

## REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

### Chapter 181 Head-on Blow On The First Encounter



"Excuse me, who are you?" Patricia asked, frowning at the woman. Her beautiful eyes were cold and indifferent at that moment, coupled with a smidgen of displeasure.

It was their first encounter, yet this woman openly sought to prevail over her. There was no other reason for her to open the door so her colleagues could watch what was happening inside.

"Me? Don't you know who I am?" The woman flipped her hair back with a huff, staring down at Patricia with disdain.

Patricia sneered. She knew what that audacious question implied. It was this woman the president of

Veyron Corp. hired to take over her work, but...

She looked the woman up and down indifferently and felt disgusted. A glance was all she needed to know about the person this woman was.

It had taken her by surprise that the Veyron Group's CEO had such terrible taste. She now understood she had a big mistake trusting the man. It was pretty stupid of her to believe that he was a good person.

Before she could reply, however, the woman strutted in with an expression of disdain, raised her hand, and brushed everything Patricia had packed to the floor. "Someone get Miss Sampson out of here!" she shouted at the door without sparing Patricia a glance.

The colleagues outside looked on in astonishment. They were there just for the show and didn't think they'd suddenly be dragged into the scuffle.

Although they had gotten word that Patricia had resigned, employees who quit typically don't leave right away. They stay for two more weeks and go only after they hand over their work. In this case, however, the employee's replacement had arrived quickly, so they were surprised.

Patricia smiled at their expressions of astonishment. She had seen through everything. Veyron Group's CEO had arranged all this—that much was obvious. Since he found the successor pretty quickly, he had probably planned all this beforehand.

The woman frowned when no one outside moved to do her bidding. "Didn't you hear what I said?" she demanded fiercely.

Her words elicited a response this time, albeit not the one she wanted. The colleagues had turned away

and returned to their seats. They wanted nothing to do with the mess.

This angered the woman greatly. However, she had no outlet to vent her frustration, so she could only glare at them. Then, she looked over at Patricia.

"Miss Sampson, you're a smart woman, so you don't need me to explain everything. You already know what to do, right?"

A cold smile appeared on Patricia's face. She cleared her throat and replied, "Of course, I understand you. However, you pushed my things to the ground, so shouldn't you pick them up first?"

The wry smile on her face spoke volumes: she was no pushover. The woman, who chose to challenge her, could not blame her for the rude response.

The woman turned red with rage. She glared at Patricia and gasped for breath, struggling to contain her fury. "Don't push your luck. I can have security escort you out."

"Yes, you can do that." Patricia smiled, looking into her eyes without fear. "But if I remember correctly, I just resigned today and haven't undergone the official procedures yet. That means, as of right now, this position is still mine. You, on the other hand, have yet to report to the HR department or go through any formalities. What makes you think you can call security on me?"

Her eyes shone brightly with confidence as she stared at the woman. Although she was sitting, her domineering aura made her as fierce as a queen.

"You..." the woman growled, pointing at Patricia with a beautiful but trembling finger. She appeared too livid

to reply.

The wry smile on Patricia's grew brighter. "Miss, am I wrong? If you want me to leave, then pick up my things. If not, I'll have security escort you out!" she said in a low voice.

With an icy smile on her face, her gaze remained fixed on the unwelcome visitor, awaiting her response.

The woman's lips trembled in anger a few times, but she said nothing this time. All she did was glare at Patricia with resentment.

This didn't concern Patricia, though. She just sat there, waiting for the woman to pick her things off the floor.

No matter the relationship this woman had with the

CEO, one thing Patricia knew for sure was that she wouldn't let anyone bully her.

If this woman wished to have a go at that, she had better first make sure she could see it through.

Suddenly, the woman crouched unhappily and—after directing an irate frown Patricia's way—began to pick the things scattered on the ground.

"It's done," she said, quickly getting back to her feet. She couldn't help but scowl at the domineering lady at the desk before turning away.

Patricia pursed her lips and began to load the items into a box. When she finished putting away her things, she stood up and walked past the woman without a word. However, she stopped at the door and laughed loudly.

"Good luck!"

With that, she walked away and never looked back. In the past, she'd have been reluctant to leave under similar circumstances, but now, her goodwill for the company had evaporated; she had nothing to say to them now.

When she arrived at the company's gate, she felt the warm rays of the bright sun on her face. She squinted her eyes, took a few deep breaths, and smiled.

She looked back at the company—the place she had worked for the past few years. Although she had feelings for the company and the people who walked there, she had no choice but to move on. The president's actions had disappointed her, and she had no reason to remain there any longer.

She turned back around and walked through the open



gates. Then she waved down a taxi, told the driver her destination, and entered the car silently.

Unbeknownst to her, however, a Porsche had pulled up on the opposite side of the road. Its driver, Zac, had watched Patricia leave the company with a box in hand. He understood what had happened to her.

"Did she resign, or was she fired?" Zac murmured, watching her flag down the taxi. He was confused and wished to approach her, but he didn't.

He knew that if he showed his face to her, a quarrel would break out, followed closely by conflict.

When Patricia entered the cab, he shrugged off his thoughts and drove off to her apartment without hesitation.

When Patricia got to her apartment, she unpacked the

items in her box. Then she sat in the living room and watched a Korean drama alone. The atmosphere in the room was solemn. She had lost her job suddenly and now felt empty. However, she wanted to solve the problem concerning the Bay at hand first before looking for another job. Tomorrow, the court would have experts appraise the will. She had a feeling the procedure wouldn't go swimmingly.

The court had appointed the experts, yes, but that didn't mean Zac could not play any tricks. If he had dared to tamper with the will, the experts wouldn't scare him.

That's why Patricia's heart was heavy. Furthermore, she had no more evidence in her repertoire, so she felt she had little chance of emerging victorious.

Sullivan testifying in court was just for his interest. If he and the others can't get benefits, they won't help at

all.

It was another reason she wasn't confident she'd win the case tomorrow.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Patricia looked down at her watch and frowned. Who had come visiting at such an hour?

When she opened the door and saw Zac, her face fell. With a stony expression, she said, "What are you doing here?"

Had she not made it clear the previous night? Why was he here again to pester her?

The icy welcome made Zac frown, and a glimmer of displeasure flashed in his eyes. Why did this woman always look and talk to him in this manner!

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### Chapter 182 I Have Something To Talk To You About



Patricia frowned when she noticed the displeasure in Zac's eyes. Looking at him indifferently in the eyes, she kept her face expressionless as she said calmly, "If you have something to say, then just say it. If not, then leave!"

She wasn't taking Zac seriously. Even her eyes showed her disinterest as she looked at him.

Zac became enraged as he heard this. His deep eyes were filled with anger, and he clenched his fists so

tightly that the blue veins popped up on the back of his hands. As quickly as his anger appeared, so too did it disappear.

"I really have something important to discuss with you!" Ignoring Patricia's cold gaze, he strode into the room as if he was walking into his own house.

Patricia's frown deepened as she saw this. She would have thrown Zac out, but his strength and speed outmatched her own. So, she could only sigh helplessly as he did as he pleased.

Zac acted as if he was the owner of the house. With arms spaced out on the back of the chair, he crossed his long legs and waited for her.

Squinting her eyes at him, it was obvious that she was unhappy with Zac's behavior. Walking over to him, she said fiercely, "Zac, get out of here!"

Glaring at Zac, she pointed towards the door, wishing he would leave as soon as possible.

Zac continued to look at her indifferently. Coughing, he stated, "Didn't you just tell me that if I had something to say, then I should say it? Well, the truth is I indeed have something to tell you! And since I haven't started talking about it yet, how can I leave?" A complacent smile touched Zac's lips as he said this.

Patricia became infuriated when he refused to leave. She no longer looked at him with indifference. Her beautiful face turned red with rage, and she glared at Zac, wishing dearly to throw him out.

Zac was playing word games with her. It was apparent that Zac would turn anything she threw at him into a reason or excuse to stay.

Realizing this infuriated Patricia so much she gritted her teeth and had to take a deep breath. Her anger flashed through her eyes as she looked directly at Zac, unable to utter a single word.

Seeing Patricia speechless made Zac feel a sense of achievement. His sexy thin lips curled upwards ever so slightly into a faint smile. There was amusement in his eyes as he looked at her.

