

REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 141 Can't You Give Me A Chance



Zac couldn't keep his feelings in check. He got even more confused the more he touched Patricia, and even after thinking over and over, he could not put his finger on why he was obsessed with her.

Back then, all he wanted was to divorce her as soon as possible; it was all he could think about. However, when he divorced her, his unrelenting desire to separate was replaced with a strong feeling that he was missing something. After the split, he would feel better whenever he saw her, but he couldn't figure out why.

When he found out she would bear his child, he decided he'd take care of her only temporarily—a resolve that didn't last long. Unexpectedly, the more

he got along with her, the more he wished to take better care of her.

Time passed, and the thought of taking care of her just for the child's sake vanished. All he could think of now was taking proper care of this silly woman and keeping her out of harm's way.

However, she did not seem to share the same vision as he. She met his advances with constant pushback, and this messed with his head a lot, leaving him distressed and less determined than he was at the start.

"What should I do with you, Patricia?" Zac sighed as he looked down at her with a trace of sadness in his eyes.

Suddenly, Patricia stirred. It wasn't clear whether it was Zac's voice or touch that had disturbed her. Her

eyelids flickered and slowly opened, and she looked up at him in confusion.

"Zac, why are you here?" Patricia asked. As she had just woken up, her head was still in the clouds.

Zac frowned at the less-than-warm response. He didn't dwell on it too much, though, as she had just woken up and hadn't gotten around to adjusting her tone.

He glanced at her briefly before reaching for her bag and took out a medicine bottle from it. The doctor had prescribed this medicine for her. He fished out a pill from the bottle and handed it to her, along with a glass of warm water. "You forgot to take the medicine today, didn't you?" he asked gently, gestured to her to take the medicine quickly.

Patricia blinked and stared at the pill in his hand as

though in a daze. However, she was trying hard to recall what Dora had told her.

It didn't take long for the recollection to arrive. She soon remembered that Dora had told her to take the blue pill if she ever felt uncomfortable. As for the other pills, she just needed to follow the prescription.

So, she took the blue pill from his hand and stuffed it in her mouth. After following it up with a sip of warm water, she instantly felt better.

Zac watched her with raised eyebrows. She had taken the pill he offered her and ignored the rest. This confused him. "The other pills, won't you take them?" he asked, looking confused.

Patricia gently shook her head sideways and replied in a low voice, "No, the rest are to be taken after meals."

Zac nodded in understanding. He placed the remaining pills, which he had taken out when she took the blue pill, back into the medicine bottle, one after the other. Patricia watched him do this with a serious expression on her face, and she couldn't help biting her lower lip. Then, not intending to get caught staring, she looked away.

Why was he so nice to her? Why had he chosen this moment to be so good to her?

These were questions she needed answers to, but try as she may, she couldn't figure those answers out. Although her thoughts were jumbled, one thing was sure: she hoped there was no connection between both of them.

She didn't know that Zac had been watching her think, though, and he looked displeased at her expression.

He stared at her deeply as though trying to discern something.

He watched her for a while, and try as he might, he couldn't make sense of what she wished to.

He eventually gave up and directly asked, "Patricia, won't you give me a chance?" His voice had been low, but she had heard it. However, she couldn't see the frown on his face as he gazed at her seriously.

Zac no longer wanted to beat around the bush with her; it was of no use. If he was going to take care of her—to be responsible for her wellbeing once again—he had to clarify something. After all, he didn't want things between them to be ambiguous.

Zac's question caught Patricia off guard, and she was shocked. She turned around with a start and looked at Zac. Her pink lips remained closed, though—she

wished to say something, but no words would come out.

Wh—what did he mean by that!

Give him a chance? What chance?

She got her answer soon enough, in a tone she'd have never expected. "Patricia, I know there's no place in your heart for me right now, but I can wait. I'll be good to you and take care of you. As for the child, let bygones be bygones, okay?" Zac pleaded. He had never pleaded with anyone before, and Patricia was the first.

Patricia was shocked. Although the corners of her mouth were trembling slightly, she was short of words. Everything that came to her mind got stuck in her throat, never leaving her lips.

What was the point in Zac saying these things to her now? The baby in question was gone. This was a baby she had been expecting with great enthusiasm, but Zac had deprived it of its life. How could she not hate him?

She, too, had been deprived of so much—a mother's love, a happy life, etc., and now she had nothing. Whenever she remembered what had happened to Giselle in the Lowell family, how could she not hate him?

All this had been caused by one man! All her pain and suffering had been caused by one man! Zac!

"Zac, I can't let bygones be bygones. I can't forget it," Patricia said, biting her lip slightly and glaring at Zac in resentment. Tears welled up in her eyes and soon began to drop onto her clothes.

A trace of hatred was even visible in her tear-filled eyes. Other than the hatred she had for him, there was nothing else between them.

The glint of resentment in her eyes hadn't escaped Zac's notice. At first, he watched her quietly, biting his lips with a feeling of helplessness. However, his anger soon set in.

He gasped heavily and then balled his hands into fists and pulled his sleeves hard.

Why? This had gone on for long enough already! Why couldn't she forgive and be with him? Why was hate the emotion she could feel whenever it came to him?

"Do you hate me this much? Do you resent me this much? Tell me, Patricia!" He growled at her as his face darkened. This time, she said nothing in the face of his growing anger, so he grabbed her arm and

shook it a few times, staring at her intently as he did so.

He could tell that she didn't hate him. In fact, he could even sense the feelings she had for him! Then why did she have to do this?! He had thought about this over and over, and he still couldn't understand.

Patricia took a deep breath to calm herself. Ignoring the strong grip he had on her arm, she calmly looked up at him with a pair of cold eyes—having regained her icy demeanor— and firmly said, "Yes, Zac. I hate you so much, and I hope I never have to see you again!"

Another abrupt change had occurred, and Zac was stunned. Did she really hate him?

Yes! In reality, however, a tinge of emotion had tainted the river of hate in her heart, and even Patricia

herself didn't know what that emotion was. She didn't understand it and couldn't figure out what it was.

She was still staring at Zac with an icy gaze, which made his heart lurch. He stared right back at her without blinking, trying to figure out if she had meant what she said.

Try as he might, he couldn't figure anything out, and the longer he looked into her cold eyes, the angrier he felt. He could see nothing but hatred in her eyes; nothing else was there. Even his reflection on her pupils looked cold and ruthless.

Zac sneered at that moment, and his deep eyes turned icy. His expression became ferocious, and his palms turned cold. He released his grip on her arm, and his hand slowly slid off her.

'Patricia, Why! Why couldn't you just forgive me and

give me a chance!'

He slowly got to his feet, and even his strong body felt giddy. He looked up at the ceiling with blank eyes—his heart too empty to bear.

"Patricia, don't forget what you've said today!" Zac coldly said, word by word. He looked down and stared into her eyes with an indifferent expression.

"Okay!" she replied, nodding calmly and without fear.

As Patricia nodded, a sharp glint of pain and sadness flashed in her beautiful eyes, but she instantly shook it off.

Things had turned out just the way she wanted. It would be for the best if Zac kept his distance from her.

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Chapter 142 We Will Go Our Separate Ways



Zac let out a loud but mirthless laugh upon hearing Patricia's response. It was evident that he had tried to use wine to drown his sorrows and this made the sight of him all the more heartbreaking.

"That's just brilliant!" He let out yet another laugh but his eyes were steely cold as he looked at Patricia menacingly.

"Remember everything you have said Patricia. Hereon, we will go our separate ways and we won't

bother each other ever again." Zac seemed to mean every word of this declaration.

Patricia nodded in agreement. She responded in an equally cold manner, "Sure!" It was exactly the way she wanted things to be.

Yet, she felt a hollowness in her heart, as though something had left a gaping hole.

Zac's lips curved ever so slightly into a smile as he watched her. Then, without another word, he turned his back to her and left. There was nothing left to be said now.

Patricia watched his receding figure and let out a deep sigh.

She closed her eyes tight and reminded herself, 'This is for the best. Everything is exactly the way it should

be.'

Patricia awoke the next day with a lightness in her heart. It was almost as though the previous day's events had never occurred. She washed and dressed herself before driving to the restaurant for a hearty breakfast of millet porridge and donuts. Then, as per her usual routine, made her way to work.

Her life required a routine and some normalcy. But this also meant her life would be peaceful and uneventful, and this seemed a little depressing to Patricia.

Why though? What exactly was she feeling sad about?

With these thoughts swimming through her mind, Patricia made her way to the Personnel Department at work to report that she was back from her leave.

