

REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 161 You Cheated Me!



After dinner, Patricia guided Lily downstairs so she could hail a taxi.

"Thank you, Miss Sampson." This was the second time Lily had thanked her. However, this time, she was smiling confidently as she spoke those words.

Lily nodded gratefully before leaving Patricia's apartment.

Seeing that Lily had bounced back, Patricia chuckled in delight. Turning towards her apartment building, she began humming a tune as she walked back to her apartment.

Unbeknownst to Patricia, there was a man silently

tailing her. It was only when she returned to her apartment that he stopped.

Standing outside the door to her apartment, Nicholas, who had been following her, pulled out his mobile phone from his pocket and dialed Zac's number.

"Boss, I've ensured Miss Sampson's safe return to her apartment!" Nicholas said as he chuckled. But his cheerful tone didn't last long, as he immediately became serious once more.

"Boss, Miss Sampson has returned home safely. I didn't find anyone suspicious," Nicholas reported word by word.

Hearing no response from the other end of the line, Nicholas arched his eyebrows curiously. As he was about to speak, he heard a low, cold voice behind him.

"Are you sure you didn't see anyone suspicious?" Zac stood directly behind Nicholas, glaring at him.

Feeling Zac's cold gaze on him, Nicholas turned around instinctively and gently called out to him, "Boss, why are you here? I thought you were busy."

Hearing this, Zac looked at Nicholas sharply. Arching his eyebrows in dissatisfaction, he said in a low voice, "Wasn't the woman Patricia brought down to get a taxi suspicious?"

Nicholas felt slightly embarrassed as he heard this. He hadn't thought to report the woman since she didn't appear to pose any threat to Patricia.

"Remember not to let anyone go next time, okay?" said Zac firmly.

Nicholas immediately nodded. In a serious tone, he said, "Boss, don't worry. I will definitely get it done right next time."

Zac nodded his acknowledgment of Nicholas' words before turning his gaze towards Patricia's apartment. He had intended to go up and visit her, but before he could move his long legs in that direction, a thought occurred to him. He was forced to stop in his tracks. He suddenly felt morose and pulled a long face.

'If Patricia sees me now, she might give me a hard time.' Zac was afraid that he would be driven out of her apartment if he went over there.

While thinking this, another thought occurred to him. He was reminded of something that had happened that morning. Having seen Patricia treat herself like that, he felt sorry for her. He knew that if such a thing happened again, he would want to teach her a lesson.

The more Zac thought about her, the more enraged he became. His anger was written all over his face. Biting his lower lip, he said fiercely, "This woman, Patricia!"

Seeing the strange expression on Zac's face, Nicholas frowned in concern and asked, "Boss, what's wrong with you? Why aren't you moving?" Nicholas then took a step forward. As he was about to approach Zac, he was stopped by the harsh look in Zac's eyes.

"Boss..."

"It's nothing to worry about. I'm going back, so you stay here. If anything happens, remember to tell me!" The look Zac gave Nicholas was meant as a warning.

Seeing this, Nicholas immediately froze up and dared

not say a word. He felt dejected.

'What is wrong with the boss? Why has his mood changed so fast?'

Nicholas scratched the back of his head in confusion as he watched Zac walk away. He simply couldn't figure out his boss.

At the same time, Patricia rolled around on the bed, unable to fall asleep. Her thoughts kept straying back to the Sampson Bay and her plan for the cooperation with the Reynolds Group.

Tomorrow was the deadline to submit the plan. She had read through all the materials Zac had provided to her and was satisfied with the newly revised plan she created. Even the CEO of the Veyron Corp. had thought her plan was good. However, she thought that something was wrong but she just couldn't

pinpoint where.

Unconsciously, Patricia looked at the time. Pursing her lips, she took a deep breath. Her mind was too full to allow her to fall asleep easily.

Sitting up on the edge of the bed, she picked up her phone wearily. As she was about to open her messages, one suddenly came in from Zac.

"Don't forget what is happening tomorrow." Patricia became infuriated as she read this message.

In her rage, she gripped her phone tightly and took a deep breath.

"Zac, I know it without you reminding me!" Patricia was so angry that she gritted her teeth. Without replying to his message, she tossed the phone aside, lay on the bed, rolled over and went to sleep.

Irritated by Zac's message last night, Patricia was unable to sleep well, so she was late to the office the following day.

Stifling a yawn, Patricia glanced at her colleagues coldly as she briskly made her way to her office. There was still one thing that needed to be modified in the plan. After this revision, she would be able to submit it to the top executives of the Reynolds Group for review.

Today was the last day to make final changes. She hoped that with these revisions, the Veyron Corp. could get through this effortlessly.

Sitting down at her desk, Patricia opened the plan. She carefully checked through it to see if there were any errors and made the appropriate adjustments. Only when she was finished and satisfied could she

breathe a sigh of relief.

After tidying up the documents, Patricia stood up and rushed to the CEO's office.

"Sir, I've completed the revision. Please have a look," said Patricia softly. At the back of her mind, she was worried and afraid that the CEO would say the plan wasn't good enough to be used.

The CEO of the Veyron Corp. read the plan carefully. Initially, he had lost all faith in gaining the approval of the top executives of the Reynolds Group. However, after seeing this plan, his confidence returned and he pinned his hopes on Patricia to see this through.

"Patricia, this plan is exceptional. You need to believe in yourself!" The CEO of the Veyron Corp. couldn't help cheering Patricia on as he looked at her with expectant eyes.

Seeing the eager look on the CEO's face, Patricia took a deep breath. Pursing her lips, she gave him a faint smile.

"Okay, I'll go and discuss this with the CEO of the Reynolds Group now."

Although she said this confidently, Patricia felt uneasy. She was worried that something might go awry.

Patricia took a deep breath before stepping into the Reynolds Group building. However, before she could reach Zac's office, Kareem suddenly appeared in front of her and stopped her in her tracks.

"Kareem, you..."

But before Patricia could finish speaking, Kareem

interrupted her. With a gentle smile on his face, he said softly, "Miss Sampson, there's something we need to discuss. It's about the lawsuit!"

Patricia was taken aback when she heard this. But suddenly recalling something allowed her to return to her usual aloof demeanor instantly. Glancing at Kareem indifferently, she said in a low voice, "Mr. Reynolds, if you want to have a discussion with me, then you'll have to wait until I've dealt with my work for the Veyron Corp.."

Then smiling at him, Patricia raised the document in her hand to show Kareem she was here on other business.

Regarding Kareem's words earlier, Patricia knew precisely what he meant. She had an inkling things would turn out like this, given the fact that Kareem knew the lawyer she had hired.

Seeing this, Kareem smiled gently and nodded. Deliberately coughing, he said, "You have to be careful of the plan in your hand!" After saying that, Kareem cast one last glance at Patricia before walking away.

Patricia frowned in confusion. She didn't understand what Kareem meant at all. But his words left her feeling very unsettled.

"Kareem, what do you mean?" she called out. But he was already a good distance away from her. She could only frown now as she watched his retreating figure. Her beautiful eyes were full of confusion. Unconsciously, she lifted her slender hand and placed it on her chest.

Patricia took a deep breath, intent on leaving this inexplicable uneasiness behind. Her top priority now

was to submit her plan, earn the recognition of the top executives of the Reynolds Group, and secure their cooperation this time.

Once she calmed down, the disquiet she felt disappeared. Without further ado, she made her way over to Zac's office.

"Mr. Reynolds, this is the Veyron Corp.'s new plan. Please have a look." Patricia spoke formally as she stared at Zac coldly.

Seeing the look in her eyes infuriated Zac. He opened his sexy mouth to say something, but at that moment, his anger dissipated. Suddenly, there was a coldness in his expression.

"It's done?" Zac cast a firm glance at Patricia as he questioned her.

Patricia frowned unhappily as she heard his question. Staring unblinkingly at Zac, she noticed how cold his demeanor was. She couldn't help but grit her teeth as she said, "Mr. Reynolds, you can check it yourself!" Patricia returned his gaze as she smiled at him coldly.

Taking a look at her casually, Zac opened the plan and read it carefully. Once he finished reviewing it, he closed the file and said in a low voice, "Not bad."

For some reason, his comment angered her. Pouting, she looked directly at him with her beautiful eyes.

'Why did I become angry when I heard what Zac said? It's as if there's a fire burning inside me!'

Although he noticed her expression, Zac looked at her expressionlessly and said coldly, "If you are not satisfied with my words, then you can take this back and modify it until I am satisfied!"

Hearing this, Patricia raised her hand and snatched the plan out of his hand. Smiling at Zac, she said, "Since Mr. Reynolds said it was okay, I'll take your word for it!"

Patricia was no fool. How could she not understand what Zac meant? It was obvious that her plan had been passed.

Patricia took a deep breath and felt a tinge of excitement. Staring expectantly at Zac, she hoped to hear the result she liked best from him.

"It's not me, but the top executives who have the final say in this decision." Zac slowly raised his head and looked into her expectant eyes. His lips then curled into an incomprehensible smile as he gazed at her.

All too soon, Patricia felt her uneasiness returning.

She couldn't shake the feeling that something was about to go down.

"Then when will you..."

"Wait a minute," Zac said, interrupting Patricia's question. Picking up the landline on his desk, he dialed his secretary's internal line and told her to arrange a meeting with the top executives.