"What's wrong? Did I say something wrong?" Zac deliberately grinned at her while arching his eyebrows.

His smug expression angered Patricia. She clenched her fists tightly, wanting nothing more than to punch him. Suppressing her anger, she took several deep breaths and calmed down.

Glaring at Zac, she asked in a low voice, "What did

you want to discuss? Spit it out. I don't have time to waste with you!" Unconsciously, she glanced at the clock to check the time.

Frowning, Patricia saw that it was already five o'clock. She was supposed to meet Jayson at seven o'clock, but if Zac kept pestering her, then she was afraid she wouldn't be able to get rid of him early enough to reach her appointment on time.

Seeing her impatience, a sharp light flashed through his deep eyes as he asked coldly, "What's wrong? Is this a bad time?" It appeared that Zac was aware of what was happening. His cold gaze settled on her face as he questioned her.

Patricia pursed her lips, and her body involuntarily began to tremble. She felt like something bad was about to happen.



"Are you worried that Jayson will leave because you are late for your appointment? That wouldn't happen. He is well prepared," said Zac resolutely. His sharp eyes looked intently at Patricia.

Patricia was alarmed to find out that Zac knew everything. Frowning deeply, she bit her lower lip subconsciously. A hint of panic flashed through her eyes as she looked at Zac.

'How could Zac know about my appointment? Did he install bugs in my house?'

"I know what you are thinking, but I won't resort to such a tactic!" Zac said, interrupting her thoughts. His face expressed his seriousness in the matter, so he didn't appear to be joking with her.

"In that case, how did you..." Patricia bit her lower lip nervously, looking at Zac's face as she tried to read

his expressions.

Seeing this, Zac arched his eyebrows slightly, a faint smile touching his lips. He cast a knowing glance at Patricia.

"What do you think? How would I have learned of this?" Zac looked at her expressionlessly, his sharp eyes studying her intently as if he wanted to see through her.

Patricia was momentarily lost in thought as she pondered his question. Biting her lower lip, she felt that this whole situation was not as simple as she thought.

'If Zac didn't install bugs in my house, there can be only one other possibility. Jayson and Zac must have met each other already.

This means that Zac is aware of the so-called evidence that Jayson claims to have in his possession.'

A touch of anger flashed across Patricia's beautiful face as she realized this. She couldn't help thinking Jayson was such a despicable person.

But then again, this behavior was normal for him. She knew of his past wrongdoings, so she wouldn't put it past him to try to take advantage of them both.

However... She realized that Zac must have some other purpose in visiting her and telling her all of this.

Zac's lips curved into an imperceptible smile when he saw Patricia watching him intently. A cold, fierce light appeared in his deep eyes.

"What? Do you not know what kind of person Jayson

is?" asked Zac casually. Contrary to his tone, Zac's face was cold and serious, making his question sound more convincing than usual.

Patricia was so stunned that her pink lips opened and closed without her being able to utter a single word in response.

'The reason why Zac is so condescending is that he doesn't want me meeting with Jayson. In other words, Jayson does indeed have something that can be of use to me!'

Taking a deep breath, Patricia calmed down and regained her usual composure. Looking firmly at Zac, she said, "I may not be aware of what transpired between you both, but I'm sure whatever it is that Jayson has on you must be damning evidence that you want to get back."

She smiled complacently as she said this. Then, seeing Zac's look of surprise at hearing her words made her feel more confident that she had been right on the money.

Zac frowned as he took in her smug expression. A touch of displeasure flashed through his eyes as his gaze transfixed on her face.

'Patricia doesn't need to know or see what it is that Jayson has in his possession. If she did, she will come to hate me more, regardless of the fact that it wouldn't change the outcome of the court case. So, I can't allow her to see this.'

"Patricia..." As soon as Zac spoke, Patricia interrupted him. Pursing her lips, she looked at him angrily.

"Zac, you can't stop me from going," she said firmly. She wasn't about to take Zac seriously on this matter.

Hearing this, Zac pursed his lips angrily. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't say a word. Seeing the look in Patricia's eyes, he knew it would be futile to say anything more.

Unable to give up, Zac was about to speak again in an attempt to dissuade her from meeting Jayson. But before he could get a word out of his mouth, Patricia turned around and walked over to the entrance.

Seeing this, Zac stood up in a hurry, intent on stopping her from meeting Jayson. But he was a second too late. She had already disappeared from his line of sight.

"Damn it! This woman just won't listen to anyone!" Zac punched the wall angrily, his face full of despair as he bit his lower lip hard.

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### Chapter 183 A Deal



Patricia breathed a sigh of relief after leaving her apartment. Subconsciously, she kept glancing behind her, fearful that Zac would catch up to her.

Checking the time, she saw that there was still one hour left before the appointed time to meet with Jayson. So, she decided to head over to the Mance Harton Restaurant and have dinner first while waiting for his arrival.

Patricia sat in Room No 6, impatiently awaiting

Jayson's arrival. It was not until eight o'clock that she saw him leisurely strolling in with an indifferent smile on his face.

Seeing that smile enraged Patricia. Had she not been curious about the evidence Jayson was holding, she would not have foolishly waited so long for him.

As soon as Jayson sat down, she looked at him coldly and said, "Jayson, let's not beat around the bush and get straight to the point."

Unfazed by Patricia's cold gaze, Jayson couldn't help but chuckle. Spreading his arms out on the chair, he said nonchalantly, "No need to be so wary, Miss Sampson. I actually haven't eaten anything yet. How about we discuss this over dinner?"

"No," Patricia replied without hesitation. She didn't want to spend more time than necessary with Jayson.



She wanted to resolve this matter as quickly as possible so she could leave.

Jayson's lips twitched and a trace of displeasure crossed his face as he saw Patricia's disgust written all over her face. Smiling brightly, he looked pointedly at her and said casually, "Since you don't want to waste your time on me, I'll get straight to the point. Miss Sampson, let's make a deal."

He then retrieved his phone from his pocket, opened the video, and put the phone in front of her. Pressing the play button, he gave her a moment to watch the clip. He was positive that she would be shocked by what she was about to see.

When Patricia saw who the person was in the video, she was stunned. Her beautiful eyes widened, and her face was full of disbelief. She was even skeptical about what she had just seen.

'Is this real?'

Biting her lower lip, Patricia raised her eyes from the video and focused them on Jayson. She now understood why he was so sure that she would be interested in the evidence he had.

With this recording of Zac stealing her grandfather's will, she could confidently turn the tide at tomorrow's negotiation if she presented this evidence.

Jayson smiled smugly when he saw the astonishment and excitement light up her face. He was overjoyed, thinking that she was slowly walking into his trap.

Jayson deliberately coughed to remind her of his presence. After the video ended, he quickly took back his phone as if securing his trump card.

This motion caused Patricia to snap back to her senses. Looking at Jayson seriously, a grim expression crossed her face as she wondered what would be his purpose for showing her this.

'Jayson must be doing this for the development right of the Sampson Bay. However, the problem is that I am unsure if I'll be able to take back the bay. So, if he asks for a large sum of money, I will not be able to pay the sum.

Moreover, I am more concerned over the fact that Jayson and Zac talked about this before. After all, how else would Zac have known about this evidence?

This solidifies my assumption that Jayson wants to take advantage of us both!'

Thinking of this, Patricia squinted at Jayson, trying to read his expression.

Noticing her probing gaze, Jayson simply looked at her calmly as if allowing her the time she needed to make her decision.

"Alright, Jayson. What do you want?" she asked in a firm tone. Her expression was serious and businesslike, giving the impression that she had thought this over.

Chuckling, a complacent smile formed on his lips. Deliberately clearing his throat, Jayson said, "All I'm asking for is five percent of the profit from developing the bay. Give me that, and this video is yours." He then casually shrugged his shoulders as a triumphant look appeared on his face.

Patricia was stunned to hear this. She stared at Jayson for a full minute, doubting what she had just heard.

'He wants five percent of the profit? Is he joking? Jayson is asking for an exorbitant price!'

Patricia already knew that Jayson's purpose for meeting her was to ask for some type of benefit. However, he was demanding more than she could afford.

"Jayson, you're asking for too much," said Patricia in a low voice. She needed Jayson to be aware that his condition was too outrageous.

