

REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 151 What Do You Wan



"Zac must be quite drunk. As soon as he comes out, I'll..." Before Lyndsy could finish speaking, a big warm hand appeared over her shoulder and covered her mouth, while this person's other hand wrapped around her thin waist, leaving her no chance to resist.

She was then pulled away by her assailant and tossed onto a bed before she could regain her senses. With her mouth now uncovered, she started screaming for help but quickly stopped when she realized who had taken her.

"Kareem?" Although Lyndsy was surprised to see Kareem, she didn't stop trying to make her escape. Unfortunately, Kareem's hold on her was too strong, so she was unable to easily break free.

"Beauty, where are you trying to go?" Kareem asked with a smile on his face. His usually gentle smile was replaced by a crude one.

His words shocked Lyndsy. In her fright, she wanted to push him away but he was pressed tightly against her.

The next moment, Lyndsy instinctively raised her leg and kicked Kareem's leg. When she heard him scream out in pain, she immediately pushed away from him and fled in fear.

Kareem dropped to the ground and rolled around in pain. He struggled to open his eyes and looked in the direction in which Lyndsy escaped. He couldn't help feeling there was something familiar about her.

When he regained his senses, it dawned on him that

this woman had resembled Patricia.

After a while, Zac walked out of the box. The stench of alcohol was high on him. Having drunk so much, he felt dizzy and couldn't stand steadily, so he relied on Nicholas for support.

"Boss, I'll drive you home now!" Nicholas was worried since this was the first time he had seen Zac so drunk.

"Don't take me home. I want to see that woman now!" stuttered Zac as he waved his hand angrily and frowned.

Nicholas instantly understood who Zac was referring to. Sighing helplessly, he asked cautiously, "Boss, are you really going to see her now?"

"Cut the crap!" said Zac in a commanding tone. He

barely straightened up and looked at Nicholas with scrutiny in his deep eyes.

Hearing this, Nicholas nodded and replied in a hurry, "Okay, okay, I understand. I'll take you to her place now."

Nicholas didn't know why Zac was so insistent on seeing Patricia but if he had to guess, he would assume it had to do with the Sampson Bay. Unable to deal with this, he decided to silently drive Zac there.

On the way to Patricia's apartment, Zac kept murmuring something. Nicholas didn't catch what he was saying, but he presumed Zac was scolding her.

When they arrived downstairs Patricia's apartment, Nicholas shook Zac slightly and said gently, "Boss, we have arrived. Do you want me to walk you up or...?"

"I'll go upstairs myself!" said Zac firmly. He immediately got out of the car and staggered towards her apartment.

Nicholas pursed his lips and sighed helplessly as he saw Zac's retreating figure. He didn't know if he should head over and support Zac or sit here obediently like he was told.

"Since the boss said he would go upstairs by himself, I'd better stay here." Nicholas shrugged his shoulders casually. He knew Zac's character all too well. So, he knew he would be scolded if he went to help him now.

Glancing once more at Zac, he smiled and hoped that Zac could reach his destination smoothly.

Zac staggered over to Patricia's apartment. Slamming his fists on the iron door, he shouted, "Patricia, open

this door. Open it and get out here!"

Hearing the repeated shouting outside her door, Patricia rushed out of the bathroom wearing only her bathrobe. She frowned unhappily and bit her lower lip angrily.

'What does Zac mean by coming here now? He didn't answer my calls earlier, so why is he here harassing me now? This is too much! Clearly, he has nothing better to do with his time!'

"Zac, what do you want? Don't you know how late it is now? You were shouting so loudly out here that I'm sure you bothered the neighbors!" As soon as she opened the door, Patricia started throwing blame at him. Wrinkling her nose, she glared at Zac.

That was when she smelled the strong stench of alcohol on Zac. Displeased by his behavior, she

pursed her lips and whispered, "Have you been drinking? Are you..."

The thought of Zac drinking triggered her memories of the night they had spent together. So, Patricia couldn't help wondering if tonight would lead to another similar situation.

But before Patricia could think it over, Zac quickly rushed forward and grabbed her waist with his slender arms. He didn't allow her an opportunity to resist.

Giving a slight kick with his long leg, Zac closed the iron door behind him. Then turning around, he quickly tossed Patricia on the sofa.

Coming back to her senses, Patricia stared up at Zac in astonishment and shouted, "Zac, what do you want?"

Patricia pushed hard against his chest, but he was like a mountain and couldn't be budged.

"What do I want? Don't you know that already?" asked Zac tenderly. He moved his sexy thin lips close to Patricia's ear and blew warm air beside her.

Patricia was startled by his words. She immediately shouted, "Zac, you are shameless! Don't forget that you were the one who said we should go our separate ways. So, why are you still harassing me now?"

"I like that. It's none of your business!" Zac slowly raised his head and looked down at Patricia. The undisciplined and domineering expression on his face made him look like a king.

Hearing this, Patricia couldn't hold back her anger anymore. She quickly raised her hand to slap his

face, by Zac stopped her before she could strike.

Patricia was so angry that she gritted her teeth and glared at him. She tried to break away from him using both her hands and feet. But in her attempt to break free from Zac's hold, she didn't notice that her bathrobe had come undone and slowly slid down her body.

At the sight of her bare skin, a roguish smile appeared on Zac's face. He held down Patricia's legs with his own to stop their squirming, grabbed her hands with his big ones, and pressed his strong body against hers.

"Are you sure you are not trying to seduce me?" asked Zac.

Patricia glimpsed in the direction of Zac's sight and realized that her fair body was slightly exposed.

For a moment, her face became slightly flushed. Shyly, Patricia looked away from Zac's eyes. Biting her lips angrily, she stubbornly explained, "No, this is clearly an accident!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia writhed her body hard, trying to get out of Zac's grip. However, the harder she tried, the more her bathrobe slipped down.

"If you continue moving, don't blame me for my behavior."

Hearing this, Patricia immediately stopped and looked at Zac in astonishment. She bit her lower lip, looking both shy and angry.

The next moment, Zac whispered in her ear. He exhaled a mouthful of warm air and called out to her

softly, "Patricia..."

"Zac, no, that tickles!" Patricia couldn't help but say as she giggled in response to his actions.

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Chapter 152 I Won't Touch You Ever Again!



Hearing this, Zac reluctantly pulled away, his gaze falling on her face.

"Zac, you..."

Her speech was interrupted when Zac bent down and pressed his sexy thin lips against her pink ones.

Her heart melted. She felt dizzy, and her mind went blank. She was so enraptured by his kiss that her sanity seemed to disappear.

The next moment, she instinctively encircled her hands around Zac's neck as she drew closer to him.

The following morning, she awoke to find Zac sleeping soundly beside her.

Shocked by this sight, she frowned as she stared at him unblinkingly. It took her a minute to recall what had transpired the night before.

'Zac and I...'

It wasn't difficult to figure out what had happened. Zac had gotten drunk and had come over to pester her. One thing led to another, and then they...

Her face flushed as she remembered the crazy night they had spent together. She knew that they would have been at it all night long had Zac not been so tired. Suddenly feeling shy, Patricia tried to put these thoughts out of her mind.

It was at this time that Kareem's words echoed through her mind.

"Miss Sampson, have you forgotten the pain Zac has made you endure?"

The sad and painful events popped up in her mind at the thought of Kareem's words. Her heart ached involuntarily, and she looked at Zac with cold eyes full of resentment.

Grabbing the sheet around her, her eyes turned red as if she was looking at her enemy.

All of a sudden, Patricia kicked Zac off the bed and shouted, "Zac, get out! Don't let me see your face again!"

There was a loud noise when he fell to the ground. This shock woke Zac up instantly. His back felt like it was burning, almost like he had collided with a stone.

Groaning, his eyes flew open. Angry at this point, he asked unhappily, "Patricia, why did you kick me off the bed?"

He glared angrily at her as his brows furrowed. He wished he could teach her a lesson.

'Is this woman crazy? Everything was fine last night, so why does she look so different today now that she has woken up?'

"Zac, get out! You are not welcome here. Don't come to my apartment anymore," Patricia roared fiercely, looking coldly into Zac's eyes.

Zac's frown deepened as he heard this. Pursing his lips unhappily, he asked, "What's wrong with you this morning?"

"Nothing is wrong with me! I just want you to leave as soon as possible!" Patricia looked at Zac sternly.

