

REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 171 The Plan Is Missing



Patricia unconsciously looked back at the villa as she exited the Oakleaf Villa District. In the past, she enjoyed seeing Zac here. Now, however, her feelings were the exact opposite.

Apart from the good memories during their marriage, there were also the painful memories attached to this place. She remembered all too well the night Zac threatened her with all kinds of despicable reasons to abort her child.

These memories were still as vivid now as the day they happened. She recalled both Zac's ruthlessness that day, as well as the day her child died.

She couldn't help sighing sadly as these thoughts

came to mind. 'Why does Zac continue to pester me? Is doing this so enjoyable to him?'

Patricia didn't know the answer to her questions, nor did she understand Zac's reasoning for being so persistent.

Taking a deep breath, Patricia's beautiful face regained its usual aloofness. After one final glance at the villa, she turned around and strode away.

Upon returning to the Veyron Corp., she received an urgent call from the CEO requesting her immediate presence in his office.

"Sir, what's up?" Frowning, Patricia looked at the CEO in confusion.

'Why did the CEO ask me to come to his office in such a hurry? Is something wrong?'

Hearing her question, the CEO pursed his lips and looked at her awkwardly, his embarrassment evident on his face.

Patricia's frown deepened as she saw this. Baffled by this sight, she said, "If there's something you want to say, then spit it out!"

His expression gave her the impression that something had happened.

The CEO sighed helplessly when he heard her words and took a deep breath. He then uttered, "Patricia, I heard that you were the last person to leave the company the day before yesterday."

Just from this, Patricia wasn't able to discern what he was talking about, so she waited anxiously for his next words to give her some context on what he was

talking about.

"Did you..." The CEO stopped mid-sentence. He began hemming and hawing, delaying his following words as if it was a complicated matter to discuss.

Continuing to frown, Patricia looked directly at the CEO. She was about to ask him to elaborate on his words when something caught her attention out of the corner of her eye. That's when she noticed the door to the safety deposit box in his office had been pried open.

"It wasn't me! Do you not know what kind of person I am by now?"

realizing the seriousness of this situation, Patricia immediately explained. It was true that she was the last to leave the company that day. However, she did not enter the CEO's office nor did she touch or take

anything from within.

Sensing her nervousness, the CEO smiled and said, "There's no need to be nervous. I don't suspect you of stealing. Furthermore, the things in the safety box have not been moved. I just wanted to know if you saw anyone suspiciously entering the company. After all, the video footage showed someone entering the company as you were leaving."

Hearing this, the young man that Patricia saw that night immediately came to mind. He was indeed suspicious. He hadn't looked at her once during their conversation, and she felt that his voice was somewhat familiar.

'Did he...'

Patricia mentioned this man to the CEO and told him in detail what had transpired that night, along with her

suspicious.

Speaking of this now, Patricia couldn't help but think that the man's voice sounded vaguely like Jayson's. But she had thought that Jayson would be too proud of a man to return to the Veyron Corp.. However, she forgot to factor in one thing. Jayson had already betrayed the company, so his pride may no longer be at stake.

Hearing Patricia's assumption, the CEO nodded slightly with a helpless expression on his face. Every time he heard Jayson's name, he felt a little depressed. After all, he had watched Jayson grow into the young adult he was. So, he didn't expect that Jayson would stab them in the back like this.

"I understand. We'll forget this ever happened. But if he comes here again, I'll have to be rude then!" The CEO sighed helplessly again, a trace of sadness on

his face.

Patricia furrowed her brows in confusion. She felt that something was amiss about this situation. On a normal day, the CEO would have been furious and called the police if he had found out Jayson wanted to open the safety safe.

However, he didn't make any move. Instead, he happily accepted this fact, with the helplessness he showed making Patricia more confused.

Seeing this, Patricia nodded politely. As she was about to turn and leave, she heard the CEO nervously exclaim, "The plan is missing!"

Hearing that, Patricia spun around and looked anxiously at the CEO. Unable to believe this, she asked, "Sir, are you kidding me?"

That was the plan she had spent a whole day writing. She had intended to use this to request that the Lanteen Corp. cooperate with the Veyron Corp. to develop new projects. This was another task that her CEO had tasked her to complete.

But she didn't expect that the plan she submitted yesterday to go missing.

"Sir..." Patricia spoke in a low voice. Frowning, her mood was pensive. The thought of Jayson had left her stumped.

This would be a serious problem if Jayson did indeed get a hold of their plan. This could put them in a difficult position with the Lanteen Corp., and a fight could ensue between the two companies.

"Patricia, I'm afraid..." The CEO couldn't help but shake his head. Smiling bitterly, he took a deep

breath and continued, "The plan was stolen."

Hearing this, Patricia bit her lower lip hard and felt depressed. In her rage, she clenched her fists tightly.

'Jayson is so hateful!

Previously, he had swiped the cooperation plan between the Veyron Corp. and the Reynolds Group. This time, it was the cooperation plan between the Veyron Corp. and the Lanteen Corp.. Did he have no conscience? How could he treat his boss, who had treated him so kindly, like this?'

Understanding what Patricia meant, the CEO smiled gently. There was a trace of bitterness in his eyes. In a low voice, he said, "We have no choice. The plan is gone, so we wouldn't be able to cooperate with the Lanteen Corp. anymore. We'll need to think of something else. Patricia, there is one more company

that wants to cooperate with us. However, this company's main product is cosmetics. Are you confident that you can handle this?"

All of a sudden, Patricia slowly raised her eyes with confidence. She was certain about this. The clientele would be young people and women who wanted to be beautiful. So, as a woman, Patricia felt that she could do a great job on this.

Seeing the resolute look on Patricia's face, her CEO nodded softly and said in a relieved tone, "That's good. The CEO of the other company is going to hold a banquet soon. So, you and I are going there together!"

Hearing this, Patricia nodded softly and her thoughts ran on creating a new plan to present to this company when they met at the banquet.

Lost in thought, Patricia didn't notice the strange behavior of the CEO. His warm and thick palm seemed to be holding something that he was not willing to let go of.

After leaving the CEO's office, Patricia quickly returned to her office. In order to showcase her strengths, she buried herself in writing a new plan.

Her phone vibrating broke her concentration and instantly annoyed her. Seeing the number on the screen, she frowned unhappily and refused to answer the call.

Setting her phone aside, she was about to continue with her work when her phone rang. Seeing that it was the same caller, she became infuriated.

'What the hell does Zac want?' Taking a deep breath, she glared angrily at the phone, refusing to answer

the call.

She hadn't expected Zac to call her ever again. But here he was, the immortal fighter, continuously calling. And he would keep ringing down her phone until she answered.

Therefore, Patricia had no choice but to answer.


"Zac, if you have something to say, say it now. Else just hang up!" Patricia said fiercely, but not as cold as usual.

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Chapter 172 She Regarded My Kindness As Something Useless!





Patricia's tone of voice over the phone made Zac's face twist in displeasure. Pursing his lips, he took a deep breath and said fiercely, "Woman, how could your attitude and tone be like this?"

"This is my normal attitude and tone!" Patricia said casually, almost as if she didn't want to speak to him at all.

Hearing the reluctance in her voice to talk to him made Zac furious. Biting his lower lip, he tried to keep his rage under control. Taking a deep breath, he said calmly, "Have you really made up your mind?"

Patricia was confused by his question. She was taken aback by his sudden words, but that didn't change the fact that she had no idea what he was referring to.

"Zac, what is it you're trying to tell me?" Patricia asked

suspiciously, her brows furrowed slightly over her eyes.

Zac, in turn, was stunned to hear her words. Breathing deeply, he said firmly, "Do you know nothing of what's happening right now?"

'What do I not know? And have I made up my mind about what?' At that moment, Patricia really felt like she was casting pearls before swine whenever she spoke to Zac. They never seemed to be on the same page.

After a short pause, Patricia still didn't respond to his questions. In his anger, he breathed heavily and said in a stern tone, "Did you know that your company is working alongside an illegal company?"