She then went to see the President to discuss the cooperation between the Reynolds Group and Veyron.

"How are things going, boss?" she asked him politely.

With lips pursed, the President tried to force a smile. "Everything is fine Patricia. It's just this business plan..."

Patricia cut him off mid-sentence. "The Reynolds Group doesn't approve of our plan? Or are they dissatisfied with the idea of the cooperation itself?"

For the first time that morning, Patricia thought of Zac's menacing laugh from the night before. She wouldn't put it past Zac to threaten the business cooperation merely due to their personal issues. He had a tendency to be impulsive when angry.

The President was taken aback by how quickly she had reacted. "No Patricia, please don't be so worried. Nothing of the sort has happened. We do have some issues to address, but it's not as serious as you think."

Patricia looked at him, confused, but waited for the rest of his explanation.

"We will need to make some changes to the plan. The Reynolds Group has given us an ultimatum that if we don't deliver a plan they are satisfied with by the end of the month, they will dissolve the cooperation."

The President sighed. Things had gone smoothly for a while, but unexpected issues derailed their plans. If it hadn't been for Jayson, everything would have proceeded as per schedule.

Patricia could feel her spirits dropping. Everyone at the company, including herself, had worked really

hard for this cooperation. It was demoralizing to see this turn of events.

However, she didn't allow herself to wallow in these thoughts for too long. She was determined to not accept defeat. There was still an opportunity for Veyron in the current situation, and they would seize it.

"I will look into the matter," she said confidently. "I cannot guarantee a positive outcome, but I will give it my all." Her expression was as sincere as it was determined.

Although he was impressed, the President wasn't one to be easily convinced. They had already spent over half a month on the previous plan and they had a lot lesser time to work with this time to come up with a whole new plan. They were running out of options now. He wasn't going to hold high expectations.

"Alright, if you feel confident about this, try your best."
He signaled for her to leave and Patricia walked out with a polite smile.

Despite the determination she had shown in front of the President, Patricia felt only sorrow as she walked out.

In her office, she mulled over the matter at hand but couldn't think of a better plan.

The previous plan was a really good plan. The confidence she had felt minutes before was fading rapidly.

Could this really be the end of the cooperation between Veyron and the Reynolds Group?

She tapped her forehead in frustration. Her head felt

as though it was going to explode. No matter how hard she thought, she couldn't come up with a better plan.

If they were to maintain the former plan, the Reynolds Group could interpret it as irreverence on the part of Veyron. But changing the plan seemed like an impossible task this point.

A sharp knock on her door made her jump. Kareem was standing in the doorway, donning a dark suit and a bouquet of bright red roses in his hands.

She showed no signs of welcoming his presence, but he smiled regardless.

He had to have a purpose for being here. She would never expect a social call from Kareem that involved him bringing her roses. She decided to play along.

"Mr. Reynolds! How charming!" She matched his smile with one of her own and scanned him with her eyes, trying to assess his motives.

Kareem walked over to her desk and placed the roses before her.

"Miss Sampson, please accept these as a little gift to celebrate your recovery and return to the office."

Patricia smirked. "I appreciate the kindness, but I have no need for such gestures. Please take the flowers back." She held her head high as she said this.

Instead of being offended, however, Kareem picked up the flowers and handed them directly to her.

"Things of beauty pair well with each other. Why would not want them, Miss Sampson? Have I scared

you in some way?"

"I don't like accepting gifts from strangers." She smiled back at him and then waved her arm, motioning him to leave her office.

She had made it abundantly clear that she didn't want him around her.

This seemed to have crossed the line for Kareem as he was visibly offended. He glared at her.

Barring Patricia, no woman had ever dared to speak to him this way.

It took him a few seconds to regain his composure, but when he did he resumed teasing her. He smelled the roses and smiled at her.

"Are you quite sure you want me to leave, Miss

Sampson? I had some important news to share." With that he turned to leave, fully aware that he had piqued her interest.

Just as he expected, Patricia called out to him.

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Reynolds."

Patricia was almost certain now of Kareem's reason for visiting her. She didn't know the exact nature of the news, but it was definitely something about her.

Kareem paused at the doorway, a sly smile spreading across his face. He turned and said, "Oh! I thought you wanted me to leave?"

"Well, I've changed my mind." Patricia waited patiently for him to speak.

Even though she managed to keep a straight face,

every fiber of her being was curious.

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Chapter 143 Taking The Bait!



Kareem couldn't help chuckling as he saw the look in Patricia's eyes. With a significant smile, he said in a low voice, "Okay, that was very good! I didn't expect you to be so capable, Miss Sampson."

The disdain in Kareem's words didn't bother Patricia at all, not that she cared what he thought of her.

"Mr. Reynolds, can you tell me about it now?" asked Patricia. She was more concerned about Kareem's

news. She knew he was an ambitious and cunning man, so he might have heard some hearsay about her.

Kareem smiled gently as he heard Patricia's question. An unreadable expression crossed his face as he narrowed his eyes and sniffed the roses.

"Miss Sampson, if you are willing to have dinner with me, I will be pleased to tell you what I know," declared Kareem.

With her eyes wide open, Patricia stared at Kareem in shock. Exhaling deeply, her clear eyes filled with anger.

It was apparent to her that Kareem was threatening her. She instantly realized that she would not learn of his so-called news if she didn't have dinner with him. But if she did dine with him, she would become the

target of the entertainment reporters.

So, she would fall into Kareem's trap regardless of what she chose to do. Kareem was indeed a wolf in sheep's clothing, and his cunningness could not be underestimated.

Kareem smiled slightly and a hint of triumph flashed in the corner of his eyes as he saw Patricia's hesitation. She was no match for his wit.

"Miss Sampson, have you made up your mind? Are you going to dine with me? Or are you going to do something else?" Kareem asked with a faint smile on his lips.

Kareem's intentions were clear as day. He wanted to create a dilemma for Patricia in which there was no way out.

Patricia clenched her fists and bit her lower lip lightly. She glared at Kareem angrily as her breathing deepened.

"You really are a resourceful man, Mr. Reynolds."

"Thank you for your praise, Miss Sampson!" Having seen Patricia's expression clearly, Kareem pretended to be considerate but a confident smile formed on his lips.

Seeing this, Patricia took a deep breath, trying to suppress her anger and return to her usual aloofness. Looking expressionlessly at Kareem, she uttered in a low voice, "Well, I understand what you mean to do, Mr. Reynolds. What you want to tell me must not be of great importance. Thus, you decided to play a prank on me and pretended to threaten me like this."

Before Patricia said this, Kareem had been smiling

confidently. He had definitely thought that Patricia would agree to have dinner with him. But then, upon hearing what she had to say, his certainty in that fact started wavering.

"Miss Sampson, you must have some evidence to make such a statement!" Kareem forced a gentle smile onto his face.

Seeing this, a faint smile formed on Patricia's lips.

'How can Kareem threaten me so easily? This is just his wishful thinking, and two can play this game, ' she thought.

The next moment, Kareem smiled tenderly at Patricia as he said, "Miss Sampson, you really have a brilliant mind."

As soon as he finished speaking, a trace of coldness appeared on the edges of his mouth. 'How dare she

tease me? She's got a lot of nerve!' he thought.

Patricia smiled faintly and looked sharply into his eyes as she heard Kareem's words. She was not so stupid to fall for his trap. If the news was as important as he insisted, then it would only be a matter of time before she found out what it was without him telling her.

From Patricia's expression, Kareem could tell what was running through her mind.

He sighed, realizing that she didn't take the bait this time, so he would need another method to reel her in.

"Miss Sampson, you must know the property of Sampson Bay, right?" As soon as Kareem finished speaking, he glanced at her with a meaningful smile. Then without giving her the opportunity to continue this conversation, he left her office.

Patricia was stunned when she heard Kareem mention the 'Sampson Bay'. But before she could ask him for more details, he had bolted out her door.

Patricia stamped her feet in anger and bit her lower lip. A trace of worry flashed through her clear eyes.

The Sampson Bay was the birthplace of the Sampson family's wealth. There was a fishing company near the bay which was named after the Sampson family.

However, since her grandfather's death, Sullivan had been in no mood to manage that property at all.

Instead, he set his sights on other industries, so the area had been abandoned for several years.

Patricia became alarmed when she suddenly remembered that Sullivan had said that he wanted to sell the bay.

'Did my father perhaps...'

Clenching her fists, her face was brimming with rage. She wanted to confront Sullivan about the property.

