing no fear against the family's head, things were bound to change with each passing second.

As though he had a new life, he organized the suit he was donning. To him, every molecule of air he took in was refreshing. He loved that sensation, and he intuitively lifted the corners of his lips.

If it weren't for coping with Heather's covert operation, he would have shared the news with her right away. Sadly, given the circumstances, he couldn't do so.

With how things had escalated, Matthias grew even more assiduous. Since he didn't want to involve her in the Locke Group's affair, he didn't even contact her on social media. Although he was desperate for a compliment from her like an ungrown child, he wanted her to hear the news from others.

As he scanned his surroundings, Matthias turned around and stared at the Locke Group building and momentarily forgot where he was about to go. As he left the premises, he couldn't find a place to go home to as he wished to desert all the residences under that family.

Now that he had nothing else, no words that could describe the emptiness he felt. It wasn't as simple as the happiness from turning a new leaf, for there was even a bittersweet sensation coming from a tinge of unwillingness to flee the family!

As the cooling zephyr brushed against his face, he was reminded of how long winter was this year, and innumerable incidents seemed to have cramped up in this one chilly season. Falling under an illusion that he was looking forward to spring, he tightly held on to his shirt as a fondness for winter suddenly surged in him.

Meanwhile, Heather was notified by Zayne regarding Matthias' status as she hid in the rented residence. Man, he must have planted bugs all over the Locke Group's building!

"He was escorted out of the director's office?" She was piqued by the occurrence of such an event.

"You don't look worried." Zayne saw through her, and he could tell that she was indulging in the drama.

"What for?" she chucklingly continued, "There's never been an issue in Locke Group that he couldn't solve." Since she knew Matthias' true capabilities, she exhibited not even the slightest bit of concern.

Meanwhile, Zayne acknowledged that there was not a single error in her words by shrugging his shoulders, but her attitude might have been a little too lax.

"This old man that appeared out of thin air is no one to simply mess with," he told her, attempting to draw the subtlest concern from her face.

"The person who can force Matthias out of the company is none other than the family head himself," she casually replied, having figured out the identity of the old man.

At that, Zayne helplessly looked at her. He had no comeback seeing how persistent her carefree attitude was.

"Since you've already guessed it, why aren't you worried?" Zayne wanted to witness her perturbation and how she would look when she was disconcerted for someone else's sake.

When she saw how meddlesome he was, she pursed her lips and was growing more reluctant to give him what he desired.

"You're overthinking it, Zayne. With how the entire company is already in his hands, I honestly can't find anything to worry about," she stated with a helpless face. "No one is able to shake him off from his pedestal, not even Locke's head."

Since he couldn't scare her at all, he decided to withdraw his devilish mischief. Be it, then!

"Fine. You got it all right. How boring!" Zayne got up from the couch. Initially, he wanted to frighten Heather with the news, but to his disappointment, the result wasn't as he had anticipated. It was treacherous!

Seeing his disconcertment, she laughed excitedly. Sometimes, he would leave her the impression that he wasn't actually a detective. She would often be astounded by his foolishness as she would always have to deal with him and his pranks.

"The yard looks good, Heather. Do you want to play ball?" He extended an invitation. Since they always locked themselves in that place, Zayne needed something else to distract himself.

At that, Heather merely rolled her eyes at him. At that moment, all she wanted was to satiate her slothfulness by lying on the bed and doing nothing, which included not moving her body.

Since he had been heartlessly rejected, Zayne turned to Jason as the latter lurked in a corner. When their eyes met, the other man immediately turned away.

"Let's ball, Jason," Zayne uttered.

"What's a ball?" Jason responded emotionlessly.

Zayne was utterly infuriated by his housemates, and he said in confusion, "It's our country's sport, you heathens!" Why were things so hard for him? All the man wanted was a game of basketball.

The other two that were being rebuked didn't even flinch, and that throbbed him like a direct smack to Zayne's face. After observing the nearby court and seeing how he was closer to Jason, he had a eureka moment.

"Can you grab the ball for me, Jason?" He gave him a dazzling smile. Since he knew that it was no simple smile, Jason figured there was something else in his mind.

"I literally can't move," he blurted as he continued to snuggle up on the La-Z-Boy, enjoying the comfort of the couch. There was no way he would want to leave its embrace.

With that, Zayne espoused the fact that people would change as time went by, just like how the diligent Jason he knew turned into a sloth.

"What are you going to do now?" Zayne walked to Jason. Having given up on Heather, he decided to focus on convincing the other man instead.

Heather covered her ears, annoyed by the endless immature quarrels of the childish brothers. All this noise. Have they seriously never considered the fact that both of their ages could almost add up to 80?

"Let me enjoy the day in peace, Zayne," Jason said to the former. As though he was thoroughly exhausted, all he wished for now was a pleasant, calm afternoon.

"Look at yourself, Jason!" Zayne lectured him, for he loved doing so.

"Why don't you find another spot to lie on? Stop shaking around in front of me." Perhaps Jason was triggered by his brother's actions, so he started to speak more.

Upon hearing that, Zayne sincerely considered looking for a bat to knock him out as it was growing to be a pain in the bum. His overzealousness was the prime example of men and their overflowing vigor.

Thanks to their thundering arguments, Heather started to contemplate whether she should move out, fearing the men's noise would irritate their neighbors as she wished the house's walls were able to block them off.

Right at this moment when she instinctively winced, her movements were caught by Zayne's prying eyes. As he stared at her from afar, he suddenly revealed a devilish grin.

"What's up, Heather?" When he directed his attention to her, she was immediately taken aback.

"The two of you are noisy as hell. I'm moving out," she said, feeling embarrassed by how she had been caught off guard by Zayne.

With that, Zayne walked up upon her with a mischievous chuckle. Since she was trapped in her spot, she didn't know whether she should challenge him or retreat to the couch.

"That's not fair, Heather," he uttered painfully as if she had done something cosmically devastating.

She awkwardly responded with a forced smirk, "Can't you just keep it down?" The moment she realized that she shouldn't be manipulated by Zayne's flow, she decided to take the initiative.

"Come on, Heather. We could make use of such a spacious space! Are y'all just going to crawl up in the corners while doing nothing?" He interrogated her. She used to be the hyperactive one, but for some reason, things had mysteriously turned around.

Heather shook her head and answered, "Our main priority is to keep ourselves hidden, so it's best that we don't draw any attention." She wished that he'd stop bothering her, so she could only resort to logic.

"How is a game of basketball attention-drawing?" Zayne childishly retorted. What's wrong with just a game?

"It certainly is! If we were to play in the yard, everyone would definitely see us, so it's too risky. If you don't trust me, you can ask Jason." She dragged the latter into the battlefield without allowing any bystanders.

Upon hearing her, he quickly added, "Indeed, indeed! Basketball will draw too much attention." All he wanted was his alone time with his La-Z-Boy, and anyone who wished to get him up could dream on!

Realizing that she had the upper hand, she crossed her arms and revealed a glaring beam as she continued, "Look at that, will you? None of us think we should be playing basketball, so I suggest you not dwell on it."

After finishing her words, she boastfully turned around and headed toward the staircase, intending to return to her room upstairs and leaving the brothers alone in the living room.

Nonetheless, the persistent Zayne yelled at her back, "If you don't want to play in the yard, we can play in the room. You know what? The living room sounds good!"

Upon that, she hurried her steps and vanished in an instant, having not the tenacity to stay any longer. As he stared at her retreating back in disappointment, he was thrown off by her exceptional escaping skills.

On the other hand, Jason shifted his La-Z-Boy away, hoping that Zayne wouldn't be able to see him. As Zayne was the only one that was dissatisfied, he would nag Jason into Valhalla. The sight of the brotherly fight was much more adorable than Heather herself.

"Play with me, Jason," Zayne begged him as he shot Jason a smile so loving that it was unnerving.

Jason sensed danger approaching; he was certain that if he were to reject his invitation, he would surely perish in his hand. As though he was being charged at with a spear, he could feel the penetration from his brother's gaze and quickly decided whether to flee or to give in to his brother.

As he was still hesitating, Zayne marched boldly toward him. Jason looked at the other man while he approached hastily, and he couldn't refute after seeing his desperate face.

"Fine, okay," he unwillingly blurted, though his body was still attached to his favorite La-Z-Boy.

Zayne ordered after revealing a cold grin, "For starters, get up from the La-Z-Boy."

Although Jason was reluctant, he was intimidated by his brother's terrifying stare and discontentedly claimed, "Whatever. It's just a game of basketball."

Having said that, he immediately sprung up from the La-Z-Boy while keeping a resistant expression. Meanwhile, Heather, who was upstairs and had witnessed the whole thing, heaved a sigh of relief as she was finally out of Zayne's grasp.

I wonder how Matthias is doing now, Heather thought as she peered at her phone, receiving no news from the man.

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In the freezing night, Matthias stared at the mansion in front of him with not a trace of anger. Since it belonged to the Lockes, it will no longer mean anything to him from now on. Should I say goodbye?

Ever since Evan left, the residence had been especially quiet at night. Having lost his attachment to the mansion, he coldly gazed at the building as if the entire area only had one residence.

Despite his desire to walk in, he stopped himself outside the home. After all, he was now truly alone after pushing everyone else away.

At this moment, he sensed a fragrance of blossoms wafting in the air. He tried to locate the source but to no avail. Surprisingly, such a subtle aroma somehow matched the winter so well. As he took in the scent, he was reminded of the countless incidents, wondering when they would finally end.

What surprised him was the fact that the family head had yet to look for him since he left the Locke Group, and that made him feel rather peaceful as the head seemed to have acknowledged his resolution.

After a wait too long, the day he had been anticipating finally came. Naturally, Matthias felt somewhat empty. Not only was he damaging the Lockes' head legacy, he was also bringing his efforts all these years down along with the Locke Group's downfall.

Although he wasn't at the company, he had already received news about the chaos that was going on there. The head must have been absent in the company for so long that he had lost his ability to herd his subordinates.

After hearing about the board's emergency meeting, Matthias predicted that his grandfather would give him a grave lesson. As he revealed a grin, he craved to see the old man's devastated face.

Even if the head could win over the board of directors' hearts, they wouldn't be able to stop his grand plan. Besides, all the members of the board were nothing but guilty, so manipulating them wouldn't be an issue to the head.

After working in the company for so long, Matthias came to know that the board members were merely puppets except for a few competitive ones. Since the head wasn't satisfied, he should get a taste of disappointment.

Eventually, Matthias decided to enter the residence. As it was already 10.00PM and the person he was expecting had yet to appear, he could only wait until the next day. As for what kind of havoc awaited him tomorrow, he didn't have a single clue.

Matthias walked into the mansion and headed into the master bedroom. Meanwhile, the lights in the house had all been turned off as the deep night fell upon the city. While he lay on his comfortable bed, he stared at the ebony ceiling and enjoyed the tranquil atmosphere.

Things were so calm that he could even hear the storm outside the house hitting on his windows, and he loved such a vivid night. When Heather

suddenly popped up in his mind, he wondered if she, who was in another residence, was already asleep by then.

He had deliberately chosen not to initiate any interactions with her, for he was waiting for the woman to do so. Since he knew that Heather had already gotten the news of him being fired long ago, he awaited her response.

Meanwhile, the woman stood at the window as she observed the serene winter night view—she was wide awake as well. When she saw that her phone never once beeped, she placed it aside.

The night was remarkably serene, and she loved it. When she predicted how Bradfort City would be hectic the next day, she felt inclined to join in on the crowd.

Although she knew numerous people had intel on her movements, she couldn't tell when they would make another move on her. However, she was comforted by how Zayne managed to draw out each of the anonymous forces.

Before this, she had put all her suspicions on Caleb. Nonetheless, it was only after having gotten information from their investigation did she know that Caleb was nothing but a pawn on the chessboard.