Patricia was alarmed to hear this. After a moment, she returned to her senses. Clearing her throat, she

said coldly, "Really? If that was the case, why does the Veyron Corp. still have such a good reputation? Zac, you need evidence to prove what you have said. You may be from the top class of Okmore, but don't act so arrogantly!"

First, Jayson had stolen the plan, which had put Patricia in a pensive mood. Now, though, she felt more unsettled after hearing Zac's words. She was so angry at that moment. It felt like a fire was engulfing her, and the flames were ready to burst.

"You stupid woman, you know nothing what's going on, yet you dare contradict me?" Zac spoke coldly, his anger prevalent on his face.

Sensing Zac's anger, Patricia couldn't help but sneer and said softly, "I didn't ask you to call me, nor did I ask you to tell me any of this. It's you who took it upon yourself to do this!" Her implication was clear. This

had nothing to do with her, and she didn't want to hear Zac's voice.

Zac was so infuriated he could only utter one word, "You..." Unable to say anything further, his only thought was that Patricia needed to be taught a lesson.

He hung up the phone call abruptly before she could get another word in. He was no longer in a mood to speak with her.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief when she realized that Zac had hung up the phone. She felt like she had gotten revenge for herself. She then murmured, "Zac, you're so unpredictable!"

However, Zac's earlier words had left her worried. She recalled her CEO's actions and behavior earlier and remembered thinking he was acting strangely.

It had seemed like that he was trying to hide something from her. But it was just empty speculation, with nothing to back up her assumption.

Patricia then fully devoted herself to her work in an attempt to rid her mind of the uneasiness that she felt. Her pen danced nimbly between her fingers as she worked on her new plan. She was hoping to get it done before the banquet she was to attend with the CEO.

Consequently, Zac's secretary, who was with him in his office at the Reynolds Group, couldn't help but take a step back in fear as she saw the expression on his face.

The anger on his face was so apparent after he had hung up the phone. It looked like a volcano ready to erupt. The murderous gleam in his eyes had scared

his secretary so much she unconsciously stepped back.

"You..." Zac turned his attention towards his secretary. He looked evil, with his devastating gaze and disapproval written all over his face.

Seeing Zac's expression, the secretary answered with trepidation and asked cautiously, "What can I do for you, sir?"

'Oh my, sir. Just because you fought with your wife doesn't mean you should vent your frustration on me! I'm the innocent party here!'

"I have a question for you," Zac said coldly.

'A question? He has yet another question!' His secretary broke out in a sweat when she heard the word "question" because she never knew how best to

answer Zac's questions to satisfy him.

"Why did she do this to me? She regarded my kindness as something useless!" said Zac through gritted teeth. His face red with anger looked like a bomb ready to explode.

'I was kind enough to call Patricia and remind her to be mindful of the CEO of her company so that she wouldn't be fooled and fall unknowingly into his trap.

Yet, the reward for my kindness was Patricia's anger and ridicule. Isn't this just downright disrespectful?' His dignity as a man was gone in an instant.

Hearing this, his secretary gave a wry smile. She felt that this was not a question she could answer. Zac should be asking Patricia this question, not an outsider like herself. She was only his secretary, so there was no way she'd know why Patricia reacted the

way she did.

However, she couldn't help but feel sad for Zac as she looked into his expectant eyes. She wanted nothing more than to leave his office as soon as possible.

"Say something!" retorted Zac after he got no response from his secretary. He stared at her intently, giving the impression that she'd be punished if she couldn't answer or give him a satisfactory reply.

Forcing a smile onto her face that looked uglier than if she broke down in tears, she said respectfully, "Sir, this is not a question I can answer for you. You should be asking your wife this. After all, this is a matter between the both of you. As an outsider in your relationship, I am unaware of all the circumstances that have occurred between you, so I can only give you my one-sided advice."

Zac happily accepted his secretary's rational answer. He nodded slightly and said helplessly, "If a woman hates a man, does she hope to never see that man again and wants him to disappear from her life?"

His secretary was taken aback and looked at Zac in surprise. It wasn't his question that had surprised her. It was the sadness she saw on his face as he had asked her this.

It was amazing that a cold-blooded man could display such emotions.

"Answer my question," said Zac coldly. A bitter smile touched his lips as he said this to her after noticing her hesitation to respond.

His secretary shook her head and said ambiguously, "I don't know, sir. It would depend on the woman. But

if she truly hated the man, then she wouldn't want to have any kind of connection with him anymore."

Zac was alarmed to hear this dreadful insight from his secretary. His face turned dark as he waved the secretary out of his office.

With Zac's permission, his secretary fled the office. However, before she walked out the door, she frowned as she cast one last glance back at Zac.

'Today, the boss acted very peculiarly. He even showed signs of being sad! Is this because of his wife?

Even so, this has nothing to do with me. I only need to do my job well here!'

After the secretary left, Zac took a few deep breaths. He stared blankly up at the ceiling with his

unfathomable eyes, appearing lost in thought.

"Couldn't she change her mind about me?" Zac murmured unconsciously as if grasping at straws. Sadness overcame him at that point.

Zac wanted to take good care of Patricia. He wasn't sure if this was because of her lost child or for the sake of making up his past wrongs to Patricia.

But there was one thing he was sure of: he wanted Patricia in his life.

He wasn't asking for too much. So, why couldn't he get what he wanted? Unfortunately, every time he got Patricia's ridicule or cold eyes.

Sometimes he was so angry he couldn't talk to Patricia.

But the thought of her in danger or being fooled by others infuriated him more and made him want to protect Patricia. Sometimes he was tortured by this kind of feeling.

"Patricia, what should I do with you?" murmured Zac helplessly. He covered his forehead with his warm palm, hiding the confusion in his eyes.

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Chapter 173 One Tiny Defec



Zac heaved a heavy sigh. Suddenly, his phone ringing brought him out of his daze. Unfortunately, the crisp ringtone annoyed him so much that he had no

intention of answering the call. As he was about to hang up, the caller hung up and instead sent him a message.

"Boss, why didn't you answer the phone? I found out that the Veyron Corp. is planning to cooperate with the company that man has recently established."

Zac sighed helplessly as he read this text message. Before he could return Nicholas' call, another call came through. This time, though, it was from an unknown number.

Zac's face darkened, and a sense of wariness overcame him as he slowly pressed the answer button.

"What do you want?" Zac ignored the pleasantries and went straight to the point. He figured there must be a reason why the other party would call him first.

"Sure enough, Mr. Reynolds is a straightforward man! All I'm asking for is a sum of money. And if you comply with my request, no harm will come to your woman." The caller spoke boldly as he stated his demand with a hint of complacency in his tone.

Zac sneered as he heard this. In a low voice, he said, "Do you think you're worth a large sum of money, Jayson?"

Zac spoke plainly. Knowing the type of man Jayson was, he had no intention of caving in to his request so easily.

"Really? It appears that you think rather highly of me!" Jayson scoffed over the phone as if he was emphasizing something, especially his laughter, making Zac very uncomfortable.

"Jayson, get straight to the point. What do you want?" said Zac firmly. A touch of coldness crossed his face, and a sharp gleam flashed through his eyes. If possible, Zac would definitely settle the score with Jayson.

Jayson laughed frantically when he heard Zac's response. In a low voice, he said, "Mr. Reynolds, you know precisely what I want. There is no need for me to elaborate further."

"Is a large sum of money all you really want? And if I give you the money, you'll give me that thing?" questioned Zac to confirm Jayson's conditions. His icy tone gave the impression that he wasn't interested in continuing this conversation.

"Yes, that's correct. You are straightforward as always, Mr. Reynolds. I'm not asking for much, only one million!" Jayson smiled smugly, acting like he

didn't just ask for an outrageous sum of money.

Indeed, one million dollars was not a big amount for Zac, but it was not a small amount, either. However, Zac didn't like the feeling of being threatened.

Unfortunately, Jayson had something on him. If it wasn't for that, Zac would have ignored his demands.

