

REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 191 Drowning Her Sorrows.



Zac became more enraged when he thought about her getting hurt. Gasping heavily, he looked down at her unhappily.

'This woman is so brave to have come to such a place alone!'

The place that Patricia had wandered into was known as the most chaotic block in Okmore. It was a gathering spot for many famous hooligans.

"Zac?" Patricia called out in wonderment. She was highly shocked to see Zac here. Her jaw dropped open slightly as she looked at him with her clear eyes in disbelief.

'Why does Zac appear and save me every time I am in danger?

Is it really fate that has bound us together? Or is it merely a coincidence every time?'

Compared to the first option, Patricia was more willing to believe the latter was the case. It had to have been a mere coincidence. She didn't want to overthink the situation.

Zac frowned and a touch of displeasure crossed his face as he took in her expression. In a low voice, he asked, "What's this look in your eyes?"

"It's nothing," she mumbled. Taking a deep breath, she regained her usual indifferent demeanor.

Glancing at Zac, she politely said, "Thank you, Mr. Reynolds!" She smiled politely at him, but he could tell this was all formulaic, and she wasn't taking him

seriously.

Seeing this angered Zac. Glaring at her, he asked softly, "Patricia, do you really not understand why I would do all this for you?"

"No, I don't understand," Patricia firmly replied. Zac could see no other emotion hidden in her beautiful eyes except coldness.

Patricia could find no other feelings for Zac in herself besides resentment and disgust.

A hint of anger touched Zac's deep eyes. He wished he could look at her brain and see what was in there.

"Patricia..." he called out angrily. Unconsciously, he wrapped his slender arms around her waist. With furrowed brows, he looked directly at her with his deep eyes. He hoped she could see his good

intentions through his sincere gaze.

Everything he did was for her sake. He wanted to protect her from harm and prevent her from getting hurt. He also wanted to take back the Sampson Bay and rebuild it under his protection.

However... She was completely unaware of his painstaking efforts. 'Why did she have to say such hurtful words to me? Am I so untrustworthy?'

When she noticed Zac's sincere expression, Patricia couldn't help biting her lower lip. But as she recalled what had happened earlier, her anger flooded into her heart and she glared at Zac fiercely.

"Zac, don't shed crocodile tears in front of me. I won't buy it. If what you did was for my own good, then why didn't you give me the Sampson Bay directly? Why did you ask me to accept those conditions in order to

get back the bay?" roared Patricia. Glaring at Zac, she shook off his arms. Her anger was now clearly visible on her face.

Zac was shocked to hear this. His sexy, thin lips opened but then closed again when no words came out.

It would be a lie if Zac said he had no ulterior motives. From the beginning to the end, Zac had hoped that he could win her back and they could live like they had before. Especially when he saw that she was with another man, this hope of his solidified.

Patricia was his woman. So, he couldn't let his woman be with another man. That was impossible, absolutely impossible!

"Patricia, let me explain, please," he pleaded. His earnestness shone through his determined, deep

eyes. Looking directly at Patricia, Zac subconsciously raised his hand and tried to grab her wrist. However, seeing this, Patricia slapped his hand away.

She sneered and raised her chin arrogantly. A hint of coldness flashed through her eyes. She was not afraid of looking directly into his eyes.

"You don't need to explain. Your actions speak louder than your words. Don't think I don't know that those pretty words were just to defend yourself. You are a selfish person. You claim everything you did is for me, but that's just a lie!"

The more she spoke, the more emotional she felt. Her anger, already expressed on her face, extended toward her eyes, now devoid of any other feelings except her burning rage.

Zac was stunned to hear this from her. His mind went

blank as he stared at her, momentarily unable to speak a word.

He wanted to explain and tell her that it was not what she thought.

But seeing the look in her eyes, he couldn't figure out what to say to convince her otherwise.

"Patricia..." whispered Zac sadly. He felt heartbroken. This was the first time he had felt this sad in his life. Looking at her pleadingly, he raised his hand and gently grabbed her wrist. Before he could begin to explain his side of the story, he realized instantly anything he said would fall on deaf ears.

The disgust and resentment in her eyes told him all he needed to know.

"Zac, never get close to me again. I mean it! Stay

away from me from now on. I really don't want to see you!" Patricia stared at Zac with her clear, resolute eyes, which were full of killing intent.

Shaking off his hand then, she strode off, unconcerned about her appearance. She just wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

Zac stood motionless for a moment before turning around to look at Patricia's back. He believed that no one would ever understand the sadness and dejection he felt in his heart at this moment.

All of a sudden, he took out a cigarette and lit it with his lighter subconsciously. His deep eyes were full of his anguish as he looked at the receding figure of Patricia. He exhaled a puff of smoke that covered his face, but even this wasn't enough to hide his sadness.

Walking to the side of the road, Patricia hailed a taxi

and headed back to her apartment. Before going home, however, she made a pit stop at a community shop to purchase a dozen bottles of beer. By the time she reached the door to her apartment, her mood was thoroughly sour. Randomly kicking off her shoes, she sat on the sofa and turned on the TV. Opening a beer, she began to drink as she watched the Korean drama being aired.

It was only in this way that she could feel alive again. She didn't want to be a walking corpse like earlier.

Patricia was not a cold-blooded or ruthless person. She had sensed the sincerity behind Zac's eyes, but she didn't care for it. After all, there was something unspoken between the both of them that prevented her from going back to him.

This made it impossible for them to ever be together again.

So, no matter how hard Zac tried or looked at her pleadingly, she wouldn't feel anything.

Because when she had tried her best to love him, he didn't have any feelings for her at all. And when she begged him not to let her have the abortion, he had turned more cold-blooded and ruthless.

She vividly remembered everything from back then. 'So, why did Zac have to beg me with such sad eyes now? Why!'

At that moment, she really didn't understand him. And the less she understood, the more of a mess she felt like.

In fact, she was well aware that Kareem, Jayson, and Sullivan were only helping her to earn a little profit from her when she got back the bay. So, she

understood that Zac did what he did to prevent that from happening.

'But why didn't Zac just give me back the bay directly? Why did he have to do many meaningless things and use so many lies to cover up his behavior?'

Thinking of this infuriated her more. Wishing to drown her sorrows and not feel troubled anymore, she gulped down the beer quickly.

"Drink more! Then you won't remember anything after getting drunk!" Raising the bottle of beer in her hand, she shouted this at the TV and then downed the bottle in its entirety.

In her current state, Patricia didn't realize that Zac had entered her home and was now standing behind her. His sexy thin lips trembled slightly. He wanted to say something to her, but he didn't know where to start.

All he could do at the moment was stare at her.

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Chapter 192 Please Leave



Seeing that Patricia was drinking like crazy, Zac couldn't help biting his lower lip. Walking over to her, he grabbed the bottle of beer with his long arm.

"Enough! Stop drinking!" he said in a helpless tone. He gazed sadly into her eyes, his deep eyes seeing right through her.

Raising her eyes slowly, Patricia looked at Zac up and down as if seeing him for the first time.

Zac couldn't help pursing his lips and sighing deeply. His eyes were transfixed on her. His sexy thin lips opened and closed as he wanted to say something, but no words came out.

He didn't know what to say to make her begin to understand his good intentions in all this.

"Zac, what are you doing here?" she asked coldly. A hint of disgust could be seen in Patricia's clear eyes.

Subconsciously, she stood up and, with an outstretched hand, tried to take back her beer.

Seeing this, Zac raised the beer to his mouth and gulped it down. Because he drank it all in one go, the beer spilled out from the corners of his mouth from time to time.

Now finished with the beer, he tossed the bottle aside and casually wiped his mouth. A touch of depression appeared in his deep eyes.