The mysterious force is either holding an immense grudge against me, or they have the intention to ravage Bradfort City. Despite her guess, she didn't know the truth since Zayne had yet to figure it out as well.

Perhaps the mysterious people would reveal traces of themselves upon the Locke Group's undoing. Thinking of that gave her a tinge of glee, and she wondered if Zayne was able to fall asleep in the room next to hers. Either way, she was so ecstatic that she couldn't fall asleep, and she rolled around her bed as her mind was in a mess.

Since they were only one step from the truth, Zayne was naturally exhilarated as well. He was affected by his sense of achievement, and he would get excited like a child; this was a sight that Heather was familiar with.

At that moment, she thought of Jason and anticipated that he wasn't able to sleep well either. The more urgent something became, he would get perturbed by the surging of other potentially disrupting issues. Indeed, she was lucky to have the two of them by her side.

As she went through everyone she knew in her mind, she consequently thought of the highlight of tomorrow—Matthias! Perhaps the man was unable to fall asleep as well. Somehow, the four people had gotten insomnia at the same time.

As she thought about him, she was deeply impressed by his tenacity. After all, destroying the Locke Group equaled to destroying everything he owned. As to who it was that gave him such courage, Heather revealed a bashful grin when she thought of herself.

After all these years of hard work, Matthias was a fine example of a gifted man, and he was a truly talented genius. For him to have plotted against the Locke Group for so long before mercilessly ruining it was more than enough to prove that he was no ordinary man.

What was he going to do next after this plan? That was a question Matthias was baffled by as well, perhaps even more so than Heather. Meanwhile, the woman was contemplating if being a businesswoman suited her at all.

That was the same for Matthias, who contemplated whether he would remain a businessman after the war with his family. Among everything else, something Heather couldn't grasp was whether he had reserved any assets as a contingency plan.

Once the Locke Group went bankrupt, he would no longer be worth any penny as his bank accounts would be cleared—he would even have to be summoned to court. Although she was worried about him, she believed that he would never sink so low and end up a prisoner.

Despite everything, nobody could guarantee that he could secure a bright future after leaving the Locke Group. Heather wasn't doubting his capabilities, but she simply suspected that he would relieve himself of the title of a businessman.

As she stared out into the emptiness outside the window, Heather silently mourned for the tycoon as he would no longer be present in the industry. Since she was expecting his decision the next day, she grew utterly eager and hoped that he could thoroughly give up everything.

She then proceeded to ponder on their future, thinking that they could be finally more innocent without the need to be defensive against each other.

That fantasy got her all bashful, allowing her to bid farewell to her former cycle and introducing a door to an entirely new possibility.

After pulling down the curtains, Heather walked away from the window and toward her bed. When she realized her over-contemplation in such a short amount of time was growing unrealistic, she knew she shouldn't be burdened with such thoughts anymore.

Otherwise, she would feel herself getting greedy and demanding more from Matthias, who was already at his limit.

She even felt that she was a black hole that was chipping Matthias away, and it occurred to her that they shouldn't have been acquaintances in the first place.

In a flash, it was already the next morning; Heather was already awake. Although she consistently claimed that she wasn't interested, she was sincerely nervous. After a simple wash-up, she went down to the living room and bumped into Zayne. He had woken up even earlier than her, and he conquered the couch.

Heather walked right up to him and looked down at the man who was racking his brains with his head lowered. After carefully studying his face, she found it somewhat amusing.

When he opened his eyes, he was taken aback by the woman who was so close to him, and he immediately flinched backward. "What the hell?! What do you want from me?" Since he didn't know what she desired, he snapped in dissatisfaction.

With an inexplicable expression, Heather merely replied with subtle satire in her tone, "Are you meditating early this morning?"

When he saw that she was here for a sparing of words, he quickly replied, "Did you consume a bomb this morning and have decided to go kamikaze on me?" Immediately, he had seen through her perturbed mind.

"How heartless of you to say that, Zayne!" Heather exclaimed dreadfully. Given how blunt he was to her, it seemed like their deadly tongues were already far over the line.

“It’s all thanks to you, Heather!” After having lived together for so long, he was reminded of her sharp tongue. Hence, he couldn’t hold back his instinct to go up against her.

Indeed, it was commendable how he could put up with her attitude. He then scanned her body with a gaze. Apart from her pretty looks, she’s really of no use, isn’t she?

“Is something big going to happen, Zayne?” After steering off from their verbal fight, she went straight to point as she grew uneasy, curious to know what was going to happen soon.

“Yeah. This should be it for the Locke Group,” he answered excitedly. Matthias, Matthias—what a brutal man he is toward his family.

“Once Matthias brings down the Locke Group...” Heather was inevitably concerned about his future.

With that, Zayne smilingly comforted her and said, “Don’t worry. Businesspeople are more about the benefits than personal feelings. Ruining the Locke Group or not, no one would dare to say anything if he were to be reborn in the industry.”

Heather was surprised to hear this, so she stared at him and shook her head, thinking that he must’ve misinterpreted her words. She wasn’t worried if Matthias could start anew as a businessman, but rather if he could forgive himself after everything.

When she thought of the arrogant man, she was reminded of herself. No matter how disconcerted she was at the Langstons, she definitely couldn’t bring herself to do anything that would harm her own family, but that wasn’t the case for Matthias.

It must be tough for him too, huh. As sympathy filled her eyes, she contemplated whether she should go and see him. With how he had been behaving oddly these days, she got somewhat anxious, wondering what she could do for him.

“Do you think Matthias is crushed?” She suddenly blurted, wanting to hear Zayne’s analysis.

"Who knows? I'm not him, but I'd assume he feels like death." When he saw how concerned she was for Matthias, Zayne indirectly gave her a push.

"Should I go and find him?" She sounded as if she was talking to Zayne hesitantly, but it also seemed like she was talking to herself at the same time.
at the same time to herself.

"Just say it if you're worried about him. You don't have to don that facade, you know." Zayne clearly knew that she couldn't stop worrying, so he simply exposed her innermost feelings. Perhaps dying for each other is the only endgame for them, right?

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At that moment, any further exchange would simply be pointless. The day had barely started, yet it was already so disastrous. The next hours would be even more so.

The more Zayne wanted her to admit it, the more resistant she was to do so. With a stiff face, she responded, "It's his personal affairs. Why should I care?"

When he heard her bold words, Zayne had a hard time holding back his laugh, for he was astounded by how persistent she was. Heather was so reluctant to admit it, so he didn't want to pursue the matter any further. Since she felt that way, he shall have it her way.

"What's your plan today?" As he went off on a tangent, Zayne started to chatter casually. Heather felt that there had to be an underlying meaning behind his words, so she shot him a deadly glare.

On the other hand, Zayne stared at her calmly, and he thought her petite look was extremely adorable. She must be dwelling on nonsense again!

"Other than locking myself in here, what else can I possibly plan for? I literally can't do anything," she helplessly expressed.

At that, he simply snickered without a word. What a headstrong woman! Seeing how vicious and tenacious she was, he couldn't help feeling pity for Matthias.

Matthias must have stepped on dung to have fallen for Heather! Zayne had long realized that one would require a strong heart and mind to be together with her.

"Haven't you considered visiting the Locke Group?" He voiced the suggestive question with a devilish smirk.

Heather was annoyed by this, and she glowered at him coldly before turning around. Meanwhile, Zayne pitifully gawked at her back. That's not cute at all!

"Are you going to join in on the fun, Zayne?" As if she had come to a realization, she then leered at him, having an intuition that he would put himself out there.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," he said confidently. One thing he loved was to discover traces of clues among a distracted crowd.

However, Heather didn't take the bait and blandly replied, "Enjoy while you're at it, then. It's not like I care."

Since she had intended to conceal herself, she decided not to show up in the public's eye. As for Zayne, whatever he would do to get himself killed was his own business.

"In that case, you'd be home alone," he responded with a cunning smile.

Given how inseparable he and Jason were, Heather had already accepted her fate. As of now, the danger was already over for her, but that wasn't the case for Zayne.

"Take care of the house, all right? I'll bring first-hand information with me when I get home," he uttered as he patted her shoulder with a face that was growing more sly by the second.

"I don't care," she countered with a ferocious couple of words.

"I have no idea what you're interested in, honestly," he helplessly declared. Somehow, her arrogance was adorable yet detestable.

At that moment, he had the urge to pinch her little cheeks, wondering when she would eventually put down her pride. Although she voiced her indifference, her body language told it all. What an ironic combination!

"I'm interested in you," she maliciously stated, utterly despising the man.

Despite that, he continued to grin. The longer he remained his smile, the more irritated she grew as she was considering whether to strangle the man before her.

Meanwhile, Jason stood at the side silently like an invisible man. Since she didn't want to debate with Zayne any further, she glanced at Jason.

When he sensed her gaze, he pretended like he hadn't seen anything. In fact, he deliberately turned his face away. As she looked at him frustratedly, she was dumbfounded by the similarity of the two brothers.

"You're going to miss the show if you waste more time." To avoid being made fun of, she wished that Zayne would leave as soon as possible.

"Look at her being all aggressive!" Zayne mocked comfortably. Since he had already planned his schedule, he was undisturbed as he intended to leave right before the most critical moment.

"I'm going upstairs." The second floor was now her escape to avoid any more of his atrocious performances.

Jason was unable to bear the ridiculousness any longer, and he let out a deliberate cough that drew his brother's attention.

"When are we leaving? We're going to be late," the former reminded.

After watching her leave decisively, he then turned to Jason. Since lingering any longer was meaningless, perhaps it was best that they depart now.

"Don't drop your guard," Jason was concerned about his brother's mischievousness as he warned him.

"Don't worry, I know my lines." After he acknowledged Jason's concern, Zayne felt rather pleased to see him getting more amicable.

All this time of bonding, Zayne could feel their brotherhood recovering. Although Jason was apathetic on the surface, his heart was no less warm than anyone.

Right when Heather got to the second floor, she heard the interaction going on in the living room. It seemed like they were finally going out. When she looked downstairs, the brothers were seen walking in line. How synergetic!

Sometimes, she would get jealous of their relationship. Despite Zayne's venomous tongue and Jason's emotionlessness, she acknowledged their fondness and concern toward each other. Moreover, instead of spitting empty words, the brothers would prove themselves with actions.

With that, she watched as the duo left and the door shut. Since there was nothing fascinating upstairs and she was never one to bear dullness, she contemplated if she should head downstairs. With a room so limited for any activities, she would surely suffocate!

However, the strangest thing was that Leon had been radio-silent these days and she had yet to receive a single piece of news from him.

After all, even Matthias couldn't bear not seeing her. With that, she couldn't help but wonder how such an active man was able to completely vanish and what he had been occupied with.

As Leon's oddness worried her, she decided to contact Leon to find out whether anything happened to him.

After pondering about it, she thought it was more efficient to give him a call and dialed his number. Leon never picked up, and that made her more uneasy.

Even after calling him thrice, Leon was still unresponsive. The third time was usually the charm but it still didn't work, so she decided to try another method and texted him.

After sending him a message on Messenger, Leon was still idle. As she stared at his childish profile photo, her anxiety grew more intense, wondering what he was so preoccupied with.

The longer it took him to respond, the messier her mind got as she didn't know what she could do to get to him. Since phoning him was of no use, she tossed her phone on the couch so that she wouldn't get disrupted by peering at her phone.

As if the phone didn't want to be left alone, it suddenly rang within three seconds after she tossed it.

Immediately, she grabbed her phone and saw that it was Leon calling her. In that instant, her nervousness was noticeably relieved. As soon as she picked up the call, she heard Leon's familiar voice.

"Why didn't you answer, Leon?" she asked him.

Meanwhile, he scratched his head and said lethargically, "Thanks to you, I was awakened from my sleep because of your call."