'Five percent is definitely impossible!'

Jayson couldn't help laughing as he shrugged his shoulders helplessly. In a gentle voice, he said, "Miss Sampson, I am well aware that five percent of the profit from developing the Sampson Bay is not much. And with the video I have in my hand, you'll have a

stronger chance of getting back the bay. Five percent will be a piece of cake for you once you succeed!"

The indifference on Patricia's face was replaced by the anger she felt upon hearing Jayson's words.

Biting her lower lip, she stared at Jayson, wishing to throw him into the sea. She felt that it was unnecessary to continue this negotiation.

However, she also knew that this thought only occurred in the heat of the moment. Thinking rationally, she realized that it would be in her best interest to get this video. This was, after all, crucial evidence that could be used to get back the Sampson Bay.

But... The conditions set by Jayson were too high for her to accept.

Jayson was unfazed by the look in her eyes. He knew that he had already won. He had absolute control over this deal, and she would have no choice but to accept his demands.

Patricia bit her lower lip angrily when she saw the triumphant look in Jayson's eyes. She clenched her fists so tightly she could feel her nails piercing the palm of her hands. Ignoring the stinging pain, she glared at him angrily.

"Miss Sampson, have you made up your mind?" Jayson smiled smugly as if flaunting his victory in her face.

Taking a few deep breaths, Patricia slowly loosened her grip. Looking at Jayson seriously, she uttered with great difficulty, "Okay, I'll promise you this." She instantly felt drained after saying those words. Her body felt limp and she didn't know what else to say.

Jayson smiled victoriously as he heard her promise. Smiling broadly, he pulled out a contract from his pocket and said, "Having a contract is more secure, so..." Jayson didn't need to finish his sentence. He just smiled knowingly at Patricia.

Patricia understood precisely what he meant without him having to say it. Biting her lower lip angrily, she felt morose. But she felt a sense of relief after reviewing the contract, though. Fortunately, it was clearly stated that Jayson would get the corresponding benefits only after he helped her acquire the bay.

Taking the pen from Jayson's outstretched hand, she signed her name without hesitation. After Jayson signed his name, the contract became legally binding.

This contract was made in duplicate, so each of them



would have a copy. Thus, if any disagreement arose between them later, they could refer to the contract terms.

Patricia's pink lips trembled slightly. As she was about to speak, Jayson interrupted her and said, "Don't worry, Miss Sampson. I'll go with you tomorrow." As soon as he finished speaking, Jayson smiled happily. His complacency was written all over his face.

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**Chapter 184 The Boss' Order**



Patricia nodded slightly in agreement, but her face showed her displeasure. Standing up, Jayson smiled

and waved goodbye before leaving her side, giving her no chance to say anything further on the matter.

However, Patricia wasn't bothered about where he was headed off to. Her main concern was regarding what would take place tomorrow.

She hoped that Jayson would keep his word and attend as promised. This would be the only way to guarantee getting back the Sampson Bay smoothly.

Momentarily paralyzed, Patricia remained seated on the chair and stared up at the ceiling with blank, tired eyes.

She knew she should be feeling elation at the moment. But instead, what she felt was a sense of unease, making it difficult for her to be cheerful about this situation.

Patricia shook her head to dispel this uneasy feeling from her mind. She patted her face to wake herself from her state of daze. Taking a deep breath, she stood up, walked out of the room, and made her way to the restaurant's exit.

However, what Patricia didn't know was that a pair of dark eyes had been watching her vigilantly throughout the evening. It was only after she left the room that a frowning Nicholas walked in from the balcony.

"It seems that the boss is right. Jayson is really not a good person! He just lied to Miss Sampson." Nicholas' frown became more pronounced as he felt his anger rising. He really wanted to beat Jayson up. 'How could Jayson do such a thing?'

Unfortunately, this wasn't the time to be angry. His task today was ensuring the safety of his boss' wife, not getting even with Jayson.

Seeing that Patricia had a head start, Nicholas realized he would need to hurry to catch up to her. He knew that he would be blamed if any harm befell her, and Zac would make his life miserable.

He quickly walked out of the room and made his way over to where Patricia had disappeared.

Sensing that someone was following her, Patricia felt extremely uneasy. Every couple of steps she took, she would throw a glance behind her to confirm her safety.

However, every time she turned around, she found nothing. 'Am I too hyper-vigilant?'

Having escaped her watchful eyes, Nicholas breathed a sigh of relief. He was fortunate to have not been caught. He knew that she would be furious if she

discovered him.

Thinking of this, Nicholas followed her more carefully. He looked away for a moment, but he realized that Patricia had disappeared when he looked back. He inwardly screamed and came out from the shadows, nervously searching for her.

Suddenly, a kick came flying towards him. Screaming, he took a few steps back to avoid being hit. A trace of anger flitted across his face.

Although he had been in a gang for so long, this was the first time that Nicholas had been attacked from behind.

Thinking of this, Nicholas' face was full of anger. Turning around, he was about to strike his attacker when he realized it was a woman behind him.

"You..." Before Nicholas could say anything, Dora, with her hands on her hips, looked at Nicholas unhappily and roared, "You pervert!"

'Pervert?' Nicholas' eyes widened in astonishment. He had to wonder if he had heard her correctly.

'Someone called me a pervert?'

"Hey, watch your mouth! Don't think that I won't hit you just because you are a woman!" said Nicholas unhappily. This was the first time he had been insulted like this by Dora. His pride made him want to teach her a lesson for spouting such lies.

Hearing this, Dora raised her chin arrogantly and looked contemptuously at Nicholas.

"I didn't say anything wrong. You have been following Miss Patricia for a while now! If I hadn't discovered you, who knows what you would have done to her!"

The more Dora spoke, the more excited she became. This was bad for him since this meant she was attracting unnecessary attention.

Her words infuriated Nicholas. Glaring at Dora, he clenched his fists tightly. He really wanted to tell this woman, who was talking nonsense, to shut up.

Seeing that Nicholas didn't deny her accusations, Dora proudly lifted her chin and looked at him disdainfully. She then waved at Patricia, who was standing nearby and shouted, "Miss Patricia, no need to be afraid. I'll take care of this for you."

Smiling helplessly, Patricia walked over to Dora and cleared Nicholas of her suspicions.

"I know him, Dora."

Patricia immediately realized that Nicholas must have

been following her on Zac's orders.

But seeing how he reacted, it was clear that he was here to secretly protect her and not spy on her.

"Miss Patricia, are you serious?" Dora was shocked to hear this. She looked at Patricia and Nicholas in disbelief. Her complacent smile fell from her lips.

'If they do know each other, then I have wrongly accused him. Furthermore, I kicked him hard just now!'

Arching her eyebrows, Patricia chuckled when she saw Dora's expression.

As understanding dawned on Dora, she instantly ran over to Nicholas, nodded and bowed to apologize.

"I'm truly sorry for my earlier actions. I wasn't aware



that you both knew each other. I just noticed that you were tailing her from behind and assumed you were a lecher. After all, there has been a serious problem with the public security recently, and many beautiful women have been threatened. And Miss Patricia is so dazzling, it's highly likely that she would become a target for such men. I was worried for her safety when I saw you, and in my haste, I didn't ask you to justify your actions. I hope you can be a broad-minded man and find it within yourself to forgive me."

Dora's words gushed out, not giving Nicholas a chance to cut in.

Nicholas narrowed his eyes and looked at her speechlessly. Embarrassed by her tirade, he didn't know how to respond.

'This woman is really amazing!'

Even if Nicholas wanted to be angry, he wouldn't have found a chance to get a word in. Besides, Dora's sincere apology made him feel that, as a man, he shouldn't haggle with her.

"Alright, I understand. I won't blame you, okay?" stated Nicholas. Instead of looking at Dora, his gaze wandered over to Patricia, who was standing not far away.

"Miss Sampson, you don't think this way too, do you?" Nicholas asked with a hint of helplessness in his voice.

If it wasn't for Dora, he wouldn't have gotten caught by Patricia. That was the mistake he had made.

Hearing this, Patricia shook her head slightly. Looking Nicholas up and down, she whispered, "Did Zac ask you to follow me?"