Hearing this, Zac was too angry to retort. A touch of sadness etched his features, and he looked her squarely in the eyes. He couldn't understand what had caused this drastic change in her attitude.

'Last night, we spent a passionate time together, but now she's treating me in such a fashion. What exactly is happening here?'

Seeing the confused look in Zac's eyes, Patricia bit her lower lip angrily and said in a low voice, "Since you don't want to leave, I'll go instead!"

Before Zac could figure out the situation before him, Patricia quickly picked up her discarded clothes and ran into the bathroom.

After having stayed in there for a full hour, Zac, who was standing outside the bathroom door, realized there were no sounds to be heard from within. In a panic, he screamed, "Patricia, I'll leave, so don't do anything stupid to hurt yourself!"

With her stubborn character, she had stayed this long inside the bathroom. Zac began to worry for her safety.

After he finished speaking, he deliberately hid in the corner to watch her expression as she came out, but

there was no response or movement from within the bathroom.

Horrible images appeared in his mind which heightened his fear for her safety. In an instant, he was in front of the door, and without any warning, he kicked it open.

That's when he saw Patricia in the shower, vigorously scrubbing away her body. Her white skin was now red in complexion, with certain spots bleeding from the constant repetition of washing. Even so, she still kept on scrubbing herself as if this was the only way to get clean again.

Zac stood there, stunned by what he saw. He stared at her for a full minute before regaining his senses. He immediately rushed forward and grabbed the brush out of her hand.

"Patricia, have you gone mad?" Zac gasped, his face full of anger. Clenching his fists, he looked down at her.

'Why did she do this? What the hell did she think would happen?'

Seeing her like this, apart from feeling sorry for her, Zac didn't know how to describe his current mood. Her fair skin was now red from over-scrubbing, and some parts were grazed or bleeding. And on top of that, she still had her old scars on her back.

Zac couldn't help but raise his palm to cover his forehead. A bitter smile formed on his lips, and his heart was filled with pain.

'Does Patricia hate me so much? Does she have to torture herself like this because I touched her last night?'

Patricia suddenly raised her head to meet Zac's gaze. Her clear eyes were full of resentment. Unwilling to answer his question, she bit down on her lip.

Zac became so enraged when she didn't give him a response that he flung the brush aside. Grabbing her towel, he gently wrapped it around her body. In an angry tone he asked, "Why have you still not answered my question?"

She looked into Zac's eyes fearlessly and said harshly, "Does your question really need a reply? My actions should speak for themselves!"

As Zac heard this, the bitter smile on his face deepened before he started laughing frantically. He grabbed his clothes hard on his chest, as if trying to tell her that because of her behavior, his heart was aching.

But it was useless to say anything now. Patricia's eyes told Zac everything he needed to know.

Zac looked at her coldly and said expressionlessly, "I won't touch you ever again. So, you don't have to worry."

He then spun around and walked out of the bathroom.

Patricia took a deep breath as she saw him leaving. Unconsciously, she looked up at the ceiling as if searching for something and then slowly closed her eyes.

When she heard the heavy slamming of the iron door, her eyes flew open, and her usual aloof expression returned to her face.

She was indifferent as she looked at the wounds on

her body in the mirror as if seeing someone else's body. Dressing quickly, she washed her face and went to work.

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Chapter 153 Heartache



"Boss, are you okay?" Through the rearview mirror, Nicholas peeked at Zac who was sitting in the back seat. Zac was emitting such a terrifying aura that a chill ran down his spine.

Nicholas couldn't help feeling scared. 'What happened between the boss and Patricia? Why is he giving off such a murderous vibe this early in the

morning?' he wondered.

From the moment Zac appeared, there was a murderous gleam in his eye. Nicholas' first thought was that he was meeting the king of hell!

Pursing his thin lips, Zac glanced coldly at Nicholas in response to his question, wordlessly indicating for him to stop talking.

Seeing this, Nicholas nodded slightly and unconsciously swallowed. With Zac in such a foul mood, Nicholas knew he would get himself killed if he spoke carelessly.

Zac's anger was written all over his face. Pursing his lips tightly, a torrent of images of Patricia flooded his mind.

Remembering the disgust and resentment in her eyes

had left him too heartbroken to say anything.

Suddenly, Zac felt like his clothes were tight and constricting, causing him to have difficulty breathing.

He didn't understand why Patricia's behavior toward him had changed so much. Did she really hate him so much?

He didn't think that was really the case, though. When he was with her, it seemed like she wanted to get closer to him. However, at the same time, she also appeared fearful of strengthening their bonds, causing her to flinch and keep him at arm's length.

"What do you mean, Patricia?" he muttered. With his palm covering his forehead, a melancholy look appeared on his face. Unsure of what to do next, he took a few deep breaths.

At the same time, Patricia's return to the Veyron Corp. had surprised her colleagues. Noticing her aura, they all quickly made way for her to pass.

Today, Patricia's demeanor was even colder than normal, making it difficult for anyone to get close to her.

Patricia wasn't bothered by the expressions on her colleagues' faces. Quickly making her way to her office, she sat down and started her work.

Seeing that Patricia was more vigorous than usual, the other employees dared not speak. They all silently began working diligently, fearful that they may accidentally irritate her.

Patricia didn't stop working until it was dinner time. Glancing at the time on her watch, she slowly stretched in her chair. Thoughts of the bay invaded

her mind.

Kareem had promised to give her a day to consider his proposal, so she would need to provide him with an answer tomorrow.

Thinking of this, Patricia couldn't help but sigh. Dejectedly, she subconsciously looked down at the plan on her desk.

"I don't know if this could work!" she muttered. Patricia pursed her lips in disbelief.

This was the new plan she had drafted. She knew it was nowhere as good as the first one, but having been given another opportunity, she was going to give it her best shot.

Moreover, the Veyron Corp. still had two days left until the deadline set by the Reynolds Group. She planned

to use this time to add several other points that the top managers of the Reynolds Group might adopt, which would be emerged and then perfected.

Apart from this plan, no other options seemed plausible to her.

The next moment, with the plan in hand, Patricia threw out her chest and made her way to the CEO's office.

"Sir, please have a look at my new plan." With a polite smile, Patricia handed over the plan. But she started to inwardly panic as she noticed the frown on the CEO's face.

"Sir..."

The CEO waved his hand to stop her from speaking and said in a deep voice, "Patricia, I know this may be

a little difficult for you, but I have to ask you to go to the Reynolds Group. Although your plan is not as good as the previous one, it still has several novel points. So, let's bet on this."

Patricia lost her confidence as she heard the somewhat reluctant tone of the CEO. Initially, she had planned to take a gamble using this plan, but now...

"Sir, how sure are you about this?" Patricia couldn't help asking this question as she took back the plan. For a moment, she felt uncertain.

The CEO gave her a smile, took a deep breath and confessed, "Less than forty percent, but I have no say in this. It will depend on the people of the Reynolds Group."

Patricia nodded slightly as she understood what the CEO meant perfectly. Subconsciously, she bit her

lower lip. Taking a deep breath, she looked resolutely at the CEO and said, "Okay, I understand." Patricia then turned around and immediately strode out of the CEO's office. Her biggest concern was whether the top executives of the Reynolds Group would accept this plan or not.

When she arrived at the Reynolds Group, she went straight to Zac's office to deliver the plan. But when she found Zac diligently working, she was momentarily stunned and couldn't help but look at him in surprise.

Taking a deep breath, she regained her usual composure before walking in and greeting Zac with a polite smile.

"Mr. Reynolds, this is the Veyron Corp.'s new plan. Please have a look." Patricia spoke formally to Zac as she gracefully handed over the plan.

Without looking at Patricia nor the plan, he directly tossed it back to her, saying, "Revise it!"

Patricia became enraged as she heard this. Glaring at Zac, she tried to suppress her anger. In a calm voice, she asked, "Mr. Reynolds, it would be difficult for me to do that."

"Difficult? I can't see how difficult it is. Can the plan be good since it has been drafted in such a short time?" asked Zac coldly. He continued to read the documents on his desk carefully, not once looking at her.

Patricia scoffed at this and glared at him. Taking another deep breath, she said in a low voice, "Okay, I understand, Mr. Reynolds."

Zac's words were crystal clear to her. No matter how

much time she spent on it, as long as Zac was not satisfied, she had no chance of getting his approval.