He wouldn't have expected Heather to call him. However, he was surprised by her call as he had assumed she would no longer contact him after his disappearing act.

"Why have you been so quiet, Leon?" She directly addressed his dazing silence.

"Have I?" Leon, who didn't think so, had been busy with numerous matters that had been a pain in the bum.

"What have you been secretly planning on?" When she heard his tone, she knew it was going to be nothing good.

"Why are you doubting your cute junior again, Heather?" He squinted his eyes as if he was going to fall back to sleep.

"You were never trustable to begin with." Since she knew that he was a sly fox, she was certain that he had been involved in some shady activities.

"Oh, Miss Langston! It pains me to hear you say that!" Leon insisted on his innocence.

"Spit it. What are you planning?" She persistently pursued, not allowing him any space.

As he stared helplessly at the phone, he even thought about hanging up on her. However, he knew that he'd be in grave danger if he were to do so, as she would probably come over and blow him to smithereens.

"I'm just staying at home and being a filial grandson to my grandpa," he stated in a pitiful tone. Having been trapped by his elder, he had almost died from tediousness.

Instantly, she recognized his circumstances and laughed out loud, acknowledging how similar they were.

"You're grounded by your old man?" Listening to her condescending tone, Leon gritted his teeth.

Sensing his dissatisfaction, Heather got even more gleeful so she muttered, "What did you do to deserve his punishment, Leon?"

Hesitant to entertain her any longer, he desired to hang up the call as she was getting in his head.

"I haven't gotten good sleep, Heather. If there's nothing important, I'm going to hang up." He wished to ignore her. With how miserable he already was, he had to face the woman's mockery.

"Don't be like that! I'm only calling you because I'm worried. Don't you miss your senior even for a little bit, my dear junior?" Right now, Heather was savoring her enjoyment at the expense of Leon's agony.

"No. I just want to sleep." Leon's eyelids were shut as if he was about to die, but his senior wasn't anywhere near finished.

"Have you heard about the Locke Group?" She thought such weighty news could pique Leon's interest.

Contrary to her belief, Leon bore no interest in the Locke Group, nor did he want to hear any more crap from her as his eyes were closing.

"That's all for today, Heather. I'll get back to you when I wake up." Leon felt manipulated, and he wanted to head off into dreamland.

Feeling manipulated, Leon wanted only his dreams. Locke, Hart, Langston—who cares?

"When will you finally be free? I'm going to need your help with something." Since she knew that Leon had the talent for certain things, she started to be all business-like.

"Let's talk about this next time, Heather. I want to sleep." Leon was nearing his limits. Does she not understand human language?

"Fine. Hit me up if you need any help from me." Heather acknowledged the only person that could relieve Leon from his prison was solely herself.

"Wow, you're so nice, Heather. What's the catch?" He ended the call as soon as he finished his words.

On the other hand, Heather, who was left no opportunity to respond, leered at her phone and let out a scoff, wanting to give Leon a good beating.

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Anger was still anger in the end, and Heather wasn't someone who would cling to someone unreasonably either. She knew that Leon wouldn't have hung up on her so easily, and it seemed that he was extremely tired.

After her call with Leon ended, Zayne texted her. She played the video clip that he had sent to her, but she wasn't sure how to react to it. Not only that, Heather didn't know how he had managed to get his hands on this firsthand information—the venue in the clip was where the Locke Group's board of directors were currently at.

Heather took notice of Matthias in an instant. When she saw him there all by himself, she suddenly felt that he needed to be protected as well. Sometimes, she really couldn't get a handle on him as her heart ached for Matthias.

However, Heather couldn't bring herself to examine her conscience even though she could sense that Matthias was under a lot of pressure. She had only watched a few seconds of the video clip, but her heartstrings were already being tugged. Needless to say, Matthias' expressionless face affected her.

How could things have come to this? Heather initially assumed that Matthias had prepared himself, but from the looks of things, he actually hadn't. Perhaps he even felt guilty.

She really wanted to charge over and watch the proceedings, and Heather had no idea how Matthias would face this situation alone. Would he be able to weather it?

Some time earlier, Heather had pored over some information about Matthias. She understood that he had made huge sacrifices to be able to climb to his current position.

Now, he had to personally destroy the work created with his blood, sweat and tears. Heather could even sense the excruciating agony that Matthias was going through now, so she had to reflect on herself.

Was it really a good thing to reach this point?

Heather sent an emoji to Zayne, fully aware that he was deliberately irritating her. In other words, he really had to add more chaos to the mix.

Zayne immediately texted her back.

'Looks like I underestimated Matthias.'

Heather didn't want to answer Zayne's text, for she knew that he was merely baiting her. Her lips quirked up, for Zayne couldn't hide his tricks from her.

"This has nothing to do with me." Heather continued to maintain her distant demeanor.

She herself knew very well whether she actually had a hand in this, but she was prideful. How could she bow her head so easily?

Matthias probably knew that about her, so he hadn't contacted Heather immediately and took on all the pressure himself without causing extra hassle for her.

Perhaps Matthias had once wavered before, but Heather's thoughts were a tangled lump as she immediately switched off her phone. If she didn't watch the video, then she wouldn't be worked up about it. She knew that Matthias would definitely talk to her after this, and she wanted to hear what he had to say.

As she spread across the couch, she could imagine Matthias currently battling it out verbally. After all, he had never lost to anyone when it came to debates.

Right now, however, Matthias wasn't actually having an easy time. The higher-ups, who were under the encouragement of the head of the Locke family, nitpicked at Matthias and tore into him. However, the latter did not

relent throughout the process. After all, he knew that this was just the beginning and that there would be more troubles ahead.

The family head observed Matthias' silence from the sidelines, looking for a weakness to pounce on. However, Matthias did not say much, so it was naturally difficult to find a weak point.

Matthias had no idea how long this endless war of words was going to last, but he couldn't avoid it either. Hence, all he could do was to face it head-on. Some of the high-ranking board members even attempted to convince Matthias by appealing to his morals through the thousands of workers under the Locke Group's employment.

"I am not the sole one responsible for the Locke Group's current situation," Matthias stated lightly. He didn't intend on taking responsibility for this. If they wanted to guilt trip him, then so be it.

When Chester saw Matthias rebuff him so casually, he smiled. Matthias was a callous person, and someone with such a personality was practically a prodigy in the field of business.

Yet, not only did Matthias refuse to put his heart into the Locke Group, he even forced the company into a corner. Chester only regretted that he hadn't noticed Matthias' rebelliousness earlier.

"This meeting ends here." Just as he was lost in thought, Chester heard Matthias speak.

"No." Chester, who had remained silent all this while, finally spoke up. He then looked straight at Matthias.

The latter looked at him fearlessly, and a mocking smile seemed to appear on his lips. To him, Chester was just a toothless tiger.

"Matthias, you are currently at the helm of the Locke Group. Since the company is a sinking ship, do not expect to come out of this unscathed," Chester said, his words loaded.

Matthias could hear the threat in Chester's words, and he looked at the man in disregard. Evidently, he was not afraid of him. Matthias had already made plans to escape from this precarious situation, and he would not have any second thoughts about doing that.

"I certainly will not run from the responsibilities I should bear." Matthias' eyes were like burning torches.

Chester eyed him for a long while. He understood the younger man's resolution, and he also knew what Matthias was about to say. He shook his head; the battle had yet to start, but Chester already lost horribly.

Although the board members were present throughout the meeting, no matter how they struggled, they were still just pawns in the hands of those two. Matthias didn't care about these board members, and Chester had never thought of them as important. It was a pity that Matthias intended to stay his course.

Just then, the sounds of firecrackers going off rang from outside. Matthias sat in his seat disinterestedly as everyone exchanged glances. Chester thought that this was a snub. The meeting had been proceeding relatively peacefully, and now there were firecrackers. However, he didn't want to embarrass himself in front of all these people.

The firecracker sounds got closer and closer, and Chester's expression was now an ugly sight. On the other hand, Matthias seemingly didn't hear anything. He gathered the papers on the table and prepared to leave the meeting room instead.

Meanwhile, an evil smile hung off Zayne's lips as he manipulated everything outside. In fact, no one probably knew that he was the one masterminding it all. Even when Matthias left the meeting room, everyone was still looking at each other. Meanwhile, the vein in Chester's temple kept twitching. This was certainly a challenge to him.

Zayne was in the skyscraper across the building where the meeting was being held. Matthias eyed that skyscraper, thinking that Zayne was indeed a skilled hand at stirring up chaos. It was amazing that he was able to cook up such a malicious scheme.

He also had no idea where Zayne might have interfered. The Locke Group had tight security, yet he was able to waltz in and out as he wished. Matthias secretly let a faint smile show, for he would let Zayne do as he wished.

Now that he had gotten those people off his back, Matthias didn't care about them anymore. In the past, he hadn't dared to offend anyone, which was why the board members all had that particular expression on their faces. These

people who simply waited around for their dividends without lifting a finger were insects of society.

As such, they would not have such good fortunes in the future. After Matthias had left, the meeting room descended into utter chaos. Chester eyed the gaggle of useless board members before him, for none of them were of any use at all.

In truth, Matthias had been their sole pillar. All of the actual power was in his hands, and the Locke Group was completely Matthias' to toy with.

With that, Chester stormed out of the meeting room, livid. When he thought about how no one else in the Locke Family could be relied upon, he felt deeply helpless. Naturally, he didn't want to walk all the way down this dead path. He knew that even if destroyed Matthias now, he couldn't save the Locke Group from its bankruptcy.

However, the Lockes would not forgive Matthias. Even if he did destroy the Locke Group, Chester still cared about him slightly. Despite it all, the elder man could not bring himself to tear Matthias down.

By the time Chester realized his own compassion, he finally understood why he had allowed Matthias to take up a spot in his heart. The older someone got, the more sentimental they became. Chester had allowed Matthias to matter to him, and that was how the younger man got the opportunity to do what he did.

Perhaps it was because he knew that he didn't have long to live, but Chester was almost indifferent. Had this been in the past, he definitely would have maimed Matthias.

When he recalled the past, he really had done far too many underhanded things, and his hands were utterly sullied. Chester looked at his cane in pain; this was probably his karma, and he wouldn't be able to rest easy in death.

Matthias stepped out of the Locke Group, sick and tired of those irritating days. From now on, he was free to fly in the vast skies available to him. The Lockes had clipped his wings in the past, but he was reclaiming those lost wings of his right now.

His only wish was that the Locke Group had gone bankrupt earlier. Right now, he was in a dangerous position, for Matthias had no idea when the Lockes would come knocking on his door for revenge.

He knew what that family would do, and it was possible that he might die in an accident. Matthias even wondered whether he should find a safe place to hide from this danger.

Despite the vastness of the world, there was seemingly nowhere for Matthias to hide no matter where he ran. When he crossed the road, he could even imagine himself getting hit and being flung from the impact. Needless to say, he had a natural sense of fear.

Zayne sent a message to him just then, informing Matthias to see him immediately after he had settled everything. The former had long since figured out the Lockes, and he knew that Matthias was in danger.

Jason was standing next to Zayne, and he said to him, "When will you get rid of that bad habit of meddling in others' business? With your current situation, you can't protect Matthias at all."

Zayne showed Jason a simpering smile. "I know that I'm having trouble watching out for myself, but I believe in your capabilities. You will definitely be able to protect us."

In Zayne's eyes, Jason was someone he could entrust his life to. He was fully aware of the latter's skills, but he also knew that he shouldn't have interfered with Matthias and the Locke Group's matters. However, Matthias was someone important to Heather. Zayne was willing to risk his life for her, so how could he ignore someone that Heather deeply cared for?