Patricia was a little surprised as she overheard this conversation. She didn't expect Zac to immediately hold the meeting. But she figured this could work in her favor before any hiccups developed.

In no time, the top executives of the Reynolds Group arrived at the company, one after the other. Standing outside the meeting room door, Patricia could only squeeze out a weak smile as she took in their disgruntled looks.

When she saw Kareem, however, she made an attempt to stop him by speaking to him.

"Mr. Reynolds, can you explain the words you said earlier?" Patricia asked firmly.

Kareem smiled gently in response to her question. He disregarded her harsh tone and said amusingly, "You'll know soon enough!" He then swaggered into the meeting room and ignored Patricia.

Seeing this, Patricia pursed her lips. Biting her lower lip slightly, she looked at Kareem with sadness in her beautiful eyes.

Zac noticed the look in her eyes. Turning his gaze in the direction her attention was focused on, he realized her eyes were fixated on Kareem's retreating figure.

At that moment, it felt like a fire was lit in his heart. He felt disheartened, and a trace of anger flashed through his deep eyes.

'Patricia, are you so eager to cooperate with Kareem?'

This thought made Zac clench his fists in anger. He wished he could open her eyes so she could see Kareem for who he truly was and not be fooled by him further.

But Zac knew Patricia all too well. He knew that the more he tried to stop her, the more rebellious she would become in her attempt to resist him.

So, he was left with no other choice but to stop her in this way.

Once all the members had arrived, Zac gave a

knowing look to his secretary. Immediately understanding what that look meant, the secretary got up and closed the door to the meeting room.

Patricia became inexplicably nervous as she waited outside the meeting room. Taking deep breaths, she looked worriedly at the closed door, her ten fingers clasped together.

Although both the CEO of the Veyron Corp. and Zac thought the plan was okay, Patricia couldn't shake this anxious feeling. In an instant, her uneasiness returned and only worsened when she recalled Kareem's words.

"It's okay. The plan will definitely be approved this time!" Sitting outside the meeting room, Patricia repeated this to herself quietly as she tried to lighten her mood and calm down.

A short while later, the meeting room's door was slowly opened, and the top executives exited one after another. She received a variety of strange stares from them as they walked past her. Some looked at her with disdain, some with anger, and others with amusement in their eyes.

Patricia frowned. She was confused and stunned to be on the receiving end of such stares.

When she saw Zac's secretary making her way out of the room, Patricia ignored the gazes of the top executives and walked over to her to discuss the outcome of the meeting.

"I'm sorry, Miss Sampson!" The secretary sighed, feeling sorry for Patricia.

Hearing this, Patricia, in turn, sighed helplessly and felt depressed. Apparently, there was no chance, yet

again, for the Veyron Corp. to cooperate with the Reynolds Group.

Forcing a smile as she stared at the secretary, Patricia nodded gratefully. She then turned around and strode away without saying anything.

But before Patricia could reach the elevator, she heard Kareem's voice call out to her.

"Miss Sampson, aren't you interested in finding out why your plan wasn't approved?"

"That's not necessary anymore since we wouldn't be cooperating with the Reynolds Group," she said softly. There was a trace of coldness on her face. This kind of occurrence wasn't unusual in the business circle, so there was no need to think too deeply about it. All it meant was that she was unable to persuade the top executives of the Reynolds Group.

Understanding what Patricia meant, Kareem asked in a low voice, "Do you really think that was the case?" As soon as Kareem finished speaking, he looked at Patricia with his sharp eyes, trying to express his meaning with his eyes.

Patricia frowned as she noticed the look in his eyes. Biting her lower lip, she asked in a low voice, "What is it that you're trying to say, Kareem?"

"If the problem lay in the plan, then yes, you should admit defeat. But what if that's not what happened? It appears that Zac has made a really powerful move. The information he gave you was very useful, wasn't it?" whispered Kareem as he leaned in close to Patricia.

His gentle voice reminded Patricia of something. And she could see the complacency in his eyes.

Patricia was a little taken aback by his words. She looked directly at Kareem with her pretty eyes, trying to discern the meaning behind his expression.

However, instead of answering Patricia's unspoken question, Kareem simply smiled at her gently, waved goodbye, and left immediately.

In her shock, it took Patricia a moment to realize what Kareem meant. She couldn't help but wear a long face as she was astonished by this revelation.

'Did...'

Then, without saying anything, Patricia rushed into Zac's office. Pounding her fist angrily on his desk, she shouted, "Zac, you cheated me!"

Zac slowly raised his eyes from the documents in

front of him to meet her gaze. He sneered and said in a low voice, "I cheated you? How did I cheat you?"

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REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 162 Wish Us A Pleasant Cooperation!



Patricia frowned and gritted her teeth as she heard Zac's denial. Her beautiful eyes filled with anger as she glared at him.

Zac was right by saying he didn't cheat her. She had taken the initiative to use the materials she received from his secretary, unsuspecting that she would fall into his trap.

Piecing together Kareem's words, Patricia could only assume that the senior executives of the Reynolds Group thought she had plagiarized their plan.

She hadn't expected Zac to ruin her reputation in such a manner.

"Zac, you bastard! You set this trap for me! You are so hateful," Patricia said in a cold, breathless voice.

Zac smiled amusingly as he heard this. Looking her in the eyes, he said, "Really? From the start, you knew it was a trap. So, why did you still choose to go along with it?"

Patricia clenched her fists tightly and gasped angrily. At that moment, she really wanted to beat Zac.

Inwardly suppressing her anger, Patricia regained her usual demeanor. She glanced at Zac indifferently

before turning away from him. She had nothing more to say, so she was about to leave when his following words stopped her in her tracks.

"Are you really going to leave like this? There's nothing more you want to discuss with me?" asked Zac in a low, pleasant voice, which instantly captured her attention. It was as if there was magic in his voice.

Patricia stopped, raised her chin slightly, and took a deep breath. Her face became colder. Turning around, she looked Zac in the eyes and said fiercely, "I don't think it's necessary for us to talk any further because you don't even have any credibility!" She then gritted her teeth as she glared at Zac.

Zac seemed unfazed by her anger. Curling his lips into a faint smile, he coughed and said, "Really? But I think it would be beneficial for us to have a chat!"

Looking into Zac's sharp eyes, Patricia couldn't help biting her lower lip. She was so furious at him. She wanted nothing more than to punch him so she could vent her anger.

Pounding her fist into the table again, she said fiercely, "That's not necessary. There's no need for me to talk with you!" After that, she cast an angry glance at Zac before turning back around and walking out of his office.

Zac was unperturbed by the anger he saw in her eyes. An unfathomable smile graced his lips as he tapped the table with his slender fingers.

His sexy thin lips gently opened and he said confidently, "Patricia, you can't escape me!"

Patricia's phone rang the minute she stepped outside the Reynolds Group building. Seeing the familiar

number on the screen, she quickly answered the call.

"Mr. Reynolds, what can I do for you?" she asked coldly. It was apparent that Patricia was in a foul mood.

Kareem chuckled as he heard her annoyed tone and said gently, "Miss Sampson, don't be so angry. As long as we can win this case, you'll be able to take back the bay. Wouldn't that be a happy occasion?"

Patricia frowned, and a hint of displeasure flashed through her eyes as she heard this remark. His words made it clear what he wanted. And right now, he wanted to discuss the bay.

"I understand. Give me the address!"

"Miss Sampson, you are a really straightforward woman!" With an imperceptible smile on his face,

Kareem continued, "We'll meet at my friend's law firm. He found some information that can be beneficial for this case."

The next moment, Patricia hung up the phone. She didn't want to waste time talking to Kareem. Sometimes, she still wondered if cooperating with Kareem was the wisest of decisions.

However, every time she questioned this, she would instantly remember Zac's determined and domineering voice.

It was his arrogant attitude that had displeased her and pushed her to cooperate with Kareem.

Kareem warmly welcomed her with an innocent smile on his face as she walked through the door of the law firm.

But Patricia knew better than to be fooled by that smile. Nodding to acknowledge his presence, she turned toward the lawyer and asked, "Sir, what do you think are our chances of winning this time?" Patricia looked anxiously at the lawyer. Although the lawyer was on Kareem's side, she had no choice but to place her hope in him.

The lawyer habitually pulled up his glasses and said, "Don't worry, Miss Sampson. I will try my best to help you win this case. Currently, there is only a sixty percent chance of winning, but our chances will increase significantly if you appear in court."

"I'll have to make an appearance in court?" she asked warily. Getting the sensation that something was off about this, Patricia looked at the lawyer suspiciously. 'Why did things suddenly turn out like this?'

Patricia wasn't very knowledgeable about the law, but

from what she knew, court appearances were only necessary after a case was accepted. So, she felt it was unnecessary to be talking about appearing in court when they had only just begun discussing the case.

Noticing her distrustful gaze, the lawyer explained, "Miss Sampson, you may feel confused, but I believe this is our best course of action."

Patricia nodded slightly as she heard this, the confusion still apparent on her face. She looked skeptically at the lawyer before stealing a glance at Kareem.

It didn't take much to know what that smile on Kareem's face meant.

He was planning to use this case to deal with Zac.

Considering the relationship between Zac and herself, she knew that it would only attract a lot of attention and raise the public's opinion if she appeared in court. This, in turn, would affect Zac's image.