Patricia bit her lower lip angrily, and she tightened her grip on the plan. Turning around, she immediately made her way to the door. She didn't want to stay in Zac's office longer than necessary. Besides, their discussion was concluded, so there was nothing else for them to speak about.

But just as Patricia was about to leave the office, Zac called out to her and stopped her in her tracks.

"Do you really want to get this cooperation for the Veyron Corp.?" Zac asked in a low voice, his sharp gaze boring holes through her back.

Hearing this, Patricia sneered and said coldly, "I know what you mean to say, Mr. Reynolds!" She then walked out of the office without looking back.

Lost in thought as she made her way over to the elevator, Patricia bumped into someone and apologized to him subconsciously. However, a burst of gentle laughter rang above her head.

"Miss Sampson, do you want to bow to me?" teased Kareem.

Patricia was shocked to hear this voice. Quickly raising her head, she looked up at Kareem's smiling face. She pursed her lips as a bout of depression hit her.

She contemplated how she could be so unlucky to meet yet another person she didn't want to see.

Noticing the displeasure on Patricia's face, a wave of coldness crossed Kareem's face. With a gentle smile, Kareem asked, "Miss Sampson, are you in such a

hurry to come to my company for cooperation?"

Seeing his expression, Patricia gritted her teeth. She wanted nothing more than to pull off his mask and expose him. She knew he only spoke such words on purpose.


Matching his polite smile with one of her own, Patricia looked at Kareem coldly and said, "It seems that you have misunderstood. I wasn't here to look for you." After that, Patricia turned around immediately, not wanting to be pestered by Kareem at all.

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Chapter 154 Be My Woman!





Before Patricia could enter the elevator, she was stopped in her tracks by Kareem's words.

"Miss Sampson, do you not want to take back the Sampson Bay? Shall we discuss it now?" asked Kareem gently.

One foot was already through the door when Kareem threw this question at her. Taking a step back from the elevator, Patricia turned around. With her eyes wide open, she stared at Kareem in disbelief. She couldn't help but squint at him after hearing his words.

'How is it possible that he takes the initiative to bring up this topic of discussion here?'

"Miss Sampson, I am a businessman, and all we care about is profiting. So, don't look at me with such an expression on your face!"

Patricia looked doubtfully at Kareem. Frowning, her grip on the plan in her hand tightened as she lowered her head and pondered what course of action to take.

Revising the plan could be put aside for the time being. Right now, the most important thing was the Sampson Bay. So, although she didn't know why Kareem brought this up now, she thought it better to speak with him now than have no chance at all later.

Furthermore, Kareem's last remark gave her a glimmer of hope that this matter could be resolved in a different way.

After much deliberation, Patricia raised her head and looked at Kareem warily. Pursing her lips, she quickly approached him and said, "Okay, Mr. Reynolds. Let's talk." Patricia glanced at him resolutely as she searched his face for something.

However, since Kareem had carefully hidden his intentions, she couldn't find anything that could be of use to her. Even so, she still chose to negotiate with him, hoping to reach an agreement to take back the Sampson Bay.

Hearing this, the gentle expression on his face deepened, and a smug smile appeared on his lips as if he had reeled in a big catch.

"Why don't you come to my office with me and we can discuss our business inside?" Kareem gently offered.

Hearing this, Patricia nodded in agreement. She wasn't about to be picky about where they had their conversation. Her only concern was that this matter be resolved quickly.

As they both walked over to the elevator, a low and

domineering voice echoed through the air. They both turned in unison to look at the source of the voice.

"Kareem, are you going to break the contract?" asked Zac in a low voice. His deep gaze penetrated Kareem, almost like a sharp broadsword was drawn and about to draw blood.

On the contrary, Kareem looked natural and calm. There was not a trace of guilt on him. He smiled gently and said, "How could that be? I just wanted to bond with the lovely Miss Sampson." As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his eyebrows at Patricia awaiting her confirmation for what he'd just said to be true.

Patricia was confused by the looks exchanged by these two men in front of her. Unconsciously, she took a step back from Kareem, putting some distance between them. Looking at Zac, she wanted to know

what they were talking about moments ago.

Her intuition told her that things weren't as simple as they seemed. And it appeared that there was some secret shared between Zac and Kareem.

"Bond? You want to bond with my woman? Interesting!" said Zac word by word, his cold eyes staring directly at Kareem.

Kareem shrugged helplessly and said in a gentle tone, "I can't help myself. Miss Sampson is so beautiful. I can't help but be fascinated by her!" As soon as he finished speaking, he walked into the elevator with a smug smile on his face. But before he closed the doors, he looked over at Patricia and arched his eyebrows.

The next moment, Patricia glared at Zac, her dissatisfaction written all over her face. She bit her

lips and whispered, "Zac, what did you mean by that?"

Patricia felt like a fool the more she listened to them talk, feeling like she had somehow gotten stuck in the middle of them with neither being honest with her.

"Exactly what I said!"

Seeing her doubt, Zac retrieved the Sampson Bay contract from his pocket without saying anything. He dangled it slightly in front of her and said coldly, "Isn't it obvious?"

Patricia was stunned to see this. She couldn't help but widen her eyes as she looked at Zac in disbelief.

'The bay is in Zac's hands now?

But Kareem bought the bay just yesterday, so how is

it now in Zac's hands?

This... The ownership changed too quickly!

Then, it occurred to her that Zac had asked her if she wanted to take the bay back. 'Did it happen at that time then?'

Before she regained her senses, Zac looked at her coldly and said in a menacing voice, "The contract is in my hand. If you want to take the bay back, come to my office!"

He then turned around decisively and strode back to his office, leaving no opportunity for her to discuss this with him in the open.

Seeing this, Patricia couldn't help pouting. She clenched her fists tightly as she stared at Zac's back and the contract he held in his hands.

When Zac showed her the contract, she was able to discern that this was the exact same one that Kareem had shown her before. This meant that earlier, she had almost been fooled by Kareem's words. Had it not been for Zac showing up, Kareem would have continued to keep her in the dark.

"Kareem, you bastard!" Patricia cursed fiercely in her heart and wished she could kick him hard to vent her anger.

Clearly, she needed to be more cautious in the future since she didn't know when Kareem might be lying to her.

Her goal remained the same. To purchase the Sampson Bay contract. The only difference was that it was now in Zac's hands.

'But Zac has invited me to talk about it in his office. So, what is he planning to do? What kind of condition would Zac offer me?'

She didn't understand what was going on, but she was worried about whether Zac would make any weird offer later.

"Stop thinking about it!" she muttered. Patricia shook her head to shake off her confusion.

Staring at the door of Zac's office, Patricia took a deep breath as she tried to calm herself down. She ran through various scenarios that might play out before her and tried to create countermeasures for each. But even with this, she decided she would calmly face any obstacle Zac threw at her.

Besides, she needed to take back the Sampson Bay, and no one would stand in her way.

With a calm heart and a cold expression on her face, she quickly walked into Zac's office.

As soon as she entered the office and before Zac could say anything, she spoke first.

"Name your price, Zac."

Hearing this, Zac couldn't help but burst into laughter. He looked at her suspiciously as if he was looking at something novel.

'Name my price? Is this woman kidding me right now?

If I really offered a price, Patricia, and even Richard, wouldn't be able to afford it.

Five percent of the Reynolds Group's shares are worth approximately thirty million dollars, the same

amount as the alimony I had once offered to her when I divorced her. Can she really afford this?' Since Patricia had refused to take the alimony, the money was still in his hand.

Seeing the expression on Zac's face, Patricia bit her lower lip tightly. Her face was still as cold as usual, but she was so infuriated that she clenched her teeth and wanted to beat Zac up.

'Why is he laughing? Is what I said so funny?'

"Zac..." Her pink lips opened and closed as she was about to say something, but Zac interrupted her.

"My condition is very simple. You have to be my woman!" Zac slowly stood up, with a domineering look on his cold face. He looked down at her like a king, and his deep eyes showed more seriousness than she had ever seen before.

'Is Zac serious?'

Patricia was stunned by his words. Pursing her pink lips, she looked at Zac cautiously, unsure by what he meant.

'Why did he badger me again and again? Does he think it is funny?'