"Don't drink anymore. It's not good for your health," he said in a concerned tone.

He was worried that something might happen to her if she continued drinking like this. After all, he himself had never drunk this way before.

"My drinking has nothing to do with you," she replied. Patricia looked at Zac coldly, her eyes devoid of any emotions as if she was looking at a stranger.

Biting his lower lip, Zac gazed intently into her eyes. He was too angry to say anything to her. The best he could do at that time was gasp with anger.

It was obvious that she wanted to drive him away!

"Patricia, can't we use this chance to talk?" pleaded Zac in a low voice, his fists clenched tightly at his sides.

Hearing this, Patricia fixed her eyes on Zac. Sneering, she said coldly, "Isn't the answer to your question obvious?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she withdrew her gaze from his face. Without looking at Zac, she picked up a new bottle of beer from on the table, opened it, and gulped it down. She didn't intend on taking Zac seriously at all.

Seeing her like this, Zac was too furious to give her a reply.

'Why does this woman always go against me? Can't she talk nicely to me for once? Do we really have

nothing to discuss with each other?'

Having finished her bottle of beer, Patricia threw it away and reached out for another bottle.

Zac suddenly raised his hand and grabbed the beer away from her. Without a second thought, he opened all the bottles in front of her, pouring out every last drop of beer in them.

"You've had enough!" he said nonchalantly. After casually glancing at the beer on the ground, Zac looked down at her. He looked like a king who wouldn't take no for an answer.

Patricia scoffed. Her beautiful eyes turned even icier than usual as she stared pointedly into Zac's eyes.

"Zac, what are you doing here? Don't pretend to be kind to me to get me to stop drinking. I'm not Lyndsy!

That trick wouldn't work on me," Patricia said coldly.

Her cold eyes were full of disgust and resentment towards him.

Zac's sudden appearance didn't make Patricia want to talk to him. Rather than that, she wanted him to leave her home as soon as possible. But she knew better than that. He would never leave willingly.

In that case, she thought it was better to expend her energy drinking instead of fighting him. Besides, she wanted to drown her sorrows so that she wouldn't overthink the situation.

However, Zac was preventing her from doing what she wanted. He had poured out all of her beer, so it was obvious that he was going against her.

Zac's eyes widened in disbelief at her statement. Blue

veins popped up on the back of his clenched fists.

Patricia made it clear that she didn't want anything to do with him. Her disgust for him ran as deep as the sea.

Taking a deep breath, Zac sighed heavily. Tilting his head back, he gazed at the ceiling as if searching for something. His sexy thin lips opened and closed repeatedly. He wanted dearly to speak to her, but he was simply rendered speechless.

"Please leave. You are not welcome here!" With her slender finger pointing at the door, she looked expressionlessly at Zac.

Having faced Zac on multiple occasions, Patricia had learned to school her emotions. Now, no matter how angry she became, she reminded herself not to let her emotions betray her.

Besides, apart from her disgust and resentment, she would never develop any other feelings for Zac. Never!

Her resolution flashed through her eyes. Looking at Zac coldly with her clear eyes, she pursed her pink lips tightly together.

Zac scoffed at this sight. Without hesitation, he bent over, grabbed the beer in her hand and guzzled it down.

"Since we can't talk, let's drink instead," he muttered. Throwing the empty bottle aside, he picked up another one without saying anything else. Removing the cap, he raised the bottle to his lips and gulped it down.

Seeing that, Patricia pursed her lips unhappily. Biting

her lower lip, she angrily took a deep breath.

It was evident that Zac was not going to leave. Regardless of the reasons she used, he turned everything into an excuse to stay.

She couldn't help but laugh at herself. She mocked herself for being so helpless in front of Zac. She couldn't even drive him away.

Zac's lips curled slightly upwards. With eyes full of helplessness, he looked directly at her, refusing to put his beer down.

Patricia scoffed at Zac's reluctance to leave. Opening a beer for herself, she drank it without paying him any attention. All she wanted to do now was get drunk and have a good night's sleep. In this way, she would forget all the unpleasant things that happened today.

After a while, Zac and Patricia finished all beer in her house. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was still full of tension between them. Angry sparks flew as they locked eyes with each other.

When Nicholas, who was standing outside the door, saw this scene, he swallowed subconsciously. His lips trembled as he stared blankly at them. Raising his hand subconsciously, he wanted to stop them, but could do nothing.

Right before Nicholas could speak up, however, Zac turned and cast a sharp glance his way. A deadly aura crossed his face and scared Nicholas senseless. Immediately closing his mouth, Nicholas turned around and left without disturbing them.

'Is the boss crazy? He asked me to purchase a dozen bottles of beer. Does he intend on getting Patricia drunk?'

Even if Nicholas thought this way, he didn't dare to say it out loud. He was afraid Zac would kill him with his murderous gaze should he make the mistake of saying this aloud.

Since Zac had given the order, Nicholas would just do as he was told. Placing the beer in the room, he sighed as he suspiciously glanced at Zac and Patricia.

From the moment he had left to fetch the beer, the two of them had maintained this hostile state. Now, however, it felt like a war would break out.

"Boss..." Nicholas called out to Zac in a low voice. Subconsciously looking at Patricia, he sighed helplessly in his heart.

'Why is the boss doing this? This will only make her

angrier!'

With a touch of sternness in his deep eyes, Zac looked at Nicholas coldly, gesturing for him to leave as soon as possible.

At the sight of Zac's sharp gaze, Nicholas pursed his lips. Turning around silently, he decided it would be in his best interest to leave quickly.

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Chapter 193 With Every Fiber Of Her Being



As soon as Nicholas left, Patricia glared at Zac. And then, she put a dozen bottles of beer on the table.

She was brimming with confidence. This time, she was determined to drive Zac out.

"Let's consider it a deal! If you lose, you must leave!" She flashed him a cold look.

As they glared at each other just now, the deal was settled. If Zac got drunk before her, then he would have to leave.

Hearing this, he nodded his head, his deep eyes peering at her. There was a flash of annoyance in his eyes. However, he pursed his lips helplessly. He could tell she was hell-bent on throwing him out. However, at the end of the day, whether or not she could beat him depended on her drinking capacity.

As far as he was concerned, he could drink a thousand glasses of wine and still not get drunk!

Zac raised his eyebrows in a meaningful way. He sat down on the sofa beside her, not saying anything.

Seeing how close he was, Patricia moved away a little. She had no desire to have any contact with Zac. Noticing this, he felt a stirring of anger.

She knew Zac had sat close to her on purpose. He knew that she hated him and yet he had been audacious enough to sit close!

His displeasure was more than apparent. There was something about her action that annoyed him. Taking a deep breath, he picked up a bottle of beer and gulped it down.

Out of the corner of her eye, Patricia saw he had begun. Without hesitation, she too picked up a bottle, opened the lid and took a deep swig.

One by one, the bottles were emptying.

She didn't know how many bottles she had drunk. All she knew was Zac had to disappear from her sight once and for all.

Patricia wasn't the only one drinking fiercely. Zac was in a very competitive mode. He couldn't let her win!

In a short while, half of the bottles were consumed by them. Soon, they began to feel dizzy and slightly nauseated. Their vision was getting blurry as well.

'How did I get drunk so soon?' Patricia thought to herself. She massaged her forehead. This was the first time she had drunk so much. She couldn't dispel the feeling of throwing up.

Seeing how sick she looked, Zac gave a little chuckle. He was doing a lot better than her. Holding the beer

bottle gracefully, he looked at her. He moved closer and whispered, "Are you drunk already?" As soon as he finished speaking, he gave her a mocking glance.