Nicholas shook his head in denial and looked at her seriously. "No, I'm not following you. The boss is simply worried about your safety and asked me to protect you. Don't forget that you were recently hospitalized!"

Patricia had almost forgotten what had happened before, so Nicholas' words served as a reminder to her. At that time, bad things kept happening to her again and again. She had begun to suspect that someone was secretly out to hurt her.

Understanding what Nicholas meant, Patricia nodded her head slightly. Taking a deep breath, she said softly, "Even so, behaving in such a manner can easily make people misunderstand your intentions."

"That's right! If you really wanted to protect Patricia, you should have done things aboveboard and not

acted so sneakily," Dora chimed in. Nicholas glared at Dora with dissatisfaction, hinting for her to shut up. 'This woman has no right to contribute to this discussion!'

Dora pouted unhappily as she saw his expression and felt wronged.


Patricia smiled slightly as she witnessed the interaction between Dora and Nicholas. For some reason, she felt that the two of them were a good match.

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**Chapter 185 The Lawsuit Started**





Just as a smile broke out on Patricia's face, both Nicholas and Dora turned in her direction. Blinking in confusion, they asked in unison, "Miss Sampson, what are you laughing at?"

"I just thought that you both have a tacit understanding," Patricia replied softly, a tender smile on her lips.

Snapping out of her daze, Patricia's smile disappeared as she turned her attention to Nicholas. "Nicholas, you can go back now. Dora will go with me, so you no longer need to protect me," she said in a serious tone.

Dora nodded in agreement with Patricia's words. It was a rare opportunity to reunite with Patricia, so she wanted to spend a little more time chatting amicably.

Nicholas frowned unhappily and stared unblinkingly at Dora. He was hurt that Patricia would choose this woman to protect her rather than him.

He wasn't convinced that Dora was qualified for this job at all. 'With such a weak body, how could Dora resist the attack of others? Although that kick just now was not bad...'

Sensing Nicholas' dissatisfaction, Dora frowned. Patting her chest, she solemnly said, "I can handle this. I learned Taekwondo, so I'm not defenseless!"

Squinting his eyes, Nicholas frowned and looked at Dora disdainfully.

"You've learned Taekwondo? Are you a white belt?"

Dora glared at Nicholas when he questioned her ability. Red with anger, she raised her chin arrogantly

and said fiercely, "What did you just say? For your information, I have a black belt in Taekwondo. If you don't believe me, we can have a match right now so you can see how powerful I am." Dora was so furious she hoped Nicholas took her up on her challenge.

Nicholas laughed wildly when he heard this. He looked at her contemptuously, unwilling to compete with her.

After listening to these two squabble for a while, Patricia, who was standing aside, sighed and said helplessly, "Will you both stop arguing now?"

Patricia felt helpless and depressed hearing them fight over nothing. She really couldn't understand why they were quarreling for no reason.

Noticing Patricia's somber demeanor, both Nicholas and Dora forced a happy smile onto their lips.

"Miss Sampson, don't be angry. We didn't say that we would actually have the competition."

Pouting, Patricia said in a serious tone, "Nicholas, you can go back now. Tell Zac that I returned home safely. Dora, you come with me!"

She then strode off, giving him no chance to refute her words.

Seeing this, Dora chuckled in Nicholas' face. Wagging her eyebrows at him arrogantly, she quickly followed behind Patricia.

Nicholas felt morose as he watched these two ladies leaving. Dora's look of triumph before she left made him unhappy.

Dora was the first woman to make him feel this



unhappy. He had hold a grudge against this woman because of today's events. Kicking a stone on the roadside dismally, Nicholas turned around and left without further ado.

It was only when they reached Patricia's apartment that Dora got the opportunity to talk to her.

"Miss Patricia, I have something to ask you."

Standing outside Patricia's door, Dora stopped short of the question she wanted to ask. Pressing her hands against her chest, her mouth opened and closed again, without saying anything. She felt conflicted about whether she should ask her question or not.

Frowning, Patricia looked at Dora curiously. Smiling gently at her, she silently urged her to continue what she was saying.

Getting the 'okay' from Patricia, Dora took a deep breath and returned her smile. In a low, serious voice, she asked, "Miss Patricia, do you know who bullied my sister into leaving the company?"

With her emotions heightened, her eyes watered as her anger got the better of her. She really wanted to find out who had bullied her sister, Lily, and pay them back dearly.

Patricia understood Dora's expression the moment she saw it.

However, she felt she had no right to say anything since she was a bystander in this whole affair.

Moreover, she didn't want to go over Lily's head and tell Dora when Lily, herself, didn't say anything before this.

"Dora, that's in the past now. I don't think Lily would appreciate us discussing this anymore," Patricia said in a knowing tone.

Lowering her head, Dora bit her lower lip and sadly nodded.

Although Dora was aware of this, she still wanted to do something for Lily.

Sighing, Patricia unconsciously raised her hand and patted Dora on the shoulder. "Don't let this consume you. Let bygones be bygones. From now on, live a good life with Lily."

Noticing how late it had gotten, Patricia then gestured for Dora to head back. After all, it was dangerous for a girl to be out late.

After Dora left, Patricia couldn't help but sigh. Looking

at Dora's receding figure, she pouted and thought that she was actually the same as Dora.

She was still obsessing about something and couldn't seem to let it go.

A bitter smile touched her lips as thoughts of Zac ran through her mind.

Shaking her head to dispel these thoughts, she gazed up at the starry night sky and sighed once more.

Taking out her key, she unlocked her door and entered her apartment.

She had important things to deal with tomorrow, so she needed a good night's rest to combat the challenging day ahead.

Now, Patricia had been so lost in thought that she hadn't realized that a pair of deep eyes had been

watching her from downstairs. It was only after she entered her apartment that Zac returned to his Porsche parked outside. Hopping in, he started the engine and sped off.

The following morning she awoke early and made her way to the court before the allotted time in order to avoid the reporters. Unfortunately, several dedicated reporters were already on the scene when she arrived.

"Miss Sampson, are you sure you can take back the Sampson Bay this time? Also, I heard that there was something wrong with the will. Is that true?"

"I heard that Miss Sampson got her hands on some substantial evidence that can help this case. Care to comment?"

"Miss Sampson, I heard that an expert is being called

in to verify the authenticity of the will. Is this true?"

Ignoring the reporters' questions, Patricia remained silent, unwilling to answer any of their questions. She just walked straight ahead into the courthouse, hoping to get rid of them as soon as possible.

Having evaded the reporters, Patricia thought she would finally have some peace and quiet. But as soon as she stepped foot into the court, she heard a sarcastic voice call out to her.

"Patricia, I thought you wouldn't come!"

Without looking, Patricia already knew who this voice belonged to, and if she was here, that meant the other Sampson family members would be here as well.

She had thought that they wouldn't show up today, having done their part already. But here they were

again.

"Why won't I come? The bay is mine. Of course, I want it back!" Patricia glanced at Lyndsy sternly, her expression icier than usual. Out of the corner of her eye, she glanced at Sullivan and Yolanda.

Patricia had never liked the members of the Sampson family. So, why did she need to be pleasant to them when they had never been nice to her before?

Lyndsy was enraged by Patricia's answer. Glaring at her, she angrily stamped her feet. This made her look like an unruly lady instead of a dignified lady from a rich family.

Patricia scoffed as she saw this display of behavior. Ignoring Lyndsy, she stood tall and walked past her.

Both Lyndsy and Yolanda were furious when they

saw Patricia's cold attitude towards them. They thought that she was behaving arrogantly by not showing them any respect in front of all the people gathered there today.

"What an unfilial daughter!" muttered Sullivan fiercely. He bit his lower lip angrily, his piercing eyes boring a hole in Patricia's back. If he didn't have an image to maintain as the master of the Sampson family, he would not have been polite. And he definitely would have taught her a lesson.

Yolanda felt the same way as her husband. Maintaining their image was important to them. Otherwise, she wouldn't have acted so politely towards Patricia. She suddenly felt that she hadn't bullied Patricia enough in the past.

"Mom, look at this bitch, Patricia! What's with her attitude towards us? We are all part of the Sampson



family, after all. We are on her side, but she doesn't appreciate our support at all," said Lyndsy in an unpleasant tone. She then ran to Yolanda and pointed at Patricia's back.