Noticing her expression, Zac just let out a sigh of relief. He looked at her sharply and continued, "If you move back to the Oakleaf Villa, I will also help you solve the problem the Veyron Corp. is currently facing!"

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Chapter 155 Be Responsible For You

Patricia was taken aback by his words. Confusion filled her beautiful eyes as she stared directly into Zac's eyes.

'What did Zac mean? Why is he doing this?'

Patricia had clearly stated her intention to Zac prior to this. She no longer wanted anything to do with him, so his suggestion baffled her. She couldn't figure out what he was thinking!

"You don't need to think about it so seriously. You only need to say yes. As long as you agree, I will help you solve all your problems," said Zac coldly. His face was so expressionless he could almost be mistaken for a robot instead of a human.

Gritting her teeth angrily, Patricia looked resolutely into Zac's eyes. Furrowing her brows, she whispered, "I wouldn't agree."

She had already made the decision to not be further entangled with Zac, so she would do what was necessary to achieve just that.

She didn't understand what Zac had meant, nor did she need to understand.

As soon as she finished speaking, she turned around to leave. But before she could take one step forward, Zac's cold voice rang in her ears.

"Have you thought this over carefully? Are you no longer interested in obtaining the Sampson Bay or the cooperation for Veyron Corp. anymore?"

Patricia froze in her tracks as she heard this. Standing tall, with her back to Zac, she took a deep breath before turning back around. Looking at Zac, she said coldly, "Zac, don't think you can threaten me like this!"

"But the fact remains that these things can be used to threaten you," uttered Zac coldly. His sharp eyes were like a mirror, prying into her very thoughts.

Hearing this, Patricia was left speechless. She could only stand there and stare at Zac.

He was absolutely right since these things could really threaten her.

With regards to the Veyron Corp., Patricia only needed to try her best to achieve the cooperation from the Reynolds Group. But the Sampson Bay was different. It was something her grandfather left to her, and she couldn't let others have it.

Clenching her fists tightly, she took a few deep breaths. Looking coldly at Zac, she said through gritted teeth, "What do you want, Zac?"

She didn't believe that Zac was doing this for her, with good intentions in mind.

Looking coldly at her, he smiled mysteriously before saying in a deep voice, "I have to be responsible for you. Don't worry. I already agreed that I wouldn't touch you!" An incomprehensible expression flashed through his deep eyes then.

Hearing this, Patricia frowned and bit her lower lip. She was very despondent. She couldn't figure him out, and the look in his eyes made his thoughts unreadable.

"Zac, I don't need you to be responsible for me!" She

raised her chin defiantly at him to better bring across her point.

Enough was enough. She really didn't want to be involved with Zac any more than this.

When Zac heard this, a bitter smile appeared on the corner of his mouth. He stared at her for two minutes and then said slowly, "Regardless of what you think, this is my decision to make. Your only option is to accept it!" His tone was as domineering as that of a king.

Patricia stamped her feet in frustration. Her usual aloof demeanor disappeared for an instant and was replaced by her anger.

"Zac, you..." Glaring at Zac, Patricia opened and closed her pink lips. She wanted to say something, but no words came out.

Seeing the expression on her face, Zac smiled and waved his hand gracefully. He said in a deep voice, "I can give you enough time to think about it. However, you only have three days to consider what you want to do about the cooperation between the Veyron Coro. and the Reynolds Group. So, I'll expect your reply in three days' time!"

Standing up then, he picked up his suit, hung it over his arm, and smiled at her. "That'll be the end of our discussion for today." After that, he quickly strode past her and made his way towards the door.

Seeing this, Patricia couldn't help but look back at Zac. She raised her hand to grab him, but stopped her action midair and couldn't move, as if controlled by something.

She regained her senses after Zac stepped out of his

office. Her tense nerves relaxed and she looked at Zac's retreating figure as she recalled his words.

"Be my woman. I will be responsible for you!"

Shaking her head frantically, Patricia tried to dispel such depressing thoughts from her mind. Taking a deep breath, she regained her composure before walking out of the office quietly.

Before reaching the door, however, she was stopped by Zac's secretary. "Mrs... No, Miss Sampson, These are for you. The president requested these be given to you when you came out his office," she said respectfully.

Picking up a large pile of documents from the table, the secretary handed them over to Patricia. She then added, "The president said these would be useful to you."

The secretary then motioned for her to leave before she could regain her senses.

Seeing this, Patricia smiled politely to the secretary, nodded gratefully, and with the documents in hand, she quickly made her exit.

The secretary breathed a sigh of relief as she saw Patricia leaving. Subconsciously, she raised her hand to wipe the sweat on her forehead and muttered, "Fortunately, Miss Sampson is a sensible person!"

Her task was simply to deliver the documents to Patricia. The onus was now on Patricia whether to make use of them or not. She had no right to intervene in the matter.

Standing in the elevator, Patricia looked at the documents in her hand suspiciously and frowned. She

couldn't figure out why she had received those documents.

"Why would Zac give these to me?"

He had instructed she be given a lot of documents that might be helpful to her, but no explanation of what they were used for. 'Do I need to figure this out on my own?'

Driven by curiosity, she bent down a little and opened the top file, intrigued to see what it contained.

As she scanned the document, Patricia was filled with shock and disbelief at what she had discovered. She hadn't expected Zac to hand over information about the Reynolds Group.

"Zac is..." She was left speechless by this gesture. Just then, she felt her phone vibrate. With great

difficulty, she retrieved her phone, and pressed the answer button.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

As soon as she spotted her mother's number on the screen, she became filled with dread. She was afraid that the Lowell family was giving her mother a hard time.

"Patricia, are you in the company? I have something important to tell you," Giselle said nervously. This, in turn, made Patricia nervous too.

Before she could reply, Giselle added anxiously, "Do you remember that the bay is the dowry left by your grandfather in his will?"

"I remember, mom. But isn't that will gone? So, we have no evidence to prove that the bay is mine,

and..."

"No, No," Giselle interrupted. "I found your grandfather's will," she continued excitedly.

Patricia was startled to hear this news. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

Her pink lips trembled slightly. She swallowed subconsciously and when she found her voice back, asked, "Mom, are you serious?"

"Silly girl, how could I possibly joke with you about this? I'm in your apartment now. Come home as soon as possible," she said gently.

Hearing this, Patricia's mouth fell open in astonishment. A touch of excitement and joy flashed across her beautiful face. Grinning broadly, she said, "Mom, I love you so much. You actually found the will!"

I'm coming back now!"

Patricia hung up the phone excitedly. She wanted nothing more than to race over to her mother's side and examine the will left by her grandfather.

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Chapter 156 The Lawsuit.



"Mom, where did you find this?"

Patricia examined the will on the table. She was positive that this was written by her grandfather due to the matching signature. She became very excited at the sight of this.

She had initially thought that it was missing, so she hadn't expected her mother to find it. It was hard to describe in words how she felt having regained such an important document.

Seeing the excited look on Patricia's face, Giselle smiled gently and told her, "It's all my fault. I often forget where I placed these things!"

Hearing this, Patricia looked at her mother suspiciously. Blinking her eyes in confusion, she stared at Giselle, waiting for her to continue.

"Actually, your grandfather gave me his will when I left the Sampson family, but I forgot I had such a valuable document in my possession. If I hadn't opened some old things of mine yesterday, I wouldn't have come across this."

Patricia was stunned to hear this, her disbelief written all over her face. Her pink lips opened and closed before she whispered, "Mom, are you telling me the truth?"

Seeing the confusion and disbelief on her daughter's face, Giselle pouted and asked teasingly, "Silly girl, when have I ever lied to you?"

Patricia's eyes brimmed with newfound hope as realization dawned on her. Apparently, her grandfather had planned this all beforehand. So, it's not surprising that she was unable to locate it all this time.

Looking at the will in her hand, Patricia couldn't help but get ecstatic as if she had obtained a precious treasure.

"Patricia, now that you have the will, what do you plan

to do?" Giselle asked worriedly.

Patricia grinned from ear to ear, a sweet but confident smile gracing her lips.

"Mom, don't worry. I will take care of things."

Now that the will was recovered, she could reclaim the bay that was sold to Zac. She would be in the clear, and Sullivan would be left compensating for Zac's losses.

Gripping firmly onto the will, a glimmer of hope flashed through Patricia's eyes. She wanted nothing more than to get the bay back as soon as possible.