Patricia snorted contemptuously and said, "Drunk? You got to be kidding. I'm not drunk yet. Go on!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she picked up another bottle of beer and gulped it down without an ounce of hesitation. Her drive to win was at its peak. She couldn't risk losing to Zac.

A faint smile crossed Zac's face. He too picked up another bottle of beer and chugged it down. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Patricia.

Her face was unnaturally red which made him laugh further. He had this incredibly cold look in his eyes as he gazed at her complacently. He knew in a few minutes, she would have to give up. Even now, she

was struggling.

He was curious to see how long she would hold on. Once this stupid woman was completely drunk, everything would be easy.

To his shock, she carried on drinking. Seeing this, he began to feel a sense of helplessness. Putting down his beer, he wished to surrender. That was the only way he could get her to stop.

Patricia noticed Zac had put his bottle down. She gave him a sharp look as if to warn him. Her gaze seemed to say if he stopped now, she would never forgive him.

Receiving Patricia's gaze, Zac understood he was in a predicament. He had known her for a long time. If he really put down the bottle and surrendered, it would make her deeply unhappy. She would think he didn't

respect her.

"Don't think that I don't know what you are thinking!" she spat out angrily. She spoke with a tone of vexation. Her anger when coupled with her red face was quite an amusing sight to behold. But Zac knew better than to laugh. He couldn't help but take her seriously.

She stared at him, her eyes wide with rage.

Zac clearly knew what she meant. The more he wanted to let her win, the angrier she would become.

When he saw the look in her eyes, he had to give up his plan. He lowered his head, looking rather glum. For a moment, he sat silent, not knowing what to say.

Patricia, on the other hand, began to drink like a manic with an unyielding resolve.

Seeing her like this, Zac realized she had a side to her that he didn't know.

Patricia stole a glance at Zac. She felt that her vision was getting blurrier and blurrier. An urge to throw up overwhelmed her.

She was surprised to notice that Zac wasn't affected at all. His face looked normal despite having drunk as much as her. It was at this moment she knew she would lose this competition.

Even so, Patricia wouldn't admit defeat in front of him. She could admit defeat in front of anyone else but not Zac.

With every fiber of her being, she strived to win, but she knew it was all in vain. When she finished drinking the beer in her hand, she felt exhausted. She

knew she couldn't take it anymore.

The beer bottle slipped down from her hand. Her vision was blurry and her head began to spin. She willed herself to open her eyes and look at Zac, a silly smile appearing on her face.

"You..." she slurred. Before she could say anything, a burp escaped from her. This was followed by her giggles.

As Zac watched this, his sexy lips curved up slightly. With a faint smile on his face, he breathed a sigh of relief. If she continued to drink like this, she would be harming herself.

"Well, stop it. You are drunk," he said decisively. Zac threw down the beer bottle and touched her face. He wanted to say something, but she stopped him before he could.

"No, I'm not drunk. Let's continue drinking," she said adamantly. As soon as she finished speaking, she went for another bottle of beer. Before she could drink, Zac grabbed the beer and drank it up. He couldn't allow her to drink anymore!

Even though she was drunk and tired, she continued to create troubles.

Zac pursed his lips helplessly and stared at her. When he was about to speak again, she picked up another bottle of beer.

Zac's frown deepened. He stretched out his slender index finger and flicked on her forehead. He ordered, "Don't drink anymore. You are drunk."

With a sudden surge of annoyance, Patricia scowled at him. "Who said I am drunk? I can drink a lot more!"

When she said this, she felt a churning in her stomach. She had a strong desire to vomit.

Her insistence to drink had made Zac very angry. He took a deep breath and said, "Don't drink anymore. You are obviously drunk." Due to his anger, he spoke in an admonishing tone.

Hearing his words, Patricia glared at him challengingly. Raising her accusatory finger at him, she said, "No, I am not. Don't talk nonsense!"

Before she could argue more, her dizziness magnified. Everything around her seemed to be spinning. She leaned backward, unable to make sense of her surroundings.

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Chapter 194 Invitation



Seeing her fall backward stunned Zac. Without thinking, he stretched an arm and grabbed her waist, catching her in mid-fall. He sighed afterward, relieved that he had reacted fast. Seeing her faint without warning had scared him. If he had responded even a second later, her head might have hit the corner of the table.

The thought that she might have hit her head made him feel sorry for her. He even felt depressed, too. To him, she just wasn't taking care of herself.

"Now you know you shouldn't drink too much." Zac

sighed helplessly and wrapped his long arms around her waist. He looked down at her sleeping face and noticed an unnatural flush on her cheeks.

This made him smile faintly. Without thinking, he pulled her closer as though afraid she might wake up and leave him.

"Stupid woman!" Zac said. He had pulled her so close to him that his lips were inches close to her ear. It caused an indescribable rush of emotion to assail his body, and a glint of sadness appeared in the depth of his eyes.

He wondered how she'd react if she woke up and saw him hugging her. Would her reaction be the same as the last time's? Zac would let her go instantly if that happened. He hoped she'd be kind to him this time.

Whenever he touched her, it would be as though his

hand had been placed under some spell that prevented him from letting her go. He'd feel as though her body were a part of his.

Seeing her this close, Zac realized how badly he had wanted to hug this stupid woman and watch her smile at him.

However, Patricia acted indifferently toward him, even though she'd often smile sweetly with others. She was merciful to others, too, but ruthless to him.

Was this what he had always wanted?

"Did I do something wrong?" Zac murmured. As he watched her sleep, memories of the past swirled into focus. Why had he found it annoying when she smiled at him in the past? Back then, he hadn't bothered to even look at her.

But now, things had changed. He yearned to see her smile. What was wrong with him?

Was he doomed to feel regret whenever he was with her? No! He didn't want that, neither did he want things to continue this way!

"What should I do with you, Patricia?" Zac murmured as he held her delicate cheek. His deep-set eyes stared hard at her, seeking answers.

A couple of moments later, his full lips curled upward into a faint smile. However, the dullness in his eyes betrayed his helplessness; he was at a loss for what to do. Patricia had the uncanny ability to make him laugh... and weep.

But for some reason, Zac enjoyed this feeling. It made him wonder if he had lost his marbles.

However, in reality, Zac had no care for these thoughts now; his complete attention was on Patricia. He slowly leaned close, and in a moment, his thin, cold lips pressed against her pink lips. In that moment, everything was blissful.

When noon arrived, Patricia woke up. When she came to, it was a struggle to open her eyes. Her head felt so heavy that it was as though someone had punched her. She opened her eyes slowly and gently massaged her temples. Then, she looked around with suspicion.

"Well—" A sudden burst of pain in her head stopped her from speaking after her utterance. She pursed her lips and frowned—the pain she was feeling was immense.

It forced her to remain on the sofa for a while. Sometime later, it subsided, and she could think

normally again. She looked up at the ceiling above and tried her best to remember what had happened the previous night.

She could remember that Zac came and took her beer, after which they had a competition. Then...

It was all fuzzy after that; she couldn't remember anything else. Her head still stung, and she felt woozy. These nasty aftereffects were proof that she had drunk too much.

Patricia slowly got up from the couch and shook her head, trying to regain even a modicum of clarity. She looked at the table ahead, and the bottles of beer she had chugged the night before were gone. There was only a glass of fresh grape juice on the table.

She waddled over and downed the juice, even though she knew Zac had prepared it. It would have been a

waste to leave it there. Moreover, her headache was still running riot, and the juice might ease the pain.

Patricia put down the glass and sighed. Then, she frowned as her gaze shifted to the front door. She had to change the lock today. Zac could scrupulously enter her apartment whenever he wished because he had a spare key.

Without it, it would have been impossible for him to steal the will. This thought made Patricia angry.