This method of killing two birds with one stone was really brilliant. If Kareem succeeded, he would not only get the interests from the bay, but also his revenge on Zac. And should he fail, he would lose nothing.

He was indeed as cunning as a fox!

"Miss Sampson..." The lawyer's and Kareem's voices startled her and brought her back to reality. She quickly raised her head and gave them a resolute look.

"Okay, I understand," Patricia replied coldly. Although she knew she might be used by Kareem, she could

see no other alternatives.

At this point, there was no turning back.

Patricia's agreement had the lawyer and Kareem smiling deviously at each other. The slyness in their eyes hinted that they were planning something together.

From the corner of her eyes, she caught a glimpse of the look Kareem and the lawyer exchanged with each other. Smiling coldly, she felt that she had boarded a pirate ship. And now that the ship had set sail, there was no disembarking it.

After discussing things over with the lawyer, Patricia had a general understanding of everything that was about to happen. They had also decided to appeal to the court tomorrow as it would be better for them to act now while the development of the bay was still in

its preparation stage.

"Okay, I'll be there at nine o'clock tomorrow," Patricia said. As soon as she finished speaking, she stood up in a hurry. She couldn't stay in the same space as Kareem for much longer. She felt as though she was going to suffocate.

She was highly disgusted by the look in his eyes and the way he thought.

As she was about to turn around and leave, Kareem's outstretched hand grabbed her gently. With a sincere smile on his face, he said, "Miss Sampson, wouldn't you wish us a pleasant cooperation?"

Looking at Kareem indifferently, Patricia patted his hand unwillingly. "I hope we can have a good cooperation!"

After saying that, she strode away, not feeling the slightest bit guilty for acting the way she did.

Observing their exchange, the lawyer fixed his glasses on his face and teased Kareem by saying, "It seems that you are hated again!"

"It doesn't matter. This isn't the first time it's happened." Kareem shrugged his shoulders, looking unfazed by all this, but a hint of coldness flashed through his eyes.

No one other than Patricia dared to treat him in such a manner!

He had always been popular with women. So, seeing the disdain in Patricia's eyes displeased him. He felt that his pride had been wounded.

If given the opportunity, he would definitely show her

how powerful he was!

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Chapter 163 You Miss Me Too



Patricia returned to the company with a long face. No one could get close to her; even her colleagues retreated the instant they saw her expression.

She flung the plan on the table in a fit of rage and slumped on the chair. Then she stared at the ceiling blankly.

'Zac must be thrilled now!' she thought.

This unpleasant thought stoked her fury, and she tossed the documents he had handed her into the trashcan in a fit of rage. After all, out of sight, out of mind.

She stood up and cleaned the table to take her mind off her troubling thoughts. When she finished, she slumped tiredly into her chair, breathing hard. It was as though she had just fought a long battle.

She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and tried to relax. She didn't want Zac to dampen her mood further.

Suddenly, the telephone rang, and Patricia looked down at it with knitted eyebrows. She knew it was an incoming call from the CEO of Veyron Corp., so she answered the call.

"Patricia..."

came the nervous but expectant voice of the president. After a moment of silence, Patricia swallowed and tried her best to speak.

"President, I'm sorry."

The president had read the proposal and was satisfied with it, but no one had expected things to turn out the way they did.

If anyone was to blame for all this, it was her herself. Why hadn't she noticed Zac's strange behavior, which made her foolishly fall for the trap he set?

The CEO was silent for a moment, but he quickly collected his thoughts. With a smile on his face, he said in a low voice, "It's okay. Neither of us expected things to turn out this way. Just let it be."

That was all he said before hanging up the phone. However, Patricia had picked up on a touch of sadness in his voice.

She didn't blame him, either; after all, she'd also be sad if she were the CEO. The meat they had in their crosshairs had suddenly vanished like vapor. Anyone in their shoes would feel terrible, too.

Neither of them had expected things to turn out this way. Therefore, they had no choice but to scrap cooperation between Veyron Corp. and Reynolds Group.

Patricia sighed helplessly and returned to her work.

Patricia was still in the office at closing time, working alone. While losing the chance to cooperate with the Reynolds Group was unfortunate, there were still many companies that Veyron Corp. could collaborate

with.

As she pored over the documents on her desk, she came across the file of a mid-level company. Her interest stoked, she decided to work with this company, after which she'd draft a report on their collaboration and present it to the president of the Veyron Corp..

Sometime later, Patricia looked up and realized it was dark outside. Night had arrived, accompanied by a bright full moon and a sea of stars.

"It's this late already?" She looked down at her watch and saw that it was already eight o'clock. Boggled down by a ton of work, she had lost track of time.

She silently packed her things, tidied her desk, and quickly left the office. The company's security guards always locked the doors at nine o'clock in the

evening, and as she didn't want to be locked in, she made haste.

When Patricia reached the building's first floor, she saw the young security guard at the building's entrance, holding a U-shaped lock. She called out to him in a hurry, "Hey, wait a minute!"

She ran to the main entrance and hunched over, gasping for breath. "I'm sorry. I didn't keep track of the time and worked till late," she apologized.

The security guard didn't look at her. With the way he kept his head lowered, one would think he had a scar on his face — one too ugly for others to see.

"Miss Sampson, to have stayed back so late, you must be really hardworking," he replied.

Patricia looked up at him with a frown. His voice was

a little familiar, and she couldn't help feeling confused and suspicious.

"Is there anything else, Miss Sampson?" the security guard, whose steps didn't falter, asked as he calmly locked the doors at the main entrance, seemingly unafraid.

Patricia shrugged off her feeling of unease and shook her head with a smile. She decided that the scary thought she had just entertained — that the security guard in front of her might be Jayson — was just a side effect of thinking too hard.

"Nothing." With that, she gathered herself, turned around, and left the premises.

Unbeknownst to her, the security guard saw her off with a murderous look in his eyes. Only when she was walking away did he raise his head and stare at

her back without blinking.

"Miss Sampson, how have you been?" Jayson murmured with a vicious smile on his face. His expression was icy and horrifying, enough to send chills down people's spines.

He looked around vigilantly to ensure no one was around. When he didn't see anyone else, he boldly unlocked the doors and strode into the company with a swagger.

Unaware of this development, Patricia stopped at a street vendor and got herself some snacks. She got back home exhausted and fell asleep almost immediately.

When the clock struck midnight, a sharp sound which rang out from above Patricia's head jolted her awake.

She slowly opened her eyes and looked around in a daze. To her shock, Zac was sitting beside her bed, occupied with something.

Her drowsiness disappeared instantly. With wide eyes, she exclaimed, "Zac?!"

Zac looked over at her and calmly said, "Did I wake you up?"

"Why are you here?" Patricia demanded, inching away as though she had just seen a bandit.

His face was expressionless, but a fleeting hint of displeasure in the depth of his eyes—which vanished only a moment after it had appeared—betrayed his true feelings. "I'm here to take something," he coldly replied.

Without so much as a second glance at her, he turned

his attention back to the items he seemed to be packing up.

Patricia eyed him suspiciously for a while. However, it seemed Zac was only packing his things.

She sighed with relief after her confirmation, after which she looked at him.

The moment Zac was finished packing his things, she said, "You can leave now." There was no hesitation in her voice. She didn't want him to remain there while she slept.

As though he didn't hear what she had said, Zac walked over and sat at the edge of her bed. "Do you hate me this much?" he asked, looking down at her.

Her reply came instantly. "Yes. If you understand that much, please leave as soon as possible." To ensure

he didn't ignore her this time, she emphasized her request by pointing at the door with her fair, long forefinger. Her meaning was clear: she wanted him gone as soon as possible.

Although Zac had said he was there just to pack his things, her intuition told her things weren't that simple and that he must have some other motives.

Zac could read her like a book, though. His sexy thin lips curled upward into a meaningful smile, and he began to approach her slowly. "What do you think my true motive is?"

"I don't care what your motive is. You're not welcome here. Get out, now!" she said, blushing as her pointing finger trembled in her anger.

The blush didn't escape his notice, and a cunning gaze appeared in his deep-set eyes. His smile grew

even more attractive.

"Patricia, why are you blushing?"

Zac laughed. He leaned in really close and blew warmly on her ear. "You have missed me too, haven't you?"

His words made her blood boil, and she swung her hand to slap him, but Zac caught it inches from his face.

Before she could register what had happened, his thin lips made firm contact with hers.

Patricia tried to push him off, but his strength trumped hers. She could only stay as motionless as a log of wood.

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Chapter 164 By Hook Or By Crook



Patricia remained indifferent to Zac's passionate kiss. She may have obediently accepted his kiss, but it didn't ease the struggle she felt in her heart. Unconsciously, tears welled up in her eyes, ready to spill over.

As soon as Zac noticed the tears in her eyes, he stopped kissing her. Raising his head, he looked at her unblinkingly. Looking into his eyes, Patricia saw the subtle, incomprehensible look that flooded his gaze.

"Well, I see." The words that came from Zac's thin,

sexy lips held a hint of coldness to them. Without hesitation, he stood up and turned away without looking back at Patricia. She had never seen him act so cold before.

Zac's gaze before he turned away made Patricia believe that he was suddenly disappointed due to the unusual coldness in his eyes.

'Disappointed? Is Zac feeling disappointed about something? What has made him so disappointed?'

Patricia smiled bitterly as this thought crossed her mind. Shaking her head, she tried to dismiss those strange thoughts. She then returned to bed shortly after.