But at the moment, she decided it was best to take things slowly. Her first course of action was taking the will to a reputable law firm and requesting their help.

"Sir, what do you think of it?" Patricia anxiously asked the young lawyer with the pair of black rimmed glasses who reviewing the will.

It had been half an hour since she handed over this document to the lawyer. However, as he sat there staring at the will, he appeared motionless and lost in thought.

After a long while, the lawyer slowly put down the will and said in a formulaic tone, "Miss Sampson, with all due respect, your chance of winning this case is not high."

"How can that be?"

With an anxious look on her face, Patricia stood up. Her hope was instantly dashed. Biting her lower lip, she looked expectantly at the lawyer, awaiting his response.

Readjusting his glasses, the lawyer said on a serious note, "This will was indeed left by your grandfather. It also has his signature. However, without the notary present, the legal effect of this will has been reduced by half. So, if Mr. Reynolds fights this point, then there is nothing we can do about it."

Hearing this, Patricia lowered her head slightly and pursed her lips tightly. Clenching her fists tightly, she dug her nails into the palm of her hands. She didn't care about the pain this caused since she felt this was the only way to keep her sanity.

What the lawyer said was right. These were the facts. They did not have a notary, and when her grandfather made this will, only she and her mother were present.

"But..." The lawyer's sudden change of tone caught her attention.

Readjusting his glasses once more, the lawyer looked at her confidently. In a soft but serious tone, he said, "But it doesn't mean you may not be able to win this case. If you are serious about taking back the Sampson Bay, I will help you as best I can."

Patricia was taken aback by his words. She was staring blankly at the lawyer when a thought occurred to her. Coming out of her daze, she squinted her eyes at him.

Something about this situation felt odd to her. On the one hand, the lawyer was telling her that she had a low chance of winning this case, but on the other hand, there was a confident air about him as he said he would fight the case for her.

After sizing up the lawyer, Patricia asked doubtfully, "Sir, you appear to be very confident about winning

this case. However, just before, you..."

"Since you are in trouble, as your friend, of course I should help you out," came a gentle voice from behind, interrupting her words.

The moment Patricia heard that voice, she knew who it belonged to.

"Mr. Reynolds, I always seem to meet you wherever I go. I don't know if this is my fortune or misfortune?" A trace of anger flashed across her stoic expression as she glanced coldly at Kareem.

Seeing him made her recall his last attempt to fool her.

"It appears that you don't want to see me, Miss Sampson!" said Kareem with a meaningful smile.

"Exactly." Picking up her will, she scoffed as she stood up and made her way out of the lawyer's office. With Kareem there now, she didn't want to stay a moment longer.

Kareem's words and presence made it clear that he and the lawyer knew each other. Which meant that the lawyer's words earlier stating that he would help her could have all been part of their scheme. Since he was acquainted with Kareem, there was no telling what he might do.

Just as she was about to walk out of the door, Kareem gracefully stretched out his hand and grabbed her wrist to stop her from leaving. Smiling gently, he said, "Miss Sampson, why are you in such a hurry? Your conversation has just started. Why don't you let the lawyer explain himself?"

"No, thanks. There is no need for him to do that."

Patricia immediately refused. She angrily gritted her teeth as she glanced coldly at Kareem.

'Why do I keep meeting this sly man, who is a wolf in sheep's clothing, everywhere? It couldn't be more obvious that he wants to get something useful out of me!'

As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia raised her free hand and slapped Kareem's hand away. Free of his hold, she strode out the door.

Looking at Patricia's retreating figure, Kareem shrugged helplessly and said casually, "What an ingrate!"

Hearing this, the lawyer chuckled as he pulled up his glasses and looked disdainfully at Kareem.

"Are you really planning on helping her? You know it

yourself."

Kareem graciously accepted the lawyer's disdain. A trace of sharpness flashed through his eyes. With a gentle smile on his face, he asked in a low voice, "What do you think of the will?"

"I'm sure it is authentic. After all, it was indeed left by her grandfather. But as you've heard just now, it's disadvantageous for Miss Sampson since there is no notary."

"Notary?" Kareem looked at the lawyer with an unfathomable smile.

Since learning that Patricia had recovered the will, thoughts of what he could get from her were already flooding his mind.

Obviously, this will could significantly help him. It

wasn't enough getting five percent of Zac's shares. There was more to his plan than that.

Kareem's smile didn't faze the lawyer. He simply shrugged his shoulders and said casually, "It seems that you're plotting something sinister again."

Walking out of the lawyer's office, Patricia couldn't help the somber look on her face. This was the third law office she had visited, and they had all given the same response.

"Is there really no hope?" Biting her lower lip, she felt depressed and powerless as she looked at the will in her hand.

She couldn't fight the sadness that washed over her. She finally had her grandfather's will, but there was nothing she could do with it.

At this moment, the sound of someone honking a horn not far away brought her back to her senses. Looking curiously in the direction of the sound, she found Zac standing next to his Porsche, looking at her with a stoic expression on his face.

Patricia frowned unhappily at the sight of him and took a deep breath. 'Why do I have to meet Zac when I'm in such a foul mood?'

Abruptly, she spun around and kept walking in the opposite direction, pretending like she never saw him.

A trace of anger flashed through his eyes as he noticed the expression on her face. He pressed his horn again to get her attention.

However, Patricia continued to ignore him. Reaching her car, she opened the door, seated herself, and immediately started the engine. She did this in one go

without hesitation.

Zac became infuriated as he watched her drive past him. Jumping into his car, he immediately took off and caught up with her.

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Chapter 157 The Value Of The Bay



Patricia bit her lower lip nervously as she spotted Zac's Porsche tailing her. Through her clear eyes, a wave of depression flashed by quickly. Stepping on her accelerator, she sped up in her attempt to outrun Zac.

"This woman is crazy!"

Zac frowned, and a glint of anger flashed across his face as he looked at Patricia's car speeding away ahead of him.

'Patricia is driving her car so fast! Is she trying to court death?'

Zac pursed his thin lips as he stared after the speeding car. Taking a deep breath, he stepped on his brakes to decrease his own speed.

He knew why she was driving so fast. It was nothing more than her not wanting to be entangled with him.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief when she noticed Zac's car was no longer pursuing her. She, in turn, decelerated her speed and pulled over on the road, parking her vehicle. She looked back in concern at

Zac's stationary vehicle.

"He's finally left me alone!" Drawing a deep breath, she unconsciously glimpsed at the will resting on the passenger seat.

'If Zac finds out that I have this will, things will definitely become messy. At that time, he will definitely try to stop me from taking back the bay!'

As these thoughts raced through her mind, she unconsciously picked up the will, smiling as she looked upon this lifeless piece of paper as if seeing something of great importance to her.

A gentle tap on her window shook her from her daze. Startled, she peered out the window to see who it could be.

When she realized it was Zac, she instinctively put

away the will and donned her usual aloof expression as she faced him. "Zac, what are you doing here?"

Zac saw what she had hidden away but he had a calm expression on his face. He spoke coldly to her. "Stay away from Kareem. Don't be naïve and get fooled by him!"

Patricia frowned unhappily as she noticed the coldness and disdain in Zac's eyes. In a low voice, she said, "That has nothing to do with you." She then turned to start up her car, but Zac's outstretched hand grabbed her wrist, prevented her from doing so.

"Don't think that I'm in the dark and know nothing!" Zac looked at her sternly, a hint of anger flashing in his black eyes. Sometimes, he really didn't know what to do with her.

His words had alarmed her so much, she

subconsciously pulled out the will she had secured behind her. With eyes slightly widened and her heart racing a mile a minute, she stared up at Zac. Before she could speak, however, Zac chimed in and interrupted her.

"Even with your grandfather's will, you wouldn't be able to get the bay unless you agree to my condition!" Zac said confidently with a domineering look on his face.

Gripping tightly onto the will, flames of anger coursed through her heart. Biting her lower lip lightly, she fearlessly gazed into Zac's eyes.

"Zac, I won't let you win!" She then angrily slapped away Zac's hand, started her car, and without saying anything further, drove off.

It was at that moment that Patricia decided her best

course of action was to cooperate with Kareem. If being used by Kareem was the price she had to pay, then she'd do just that, if only to ensure the bay didn't fall into Zac's hands.