She had no one but herself to blame. She noticed nothing back then because she had been excessively careless. Zac capitalized on her naivety and frequented her apartment at will, eventually stealing the will. He made a copy of it and used the copy against her. Now, she couldn't get the bay back. It was all her fault.

She might have been too dependent on her judgement and didn't think her opponents would resort to trickery. That naivety had cost her.

Patricia let out a deep sigh and took a deep breath, shrugging off the thoughts. She frowned at the door one last time and walked to the bathroom. After a much-needed shower, she changed her clothes and rushed to the property office to ask that the lock be changed.

Everything was completed a while later, and she couldn't help but let out a long sigh of relief. Only then could she go shopping. Patricia wanted to enjoy a pleasant holiday before searching for a new job. Three days should suffice. After that, she would begin her search for a new job.

With her experience and skills, she was confident of finding a good job. This was why she wasn't afraid or

worried about it.

After walking around for some time, Patricia got tired. She entered a cafe nearby and sat down. As she waited on her order, she watched the passers-by outside the store go about their business. Suddenly, she felt depressed.

Although she wanted to pretend to be happy, yesterday's events were a tremendous blow to her.

She knew Zac had many tricks up his sleeves, but it troubled her that he had resorted to such an underhanded tactic to take the bay away. She wanted to confront him so badly and, if possible, beat him up.

That was just a pipe dream, though. She knew her ability. She couldn't threaten him, neither could she beat him up.

It wasn't that she was timid; Zac was just too powerful. She just wasn't on the same level as him.

This thought amplified Patricia's depression. It was as though something had gripped her heart. She exhaled heavily a moment later, but her expression of fury remained.

Suddenly, someone outside the window caught her attention—it was Dora! She was waving at Patricia with a bright smile on her face.

Patricia's scowl disappeared, and she smiled and waved back.

She was sure that she did not need to put on airs or overthink in front of Dora. She didn't understand why this was the case.

"Miss Sampson, don't you have to go to work today?"

Dora asked, looking down at her watch. She believed Patricia ought to be at work.

With a faint smile, Patricia shook her head and said in a low voice, "I quit my job. I'm on a holiday now."

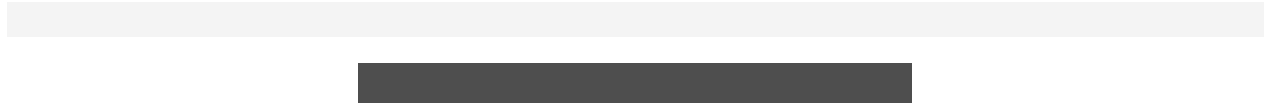
Dora nodded in understanding. The plastic bags she was holding showed she had just come from the vegetable market. "Miss Sampson," she said, smiling brightly, "my sister told me you live alone. Since you have some free time on your hands, why not come over for dinner. I want to thank you for helping my sister the last time."

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Chapter 195 Dinner At Dora's Place





Patricia couldn't help but pout when she saw Dora's sincere expression. Initially, she had wanted to decline her invitation. However, Patricia knew that she would be unhappy at having her invitation turned down and would use every excuse in the book to persuade her.

'Besides, I don't have any plans carded for this evening. I would have simply returned home later and had dinner alone. So, I might as well have dinner with Dora and Lily.'

Finally, Patricia nodded in agreement and smiled gently. "Alright, I'll come. But you'll be the one preparing dinner since I'm your guest," teased Patricia.

Hearing this, Dora patted her chest confidently and said with a bright smile, "I have no problem with that.

Miss Sampson, you are my guest, so of course, I can't let you cook!"

Dora then happily dragged her away from the cafe and guided Patricia to her home.

Dora's apartment was not far from the cafe; it was only fifteen minutes away. However, Patricia noticed that this place was not as clean and tidy as her apartment building after a quick inspection. Here, garbage was thrown around randomly. There were even a few people who seemed to have garbage outside their doors for several days.

Patricia was stunned to see this, but she schooled her expressions to look calm and unconcerned on the outside.

Dora breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that Patricia appeared unfazed by this. Although she had

invited Patricia over on a whim, she was embarrassed and distressed about the environment she was living in.

After all, the community where she lived was not as simple as Patricia thought. There were all kinds of people living in this area. It might not look safe, because there were thieves and hooligans sneaking around, but there had been no serious incidents in the community resulting in the loss of lives.

"Miss Sampson, please don't mind. This place is always like this!" Dora then turned and gave her a shy, embarrassed smile. She couldn't help but avoid meeting Patricia's gaze.

Smiling gently in return, Patricia kindly said, "It's okay. We have arrived at your place, right?"

Patricia immediately changed the topic. How could

she not know what Dora was thinking? Besides, there was no need to act like a rich lady now that she had agreed to come here.

Dora smiled brightly and she strode forward. Apparently, she was in a good mood.

After a few minutes, they arrived at Dora's apartment. Patricia realized that the interior was almost the same as her apartment. The only notable difference was that her apartment was relatively new. Dora's place contained a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, which was not bad.

"Miss Sampson, please have a seat while I am busy in the kitchen." Dora took out her slippers from the shoe cabinet and changed into them quickly.

Suddenly realizing something, she smiled shyly and said, "Miss Sampson, I don't have an extra pair of slippers in my home. So, you don't have to change.

I'm fine with it like this."

Dora then rushed off into the kitchen. The sound of cooking utensils colliding could be heard from outside the kitchen, giving the impression that she was busy.

Chuckling at this scene before her eyes, Patricia happily walked in. Out of instinct, she poked her head into the kitchen to peek at Dora before going into the living room. Sitting down on the sofa, she turned on the TV and watched a drama while she waited for Dora to finish.

Somehow, Patricia felt very comfortable being in Dora's home. She felt welcomed and at home here. She didn't need to put up her walls and be on guard against others or vigilant of any dangers. She just felt at ease and relaxed.

Out of curiosity, Patricia decided to poke her head

into the kitchen to see how Dora was faring, given that she'd been in there for a while. But what she saw was, Dora, in a great flurry, clearly out of her element.

"Dora, are you sure you don't need my help?" Patricia asked in a playful manner, a smile on her lips.

She couldn't help but laugh as she watched how Dora was handling the fish. Her gloominess instantly disappeared. She really did enjoy the time she spent with Dora very much.

Dora immediately turned around and, with a helpless smile on her face, asked, "Actually, Miss Sampson, do you know how to cook fish?" Dora then gazed at her expectantly.

Actually, she didn't know the first thing about cooking fish. But seeing the fresh tilapia in the market, she couldn't resist buying it for Lily. She thought that this

would be quite a nutritious meal to help her build up her health. At that time, she hadn't realized one fatal flaw in her plan.

She didn't know how to cook fish! And although she had googled a simple recipe earlier, she still didn't know where to start, leaving her in this mess now.

Patricia burst out in cheerful laughter as she looked at Dora's expression. Smiling gently at her, she rolled up her sleeves and walked over to Dora's side.

"How did you want to cook the fish? Do you want it steamed or done differently?"

"I wanted to make a fish soup to strengthen my sister's health, but it seems that tilapia isn't a good choice for the soup." Dora looked at her with uncertainty in her eyes, hoping to hear Patricia's opinion on this.

Patricia nodded in agreement. With a tender smile on her lips, she said, "It's indeed not delicious to make a soup with tilapia. Instead, let's braise it with brown sauce. That'll be easier and tastier."

Gently nudging Dora aside, she took over the kitchen. After cleaning the fish, Patricia cut into the body a few times. Igniting the boiler, she poured some oil and waited for it to get heated. Once the oil was ready, she placed the fish into the pot and fried it. Next, she added the seasoning that Dora had prepared, poured some water into the pot, and covered it with the lid, letting it be braised for a few minutes.