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### REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

#### Chapter 186 The Important Evidence



Yolanda glared at Patricia as a trace of displeasure and viciousness crossed her face. This expression was quickly replaced by a gentle, elegant one, giving the impression of a dignified lady once more. Patting Lyndsy's hand gently, she whispered in a meaningful voice, "How can you say such a thing, Lyndsy. As the daughter of the Sampson family, you need to behave

more elegantly. This is not how a proper lady behaves."

Yolanda then raised her eyebrows at Lyndsy, an unreadable look in her eyes.

She may have said these words to Lyndsy, but they were for Sullivan's ears. It was a tacit reminder to him of his displeasure for Patricia. However, his hatred towards Patricia was unmatched by what Yolanda and Lyndsy felt towards her.

Furthermore, Sullivan made it seem that he hated her a great deal, especially after his birthday party. But Yolanda could see that he actually thought of her as a good daughter. Patricia's performance at his birthday party had left a deep impression on him, swaying his feelings into thinking she was nice.

Therefore, Yolanda was resolved to find ways to

make Sullivan hate Patricia with a burning passion. The best outcome would be to ensure she was unable to inherit the Sampson family's property. If this happened, then Lyndsy would be the sole heir to the family fortune.

Lyndsy didn't know what Yolanda was thinking, but she was confident that her mother would find a way to deal with Patricia.

Sullivan didn't know what Yolanda was thinking either, but he did hate Patricia more now. He was especially disappointed in her because of the issue with the Sampson Bay.

Sullivan was no fool. And he was enraged that she would ask an outsider for help rather than turning to her own family.

"Don't speak such words anymore. Remember your

mother's words and be careful of how you speak in the future. Don't act foolishly either. It wouldn't turn out good for you." Frowning unhappily, he hinted with his eyes for Yolanda and Lyndsy to follow him inside.

With a look of complacency in their eyes, Lyndsy and Yolanda glanced at each other before happily entering the court.

Only after entering the court did Patricia realize that not only did Zac and Nicholas arrive early, but so too did Kareem and the lawyer. The two parties stood on opposite sides, sizing each other up.

Patricia pursed her lips as she saw them all in high spirits, anxious for the proceedings to start. Ignoring them, she pretended not to see them as she walked towards the mediation room.

Seeing Patricia, both Zac and Kareem broke off their

eye-lock and turned their attention towards her. In unison, they called out, "Patricia/Miss Sampson."

Patricia stopped in her tracks as she heard their calls and turned to them with dissatisfaction in her eyes. Coughing, she said in a low voice, "I don't have time to play this goggling game with you." She then disappeared into the mediation room, leaving them behind.

Both Zac and Kareem frowned. Patricia's words had left them disgruntled. Then, locking eyes with each other again, they immediately returned to the topic at hand.

"It seems that you are well prepared this time," said Zac in a low voice. His sharp eyes reflected a cold and domineering look as he stared pointedly at Kareem.

Kareem smiled gently, unfazed by the look in Zac's eyes. With a hint of harshness in his own eyes, he looked fearlessly into Zac's eyes.

"Yes, or my efforts would have been in vain." Kareem smiled triumphantly as he said this, acting like he had already won today's mediation that had yet to begin.

Zac shook his head meaningfully when he saw Kareem's expression. A hint of pity appeared on his cold face. Sighing, Zac shrugged casually and asked, "Are you certain you will win today?"

Hearing this, Kareem smiled gently in reply. Looking into Zac's cold eyes, his smile became complacent. He acted condescendingly, not taking Zac seriously at all.

A fierce smile touched Zac's lips when he saw Kareem brimming with confidence. In a cold voice, he

said, "Kareem, I hope you can still keep your smile till the end!" Using his eyes, Zac then gestured for Nicholas to follow him. They both walked off, leaving Kareem behind, and entered the mediation room.

Seeing this made Kareem's smile freeze in place. His eyes were brimming with hatred as he looked at Zac's back. A trace of cruelty crossed his face, and he wished he could go forth and beat Zac up.

But Zac's parting words had shaken him up. He was suddenly afraid that Jayson had betrayed him. So, pulling out his phone, he dialed Jayson's number.

But as soon as the phone began to ring, Kareem noticed Jayson walking through the door with a triumphant smile on his lips.

"Buddy, since you're in such a hurry to find me, does that mean you missed me?"

The smile on Kareem's face was one that would make others feel he was a difficult man to approach. Fortunately, Jayson had appeared right on time, or he would have doubted his intentions.

"Let's go inside. It's almost time." Kareem glanced at Jayson indifferently before walking into the mediation room. Seeing this, Jayson quickly followed behind him.

After the two parties sat down, the court staff did a brief recap of the events that took place previously, before giving the floor to Zac and Patricia.

"I hope we can have an expert perform the identification now," said Zac coldly. He turned his sharp gaze to Patricia and Kareem and then towards the staff.



Hearing this, the staff nodded slightly, feeling it was necessary to do this. Only with a professional appraisal could the following events be easier to manage in accordance with the legal procedures.

"I have the results here!" One of the staff members slowly opened the document in his hands. Everyone looked at the staff member expectantly, anxiously waiting to hear the conclusion.

The staff read the content carefully from top to bottom. After clearing his throat, he said seriously, "It can't be identified because the contents and handwriting of the two are exactly the same!"

A loud bang could be heard from within the audience. Looking at the staff member in surprise, Sullivan shouted out in disbelief, "That's impossible! How could that be? The thing that my father used is the same as the others? Did you perhaps make a

mistake?"

Sullivan was so furious that he wanted to beat the staff up fiercely.

"That's right. Will you join hands to bully us?" Unable to hold back her anger, Lyndsy jumped to her feet and glared at the staff member.

Seeing this, the staff member pursed his lips helplessly and looked at Sullivan and Lyndsy seriously. He deliberately coughed and said in a formal tone, "If you're both unsatisfied by the results, then you can appeal. But this isn't the place for you to make a scene." After saying that, the staff member looked at the two seriously.

The staff member's words dampened Lyndsy's spirits more. She had never felt this angry with anyone before today. She was, after all, a daughter of the

Sampson family, so everyone treated her with respect. But now, she was being bullied into compliance.

Lyndsy stamped her feet angrily. Before she could say anything, she was stopped by Yolanda, who hinted to her to not act rashly at this time.

Lyndsy pouted and unwillingly sat back down. She glared at Patricia, and felt like this was all her fault.

Ignoring Lyndsy's gaze, Patricia took a cold glance at the people present and then looked at Jayson. Since the will could not prove something, she could only resort to the video in Jayson's hand to prove that Zac had stolen her will.

Noticing the look in Patricia's eyes, Jayson smiled and spoke up. "Wait, I have something very important here to show you all." He immediately took out a

video player then and quickly pressed the play button.

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## REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

### Chapter 187 Losing The Case



Everyone stared at Zac in disbelief when they saw what was on the video.

"Is this for real?" Sullivan and Lyndsy turned to look at Jayson simultaneously, seeking any sort of confirmation that the video was real.

They weren't stunned because they hadn't expected Zac to do such a thing. On the contrary, they were astonished he had acquired such a piece of evidence.

Sullivan and Yolanda were secretly happy after watching the video. They believed Zac would lose this time—an opinion that Lyndsy didn't share. To her, if things continued down this path, Patricia and Zac would never get back together, allowing her to swoop in and take Patricia's place.

Then, her name would be the only one in his heart.

Feeling relief, Patricia inhaled deeply, and then she looked around at the stunned crowd, especially at the people of the Sampson family. From the glimmer in their eyes, she could tell they were gloating.

Kareem had to be thrilled as well—he was probably theorizing how much impact this would have on Zac. Jayson was still smiling. What others were thinking didn't concern him. All he had to do was to get the reward when the case was over.

What confused Patricia the most was Zac's calm disposition. His cold expression never changed, even after the video was over. It was as though he hadn't taken it seriously.

It was almost as though he was an onlooker, watching others fight amongst themselves in the court. He just stayed there, observing the show.

It made Patricia frown. She felt confused and uneasy. Zac's calm demeanor was too abnormal.

As though he had felt her eyes on him, Zac suddenly looked over at her and smiled. There was a glimmer in his deep-set eyes she couldn't see through.