Zac's anger skyrocketed as he watched her drive off. His face was red with rage. Breathing heavily, he bit his lips as he muttered, "This stubborn woman!" Clenching his fists angrily, he wanted nothing more than to pull her out of her car and teach her a lesson.

"Boss, she's just throwing a tantrum. You should be the bigger person!" said Nicholas, who now stood beside Zac, as he tried to lighten the mood.

But when he saw the look in Zac's eyes, he immediately stopped talking. He was afraid of saying something that might further irritate Zac.

Glancing coldly at Nicholas, Zac asked in a deep

voice, "How is the task I assigned to you going?"

Nicholas immediately gave a thumbs up gesture. Squeezed out a smile, he shook his bangs narcissistically and said confidently, "Boss, don't you trust me?"

Zac nodded before casting one final glance at the car in the distance. Then, he turned around and strode away.

Nicholas shrugged helplessly as he saw this. He, too, glimpsed in the direction in which Patricia drove off, and then with a smile on his face, he muttered, "It seems it will take longer than I thought for the boss and beautiful Patricia to get back together!" He then quickly followed behind Zac.

Patricia immediately called the lawyer upon her return to the company. Her determination was written all

over her face as she spoke to the lawyer. "Sir, do you have the confidence to win this case?" There was a hint of anger in her tone.

"Yes, I do!" said the lawyer confidently before he asked, "Miss Sampson, have you made up your mind?"

"I first need to know how much confidence you have in winning this!" There was no beating around the bush with her. She got straight to the point with him.

Hearing this, the lawyer couldn't help but chuckle. Smiling disdainfully, he asked, "Miss Sampson, are you doubting my ability?"

"Well, from your tone, it sounds like you are very confident!" A faint smile touched her lips as she grasped what the lawyer was asking her. He wouldn't have put forward such a question if he wasn't

confident in his chances of winning.

The lawyer chuckled in response to her statement. Then he asked, "How about we have dinner together tonight and discuss this further?"

This dinner request suddenly reminded her of Kareem. She realized why the lawyer asked her to dinner too. It was his way of saying that she must cooperate with Kareem if she wanted to win the case.

With a resolute look on her face, she said in a low voice, "Okay!"

After talking with the lawyer for a while, Patricia hung up the phone. Raising her chin slightly, she closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths.

At that moment, she couldn't help but recall what Zac said to her earlier.

"Stay away from Kareem. Don't be naïve and get fooled by him!"

"...you wouldn't be able to get the bay unless you agree to my condition!"

Opening her eyes, a determined look flashed through her beautiful eyes. She then curled her white fingers into a fist.

This time, she would not let Zac succeed!

She was adamant about winning both the Sampson Bay and the cooperation between the Veyron Corp. and the Reynolds Group.

At the same time, Zac stood in front of the glass window of the CEO's office and looked down at the scene outside the company. A trace of nervousness

could be seen on his face as he anxiously waited on some specific news.

Suddenly, his phone began ringing. Seeing the familiar number, a faint smile touched his lips as he immediately pressed the answer button on the call.

"How is it going?" he questioned the caller.

Nicholas was so excited with his news that he laughed as he said, "Boss, you were right! The mayor really wants to develop the bay to drive the local economic development. Also, the land acquisition agreement has been issued."

Hearing this, Zac smiled triumphantly, almost as if victory was close at hand. He nodded and continued, "What else did you get?"

Nicholas couldn't help but laugh. Zac could feel his

excitement even through the phone. "With your efforts and the help of the two old foxes, we have won the right to develop the bay this time!"

"Excellent!" With a smug smile on his face, Zac felt that everything was under his control. He couldn't help but sneer as he said, "I can't wait to see how Kareem reacts to this!"

'With the government now interested in developing the bay, the value of it would increase exponentially. This would turn it from a waste land to a treasure trove.

Furthermore, would Kareem and Sullivan be heartbroken if they learned of this?'

Zac snickered as these thoughts ran through his mind. 'How dare they sell my woman's dowry?'

Kareem, in particular, kept pestering Patricia, and this had made Zac extremely unhappy. No man would be happy if his woman was being pestered by another man!

This time, he would show Kareem just how powerful he was and make him suffer!

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Chapter 158 A Mistake



"This is..." Patricia didn't know how to describe her feelings as she watched the news.

'The once abandoned bay is to be developed again,

and the developer is the Reynolds Group?

If this is the case, wouldn't it be extremely hard for me to take back the bay?'

Patricia bit her lower lip as she pondered over this bit of news, and a trace of anger flashed through her eyes. She didn't expect that Zac would have pulled such a stunt.

"What should I do now?" she wondered aloud.

Leaning back in her chair, Patricia looked at the ceiling with a melancholy expression on her face. A helpless smile appeared at the corners of her mouth as she rested her fair-skinned arm on her forehead.

She snapped back to reality the instant her phone, which lay on the table, started vibrating. Seeing the familiar number, she quickly answered the call.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"Patricia, have you seen the news today? The bay your grandfather left for you..."

"Mom, don't worry. I will take it back," said Patricia casually as she tried to sound unfazed by the news.

"I'm afraid your father won't agree to part with it so easily now!"

Patricia pursed her lips as she heard her mother's comment. She hadn't told her mother that Zac was now the owner of the bay, so Giselle still assumed this property belonged to Sullivan.

But if her mother learned of the change in ownership, she might try to meddle.

And Patricia didn't want her mother interfering in this

matter between herself and Zac. She wanted to handle this on her own.

"It doesn't matter. We have grandfather's will. I spoke to the lawyer yesterday and was told we have a high chance of winning if we use this will." A triumphant smile appeared on her lips as she said this.

Hearing the confidence in Patricia's tone, Giselle nodded her head in relief. After reminding her daughter to be careful in her undertakings, she then hung up the phone.

After that conversation with her mother, Patricia's pensive mood intensified. Sighing, she wondered to herself, 'How can I get the bay back?'

The lawyer might have had confidence in winning this case, but Patricia knew their chances just plummeted after that announcement on the news. The likelihood

of Zac giving up the bay was now near impossible, with its value suddenly skyrocketing.

That's when Zac's words rang through her ears.

"As long as you agree to be my woman and move back to the Oakleaf Villa, I will give you the bay as well as help you with the cooperation between the Reynolds Group and the Veyron Corp.."

Patricia frantically shook her head as she dispelled such thoughts. She then whispered, "Don't overthink this!" It seemed that she needed to remind herself of this.

Patricia soon returned her focus to her work, putting all other thoughts aside for the moment.

On the other hand, Sullivan, who was in his office, flew into a rage as he saw the news broadcast.

"Damn it! If I had known this was going to happen, I would not have sold the bay! That piece of waste land has now become a treasure trove. It's really..."

The more Sullivan thought about it, the more infuriated he became. In his rage, he picked up the objects on his desk and flung them onto the ground. He was so angry that his chest was heaving up and down as his breathing became labored. If it was in his power, he would have immediately gotten back possession of the bay.

The more he thought about this, the stranger he felt about this whole turn of events. He specifically double-checked who had acquired the development rights for the bay. He felt like spitting blood when he saw the words "Reynolds Group."

"What should I do? This is all a scheme devised by

the Reynolds Group!" It suddenly dawned on him what had happened.

He had initially wondered why Kareem was so interested in purchasing the bay from him. Evidently, he must have gotten wind of this information from some internal source, hence his reason for coming to negotiate for that property.

Sullivan realized that this was all his fault. In his haste to sell the bay, he failed to second guess Kareem's intentions for purchasing it. Thus, he had made a huge mistake with this transaction!

Speculating more on this, Sullivan concluded that he had suffered a tremendous financial loss for underselling his property. Wanting some form of compensation for this loss incurred, he immediately dialed Kareem's number.

"Mr. Reynolds, we are all smart people, so let's not beat around the bush. I called because of the bay!" Sullivan went straight to the point. His intention was to discuss this matter with Kareem in an attempt to obtain some form of reimbursement to cover his loss.

Kareem sneered as he heard Sullivan's statement. He responded by saying, "Uncle Sampson, everything was clearly highlighted in our contract. What more is there to discuss with regards to the bay?"

As Sullivan heard this, he furrowed his brow in dissatisfaction. He deliberately coughed and said, "Mr. Reynolds, that being said, the value of the bay is different now. Shouldn't you..."