Dora was amazed to see Patricia in action. She couldn't help looking at her in disbelief as if she had seen something strange.

Patricia remained calm and poised as she saw Dora's

disbelief written all over her face. She smiled and asked gently, "What's wrong, Dora? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Miss Sampson, you are awesome," Dora shouted excitedly, a trace of admiration on her face.

Patricia couldn't help chuckling. Pursing her lips, she patted Dora on the shoulder. Arching her eyebrows at her, she said, "I've cooked the fish for you, as for the rest..."

Patricia deliberately paused to let her words sink in.

Dora instantly understood what she wanted to say. Nodding her head, she patted her chest and said firmly, "I will finish the rest. Apart from the fish, I can cook all the other dishes myself."

She then waggled her eyebrows at Patricia, and with

her eyes, gestured for her to leave the kitchen so she could finish the rest of the dishes.

Patricia then walked out of the kitchen quietly and made her way back into the living room. Sitting on the sofa, she continued watching TV, glancing at Dora from time to time.

Shortly after that, Dora walked out of the kitchen holding a bowl of hot soup in her hands. With a confident smile on her face, she was very proud to show her cooking to Patricia.

After serving all the dishes, Dora anxiously looked at the clock on the wall. A hint of worry flashed across her face, and her face flushed slightly in embarrassment as she looked at Patricia.

'Why hasn't Lily returned yet?'

Usually, Lily would have returned by then, but she was already half an hour late, which was unlike her. However, with Patricia being there, Dora couldn't make her guest wait any longer.

Dora scratched the back of her head helplessly and said awkwardly, "Miss Sampson, we don't have to wait. Let's eat first, or the food will become cold!"

Dora forced a smile onto her face then, but there was a trace of helplessness in her smile. Due to her uneasiness, the chopsticks she held in her hand didn't pick up any food for a while, and she unconsciously kept glancing at the door.

Reading Dora's mind, Patricia smiled at her and said gently, "It's okay. We can wait a while."

Since the dishes were just served, there was no immediate need to worry about them going cold.

Besides, noticing Dora's worried expression, she wondered if something had happened.

Suddenly, Dora's phone rang out and startled them. Jumping up, she picked up her phone and walked aside to answer it.

All of a sudden, Dora's smile faltered, and a touch of surprise appeared in her bright eyes. With her phone in her hand, she stood there in a daze.

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Chapter 196 Lily Was Kidnapped



Judging from Dora's change in demeanor, Patricia assumed something must have happened to Lily. Otherwise, Dora wouldn't have such a forlorn expression on her face.

'What exactly happened?' she wondered.

Her frown deepened as she looked curiously at Dora. Seeing Dora's expression, Lily's image came to mind.

'If something happened to Lily, then Jayson may be involved in this!'

She had sent someone to investigate him not long ago, and it was found that Jayson owed much money due to gambling. It was possible that while he was being hunted down by his debtors, Lily got dragged into his mess.

Of course, this was only her speculation. Until she

spoke to Dora, she wouldn't know for sure.

After several minutes, Dora returned to her seat. Sitting down listlessly, she looked at her phone gravely. Her once cheerful attitude had now disappeared.

Seeing Dora's grim expression, Patricia, still frowning, asked in a low voice, "What happened, Dora? Talk to me. We can think of a way to solve it together!" Gently grabbing hold of Dora's wrist, she looked at her with tender eyes. She completely regarded Dora like a sister.

Biting her lips, Dora slowly raised her head to look at Patricia. Her eyes were overflowing with tears that ran down her cheeks. She looked absolutely devastated.

"Miss Sampson, what should I do now?" Dora couldn't help murmuring, her tears streaming down her

cheeks.

Patricia frowned and looked at Dora through concerned eyes. She took a deep breath while she waited for Dora to continue. Her intuition told her that the call Dora just received had something to do with Lily.

Dora willed herself to stop crying and said, "Lily was kidnapped!" She then blew her nose and continued quietly sobbing.

Patricia was so shocked to hear this that her beautiful eyes widened in disbelief, her surprise written all over her face. She couldn't help but tighten her grip on Dora's hand.

'She was kidnapped? Why would anyone kidnap Lily?

If they wanted to kidnap someone, then shouldn't they

have targeted someone richer? Why would they kidnap a commoner?' Patricia couldn't wrap her mind around this.

Snapping out of her daze, she regained her usual calmness. Looking pointedly at Dora, she waited for her to reveal what she knew.

Dora burst into tears seeing Patricia's surprised expression. Blowing her nose, she couldn't help feeling sad and confused. In a soft voice, she said, "I don't know the details. But why would they kidnap Lily? The caller said that she had borrowed six hundred thousand dollars and the payment was now due. He also said that he would sell her off if he didn't receive the money!"

Grasping onto Patricia's wrist, she looked at her through confused eyes, her face full of pleading.

"Miss Sampson, what should I do now? Six hundred thousand is a lot! I don't have that much money to repay her debt. If it was one hundred thousand, then I might be able to scrape it up, but six hundred thousand? Oh, my God! I've never seen that much money in my life!"

Patricia's frown deepened. She felt this matter was not as simple as it sounded. After all, Lily wasn't the kind of person to recklessly borrow that much money.

However, there was one person that might have been able to make her do this, and that was Jayson. It was possible that Jayson borrowed the six hundred thousand from the loan shark in Lily's name. And now that he couldn't repay it, he threw the blame on her and disappeared.

This thought instantly infuriated Patricia. Glaring straight ahead, she had to take a deep calming

breath. 'What a bastard Jayson is!'

Seeing Patricia burning in rage, Dora wiped her tears away. Looking at her seriously, she asked in a low voice, "Miss Sampson, do you know who is responsible for this? I don't believe Lily is the type of person who will do something like this. And I really can't think of anyone except that bastard!" After saying that, Dora dropped her head in depression.

Patricia pursed her lips while she pondered the situation. Their priority was not to blame Jayson, but rather ensure Lily's safety.

"Dora, the most important thing for us now is to save Lily. And it seems money will satisfy them. Did they mention when you needed to repay the money?"

Patricia spoke calmly and flashed Dora a confident smile as if this wasn't a serious matter.

Dora felt a sense of relief as she witnessed Patricia's fearless smile. Swallowing subconsciously, she stated firmly, "They said that if they don't receive the money by ten o'clock this evening, they will sell Lily to the bar."

Patricia pursed her lips unhappily. She was furious about this whole situation - both at what the kidnappers said and at Jayson for what he had allowed to happen to Lily. She really wanted to teach them all a lesson for this!

Unfortunately, now wasn't the right time to be getting infuriated. Lily's safe return was of utmost importance.

"Miss Sampson, six hundred thousand is not a small amount. What do you..." Dora looked at Patricia worriedly, her eyes pleading for help. In fact, she knew she was being selfish right now and shouldn't be asking for help.

But six hundred thousand was an astronomical figure. And if she couldn't gather that much money by ten o'clock tonight, she was afraid of what would happen to Lily.

This thought saddened her to the point of tears welling up in her eyes again.

Noticing the dismal look on Dora's face, Patricia reached out her hand and patted her consolingly on the shoulder. With a faint smile touching her lips and a calm expression on her face, she didn't seem perturbed by this situation at all.

"Don't worry, Dora. I'll handle it!"

It was fate that brought herself, Lily, and Dora together.

As for money, she didn't think it was the most important thing in the world. Fortunately, she had some savings. The kidnappers had requested six hundred thousand, however, she only had roughly three hundred thousand in her account. Obviously, this wasn't enough to meet their demand.