Thinking of this, she immediately picked up her bag, strode to the parking lot, and started her car.

She was so lost in thought about the Sampson Family's Bay that Patricia didn't sense the sharp gaze boring into her back from an obscure corner not far from the company's parking lot. Thus she didn't realize it was Kareem looking intently at her with his habitual gentle smile gracing his lips. Only this time, there was also a trace of triumph in the way he smiled.

"Patricia, you've finally taken the bait!" muttered Kareem to himself. A touch of arrogance flashed through his eyes.

Suddenly, his phone rang. Seeing the familiar number, he answered the phone without hesitation.

"How is it going?"

"Everything is going well!" The person on the other end of the line laughed, but there was a tone of confidence in the person's voice.

Hearing this answer, Kareem nodded slightly. Then, with a haughty look in his eyes, he stared at Patricia's car in the distance. Everything was as he had expected, and Patricia had fallen prey to his trap.

At the same time, in the CEO's office of the Reynolds Group, Zac had been working hard for more than half a day. The secretary standing at the door could feel the oppressive atmosphere in the office, almost like a volcano was about to erupt.

It appeared that Zac had returned to his workaholic ways, but this was a terrifying sight for his secretary.

"Mr. Reynolds, here are the documents you asked for." The secretary placed the documents carefully on the desk and didn't dare to say a word further, waiting for Zac to speak.

After reading the documents one by one, Zac handed them back to the secretary without raising his head and then waved her out.

Zac's silence made his secretary want to leave the office as soon as possible. She was not willing to stay longer than she needed to for fear of irritating Zac accidentally, which could put her in a terrible situation.

Just as the secretary thought she could leave safely, Zac suddenly spoke up.

"Come back here!" Zac ordered in a cold voice and looked up at the secretary sharply.

The secretary couldn't help being startled when he saw the look in Zac's eyes. She walked quickly to him and asked respectfully, "What can I do for you, Mr. Reynolds?"

Zac glanced coldly at the secretary. Then, with his brows furrowed, he tapped the table with his slender fingers as if he was contemplating something serious.

"I seem to recall that the Sampson family was planning on selling their bay some time ago, right?" asked Zac uncertainly. He stared at the secretary with his deep eyes, awaiting her response to his question.

The secretary looked up at Zac suspiciously and frowned. A confused expression crept over her face. 'How long has Mr. Reynolds been paying attention to

this?' she wondered.

One thing was clear to her. Many merchants regarded the Sampson family's property as a deserted lot of land. This meant that it had no commercial value to it for them.

When his secretary took too long to answer, Zac, with a sullen look, roared, "Didn't you hear what I just asked?"

Zac was only interested in the answer to his question, so he had no patience for the secretary's dawdling.

Recognizing Zac's anger, his secretary looked at him fearfully. Then, she subconsciously swallowed hard and said carefully, "Yes, they were, and Mr. Kareem has set his eye on the bay property. I heard he wanted to buy it."

Zac frowned and his face darkened as he heard Kareem's name mentioned. As if hearing the name of his enemy, a terrifyingly murderous look formed on Zac's face.

Seeing the ferocious look on Zac's face, his secretary took a deep breath and looked at him with frightened eyes. She took a step back involuntarily, anxious to flee from the office as soon as possible.

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Chapter 144 This Has Nothing To Do With You!



The CEO looked so unlike himself. The aura he was emitting was extremely treacherous.

Upon noticing his secretary's terrified expression, Zac calmed himself slightly. Glancing at the secretary, he coughed before speaking. "Bring me all the information you have on the Sampson Bay," Zac commanded.

Snapping back to reality, his secretary turned around and silently exited the office as she went to compile the information requested.

As soon as his secretary left, Zac's thoughts returned to Kareem. Frowning, a menacing look appeared in his deep eyes. He would not make it easy for Kareem to succeed with his plan.

His thoughts then turned to Patricia, and his brows wrinkled in a fury. Breathing heavily, he muttered, "Would she easily be fooled by Kareem?"

In his eyes, the reason why Kareem wanted to acquire the Sampson Bay was simple. He only wanted to obtain some useful information from Patricia on either the Sampson family or Zac, and he would use any means necessary.

"Kareem, I will not let you succeed!" Zac coldly declared as he clenched his fist and pounded it on the table angrily while he stared straight ahead.

At this time, Zac couldn't help but worry about Patricia's safety. Last night's events were still vivid in his mind, and he felt so uncomfortable that his heart was stuck in his throat. A wave of uneasiness washed over him.

"Damn it!" said Zac angrily as he bit his lower lip hard.

Raising his hand, he placed it over his stuffy chest. His only concern was seeing Patricia as soon as

possible to alleviate this feeling inside himself.

He didn't know when it started, but thoughts of Patricia always made his chest tighten.

And if he couldn't see her, he would feel anxious all day long. Sometimes, it was so bad that Zac believed he might be going insane. 'How can I have such feelings?'

"Damn it!" Zac roared again and pounded the table furiously to ease his tension.

After a while, his secretary returned, her hands full with all the information she could acquire. But looking at Zac's face, she frowned in confusion.

But her confusion disappeared just as quickly as it had arisen. His secretary had suddenly remembered that Zac's abnormal behavior was nothing new. In her

eyes, Zac's strange demeanor had become the new norm. And the change seemed not a bad thing.

After presenting the documents, the secretary quickly left the office. Seeing the documents on the table, Zac narrowed his eyes as if pondering something before reading it through.

At the same time, Patricia arrived alone at the Sampson Group's company. She stood at the gate of the tall building for a while as she decided how to proceed.

"What are you doing here, Patricia?"

Confused, Patricia looked at the source of the sarcastic voice she heard. That's when she saw Lyndsy standing behind her, staring at her in disdain.

Seeing this, Patricia automatically ignored her and

gave her the cold shoulder.

She hadn't come here today to pick a fight with Lyndsy. Her only concern was discussing the matter of the Sampson Bay with Sullivan.

And although she knew her efforts might be in vain, she was determined to try and resolve this problem with him.

After all, this was the fruit of her grandfather's painstaking efforts. So, she couldn't watch her father sell the bay.

Lyndsy became enraged at Patricia's lack of response. Staring at her fiercely, she said bitterly, "You bitch! How dare you come to the Sampson family's company? Have you forgotten who you are now?"

Lyndsy then bit her lower lip angrily and wished she could slap Patricia several times across the face. However, they were in a very public setting. Furthermore, they were in front of the Sampson Group's building. So, for the sake of preserving her reputation as the daughter of the Sampson family, she endured it and reined in her anger.

Besides, she was not a fool. After Patricia's outburst at Sullivan's birthday party, many wealthy young ladies had changed their attitudes towards her and treated her with contempt.

And Patricia was the cause of all this.

Clenching her fists in anger, Lyndsy glared unblinkingly at Patricia. Her eyes were red with rage and almost seemed to say that she would be happy to throw her into the sea and feed her to the sharks.

Seeing the expression on her face, Patricia glanced at her coldly and said, "Lyndsy, I'm not here to argue with you!"

Patricia then made her way into the main hall of the Sampson Group but was quickly confronted by Lyndsy once again.

"You are not welcome here, Patricia. Please leave!" Lyndsy demanded as she arrogantly stared at her.

Hearing this, Patricia pursed her lips slightly and glanced at her sister sternly. She felt that arguing with her sister would be pointless and a waste of time.

So, ignoring her, Patricia walked past Lyndsy and strode towards the elevator.

Seeing this, Lyndsy tried to catch up with her, but Patricia was one step ahead of her. As soon as she

entered the elevator, she struck the 'close' button.

Lyndsy angrily stamped her feet as she stared at the shut elevator.

Patricia could not help but sigh as she stood inside the safe confines of the elevator. She had met Lyndsy as soon as she had arrived at the Sampson Group's company to her misfortune. Furthermore, she wasn't sure if Sullivan would also try to drive her out directly upon seeing her.

Shaking her head slightly, she immediately set aside her uneasy feeling, hoping against all odds that her conversation with Sullivan would be fruitful.

When she arrived at the office, she took a deep breath before entering and calmly staring into Sullivan's eyes which were full of disgust and anger.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. Not wanting to look at her, he signaled his secretary, who was trying to prevent her advance, to leave the office.

Even if he didn't want to see her, he wouldn't easily show that side of himself to others. This was, after all, a family affair.

After the secretary went out, Sullivan looked up at her disdainfully, with a touch of disgust evident between his eyebrows.