Kareem gently interrupted him and said, "Even if you say so, my hands are tied. The contract's terms were very specific and clearly stated."

Sullivan was so furious when he heard this that he gritted his teeth angrily. As much as he had anticipated such a response when he called Kareem, he never expected him to deliver it so ruthlessly.

"Mr. Reynolds..." Sullivan, intent on discussing this further in an attempt to gain some compensation, was abruptly cut off when Kareem started talking.

"Uncle Sampson, there's really no need for us to pursue this conversation any further," said Kareem in a low voice. Kareem then hung up the phone after saying this.

Hearing the beeping sound on the phone, Sullivan angrily tossed the phone on the sofa. He really wanted to get even with Kareem for this.

On the other hand, after hanging up the phone, Kareem stared at the news headlines for the day. A

trace of coldness flashed through his eyes as he became enraged by what he saw. In his rage, he knocked over all the documents on his desk onto the floor as he exhaled heavily.

He was left both breathless and speechless as he looked at the headlines.

"Zac, you are really something!" said Kareem furiously. Looking ahead sharply, a touch of anger coursed through his eyes. He, too, held feelings of wanting to take the bay back immediately.

He didn't expect that Zac would make such a move. It now made sense why Zac had agreed to his terms so quickly. He had truly underestimated Zac.

Although he had received five percent of the shares of the Reynolds Group through trading the bay, now that it was in Zac's hands, it was futile to compete with him

anymore.

This thought angered Kareem so much that he released his frustration by kicking the sofa.

Zac, sitting in his office at Reynolds Group, watched the news in amusement. He felt like this was his sure-fire way to win.

He could imagine how angry and helpless Kareem and Sullivan were both feeling after seeing the news.

Thinking of this, Zac couldn't help but laugh, a flash of joy appearing on his face. Kareem was still too inexperienced to even think of competing with him.

But now, another thought popped up in his mind. This was regarding the will that Patricia was now in possession of.

If she insisted on using that will to get the bay back, it would prove to be an obstacle to him. Although he had the purchase contract, since she had not given her consent to the sale, she could legally file a lawsuit against him. This, in turn, would affect the Reynolds Group's development right.

Furthermore, Kareem would try harder to convince her to cooperate with him to disrupt the development of the bay.

"It seems I'll need to take matters into my own hands!" A sly smile appeared on Zac's face.

As soon as he finished speaking, he dialed Patricia's number. In an arrogant tone, he said, "Patricia, have you seen the news today? Is there anything we need to discuss?"

"Zac, don't pretend to be kind. I won't fall for it!" she

said firmly but angrily.

Hearing this, Zac curled his lips slightly, ignoring her anger. He asked amusingly, "Are you sure? Do you think Kareem is better than me? He is a butcher and you are the lamb to slaughter. Aren't you afraid that you won't get anything by cooperating with him?"

"That's none of your business!" Clenching her teeth in anger, she immediately hung up the phone, giving Zac no chance to say anything further on this.

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Chapter 159 I Will Give You A Chance



A smile formed on Zac's lips as he listened to Patricia's angry tone as she spoke before she hung up on him. He looked ahead at the door with a sparkle of amusement in his eyes.

"This has nothing to do with me? How can that be? Patricia, have you forgotten that I have the contract for the bay?" As soon as he finished his rambling, Zac immediately stood up, picked up his suit, and walked out of the office.

At this time, Patricia had to take a couple deep breaths to calm herself as her anger was written all over her face. She couldn't help biting her lower lip.

The more she thought of Zac's voice, the more enraged she became. Fiercely, she uttered, "Zac, you bastard!" She then took a few more deep breaths before regaining her composure.

She understood the meaning behind Zac's words. If she cooperated with Kareem, he would definitely reap benefits as much as he could, given that the current value of the bay had increased. So, given the circumstances, it was natural for her to be afraid that she would not get the whole bay back.

However, her options were limited. So, if she didn't cooperate with Kareem to get the bay back, then she'd have to go along with Zac's condition.

And choosing Zac meant that she would once again become his woman, and she'd have to stay with him.

Patricia flopped back on her chair, her mood pensive. Covering her eyes with her hands, a soft sigh escaped her pretty mouth.

"It's not easy to get away from Zac! I really don't want to have anything to do with him again," Patricia

muttered in a low voice.

The next moment, the door of Patricia's office was gently pushed open. Zac stood there looking domineering as he stared at her unblinkingly.

He had overheard what she had said, and he knew precisely what she meant by her words.

'Patricia doesn't want to be with me. It's me who wants to make this work.

Why does Patricia dislike being with me so much? Is it because of all the past things?'

"Patricia, I will give you a chance." Zac coughed before saying this softly.

Patricia was startled to hear his voice. Jumping up from her chair, she looked in the direction in which his

voice came. She frowned sullenly and said fiercely, "Zac, you are trespassing!"

"I'm trespassing?" Zac felt amused. Smiling coldly at her, he looked into Patricia's eyes and asked, "What do you mean by trespassing?"

He was the CEO of the Reynolds Group, and they were cooperating with the Veyron Corp. on a project. Thus, it was his duty to go to the Veyron Corp., and since Patricia was the person in charge this time, it was customary for him to visit her office.

Hearing this, Patricia pursed her lips and looked at Zac resolutely. She opened and closed her mouth, but no words came out.

Seeing Patricia's expression, Zac smiled faintly, but he didn't seem to care about it at all. He coughed slightly and said, "Don't say that I never gave you a

chance. I want an answer today!"

"Zac, I mean what I said. That's impossible!" Without a second thought, Patricia refused Zac's offer.

A trace of anger flashed across Zac's face when he heard this before returning to his usual cold demeanor. Looking resolutely at Patricia, he whispered, "Are you sure this is the answer you want to give me?"

Zac studied Patricia's face, trying to discern if this was her final answer.

When he saw the look in her eyes, he couldn't help but sneer bitterly. There was only determination and no signs of hesitation on Patricia's face. It was obvious that what she said just now was true.

Seeing this, Zac walked over and stood in front of

Patricia, looking down at her like a king who was high above.

A smug smile curled onto Patricia's lips as she saw Zac's expression. She looked up into his eyes fearlessly and spoke in a low voice. "Zac, do I need to repeat myself for you to understand?"

Zac couldn't help the laugh that escaped his lips. There was an imperceptible expression on his face. It took him a moment, but he quietened his laughter and looked down expressionlessly at Patricia.

When Zac finally spoke, it was such a low, cold tone that it sounded like the cold winds of December.

Peering up at his face, she saw the determined look in his eye. Patricia's body trembled instinctively. She could feel the chill coursing through her body from head to toe.

She clenched her fists tightly as she tried to suppress the fear that she was feeling. She looked at Zac firmly, refusing to back down and be the loser.

"Since you have made up your mind, I have nothing more to say." Zac then spun around and was about to make his exit when he suddenly thought of something and stopped. Looking back at Patricia, he said with a smile, "But I'm confident that you will agree to my proposition soon." Zac glanced at her sharply before walking away and giving her no chance to retaliate.

As soon as Zac left, Patricia dropped onto her chair as if her legs had given out under her. Gasping for air, she felt as if she was suppressed by a huge force that had rendered her breathless.

Remembering the way Zac looked at her before he left, Patricia couldn't help but shiver. She felt like the

chill hadn't disappeared from the room.

Zac's confidence spoke volumes. It made her feel like there was no chance she could win against him.

"Yes, I'll make it! This is just Zac's way of frustrating me," Patricia murmured as she comforted herself softly. She felt that she shouldn't have had such despondent thoughts.

After a while, Patricia snapped out of her daze as she donned her usual aloof demeanor. She then devoted herself wholeheartedly to her work. Zac's presence had reminded her of another critical task she needed to handle.

In addition to getting back the bay, she still needed to revise her plan for the cooperation between Reynolds Group and Veyron Corp..

Thanks to the materials Zac had given her, she had come to realize what was missing from her original plan. There was a newfound confidence in her as she revised her plan. She felt like this time, the plan would definitely be approved.

As she read through the materials, she wrote down the key points. Before she knew it, it was time to get off work. Looking up from her desk, she realized how dark it was outside her office. This could only mean that her colleagues had left for the day, and she was the only one still in the office.

When she realized this fact, she stopped what she doing and began to pack up her files. However, before she could leave the office, she heard a noise in the distance.