Patricia continued watching him until Jayson spoke, causing her to look away.

"Well, then, everyone has watched the video. I don't know what Zac wants to say," Jayson said with a smile and looked over at Zac.

Zac expressionlessly observed the gazes directed his way. "Since everyone wishes to know how I got the will, I'll tell you the truth. Patricia, I hope you won't blame me, will you?" he said in a low voice after a light cough.

Everyone watching him reacted differently when they heard that. Some got angry, and others remained suspicious. However, every single one of them wished to know what was going on.

Zac raised his eyebrow at Nicholas, signaling him to take out what was in the bag.

Nicholas nodded and opened the bag. He took out a video player and set it squarely at the center of the

table. Then, he pressed the "Play" button so everyone could watch.

The screen showed Zac walking out of the apartment. He had a will in one hand and a contract in the other. A line on the contract was clear enough for everyone to see; it stated that Patricia was willing to transfer ownership of the bay to Zac.

Patricia's eyes went wide, and she looked at Zac in disbelief. Her pink lips kept opening and closing, but she could say nothing. Her chest was aflame with anger.

'Zac... He-

he is a bastard!'

She wanted nothing more than to run up to him and throw hands! Why would he do this? She didn't sign



the contract. By doing this, he was assigning her the blame.

"Zac, you..." Patricia growled through gritted teeth, staring daggers at Zac. Her indifferent expression had long since evaporated, and a scowl of fury had taken its place. She had a slender finger pointed at him in anger, and her eyes glowed red with rage. However, she still couldn't utter any words.

Zac had done this all because he wanted the Sampson Bay. Was the bay this important to him?

Sullivan and the others shifted their attention to Patricia. Her reaction had caught their attention.

"What a clever scheme! A thief is yelling for help to catch another thief!" Lyndsy sneered in a sarcastic tone, glaring at Patricia with disdain.

"Patricia, you're an unfilial daughter! You have disgraced the Sampson family," Sullivan growled, pointing at her in anger. He wanted to get even with her right there and then.

To everyone's surprise, Patricia sneered at their reactions. Her outrage suddenly disappeared in an instant, replaced by her familiar cold expression. She shifted her icy gaze to Sullivan and Lyndsy.

"Shut up! You have no right to speak here," she coldly said, one word at a time, exuding a terrifying aura. She remained steady and gave off the domineering ambiance of a queen.

Sullivan and Lyndsy were flabbergasted. They stared at her in shock, unable to say a word.

Patricia sent a cold glance Yolanda's way in warning. If she dared to say anything, she'd have no one to

blame for the rude pushback she'd get.

When no one said anything anymore, Patricia inhaled deeply, doing her best to hold back her rage. She knew she could no longer be impulsive. To face the enemy head-on, she had to keep her calm.

After another deep breath, she calmly said, "A video, by itself, doesn't explain a thing. Furthermore, this video was so dim that we couldn't see the people in it clearly, and—"

"Oh really?" Zac suddenly said with a cold smile, interrupting her. He looked as though he believed his victory was assured.

The sudden change in his expression set off a flame of unease in Patricia. As her anxiety grew, she became stiffer. Soon, she wasn't moving at all. It was as though a spell had been cast on her; she could

only stare at Zac blankly.

"Nicholas, take it out," Zac coldly ordered, looking over at Nicholas.

Nicholas frowned and hesitated a bit. He couldn't understand the need to be this ruthless. He was scared that if he did as he had been ordered, it would be nigh impossible for his boss to get back with Patricia. If he were a woman and got framed this way, he would surely hate his aggressor with every fiber of his being.

"Nicholas!" Zac roared. He looked absolutely furious. It was a certainty he'd punish Nicholas if he dared disobey him here.

Nicholas sighed helplessly. He secretly shot Patricia a sad look and slowly took a contract out from the file packet.

"This is the contract. I believe you can see it clearly," Zac said, pointing at the document so that everyone could see it well.

Patricia was looking at the contract, too, and she was at a loss for words. With the document's content and signature—both of which were clear for everyone to see—she was sure no one would believe anything else she said.

Flames of rage burned in her beautiful eyes. Again, she glared at Zac.

'So this is where your confidence came from! This is your way of doing things!'

She knew Zac would employ many methods to frustrate her no matter how hard she struggled, extinguishing her hope again and again.

Nicholas, who had been watching Patricia secretly, frowned and then sighed. He was worried about Zac. He feared his boss would now find it extremely difficult to win her back.

This well-veiled concern didn't escape Zac's notice. He had seen Nicholas' worried expression out of the corner of his eye. However, he had no other part forward now. He had to do this to prevent the bay from falling into the hands of others.

Kareem and Jayson were terrible people. If Patricia won the bay back, both of them would badger her endlessly with made-up excuses. In the end, the bay would only cause her immense regret.

"Zac, why did you do that?" Patricia glared at Zac with red eyes. She looked so furious that it seemed she wished to die right there with him.

Her rage didn't go unnoticed, though. A member of the jury looked at her with worry and said, "Please calm down, Miss Sampson. Being so emotional won't solve anything."

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## Chapter 188 To Fail



Patricia bit her lower lip and slowly lowered her head as she heard this. Glaring at Zac resentfully, she clenched her fists tightly before sitting down.

Patricia understood precisely what the staff member meant. The fact remained determinate, so any further

attempts to disprove it would be futile.

Kareem maintained a gentle facade, but he shot daggers out of his eyes at Zac. His mood became somber as he glanced at Patricia out of the corner of his eyes. In a low voice, he said, "I must request that experts confirm the validity of the contract you just presented. Miss Sampson seems to be anxious, probably because she didn't sign this contract. Besides, a contract is usually made in duplicate, so why doesn't she have one of the copies?"

Kareem then turned his cold gaze over to Zac for an instant, wishing he could beat him up.

Kareem knew Zac had many tricks up his sleeves; he just never expected him to pull this one out. This one would be slightly difficult to handle, but there was one thing he was sure of. He knew that Patricia wasn't the type of woman who would play both sides of the



fence. She had been especially determined to not have a relationship with Zac, so it was safe to assume that Zac made this contract by himself, without her knowledge.

Although Kareem thought so, he didn't know what else Zac would use at his disposal. He was a very scrupulous man, so he wouldn't leave any traces behind that others could use to their advantage.

"Hmm," muttered Zac while smiling coldly. With a meaningful look on his face, he turned towards Nicholas and motioned for him to get to work.

Seeing this, Nicholas pursed his lips helplessly. Reluctantly, he retrieved another agreement from the bag and presented it to them. On this agreement, it was clearly written that as long as Patricia signed the contract, fifty percent of the Sampson Bay shares would be hers.

When Patricia saw the signature and the contents of the contract, her mind immediately went blank. Unable to speak at that time, her pink lips trembled slightly.

'What does Zac mean? What is his purpose for taking out this agreement?'

"Zac, I don't recall ever seeing these contracts before. The signatures on them must have been made by someone pretending to be me!" said Patricia angrily. Glaring at Zac, she bit her lower lip despondently.

At that moment, Patricia couldn't understand what Zac was trying to achieve by doing this. Confused, she turned her attention to Nicholas, trying to read his expression.

However, Nicholas turned his head and looked away,

avoiding all eye contact with her.

Meanwhile, Kareem knew precisely what Zac meant by doing this.

Zac was willing to give Patricia an opportunity to get a share of the Sampson Bay. By agreeing, she would instantly get fifty percent of the shares. And refusing would mean that Zac would be the sole owner of the bay.

If it was up to Kareem, he would have chosen the first option, but Patricia was different from him. She didn't want to be entangled with Zac anymore. But the fact remained that Zac was giving her a chance to get what she wanted.

Now the choice was Patricia's to make - whether to accept it or not was up to her.

Patricia took a deep breath and looked at Zac through quizzical eyes. She was trying to read his expression to get a clue behind his purpose for doing this.

But she still couldn't figure out his reasoning. He clearly wanted to get his hands on the Sampson Bay, so she couldn't fathom why he would purposely create such an agreement.

And her intuition told her that Zac wasn't doing this to get the bay, but rather to negotiate with her.

Yes, Zac was negotiating with her. He was offering fifty percent of the shares, hoping that she would not compete for Sampson Bay anymore.