"Dora, can you really scrape up one hundred thousand?"

Dora nodded slightly as she looked at Patricia in confusion.

"Good. If you add that to what I have, then we're just short of two hundred thousand." As soon as Patricia said this, a sharp light flashed through her clear eyes.

'My only option now is to borrow money from others. But who would be willing to lend me this sum of money?

My mother? No, my mother already has a hard life in the Lowell family. I can't burden her with this.

Kareem? No, this can't work either. Kareem is too shrewd a man. If I borrowed money from him, I might face all kinds of troubles in the future.

And the Sampson family would never lend me money, so no point in entertaining that thought.'

Apart from these people, there was one other person who could lend her the money she needed. And that was Zac.

At the thought of Zac, she couldn't help frowning and feeling morose. The last thing she wanted to do was to borrow money from him. But after much deliberation, she realized that he was her last resort.

In her desperation, she dialed Zac's number on her phone.

However, after calling him several times, she received no answer. Hanging up the phone angrily, she exhaled a deep breath.

'Since Zac didn't answer the phone, I wouldn't bother him again!'

Patricia's angrily returned to Dora's side, trying to calm herself down. Taking a deep breath, she smiled gently at Dora and said, "Dora, don't worry. I'll handle this. I'll return at nine o'clock sharp. So, use this time to make your preparations."

She then looked at Dora with a determined expression before walking away.

Dora nodded heavily as she watched Patricia leave.

She began organizing the money and any other things she would need with a resolute look on her face.

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Chapter 197 Borrowing Money



Patricia took a deep breath as she stood outside the gates of the Oakleaf Villa. A touch of resolution appeared on her beautiful face.

"This is not a big deal. I'm just borrowing some money from Zac," she murmured subconsciously. She repeated these words in an effort to persuade herself that borrowing money from Zac wasn't a difficult task.

She had called Zac one last time after leaving Dora's place. Having finally got through to him, Patricia told him that she needed to discuss something urgently with him. To this, he replied that he would wait for her at the Oakleaf Villa.

Thus, she needed to come here if she wanted to talk to him.

However, every time she came back here, a strange feeling would appear in her heart. She didn't know how to describe it. It wasn't merely a touch of sadness that inexplicably appeared in her heart. But that chilling feeling never left her, no matter how much she tried.

Taking a deep, calming breath, she shook off her sadness. Now was not the time to reminisce. She had something important to do, and she couldn't waste

time standing outside his gates.

Patricia then strode towards Zac's residence. Reaching the door, it suddenly swung open before she could raise her hand to knock. Zac towered over her in his suit, his eyes sunken and marked by dark circles under them.

Patricia was baffled to see him like this. Frowning, she was about to speak when Zac cut in.

"Come in first." His voice was thick and nasally, and he looked very listless, as if he hadn't slept in several days.

"Zac, you..." Patricia subconsciously started questioning him, but realizing that she was being officious, she immediately stopped talking. Instead, she just looked up at Zac.

Zac turned his head casually and looked at her curiously. A trace of confusion flashed across his haggard face. All too soon, he turned back around, and saying nothing, guided her to the living room.

When they arrived, Zac took a seat. Taking out a tissue, he blew his nose. With lifeless eyes, he looked at her and gestured for her to be seated.

Seeing the look on Zac's face, Patricia couldn't help but feel suspicious. 'When I saw him last night, he was fine. So, how did he suddenly catch a cold?'

Seeing the confused look in her eyes, Zac pursed his lips. A trace of displeasure touched the corners of his lips. 'After all, I am sick, and she doesn't show the slightest bit of concern for me.

Since she arrived, she hasn't uttered one word of concern to me. Even her eyes are as cold as usual,

and she looks at me like I am a stranger.

And it's all because of this woman that I've become like this!'

After getting drunk last night, Patricia had refused to go back to her room and ended up sleeping on the sofa. Further to that, she had held on tightly to Zac's arm. And whenever he tried to move away from her, her grip tightened and she would pull him back to her. Therefore, Zac had no choice but to squat on the sofa all night long and let her hold him.

As a result, he maintained the same posture for most of the night. Patricia had seemed to have slept soundly, but he had been miserable. When he got back to the company early that morning, he couldn't stop sneezing, which eventually led to him catching a cold.

Patricia pursed her lips helplessly as she looked into Zac's tired eyes. Straightening herself on her chair, she took a deep breath and became serious.

"Zac, I'm here to discuss something with you!"

With a gentle nod, he gave the okay for her to continue. He then took out another piece of tissue and blew his nose again. He glanced at her casually, waiting for her to continue.

Zac already knew that something dire must have happened to bring her to his door voluntarily. Otherwise, given her personality, she would have asked anyone else for help except him.

There was a silent understanding between them. After all, he had been with her for so long, so how could he not know this?

"Go ahead," he said casually. Keeping his face expressionless, Zac looked at Patricia with his deep-set eyes, waiting for her next words.

"I..." Patricia didn't know how to start. Sighing inwardly, she found it difficult to speak now. She couldn't help biting her lower lip and avoiding Zac's gaze.

'Should I be blunt and just say I need to borrow money from him?' But if she could say those words out loud, she would have done it already.

Frowning, Zac looked at her curiously.

Subconsciously, he took out a tissue and wiped his nose. He continued looking at her, wondering what had happened to cause her to react like this.

"If you have something to say, then just say it. Don't hem and haw. This is not like you," said Zac, now

anxious because she hadn't said anything yet. He looked at her pointedly, hoping she would tell him what was wrong.

Patricia was shocked by Zac's words. A trace of sadness crossed her face as she bit her lower lip. Exhaling a long breath, she looked at Zac seriously.

"I want to borrow two hundred thousand from you," Patricia gushed in one breath, feeling relieved to have said those words.

"Oh," Zac said casually. Taken aback by her request, he looked directly at her with confused eyes. He thought he had heard wrong.

'What? This woman wants to borrow money from me? Did I hear it wrong?'

Patricia pursed her lips unhappily as she saw the

befuddlement in his eyes. Deliberately coughing, she asked in a low voice, "Do you really have to act so surprised? Is it so strange that I want to borrow money from you?"

This was merely a woman borrowing money from a man.

At this point, the relationship between them was in an awkward state. Could they call themselves a couple? They had already signed the divorce papers. They only needed the divorce certificate now to make them complete strangers.

But it was wrong to say that they weren't a couple, either. They hadn't gone through the complete formalities. And Zac had declared to the public that Patricia was his woman.

Such a complicated relationship gave them a

headache!

"Not really," Zac answered ambiguously while staring at her with a straight face. Then something dawned on him.

'Patricia wouldn't borrow money from me for no reason. With her headstrong personality, she would never want to accept my help. But here she is, acting all jittery.'

Clearly, this was not just a simple request. Unfortunately, Zac had sent Nicholas on other errands today, so he didn't get the chance to follow Patricia. Thus, Zac didn't know what this was all about.

"You..." Zac stared at her suspiciously, his eyes piercing and sharp, trying to read her face.

Patricia frowned as she saw the look in Zac's eyes. In a discontented voice, she said, "Zac, tell me. Will you lend me the money or not?" Subconsciously, she glanced down at her watch to check the time. Noticing there was only half an hour left till her designated time to meet Dora, she looked unhappily at Zac. She needed his answer now since she didn't have time to waste talking to him here.

Seeing the anxiety on her face, he glanced down momentarily as if thinking about something. Meeting her gaze once more, he said, "I can lend it to you on one condition."

This was a rare, good opportunity, so of course, Zac wouldn't pass up this chance. He knew that Patricia hated him because of the incident with the Sampson Bay and even wanted him to disappear from her sight. But he had learned from his past and wouldn't make

the mistake of trying everything in his power to win her back. After all, he realized that no matter what he did, it only made her hate him more.