However, having been woken by Zac earlier, she could no longer fall asleep. She lay on the bed staring at the ceiling in a daze.

At the same time, Zac walked out of her room and stood outside the door to her apartment. He sighed as he looked up at the starry night sky, a reluctant smile touching his lips.

Gazing up at the night sky, he couldn't figure out why he had gone to such lengths for Patricia for so long.

But one thing was for certain. He had never expected his kindness to bring tears to her eyes.

This thought made Zac shake his head and sigh heavily. His deep eyes were full of confusion as he was unsure of how to win her over.

It was not until this moment that Zac realized how much contempt Patricia held for him in her heart.

"I really am an idiot!" Feeling dejected, Zac covered

his forehead with his thick palm as a bitter smile formed on his lips.

After a moment, he walked away from Patricia's apartment with a heavy heart.

"Boss..."

Nicholas, who was waiting downstairs, was taken aback by Zac's expression. He wanted to ask Zac what had happened but was afraid he would say the wrong thing.

Silently, Zac turned towards Nicholas. His cold, sharp gaze told Nicholas all he needed to know.

Nicholas could discern what that look meant even without asking. Helplessly suppressing the confusion in his heart, he cast an awkward smile at Zac.

"Take care, Mr. Reynolds." Nicholas then respectfully watched Zac leave.

"Mr. Reynolds doesn't look good. It's possible he argued with the beautiful Miss Sampson," Nicholas murmured in a low voice. The more he thought about it, the more curious he was to find out what had transpired.

But he was a smart man. He knew Zac would have given him a hard time, so he kept silent instead of asking too many questions and prying into Zac's personal affairs.

Nicholas rubbed his chin thoughtfully as he looked up at Patricia's apartment. A few seconds later, he muttered to himself, "It seems that beautiful Miss Sampson is a strong woman. It would do well for Mr. Reynolds to be more complaisant to her in the future!"

"Really?" A cold voice came from behind, and Nicholas couldn't help but scream in surprise. He was so scared that he began to have cold sweat, and the smile on his face instantly disappeared.

"Mr. Reynolds, I was just kidding. Don't take my words seriously!" Forcing a smile onto his lips, Nicholas turned around slowly and looked at Zac with frightened eyes.

Hearing this made Zac glare at Nicholas. Deliberately coughing, he whispered, "I hope it won't happen again."

Nicholas immediately swore in a firm tone, "I promise it won't happen again, boss!"

Zac's response had intimidated him so much that he would dare not make a similar mistake in the future.

Then, something occurred to Nicholas. Looking at Zac suspiciously, he asked, "Mr. Reynolds, why have you returned?"

'I did see Mr. Reynolds leave with a pensive look on his face just now. So, what has he come back for?' wondered Nicholas.

"Make a copy of this and bring it to me in half an hour!" commanded Zac. He then retrieved two pieces of paper from his pocket and handed them to Nicholas.

Nicholas took the papers from Zac and read what was written on it out of curiosity. He was alarmed when he saw the word "will" written on the paper and looked at Zac in bewilderment.

"Mr. Reynolds, this is..."

"Just do as I say. Don't ask questions!" Zac's sharp gaze fell on Nicholas, making him unable to reject his request.

Nicholas immediately became serious when he saw the look in Zac's eyes. Looking confidently at Zac, he nodded and left to fulfill his errands.

After Nicholas left, Zac's gaze wandered over to Patricia's apartment, which lay not far from where he stood. A capricious look suddenly appeared on his face, one that would definitely be incomprehensible to others.

"Patricia, just wait and see. I won't allow Kareem to carry out his wicked schemes," Zac said firmly as a trace of coldness flashed through his deep eyes.

He simply couldn't allow Patricia to cooperate with Kareem. But what made him angrier was that Patricia

was so foolish to fall for Kareem's tricks. After all this time, she didn't seem to realize how shrewd of a man Kareem was.

Zac took a deep breath as these thoughts flooded his mind. He then clenched his fists so tightly that the blue veins became exposed on the back of his hands. His chest tightened and burned with his rage.

'I will never let Kareem carry out his dastardly schemes. Absolutely not!' Besides, Zac was determined to win the lawsuit by hook or by crook. If it was for Patricia's sake, he would do whatever he thought was necessary.

The next morning, after dressing herself up, Patricia left her apartment and made her way over to the courthouse. She decided it would have been best to wait on the lawyer's and Kareem's arrival before heading in.

However, as soon as she arrived, there was a throng of reporters waiting outside the door of the courthouse. It appeared that they already knew her purpose for being here today was to take back the bay.

Seeing this scene, Patricia's mind immediately ran on Kareem. She guessed that this must have been his trick to attract more attention. The more people paid attention to this matter, the higher the impact it would have on Zac.

Stepping out of the car, Patricia was swamped by reporters rushing forward and surrounding her. They made it hard for her to escape their clutches.

"Miss Sampson, I was informed that you have the will relating to the Sampson Bay. Is that true?"

"I heard that the President of the Reynolds Group took the bay by illegal means. What do you have to say on this matter?"

"Miss Sampson, how great are your chances for winning today's battle for the bay?"

In an instant, Patricia was besieged by all kinds of questions. Upset, she did not know how to respond to them, nor did she want to speak on the matter.

She had planned to settle this quietly, so she didn't expect she would be facing such a problem now. She was suddenly afraid that she would become the focus of the public opinion before she had a chance to win the bay back.

Kareem would probably enjoy being in the media spotlight. However, Patricia preferred to avoid it as much as possible. She had always hated being in the

spotlight, after all.

If possible, she really hoped that Kareem would rescue her from the reporters and their many questions.

"Sorry, this is a private affair, so I'm unable to answer your questions." Patricia smiled politely at the reporters. Inwardly, she was furious that she had to deal with this.

As soon as she finished speaking, she gracefully nudged the reporters aside and made her way out of the crowd.

No sooner had she shaken off the reporters' pestering than a shrill voice filled her ears. She didn't need to look to know who the speaker was.

"Sister, why are you so late? Our parents are inside

waiting for you," said Lyndsy politely as she directed her comment to Patricia. She had dressed herself up in a charming and elegant style today, and she wore a gentle smile on her face. In this way, Lyndsy ensured she looked like the typical young lady from an eminent family. Furthermore, her gracious attitude to Patricia would fool those present into thinking that the sisters had a good relationship with each other.

However, only Patricia herself knew why Lyndsy was putting on this act.

"Really? That's such a rare thing!" Patricia cast a cold glance at Lyndsy, unwilling to accept her false kindness.

It was easy for Patricia to figure out why they were here. Lyndsy was acting gracefully in front of the cameras so that she could reverse the public's impression of her from last time. And Sullivan's

purpose would simply be to reap any benefits she got from acquiring the bay back. As for how they knew she had her grandfather's will, Patricia could only presume all this was part of Kareem's elaborate scheme.

'Didn't the lawyer previously say that there was no notary to prove the validity of the will? Now, with the Sampson family present, they would prove as the best notary!'

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Chapter 165 The Lawsui



Lyndsy fought to suppress her rage in front of the reporters for appearance's sake. But Patricia's cold demeanor and attitude had angered her.

However, this was a rare and valuable opportunity for her to salvage her reputation, so she didn't want to ruin it by making a fuss.

"Sister, why did you say that? Dad and mom cared about you so much. They even came here so early to meet with you. But they were afraid that you would be unable to find us, so they sent me to pick you up."

Lyndsy smiled sweetly and approached Patricia gracefully.

The gentle and beautiful smile on Lyndsy's face gave her such a charming appearance that the people around could mistake her as a clingy but caring sister.

Seeing this, Patricia couldn't help scoffing. Raising

her chin slightly, she gazed at Lyndsy intimidatingly, causing her to take a step back.

Past memories flooded her mind, reminding her of the type of person Lyndsy was. Needless to say, Patricia didn't want Lyndsy touching her at all.

"You didn't have to pick me up. I won't get lost. Why would I need you to escort me inside? Or have you only come out to make your presence known?" asked Patricia softly. Her words were dripping with sarcasm.

After all, this wouldn't be the first time that Lyndsy appeared simply to attract the attention of the reporters.

However, it seemed that she had ulterior motives by addressing Patricia so intimately.

The journalists, who had changed their perspectives

toward Lyndsy, thought what Patricia had said was possible. This, in turn, left a bad impression on them, and they calmed down when they looked at Lyndsy again.

It was, after all, a well-known fact that the relationship between Lyndsy and Patricia was terrible. So, acting intimately with Patricia now made Lyndsy seem slightly pretentious.

Seeing their change in temperament, Lyndsy bit her lower lip angrily. Glaring at Patricia, she secretly held resentment toward her.

She thought that Patricia had messed up a good opportunity for her by speaking so bluntly earlier. The image of an elegant lady she had worked so hard on to show everyone was all for naught now.

Lyndsy wanted nothing more than to slap Patricia's

face right then and there. But with all the reporters around, she knew the consequences of her actions would be unimaginable.

So, she couldn't act impulsively. No. Instead, she had to act wisely!

"Sister, I know you hate me, so I won't say anything more. Our parents are waiting for you inside." With an aggrieved look on Lyndsy's face, she subconsciously pointed to the left to indicate where they would be. But before walking off, she said, "Sister, I'm going in now!"

A cold smile touched Patricia's lips as she watched Lyndsy leave. Casting one final glance at her, she, too, then silently walked off.