Patricia instinctively screamed out and subconsciously stepped back. Turning in the direction

she heard the noise, she shouted out, "Who's there? Come out quickly!"

A dark figure crawled out from under the desk. When Patricia realized who it was, she was startled. In a low voice, she asked, "Lily, why are you here?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia caught a glimpse of the papers in Lily's hand. Frowning, she squinted her eyes at Lily.

"Have you come back to steal the company's information?" asked Patricia coldly, as she glared at Lily.

Lily lowered her head in shame. Gently shaking her head, she explained, "No, Miss Sampson, I only came to pick up my things!" Lily then stretched out her hand to show Patricia the papers she was holding.

These were all paintings that Lily had drawn before. In addition to working in civil affairs, Lily had also held a part-time job creating paintings. However, recently, she was in urgent need of paper, so she was left no choice but to return to the company to retrieve her things.

Patricia couldn't help but be skeptical in a situation like this. She looked coldly at Lily's position and took a minute to analyze this scene.

"It's not a problem coming here to retrieve your items, but you should have come during the day. Why did you choose to come after hours when no one was around?" Frowning, there was confusion in Patricia's pretty eyes.

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REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 160 Meeting Lily Again



Lily lowered her head when she heard those stinging words, unable to meet Patricia's gaze. Instead, she gripped the papers hard, like a child who had done something wrong.

"I..." she stuttered and bit her lower lip repeatedly, unable to get any words out.

Patricia frowned when she saw the change in Lily's expression, as she was in no mood to hear excuses.

After carefully looking into the matter, she realized that some papers were all Lily made away with. Since

those papers belonged to Lily in the first place, she knew she had no right to intrude.

"You can leave now. I'll pretend I saw nothing, but if it happens again, don't blame me for any harsh pushbacks you get!" Patricia warned in a stern voice.

Tears rushed to Lily's eyes when she heard the warning. Nursing a huge sense of defeat, she slowly looked up at Patricia. There was a glint in those watery eyes that Patricia couldn't make heads or tails of. Then, Lily shot to her feet, said her thanks, and turned around to leave.

Patricia's frown deepened, and her pink lips parted, wanting to say something. However, no words were uttered as Lily walked away.

She couldn't hold back a deep sigh, as Lily's low spirits had rubbed off on her. Lily had been with her

for a long time, so it stood to reason that she would care for her. She didn't want to see Lily like this, even if something untoward had happened between them.

Patricia was about to sigh again when a loud bang reverberated throughout the room, causing her to jump in fear. She spun around and saw Lily, who had seemingly smacked her head against the glass door, fall to the floor.

She rushed over to help her up. "Lily, what's wrong with you?" she asked nervously. Patricia patted her face repeatedly, but Lily didn't respond.

Her face was pale, too, and this caused Patricia to frown. She examined Lily's injury with concern, and it was a relief to see that she didn't hit her head—she only had some abrasions on her hand. Patricia didn't plan on leaving anything to chance, though. She carried Lily out of the office right away and into the

parking lot.

She intended to rush Lily to the hospital, but Lily woke up before she could get to her car. "Miss Sampson, please don't take me to the hospital," she pleaded, grabbing Patricia's wrist.

The plea caused Patricia to frown, and she couldn't help looking down at Lily in confusion. However, all she could see in her eyes was conviction, so she had little choice but to agree, deciding instead to drive her back to her apartment.

The pair reached their destination in good time. When they entered the apartment, Patricia looked around for clothes. She found some old ones in the guest room and gave them to Lily. "Go take a shower and change your clothes," she said flatly.

And without waiting for a reply, she walked into the

kitchen.

Lily was grateful. Tears welled up in her eyes, and her snow-white hands gripped the clothes even tighter as she looked at Patricia, who was busy in the kitchen.

She knew Patricia had perceived the odor on her clothes and discerned something. Even Lily herself couldn't stand it.

"Are you still standing there? Do you want me to carry you there, too?" Lily was startled out of her reverie and saw Patricia frowning at her, clearly a little irritated that she hadn't moved.

That was all the scolding Lily needed because she quickly rushed to the bathroom with the clothes in her arms. She needed a good shower to rid herself of the unpleasant smell her body exuded.

The reaction elicited a nod of satisfaction from Patricia. Her gaze returned to her surroundings and focused on the cooking utensils as a thought crossed her mind. Her eyes turned cold, and her beautiful face darkened.

If her guess was correct, Jayson wasn't reliable, or else Lily would not be in such an awful state.

Fortunately, she had driven Lily to her apartment today. If she had done otherwise, trouble would have loomed for Lily.

She indulged in her thoughts for a while, and then she shook them off and began to cook. After a long, nice bath, Lily came out of the bathroom to the meal Patricia had prepared for her. With a gracious smile and a warm gesture, she was invited to take a seat at the table.

"Miss Sampson, I'm ashamed to accept your hospitality," she said and lowered her head in embarrassment, unable to look Patricia in the eyes.

Patricia coughed and fixed her with an icy gaze.

"Whether or not you have dinner is up to you," she coldly replied. That was all she felt she needed to say. She didn't mind having dinner with company. However, she couldn't make Lily's decision for her.

Lily looked up at her with an expression of slight surprise. She pursed her lips and looked down at her feet. She felt so ashamed that she didn't know what she'd do.

Suddenly, Lily's stomach emitted a rumbling sound that broke the silence, and this made her flush red instantly in embarrassment.

"Now that you're hungry, come and have dinner,"

Patricia said seriously, gesturing at a seat nearby. She wanted Lily to sit down quickly and eat, as she probably had eaten nothing in a long time.

Lily nodded slightly and sat down without a fuss, after which they began to eat dinner together.

Tears welled up in Lily's eyes as she ate. It was the first time she was eating something Patricia had cooked. The emotions it invoked were too much for her to bear, and her tears soon streamed down her cheeks.

"Miss Sampson, I'm sorry," she uttered in a low voice and wiped her tears. A faint smile surfaced on her face as she chewed, and no one could tell if she was happy or sad.

Patricia watched her quietly. Her sharp gaze had caught hold of something else: the scars on Lily's

neck. She frowned and asked in a low voice, "Is Jayson treating you well?"

Lily jerked a tad when she heard the name; it was as though she had heard the name of a devil. She was so scared that she stared blankly for a few moments.

"Lily..." The reaction hadn't escaped Patricia's notice. It caused her to frown with worry instead. A sense of dread took up residence in her heart, and she couldn't help feeling that something had happened.

Lily straightened herself out and forced a sweet smile, but Patricia could still detect a trace of lifelessness in her eyes.

"Miss Sampson, thank you for your concern." That was all Lily said in reply, and what she intended to imply was clear; she didn't want Patricia asking about the matter.

However, Patricia could tell that Jayson was a hypocrite. The scars on her body and the horror in her eyes were evidence that Jayson had done some outrageous things to her after his cheating.

However, she couldn't force Lily to tell her what had happened if she didn't want to. But there was a reminder she felt she must communicate to Lily.

"Lily, you'd better stay away from Jayson, or—"

"We have nothing to do with each other now," Lily said in a low voice, interrupting Patricia. She lowered her head and gritted her teeth in abject depression.

Her ever-changing expressions stunned Patricia. She watched Lily for a moment and asked in a low voice, "What will you do, then?"

Lily shook her head sideways. Upset and confused, she did not know what to do.

Patricia coughed slightly and said, "Don't forget you have a sister, Dora."

"I know, but I..." Lily murmured, curling up emotionally. She gripped the hems of her clothes tightly and bit her lower lip in anger.

Patricia's eyes narrowed into a frown. "Do you think Dora will care about that? All you need to do is tell her the truth. Remember, regardless of what has happened, you two are sisters by blood," she said in a low voice.

Lily raised her head in disbelief and stared at Patricia with wide eyes. The sudden advice had left her in a mixture of astonishment and disbelief. Then, with an expression of surprise on her face, she was about to

reply when Patricia interrupted her.

"There's no need to reply. Just finish your dinner."
She stood up, took a big bowl from the table, and dished an extra serving of food onto Lily's plate.

The gesture caused Lily to tear up again. She nodded vigorously and smiled gratefully at Patricia.

Patricia sighed in relief when she saw Lily beaming. The restlessness in her heart cooled, and the corners of her lips curled upward into a gentle smile.

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