"Don't try to win me over with flattery. It's already a lot of effort protecting just you." Jason wasn't exaggerating, for he hadn't met such a mighty adversary before. The more powerful the foe, the more fear they caused. They would hide in the dark as they prepared to kill their enemy at any moment. Jason really didn't have the extra energy to ensure Matthias' safety, nor did he know what Zayne was thinking.

Meanwhile, Matthias was already in the elevator. It was just a short distance, but the trip felt like it took a century. Throughout his journey, he had had to overcome many difficulties. He had no idea when an accident might occur,

and although he was careful, there was still no sign of when trouble might crop up.

When Matthias pushed open the door to the hotel, Zayne turned around to face him and show him a mysterious smile. He then closed the door. From the looks of things, Zayne had been waiting for him all this while—he hadn't even bothered to lock the door. It was only then did Matthias finally notice Jason standing next to Zayne.

Jason gave Matthias a once-over. He could tell that the man had been trained in martial-arts. As such, people like him wouldn't be half-bad in a fight, for Matthias wouldn't keel over so easily.

"I wonder if the great detective Zayne himself will be able to help me with a favor?" Matthias slowly approached Zayne. Both of them had wariness in their eyes, but they weren't on edge because of each other. Instead, they were on the lookout for unexpected 'accidents'. Jason was not exempted from this feeling either, for he instinctively could feel danger slowly marching closer.

"Are you perhaps asking me to send you to prison?" Zayne immediately read Matthias' thoughts.

"I can't think of any place safer than that." Matthias smiled. As long as no one shot him in the back, Matthias would not die so easily given his training.

"I'll try my best." Zayne thought that he had managed to create a new problem for himself. In fact, he was actually worried whether he would be able to back out of this to save his hide.

Standing before Love Chapter 736

Ever since he stepped foot in Bradford City, Zayne had nothing but problem after problem piled on his plate. This time, he looked for trouble himself. Matthias' situation was already far beyond what Zayne could handle, and Jason knew that the latter was barely holding on.

After Matthias had left, Jason descended into worry. He looked at Zayne, his face a little on the pale side. Neither brother had managed to reach an agreement. Jason completely did not approve of what Zayne was doing, and the conflict between them could blow up at any moment.

The atmosphere was loaded like a powder keg. Both men's expressions were tense, and it seemed as though things would break down the next second. Jason moved and took a step forward, whereas Zayne curled his hands into fists. The situation was both awkward and tense.

Jason continued to march forward. Zayne could find no reason to make him stay, so he helplessly watched as Jason left the room. He looked at his younger brother, his lips faintly quirking up into a mocking smile. He hadn't expected that this decision would leave Jason this disgruntled.

As for what would happen next, no one could guess. Zayne had never been this worried about his future. He experienced the feeling of knowing that he had a bumpy future ahead, and the man alternated between feeling lost about his future and feeling determined.

However, being faced with such a tricky situation invigorated Zayne. How much worse could the day get? Zayne chuckled nonchalantly about it.

Jason, who used to worry so much about Zayne's safety, had abandoned him and left. This time, Zayne was truly on his own with no help. He didn't even know whether he would meet with an accident the moment he stepped out of this place, for his eyelid kept twitching. He had an ominous feeling that something bad was to come.

Just then, he wondered what Heather was doing now. He would inexplicably think of her from time to time, for she was someone that he liked. He had been by Heather's side for a long while, so he was even less able to tamp down on his impulses.

When a person loved someone, their feelings would still show through their eyes even though their mouth was taped shut. Likewise, Zayne could not contain his crush on Heather, and he wished that it would end faster. Since he couldn't continue staying with her, he had already decided to forget about his feelings for her. As such, he couldn't let himself continue to get lost in his emotions.

Zayne's opinion of himself grew even worse day by day. Who would have thought that he would be bound by love? Since when did his admiration toward Heather change into something else?

He couldn't continue wasting time here, so he immediately walked out of the hotel. Danger was waiting outside at every corner, but he tipped his head up

pridefully anyway. Regardless of it, he was still fearless. With each step he took, he silently calculated the odds of danger appearing. Without being aware of it, Zayne had already walked out of the building. He then looked at the Locke Group across from him. At the sight of the shiny golden plaque before him, Zayne gave a condescending chuckle. After all, everything would turn to dust soon. Anything could happen in the big city, and there were countless possibilities every single day.

At the thought of how he used to fight tooth and nail when he was still at the bottom of the totem pole, Zayne felt a chill run through him. Society nowadays was overly cruel and cold, and it lacked empathy for others.

Zayne knew that Jason had already driven off with the car since he could see the vehicle's exact location on his phone. Jason drove at such a breakneck speed that Zayne was worried the traffic police would chase after him with their sirens blaring.

However, what right did Zayne now have to worry about Jason? He already could barely protect himself, and he had no idea where he should go next—even flagging down a taxi was useless now. Zayne curled and uncurled his fists. Either way, he should head back now!

Zayne could not find a sense of belonging in this sizable city. Hence, returning to the villa and lying low like a coward was the safest strategy thus far.

He then flagged down a taxi. When Zayne felt around in his pockets, it was then that he realized that he had no cash on hand. The man felt exasperated as he stared at his phone; if he had known that something like this would happen, he would have gotten a Venmo account. He had always been too lazy to register for one, and now he was suffering for it. Zayne pursed his lips, for the only thing he could do now was to contact Heather. At times like this, he needed an urgent helping hand from her.

However, right at that moment, a car suddenly lost control and careened toward Zayne, hitting him before he even had the time to get out of the way.

As everyone screamed in shock, Zayne felt a trickling warmth on his face as blood ran down it. It was a sensation that he hadn't experienced in a while. He then recalled that one time someone had cracked his head open back in high school. In a few more moments, Zayne would pass out gloriously.

Meanwhile, the culprit behind the crash had already escaped, whereas the people around him all dug out their phones. Some filmed the scene while some called emergency services, and some also called the police.

The crowd was in a frenzy. By the time the ambulance arrived on the scene, a few minutes had already passed. An oxygen mask was quickly fastened to Zayne's face after he had been carried into the ambulance. The paramedics crowded around him, all of them gently calling out to him in an attempt to bring Zayne back to consciousness.

Heather was bored out of the mind when she answered her phone. When she first saw the unfamiliar number flashing on the screen, she ignored it, only forcing herself to pick it up once her phone rang for the third time. She was stunned when she heard the statement from the hospital. She never thought that Zayne would be a victim of attempted murder when he left the house earlier, and Heather didn't dare to believe this reality. She stared at her phone, unsure of what to say.

Fear overtook her just then, and her breaths were coming out in rapid pants. A gentle woman's voice drifted over the phone as she reminded her, "Please come quickly, Miss Langston. Your boyfriend is currently in mortal danger."

Heather already couldn't be bothered about those tiny details; she yanked on a jacket and immediately charged out. All this while, she had relied on Zayne. Now that he was down, she had no idea what to do next.

By the time Heather made it to the hospital, Zayne was already in the emergency room. She watched the light above the ER's door, unable to imagine that Zayne was the one lying behind those doors.

Heather couldn't face the facts before her when she recalled how energetic Zayne had been. She then remembered that he had once mentioned that he used to get into fights with others over territory, and that was why he often landed himself in hospital.

Various thoughts crowded Heather's mind, and the wait was torturous. In fact, she couldn't get herself to relax at all. Several hours had passed since she started waiting outside the emergency room, and she felt that she was on the brink of a breakdown. It was now that she realized how long ER procedures could be.

Heather wanted to rush inside, but she would only get in the doctors' way as they attempted to save Zayne. She still held onto some of her rationality, and she would not do such a foolish thing.

Time ticked by, whereas Heather constantly checked the time on her phone as she kept praying. Regardless of whether deities truly exist, Heather would gladly believe in God right now, praying that He would help her this once. She kept comforting herself, firmly believing that Zayne was a hardy one who would not die here.

Heather kept hoping for the doors to the emergency room to open the next moment, and those doors opened under her anticipation at long last. Heather quickly made her way over and she grabbed the doctor's arm to ask, "Doctor, is the guy inside okay?"

By then, Heather didn't know how to express herself through words. It was already hard enough for her to maintain enough coherency.

The doctor looked awful as he kept shaking his head, and Heather's heart sank all the way down. She hadn't expected the doctor to respond like that. Her grip tightened, and the doctor looked at her in pain.

"Talk. What exactly is going on?" Heather already had no patience left. Her face was drained of color.

The doctor looked at Heather, aggrieved. "The patient is fine. I, on the other hand, am not." The doctor patted his head. His chronic headache had flared up again. Why was this patient's family so violent?

Heather let out a breath and she let go of the doctor. Her heart was finally at peace. She immediately left the doctor and made a beeline for Zayne, who was currently being wheeled out of the emergency room by the nurses as they transferred him to a VIP room. When she rushed over and saw Zayne's face, her lips curved up into a wide smile, feeling a lot better once she saw how he was.

Heather followed them closely, and she took in his face like that as though she had never seen him before in her life. Zayne in this state was absolutely foreign to her. She wondered whether she should be thankful, or if she should be feeling something else.

Meanwhile, Zayne's face gradually became blurry, so Heather reached up to wipe at her face. It turned out that she was crying. She had nearly forgotten what it was like to cry, and she shook her head hard—how embarrassing of her.

It turned out that Heather could not take it when facing the possible death of a loved one. She felt that she had failed completely, for she was growing weaker and weaker. Right now, she was an utter mess from the various emotions crashing over her. When one experienced love and loss, they would become a complete person, and their hearts would become weary and worn-down.

Indeed, Heather shouldn't have allowed herself to become attached. She was already heartless and unfeeling, but now, fate had shoved everything in her face. It seemed that attachment and love were torturous. Heather would rather return to the past when she used to see the world through a distant lens.

Heather hated this feeling, but she also couldn't turn it away. She couldn't sit by and ignore others' sacrifices. She felt like everyone was pressuring and guilt-tripping her by appealing to her emotions. Those awful feelings could not be shaken off.

Once Zayne had been safely transferred to his new room, Heather intended to look for Jason. Right now, he was the only one who could ensure Zayne's safety. Heather knew her own capabilities, and she knew that she couldn't protect Zayne. She also firmly believed that his accident was definitely not pure coincidence.

However, Heather couldn't find Jason at all since she didn't have his contact details. She took Zayne's phone, and all she saw was a single entry in his contacts. The entry 'Girlfriend' stared right up at her, for the number belonged to Heather. Although the tag was blinding enough, the name in brackets next to it, which was her own name, was an even bigger shock to her eyes. She never thought that this was the secret that Zayne had been hiding on his phone, and it was no wonder he refused to let her see his phone.

However, now was not the time to worry about all this. Heather could not find a way to get in touch with Jason at all. She looked through Zayne's phone, and she still made no progress on that front. She was unable to imagine how the two brothers usually contacted each other. As she stared at the phone, Heather had the sudden urge to hurl it.

Just then, the phone let out a few beeps. The look in Heather's eyes shifted, and she opened up the offending app which turned out to be a tracking platform. After checking it, she quickly realized that it was tracking Zayne's car. Since the car was currently in motion, Heather guessed that Jason was the one driving it. With no other options available, all Heather could do was follow this lead to look for Jason. She quickly mapped out a route in her head, for she had to find him as soon as possible.

Right now, Heather urgently needed a car. She needed to find Jason quickly, for she was uneasy about leaving Zayne alone in the hospital. She didn't have much time, and she had to spring into action at once.

Standing before Love Chapter 737

Heather walked toward the main road while pondering. Judging by the traffic of the cars that were passing by on the busy road, she had a feeling it would be very hard for her to get a cab at this moment. Hence, she was starting to get a headache just by staring at the noisy street.

She reckoned no drivers would be willing to accept a booking at times like these but she still decided to give it a try—only now did she suddenly realize the importance of owning a car.