Seeing that Patricia and Lyndsy were leaving in the opposite directions, the reporters looked at each other

in a daze. Finally returning to their senses, they immediately made a note of the sisters' behaviors. Because although it was not as important as Patricia getting back the bay, the poor relationship between Patricia and the Sampson family still made for juicy gossip.

Returning to Sullivan's and Yolanda's sides, Lyndsy stamped her feet angrily as she glared at Patricia's back. She said, "Dad, mom, look at that bitch, Patricia. Out of the kindness of my heart, I greeted her and guided her here, but she doesn't appreciate it at all."

Speaking of this, Lyndsy bit her lower lip angrily, her resentment growing inside of her. 'Earlier had been the perfect chance to salvage my sullied reputation, but it was ruined by that bitch, Patricia.'

Sullivan took a deep breath when he heard this and

glared at Patricia. He felt a fire burning intensely inside his chest.

He really disliked this unfilial daughter of his. She didn't care about the Sampson family at all. She was only concerned about her own interest and well-being.

"Don't be angry, Sullivan!" Yolanda gently touched Sullivan's chest and winked at Lyndsy, who was beside her.

Understanding her mother's gesture, Lyndsy smiled sweetly at Sullivan and immediately pretended to be a good daughter.

"Father, don't be angry. It's not worth getting angry for this bitch, Patricia. Besides, Kareem has promised to compensate us so long as we testify in the court."

Sullivan felt a little better when he heard those words.

He slowly took a breath to quell his anger, nodded slightly, and said seriously, "By the way, after entering, you should be wise with your words. Remember, answer every question the judge asks you."

Lyndsy and Yolanda nodded before quietly following Sullivan into the court.

However, as soon as Lyndsy entered the hall, she spotted Patricia. Anger burned inside of her. She was about to go and give her a piece of her mind, but Yolanda stopped her.

"My dear daughter, don't do anything stupid. Don't forget our purpose for coming here today!" Yolanda warned, looking directly at Lyndsy and gripping her wrist tightly.

Yolanda knew how much Lyndsy hated Patricia. But if

she left her to her own devices, things may spin out of their control.

Hearing her mother's warning, Lyndsy pouted and glared at Patricia. She wished that Patricia could disappear from the world.

Noticing Lyndsy's anger, Patricia smiled and didn't take it seriously. Instead, she glanced at Sullivan and Yolanda. Seeing their hungry gazes, she knew instantly what they wanted.

Patricia had never liked the Sampson family for this reason. Ignoring her family, she began to wonder where Kareem and the lawyer were and why they hadn't shown up yet.

As Patricia was searching the crowd for Kareem, she heard a low, domineering voice behind her. Without thinking, she turned in the direction of the voice.

Zac stood at the door, his face expressionless as he gazed intently at her as if watching something precious. A dandiacal young man stood beside Zac with his hair erect.

Before Patricia could speak, Zac approached her. Looking down at her like a king, he said coldly, "Patricia, have you thought about what I said? It's not too late to agree to my request!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zac bent his head, his eyes inches apart from her own.

Patricia sneered as she heard this. Looking coldly into Zac's eyes, she said, "That's impossible."

She had firmly refused Zac's request the moment she decided to cooperate with Kareem. She would never agree to Zac's proposal.

With a faint smile on his lips, Zac looked at Patricia with his deep eyes, searching her face for something.

However, Zac saw nothing but firm determination written on her face.

It was clear that Patricia was serious about cooperating with Kareem to take back the bay from him.

With a faint smile on his lips and coldness in his eyes, he said in a deep voice, "Very good! Then you'll just have to look forward to the results then!" He chuckled as he stood up and strode past her.

Patricia was taken aback by their exchange. Raising her gaze to Zac, she frowned and watched him walk off.

Zac's expression just then had terrified her. She had never seen such a murderous gleam in his eyes before.

'Zac...'

"Miss Sampson, there you are!" Kareem's gentle voice startled Patricia and woke her from her daze. Turning around, she looked at Kareem. But before she could say something, he interrupted her by saying, "Miss Sampson, are you ready? After all, you are bearing a heavy responsibility today!" With his gentle eyes, Kareem looked upon Patricia sharply.

Patricia nodded in response and took a deep, calming breath. She looked at Zac coldly with determination on her face.

Seeing this, Kareem nodded with satisfaction. Turning around, he signaled the lawyer and said, "Let's go."

Then both Kareem and the lawyer strode in confidently.

However, just as Patricia was about to take a step forward, a voice rang out from behind.

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Chapter 166 You'd Better Give Up



"Hi, Miss Sampson."

'Did someone call me?' Patricia wondered. She looked around in confusion, but when she spotted Nicholas behind her, she frowned. "You..."

"Miss Sampson," Nicholas began, "you had better give up. Mr. Reynolds is serious this time." With a sigh that portrayed distress, he walked towards her. His expression was one of worry.

However, the source of his worry wasn't Patricia. It was just that he had not seen such ruthlessness in Zac's eyes in a long time. Every time they appeared in the past, someone got hurt.

If the target this time was Patricia and she got hurt, it was a certainty that Zac himself would get hurt, too.

Patricia smiled bitterly at Nicholas' words.

"Do you think it's possible for me to give up?"

Although she didn't know what he sought to gain by saying what he had, there was one thing she knew for sure: she wouldn't give up. This time, her

determination to retrieve the Sampson Bay was rock solid.

Nicholas sighed when he saw Patricia's bitter smile transform into an expression of unshakeable resolve. He tried to persuade her once more, but she interrupted him right there and then.

"That's enough," she coldly said when she saw him try to speak again. Then she turned around and walked inside without another word.

Nicholas sighed helplessly at the abrupt dismissal. It seemed he could do nothing more than stay silent this time. He had said everything he needed to say, and whether or not Patricia paid his words any mind no longer had anything to do with him; he was already at his wit's end.

With nothing else to do, he shook his head helplessly

and went inside as well.

Nicholas walked over to Zac and sat beside him. A few meters away from them sat Patricia, Kareem, and Sullivan. Having to see Sullivan and Kareem was the last thing Patricia wanted at that moment, but the present circumstances demanded she endured it.

A few minutes later, the court clerk came out and looked around with a serious expression. "We can start now," he said with a slight cough.

Patricia's lawyer stood up and kicked things off. He opened his suitcase and took out a document — their best piece of evidence: the will. He raised the paper and informed the court that it was a will drafted by Patricia's grandfather, giving her the right of inheritance. Afterward, Sullivan and his family, speaking as notaries, gave their account of what had happened when Patricia's grandfather wrote the will.

Then, the lawyer asked Zac to take out the contract in his possession. All this had made one thing clearer.

Zac acquired the bay without consent from Patricia, who had rightfully inherited it. He hadn't even informed Patricia of his later development of the bay.

The lawyer called everyone's attention to this fact in a tone that was loud and clear. As the court clerk meticulously took notes of the statement, he couldn't help but look in Zac's direction.

Despite not bringing a lawyer with him, Zac seemed unperturbed and surprisingly confident in the face of the strong case being presented against him.

Everyone who looked at him couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking. Even the court clerk was staring at him.

Zac, who was unfazed by all the attention, coughed slightly and winked at Nicholas, who — right on cue — opened his briefcase and took out a will that bore an uncanny resemblance to Patricia's.

Patricia was stunned when she saw this will. Her eyes went wide as she stared at Zac in disbelief.

'What is that? A will? The same will as mine?' Patricia pondered.

"Do I need to say anything about it?" Zac said in an icy tone, looking coldly at everyone present.

The two wills were now the center of attention, and everyone was looking at them with expressions of confusion. Try as they might, they could not spot any differences between both documents.

Kareem and Sullivan looked at Patricia suspiciously,

hoping she'd give them an explanation.

Patricia's mind was blank. She sat there, unmoving. It was as though she had lost the ability to think.

'Impossible! Impossible! How could Zac have a will, too? I got my will from my mother, so the will in Zac's possession should be...'

Suddenly, she recalled the events of the night before. She had woken up to find Zac in her room, and he told her that he came to pack his things. Now, it seemed he had stolen her grandfather's will instead and made a false copy of it.

"Zac, you..." she stuttered, gritting her teeth as her expression quickly changed from disbelief to unbridled rage. "The will in his possession is fake!" she roared, glaring coldly at Zac.

Everyone looked dumbfounded for a moment when they heard that. Then, they turned and stared at Zac suspiciously. Some of them even looked angry.

Zac was not alarmed, though; he remained relaxed and unperturbed. A wry smile appeared on his lips as he replied in a low voice, "Really? Are you sure it's fake? How about we have someone identify it?"

He gazed at Patricia meaningfully, and an unfathomable smile tugged at the corners of his lips.

"I can ask an expert to identify it,"

he said to the clerk. Kareem and Sullivan voiced their objections to his proposal instantly. In their opinion, if there was a need to invite an expert to examine the will, they should be responsible for it, not him.

Their objection provided Zac a window to dispute.

"Really? I also object. What's to stop you from cheating?"

Zac coldly said.

The silent clerk, who had maintained neutrality throughout the proceedings, couldn't help but agree with Zac. Nodding slightly, he looked up from his notes and announced, "We'll have someone identify the will."

"What if it can't be identified?" Zac asked suddenly, a glimmer of cunning visible in his cold eyes.