Noticing Zac's hesitation, Jayson reminded him in an arrogant tone, "Mr. Reynolds, I don't think you've forgotten about that night, correct? If I appear in court as a witness, I wonder how it will impact your company?" Jayson then laughed triumphantly, knowing he'd won this round.

Hearing this, Zac tightened his grip on the phone, the blue veins bulging on the back of his hand. He wanted nothing more than to find Jayson and beat him so badly he'd remember the consequences of threatening him.

But this was not the right time to strike. Jayson had witnessed what he had asked Nicholas to accomplish that night and had recorded everything.

And he wouldn't have known of the video's existence if Jayson hadn't purposefully sent it to him. He had taken into account all things except that one tiny defect.

This was Zac's first time tasting defeat. His plan was ruined because of an outsider.

Jayson had told him that he'd sent him the only copy, but Zac's intuition told him differently. His biggest concern was of Jayson sharing a copy of the file with Kareem, and then appearing in court at Kareem's behest, to prove that he had stolen the will. This would ultimately damage Zac's reputation and the company.

"You seem to be quite the intelligent person who knows how to play mind games," said Zac softly. Furrowing his brows, Zac looked ahead with a sharp gleam in his eyes as he gasped heavily.

If given the opportunity, he would ensure Jayson's demise to let him know the consequences for offending him.

"Mr. Reynolds, the same can be said about you!" Jayson chuckled complacently and waited for Zac's response.

"Okay. Nine o'clock tonight. Room five of the Mance Harton Restaurant." Zac hung up immediately after saying this and angrily tossed the phone aside. He was breathing heavily and his anger was evident on his face.

"Jayson, just you wait. I'll punish you soon!" Zac said fiercely as if each word was burning with flames.

On the other hand, Patricia noticed that it was already six o'clock. Since it was time to get off work, she stretched for a moment in her chair.

Subconsciously, she took a look at the plan she had written. With a satisfied smile forming at the corners of her lips, she placed the plan into her bag, and humming, she got off work.

After returning home, she freshened up, changed into a new business suit and put on light makeup. She looked much more energetic than usual.

When she arrived at the Mance Harton Restaurant, Patricia stood outside the door and took a deep breath. Tightly grasping the plan in her hand, she put on a brave smile. This time, she felt that she would

definitely win the cooperation and make a significant contribution to the Veyron Corp.. After all, she felt responsible for failing to acquire the cooperation with the Reynolds Group previously.

Furthermore, her relationship with Zac only created more problems than solutions.

But that was now in the past. She wouldn't think about it anymore. Right now, what she needed to do was nail this contract with the new company.

Smiling, Patricia then opened the door and walked into Room No. 6 confidently. However, upon stepping foot into the room, she froze in that spot, her body trembling. Unconsciously pursing her lips, she looked at the president and his guest in disbelief.

'Is this man the partner the president had talked about earlier?'

She looked sharply at the fat middle-aged man seated on the host seat. His appearance reminded her of a pig, but his face was one she would never forget in her lifetime.

After all, the man in front of her was the one who had tried to rape her in the rose garden previously.

'Is he the new partner of the Veyron Corp.? Did the president make a mistake?'

Patricia fought to regain her composure. Forcing a smile onto her lips, she nodded respectfully to the president and the man next to him. But this couldn't suppress the panic and confusion in her heart.

Walking over to the president, she leaned close and whispered in his ear, "Sir, what's going on here? Is this a misunderstanding?"

This was the first time that she had doubted the president's judgment. In the past, she had wholeheartedly believed in his insight and ability, but now... She second-guessed every thought she had about the president.

The president winked at her in answer to her question. Then he continued to flatter the man beside him.

Patricia was startled by this turn of events. She opened her beautiful eyes widely, unable to believe the sight before her eyes.

The president's wink just now seemed to warn her not to make a sound. As for this man's eyes, she could see them clearly. In addition to a touch of hatred, there was also a strong sense of greed as if he wanted to pounce on her and devour her whole.

"Sir, I'm sorry. I'm not feeling well today. Since I've completed the plan, I'll hand it over to you and take my leave." Patricia put the plan on the table and excused herself. She didn't want to stay in that room any longer.

Needless to say, Patricia knew what the president wanted her to do. The look in the other man's eyes confirmed her suspicions that today's dinner wasn't quite as simple as it had seemed. And she was afraid she'd be caught up in their schemes if she stayed any longer.

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Watching Patricia make to leave the place, Veyron Corp.'s president frowned. "Miss Sampson, it's rude to leave this soon," he said unhappily.

Patricia sneered with an expression of contempt. The situation couldn't be more clearer to her than it was at that moment.

Only the president and the man were in the room. She could tell from the man's eyes that he wished to take revenge. If she foolishly stayed there any longer than she should, she'd be no different from a lamb to be slaughtered.

Taking a deep breath, she gracefully turned around, glanced at the president and the man, and coldly said, "I don't think there is anything wrong with me leaving. President, since you are here, it's unnecessary for me to negotiate with this gentleman. You can do that

yourself." She said nothing more and turned around. She had already shown the president more than enough respect. If he still insisted that she stay, she'd have to tender her resignation.

Brimming with rage at the abject dismissal, the president smashed his fist on the table and shot to his feet. "Patricia, don't push your luck! You're just an employee of the company," he growled through gritted teeth.

Patricia sighed with disappointment. Until now, she had respected the president greatly, believing him to be an honorable man. Never would she have expected that it was all just an act. The president was just like others, ready to do anything for benefits. She had been wrong about him.

"Yes, I'm an employee," she said. "But even as an employee, I have my dignity as a human being." She

stopped, raised her chin, and looked coldly back at the president. She had voiced that opinion one word at a time. One thing was clear:

she would not be a pushover anymore!

"You..." The president was so mad that he pointed at her angrily, yet he couldn't say a word. Patricia had not expected that he was despicable. Neither had he expected she'd resist him.

Patricia sneered at the president. Making no effort to hide her disappointment, she said in a low voice, "President, if you have nothing else for me to do, I'll take my leave."

She hurried to the door and grasped the knob. Suddenly, a pair of fat arms grabbed her small waist from behind, and they hurled her back onto the chair in the room. She could not escape.

Patricia's world spun as she careened through the air and crashed into the chair. It was as though a humongous pig had smashed into her.

Before she could shake off the sudden wave of dizziness that had hit her, the man's angry voice reverberated across the room. "Did you think you could escape from me?" The man cackled loudly, and the folds underneath his chin flapped.

Patricia swallowed in disgust. She could still vividly remember what happened last time, a recollection that filled her with unprecedented fear.

With her teeth chattering, she took a step back and yelled, "Stay back!"

"Would it be humiliating for me to do what you say? Who do you think I am?" The man grinned widely. His

cruel smile amplified her disgust for him.

Patricia felt sick. She looked back at the president, seeking to ask him for help. However, the president acted as though she didn't exist. He was looking at the man reverently, instead.

"I wonder if my requirements—" The man abruptly interrupted the president before he could finish.

"Don't worry—I agree. Don't interfere with what I'm about to do. Leave now and lock the door behind you," the man said, looking at the president in disgust. He waved his fat hands a few times, signaling him to clear out as quickly as possible.

The president offered a flattering smile in reply. He glanced at Patricia briefly and sighed, and then he left the room without another word. He locked the door, too.

Patricia was shocked. She shot to her feet and ran for the door, but the man grabbed her—this time, with one arm. Then he threw her onto a sofa nearby.

"This sofa is excellent. It'll suffice if we want to have a good time!" The man walked over with greed in his eyes and reached out to caress her face, but she slapped it away fiercely.

"Get away from me, you bastard!" Patricia screamed, kicking at the man's belly with all her strength.

A piercing scream rang out in the room. The man had keeled over in pain, covering his belly with his hands. His expression was twisted in agony.

Patricia glared at the man for a moment and walked quickly to the door. She twisted the knob, but the door didn't budge—the president had locked it on his way.

She twisted the knob with all her might, but it wouldn't open.