Patricia took a deep breath and looked directly at Zac with her clear eyes. She had been mentally preparing for anything he would ask of her since she had called him for help earlier.

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Chapter 198 What's Your Condition



"Okay, what's your condition?" asked Patricia in a serious tone. She stared intently at Zac's face so as not to miss his every expression.

She had expected this to happen. She knew that asking Zac to lend her money would lead to him demanding something in return to tie her to him.

But at present, she didn't care what the condition was. Her main concern was rescuing Lily before her life was ruined.

"Patricia, who do you need the money for?" Zac asked out of curiosity. Seeing the determination on her face, he couldn't help looking her up and down suspiciously.

Zac was intent on hearing her answer to this question. If the money was for a woman, he wouldn't think it was a big deal since only a few women were close to her. However, if it was for a man, that would be a different story. Undoubtedly, he would need to find out who that man was!

If indeed it was for a man, then he needed to know what kind of magic was used to persuade his wife to borrow money from him. And if this was the case, wouldn't that just be ridiculous?

Seeing the look in his eyes, Patricia immediately knew what was running through his mind. Glaring at him, she said in a low voice, "What are you thinking? Dora's sister is in trouble, so I just wanted to help her out!"

Glancing at Zac disdainfully then, she immediately got the topic back on track.

"Zac, tell me your condition quickly! I really don't have time to waste today!" Patricia's face showcased her anxiety for him to see. Biting her lower lip, she had a feeling that Zac was deliberately procrastinating.

"My condition..." Zac deliberately prolonged his sentence as he subconsciously avoided her gaze. In actuality, he hadn't decided how he would punish her. He simply knew that she would be suspicious if he had readily agreed to lend her the money with no strings attached. So, he decided it was better to add a so-called condition.

Seeing the look in Zac's eyes, Patricia pouted and glared at him.

If he so much as dared to trick her, she would beat him up and ask others to assist!

Zac snickered inwardly when he saw her expression. Seeing her in this state was so amusing that he couldn't help but want to tease her more.

"As for the condition, well..." Zac paused dramatically, suddenly acting like he was hesitant to tell her his

condition.

That enraged Patricia. Taking a deep breath, she jumped up, intent on leaving. She didn't have time to waste talking nonsense with Zac.

Zac knew instantly that he had overdone it when he saw her stand up. Unfortunately, before he could speak, a sneeze escaped him. It was such an intense sneeze that a long line of snot came out from his nose. Not missing a beat, he immediately called out to Patricia to stop her.

"I haven't said anything yet. Come back here, Patricia!" There was a hint of command in his tone. He had suddenly become unhappy as he saw her back. Unconsciously, he pulled out a piece of tissue and wiped his runny nose.

Turning around, there was a look of annoyance on

Patricia's face. Just then, she witnessed Zac wiping his nose like a child. Seeing this, she couldn't help but chuckle as she looked at Zac with amusement in her eyes.

An unnatural flush crossed Zac's face when he realized that she was mocking him. Pouting, he coughed deliberately and said in a low voice, "I haven't come up with a condition yet. When I decide what I want, I will come to you." Zac thought it was in his best interest to change the topic away from his runny nose and back to the topic they were previously discussing.

Patricia's laughter died down as he spoke. Clearing her throat, she looked intently at Zac and asked in a low voice, "Are you sure about this?" She suddenly felt skeptical.

Something felt off. 'When he figures out what he

wants from me later, if I don't agree to comply, will he accept it?'

Noticing her hesitation, Zac explained in a low voice, "Don't worry. My condition will be very simple, so you will have no trouble fulfilling it. Instead of hesitating here, you'd better do what you need to do quickly. Weren't you in a hurry just now? Dora must be very anxious too."

Zac's words snapped her out of her daze and reminded her there was a more pressing matter to resolve. Because she was bickering with him, she had momentarily forgotten about Lily.

"Okay, I'll accept your condition." Patricia readily agreed to his condition without knowing what it might be. Unfortunately, now wasn't the time to be nitpicking. If possible, she wanted to have a proper talk with him, but currently, time was of the essence.

Zac nodded as if satisfied with her answer. Without further ado, he took out his checkbook, wrote the amount, signed his name, and handed it to her.

Patricia smiled bitterly as she took the check from him. Looking at Zac helplessly, she angrily tossed it back in his face. In a low voice, she muttered, "Zac, are you playing a trick on me? You know the bank isn't open at this time!"

She frowned unhappily, feeling wronged by Zac. Clearly, he was fooling her and didn't want to help!

Zac remained calm and collected in the face of all this. Despite his pale appearance and his listless eyes, he was serious when he had handed her the check.

"Using a check is the safer way. Aren't you afraid that

you'll be attacked if you show up with the cash? But with a check in hand, even if they want to get the money immediately, they'll have no choice but to wait for a few days." Zac spoke in a matter-of-fact tone as if hinting at something.

Hearing Zac's explanation, Patricia realized that what he said was very reasonable. After all, the kidnappers did not consist of upstanding people, so it would be safer for her to be vigilant in case they pulled a trick on them.

With that cleared up, Patricia retrieved the check and tucked it away. Looking at Zac, she said, "Don't worry. I will return this two hundred thousand to you soon." She immediately left after saying those words to Zac.

Looking at her back, Zac couldn't help frowning. He suddenly felt a sense of unease and feared that something terrible would happen to Patricia.

He unconsciously wiped his nose and followed behind her.

Patricia kept nervously glancing at the time. This was the first time she had driven so fast. In no time, she arrived at Dora's apartment.

Pulling up, she found Dora waiting anxiously outside her door. Honking her horn, she signaled for Dora to quickly come over.

"Miss Sampson, how is it going?" Dora pressed the palm of her hand on her chest, feeling it tightening due to her nervousness. Her eyes were watery, and her face was full of concern. She feared that something bad had happened to Lily.

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REMARRY MY EX-WIFE: LOVE HEALS A BROKEN HEART

Chapter 199 You Broke Your Promise!



Noticing Dora's worry, Patricia smiled gently and gave her a reassuring look. "Let's go and rescue Lily," she said in a comforting tone.

Dora nodded excitedly, and holding onto a small black bag, hopped into Patricia's car. She then nervously clutched the bag on her lap.

Seeing this, Patricia pursed her lips and signaled for Dora to buckle up. Starting the engine, she pulled away from the apartment and drove to the designated meeting place.

Because Patricia's mind was focused on saving Lily, she didn't notice the Porsche following closely behind her. Zac frowned when he saw Dora getting into Patricia's car. He felt that something was odd about this situation.

He continued to follow her car without hesitation. He would know what was going on soon enough.

It took them a short twenty minutes to arrive at the appointed site. However, there was no one in sight when they got there. Were the kidnappers playing some tricks?

Glancing nervously at each other, both Patricia and Dora couldn't refrain from biting their lips, fearing that they had fallen into a trap.

Unable to hold back her restlessness, Dora walked up to Patricia and asked cautiously, "Miss Sampson, is it

possible that..."

Dora couldn't help but swallow as she cut her sentence short. She looked around uneasily.

Sensing her agitation, Patricia looked at Dora calmly. Patting her reassuringly on the shoulder, she winked at her as a signal to not be afraid.

Dora calmed down immeasurably with Patricia by her side. Gripping tightly onto the bag in her hands, she looked around in search of a familiar figure.

Suddenly, Dora's phone started ringing. Seeing Lily's number pop up on the screen, Dora and Patricia instantly knew who the actual caller was.

"We have arrived. Where are you?" asked Dora shakily.