Patricia was shocked at the sudden question. When she noticed the look on Zac's face, she raised her hand to her chest subconsciously. The feeling of unease in her heart had now exploded into full-blown fear.

'What does Zac mean? Why is he asking such a question?' she thought.

"You're saying there's a chance it won't be identified?" the clerk asked, narrowing his eyes at Zac with suspicion. "If that turns out to be the case, we won't accept the case because the evidence is not admissible," he replied.

Patricia gasped for air when she heard that. Kareem and Sullivan were shocked; they hadn't expected things to turn out this way.

"I see," Zac said with a faint smile. Then he looked at Patricia with an even colder expression.

Seeking to move things along, the clerk coughed slightly and said, "Mr. Zac, do you have any other evidence?"

"Of course," Zac answered, momentarily shifting his icy gaze to Kareem and Sullivan. With an overwhelming sense of calm, he placed his briefcase on the table, opened it, and took out the bay's purchase contract.

"I think you know better than I do what this is, so there's no need for me to say anymore. This document is the purchase contract of the Sampson Bay. It's clearly written here that Kareem sold the bay to me for five percent of the Reynolds Group's shares. Since we can't verify the authenticity of the will I presented, then this contract is the most effective piece of evidence. As the inheritor of the Sampson family's property, Sullivan has the right to control the bay."

Kareem and Sullivan both sucked in mouthfuls of air when they heard what Zac had to say. They glanced

at each other in confusion, unsure of how they could refute him.

Realization suddenly dawned on Patricia. A trace of anger flashed in her eyes, and she bit her lips and glared at Zac.

It seemed she had focused so much on the will, something important escaped her notice. If the will had no legal standing, then the bay could be one of the Sampson family's properties, any of which Sullivan had the right to sell.

As she couldn't show Sullivan the will before, she had been unable to stop him.

But she didn't expect that...

Zac smiled coldly when he saw Patricia's expression worsen. His eyes flashed as he said, "Is what I said

correct?"

Brimming with confidence, he looked at the clerk and smiled politely.

The clerk nodded and calmly replied, "Yes, Mr. Zac, you're right. Going by your words, we can't rule on the case today, so we'll stop here and resume proceedings in a few days' time. For now, we'll invite an expert to appraise the will. You can all take your leave now. We'll inform you when we've fixed a date for resumption."

With that, the clerk packed his notes, got to his feet, and left the courtroom instantly, ignoring Zac and the others.

Shocked and embarrassed, both Kareem and Sullivan glared at Zac, who had become something of a mutual enemy.

Patricia, on the other hand, was still in a daze, unable to accept everything that had happened. With trembling pink lips, she stared at Zac with wide eyes.

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Chapter 167 Patricia's Anger



Lyndsy and Yolanda felt intensely gleeful on the inside as they watched Patricia's expression.

The value of the Bay had soared now. If Patricia did take it back, she was going to become extremely rich and that was the last thing Lyndsy or Yolanda wanted.

No matter what, even if they had agreed to be notaries, they hoped Patricia would lose the lawsuit. Even if this meant that Sullivan would be hurt in the process, it was worth it.

Lyndsy was struggling to control her happiness at that moment. And then, she was struck dumb by Zac's presence for a second, given that she still had a crush on him.

Becoming Zac's wife would mean becoming the wife of the person who would be the head of the Reynolds family and the Reynolds Group. There was nothing she wanted more than that.

She had also noticed that Zac had become colder towards Patricia than he was before. He made no attempt to hide his contempt.

Lyndsy sniggered at the thought. There was pure glee

glimmering in her eyes as she thought, 'This is my chance. I have to do my best to get Zac.'

Meanwhile, Yolanda tried to console Sullivan whose chest was heaving in anger. She touched him gently and said, "Try and be calm Sullivan. Remember what the staff told you? They will let us know if there is no result."

But her words seemed to have the opposite effect on Sullivan. To him, the staff's words meant that they had no hope of getting the Bay back.

"Goddamn it!" Sullivan yelled. "Zac, you made a fake will on purpose."

As far as Sullivan was concerned, he had been harmed the most in this entire situation. He could have been the one to get the exploitation rights over the Bay. But he never anticipated that things would

turn out this way.

How could Yolanda possibly expect him to be calm? Just as the value of the Bay soared, so did Sullivan's anger.

Zac had an evil glint in his eyes as he looked at Sullivan and said, "Be careful what you say. The contract could not have been any clearer. You sold the Bay to Kareem and he sold it to me."

He turned to Kareem and smiled. "Isn't that right, Kareem?"

It was one of those rare moments where Kareem wasn't gentle-looking. He was, in fact, shaking with rage. He glared at Zac with cold eyes.

He always knew Zac to be careful, but he hadn't foreseen the steps that he had taken. He had not

expected it of Zac.

"Yes," he said through gritted teeth. He would give anything to be able to tear up that contract right now. Pretend as though nothing happened.

But there was nothing he could do except try and stay calm.

He inhaled deeply and looked towards Patricia and Sullivan. He motioned to the lawyer beside him and then smiled at Zac. "We don't know the outcome yet, Zac. We will have to wait and see who the winner is."

With that, Kareem left with his head held high, followed by the lawyer.

Sullivan glared after Kareem's receding figure, unable to articulate the anger he felt. Finally, he looked at Zac and said fiercely, "Don't think even for a second

that you have won." He let out a sharp breath of anger and left.

Yolanda ran after him to catch up with him. She knew that Lyndsy was falling in love with Zac and she couldn't help the need to warn her and take her away.

Once everyone else had left, only Zac and Patricia remained in the room.

Having been caught off guard, Patricia was staring at Zac subconsciously. "How long are you going to keep looking at me?" he sneered.

She snapped out of her trance and she was filled with anger once more. She yelled at him with all her might, "You bastard, Zac! You've falsified a will after having stolen the original from me! How dare you..."

Her anger got the better of her and she couldn't say

much more. She had an accusatory finger pointed towards him and rage in her eyes.

She hadn't expected Zac to be this unscrupulous by using her to achieve his goal.

Despite the anger, Patricia couldn't help but feel a little heartbroken. Before she realized it, she was crying. She felt extremely helpless right now.

Sadness had replaced the anger in her voice. "Why would you do this to me Zac? You have destroyed the few good memories I had left." She bit her lower lip in an attempt to control her tears as she continued to stare at Zac.

Her grandpa had wanted to leave her a beautiful memory, and that would have been the case if it wasn't for Zac.

This accusation struck a chord with Zac and he chewed his lip without realizing it. Hurting Patricia had not been his intention to begin with. He wasn't sure when things had taken such turn.

But Zac knew in his heart that he did whatever he did for her sake. Despite the fact that she hated him now, if Kareem had actually gotten the Bay the consequences would be unimaginable.

He felt sorrow in his heart but his face showed indifference as he said, "It doesn't matter what you think, just know that I didn't have a choice. This was the only way to make sure Kareem didn't get a hold of the Bay. I did this out of respect for your grandfather."

He stared at Patricia, a trace of anger on his face. And then, with a deep sigh, he turned and left.

Patricia was a little taken aback by his behavior but

soon she composed herself. It was just her left in the room now.

She was still attempting to comprehend what exactly Zac had meant as she made her way out of the room.

"This was the only way to make sure Kareem didn't get a hold of the Bay. I did this out of respect for your grandfather." Those were his exact words.

Her mind was running at a thousand miles an hour as she was overcome with confusion. She couldn't make head or tail of what he had said to her.

Why did he say those things to her? If he really respected grandpa, he could have just returned the Bay to her. Instead, he seemed to have some elaborate plan in mind. She only felt even more lost and ridiculous.

'I really underestimated Zac,' she thought. She shook her head in a resigned manner and her heart felt heavier than ever.

She kept replaying the previous conversations in her mind. She would only believe his words once she actually saw the outcome.

Zac was more determined than ever to acquire the Bay. Development of the Bay by the Reynolds Group was already in progress.

Allowing Patricia to regain the ownership of the Bay would mean that the Reynolds Group would incur massive losses. As the senior most member of the group, he could never allow that to happen. He would do everything in his power to maintain control over the Bay.

At least, this was what Patricia assumed that Zac

would be thinking. What was actually going in his mind was still a mystery to her.

By the time Patricia exited the court, all the reporters had left. They had probably left with Zac. She felt relieved about not having to face them at this moment.

She got into her car quickly as she could and drove away.

Little did she know that Nicholas was waiting in a car not too far away. Once she had covered some distance, he glanced back at Zac and asked, "Boss, do I start following her now?"

Zac looked in the direction in which Patricia's car had driven off but looked away and said curtly, "No, take me home."

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Chapter 168 Drowning Her Sorrows In Wine



Nicholas was baffled upon hearing Zac's words. Frowning, he looked at Zac suspiciously.

'The boss was unwilling to leave earlier. Wasn't that because he was waiting on Miss Sampson to come out?

And now that she's out, why did he decide to go back without her? What happened to change his mind?'

"What are you waiting for? Let's go!!" Before Nicholas

could regain his senses, Zac had barked his order as he looked at Nicholas coldly.

Feeling the intensity of Zac's gaze, Nicholas pursed his lips and sighed helplessly. This behavior made it clear that they had fought again.

Nicholas then drove away without saying anything.

On her way home, Patricia received a call from Giselle. However, she was in no mood to discuss today's events with her mother just yet.