But alas, the fastest way she could think of was to increase the offer price. She believed there would definitely be drivers who were willing to accept her booking as long as she offered a price that was high enough. However, she worried that the cabs were too far away.

True enough, when Heather opened the ride-hailing app, there were no drivers around the area. She wished she could get a driver by offering a huge stack of money, but sometimes, there were situations that even money couldn't solve.

When a driver finally accepted her booking, a smile instantly appeared on her face. However, the cab was 2 kilometers away, and Heather was worried that it would take a much longer time to arrive due to the heavy traffic. In the meantime, she paid close attention to Zayne's phone, worrying that Jason might get too far away; given Jason's speed, Heather thought he might drive out of Bradford City at any moment.

I have to intercept Jason as soon as possible. However, Heather couldn't think of better routes to get to the outskirts of the town from the city center. In

these kinds of situations, Heather wished she could fly. Moreover, the traffic in the city center was hectic. As such, Heather prayed that Jason would make a turn and stop going further.

Just then, Heather's prayer was answered as the car finally stopped. She quickly looked at the GPS to find out the car's location. To her surprise, the car actually stopped at a gas station. Perplexed, Heather had no idea why Jason had to stop at the gas station to pump petrol.

She was worried that he would continue the journey a few minutes later. The tracker on the phone wasn't too effective and she couldn't track the car remotely because the maximum range of the tracker's signal was 10 kilometers, which was very limited.

Currently, it showed that they were 60 kilometers apart. Knowing how big Bradford City was, Heather wondered if she would ever be able to catch up to him.

Thinking of Zayne's current situation, Heather wasn't sure if she had made the right choice to chase after him this time. Just as Heather was in a dilemma, a black Honda stopped in front of her.

Heather opened the door and quickly got into the car. Immediately, she ordered the driver, "To Street 102."

Since she had hailed a premier cab, the driver's service and attitude were top-notch. Obeying Heather's command, the driver sped toward the location.

Meanwhile, Heather stared at the GPS of the phone anxiously. The tracker on Jason's car had not moved since then. What is going on?

At the moment, no one was able to predict Jason's actual thoughts, so Heather could only take one step at a time. Nevertheless, it was good news that Jason had stopped by the gas station. However, Heather worried that he would have left by the time she arrived, as she couldn't figure out why he would want to stop at the gas station.

Nevertheless, these questions were out of Heather's control. There could be many other unpredictable things that might happen on the way, but it wouldn't help if she continued worrying so much.

Heather said to the driver, “Get there in the shortest time possible. I’ll pay you extra.”

The driver answered in resignation, “I can only try my best at this point in time.” He knew Heather was a customer who had offered a high price. However, as much as the driver was willing to accept her offer, the traffic was at a complete standstill.

In fact, Heather wasn’t annoyed at the driver because she understood his difficulties. She blamed Bradford City’s terrible traffic as the cars were hardly moving. Fortunately, the driver was skillful and had somehow squeezed his way through the lanes.

After traveling for 10 kilometers, the traffic got better. Heather heaved a sigh of relief as Jason’s car had not moved at all. However, she was beginning to worry about the unmoved car as Jason could have abandoned it and run away anytime.

Even so, Heather was still hopeful. Moreover, she had already informed Leon about this matter. For now, she could only wish that Leon got to the hospital as soon as possible.

This was an emergency, so Heather was certain that Leon would understand. She had completely entrusted Zayne’s safety to Leon now, and she believed that Leon would not disappoint her.

Not only did the two brothers not unite at this crucial moment, but they even had a conflict with each other. Heather did not expect such a terrible situation to happen as soon as Jason left Zayne.

To be honest, Heather had not completely recovered from the shock yet, but she was still conscious enough to be worried about Zayne, who was lying in the ward. She worried he would be alone when he came around as she didn’t know when exactly he would wake up.

The doctor had said that he could regain consciousness anytime, but when Heather recalled his pale face, she worried that he wouldn’t come around today.

She hated today—the 13th. She had not had some peace of mind since the morning, and yet such an incident occurred in the afternoon.

It was now evening and the sky was getting dark. Heather wished the day could be extended as she could sense danger coming, and she was afraid that something would happen to Zayne again.

What should I do? Heather had even thought of Matthias, but the latter was also having struggles of his own at the moment so she didn't want to add on to his trouble.

However, Heather was not aware of the deal between Matthias and Zayne. The incident happened right outside of Locke Group's building, so it was impossible for Matthias to not be aware of Zayne's condition.

Not long after Heather had left the hospital, Matthias arrived—even earlier than Leon did. Looking down at Zayne who was lying on the bed, Matthias couldn't believe that in a blink of an eye, the man who was full of vigor before this was lying in a ward.

At this moment, Matthias had to take up the responsibility to protect Zayne because he still needed Zayne to come around to help him with some matters; they were both troubled in the same boat.

Matthias was dying for Zayne to regain consciousness as he worried that there would still be other people attempting to harm Zayne in the hospital. He observed the surroundings coldly and kept his guard on at all times as they could be in a perilous situation at this very moment.

The VIP ward was very quiet and the corridor outside was empty. After observing the entire place clearly, Matthias closed the ward door, sat beside the bed and stared at Zayne indifferently.

Just then, Matthias perceived a familiar scent in the ward. He took a whiff of the smell in the air and was certain that it belonged to Heather.

Since Heather was here earlier, she will definitely come again later. For some reason, Matthias was filled with anticipation, but he was fearful at the same time because no one would know what would happen next. Right now, he wished Heather wouldn't be involved in this matter. However, he knew Heather would definitely not just sit and watch since such a big incident had happened to Zayne—even Matthias had not figured out who ambushed Zayne.

Furthermore, this incident occurred at such bad timing, which had killed two birds with one stone—Zayne was bedridden while Matthias' plan was completely disrupted. There must be someone observing them in the dark. Matthias was terrified as he recalled Lara, who might have been used. Until today, Matthias had not obtained any useful information from Lara, so he had no idea which organization was manipulating all these in the dark.

Just by thinking of such a mysterious yet ubiquitous organization existing gave Matthias the chills. If this carried on, things would get completely out of hand very quickly. Since they even targeted the people whom Matthias was closest to which caused him to be appalled at their ability, he was worried that they might be spying on Heather too.

Nonetheless, Matthias soon gathered his thoughts as he knew he shouldn't be derailed by them—he needed a plan. Given how the organization came and went like a shadow, he couldn't help but worry that they might kill someone.

It was difficult to guard against an ambush, so Matthias checked the entire ward to ensure that Zayne was in a safe environment. As soon as he finished doing so, the sound of knocks came forth from outside the door. Alarmed, Matthias fixated his stare at the door.

Just then, Leon's voice emerged. "Open the door, Heather." Without thinking much, Leon immediately thought Heather was the one in the ward. Feeling exhausted, he was about to reach his limit as he knocked on the door impatiently.

Matthias walked over and opened the door. As their eyes met, Matthias stared at Leon in puzzlement.

"What brings you here?" Having his guard up, Matthias didn't intend to let Leon in.

Leon smiled at Matthias. "Oh, so Heather has summoned you too." He thought Matthias was here because Heather summoned him.

Only after hearing his words did Matthias step aside and abandon his hostility. "Did Heather ask you to come to ensure Zayne's safety?" he asked in a mild tone.

"I'm not capable enough to protect Zayne." Leon disagreed. "I just came a little earlier. There'll be others coming later."

Leon was indeed dedicated. This time around, he had even dispatched his old man's bodyguards in order to help Heather.

The moment Leon stepped into the ward, he looked for Heather, but to his surprise, she was nowhere to be found. All he could see was Zayne, lying weakly in the bed. He quickly walked over but still couldn't believe what was in front of him was true.

To Leon, Zayne was as skillful as James Bond with a glowing magnificent aura. How could such an accident happen to him? For a while, Leon wasn't able to accept it. He gazed at Zayne and took a few steps back. Sitting where Matthias sat just now, he began to accept this cruel truth.

"I heard that Zayne's accident happened at Locke Group." Leon was well-informed, and he couldn't help to join the dots—he was suspicious of Matthias.

Matthias perceived the intention behind Leon's words, but he ignored him. He wouldn't trust anyone at this point in time, so of course, he wouldn't explain the situation to Leon.

"Why would Zayne go to Locke Group all of a sudden? Was he there to find you?" Leon confronted Matthias. He was determined to obtain an explanation from Matthias today, as he couldn't think of any other reason for Matthias to show up at the hospital.

"Does it matter where the accident happened?" Matthias asked disdainfully in reply. He didn't understand why Leon was being so hostile toward him this time.

"It doesn't, but I'm confused as to why you came uninvited. I doubt Heather has asked you to look after Zayne." Leon insisted for Matthias to give him an explanation.

Frowning, Matthias thought Leon was ridiculous because the latter was drawing a forced analogy. He didn't know why Leon was dissatisfied with him at this point. It seemed like Leon's hostility toward him was not as simple as being merely suspicious of him.

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The atmosphere surrounding the two men was extremely intense. Matthias didn't want to cause more trouble at this moment, so he took a few steps back and attempted to keep a distance away from Leon.

Leon understood Matthias' intention. He smirked and said in a sarcastic manner, "President Locke, I heard you've been keeping a woman recently."

Matthias freaked out upon hearing his words. So Leon's actually mad because of this. Matthias couldn't think of an appropriate explanation. Staring at Leon's eyes, he knew Leon might not buy his words even if he explained them to him.

"You actually believed those rumors?" Matthias said justly. He didn't intend to explain the details to Leon, nor did he want to be maligned.

"I've seen you and the woman together with my own eyes." If it wasn't that Leon had seen it himself, he wouldn't be this suspicious of Matthias.

Matthias looked at Leon in resignation. It seems like he's really concerned about Heather's matters—he's still bothered about these things at this point in time.

"She's an employee from my company. It's normal for us to have interactions occasionally." Matthias still remained calm although he felt a little unnatural.

Recalling his encounter with Natalie, Matthias knew he was indefensible. Nevertheless, his conscience was clear as he did not cross the line and had improper thoughts toward Natalie. But even so, how was he supposed to explain all these? Would the others believe him? Leon was staring furiously at Matthias as if the latter had done Heather wrong. At the same time, Matthias didn't know how to bring this about to Leon.

"President Locke, your explanation is very unconvincing. Everyone would agree that a normal staff should not have such interactions with the big boss," Leon said in dissatisfaction. No matter what Matthias said, he regarded it with contempt.

As such, the two of them were in a stalemate. Matthias did not want to continue explaining as it made him look like he did something wrong. However, Leon got more annoyed seeing Matthias' response as he had never expected Matthias to be someone like this.

"Don't forget the purpose of you coming to the hospital." Matthias reminded Leon of the more serious issue. He did not wish to be questioned further and for Leon to neglect what he was supposed to do.

On the other hand, Leon was extremely dissatisfied with Matthias to the point that he would never want to entrust Heather to Matthias' care as he'd rather take care of Heather by himself.

"President Locke, you've got a bizarre taste," Leon said in disdain. He had seen the woman before, and Heather was in a completely different league.

"That's enough." Matthias couldn't stand being provoked by Leon again and again. There was a slight change in his expression as he glared coldly at Leon and his tone turned hostile.

None of them were willing to give in. It was only quite a while later did Matthias speak up pensively, "Things between Natalie and I are not like what you've imagined. I merely gave her a hand, that's all."

Matthias deemed he had done nothing wrong and had no inordinate feelings toward Natalie. Although he had perceived signs of Natalie being interested in him, this wasn't something within his control.

"Of course you can be upright. After all, you're now an eligible bachelor, so women will naturally be attracted to you." Leon continued taunting Matthias and refused to listen to his explanation at all.

In fact, Matthias had expected such an outcome, so he knew his explanation would be in vain and would only make Leon despise him even more. Nonetheless, Matthias understood Leon because if he was in Leon's shoes, he would be angry too.