To her horror, an enormous shadow appeared over the door, and a fat arm appeared from behind and forcefully turned her around. The man, whose expression was murderous, grabbed her by the neck and squeezed hard, trying to kill her.

"You shameless woman. It's fortunate for you I like you, so how could you do this to me? You really don't know what death is, right?" Gasping heavily, the man hoisted her by her neck and slammed her onto the sofa. Then, he quickly pinned her down with his heavy body, preventing her from moving an inch.

The immense impact rattled Patricia's consciousness a bit, and before she could fully recover, she heard the loud sounds of her clothes being ripped.

"You're stunning. No wonder the Reynolds family's two young masters lust after you. It seems the three million I spent on you was worth it," the man said, salivating greedily. His wrinkled face was so close that she could feel his hot breath on her face, to her horror and disgust.

It sickened Patricia greatly. She used all her strength in an attempt to wriggle out from under him, but he was just too strong.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eyes, she spotted the ashtray on the table. She grabbed it immediately and slammed it into the side of the man's head.

Another horrifying scream reverberated around the room, and the man was back on the floor, rolling around in pain. He had grabbed the side of his head as he grunted in pain. When he looked down at his hands and saw them covered in blood, he was

shocked.

Patricia scrambled to her feet and hurriedly covered her body with her torn clothes. Then, she bolted to the door and kicked it multiple times. She screamed for help too.

"Is there anyone out there? Help! Help!" She shouted as loud as she could, hoping someone outside would hear her. There were no sounds from the other side of the door, though. Her throat hurt from the persistent shouting, but no one responded.

"Help..." But, she didn't give up and kept calling for help.

Suddenly, a large hand clamped the back of her head and pushed hard, smashing her head into the door. Patricia yelped in pain as the man glared ferociously at her from behind. "You bitch! Do you really think I

can't do anything to you? Don't you know who you are? You're just a fucking bitch!" He smashed her head against the door again, albeit more forcefully.

The man felt murderous. He didn't plan to stop until blood spilled. Only then would his rage abate.

Loud bangs rang out as he slammed her head against the door again and again. Patricia was in so much pain! She feared she'd suffer a life-threatening concussion if this torment continued.

"I won't stop. Only when your head splits open and starts bleeding will I be happy." The man grabbed her hair and pulled back hard. He brought his lips to her ear and growled slowly, "How dare you resist me, bitch? You're tired of living!"

The pain was too much for Patricia, and her vision was getting blurry. Despite having trouble keeping her

eyes open, she caught a glimpse of the madness in his red eyes.

"Shout all you want. You'll soon come to understand how it feels when no one can help you!" The man bellowed with hatred in his eyes as he watched her struggle. He pulled her hair back one more time for sport and then pushed her head toward the door, intent on continuing the torture.

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Chapter 175 It's None Of Your Business!



Just as the man was about to strike Patricia again, a loud noise could be heard from outside the wooden

door, followed by a loud bang.

Patricia's eyes flew wide open as she stared expectantly at the door. A trace of hope crossed her face. 'No matter who it is, please come and save me. Get me out of here as soon as possible!'

Knowing what Patricia was thinking, the man began laughing uncontrollably. In a low, menacing voice, he said, "Do you think you can escape just because someone came to save you? It won't be that easy!" He then swiftly grabbed her by the hair and rushed towards the wall not far away.

There was both hope and fear in Patricia's heart. Her mind was drawing a blank and she forgot what to do. Out of the corner of her eye, she glanced in the direction of the door, listening intently to the commotion just outside. She was anxious for the person on the other side of the door to appear and

immediately save her from this man's clutches.

The wooden door was suddenly kicked open just before Patricia could be pushed up against the wall. A deep, familiar voice rang through the room. She was so shocked, she couldn't help looking in the direction of where the voice originated.

'Is it him? Could it really be him?'

At that moment, Patricia looked straight at the door, eager for this person to make his appearance.

"It seems that the lesson I taught you last time was not enough!" boomed a cold, threatening voice. The voice belonged to none other than Zac. He stood there and glared directly into the man's eyes.

Zac's fierce eyes turned even colder when he saw Patricia disheveled, and her face hurt. A murderous

expression appeared on his face as he took a deep breath.

"Zac..." whispered Patricia. With eyes full of hope, she looked at Zac, wishing she could run to his side as soon as possible.

At that moment, seeing her place her trust and faith in him, Zac felt that all the past grievances he had suffered were worth it.

Glaring coldly at the man, Zac growled in a low voice, "Are you behaving like this because the lesson I taught you last time wasn't enough? Do you want to be taught again this time?" Zac looked expressionlessly at the man with coldness on his face.

At first, the man was startled. He swallowed unconsciously, his face teeming with fear. But when

he remembered he had Patricia in his hands, he broke out in laughter, and his expression changed to one of complacency.

"Mr. Reynolds, don't think that I am unaware of how much you care for this bitch. But as long as she is under my control, you will dare not touch me!" The man looked up at Zac arrogantly. He felt so proud, acting like he had something lifesaving in the palm of his hand.

Scoffing, Zac looked coldly at the man and said, "Really? Let me tell you something. Even if you have her under your control, I can still make you squeal like a pig without putting her in danger."

Hearing this, the man couldn't help laughing wildly, almost like he had heard a big joke. But before he could say anything else, a scream escaped his lips. Looking at Zac, his face turned white with disbelief.

This sudden attack had surprised both Patricia and the man. 'Zac hasn't moved an inch from where he stood. So, he can't be the one who attacked the man. What just happened?'

After the man had screamed, his grip on Patricia's hair had loosened as he fell forward. There was a frown on his pale, fat face.

It was only after he had fallen down that Patricia noticed Nicholas standing behind the man. She was alarmed by what he held in his hands. With eyes wide in surprise, she asked him softly, "What are you holding?"

The object resembled a knife, but she didn't see any wounds or blood on the man's body. This confused her, causing her to look curiously at Nicholas.

Seeing this, Nicholas grinned cheekily at Patricia. With a smug smile on his face, he happily raised the tool in his hand and proudly stated, "This is something that I invented recently. It's a stun-stick." As soon as he finished speaking, he presented the stun-stick to her so she could inspect it.

But when Patricia realized how dangerous it was, she refused. Instead, she unconsciously looked over at Zac.

There was one thing that Patricia was very clear about. In her moment of trepidation, she had looked towards Zac with expectation and hope in her heart. And she had relied on him coming to rescue her as soon as possible.

This was the same feeling she had experienced when she was five years old. Then, too, she was eager for someone to save her.

She just never thought that the person who would always come to her rescue would be Zac — the one person who hurt her the most.

Taking a deep breath, Patricia forced a grateful smile onto her lips as she looked at Zac. Nodding slightly, she strode past him silently, wanting nothing more than to leave that room.

Zac grabbed her by the wrist as she was passing by him. Without looking at her, he said in a cold voice, "You are hurt. You need to be examined by a doctor."

"No, thanks. There's no need for that!" Without thinking, Patricia arrogantly raised her chin as she refused Zac's kindness, like a lonely, arrogant flower on a cliff.

Zac frowned and pursed his lips when he heard this.

Taking a deep breath, he said carefully, "If you don't take good care of yourself, I'm afraid your mother will be worried about you once again."

Patricia felt her anger rise in her as Zac spoke of her mother. 'Is this not because of Zac? He is the reason everything turned out like this! So, why is he acting like this now?'

"Zac..." growled Patricia in a low, ferocious voice. But before she could finish her sentence, Zac interrupted her.

"Even if you are angry at me, you need to open your eyes. If you step out like that, don't you think there will be scandals about you?" Zac looked expressionlessly at Patricia with his cold eyes.

Seeing the look on his face, Patricia couldn't help but think of how Zac was in the past. At that time, though

they had gotten married, Zac was indifferent to her just like now. When he looked coldly at her, it was like he was looking at a stranger.

"It has nothing to do with you!" said Patricia sternly. She looked coldly into Zac's eyes before she shook off his hand. Without saying anything further, she strode forward without once looking back.