In the end, though, she still answered the call. Forcing a smile onto her face, she tried her best to make her voice sound natural.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Patricia asked gently.

Giselle became instantly worried when she heard her

daughter's shaky voice. In a low voice, she asked, "Patricia, how are things on your end? Did your father agree?"

Patricia was taken aback by her mother's question. Unable to provide an answer, she frowned as her mood dampened.

"Patricia, are you there? Did you hear me?" Giselle couldn't help but ask this worriedly after getting no response to her questions.

Patricia had to take a deep breath to calm herself down. Forcing herself to sound chipper, she said softly, "Mom, don't worry. Everything is fine!"

Upon hearing this, Giselle broke down crying.

Her mother's sobs made Patricia frantically call out, "Mom, what's wrong? Has something happened to

you?" Patricia nervously awaited her mother's response.

"Patricia, why didn't you keep me in the loop regarding everything that has happened? What am I to do now?" Giselle choked on her tears, her sobs becoming more prominent over the phone.

Patricia was startled to hear such a question. She had forgotten that Kareem had made the news public. So, it was possible that her mother must have seen it through the media reports.

"I... Mom..."

For a moment, Patricia didn't know what to say. She hadn't meant to worry her mother, nor had she meant to deceive her.

"I know you didn't tell me because you didn't want me

to worry, but..." said Giselle in a low voice as if she had read Patricia's mind. As she spoke, her tears streamed down her cheeks.

"But... I... I just feel sorry for you," stammered Giselle.

Rendered speechless as she heard this, Patricia couldn't refrain from biting her lips. Furthermore, Giselle's crying made her feel more depressed.

After a moment of silence, Patricia sighed helplessly and spoke comforting words to her mother. "Mom, don't cry. I'm fine, aren't I? I'll be sad if you continue to cry!"

Sniffling, Giselle blew her nose as she forced herself to stop crying. "Okay, I wouldn't shed any more tears. But Patricia, don't force yourself too much. And remember to take care of yourself." Patricia could hear someone speaking fiercely to her mother on the

other end of the line. However, Giselle had covered the speaker with her hand, so she couldn't hear the conversation clearly.

"Well, I have something to attend to now. Be careful!"

Hearing the beeping tone, Patricia frowned as she realized her mother had hung up on her. She didn't know what to say for a moment.

She had clearly heard a voice in the background just now. So, it was safe to assume that someone in the Lowell family was calling her mother. But judging from the tone in which they had spoken, Patricia presumed that they were making things difficult for her mother again.

These thoughts left her feeling both helpless and speechless. She couldn't help sigh.

Tilting her head up, Patricia looked ahead of her in confusion, feeling like she couldn't see the road in front of her clearly.

Covering her forehead with her fair fingers, she slowly closed her eyes. She wore a pensive expression, and her pink lips trembled ever so slightly, making it seem like Patricia was murmuring something.

Feeling blue, Patricia entered a pub for the first time. In contrast to the noisy atmosphere of a bar, it was quiet here, allowing her to enjoy the pleasant music.

Patricia enjoyed the time she spent there, sitting in a corner drinking and listening to music. It was a good thing that she could drown her sorrows in wine!

One bottle after another, she emptied the contents into her stomach. Her mind was filled with thoughts about the bay and the cooperation plan between the

Veyron Corp. and the Reynolds Group.

'Zac is such a despicable man! He tricked me first with the materials I used for the new plan, and now again, he pulled some stunts regarding the case about the bay.'

"Zac, you bastard!" she said loudly as she raised her glass of cocktail in the air. She stared at the drink with slightly drunken eyes. Her facial expression clearly showed her anger at the moment. She downed the drink in one gulp, substituting Zac for the drink.

Seeing the now empty glass on the table, Patricia got up from her seat. She walked dizzily to the counter and waved at the bartender. "Give me another glass of cocktail," she said coldly.

Hearing this, the bartender forced a stiff smile. Out of the corner of his eye, he looked at the patron sitting at

a nearby table. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Miss, you drank quite a lot already. I think you're drunk. You'd better go back," the bartender persuaded kindly.

Patricia shook her head in denial. "No! Who said I was drunk? I can still drink a lot. Give me another bottle!" Frowning, she walked up to the bartender and looked him in the eye.

The bartender's forehead began sweating profusely. The smile he forced onto his lips looked uglier than if he broke into tears.

"Miss, you..."

Before the bartender could say anything, the man he was watching came over, winked at him, and then

looked at Patricia.

'This woman!'

Zac was furious at that moment. He wouldn't have discovered that Patricia was secretly drinking had he not decided to follow her.

'Doesn't she know how dangerous it was for a woman to come to a pub and drink alone?'

Zac was too angry to say anything to Patricia. Looking at her, he wished he could open her brain and see what was inside to figure out why she didn't have any common sense.

"Well..." Apparently, the bartender didn't understand Zac's gesture. He looked from Zac to Patricia.

"If she wants to drink, then give her the glass of

cocktail she ordered," Zac commanded. He glanced coldly at the bartender and then looked at Patricia.

Hearing the familiar voice, Patricia slightly raised her head to see who had spoken. Opening her eyes, she looked at Zac through her blurred vision. Her delicate body shook as she smiled at him.

"You look a little familiar. It seems I've seen you somewhere before."

"Have you?" replied Zac. Zac was so angry that all he wanted to do was take her home. She was already drunk, yet she wanted to drink more in this state.

Patricia nodded her head frantically. She simpered, which made her look silly and said, "I remember now! You look like the person I hate. His name is Zac. He is a bastard!"

Frowning, a dark aura settled onto Zac's cold face as she spoke. Seeing the anger in his face, the bartender, who was standing aside, couldn't help but feel embarrassed. He immediately nudged Patricia in hopes that she would stop talking nonsense.

'Even I am scared by Zac's aura. How can this woman not feel anything?'

"Why did you nudge me?" Looking at the bartender suspiciously, Patricia smiled foolishly and said, "Is my cocktail ready?"

Seeing that another man had touched her, Zac widened his eyes slightly. He glared at the bartender with a murderous look.

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REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 169 Zac Is A Bastard!



The bartender instantly raised his hands in surrender, indicating that he had done nothing to Patricia. Wearing an innocent expression on his face, he promptly clarified, "Sir, I did nothing to her."

Spotting a glass of wine on the counter, Patricia gingerly picked it up. Chuckling, she said, "So, there was a glass of wine here for me!" She then gulped down the wine, ignoring the bartender's gaze and Zac's angry eyes resting on her face.

"This is not a cocktail. It's not tasty at all!" muttered Patricia unhappily as she pouted in displeasure. She

couldn't help but frown when she realized that something was wrong with the wine she had just drunk. As soon as she finished speaking, she set the glass back on to the counter.

Seeing this, the bartender breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, Patricia had only drunk one glass before stopping. Had she drunk another, Zac would have possibly gotten the bartender in trouble.

After all, what Patricia had just drunk was rum, the strength of which cannot be borne by ordinary people.

Zac inexplicably breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that Patricia was fine even after drinking the glass of rum. She still had that silly smile on her face and wasn't behaving intoxicated. 'This stupid woman almost gave me a fright just now!' thought Zac.

"Why do you hate this person called Zac?" questioned

Zac. His voice was low and pleasant, and his deep gaze attracted Patricia's attention.

Patricia smiled sweetly at Zac as she grabbed his wrist before sitting down. "If you want to know, I can tell you, but..."

Pausing mid-sentence, Patricia looked around vigilantly before whispering cautiously in Zac's ear, "It's not convenient for us to talk here."

A sly smile appeared on Zac's sexy thin lips. Looking seriously at Patricia, he said, "Then let's find a convenient place to talk. You'll also be able to drink as much as you want then."

"Really?" Patricia looked at Zac skeptically, unable to believe his words.

With a sincere look in his deep eyes, Zac nodded

heavily as a gentle smile touched his lips.

Upon seeing the sincerity in his eyes, Patricia nodded in agreement and returned his gentle smile. It was this smile that had caught her attention.

"You look so charming when you smile!" Patricia boldly complimented Zac.

The corners of his mouth twitched as his smile deepened. In a soft voice, he said, "If that's the case, then I should smile more often!"

Grinning from ear to ear, Patricia nodded in agreement. She daringly approached Zac then, and whispered mysteriously, "Were your earlier words a lie?"

"No, absolutely not! Let's leave here now," said Zac enthusiastically. Grabbing Patricia by the hand, he

escorted her to the door.

The bartender took a deep breath unconsciously as he watched Patricia and Zac leaving. Raising his hand, he wiped the sweat that had beaded on his forehead.

Replaying the conversation between Zac and Patricia, the bartender came to a sudden realization. 'If I'm not mistaken, those two must be...'

But he had no right to comment on that matter. Zac, the President of the Reynolds Group, and Patricia, the eldest daughter of the Sampson family, were once husband and wife. In light of what had just transpired, the bartender assumed that their past romance must have rekindled.

After walking out of the pub, Zac drove Patricia around for a bit. When he finally stopped the car,

Patricia stepped out and frowned. Looking at Zac unhappily, she said fiercely, "Where is the good place you mentioned earlier? Why haven't you taken me there yet?"

"Don't worry. We'll be there soon!" Zac then wrapped his long arm around Patricia's slender waist as he slowly walked into the Oakleaf Villa.