After all that had happened, Leon was willing to entrust Heather to Matthias, which showed how much he trusted him. At this moment, Leon probably felt that Matthias had failed to live up to his trust.

Just as the two of them were still arguing, Zayne gradually came around and mumbled in dissatisfaction, "No way you're bringing me to hell!" It was as if he had just woken up from a nightmare.

Instantly, Matthias and Leon stopped arguing and looked toward Zayne at the same time. It seemed like Zayne's condition wasn't critical anymore.

After getting out of the coma, Zayne lifted his head to look at the two men and pondered who they were.

It was only a moment later did Zayne come to a sudden realization. "Why are you guys here?" He had not realized he was in the hospital yet. Staring at the white walls, he took a while to regain his senses and finally realized that he had nearly lost his life.

"Can you still remember what happened?" Matthias quickly walked up to him and asked worriedly.

"I was hit by a car." The last piece of memory Zayne had was that a car recklessly ran into him. Of course, his body wouldn't be able to resist the collision with a car.

"Did you see who the driver was?" Matthias interrogated like how an inspector would.

"I can't remember." Zayne shook his head. Everything happened within a split second, so he wasn't able to remember the details clearly. In fact, he had been knocked down even before he could see the driver.

"Seems like we don't have any clues," Matthias said in disappointment.

Standing aside quietly, Leon smirked when he saw Matthias' dejected look.

"Please stop acting like a professional, Detective Locke." It was obvious that Leon's words were filled with scorn. He would not let go of any chance to sneer at Matthias.

Zayne looked at Leon in puzzlement as he didn't understand what Matthias had done to provoke him to the extent that he had to be so mean toward the guy. The atmosphere between the two was extremely intense. What exactly happened between them?

Matthias allowed Leon to continue speaking as he pleased since he did not want to argue. He wasn't bothered by it, nor did he see the point of doing so.

Meanwhile, Zayne glanced around his surroundings with a blank look. Right now, he couldn't get up from the bed and could only observe the surroundings with his eyes while lying down.

"I'm a little thirsty. Can you guys get me a cup of hot water please?" Zayne broke the awkward atmosphere.

Hearing that, Matthias immediately took a paper cup from the table beside the bed as he knew there was a water dispenser outside. This VIP ward was empty and patients were not given special care. As such, Matthias thought he should buy some necessities for Zayne.

After Matthias had left, Leon and Zayne were left in the ward alone. The two of them exchanged glances and understood each other immediately. There was a secret between the both of them.

"Leon, did Heather ask you to come take care of me?" Zayne realized his mind was still functioning properly and his thinking capability was still rather good.

"Yeah. Heather was weeping sorrowfully—I've not seen her like this before." Leon recalled the time when Heather called him, he was heartbroken to hear her sob.

"She wept sorrowfully?" Zayne repeated after Leon in disbelief as the description was totally different from the Heather in his memory, and he found it unbelievable. Heather actually wept! Zayne ate his heart out because he was the one lying in the hospital right now. Otherwise, he could have witnessed the rare sight of Heather crying.

"Yeah. I was totally shocked. You know Heather doesn't cry easily, and I've never seen her like this before," Leon said as he still felt sorry for Heather.

"It seems like me getting injured this time is worthwhile." Zayne giggled. Not only did he escape from death, Heather was worried about him too, so he thought things were not as bad as it seemed.

"Oh, please." Leon looked at Zayne in resignation. He couldn't understand what on earth was in his mind.

Zayne laughed. "I'm just seeking joy in the midst of hardship. It's rare to have Heather weep for me, so of course, it's something worth celebrating."

Leon lifted a brow and didn't intend to nag Zayne anymore. Since Zayne had said so, he'd rather let him think whatever he pleased. It was unnecessary to be so serious with a patient.

"Enjoy your celebration then," Leon said nonchalantly and was glad that Zayne was cool about the whole incident.

Zayne chuckled. "Come on, dude, can't you lose the sarcasm?" He knew Leon was merely giving mean remarks and that deep down, he still cared about him.

Just then, Matthias came in with a cup of hot water and walked up to Zayne. Gazing at Zayne, Matthias thought he should feed him the water.

"Don't get up." Matthias saw Zayne attempting to get up arduously.

Zayne stopped his movement as he couldn't get up no matter how hard he struggled. Resigned, he stared at Matthias like an injured cub.

"I'll feed you. Take it slow—it's hot," Matthias said to Zayne because he couldn't think of a better way right now.

Zayne blinked and had no choice but to agree to Matthias' proposal. Matthias wanted to look for a spoon so he could feed Zayne directly from the cup, but he was worried that he would wet the bed sheet. He looked at Leon and wished to command him to run the errand, but he felt like it was just better to stay silent.

Perceiving Matthias' stare at himself, Leon asked in disdain, "Why are you staring at me? Is there something you need me to do?"

With that, Matthias gave up on the thought of asking Leon for help as he'd rather do it himself. He placed the cup which was filled with hot water on the bedside table and said to Zayne softly, "I'm going to borrow a spoon. Give me a minute." Matthias was actually very gentle when dealing with a patient.

Of course, Zayne wouldn't stop him. At least Matthias was taking care of him dedicatedly and it was rare for him to do so.

A moment later, Matthias walked out again. Then, Leon walked over to Zayne and stared down at him from the top.

"I didn't expect Matthias to be so dedicated when taking care of someone." Leon was even more certain of his suspicion that there were some private trades between Matthias and Zayne. Otherwise, why would Matthias treat Zayne with such great care?

"Just shoot what you would like to ask. You don't have to beat around the bush." Zayne recognized Leon's true thoughts with merely a glance.

Narrowing his eyes, Leon had no idea how to bring this about to Zayne in such a short time. Nevertheless, he knew Zayne was an experienced and schemeful man, so it was impossible to get any insider information from him.

"Forget about it. There's nothing that I'd like to know," Leon said sulkily while thinking of the probability of both Matthias and Zayne being accomplices.

"I'm surprised that you actually suppressed your curiosity." Zayne was still smiling, but his smile wasn't one that would infect others.

After all, Zayne was a patient now and he should be given the most respect. As such, it would be inappropriate for Leon to probe a patient.

"Since there's nothing you'd like to ask me, please help me get some oranges." Zayne could taste a stench of blood in his throat and wished to alleviate the smell by having some fruits.

Looking at Zayne in resignation, Leon was startled that Zayne was actually craving for some oranges at this moment. However, since the patient had raised the request, how could he turn him down?

"Sure. I'll buy you whatever you want to eat, but I have to wait for Matthias to be back first because I'm worried about leaving you alone in the ward," Leon said patiently. This was also an exhortation from Heather.

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Since when has Leon become this caring? Lying on the bed, Zayne really wished to turn to lie on his side. Due to the anesthetics, he didn't feel much pain; he just felt uncomfortable because he couldn't stretch his body. Nevertheless, he wasn't hoping for anyone to understand his feelings at this moment. He attempted to move his body as he was worried if he had actually become handicapped.

Leon glanced at Zayne in puzzlement, wondering what he was struggling about. Zayne didn't seem to be in a good situation, but Leon had no idea how to help him. The two of them faced each other while Leon stared at Zayne with an inquiring look, but he still couldn't understand what was on Zayne's mind.

It was only until Matthias came into the ward did the standstill between the two come to an end. Leon stood up and stared at Matthias. At that moment, all three of them were at a loss for words as an awkward atmosphere arose in the ward.

Alas, Leon spoke up and broke the ice. "I'm going to buy oranges for him. Please stay here and watch over him."

Leon's expression was very unnatural—he even sounded awkward. They really needed a woman at this moment. When will Heather arrive so that this awkward situation can dissipate?

Looking at Leon's stiff posture, Matthias smirked. Then, he averted his gaze to Zayne, who looked pitiful lying in the bed. Matthias felt sorry for him but was amused at the same time. Anyway, I should let him quench his thirst first.

So, he walked straight to Zayne with a spoon in his hand. To think about it, he had never served someone like this before. He was reminded of his mother, who had passed away a long time ago. Back then, he was still young and didn't know how to attend to others, so he could only watch helplessly from the side.

Now that he was put in a situation to serve the others, Matthias could only imitate what he could remember. He took the cup of hot water and walked up to Zayne. After all this while, the water had cooled down a little so the temperature was just nice.

Matthias looked down at Zayne. As much as it was rather awkward for two men to be in a situation like this, Matthias planned to feed Zayne the water scoop by scoop. It wasn't an easy process. Matthias had to be extra careful lest the water would spill on the bed sheet.

However, before Zayne could finish drinking, Leon rushed in. Matthias and Zayne turned to look at Leon at the same time as they didn't know what was the hurry about.

"Something happened outside," Leon said while panting. He had never seen such a scene before and was taken aback.

Matthias and Zayne gazed at each other as they didn't know what Leon was referring to. Meanwhile, Leon quickly closed the ward door and stared blankly at Zayne's bed as if he was pondering a serious matter.

The other two didn't understand what Leon's expression was about, but they knew something terrible must have happened. Otherwise, Leon wouldn't be this perturbed. It seems like the matter is becoming more complicated. What should we do now?

"We have to leave this place," Leon said after catching his breath. He couldn't think of a better idea; for now, that was the most reliable solution he could come up with.

"Leave here? Where do you plan to go?" Matthias asked in perplexity as he didn't understand what Leon meant.

With a deep frown, Leon said resignedly, "We don't have time to discuss where to go. Right now, we have to quickly run for our lives."

There was no time to explain further. Leon was contemplating how they could move Zayne away from here as this was not an easy task.

On the other hand, Zayne was shocked hearing Leon's words. "You better not be making jokes at this point in time. We're in the hospital. Why should we run for our lives?"

Both Zayne and Matthias couldn't understand what terrible things could actually happen in the hospital, so they naturally found Leon's statement suspicious.

"You guys are so stubborn. I don't have time to explain to you. I have to think of a way to move Zayne away now!" Leon had a look of exasperation on his face; he couldn't even be bothered to be angry at them.

Seeing the other two looking unflustered, Leon was worried sick, but this matter couldn't be explained clearly in just a few words.

"Calm down. You have to tell us what exactly happened out there." Matthias furrowed his brows as he had no idea why Leon was in such a panic.

"Okay, okay," Leon grumbled impatiently.

"There's a medical dispute out there. A patient's family member is attacking the others with a knife right now as we speak. We have to leave here immediately. I'm worried that he'll bring us trouble later," Leon explained in a serious manner.

However, Matthias and Zayne heaved a sigh of relief as they had never thought this was what actually happened. They even felt like Leon was fooling around with them.

"Just that?" Zayne asked in uncertainty.

Leon nodded. "Yeah, but it's not a normal medical dispute." There was a hidden meaning in Leon's remark.

Zayne instantly got it while Matthias was still puzzled. What exactly does Leon mean?

"Then, we should leave here immediately." Zayne agreed with Leon's proposal. The hospital wasn't a safe place to stay anymore and they should escape as soon as possible!

Although Matthias was still confused, he trusted Zayne's judgment. Since even Zayne agreed, this matter must be not as simple as it seemed. As such, they had to quickly think of a way to leave the place. However, besides leaving via the ward door, how else could they leave the room? Since Leon had blocked the ward door, it was obvious that it wasn't an option anymore. As such, they were in a quandary.

Although the ward wasn't too high as it was situated on the third floor, it wasn't easy to get down from here either. Moreover, Zayne was having casts all over his body and Matthias didn't dare to just move him around. Given such a situation, it seemed to be difficult for all three of them to leave together.

"We can only leave through the ward door," Matthias said calmly as being in a panic wouldn't help at this moment.

Zayne and Leon exchanged glances as that was exactly what they were thinking about too. A while later, Zayne spoke up solemnly, "It seems like that's the only way."