'Even if there is a scandal about me, I'll be okay with it, so long as I don't need to stay with Zac.'

After all, no matter what she did, she would always attract attention once she was with Zac. Even if she did nothing, that wouldn't prevent the rumors from floating around. So, regardless of what she did, she would be attacked by people.

Zac grew furious when he saw her like this. His face clearly expressed his anger. He wished he could grab

her and teach her a good lesson.

'Why is this woman so stubborn? She doesn't listen to me at all.'

"Patricia, you stupid woman!" Zac stood unmoving for a moment and stared at Patricia's receding figure with anger in his eyes.


'Why does this happen every time? This woman doesn't appreciate my kindness!' Sometimes, Zac really thought he was officious!

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Chapter 176 Escorting Patricia Home





Nicholas cautiously approached Zac after seeing his expression. "Boss, aren't you going to follow her?" he asked curiously. "You care about her very much and worry about her safety. Why don't you catch up with her?"

Nicholas was baffled as to why Zac was behaving like this. But when he saw the look in his eyes, he immediately lost his voice. Standing aside, he dared not say anything further.

As an outsider, he knew what was happening between the both of them, but he knew better than to ruffle Zac's feathers by pointing out the problem. After all, whenever Zac was displeased, the look in his eyes was sharp enough to kill someone.

Nicholas frowned unhappily as he glanced at Zac's face. He knew just how much Zac cared about

Patricia. It was evident in the little details of his everyday life. Furthermore, Zac wouldn't have run out in the middle of conversing with Jayson to save her if he hadn't cared.

It appeared that Zac had heard Patricia's voice, which led him to bolt out of the room in search of her.

At that moment, Jayson exclaimed, "I didn't expect that Mr. Reynolds would love Miss Sampson so much!"

There was a playful look upon his face and a trace of contempt in his voice as he spoke.

When Nicholas heard this, he wanted nothing more than to beat Jayson up. However, Jayson still had some leverage over Zac. If not for this, he would have really beaten him up.

What he hated most was Jayson's arrogant attitude. He thought too highly of himself, thinking he was above everyone else when, in fact, he was nothing.

Yet, he still dared to put on airs in front of Zac. It was like he was courting death.

Noticing Nicholas's glare, Jayson insolently raised his chin and ignored him. Instead, he disdainfully said, "Mr. Reynolds, it seems your subordinate is not pleased with me."

"It's normal for him to be dissatisfied because there isn't anything about you to be satisfied with," replied Zac harshly. Zac's sharp gaze settled on Jayson as he looked at him with an unprecedentedly murderous expression.

Jayson knew that Zac had every reason to hate him. He was only safe inside Okmore because he had

something on Zac. Otherwise, Zac would have definitely made him disappear.

Zac knew that if he wanted to achieve great success, he would need to be patient and bear the consequences. So, for someone like Jayson, who wanted to play small tricks on Zac, he could bear with it for the moment.

For now, he would play along until he thought it was enough. Then he would teach him a lesson.

"Nicholas, don't waste your time on him. Don't forget the task I gave to you!" commanded Zac in a low voice. He looked at Nicholas sharply, hinting at something with his eyes to Nicholas.

Nicholas nodded slightly. He understood the look in Zac's eyes. Without saying anything further, he walked past Zac and ignored Jayson.

Jayson was displeased by Nicholas's attitude. His anger became apparent on his face as he glared at Nicholas's receding figure as if to imply he would get even with him for this.

Zac smiled smugly as he saw Jayson's expression. He walked gracefully past him and entered Room No. 6. With a cold smile on his face, he said in a low voice, "Jayson, don't forget that we have unfinished business to tend to. But if you're too upset, then feel free to leave. I wouldn't stop you."

Zac's voice rang crisp and clear. If Jayson really wanted to get even with Nicholas, he would not stand in his way. This was because he had faith in Nicholas's strength and knew that Jayson would only be asking for trouble if he attempted anything.

Hearing this, Jayson bit his lower lip unhappily and

glared at Nicholas's back. After a moment, he turned his attention to Zac and said, "How could I be angry? We haven't finished our discussion yet, so how can I leave on my own?"

Jayson then followed Zac into the room, a smile touching his lips.

After leaving the Mance Harton Restaurant, Patricia couldn't help biting her lower lip. At this time, she stood on the side of the road, waiting to hail a taxi. Fearing the prying eyes of others, she tried to cover the bruise on her face with her hands.

She realized that Zac had been right earlier. Her current state of dress and appearance would only draw the eyes of others, making her become the focus of public discussion once again. All of a sudden, she became self-conscious of the way she looked after exiting the restaurant. With her face blue-black

and her hair disheveled, she looked like a crazy woman.

She subconsciously smoothed her hair as she noticed the gazes of the people standing nearby. Pursing her lips, she felt depressed at that moment. She looked like a pitiful woman who had been beaten. This was unlike how she normally appeared.

Standing on the roadside, Patricia tried to stop a taxi, but none were willing to stop. It was almost like they knew of her current situation, preventing them from stopping for her.

She breathed out a long sigh as the sadness in her heart spread all over her body. If her car hadn't broken down that day, then she wouldn't have had cause to hail a taxi, and she could have gotten home smoothly.

After a while, a bright light appeared in front of her. It was so dazzling that she was forced to shut her eyes. Hearing a familiar voice call out to her, she peeked out between her lashes to see who the person was.

"Miss Sampson, why don't you get in the car?"

Nicholas craned his head to look at her. His gaze was warm as he stared at her while flashing her a kind smile.

Patricia was confused by the expression on Nicholas's face. Suddenly wary, she said, "You...?"

If she remembered correctly, the man in front of her resembled Zac's subordinate, Nicholas.

Nicholas's sudden appearance made her curious. She arched her eyebrows in confusion as she looked at him expectantly.

Noticing the confusion on her face, Nicholas cleared his throat and immediately explained, "I'm sending you back at the boss' order."

Patricia's frown deepened as she heard this. Shaking her head frantically, she instantly refused Nicholas's kindness.

"No, thanks. I will take a taxi home," Patricia said indifferently as she stared coldly at Nicholas.

Hearing this, Nicholas couldn't help but feel embarrassed. He frowned and pursed his lips. 'What should I do since it is so difficult to persuade Patricia to get into my car? Moreover, the boss has stipulated that I must send her back. What should I do?'

Immediately, an idea occurred to Nicholas. Chuckling at this thought, he coughed and said seriously, "Then just think of me as your taxi driver sending you home.

You can even pay me. Will that be okay with you?"

This was a rather tempting proposal. Patricia subconsciously glanced at Nicholas, pursed her lips and asked, "Do you mean that?"

"Of course!" Nicholas smiled at her sincerely. His only task was to return her safely to her apartment. The method used to do that wasn't as important as getting the job done.

Seeing the earnest look in Nicholas's eyes, Patricia nodded hesitantly. She then sat down in his car and told him her address, treating him like a taxi driver.

The sooner she could leave this place, the better for her. So, she was willing to do this if it meant escaping the gazes of the nearby pedestrians. What was more, Nicholas said she could pay for the ride, which made her feel that she didn't owe anything to Zac.

'It is a good deal,' she thought.

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Chapter 177 Jayson's Trick



Nicholas couldn't refrain from chuckling when Patricia called out her address to him. 'How can I not know her address?'

With Patricia comfortably seated, he started the engine and drove off.

At the same time, Zac and Jayson, who were in Room No. 6 at the Mance Harton Restaurant, reached an

agreement. A contract was drawn up immediately, and both parties signed respectively. The contract stipulated that Zac would give Jayson a fixed sum of money, and Jayson, in turn, would hand over his recording to Zac.

"Mr. Reynolds, your straightforwardness was much appreciated. Thank you for the money!" Jayson pocketed the check and glanced over at Zac disdainfully.

This time, however, Zac caught his look of disdain. Seeing this, he looked at Jayson coldly as he burnt the tape in the ashtray.

"You're welcome. You deserve it." The blank look on Zac's face gave away nothing. And the meaningful look in his eyes went unnoticed by Jayson.