Before Patricia could make sense of her thoughts, Zac looked at her indifferently and said, "Is that so? But the truth is plain to see. Am I right? You can deny this all you want, but that's your signature on the

contracts."

"No, I didn't sign them!" Patricia denied fervently. Unable to calm down, she couldn't mask the anger she felt. Zac surprised her when she saw the contents of the documents he took out. This made her want to kick him out of here.

"You can't deny it. The truth is plain to see," said Zac calmly. He glanced at Patricia as he spoke and then turned his attention to the staff, ignoring Kareem.

"I think we can draw a conclusion now," said Zac coldly. A faint smile touched his lips as he looked at the staff, and a knowing look appeared in his eyes.

Seeing this, the staff member could only nod in agreement. He thoroughly examined the documents on the table before him. Coughing, he was about to speak when Patricia cut in.

"I am not convinced by this. I have never signed such contracts. No matter what, a contract is made in duplicate, but I don't have one," Patricia stated, repeating Kareem's words. She looked at the staff member coldly as she tried to remain calm in this situation.

Frowning, the staff member looked at Patricia unblinkingly as if looking at a rare beast. Sighing, he said, "I understand. Since Miss Sampson denies knowing the existence of these documents, we shall have experts come and verify them in person."

He then rose from his seat, walked to the side of the room, and picked up a phone. After speaking to someone for a minute, he hung up the phone, and returned to his seat.

"Please wait a minute. The experts shall arrive

shortly."

Patricia inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. In her state of nervousness, she clasped her fingers tightly together. Out of the corner of her eyes, she glanced around the room at the people present.

Apparently, Sullivan didn't think this concerned him anymore, given how things had played out today. So, at this point, he didn't care whether she got back the Sampson Bay or not.

It meant they were only staying till the end to see her make a fool of herself. Since she wanted to get the bay back so much, they would simply sit back and enjoy the show. They didn't think there was anything else for them to say or do.

On the other hand, Kareem and Jayson took this very seriously. If Patricia couldn't get back the bay, this

would mean that neither of them would be able to reap any benefits.

She couldn't help scoffing as she took in all of this. She might be sitting surrounded by them on this side, but she had never felt so alone. No one here was willing to truly help her out of goodwill. They were all doing this simply to get some type of benefit from her if she got the bay back.

When Zac noticed the look in Patricia's eyes, a bitter smile appeared on his lips. He felt it unnecessary to say anything further, given the situation.

Now that things were wrapping up, Patricia should have been able to figure out how this would end. After all, these people would never have helped her if they had nothing to gain from the Sampson Bay.

Soon thereafter, the experts walked in. Everyone was



on the edge of their seats, looking at them with bated breath, awaiting the result.

The experts carefully checked the documents presented by Zac several times. After comparing Patricia's signature with those on the documents, they found that there was no difference between them.

Hearing the results, Patricia bit her lower lip and lowered her head angrily. She clenched her fists so tightly that the blue veins popped out on the back of her hands. Even the pain she should have felt when her nails pierced the palms of her hands didn't register to her.

'Zac, this bastard! When would he let me go?'

"It seems that the result is obvious, so I don't have to stay here anymore." Once the results were announced, Jayson stood up with a smile on his face,

turned around, and left the room without uttering a single word.

After Jayson left, Sullivan, in turn, stood up to leave. Glaring unhappily at Patricia, he stormed off, followed by Yolanda and Lyndsy.

Then the staff concluded the case and left with the experts.

Hearing the staff member say that the case was not accepted because the evidence given was insufficient, Patricia could not help but feel dejected. Raising her head slightly, she took a few deep breaths.

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## REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

### Chapter 189 Stay Away From Me



Nicholas sighed helplessly as he saw Patricia's gloomy expression. Unconsciously, he looked at Zac, trying to read his expression.

He really didn't understand why the boss had to resolve this problem in this manner. 'Is hurting his ex-wife's feelings really the best option? Once a woman becomes heartbroken, it can be difficult for her to recover.'

"Boss..." Nicholas called out to Zac but was interrupted by Kareem before he could say anything further.

"Is this what you wanted, Zac?" A touch of coldness crossed Kareem's face as he smiled gently at Zac

with knowing eyes as if to hint he knew there was something more to this.

Showing his disinterest, Zac refused to take Kareem's bait. He was sure about one thing, and that was that he couldn't hand over the Sampson Bay to anyone else.

That was the dowry left to Patricia by the Sampson family's predecessor. It rightfully belonged to Patricia and himself, so why would he give it to others?

"You don't need to know that. By the way, weren't you confident when you arrived here? Do you still have that same confidence now?" Sneering, Zac looked at Kareem contemptuously.

Kareem became enraged at Zac's words. He recalled their earlier conversation in his mind. Now, it seemed like nothing more than shooting himself in the foot.

"Zac, don't be so complacent. I will make you suffer for this one day!" Kareem's gentle smile disappeared from his face as he said this.

Zac scoffed at those words. Glancing disdainfully at Kareem, he said in a low, menacing voice, "Is that so? I am eagerly waiting for that day to come. Just make sure that you don't disappear when the time comes!" Zac lifted his head arrogantly as he said this.

Unable to suppress his anger, Kareem could only glare at Zac. He was so infuriated that he wanted to lash out verbally at Zac, but no words formed from his mouth.

Instead, he muttered, "Fine!" before walking away without glancing back at Zac.

With Kareem's departure, the only persons left in the

room were Zac and Patricia. Nicholas had made himself disappear somehow.

Patricia slowly lifted her head and stared blankly at Zac for several minutes. Her eyes, devoid of emotion, could make one feel like she had lost her will to live.

Zac was shocked to see her like this. His sexy, thin lips trembled slightly as he opened his mouth to speak. But before he could get a word out, Patricia interrupted him.

"Zac, why did you do that?" With confusion in her pretty eyes, Patricia stared at Zac. Her gaze seemed to pierce through his heart, searching for something.

Pursing his lips, Zac sighed helplessly. "I had no choice but to do it this way!"

"You had no choice but to do this?" Patricia couldn't

help but laugh mockingly then. She felt like she had heard a big joke. 'What does he mean he had no choice but to do things like this?'

Seeing this, Zac frowned slightly. There was something incomprehensible in his deep eyes that Patricia couldn't figure out. In a soft voice, he said, "I did it all for you. Did you want the Sampson Bay to fall into someone else's hands? This is your dowry. Your grandfather gifted this to you!"

'For me? What a liar!

I know it's actually different from what he claims. From the very beginning, he wanted to get possession of the Sampson Bay.'

As a cold and ruthless businessman, Zac only knew how to pursue things that were of value to him.

"Shut up! You have no right to mention this to me!" shouted Patricia. Her anger was clearly expressed for Zac to see. Glaring at him, she wished that he would disappear from her sight.

Seeing her agitation left Zac feeling morose. Biting his lower lip, he looked at her sadly. He didn't want to hurt her like this.

But he saw clearly how things would have gone down had he not done what he did. If he didn't do it like this, then he would have endless problems with Patricia later on.

Anyway, he was intent on protecting Patricia well.

These were the thoughts deep in Zac's mind, and no one could change them.

"Patricia, listen to me. In fact..."



"No, you don't have to say anything." Patricia quickly raised her hand, motioning for Zac to stop talking. Looking at him in disgust, she said in a low, menacing voice, "Zac, stay away from me from now on. I don't want to see you ever again. You'd do well to leave me alone in the future."

Patricia spoke fiercely and from the heart, stressing every word she said.

Zac was taken aback by her words. He felt like multiple knives were piercing his heart all at once, making it difficult for him to breathe. He lost the ability to talk in his state of shock. The only thing he could remember is the look of disgust and resentment in Patricia's eyes as she looked at him.

"Zac, don't badger me anymore. We no longer have anything to do with each other," she said in closing.

She wanted to remind him that they really had nothing to do with each other.

Patricia then quickly packed up her belongings, stood up, and strode past Zac on her way out.

It was not until Zac heard a loud slam of the door that he came back to his senses. Patricia's expression just then had left a deep impression on his heart. It was apparent to anyone that she felt strong disgust and resentment towards him.

A hint of surprise appeared in his deep eyes as he opened them wide in disbelief.

'Did I really do something wrong?'