"Do you guys have a plan yet?" Leon did not expect that Zayne would actually agree to leave via the ward door.

The attacker outside was going after Zayne. If he were to go out at this moment, he would expose himself.

“Is the person out there a hitman?” Matthias finally got his head around the situation and thought the attacker could be merely using the medical dispute as an excuse to cause a scene but was actually a hitman sent to come after Zayne.

Leon nodded solemnly. He wondered who Zayne had offended that the person had to use such dirty methods to come after him. If it wasn’t that he had encrypted Zayne’s ward number beforehand, the hitman could have found them long ago.

“Does he have a gun?” Guns were still something Mattihas smarted.

“He didn’t look like he was armed, but I can’t say for sure.” Leon tried to recall the scene when he saw the attacker just now. He was certain that the said person was coming after Zayne.

“I can deal with him.” Matthias stood out as the other two could only rely on him now.

Zayne gazed at Matthias in doubt. Although he knew Matthias was a good fighter, he was still worried. After all, their enemy was a professional killer, which was not someone who could be handled by any ordinary person.

Meanwhile, Leon instantly rejected Matthias’ proposal. “Matthias, you won’t be able to beat him. Do you know why I could tell he was a hitman at one glance?”

Matthias looked at Leon in confusion. This was exactly the point he couldn’t comprehend. Since Leon had brought it up, he would gladly hear Leon’s explanation.

“Because I’ve once got my hands on a register of hitmen and have seen the same person in that register. He’s one of the top 100 assassins in the world.” Until today, Leon could clearly remember the hitmen in the register. He was disgusted whenever he was reminded of it because the hitmen in the register must have slaughtered countless lives.

Matthias felt his scalp tingling as he had never expected to run into such an onerous situation. It was indeed tricky to deal with killers. After all, the skills Matthias had were meant to confront the enemy head-to-head. However, assassins usually had a variety of ambushing skills and it was difficult to deal

with the enemy when they were attacking in the dark. As such, Matthias couldn't ensure if he would be able to protect Zayne.

"So are we going to sit here and await our doom?" Matthias said in a self-deprecating manner while Zayne was racking his brain. If Jason was around at this moment, their problems would be solved. Nonetheless, no one expected the enemy to act so rapidly—even sending a hitman after planning the car accident.

As far as Zayne knew, there were only a few people who were capable of arranging so many things to happen in such a short time. As such, the identity of the mastermind behind these incidents was becoming more clear.

Zayne could almost figure out who the mastermind was because it wasn't hard to identify him or her after a process of elimination. Currently, there were two people whom Zayne suspected the most, but he couldn't confirm which one it was.

"No. We can wait for Heather to come to our rescue." Leon gave up on the idea to move Zayne away because it wasn't a realistic solution given the current situation. In contrast, Zayne could be easily exposed if they went out.

After saying that, Leon immediately called Heather. He was dying for her to pick up the call as soon as possible because he had put all his hopes on her.

Heather was still in the cab when she received Leon's call out of the blue. After she picked up the call, Leon anxiously informed her about their current situation and urged her to quickly bring Jason over. However, this was impossible to achieve. Looking at the GPS on her phone, Heather felt like Leon was joking with her. How could she possibly bring Jason over in such a short time?

After pondering for a while, Heather asked Leon, "Do you have any way to contact Jason?"

Leon only had one phone with him now. Was Heather expecting him to use his phone to gain private information on Jason? Even if that worked out, there was no guarantee that they would be able to get in touch with Jason.

"Heather, I'm afraid I can't do that right now. Before this, I spent almost 4 hours at home searching, and I still couldn't find any information about Jason. So..." Before Leon could finish his sentence, he turned around and looked at

Zayne. He had almost forgotten that Zayne had regained consciousness now, so he would surely have a way to get in contact with Jason.

Without hanging up the call, Leon said to Zayne anxiously, "Zayne, quickly contact Jason. He's the only person who can save you now."

Zayne wore a resigned expression as he lay in bed. "Even if I tried, I too wouldn't be able to contact him at this point in time."

Since Jason got really angry this time, he definitely wouldn't bring anything with him. Therefore, contacting him right now was close to impossible. At this thought, Zayne felt he could only rely on fate for now.

"Forget about it. I'll go find Jason." Heather wasn't hopeful anymore. Now that things had escalated to such a situation, the only way was to find Jason as soon as possible.

"Seems like I'm doomed this time," Zayne said in a relaxed manner; it was as if he was referring to someone else.

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Since the situation had escalated to this point, they could only fight to their death, and Matthias was prepared for the battle. Even though the opponent was one of the top killers in the world, it was not an issue at all for Matthias to protect himself. However, it would be an arduous task to protect Zayne, the patient, at the same time.

Matthias decided to be the vanguard and asked Leon to stay by Zayne's side while he guarded the door vigilantly. They didn't know when the killer would discover them, so Matthias had to guard the door well.

Meanwhile, Heather kept increasing the fare's price to the driver, hoping that she would be able to find Jason as soon as possible. Looking at the GPS, she became more flustered when they got closer to the destination. She was perturbed as the truth was about to be revealed, and she was all the more anxious at the thought of the critical situation in the hospital. Even if she successfully found Jason now, there was not enough time to rush back to the hospital in time.

It was totally unexpected for Jason, who was usually a calm man, to do such a thing. All of a sudden, Heather realized something was wrong. She sank in

deep thought as she caught a detail. Perhaps Jason is not at the location shown by the GPS currently. What's the purpose of him doing this?

In the hospital, Zayne remained still and completely unaffected as he stared at Leon with a big smile on his face. On the other hand, Leon felt that Zayne was taking the situation too lightly. How can he still wear such an expression when his life is at risk?

Today, everyone was nervous as they anticipated the arrival of the hitman. Matthias was worried that the hitman might be armed because he did not have any weapons at this moment. Therefore, injuries would be unavoidable if he were to combat the opponent.

Matthias was still concerned about his body's condition since he might have to spend the rest of his days behind bars. If he were to get seriously injured, he might not be able to hold out against the upcoming blows.

However, the sky had turned dark and the hitman had not come to Zayne's ward yet. Matthias felt his muscles around his body stiffen while Leon felt numbness in his limbs too. The two of them exchanged glances at the same time, then Leon sat down on the chair beside the bed and found Zayne sleeping soundly.

Zayne's behavior made Leon feel like he was being fooled, so he walked over to Zayne in dissatisfaction to wake him up.

"Zayne, you have to tell us what exactly is going on," Leon shook Zayne while questioning him.

Matthias looked at Zayne worriedly and said to Leon, "You shouldn't shake him like that."

After hearing Matthias' command, Leon stopped his actions, but Zayne had gradually woken up. As he was in a deep sleep, he opened his eyes with a sleepy look because he did not expect to be shaken up.

"I'm tired," Zayne mumbled crabily. Since the anesthetics had not worn off yet, he was really worn out—so much so he could easily doze off.

"The killer has not appeared yet. Care to give us an explanation?" Leon thought it could not be a coincidence for such a surprising thing to happen. He believed it had something to do with Zayne.

“The hitman whom you said is one of the top 100 in the world has already been finished off.” Zayne wished to turn around, but his body was feeling heavy and he could hardly move.

Zayne’s statement caught Matthias’ attention, and the latter quickly walked up to him. As such, both Leon and Matthias were staring at Zayne as if they wouldn’t let him off if he didn’t give them an explanation.

“I’m not too sure either. Perhaps Heather would know something.” Zayne had no idea how to explain to them because he merely made a guess at this point and he needed Heather to confirm his guess.

Leon quickly called Heather. In no time, the familiar voice of Heather came forth from the phone.

“Where are you now, Heather?” Leon thought it was weird that there was no news from Heather yet at this hour.

“I’m on the way back. I didn’t manage to find Jason,” Heather said dejectedly. She felt like a failure because she ended up failing to accomplish the task. Just now, she had been pondering a matter but had not gotten her head around it yet. However, she suddenly had a revelation the moment she received Leon’s call out of the blue.

“Are you guys safe?” Heather was extremely concerned about their safety. Since she was so focused on her thoughts previously, she had forgotten to call them to check if they were safe.

“The hitman did not show up, so we’re safe for now, but we’re not sure if this is the hitman’s tactic.” Leon did not let his guard down because the hitman had a ranking after all. No one would know what evil plan the hitman had in mind.

After hearing Leon’s remark, Heather came to a sudden realization about what was going on, so she requested for Leon to put Zayne on the line. After talking over the phone with Zayne, both Heather and Zayne were certain that Jason must be the one playing tricks.

After hanging up, Zayne smiled in gratification. It seemed like Jason was much smarter than he had imagined. As such, they could probably confirm who the mastermind was once Jason showed up.

Nonetheless, Zayne wasn't sure if Jason was still in the hospital. If he had already gotten rid of the killer, why hadn't he shown up yet? At this thought, Zayne was worried. He guessed Jason might have gotten injured too, and the fact that he had not shown up until now might imply that he was seriously injured.

Zayne was eager to get in touch with Jason, but there was no way he could reach him now. This time around, Jason was extremely tactful to the point where even Zayne was almost deceived by him.

Things were becoming more complicated. Zayne frowned as he thought what was about to come next might be even more tricky. All he could do now was to wait for Jason to show up. He believed Jason must still be alive.

As true brothers could feel each other telepathically, Zayne knew Jason had turned the dangerous situation around. Therefore, he believed Jason was safe and would appear in front of them very soon.

However, it was already past midnight when Heather arrived at the hospital, and Jason had not appeared yet.

Heather glanced at the three men in the ward—who were all equally important to her—and felt grateful that none of them got hurt.

"You're finally here, Heather." As if he had not seen her in a long time, Matthias walked up to her and gave her a big hug. Totally ignoring the other two love rivals in the ward, Matthias just wanted to hug Heather tightly. The feeling of seeing her again was amazing.

"You're hugging me too tight. I'm suffocating." Heather attempted to break away from Matthias' arms.

"I'm sorry," Matthias apologized and let go of Heather while the latter smiled brightly at him upon being freed. Then, she looked toward Zayne and asked, "Hasn't Jason shown up yet?"

Presently, this was the matter which Heather was concerned about the most. She, too, was waiting for Jason because everything would be revealed once Jason showed up.

"No. I'm worried too." Zayne was worried about Jason's safety. As much as he believed nothing serious could have happened to Jason, he still couldn't help worrying.

"Is there no way to contact Jason right now?" Heather was restless to the point she wanted to head out to find Jason again.

"Not at all. We can only wait for him to show up," Zayne said in resignation.

Meanwhile, Leon and Matthias were confused hearing the conversation as they still had no idea who Jason was.

Problems arose one after another. While Heather was still bothered with Jason's matter, she unexpectedly received a call from Tony. Glancing at the phone, Heather answered the call and heard a familiar voice.

"Myra?" Heather exclaimed in disbelief.

"Heather, where are you now? I wish to see you." Myra's voice was neither soft nor heavy, but Heather was perturbed hearing it because even she wasn't able to accept these happenings that came one after another.

"Myra, are you with Tony now?" Heather asked as she couldn't believe what was going on.

Myra answered firmly, "Yeah. I've always been with Tony."

Heather was extremely excited. Little did she expect that Myra, whom she worried about the most, had already returned to Tony now. Since Myra was already safe, Heather couldn't be bothered about anything else anymore and was dying to meet Myra immediately.

Then, she gave Myra the address and expected that both Myra and Tony would come to find her in the hospital soon. After hanging up, Heather hit her head as she still found it unbelievable. Everything that was happening right now was like a sweet dream.

"Myra and Tony are coming later," Heather informed the others with a giggle.

The three men reacted differently upon hearing the news. Nevertheless, Zayne was the only one who frowned as if he had received bad news.