Jayson smiled complacently. Out of the corner of his

eye, he spotted the burnt tape in the ashtray. His lips twitched as it curled into a devious smile. It gave the impression that he was plotting something.

Zac scoffed as he saw this but ignored Jayson's demeanor. After all, if he dared to play tricks on Zac, he would only be punished.

Smiling smugly, Jayson waved goodbye to Zac as he said, "Mr. Reynolds, since our business is now completed, I shall take my leave." Standing up, he swiftly made his way out the door, giving Zac no time to respond.

Zac noticed Jayson's presumptuous attitude, but had chosen to ignore it.

Jayson was too arrogant for his own good. It seemed that he didn't understand his position and had forgotten who the real master of Okmore was.

"Jayson, don't think that I know nothing," muttered Zac coldly. His eyes gleamed as they became transfixed on the tape in the ashtray slowly burning away. It was apparent that it would take quite a while before it turned to ashes.

Seeing this, Zac snuffed out the flame. Taking out the tape, he looked at it inquisitively. A bitter smile formed on his lips as he said, "Jayson, how dare you give me a fake tape?" Sneering, he then crushed the tape in his hands till it broke in half.

Jayson was the first person in Okmore who had dared to fool him. If he wasn't taught a lesson now, he would never know just how powerful his enemy really was.

At the same time, Jayson briskly made his way over to Room No. 10 in the same restaurant after leaving Zac. Standing outside the door, a confident smile

touched his lips as he opened the door and entered the room.

"Bro, I've completed my mission!" said Jayson happily. Smiling smugly, he arched his eyebrows as he looked at Kareem sitting calmly and sipping a glass of red wine.

"Zac won't be so easily fooled," said Kareem in a low voice. His gentle smile was plastered on his lips as a cold gleam flashed through his eyes.

Hearing this, Jayson shook his head with dissatisfaction. He wagged his index finger at Kareem as if saying he was wrong. That was when he reached into his pocket, retrieved the check he had there, and shook it in front of Kareem.

"What's this then?" questioned Jayson. He felt proud of his achievement.

Overlooking the complacent look on Jayson's face, Kareem glanced at the check and checked the signature. Taking a sip of wine, he smiled as if he had expected this.

Unsatisfied with Kareem's attitude, Jayson frowned and glared at him.

"Bro, what's with the attitude? I did a good job!" Jayson looked at him discontentedly.

Without warning, Kareem thrust a glass of red wine at Jayson and said gently, "Let's not get ahead of ourselves just yet. There's no guarantee that Zac's fallen for your trick. Have you procured the thing I asked you to get for me before?"

A sharp look flashed through his eyes as he carefully examined Jayson's expression to determine whether

he was speaking the truth or not.

Jayson spoke in a happy-go-lucky tone as he arrogantly waved the tape in front of Kareem.

"This is the tape you wanted. It has what you were looking for. If we make this public, Zac's reputation will be ruined!" Jayson laughed maniacally. His expression showed one of triumph.

"Really?" Kareem looked at Jayson skeptically. From the moment he found out Jayson had some leverage over Zac, he had been doubtful of him.

Jayson discontentedly pursed his lips as he noticed Kareem's dubious gaze. In a low voice, he uttered, "You don't believe me?" He then took out his phone and played a copy of the video that was on the tape. The video showed Zac sneaking into Patricia's room and stealing her grandfather's will.

Kareem was both shocked and excited as he watched this clip. He hadn't expected such an important thing to fall into Jayson's lap.

"Now you believe me, don't you?" Jayson smiled proudly, a trace of arrogance between his eyebrows.

Kareem coughed slightly, smiled gently and said, "This video will be very useful! Since you asked to meet with me today, there must be something that you want. Spit it out!"

Being the intelligent man that he was, Kareem believed that Jayson too was smart and wouldn't have asked him to meet without having some ulterior motive.

Jayson absentmindedly rubbed his leg. Arching his eyebrows, he spoke seriously. "It's very simple. All I

want is a small share of the profit you'll acquire from developing the bay."

"A little share of the profit?" Squinting at Jayson, Kareem pondered just how much he meant by a little.

"Actually, five percent is enough for me!" replied Jayson abruptly. He made it seem like his proposal wasn't that big of a deal.

Kareem's grip on the glass of red wine in his hand tightened as he heard this. A touch of coldness crossed his face and his brows furrowed in anger.

'Five percent? That's daylight robbery!' Kareem wasn't even certain he could get five percent out of the bay, yet here was Jayson making such an excessive demand.

Jayson cleared his throat as he watched Kareem

hesitate to agree. Pocketing his phone, he said firmly, "Since you're not interested in cooperating with me, I'll be taking my leave now!" Sighing, Jayson then stood up.

Sipping his red wine, Kareem replied fiercely, "Fine. I'll agree to your request!" He was willing to pay any price demanded if it meant Zac's demise and downfall from his position as CEO.

It was only five percent of the profit from developing the bay. If need be, he would give his own share to Jayson. If it meant ruining Zac's reputation, he would do everything in his power to see this through.

This thought brightened Kareem's mood. His focus now was getting this video from Jayson by agreeing to cooperate with him.

Hearing this, Jayson smiled complacently. It was

evident that he would be the biggest beneficiary of this deal.

"Well, I knew you would make the wise decision," Jayson praised with a sly smile on his face.

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Chapter 178 Let Me Apply The Medicine To Your Wound



Upon reaching Patricia's apartment, Nicholas was about to speak to her when she interrupted him.

"Thank you for dropping me home, Nicholas. Here is your fare." A faint smile touched her lips as she said this. And instead of her usual indifferent expression,

she showed him one of gratitude.

Seeing her expression, Nicholas inhaled deeply as a somber mood settled over him. He couldn't help but frown as he felt that the vision before him was nothing more than an illusion.

'This beautiful woman can smile so sweetly! So, why does she always show such a stoic facial expression? Her face is always as cold as ice, especially when she is in front of the boss!'

"What's wrong?" whispered Patricia softly, confused by his abnormal reaction. "Do I seem scary like this?"

Nicholas immediately shook his head and looked at Patricia seriously. Sighing, he muttered, "I'm only wondering why you're always cold to my boss. You're actually so kind to everyone else, but towards him, you're always indifferent. I just felt sad for him."

Patricia was taken aback by Nicholas' honesty. Peering at him from under her lashes, she chuckled before saying, "Nicholas, the matters between Zac and myself are not as easy as you think. Outsiders such as yourself wouldn't understand since you don't know the whole story." Pursing her lips, she looked gently at Nicholas before waving goodbye. Turning around, she walked away from the car and toward her apartment.

Nicholas had reminded her of Dora in the sense that they were both meddlesome people.

Sighing, Nicholas sat there watching Patricia's receding figure. Glancing behind him, he awaited the arrival of a familiar figure.

"The boss still hasn't shown up. Have they not finished their discussion yet?" muttered Nicholas.

Thoughts of Jayson put Nicholas in a pensive mood. He dearly wanted to beat him up and teach him a lesson.

"The boss's plan would have gone off without a hitch had it not been for that guy! Now, everything's been delayed because of him."

The more Nicholas thought about this, the angrier he became. Biting his lower lip, he wished he could punish Jayson.

Suddenly, a familiar voice roused him from his thoughts. Raising his head excitedly, Nicholas turned in the direction of the voice.

"Boss, you're finally here!" Nicholas looked at Zac in wonder, searching his face for something.

Zac frowned as he saw the look in Nicholas' eyes.

"What's wrong?" he suspiciously asked in a low voice.

Nicholas' expression was so unlike the norm that it confused Zac.

"It's nothing. I felt sorry for you, that's all." Sighing, Nicholas silently prayed for Zac, who was intent on pursuing Patricia.

Seeing the familiar expression on Nicholas' face made Zac chuckle. With an outstretched hand, he lightly tapped Nicholas on the head before walking off in the direction of Patricia's apartment.

At that moment, he wasn't sure if he was in a bitter mood or not.