Patricia wasn't fazed by his expression. Instead, she looked into his eyes indifferently and smiled sweetly.

"Dad, I wanted to talk to you..." Before she could finish her words, Sullivan interrupted, saying, "I don't have an unfilial daughter like you!"

This statement was indicative of his refusal to admit

her existence as his daughter.

From the moment she was born, he had acted as if she didn't exist, and had never shown her any fatherly love. So, this statement of his was nothing new to her.

Exhaling slowly, she looked upon him calmly. And even though she was used to receiving such treatment from him, she still addressed him as 'dad'.

Even if he was unwilling to admit this, it was a fact that no one could change!

"I want to talk to you about the family's bay." She went straight to the point instead of beating around the bush.

Hearing this, Sullivan glared at her angrily and said coldly, "That's strictly Sampson family's business. It has nothing to do with you!"

Patricia frowned as she heard this. She bit her lower lip and looked at him angrily.

She had expected as much, but it didn't lessen her anger as she heard this.

"I am still the eldest daughter of the Sampson family. So, how can such an important matter have nothing to do with me?" Patricia gently said word by word.

He might not want her involved in this matter, but she planned to fight him to the end.

Before he could say anything, Patricia continued expressionlessly, "Although the Sampson Bay has been deserted for several years, it's the fruit of grandpa's painstaking efforts. So, we can't sell it!"

"I'm in charge of the Sampson family. You are an

unfilial daughter, and you have no right to ask about this!" He slammed his hand on the table and glared at her.

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Chapter 145 Acquiring The Bay



Patricia kept her calm in the midst of all this and looked directly at her father in his eyes.

"Dad, even if you don't want to listen, I must insist that the Sampson Bay not be sold. But if you insist on such a transaction, then don't blame me for what I do!"

She then stared at him coldly and arrogantly, intending to fight him to the end.

Sullivan glared at her when he noticed her haughty expression. Slapping his palms on the table, he immediately stood up. Before he could speak any further on this matter, his office doors were suddenly pushed open. Kareem stood at the door. He appeared respectful and elegant, with his usual gentle smile touching his lips.

"Uncle Sampson, don't be so angry. You should calm down." With his smile in place, Kareem looked at Patricia with a hint of coldness in his eyes.

Patricia frowned as she saw this. Looking vigilantly at Kareem, she felt that he was up to no good.

"Uncle Sampson, although it seems a little abrupt, I hope you can agree to my request. If you agree to my

proposal, I'm willing to purchase the Sampson Bay!"

Patricia was stunned to hear this. Frowning, she looked at Kareem as she bit her lower lip.

Now, she finally understood what Kareem was up to. It became apparent that he was the one pushing for the purchase of the Sampson Bay.

Having acquired this, it would be easy for him to threaten her.

Furthermore, Kareem's words left no room for misunderstanding. As long as Sullivan agreed to his request, he would immediately purchase the bay. So, although she didn't know what his request would be, her intuition warned her that it would be something terrible.

Seeing the wariness in her eyes, Kareem smiled

sweetly before gracefully approaching her and looking at her like a gentleman.

"Uncle Sampson, I hope you would allow me to be together with Patricia!"

Sullivan was taken aback by this sudden statement. His jaw dropped open slightly in his shock, and he tried to discern the truth from Kareem's eyes.

On the other hand, Patricia was so surprised that she couldn't say a word. In her disbelief, she stared at him with her eyes wide open.

'What does he mean by that?

He wants to be with me? Is he joking?'

At that moment, Patricia couldn't fathom why he would propose such a deal. She looked him up and

down sharply, trying to figure out what his real intentions were.

"Mr. Reynolds, are you serious?" Sullivan raised his eyebrows suspiciously as he looked sternly at Kareem.

'Although I couldn't receive Zac's help, Kareem is also a member of the Reynolds family. So, if Kareem really likes Patricia, then a marriage between the two families again would solidify the Sampson Group's position and make us unshakable in the business circle!'

As this thought occurred to Sullivan, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly, and a trace of complacency flashed across his eyes. He pretended to consider the proposal seriously.

Kareem nodded slightly and pretended to look at

Patricia affectionately. In a tender tone, he said, "Yes, Uncle Sampson, I'm serious about her." As soon as he finished speaking, Kareem forced the gentle smile to spread across his face.

However, without a doubt, Patricia knew this was a fake smile.

She understood why Kareem was doing this. He was interested in gaining the power of the Sampson family, and because it was difficult to use Lyndsy, he changed his target to herself. Consequently, her father was dissatisfied with her and wanted her to disappear from his life. But if he could reap some rewards for the Sampson family before she disappeared from their lives, he would not refuse such an offer.

Patricia scoffed as she saw through the minds of these two people. She raised her chin slightly,

glanced at them coldly, and said in a low voice, "I won't agree to this. This is my decision!"

Hearing this, Sullivan glared at her angrily and took a deep breath. He had never liked this unfilial daughter of his who only knew how to contradict everything he said. And this was not only because of her uncanny resemblance to Giselle but because she also had his deceased father's temper.

She was as stubborn as a mule and never listened to him!

"You have no say in this! Don't forget that you are a divorced woman. It's your fortune that Mr. Reynolds likes you!"

"Then I would rather discard that fortune!" Patricia retorted. Casting a glance at Kareem, her eyes were filled with resentment, and her slender hands balled

into fists.

If Kareem's goal was to worsen her relationship with Sullivan, then he had achieved it.

"You..." Furious, Sullivan glared at her, wishing he could sew her mouth shut. This unfilial daughter of his had always been against him.

Seeing this, Patricia smiled arrogantly and said in a cold voice, "Anyway, I have said my piece. The Sampson Bay can't be sold!" After saying that, she turned around and left abruptly without glancing in Sullivan or Kareem's direction.

Kareem smiled smugly as he saw her retreating figure. He was sure he had won this round, and she had fallen into his trap.

"Mr. Reynolds, I wonder if what you just said..."

Sullivan trailed off as his attention once again focused on Kareem. He had never liked the bay that his family had owned.

Initially, he had intended to develop the bay area into a villa resort. However, because of the significant investment needed to proceed with that plan, he became reluctant to spend that sum, so he discarded the idea.

Moreover, a great opportunity had presented itself to him. So, how could he let such a deal go?

Kareem turned to look at Sullivan. A gentle smile touched his lips, but his eyes held a hint of coldness. After all, he didn't like Sullivan either.

If it weren't for the fact that Patricia valued the bay so much, Kareem wouldn't have dealt with this matter in person. However, this was all for the sake of

surprising Zac!

"Uncle Sampson, I know what you want to say. But as long as you agree, everything will be immediately settled." With a sincere smile, Kareem took out a contract from his pocket and presented it to Sullivan. He had carefully prepared this acquisition contract beforehand.

After reading the contract carefully, Sullivan nodded with satisfaction. He was overjoyed and a little surprised to learn that Kareem was not only purchasing the bay, but he was offering an extremely high price for the property.

An arrogant smile snuck onto Kareem's face as he witnessed Sullivan signing the contract. A touch of viciousness flashed across his eyes. The groundwork had been set. Everything was now in place; he only needed to wait for the right time to strike.

"Uncle Sampson, congratulations on our cooperation!" After putting away the contract, Kareem immediately handed over the check, shook hands with Sullivan, and strode away.

After Kareem left, Sullivan felt like he had met the God of wealth today. He hadn't expected to sell the bay out so soon!

Lyndsy, who was on her way to deliver the soup cooked by her mother for her father, couldn't help but notice that Kareem had just left her father's office.

"Dad, mom asked me to bring this to you. She said that you've been working too hard lately, so she made some soup to strengthen your body." Lyndsy obediently walked up to her father.

Seeing the caring look on her face, Sullivan's

happiness increased. He felt that lately, Lyndsy was much more lovable when compared to his unfilial daughter, Patricia. He was highly pleased that she was more obedient to his commands.

"This is just what I needed," he said. As soon as he finished speaking, he took the canister, poured out a bowl of pork bone soup, and drank it with relish.

Seeing him like this, Lyndsy glanced in the direction Kareem left from the corner of her eye. "Dad, what did Mr. Kareem come to you for?" Lyndsy asked curiously.

In actuality, from the beginning, Lyndsy had been eavesdropping at the door of the office. But there were some parts that she couldn't hear clearly, so she wanted her father to confirm what she thought she had heard.

Being in such a good mood, Sullivan told her about the bay and even everything that Kareem said to him.

"Dad, are you serious?" Lyndsy shook his arm in disbelief and grinned. She had heard this faintly while eavesdropping, but she didn't expect that it was true!