When the door to the wine room opened, Patricia walked in with Zac in tow. Wide-eyed, she took in the many wine bottles lining the wine cabinet.

"Wow, there's so much red wine here! This is more than enough for me!" Patricia jumped with excitement and unconsciously leaned into Zac.

From the corner of his eye, Zac saw the expression on Patricia's face. A sly look crossed his face as an evil yet seductive smile crept up on his sexy thin lips.

Leaning close to Patricia's ear, he whispered, "Please make yourself at home. There's so much red wine here; it's enough to satiate your desire to drink."

Patricia's body suddenly went limp, and she leaned weakly against Zac's body. She wasn't sure if this happened because of his seductive voice or for some other reason.

When Patricia recovered from her moment of weakness, her thoughts all centered around one thing - the red wine before her eyes. Pushing away from Zac, she stepped forward and walked over to the wine cabinet. Retrieving a bottle, she popped the cork and filled two glasses to the brim.

"This is for you!" she said as she handed a glass over to Zac. Taking a sip of the red wine, Patricia loosened up and began talking about herself.

"Listen to this! This house that you've brought me to reminds me of Zac's home. In the past, I helped him clean his house for three years. Looking back now, I can see how foolish I was at that time." Patricia then laughed bitterly, a hint of mockery lacing her laughter.

Zac was taken aback by her words. Tightening his grip on the glass, he took a sip as he came out of his daze. Casually, he asked, "What do you think of Zac?"

"Zac is a bastard!" Patricia answered immediately. It was clear that she was very displeased with Zac.

Zac's mood darkened. Pursing his lips, he asked in a low voice, "Do you hate him so much? Isn't he the first man you loved?"

Zac's words rendered her speechless for a moment. Lowering her head slightly, all signs of vitality

disappeared from her beautiful eyes. She seemed almost possessed by a magic spell, one so strong she couldn't break free.

Zac frowned when he saw her like this. As he was about to speak, however, Patricia raised her eyes to meet his, a bitter smile on her lips, as she said, "Yes, he is the first man I loved, and I have loved him for twenty years. I used to think that as long as I loved him unconditionally, no matter how cold he treated me, he would be swayed by my affections one day. But I was too naïve. He has finally abandoned me."

A laugh escaped her lips then, but he could hear the sadness in it.

"So you hate him now?" Zac asked, as he slowly put down the glass, looking at Patricia seriously.

Zac had always known that Patricia was in love with

him when she had agreed to marry him. He just hadn't expected that she had loved him for such a long time.

'Twenty years? That's amazing! She has loved me silently for twenty years!' thought Zac.

Hearing Zac's question, Patricia took a sip of red wine before answering. In an emphatically cold voice, she said, "Yes, I hate him now. I hate him for making me lose my baby. I hate him for making me unable to see my mother. I hate him for always pestering me, even after he divorced me. I hate him for always speaking to me in an overbearing tone. And what happened today also makes me hate him."

After saying this, Patricia then drank the rest of her red wine in one gulp. Tears began welling up in her eyes, but she kept them at bay.

"You really hate him, don't you?" murmured Zac.

There was a trace of sadness on his face and a bitter smile touched his lips. He looked directly into Patricia's eyes.

"Yes!" Patricia answered without hesitation. There was an expression in her eyes which was incomprehensible to other people. Soon, a crystal teardrop slid down her cheek from the corner of her eye, dripping into the glass in her hand.

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

Chapter 170 Deal With Me Firs



By the time she woke up, noon had already arrived.

Her eyes opened slowly, and everything in her field of vision was blurry, albeit only for a few moments. As her drowsiness cleared, the white ceiling above her came into view. It was something she felt she had seen before. "Where am I?" she whispered.

In a bid to recollect the events of the previous night, she closed her eyes and shook her head slightly, trying to jog her memory.

Her mood was terrible the night before, so she had gone to a pub to drink. When the buzz kicked in, she was unsatisfied, so she kept drinking. At some point, she met someone who looked exactly like Zac, and then...

Patricia's beautiful eyes grew as wide as saucers in surprise, and she swallowed subconsciously.

Had she indulged in something crazy after surpassing

her liquor limits and getting drunk?

Feeling as though she had just swallowed a stone, she turned her head stiffly and looked at the spot beside her. To her immense joy, that side of the bed was empty. She touched her chest and exhaled with relief.

"Fortunately, nothing happened,"

Patricia said, comforting herself. Then, suddenly, she thought of something and frowned. Her eyes glowed with confusion as she looked around the surroundings, which seemed more familiar the longer she stared.

'Where am I?' she wondered.

The door gently opening interrupted her thoughts, and a deep, pleasant voice, which she knew every well,

rang out.

"It's already noon. When will you get up?" Zac was leaning against the door with a cold but familiar smile on his face.

She jerked her head with surprise and bit her lower lip when she saw Zac. The question she sought to ask him didn't leave her pursed lips.

Last night, she and Zac...

Here she was, lying on Zac's bed. Wasn't this proof enough that they had indulged in something last night?

As though he had read her mind, Zac coughed and said in a low voice, "Last night, you were drunk and sought to occupy my bed. I had no choice but to leave it for you." Then, without so much as letting her reply,

he left the room.

"Get up quickly. It's time to eat," he said as he walked away.

However, Patricia just sat there, stunned. The situation was all too surreal, and she didn't believe what he had said. Had he really done nothing to her? Was that possible?

In the past, Zac would pounce and ravage her, no questions asked. But things were different this time. Her words last night had touched him deeply, so he knew she would once again scrub her skin till she bled if he touched her.

Patricia dismissed her thoughts with a shake of her head and finally stood up from the bed. She went to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth, after which she hurried downstairs.

"Come and eat something," Zac, who was seated at the dining table, said, looking at her with deep-set eyes. It was as though he had waited a long time.

"No, thanks." She shook her head sideways, and her gaze remained cold. "Thank you for saving me last night," she said politely.

There was one fact that was clear to her: if Zac hadn't shown up last night, some other man might have taken her away, endangering her. He had helped her, though, so she felt the need to express her gratitude.

The last thing she wanted was to be indebted to him.

"That's how you plan to thank me?" Zac asked, a cold glimmer visible in the depth of his piercing eyes.

How could he not understand what she meant? He

was no fool, after all. The chilling glint he could see in her eyes was evidence that she wanted to keep her distance from him. She hoped what happened last night would never happen again.

This realization made him furious, but the bitter smile on his face hid it well. He never thought anyone, not to mention Patricia, would hate him this much. It made him depressed.

Patricia's eyes narrowed when she heard his question, but she said nothing and waited for what he'd say next.

It was clear he intended to make a request.

Zac coughed loudly and said in a low voice, "If you want to thank me, sit down—let's have a meal."

Patricia frowned. She watched him cautiously, trying

to unravel his thoughts and motive.

"You..."

"Why you so afraid? It's just a meal." Zac smiled, his gaze laced with mockery.

This made Patricia furious. Teeming with anger, she gritted her teeth and replied in a low voice, "Yes, it's just dinner. It's not a big deal." She strode over to the table, sat opposite him, and began to eat.

He silently watched her eat for a moment, stunned at her sudden compliance. Then, he gracefully picked up his chopsticks and ate slowly.

Patricia, on the other hand, wolfed down a bowl of rice in record time, and without further ado, she stood up and coldly said, "Thank you for the meal, Mr. Reynolds." And without waiting for him to reply, she

turned around and left.

A glimmer of cunning was visible in Zac's eyes as he watched her leave. He was still eating gracefully, with apparently no intention of doing anything. Her reaction was what he had expected.

Zac finished his meal a short while later. His phone rang the moment he put down his chopsticks.

"Nicholas, how are things over there?" he asked.

A loud laugh rang out from the other end of the call. It was as though Nicholas had done something he was proud of. "Boss, you really are a prophet. Kareem has taken action," he said in a low voice.

Zac's lips curled up into a light smile. "Good. Continue your investigations and report to me on time."

"Yes, sir!" Nicholas replied and hung up without delay.

The complacent smile remained on Zac's face. He couldn't wait any longer to hear more updates on Kareem's actions.

He had expected Kareem to make a move. After all, he had demanded in court that an expert weigh in on the matter. But, in reality, that was just a reminder. He had made that demand so Kareem would think he had a chance.

Whether or not he could turn the tides was up to him.

Zac smiled and tightened his grip on his cellphone. Everything was under his control—except Patricia.

This sudden thought made him sigh. He felt a little helpless and angry. Subconsciously, he leaned into his chair and stared at the ceiling in confusion.

Patricia's words from last night kept ringing in his mind. It left him feeling at a loss.

"Patricia! Patricia!" he murmured, feeling depressed. He wanted nothing more than to understand her someday.

He had hoped that she'd return to him, but things weren't looking up... Patricia wouldn't listen to him, and he couldn't do a thing to change her mind.

That she would rather go to trial than accede to his request showed how much she hated him.

'Hate?' He just couldn't figure out why she hated him. Did she hate him now because she had loved him too much in the past? Or was it because of something else?

Try as he might, understanding eluded him, so he shrugged the matter off. He might be unable to read Patricia, but he had a firm grasp of other matters.

"Kareem plans to use my wife to get what he wants, but he'll have to deal with me first," Zac said, his eyes revealing a cold resplendence.

He knew more of Kareem's plans than anyone else did, and he had no intentions of letting them succeed.

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