Heather anxiously anticipated Myra's arrival and was counting down the time in her heart. She figured Myra wasn't too far away from the hospital, but she felt like time was going by extremely slow and every minute was like torture to her.

Just then, a knock at the door emerged. Heather quickly opened the door to see Myra, whom she hadn't seen for a very long time. Beside Myra was Tony, who was standing tall with a compelling look.

Heather averted her gaze toward Tony after gazing at Myra. She still couldn't believe that this was actually happening.

"Myra!" Heather almost felt like weeping, but she managed to hold it in front of the others.

"Heather, Tony said that there's something I should ask you personally." Myra sounded weird—even Tony was wearing a pleasant expression standing aside.

"Let's talk inside," Tony said gently to Myra.

Myra obediently entered the ward while Tony closed the door thereafter. He stared at Heather with a solemn look while contemplating if he should tell Heather about the weird things that had happened to Myra.

Meanwhile, Myra couldn't be bothered about the existence of other people at the scene and babbled immediately, "Heather, Tony said I've disappeared for a long time, but I can't remember anything about it. All I know is that we were shopping together yesterday."

Heather looked at Myra in puzzlement as she did not understand what Myra was talking about. She cast an imploring look toward Tony, to which Tony nodded in response, signaling for her to tell Myra the truth.

"Myra, you've indeed disappeared for a very long time. We have not seen each other for quite some time now." Heather thought even though this fact might be unacceptable to Myra, she should still tell her the truth.

With that, Myra's jaw dropped. Could it be that my memory has failed me? I can still remember what happened back then. Moreover, I've just patched up with Heather not long ago. All this had actually happened, but what's going on now?

On the other hand, Heather decided to fill Myra in on everything that had happened during this period. She wasn't sure how much Myra was able to absorb, but she didn't wish to hide anything from her.

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However, before Myra could digest the incidents, a knock on the door emerged again. Zayne's eyes lit up at once as he reckoned it was most probably Jason this time.

Sure enough, Jason appeared in front of them with injuries. Leon found Jason rather unfamiliar as it was natural for one to not remember a driver's appearance.

"You're finally here, Jason!" Heather exclaimed in surprise upon seeing him as she had waited for him for a long time.

"Zayne Lee." With a cold look, Jason walked up to Zayne and tilted his head to look at him. "Stop acting. I know you're not injured."

Zayne stared at Jason awkwardly as he had not expected to be seen through by Jason so easily. Meanwhile, the others glanced toward Zayne in shock.

"Congratulations. Your plan to lure the enemy out has succeeded. Now, I can tell you with certainty that the mastermind behind all these is Caleb Moriarty." It was very rare for Jason to spit out such a long sentence.

The others were not surprised upon hearing Caleb's name. In fact, Heather had always suspected Caleb, but after a few incidents in the past, she had her suspicions on someone else.

Zayne smiled in satisfaction as his guess was right. He wished to get out of the bed but unfortunately, he had casts all over his body.

"Jason, please help me to remove the casts." Zayne sought Jason's help.

However, Jason's arm was wrapped with bandages because he was shot, so he couldn't help Zayne at all.

"Just lie on the bed and spit it out if there's anything you'd like to say," Heather said coldly. Although she still resented Zayne for faking a car accident to bluff them, at least they had finally caught the mastermind this time.

"I've been suspecting Caleb before this but I couldn't find any evidence. Now, I'm certain that all that has happened is thanks to him," Zayne exclaimed excitedly. His effort did not go down the drain as the culprit was finally caught.

"So, Myra was abducted by Caleb too?" Heather pointed at Myra and asked while the latter was still in confusion.

"Yeah, Caleb tampered with Myra's memories. He's also the one who resulted in Old Master Langston's illness," Zayne said mysteriously while the others remained puzzled.

Perceiving that the others had not figured out what was going on, Zayne started explaining to them in detail. Meanwhile, Jason had sat down on the only chair in the ward. After all, he was the real patient here.

"Caleb is conducting some bizarre biology research in private. Besides drugs that can tamper with one's memory, he has some fatal ones too. His motive is to develop a bioweapon." It was only until now did Zayne understand Caleb's real motive, thinking of which he thought Caleb was insane.

Hearing that, Tony asked worriedly, "Will there be any complications on Myra and the fetus?" He was worried that the drugs that Caleb gave Myra would affect Myra's health and the baby in her belly.

"Don't worry. The drug that tampers with one's memory does not have any negative side effects. The major focus of his bioweapon is the fatal drug. His goal is to combine the fatal drug with the memory-tampering drug." Zayne had done research regarding the drugs before, so he could tell the details accurately.

Meanwhile, Heather was worried about Robert too, so she asked in a fluster, "Then can my grandpa's illness be cured?" They had not expected Caleb to be this cruel to perform such experiments on an elder and a pregnant woman.

"Besides causing the victim to develop a weird disease and endangering his or her life, the fatal drug doesn't seem to have other toxic side effects. I believe if we can find some experienced doctor to treat Old Master Langston,

he will recover." Zayne had stolen both the drugs and had just received the drug analysis report recently.

"What kind of bioweapon will it turn out to be if both the drugs are combined?" Leon was more interested in this matter.

"I'm not too sure about that. Caleb is the General of Leisfeld. I reckon he is secretly conducting experiments in Bradfort City in order to return to Leisfeld and seize power." Zayne was quite certain that this was Caleb's motive. Nonetheless, he had already secretly informed Caleb's political opponent about these issues.

Truth was, the old man whom Zayne and Jason met in Bradfort City last time was Caleb's political opponent—he was even Caleb's superior!

It wasn't hard to think that Caleb's motive of developing the bioweapon was to use it against his superior in order to achieve his unspeakable purpose. But alas, Zayne had seen through his scheme. Right now, Caleb was probably in deep water because the old man was not a pushover, and he would surely destroy Caleb.

"It seems like the so-called bioweapon isn't that scary after all," Leon mumbled. In the past, he thought a bioweapon was an extremely terrifying substance that could cause World War III. However, it seemed like he had overthought.

"Something big will happen in Leisfeld soon," Zayne said mysteriously. "But anyway, Caleb's days are ending soon. I wonder if he would die in exile or be killed in Bradfort City."

With that, Zayne started guffawing. Before this, he had been fooled by Caleb. Thinking of Caleb's miserable situation, Zayne felt like revenge had been taken.

"Why would Caleb want to conduct the experiments of the two drugs on Myra and Old Master Langston?" Tony asked a key question. At this moment, he was dying to slaughter Caleb himself.

"Because the Moriartys have a feud with both the Harts and the Langstons, and it just so happened you guys have a weak old man and a pregnant woman in your families. Therefore, he chose them as lab rats and took this opportunity to mess around with you guys to stir some trouble," Zayne said

proudly. He knew this was just Caleb's first strike, and the latter might have many more wicked schemes behind this. However, Caleb was already in deep water now, so those wicked schemes would not be possible anymore.

"Then where's Caleb now?" Heather would not forgive Caleb as she wanted to make sure he receives his retributions.

"I have no idea." Zayne was still lying on the bed. How would he know Caleb's whereabouts right now?

Just then, Jason who had remained silent all the while spoke up. "He's dead. I killed him." After having killed countless people, Jason brought up the matter as if he was talking about an ordinary event.

Heather and Tony, who initially desired to seek revenge against Caleb, exchanged glances after hearing that their enemy had already been dealt with.

Too many things had happened today, and everyone needed some time to digest. Nevertheless, the pressing matter was for Heather and Tony to bring Robert and Myra for a complete check-up in the hospital. Three days had passed, and there were no other health issues observed in Myra and Robert. At the same time, Robert was gradually recovering under the treatment of an experienced doctor.

A week later, something serious had indeed happened in Leisfeld just as expected. The Moriartys in Leisfeld were massacred by the rebels. Meanwhile, Caleb the General had disappeared too. Leisfeld was thrown into political turmoil and the opposition party was destroyed in no time.

Looking at the old man's amiable face from the TV, Zayne thought it was true that one couldn't judge the book by its cover. The old man was extremely cruel and had spared no one. Caleb had implicated his entire family—even children were not given mercy. Zayne glanced at Jason who was beside him as he wondered if Jason had once exterminated an entire family before too.

Jason glanced at Zayne and read his mind immediately. "I only kill adult males." Jason was not that savage yet.

"Things are finally coming to an end." Zayne switched the topic awkwardly.

“Mm-hmm, and it’s time to return to Britain,” Jason hummed in response. What he actually meant was that he intended to go back to Britain with Zayne.

The two brothers exchanged glances. Zayne had earned a fortune this time around as everyone had given him tokens of appreciation. As such, his bread would be buttered for life.

“We can open a store in Britain and enjoy being bosses for the rest of our life. What do you think?” Zayne said confidently as he was hopeful about the future.

“Whatever,” Jason said nonchalantly but was actually secretly pleased.

Meanwhile, Leon’s family had enough fun in Bradfort City. Now that the city had restored its usual peace, the family planned to go home while Leon would leave with them too this time.

Dave had been longing for Leon to get married in Bradfort City, but alas, things didn’t turn out as he wished. Although Dave was rather fond of Heather, he was content that Leon would follow them back this time. At least, Leon had promised to learn to manage the family’s business. Dave was wishing for Leon to be more dedicated from now on as he felt that Leon would be able to restore the glory of the family.

On the other hand, Heather had been staying at home all day to keep an eye on Robert and ensure that he took his medication. Currently, Robert was like a child as he even needed someone to supervise him to take his medicine. As such, Heather was rather resigned too.

When Robert had almost recovered, it was almost time for Myra to give birth, so Heather devoted herself once again to taking care of someone. At this time, it was Myra.

Time passed quickly, as days felt like years, Matthias spent his days behind bars. Locke Group had completely perished, and the business circle of Bradfort City had been restored to its original state. While Hart Group was thriving, Langston Group had fallen from its peak and was declining rapidly.

Currently, the Harts dominate the business circle of Bradfort City. Occasionally, Heather would still tease Tony, saying that she wanted to start a business a Bradfort City in the future to match him.

Finally, it had come to the day of Matthias' release from prison. Despite her busy schedule, Heather had squeezed out some time to pick Matthias up. Matthias had spotted Heather from a distance while Heather stared at him sorrowfully as she had never seen him this sloppy.

Taking advantage of this moment when Heather's heart was softened, Matthias knelt down and put on a narcissistic smile. "Heather, today is the day I'm released from prison, and it's also the day of my rebirth. Will you marry me although I have nothing at all?" The sudden proposal had attracted the crowd's attention.

Just as Heather was at a loss, Tony called. "Myra is in the hospital now and she's going into labor. Come over quickly," Tony said anxiously at the other end of the line.

With that, Heather had gotten an excuse. She pulled Matthias, who was kneeling on one knee, up from the ground and said, "Myra is going into labor. We have to hurry to the hospital."

When they arrived at the hospital, Myra was already in the delivery room, so they could only wait anxiously outside. After quite some time, a loud baby cry emerged from inside the delivery room. Heather grasped Matthias' hands tightly as she was extremely agitated.

Soon, Myra was pushed out of the delivery room with her babies placed next to her. They were fraternal twins! Seeing Tony's happy look, Matthias couldn't help but whisper beside Heather's ear, "Look. They have a pair of children already. We shall keep up too. Will you marry me?"

Matthias was determined to get a yes from Heather who was actually envious of seeing this scene. Then, she glanced at Matthias, who was standing next to her in a mess and nodded. "Yes."

Matthias was overjoyed as he stared at Heather. Hugging her tightly, he felt like he had owned the world.

"But, I'll only be willing to put on a wedding gown after our new company can hold a candle to Hart Group," Heather said stubbornly. Of course, she wouldn't let Matthias bring her home that easily.

Standing before Love Last Chapter