'Does Kareem really have a crush on Patricia, though?'

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Chapter 146 Let's Have A Talk



Sullivan nodded slowly. The thought of Patricia filled him with anger. "She's irreverent as it is, but does she

think she's still a child? She needs to realize whom she's speaking to and not forget her place. She is fortunate that Kareem likes her, but she isn't going to be this lucky all the time." He was gasping in anger and his voice had turned raspy.

Lyndsy hurried and gave him a bowl of pig bone soup so that he could wet his throat. "Dad, please don't get worked up over her. You should be happy now that you know Kareem's intentions." In fact, a plan was formulating in Lyndsy's head, and she smiled.

No matter what, one thing was for certain. That bitch had finally been chosen by someone. If that was the case, then...

She couldn't stop picturing herself with Zac in the future. She had spent a week under Yolanda's guidance, reflecting upon herself. She was now aware of where she had gone wrong previously.

She had almost made the crucial mistake of showing Patricia her true self earlier. It was thanks to Yolanda that she managed to hold back.

If anything, she thought she had composed herself quite well in Patricia's presence earlier. She had avoided making any scene as that would've almost certainly made the news headlines. She couldn't be the subject of gossip the way Patricia was nowadays.

All this running through her mind, Lyndsy wanted to talk to Yolanda immediately. She wanted to seek her advice on how to help Kareem improve his relationship with Patricia.

Meanwhile, Patricia walked out of the Sampson Group feeling subdued and depressed. She had hoped to receive a better response from her father and moreover, Kareem had interfered to make

matters worse.

Patricia stood on the sidewalk and bit her lower lip in nervousness. Veyron and the Sampson Bay coming together was an idea that made her anxious and she was beginning to get a little breathless.

She couldn't seem to come up with a solution to either of the looming issues; the cooperation between the two companies or the Sampson Bay.

Moreover, now that Kareem had intervened, Sullivan would definitely seize the opportunity to butter him up in her absence.

For all she knew he had already struck a deal with Kareem to sell the Bay.

The thought stressed her out even further. She seemed to be falling deeper and deeper into an

abyss, with no understanding of how to fix matters.

A black BMW drove up and stopped right in front of her. She snapped out of her trance and began to walk, without giving the car a second glance.

She was well aware of whose car that was. She had sat in it once, with Kareem.

Kareem poked his head out of the open window. "Miss Sampson? Why are you walking away from me?" He had the much too familiar sly smile plastered across his face.

Patricia paid no heed to his words and kept moving forward.

This did nothing to dissuade Kareem, however, as he continued to call after her. "Miss Sampson! Don't you want to know about my plans for the Sampson Bay?"

He knew he had hit the nail on the head this time. Patricia stopped dead in her tracks, wondering how to deal with this situation.

She was more or less certain now that her speculation had come true. Sullivan had, in fact, sold the Bay to him.

Getting the Bay back from Kareem would be next to impossible now. He only wanted to take ownership in order to be able to control her. He would perhaps quote a price several times higher than what he acquired it for to make a mockery of her.

She wasn't ready to face either of those scenarios.

In that instant, she regretted having declined Zac's offer of alimony back then.

Kareem smiled victoriously. He had successfully trapped her and from here on, he would be able to dictate pretty much everything in her life.

He drove up to her again, the smile never leaving his face. "Miss Sampson, would you please have a conversation with me?" He signaled for her to get into the car.

Patricia was furious by this point. She lowered her head and took a few deep breaths. She didn't have much of a choice, but at least she could find out what exactly he was up to. That would be a start, she thought.

Determined to not lose hope, she got into the car. Kareem was exuding confidence, as though he had already won at whatever game he was planning to play with her. He then started the car and drove away.

Nicholas, who stood under the bus stop sign not far away looked at the car driving away. He shrugged casually and took out his cell phone while muttering, "It seems that Kareem is really determined to compete with my boss."

Zac answered the phone almost immediately.

"Boss, I have good news!" Nicholas sounded cheeky but altered his tone when he realized Zac was in an odd mood.

"Just tell me already!" Zac ordered, in no mood to fool around.

With a mildly discernible tremble in his voice, Nicholas said, "I saw Patricia get into Kareem's car. They..."

Zac cut him off fiercely, "What's the address? I will go there right now myself!"

Nicholas told him without wasting a second and then Zac hung up before he could get another word out.

He sighed as he heard the line go dead. 'Boss has fallen too deeply in love, ' he thought. He shook his head in a resigned manner and walked away.

Zac was standing in Patricia's empty office and looking around. Anger was welling up and having no one to take it out on, he punched the wall with all his might.

He had come here to help her solve the Bay issue. But this resolve was weakening now that she wasn't here and he couldn't reach her over the phone either. Moreover, she was with Kareem of all people!

His veins were pulsating in anger, visibly so on his hand that was gripping the phone tight.

'How dare Kareem eye my woman!' he thought. He punched the wall once more as that was his only outlet. It was as though he wanted to leave a mark for Patricia to see, for her to know that he had been here.

Finally regaining control, he glared at her empty chair and then strode out.

His resolve to help her had now been replaced with a desire to punish her. She seemed to be taking her freedom for granted now that he wasn't by her side.

Meanwhile, Patricia was losing her patience with Kareem as he casually sipped a glass of wine.

"Kareem can you stop beating around the bush? Get to the point quickly!"

The table in front of her was laden with scrumptious

dishes, but she felt nauseous at the thought of food.

She was in no mood for banter but wanted to deal with the issue at hand and leave as soon as possible.

Kareem, enjoying watching her annoyed, smiled and said, "Miss Sampson, relax! Enjoy the food before you! We can always talk business after that. Just look how wonderful all this food looks!"

"Nothing about this situation is wonderful!" Patricia hissed back in anger.

"Are you sure?" He continued to savor both, his drink, as well as the reaction he was inciting from her.

This tipped her over the edge. She slammed the table as she stood up. "If you don't want to get to the point then we're done here!"

She swung around to storm out but Kareem's next words made her stop dead in her tracks.

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Chapter 147 Come For My Wife



"Are you really willing to give up on the bay, Miss Sampson? The Sampson Bay is the fruit of your grandfather's painstaking efforts. Furthermore, I heard this was his gift to you!"

Frowning, Patricia clenched her fists and took a deep breath as she listened to Kareem.

'How does Kareem know about this? Grandpa once

mentioned that the bay is part of my dowry, and he had it written into his will.

But after grandpa's death, the will mysteriously disappeared, so I couldn't rightfully claim ownership to it without evidence, let alone take it back.'

In fact, Patricia hadn't come here to get anything from the Sampson family, but that was a place that her grandfather treasured, and it symbolized the love that he had for her. So, she didn't want it to fall into the hands of anyone else.

Patricia slowly turned around. Regaining her usual aloofness, she looked upon Kareem calmly.

"Mr. Reynolds, what should I do for us to begin this discussion?" asked Patricia as she forced a smile onto her lips.

"Haven't I already told you? Let's sit down, have a meal, and talk this over slowly." Kareem looked at Patricia meaningfully. The smile at the corners of his mouth seemed to imply something else.

Hearing this, Patricia walked back to her seat quietly. She picked up her knife and fork and cut the steak on her plate. Since this is what Kareem wanted, she had no choice but to obey.

Halfway through the meal, Patricia became impatient and asked, "What on earth do you want, Kareem?"

Swirling the wine in the glass gently, he looked at her up and down before gently saying, "Calm down. I just hope that you can be of assistance to me in the future."

Patricia was taken aback by his words and looked at Kareem in confusion. He was the oldest son of the

Reynolds family, so he wasn't supposed to need anyone's help.

In Patricia's opinion, the only reason he would ask her for help would be if the matter concerned Zac.

"Do you want me to fight against Zac with you?" asked Patricia flatly as she looked at Kareem coldly.

With a gleam of cunningness shining on his face, Kareem nodded and looked at Patricia with interest.

"Miss Sampson, we are both on the same side. So, why don't we join hands to deliver a blow to Zac? I know you want to take revenge against Zac and make him suffer!"

Patricia couldn't help sneering at this remark. With a look of disdain, she glanced at Kareem, and said, "Don't try to act so righteous, Kareem. I know you

want the Reynolds Group. When you didn't get the CEO's position, you developed a grudge against Zac for this loss."

Patricia was not afraid to speak the truth out aloud. At that time, Johnny had thought highly of Zac's ability and handed over the company to him. Since then, Kareem had been plotting how to make him lose his position as CEO and destroy him.