Zac couldn't help repeating this question to himself. He was overcome by a trace of uneasiness, worry, and even a bit of fear.

After leaving the court, Patricia stood alone on the side of the road, not knowing what to do. A bitter smile formed on her lips.

'Zac... Zac...'

Zac's face popped up in her mind just then. There was a burning hatred for him in her heart. She wanted to vent and relieve her pent-up anger, but there was no outlet to do so.

All of a sudden, she found herself screaming angrily at the roadside as if yelling at Zac.

She wanted desperately to tell Zac that she was no longer the same person as she used to be. She was no longer a pushover!

Now, she had the ability to take care of herself. Even

without him, she could live a good life by herself. She had also learned to love who she was, and she did so every day.

'But why couldn't I get what I wanted, even though I've worked so hard. Am I not qualified enough to have things go my way? Don't I deserve something good in my life too?'

"Why! Just why?" Standing at the side of the road, Patricia continued screaming her lungs out. She clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails pierced the flesh of her palms. But she didn't care. She only wanted to vent her anger.

"Zac, you bastard! You big bastard!"

Seeing her like this, people on the opposite side of the road, and even those driving by, looked at her in fear as though she had lost her mind. Passers-by

doubled back, and everyone steered clear of her, fearing that she would lose her temper and attack innocent people like them.

Noticing the scared looks of the passers-by, Patricia couldn't help sneering. She felt like a loser who was despised by everyone.

Just then, a black BMW pulled up in front of her, and a familiar voice floated to her ear.

"Miss Sampson, let me drive you home," said Nicholas sadly. He still couldn't bring himself to look her in the face. Turning his gaze away from her, he inwardly sighed.

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## REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

### Chapter 190 Attacked By Hooligans



Nicholas felt bad about what had happened today. Although he knew that Zac had done this for Patricia's sake and to protect the Sampson Bay, his methods had hurt her.

Patricia pursed her lips and looked at Nicholas unhappily. Shooting a cold glance at him, she turned around and walked off without hesitation.

Seeing this, Nicholas got out of the car and chased after her. Reaching her side, he explained apologetically, "Miss Sampson, you have every right to be angry right now. But if you would just listen to my boss' reasons, you'd understand. The boss only wanted to protect you, not hurt you!"

Hearing this, Patricia stopped and glared at Nicholas. Her beautiful face was chock-full of anger. In a low voice, she said, "If you don't want me to scream out that you are molesting me, then just shut up and leave me alone." Angrily casting one last glance at him, Patricia stormed off, leaving him behind.

Pursing his lips, Nicholas sighed helplessly as he watched her from behind. After several moments, he made his way back to the car listlessly. It was clear that it would take a long time before Patricia could forgive Zac.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief after getting rid of Nicholas. In her eyes, Nicholas was Zac's confidant. And, she didn't want anything to do with people associated with Zac.

It took several deep breaths before she could calm down and regain her senses. Suddenly aware of her

surroundings, she stopped in her tracks and looked around.

'Where am I?'

It was not until this moment that she realized that she had come to a strange neighborhood. She quickly noticed that she wasn't familiar with this area. Rolling her eyes at herself, she pulled out her phone to locate herself.

However, just as she took out her phone, a group of hooligans with colorful hair surrounded her. Before she could react to their presence, they snatched her phone out of her hand.

This shook her awake from her momentary daze, and she opened her eyes to what was going on.

"Give me back my phone, or don't blame me for being



rude!" There was a trace of coldness and anger on Patricia's face. First, there was the matter of the failed lawsuit earlier. And now, she just had to run into these hooligans. So, it was not strange that she wasn't in a very good mood.

This statement made the hooligans laugh heartily. Looking at her with disdain, one of them said mockingly, "Rude? How will you be rude to us? Are you going to use your body?"

Those words infuriated Patricia. She instantly understood his meaning. Glaring at him, she said sharply, "A filthy mouth will not utter decent language!"

"What are you talking about? Don't think too highly of yourself. Now that you are in our hands, you are like a lamb to be slaughtered." After the leader of the hooligans said this, the others just snickered in

unison.

Seeing the look in their eyes, Patricia frowned and bit her lower lip. It was apparent that these men were intent on causing trouble. Otherwise, they would have left immediately after snatching away her phone.

"Beautiful lady, don't worry. We just want your money. We are not interested in you at all," said the leader of the hooligans while chuckling.

Hearing this, Patricia raised her chin arrogantly and glanced at them coldly. In a low voice, she cautiously asked, "You're saying I can leave as long as I give you the money?"

The hooligans nodded their heads in agreement with what was said, acting like their words held weight and could be trusted.

Seeing this, Patricia immediately took out her money and shook the notes in front of them on purpose. When she sensed their nervousness, a meaningful smile appeared on her lips.

"Hurry up, and give us the money!" Seeing her waving the notes around, they became eager to get their hands on her money.

A touch of cunningness flashed through her eyes. Maintaining a calm expression on her face, she said, "If you want it, then come and take it!" As soon as she finished speaking, she immediately threw the money into the air and watched the notes dance in the wind as they scattered around her.

The hooligans looked anxiously at the notes floating around in the air. Seeing them distracted, Patricia took this opportunity to kick the hooligan, who had snatched her phone. Grabbing it away from him, she

spun around and swiftly made her escape.

She had expected them to focus their attention on retrieving the scattered money. What she didn't expect was them splitting up their duties. Three of them had stayed behind to pick up the money, while the other two gave chase to her.

This made her confused. 'Weren't they after the money? Why are they chasing me? Is it because I took back my phone, or because I just kicked one of them?'

Putting her thoughts aside, she tried her best to focus on escaping. She wanted to outrun these hooligans as soon as possible.

But they were persistent. They were bent on capturing her.

"You bad woman! You cheated us! Immediately return the phone to us!"

Their rant left Patricia speechless. For a moment, she thought she had misheard. 'How can they be so unreasonable? It's my phone, yet they're asking me to give it back to them!'

But her priority at the moment was to successfully flee their pursuit. Fortunately, she had enough cash on her to pay for a taxi ride once she was free of their clutches.

Unfortunately, just when she thought she could escape, a hand suddenly grabbed her hair from behind and yanked it fiercely. Patricia felt like her long hair was going to be plucked off her head.

"You bad woman. How dare you fool us?" shouted the hooligan pulling her hair. Being yanked back fiercely,

Patricia fell to the ground. Looking at her with unhappy faces, the hooligans brandished their knives in front of her as a way of threatening her.

"Will you be sad if there is a scar on your pretty face?" asked the leader of the hooligans in a low voice. A menacing smile formed on his lips as he spoke.

Hearing the low voice, Patricia couldn't help swallowing nervously. With eyes wide open, she screamed in her heart, believing herself to be doomed. Her body began trembling involuntarily due to her fright.

Feeling that her body was trembling, the hooligans laughed wildly. By this time, the other hooligans had finished picking up the money and ran over to join them.

"How dare you make a fool of us? If we don't teach

you a lesson, you really won't know how powerful we are!" The leader of the hooligans sneered and slowly approached her face, swinging the knife in front of her.

Patricia felt the coldness of the blade as he passed it along her cheek. Her heart sank with fear. Sighing inwardly, she never expected things to turn out like this.

'Am I really going to be ruined by these young men?'

The light reflecting off the blade hit her eyes as the man angled it, ready to cut her skin. She was so afraid that she couldn't stop her body from trembling. She looked around with hopeful eyes, praying for someone to come and save her.

However, there was no one in sight. Patricia's heart plummeted when she realized there was no escape

for her. Her heart was pounding loudly in her chest, her fear increasing by the minute. When she felt the coldness of the blade touch her face, she lost all hope then.

"Are you ready? I'm going to start!" The leader of the hooligans grinned from ear to ear.

Just as he was about to slash her face, a loud scream rang out from above. This was followed by more screaming from the men surrounding her. Their anguish brought her back to her senses.

Before Patricia could figure out what was going on, she was suddenly gently lifted into the air. A concerned but deep voice floated to her ears then.

"Are you okay, Patricia?" With a worried look on his face, Zac eyed her from head to toe, searching for visible wounds on her body. He pursed his thin lips as



he gasped for air.

'If I didn't reach here in time, Patricia would have been hurt by those men!'

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