Sometimes he just felt helpless and didn't know what to do with Patricia. At other times, her attitude and words cut so sharp that Zac felt like he had no dignity

as a man.

Whenever he thought like this, his anger would overtake him for a while.

However, the mere sight of Patricia would always make him forget such thoughts. Instead, he would begin planning ways to get closer to her.

However, the closer he got to Patricia, the colder and angrier she treated him, making him want to teach her a lesson.

Standing outside her door, Zac took a deep breath as if mentally preparing himself for the difficulties he was about to face from meeting her.

Patricia frowned when she opened her door and found Zac standing there. A look of indifference settled on her face as she said coldly, "What are you

doing here, Zac? Have you already forgotten what you said?"

Zac bit his lower lip angrily. Taking a deep breath, he looked directly into Patricia's eyes.

'This woman has always treated me like this. She would always act indifferently and turn me away using a variety of reasons.'

But the more she teased him in this manner, the more inclined he was to resist her and keep her from being so complacent.

"Yes, I have forgotten!" said Zac firmly. There was anger in his deep eyes as he silently walked past her and entered her apartment.

Wishing she could throw Zac out, she simply gritted her teeth in frustration. 'Did Zac really forget what

happened yesterday? How dare he show up in front of me now?'

"Zac, you need to leave. You are not welcome here!" Gasping angrily, she glared fiercely at Zac as she pointed towards the door.

After entering, Zac ignored Patricia's words as he began searching her living room for something.

Seeing Zac in her home infuriated Patricia. Clenching her fists tightly, she roared at him, "Zac, get out! Did you not hear me?"

"No, I didn't," replied Zac casually. Instead of taking her seriously, he continued looking around the living room for something.

Patricia burned with anger as she saw the arrogant look on his face. Quickly approaching him, she

grabbed him by the collar. Glaring at him, she viciously said, "I want you to leave. You'd better go now!"

"I won't be leaving!" replied Zac firmly. He felt uncomfortable when he saw the distinct bruising on her face. His anger lit a fire in his heart, and he wanted nothing more than to beat the man who had hurt Patricia.

'It seems this man's last punishment was too light previously. He still doesn't understand how powerful I am! If he did, he wouldn't dare to harm my woman again! This man must be tired of living!'

In the face of Zac's anger, Patricia frowned and stared at him unblinkingly. "Zac," was all she could whisper at that moment.

"Let me help you apply the medicine." Before she

could speak, Zac grabbed her lightly by the wrist and pushed her onto the sofa.

Before Patricia could regain her senses, Zac had already taken out the medicine box from the counter under the TV and ordered, "Sit quietly. If you don't apply some medicine to your face, there will be scars."

Patricia was stunned to hear him say this. She looked at him suspiciously as if looking at a bad guy.

Zac sighed when he saw her expression. He pursed his lips and sat down helplessly beside her. He then took out the bottle of ointment from the medicine box.

"I can do it myself," she said. Patricia then grabbed the ointment from his hands, unwilling to let him touch her.

Zac frowned and angrily took a deep breath. Patricia's expression told him that she was determined not to let him touch her.

He was afraid that she would react as strongly as she did the last time if he touched her.

Zac felt helpless. Knowing he had no choice in the matter, he silently sat there watching her apply the medicine herself.

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Chapter 179 Be Careful of Jayson



After Patricia finished applying the medicine, Zac's probing eyes inspected her face to ensure no bruise was missed.

Seeing him like this made Patricia frown, and a trace of displeasure crossed her face. Pushing Zac away, she said in a low voice, "Zac, I hope you can keep your distance from me." She then picked up the medicine box and stood up.

"Why do you always treat me like this?" asked Zac helplessly. His words were dripping with sorrow, and the look in his deep eyes was unfathomable.

Patricia was taken aback by Zac's words. With furrowed brows, she recalled Nicholas saying something similar to her earlier.

"You're actually so nice to everyone else. So, why are you so cold and ruthless towards my boss?"

Patricia couldn't help mocking him in her mind. Smiling bitterly, she took a deep breath and slowly turned around to face Zac. Her usual aloof demeanor returned to her beautiful face.

"As I said, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. So, I hope you won't pester me in the future," Patricia uttered in a matter-of-fact tone.

Her love for Zac had disappeared from her heart the day she lost her baby. Now, the thought of him only brought about feelings of hatred.

Zac smiled bitterly when their eyes met. A hint of sadness touched the corner of his eyes. He suddenly felt that he had made a fool of himself by visiting her today.

"Good, very good!" Scoffing, his expression turned as

cold as ice. Taking a deep breath, he stood up and walked towards the door without saying anything further.

'Patricia has made herself clear. There is nothing more to say now.'

Before he walked out the door, however, a thought occurred to him. Straightening his back, he looked at her, and through his sexy thin lips, reminded her, "Be careful of Jayson. He is not someone you can handle." He then turned around and walked out of her apartment.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief at Zac's departure and pretended nothing had happened just then. To distract herself, she turned on the TV and began watching a Korean drama.

Patricia didn't know when she had fallen asleep. Had

her phone not begun to suddenly ring, she wouldn't have realized that it was already dawn. Slowly opening her eyes, she looked around the room in a daze.

She had fallen asleep on the sofa and spent the whole night there. Subconsciously, she stretched out her hand and rummaged through her bag for her phone. Having retrieved it, the first thing she noticed was the time on her phone. Frowning, she mumbled discontentedly, "Who could be calling me so early in the morning?"

Pressing the answer button to the call, she asked in a low voice, "Who is this? What do you want?"

Laughter rang out from the other end of the line. As she listened to the voice, she realized it sounded familiar. Her eyes widened when she figured out who the caller was. But as she was about to speak, the

caller interrupted her.

"Miss Sampson, I didn't expect you to have such a temper so early in the morning. Don't be angry. I have something important to discuss with you today."

Patricia frowned and instantly became wary. Biting her lower lip, she said fiercely, "Jayson, what do you want with me?" 'Jayson is not a decent person.

He must have an ulterior motive for calling me so early!' "

Jayson laughed once more. Deliberately coughing, he said, "I have something that you would treasure dearly in my possession. Knowing this, I wonder if you'll have time to speak with me now!"

Frowning in confusion, Patricia recalled Zac's words from the previous night.

Apparently, Zac knew that Jayson would definitely seek her out, so he had warned her beforehand.

In that case, whatever it was that Jayson had might turn out to be beneficial to her.

"Are you afraid, Miss Sampson?" asked Jayson mockingly after she had failed to reply to him. "You may be unwilling to meet with me, but I can assure you that what I have in my possession is of great importance to you. With it, you would actually have a chance of getting back the Sampson Bay!"

This news alarmed Patricia. Her eyes widened, and she became excited after hearing this revelation. After a moment, however, she remembered all that Jayson had done before, and her elated mood dampened. Drawing several deep breaths, she calmed herself before speaking.

"Jayson, are you serious?" She didn't believe that Jayson could hold such crucial information that could help her in his hands.

From her recollection, her grandfather's will was the most crucial thing in determining the Sampson Bay ownership. However, with one copy of the will in Zac's hands, he had already used it against her.

Jayson chuckled disdainfully as if he had already anticipated her skepticism. "I did not lie to you. Miss Sampson, did Zac not steal your will?"

Patricia was shocked to find out that Jayson was aware of this fact. Staring blankly ahead, her beautiful face was full of disbelief. Unable to say anything, her pink lips trembled slightly.

'How does Jayson know about this fact? Did...'

Clearing his throat, Jayson stated matter-of-factly, "I have the evidence to prove it!"

This immediately snapped her back to reality. Her eyes widened in shock at this news, but she still had her doubts about what Jayson said.

"You..."

Before Patricia could finish speaking, Jayson interrupted her and stated, "Miss Sampson, I'll wait for you in Room No. 6 at Mance Harton Restaurant at 7 pm tonight. If you don't come tonight, consider this golden opportunity lost forever." He then immediately hung up the call, giving her no chance to retort.