Kareem didn't deny what she said. His stoic face confirmed her assumptions.

Taking a sip of his wine, Kareem gave a gentle smile tinged with a trace of sharpness. Then, staring at her, he said in a low voice, "Miss Sampson, I wonder if you will cooperate with me on this matter. As long as you agree, the bay will be yours."

He then retrieved the contract from his pocket and

placed it on the table, tapping it with his slender fingers.

Patricia was alarmed to see the contract in front of her. She stared intently at it, wishing it was in her hands.

But then she frowned as she recalled Kareem's words. Distressed, she lowered her head as she became lost in thought.

She was in quite a dilemma because of the options laid out by Kareem. Cooperating with him meant she would become Zac's enemy. On the other hand, if she didn't cooperate, the boy would be at the mercy of Kareem.

Patricia was having a hard time deciding since she didn't want to give up either of them.

Kareem looked upon her with admiration as he noticed her hesitation. Taking another sip of wine, he waited patiently for her to answer. Besides, he had a lot of time on his hands, so he could give her all the time she needed to make her decision.

After a while, Kareem took a bite of the steak and asked casually, "Miss Sampson, have you made up your mind?"

Patricia bit her lower lip angrily and exhaled deeply. Before she could speak, however, another person spoke up, interrupting her.

"There is no need for her to decide. She won't agree!" Zac stood tall at the entrance, his domineering presence emitting a terrifying aura. He seemed like a king looking down on Kareem.

Patricia turned towards the source of the voice. She

was taken aback when she saw Zac standing there and couldn't help frowning.

'Why is Zac here? Did he overhear what was said just now?'

The next moment, Patricia regained her usual composure. She briefly glanced at Zac with cold eyes before turning her gaze away.

Zac became infuriated as he saw her turn away from him. He clenched his fists as he glared at her with his deep penetrating eyes.

'What does she mean by turning away? Is my presence so unwelcome?

I came all the way here to save her, so why did she look at me like that?'

The more Zac thought about this, the angrier he became. Glaring at her, he walked over to her side. He opened and closed his sexy thin lips as he tried to figure out what to say to her. Before he could speak, though, he was interrupted by Kareem.

"Miss Sampson and I are privately discussing something. Isn't it rather impolite to abruptly show up and intrude on others?" said Kareem. He smiled gently as he spoke, a smile meant to showcase his elegance.

However, both Patricia and Zac knew he was anything but elegant. He was behaving this way simply because he was angry.

But Zac wouldn't back down in the face of Kareem's anger. For him, the person in front of him was just a stranger he was related to by blood.

Looking at him harshly, Zac smiled and replied,
"Impolite? I'm just looking in on my wife. How is that
impolite?" Zac glared at Kareem then and sneered.

"Also, why are you having dinner alone with my wife?"

Hearing this, Kareem smiled and ignored Zac.
Swirling the wine in the glass, he pretended not to
hear Zac's words. He sat back and prepared for the
show that would soon unfold before his very eyes.

Zac's arrival had completed everything he needed to
proceed with his plan. Now, it all depended on
Patricia's choice.

Zac was enraged by the look on Kareem's face.
Stepping forward, he was about to teach him a
lesson.

"Zac, please behave yourself!" said Patricia sternly.

Glaring at him, she continued, "I have something to speak to him about. Please leave us alone."

She seemed very determined and it was evident that she didn't want to see Zac.

'Didn't Zac make it clear last night? He said we will go our separate ways from now on and never disturb each other's life again. So, what is he doing now?'

Hearing this, Zac inhaled sharply. Fisting his hands so tightly brought out the blue veins on his hands. It almost appeared to be ready to burst.

'What does she mean by saying this? Is she saying that I am interfering in their business?'

"Patricia, you..." Zac was too angry to complete his sentence. He began drawing deep breaths, his chest heaving up and down in rhythm.

"Did I say something wrong? Zac, have you forgotten what you said just last night?" Patricia asked coldly. Looking at Zac indifferently, she bit her lower lip.

'How could Zac be so unscrupulous to call me his wife?'

Hearing this, Zac gasped angrily. His sexy thin lips opened and closed, but he was rendered speechless by her statement, so no words came out.

'This woman!

How could I not remember what happened last night?! However, I have put aside what happened last night so that I could help her and ensure she won't be fooled by Kareem!'

However, his kindness was rejected by her.

Furthermore, it only made her angry, so he didn't know what to do. None of this made sense to him.

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[REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART](#)

Chapter 148 What's Your Relationship With Kareem



"Zac, this is none of your business. Besides, we're divorced, so don't forget that we have nothing to do with each other again." Patricia spoke coldly. Every word seemed to resonate from the bottom of her heart.

Hearing this, Zac glared at her and pounded his fist on the table, ignoring the food that adorned it.

"Patricia, I dare you to say that again!" roared Zac in a fierce voice as he arched his eyebrows.

Seeing this, Patricia looked fearlessly into Zac's eyes. Gritting her teeth, she said sternly, "I will not repeat myself a second time!"

Patricia didn't know why whenever she saw Zac, her body would feel out of sorts, and it was always hard to remain calm. It was almost like going on the offense when confronting an enemy.

As understanding struck, Zac looked at her ferociously and bit his lower lip hard. He didn't mind the trickle of blood that appeared on his lips. After all, it was this sensation that was keeping him sane.

"I have nothing to do with you? Then what's your relationship with Kareem? Why are you here having dinner with him so soon?" roared Zac as his face

darkened with rage.

Patricia scoffed as she heard this. She was disappointed in Zac's behavior. There was no doubt in her mind that Zac only said these things as a challenge to her.

"I have nothing to do with Kareem, and I certainly have nothing to do with you, either!" She was so angry that she almost burst out in flames.

Smiling coldly, Zac looked her straight in the eyes and said sharply, "Excellent! This is just perfect! I finally understand what is on your mind!" As soon as he finished speaking, Zac spun around and left quickly, but not before casting one final gaze at Kareem.

Kareem was very familiar with the look in Zac's eyes. Without having to guess, he already knew what that look meant.

'So, what if I know what it meant! I have never been afraid of Zac before.'

After Zac left, Patricia slowly regained her senses and calmed down. Returning to her usual aloofness, she looked at Kareem.

"Let's continue our discussion, Mr. Reynolds."

Although she said this calmly, there was an inexplicable irritable feeling in her heart, like a ripple through a calm lake.

A smile crept onto his lips as he looked over at her. He said in a soft voice, "Okay?"

Patricia didn't realize that the expression on her face had betrayed her. Seeing this, Kareem already knew that she would be leaving soon. He didn't mind since

the conversation between them was merely a cover to get to his real target, Zac.

Before Kareem could say anything, Patricia pursed her lips and smiled softly. "Mr. Reynolds, I want to regain possession of the bay. Please name your price!"

Patricia didn't want to be used by Kareem, nor did she want to cooperate with him. She knew he was a shrewd man, so she was fearful that cooperating with him would lead to him betraying her.

So, for the sake of her safety, she thought it would be best to acquire the bay through the use of money.

Kareem shook his head slightly and gave her a gentle smile. "Miss Sampson, it doesn't work like that. I've already told you what you need to do. I will only give you the bay if you cooperate with me."

Patricia became enraged as she heard this. Frowning angrily, her pink lips trembled slightly as she was about to open her mouth to speak. However, Kareem cut her off and said, "Miss Sampson, don't worry. I will give you one day to think about my offer. You can give me your reply after thinking it over properly." Kareem smiled sweetly at her as he took a sip of wine.

He was simply delaying the inevitable. In fact, both Patricia and Kareem knew the end result. He offered her time to consider his request, but Patricia knew she really had no choice in the matter.

Realizing this, Patricia couldn't help biting her lower lip. A fire was lit in her chest as anger coursed through her body. She needed to vent it, but there was no outlet in sight. So, she had no choice but to suppress her rage within her body.

Drawing a deep breath, she looked at Kareem calmly and said in a low voice, "Alright, I'll think it over." After that, she stood up and strode away.

In her haste to leave, she didn't notice the smugness in his eyes.

Once she was out of sight, Kareem shook his glass and said casually, "She's gone. You can come out now!"

Kareem then looked in the direction of the door, waiting for the familiar figure to appear before him.

Standing tall, Zac appeared by the door and looked at Kareem unblinkingly. He wanted to say something, but the look on Kareem's face left him angry and speechless for a moment.

Kareem wasn't fazed by the anger expressed clearly on Zac's face. Tapping the contract on the table with his slender fingers, he said meaningfully, "Is this what you want?"

"Are you so sure that this is what I want?" Zac glanced coldly at Kareem; a mysterious smile touched his thin lips.

As Kareem heard this, the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. He said confidently, "Of course, I am. Otherwise, why would you have stayed behind?"

Zac's mere presence was an indication that Kareem was right on the money.

Out of nowhere, Zac burst out in laughter. With a sharp smile on his face, he said in a low voice, "It seems that I have underestimated you, Kareem."

"No, it should be me saying I thought too highly of you, Zac!" Looking into Zac's eyes, Kareem smiled confidently.

Zac took a deep breath subconsciously and said, "Tell me what you want!"

Zac believed that Kareem had purchased the Sampson Bay not to threaten Patricia, but for some other unknown reason.

"It's very simple, actually. We'll be making a trade. I want five percent of the shares of the Reynolds Group in exchange for the contract. What do you think? Although the Sampson Bay has low commercial value, this alone is enough to win Patricia's heart." With a grin, Kareem raised his chin confidently and looked at Zac arrogantly.

Hearing this, Zac looked down at him domineeringly

like a king. He didn't feel threatened by Kareem's words. Not even a little bit.

"Kareem, don't you think you're taking quite the gamble? It's just a bay. Yet, you want me to hand over five percent of my shares of the Reynolds Group to you?" As soon as Zac finished speaking, he glanced at the contract in front of him intently.

Although he was speaking like this, he secretly cared about reclaiming the bay.

He had heard everything said between Patricia and Kareem earlier, so he didn't want her entangling herself with Kareem.

On the one hand, Kareem was a scheming man. So, if Patricia cooperated with him, she would be the one to suffer a loss. On the other hand, Zac thought it was quite humiliating to have his woman work with another

man. As a man, his dignity would never allow that to happen.

"Really? I don't see it that way. I think you actually want this. After all, it's Miss Su's wish to reclaim this property. After all, it's the dowry left to her by her grandfather!" said Kareem smugly.

Kareem's voice sounded undoubtedly full of vitality to Zac. When he heard the word 'dowry', his face darkened.

'Is this her dowry?

What does it mean if my woman's dowry is owned by another man?'

At that moment, Zac felt as if he was cuckolded.

Thinking of this, Zac frowned angrily and pursed his

lips with dissatisfaction. He would never allow this to transpire.

Five percent of the shares was no big number to Zac, and losing this much would not significantly affect him. After all, he held twenty-five percent of the shares. So, even if he transferred five percent of the shares to Kareem, he would still be the major shareholder of the Reynolds Group with his remaining twenty percent.

As for Kareem, he would increase to eighteen percent if he received five percent from Zac. This would make him second only to Zac, which meant his influence in the company would be greatly increased.

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Chapter 149 Negotiations On The Bay



Contrary to expectations, Zac wasn't worried a tad bit about it. Even if Kareem owned more shares than he did, he could still relieve the man of the CEO position.

As this thought crossed Zac's mind, a glimmer of confidence flickered in his eyes, and the corners of his mouth curled. He regarded Kareem with an icy gaze and replied in a low voice, "Alright. I'll give it to you since you want it this much."

A smug smile appeared on Kareem's face when he heard this. He quickly pulled out a contract from his suit's inner pocket and placed it gently on the table, after which he tapped it casually with his thin fingers.

"Zac, this is the share transfer agreement. Do you

want to read it?" he asked with a grin.

"No!" Zac firmly said, brushing the offer off with a wave of his hand. He got to his feet and walked up to Kareem, and then he glanced at the contract out of the corner of his eye.

The page that was face up had the share agreement written on it. It was the first thing that caught his eye.

Zac made a show of picking up the agreement and reading it, but his attention was actually on the Sampson Bay contract, which was also on the table. He stealthily shifted his gaze back to the document he had picked up and leafed through it. Kareem intended to use this contract as a bargaining chip in the deal he sought to make with him. If this weren't the case, he wouldn't have included the extra lines of note below the signature line, neither would he have used the entirety of an additional page to explain the conditions

clearly.

"Zac, have you finished reading it?" Kareem asked, sipping his wine and watching Zac with a stern expression.

Zac's behavior did not surprise him. He had expected the man to be extra cautious—it was for this reason he never considered tampering with the contract. He only wanted to get five percent of Zac's shares. Moreover, he was scared that Zac would retaliate if he played dirty.

Zac sneered when he heard the question, but he still replied, albeit in a low voice, "Yes, and it's in order." Then he whipped out a pen and signed on the dotted line.

Kareem was taken aback by the abruptness, but that didn't stop him from quickly signing, too. Then, Zac

bartered his agreement for Kareem's contract.

"That's great, Zac. Thank you so much," Kareem said with a friendly smile and, putting up an Oscar-worthy act of friendliness, extended his hand for a handshake.

Zac's cold eyes glanced at the outstretched hand for only a second, after which he looked Kareem dead in the eye and coldly replied, "Heh. I won't shake hands with you; you don't deserve it." He sneered, subjecting Kareem to a contempt-filled gaze.

Without another word, he turned around and left the room, completely ignoring Kareem's look of anger.

Kareem's smile evaporated at the snub, and his eyes turned ferocious as Zac left the room. He balled his trembling hands into fists and gritted his teeth with fury.

"You had better discard your pride, Zac. Sooner or later, I'll relieve you of that CEO position!" Kareem growled to himself.

When Patricia left the restaurant, she stood by the door and looked up at the night sky. Her heart was in turmoil, and thoughts about the bay assailed her mind.

When she remembered what Kareem had said, she bit her lower lip, and waves of depression were visible in her clear eyes.

His intentions were apparent: if she didn't give in to his request, he would never return the bay to her.

The last thing she wanted was to cooperate with him. He was pretty cunning, and she didn't know what he had in mind.

She stood still for a while, thinking about this, after which she shook her head to get rid of the depressing thoughts. As she wrestled with her thoughts, a familiar silhouette appeared; it belonged to Zac. With his arms at his back, he stood in a domineering pose, like a king.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in a low voice, her mood quickly changing. He had yet to answer when she walked over to the side of the road, as she didn't want to be involved with him.

The unpleasant reaction pissed Zac off, and he gritted his teeth.

"Patricia, don't you want the bay?"

Patricia stopped in her tracks, and her eyes went wide in astonishment. 'What did he mean by that?' she

wondered.

"Zac, what do you want to do?" Patricia asked as she slowly turned on the spot and stared at him coldly.

She was staring into his eyes, but she couldn't tell what was on his mind. But because she knew him, she was sure he had a way to help her get the bay back. Although no further exchange of words had taken place, she was confident in her heart that she had arrived at the correct conclusion.

Zac's sexy, thin lips curled upward to form a wry smile. "I only asked if you wanted the bay back."

"Yes!" Patricia instantly answered without thinking. Then, furious with herself for this blunder, she quickly added, "But I don't need your help."

Zac's smile disappeared like smoke, and his

expression turned stiff. He sighed deeply, bit his lower lip, and then glowered at her.

'What does she mean? Doesn't she need my help? Is she that disgusted with me?!'

Zac couldn't help tightening his grip on the contract as these thoughts crossed his mind. Now, he would rather toss the contract into the ocean than hand it to her. Her attitude towards him was that shocking, after all.

Patricia didn't care a whit for his anger. After coldly watching his expression change, she turned around and left in a huff, leaving him no chance to reply.

A searing rage jolted Zac from his reverie, and he bellowed, "Patricia, you'll regret it!"

Although her feet never stopped moving, she

chuckled coldly when she heard that. He was too childish. Whether or not she would regret it was for her to decide; it had nothing to do with him!

Zac's breaths came in sharp bursts, and his deep eyes were flaming in anger. He wanted nothing more than to run up to her and teach her a lesson.

A few minutes later, his thoughts were disrupted by the sound of his phone ringing. He took it out and answered the call.

"Nicholas, how is it going?" he asked in a sullen tone.

When Nicholas heard this tone, he laughed and joked, "Boss, did you argue with the beautiful Patricia again?"

"Nicholas!" Zac gritted his teeth and growled in warning.

Nicholas' jovial mood disappeared, and he hurriedly replied, "Boss, everything is ready. As long as you step in, things will fall into place."

"Okay." Zac chuckled as he hung up the phone. He looked at the restaurant in the distance, and a cold smile appeared on his face.

'Kareem was naïve to come at me, ' he coldly thought.