Patricia swallowed subconsciously, her eyes unfocused on the TV that was still showing the Korean drama. The corners of her mouth twitched

due to her state of disbelief. At that moment, she couldn't find the right words to describe her feelings.

She returned to her senses when she realized that the beeping sound on the phone had disappeared. Slowly closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and speculated on what Jayson said.

From their conversation, it was apparent he knew something about the will, or he wouldn't have mentioned it. But she knew what kind of person Jayson was. He was a greedy person and only wanted to get his hands on the development right of the Sampson Bay.

If Jayson really had some useful information and was willing to trade it for something, she'd be willing to cooperate with him. However, she feared it would not be as simple as that.

This was a difficult choice to make. Patricia's beautiful eyebrows furrowed deeply as she pondered on her options, but she still couldn't think of a way.

Unsure of how to proceed, she decided to meet with Jayson and see what information he was in possession of. If it was as useful as he claimed, she would be willing to negotiate terms with him. But if he dared deceive her with fake information, then she'd show him no mercy.

Patricia felt much calmer now that this was settled in her mind. Looking at the time, she couldn't help pursing her lips as she realized it was time to go to work.

Today was a big day for Patricia. She had decided that she would resign as soon as she arrived at the company. The CEO of the Veyron Corp. was no longer the person she once knew. She had no

intention of staying there longer than necessary, now that she saw the president for what he was.

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

Chapter 180 Resignation



Patricia washed her face and brushed her teeth. Once she was dressed for work, she then ate the delicious breakfast she had prepared before exiting her apartment and going downstairs to hail a taxi.

Her day started off smoothly, so she hoped the rest of the day would continue in such a fashion. She especially hoped that all went well when she delivered her resignation letter to the CEO today. Sometime in

the next month or two, someone else would be hired and trained to take over her position, so she would be able to leave the Veyron Corp..

The thought of resigning, however, saddened Patricia. She had been working for the company for so long that she was not willing to leave. After all, the Veyron Corp. had witnessed her growth step by step.

When she arrived at the company, Patricia stood outside the entrance and looked up at the company. With her determination written all over her face, she took a deep breath before silently walking into the company.

Once inside her office, she sat down behind her desk and swiftly wrote her letter of resignation. Having completed this, she walked over to the CEO's office. However, hearing no reply when she knocked, she decided to wait outside his office for him.

Sitting outside the office, Patricia frowned when she saw a middle-aged man exit the room. He resembled Jayson so much she couldn't help looking at him curiously.

'If I remember clearly, this person should be Jayson's father, the CEO of the Lanteen Corp..

But why is he here?'

Confused as to why he would be here, Patricia squinted her eyes as she observed him, searching for a clue that could answer her question. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a folder in his hand.

Seeing a black mark on the folder, Patricia's beautiful eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at Mr. Lawrence.

So as not to confuse her work with those of others, Patricia had a habit of deliberately marking all of the documents that she used. Thus, there would normally be a black mark on the back of the documents she handled.

'What is going on? Why does he have the plan I wrote? Didn't the CEO inform me that it was stolen by Jayson?'

Patricia frowned and looked at him with suspicion in her eyes. Hearing the CEO of the Veyron Corp. call out to Mr. Lawrence, she subconsciously hid and eavesdropped on their conversation.

"Buddy, are you satisfied with the plan this time?" asked the CEO in a playful manner. He then turned his gaze on the secretary and motioned for her to leave them and return to her work.

His secretary immediately left. The CEO then reached out his hand to shake hands with Mr. Lawrence and spoke kindly. "I'm still capable of this!"

"That's right. I didn't expect you to write such a great plan! Our cooperation will definitely succeed!" Mr. Lawrence was in such a good mood, he burst into laughter.

The two chatted for a while before Mr. Lawrence excused himself and left. The CEO then returned to his office. Patricia frowned with displeasure and she didn't come out of hiding until no one was around.

Patricia finally realized what the CEO had meant. Apparently, he was an unscrupulous person. It was a pity it took her so long to see it.

The plan in Mr. Lawrence's hand was the one she had painstakingly created, yet the CEO had initially

informed her that Jayson had stolen it. Yet, all this time, it was actually in the CEO's office. 'Why would he lie about something like this?'

Patricia couldn't figure out why the CEO did that.

He was the top leader of the company. His priority should have been the company and having its best interest in mind, he should not be focusing on a little plan like this. However, he had been so persistent in getting his hands on the plan, so things may not necessarily as easy as she thought. She was just afraid that there was some secret in it.

But this no longer concerned her. Now, she was simply disappointed by the CEO's actions, and wanted to get out of the company as soon as possible.

Patricia clenched the resignation letter in her hand

tightly. Biting her lower lip, a hint of anger flashed across her pretty eyes. She slowly breathed in and out to calm herself down. Once she regained her composure, she straightened her clothes and entered the CEO's office.

"Sir, this is my resignation letter!" Patricia didn't beat around the bush. She looked pointedly at the CEO. She no longer wanted to be entangled with him after what he had done.

Raising his eyes, the CEO looked at Patricia with a baffled expression on his face. Deliberately coughing, he said, "Miss Sampson, the company is currently short on staff. So, I can't accept your letter of resignation at this time."

"You don't need to accept it. But that doesn't change the fact that I still have the right to quit if I so choose." She then dropped the resignation letter onto his desk,

spun around, and left without further ado.

The CEO angrily stared at Patricia's back as she left his office. Frowning, he shouted at her, "Patricia, don't fail to appreciate my kindness."

Scoffing, her cold expression intensified on her face. With her back to the CEO, she said in a low voice, "That's exactly what I want."

Without glancing back to see the angry look on the CEO's face, Patricia walked out of his office.

If the CEO didn't agree to her resigning, then she could solve this matter through legal channels. At that point, he shouldn't blame her for doing what she needed to do.

The CEO was so infuriated to see her walking out that he tore up her resignation letter as if there was never

one in the first place.

"I won't agree to this!"

The CEO's voice travelled and reached her ears. Stunned to hear this statement, she glanced behind her to see the letter torn and scattered on the ground. She pursed her lips at this sight.

Although the CEO acted in such a manner, Patricia remained calm and collected. Sneering, she turned around and stated, "Since you refuse to resolve this peacefully, we shall have to proceed to solve this through legal channels."

Walking away, Patricia pulled out her phone from her pocket.

The CEO was furious when he saw this but fought to suppress his anger. Taking a long breath, he said

fiercely, "Okay, I'll accept your resignation!"

The CEO was no fool. Should Patricia try to resolve this through legal channels, this matter would escalate beyond his control. If this wouldn't have caused the company to suffer any losses, he wouldn't have agreed to her request.

A smile appeared on Patricia's face. She took out another resignation letter from the folder in her hands and presented it to the CEO. After all, she had anticipated he would behave exactly like this, so she had prepared a back-up for such a situation.

After handing the letter of resignation to the CEO, Patricia straightened her back. Smiling sweetly at him, she looked at him intently, waiting for him to sign the letter.

Picking up a pen on his desk, the CEO angrily signed

the letter of resignation. He then tossed it aside with disdain as if doing this would make him feel better.

Patricia didn't care about his attitude. She retrieved her resignation letter and safely secured it. In an indifferent tone, she said, "I'll inform the HR department. And don't worry, I wouldn't leave until I've successfully handed over my workload. It should take no more than two weeks."

Patricia had initially interrupted the CEO when he was about to speak to say this. And as soon as she was finished, she turned and strode away, not showing any respect for him.

The CEO was so angry that he clenched his fists and pounded the table, wishing it was her he was striking instead.

After leaving the CEO's office, Patricia immediately

went to the HR department. After submitting her resignation letter, she returned to her own office and began to pack up.

Although the CEO didn't want her to leave, if she insisted on leaving and wanted someone else to replace her, he would definitely...

"Miss Sampson, I thought you had left. I didn't expect you to be here still."

A delicate voice rang out and pulled her away from her thoughts. Looking towards the door, she found a woman with curly brown hair, and wearing heavy make-up, staring at her in disdain.

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