Having settled his business there, Zac walked towards his Porsche, which was parked some distance away.

Patricia's bad mood had been caused by Kareem and Zac, and it lingered till she got home. When she arrived at her apartment, she was shocked to see that her lights were on.

"Who is in there? Zac?" At first, she was confused, but when the possibility of Zac being in there crossed her mind, she frowned and marched to her door.

The moment she walked in, she heard a familiar voice.

"Patricia, you're back," Giselle gently said, welcoming her daughter home with a smile. She had been carefully folding her daughter's clothes. When she arrived and noticed that her daughter's clothes weren't arranged, she got concerned. "I was worried you won't have time to take care of yourself."

Patricia blinked in disbelief when she heard that.

'Why is mom here? Didn't she...' she pondered.

She shrugged these thoughts off and hurried over to Giselle with an expression of worry. "Mom, why are

you here? The Lowell family..."

"Don't worry. I just come to see you, and they know."
Giselle smiled gently, but the hint of sadness on her face didn't escape Patricia's notice.

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[REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART](#)

Chapter 150 You Must Get The Bay Back!



"Mom, did something happen?" Patricia gazed upon Giselle anxiously as she held onto her wrist tightly. She was fraught with concern for her mother as she saw her like this.

Tears streamed down Giselle's cheeks as she saw

her daughter's worried expression. She held Patricia's hand and uttered sadly, "Patricia, I'm sorry for what I've done to you. I didn't take good care of you in the past. And because of me, you've suffered so much!"

Hearing this, Patricia pressed her lips firmly together and embraced Giselle with her slender arms. Her downcast eyes held a tinge of sadness.

Patricia knew that from the moment her mother married into the Lowell family, she had endured many hardships because of them. So, she had purposefully withheld mentioning her difficulties in the Sampson family to her mother. She thought of this as her way of protecting her mother and lessening her burdens.

But she was too naïve since things were not quite as simple as she had thought.

"Mom, don't cry. I'm living a good life now, aren't I?"

So, you don't need to worry." Patricia gently comforted her mother.

After a while, Giselle stopped crying and slowly looked at Patricia. She placed her warm palm on Patricia's cheeks as she gazed at her with guilty eyes.

"Patricia, you've gotten thinner. Did you not eat well while you were in the hospital?"

Patricia shook her head as she smiled sweetly at her mother. She then raised her hand to smoothen Giselle's messy hair.

She was so happy she was able to see her mother today, if only briefly. Otherwise, it might have been a long time before she was able to see her and ascertain how she was doing inside the Lowell family.

Thoughts of the Lowell family made Patricia worried

about her mother being here. In an anxious voice, she asked, "Mom, does Uncle Richard know that you were coming here today? And your mother-in-law, the mistress of the Lowell family..."

"Don't worry. They all knew I was coming here today. They allowed me to come here." As she spoke, Giselle's mood dampened.

How could Patricia not understand Giselle's sadness? The word "allowed" implied how powerless Giselle was in that family.

Sensing Giselle's dampened spirit, Patricia, in turn, became gloomy and bit her lip sadly.

She couldn't help but feel depressed about this situation where her mother couldn't freely spend time with her, and had to resort to such measures to appear in front of her.

Giselle's heart tightened as she saw Patricia's expression. Trying to lighten the mood, she quickly thought of something and changed the topic of conversation.

"Patricia, have you heard about the sale of the Sampson Bay?"

Patricia was stunned to learn that her mother already knew of this transaction. She couldn't help but sigh before answering.

"Yes, I know that Sullivan sold the bay to Kareem." Patricia pursed her lips helplessly as she thought she should have listened to Zac before jumping to conclusions. She realized too late that she was too hasty in refusing Zac's help and now all she could do was regret it.

Giselle's jaw dropped open in astonishment as she heard this. She hadn't expected the bay would be sold so soon. Remembering that the bay was something Patricia's grandfather cared about dearly, she instantly reminded her about this fact.

"Patricia, you must get the bay back. This was your grandfather's gift to you. We'll always be burdened with guilt if we let this fall into someone else's hands." Giselle held Patricia's wrist tightly as she stared at Patricia seriously.

Patricia understood what Giselle meant. That was probably why she felt it was her fault for acting impulsively and not thinking things through properly.

The only reason Sullivan sold the bay was for money. So, as long as a handsome offer was made, there was a possibility that she might have gotten it.

But now... it was too late to have such thoughts.

"Mom, I hear you loud and clear. Don't worry. I will handle this." Patricia patted Giselle on the shoulder and forced a reassuring smile onto her lips.

Seeing this, Giselle nodded slightly. The two chatted for a bit, and Giselle urged Patricia to take good care of herself. Not long after that, it was time for Giselle to bid goodbye and quickly return to the Lowell family's residence.

Patricia felt morose to see her mother leave her again. A touch of sadness flashed through her beautiful eyes. Sighing deeply, she whispered to herself, "Should I ask Zac for help?"

This thought stunned Patricia. She shook her head frantically, trying to dispel this crazy idea from her mind, thinking it impossible.

However, the next moment, she couldn't resist dialing Zac's number. She was taken aback when she realized what she had done. Pursing her lips helplessly, she knew she was out of alternative options.

When compared with Kareem, Patricia thought it was safer to choose and believe in Zac's words.

However, after dialing his number three times in a row, she got no answer from him. Frowning, she stared suspiciously at the number on the screen.

'This is the right number. So, why can't I get through to him today?'

Confused, she dialed Zac's number once again, but still, no one answered.

Seeing this, Patricia tossed her phone aside unhappily. Displeased, she didn't want to discuss the Sampson Bay with Zac anymore.

"Zac is such a narrow-minded man!" she muttered angrily. She figured that Zac must not be answering her calls because he was still angry she rejected his help in the restaurant.

At that same time, Zac came out of the box. The stench of wine was all over him and an unnatural blush tinged his cheeks. He gently curled his finger, beckoning Nicholas over.

"Nicholas, bring me another bottle of red wine!"

Nicholas frowned when he heard this and asked in confusion, "Boss, you are almost drunk. Are you sure you still want to drink?"

Nicholas was worried about Zac's health. Although Zac could hold his liquor, drinking so much was still bad for his health.

"Cut the crap! If I can't deal with those two shrewd guys inside there, how can I gain a foothold in the business world?" asked Zac in a commanding tone.

Seeing Zac's determined expression, Nicholas frowned helplessly and whispered, "Boss, you're actually doing this for the beautiful Miss Patricia, aren't you? But she has no idea you're doing this on her behalf. Do you think this is worth it?"

"Who said it was for that stupid woman?" growled Zac in discontent. "I'm doing this to maintain my position within the Reynolds Group. How dare Kareem plot against me? I'll let him know how powerful I truly am!"

At the mere mention of Patricia, Zac began seething

in anger. He wished he could pull her over his lap and teach her a good lesson.

Even though he was cross to hear such a statement, Nicholas still nodded at Zac's words. Speechless, he stared at Zac with a look of disappointment.

'It could be for no other reason than for the sake of the beautiful Miss Patricia. Otherwise, it made no sense why he would exchange five percent of his shares of the Reynolds Group for that deserted bay. The only downfall was that he now had to clean up the mess he created.

The power of love is indeed great! But in my eyes, what he is doing seems a bit silly, ' thought Nicholas as he inwardly sighed.

Seeing Nicholas rooted to the spot, Zac glared at him discontentedly and asked, "Are my words a joke to

you?"

Seeing the anger on Zac's face, Nicholas shook his head and quickly responded, "No, of course not." He then immediately turned around and got the bottle of wine for him.

Zac burped and looked casually at Nicholas. Then, in a daze, he went back to the box.

At this time, a beautiful figure appeared not far from the box. With shining eyes, she was staring in the direction in which Zac had just entered.

"Zac is inside," Lyndsy said happily. Grinning from ear to ear, there was a touch of joy on her face. In a flirtatious manner, she threw back her curly hair over her shoulder.

At this point, she had changed her former sweet

image. Her beautiful straight hair had been transformed into a claret-red curly hairstyle. And wearing a fiery red slip dress, she looked so charming that the men who saw her in the bar could not help but whistle and flirt with her.

Lyndsy enjoyed the attention she was receiving. She felt that changing her former image had been a wise decision.

She knew that Yolanda and Sullivan would never allow her to dress like this, but at this point, it didn't matter. She wasn't afraid of their objections, so long as it served its purpose and allowed her to snag Zac's heart.

Now, she was waiting for the right time to strike. As soon as Zac came out, she would take action.

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