A wild laugh could be heard on the other end of the line. The caller then stated in a low, gruff voice, "Put the money on the ground and leave immediately."

Patricia frowned as she heard this. Thinking about it rationally, she realized this was not how loan sharks typically received payment. Furthermore, if the other party really wanted the money, they could come over and take it. 'So, why are they using such tricks?'

Patricia became confused by this man's strange request. In normal situations, loan sharks would show up, take the money, and release the hostage immediately. However, this situation was now beginning to look like a serious kidnapping.

And if that was the case, then Patricia thought it would be better to involve the police.

Dora looked at Patricia with quizzical eyes, unsure of

what to do next. She, too, felt this was bizarre and seemed like a kidnapping.

The next moment, Dora couldn't help but murmur, "You broke your promise!"

Realizing Dora wasn't taking the bait, the caller roared into the phone. "If you don't put the money down, don't blame me for doing anything rash! This is only your sister's life at stake!"

They both instantly got nervous. At the end of the day, Lily was still their prisoner. And should anything happen to her, then all their efforts would have been in vain.

Biting her lower lip, Patricia felt despondent.

Subconsciously, she glanced at Dora only to find her in a similar state. They had no choice but to agree or Lily's life would be in danger.

Dora looked at Patricia as if in a daze. Gripping her phone tightly in her hand, she was at a loss and didn't know what to do.

Patricia couldn't help pursing her lips as she saw Dora's expression. About to speak, she opened and closed her pink lips. However, Zac appeared and interrupted her.

"Don't give them anything!" he said in a determined tone. Quickly making his way to their side, he grabbed Dora's phone and spoke coldly to the person on the other end of the line.

"We have called the police. Just wait for the police to arrest you!" He then hung up the call, wearing a righteous look on his face.

Both Patricia and Dora stared at Zac with eyes wide

open in shock. Suddenly, Dora realized something. Instantly grabbing her phone away from Zac, she muttered with dissatisfaction, "Mr. Reynolds, please don't cause trouble. This is my sister's life we're dealing with there."

She then swiftly dialed Lily's number, hoping that Zac hadn't irritated them too much.

Patricia glared at Zac grimly. His actions had saddened her. 'At such a crucial time, Zac has come here to cause trouble!' She was very annoyed with him at the moment.

Zac became infuriated as he saw their disapproving stares. Glaring at them, he pouted and said in a low voice, "Don't do anything silly. You haven't even realized that you've been fooled by them!" Too angry to say anything more, he looked at Dora and Patricia and thought they were fools.

'What else are they if they are not fools now that they've fallen into a trap so easily?'

"No, Mr. Reynolds. Don't talk nonsense. We heard Lily's voice over the phone!" In order to verify that Lily was in their hands, Patricia and Dora had asked her kidnappers to let them hear her voice. Although all they heard was Lily calling for help, that was enough for them.

Zac sighed helplessly as he listened to them. Looking at them expressionlessly, he said, "Believe me or don't, it's up to you. But you should think this over." He then turned around to leave. Before he got far, though, he sneezed, which caused him to turn his head and glare at Patricia.

Patricia frowned unhappily when she saw his expression. Ignoring him, she turned her attention to

Dora as she worried for Lily's safety.

When no one answered the phone, Dora panicked and looked at her worriedly, unsure of what to do.

But Patricia didn't know what to do, either. Feeling depressed, she bit her lower lip subconsciously.

When she was about to suggest something, Dora's phone rang.

Seeing a strange number on the screen, Dora quickly answered, assuming the kidnappers were calling back. In an anxious voice, she said, "Don't hurt Lily! We'll put the money down and leave like you asked."

There was a short pause before the caller cautiously replied, "Dora, what did you just say? Tell me what happened? And where are you now? My phone was stolen today. I just applied for a new sim card," Lily said anxiously.

Dora was taken aback to hear Lily's words. Staring blankly ahead, she suddenly didn't know how to respond.

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

Chapter 200 Fever



Seeing Dora's befuddled expression, Patricia couldn't help frowning and muttered, "Dora, is everything all right?" She began to panic, thinking something terrible had happened.

Hearing Patricia's words brought Dora back to her senses. Looking at Patricia, she felt like weeping, but

no tears fell from her eyes. Forcing an embarrassed smile onto her face, she subconsciously pointed at her phone before speaking to the caller, "Lily, I'm not at home right now. I'll be back soon." Hanging up, Dora glanced at Patricia with her face full of embarrassment. She wanted to say something but thought better of it at the last moment.

Patricia looked expectantly at Dora, waiting for her to explain the situation to her.

Smiling awkwardly, Dora scratched the back of her head and turned her face away. She explained, "Miss Sampson, Lily seems to be fine. Mr. Reynolds was right in stating that we were being duped."

Patricia's eyes widened in disbelief. She was skeptical about what Dora had said.

'Have we wronged Zac? Zac was correct in his

assessment of the situation?'

Dora couldn't help laughing at her incredulous expression. Nodding her head heavily, she showed a touch of helplessness.

"Yes, Miss Sampson. It seems that we have wronged Mr. Reynolds. If he didn't show up at that time, we would have been deceived!" Although still embarrassed by the situation, Dora was able to find her smile once more. She then gently tugged on Patricia's hand as a signal for them to leave.

Patricia nodded in understanding. However, she couldn't believe that she had wronged Zac. A strange sensation came over her as she thought of this.

Dora kept her mouth shut when she saw Patricia's expression. Judging from her look, it appeared that she was annoyed with herself for having wronged

Zac.

Even though she didn't know how Patricia and Zac were doing recently, seeing them tonight made Dora believe that things between them were improving.

However, recalling the contempt in his eyes as he left earlier caused a trace of anger to inexplicably rise in Patricia's chest.

He shouldn't have despised them because they didn't believe him. After all, they were so concerned about Lily's safety that it never crossed their minds that they were being deceived.

But Zac, being the intelligent man that he was, saw right through the trap.

Having returned to Dora's apartment, Patricia remained seated in her car, feeling it was best not to

go upstairs. She didn't know how to face Lily at the moment. There was still some lingering resentment between herself and Lily, so meeting up now would be embarrassing for them both.

"Miss Sampson, are you sure you don't want to come upstairs with me?" Dora looked at her with sad, disappointed eyes. She had hoped Patricia would go back to the apartment with her. She would have liked it if she and Lily could thank Patricia for her help.

Shaking her head in refusal, Patricia smiled warmly at Dora and said, "It's late. I should head back and get some rest."

Sighing helplessly, Dora let her go quietly. After waving goodbye, she turned around and walked towards her apartment.

Looking at Dora's retreating back, Patricia

immediately started the car and drove off.

Returning to her own apartment, Patricia looked suspiciously at the Porsche parked not far away. A sense of dread filled her heart as Zac's face popped into her mind.

"Is that Zac's car?" she murmured. Shaking her head to rid the thought of him, she made her way up to her apartment.

But seeing him standing outside her door left her feeling ashamed and distressed. Sure enough, Zac really was here, just like she had guessed.

"Why are you here?" she asked in a cold tone. Not in the mood to deal with Zac, she wished he could leave her alone as soon as possible.

However, Zac's behavior today was rather peculiar.

He stood at the door, leaning against the wall motionless, without saying anything like a sculpture.

Patricia was baffled to see him like this. Walking over to his side, she noticed how sad he appeared to be. His eyes were dim, and he looked intently at her as if she was his dearest treasure.

"Zac, you..." Patricia frowned upon seeing his complexion. She became confused and didn't know what was going on.

Zac, in his daze, reached out and grabbed her arm when he heard her voice. His eyes locked onto hers and lit up like a ray of sunshine.

"I can't stand steadily. Help me!" he commanded. He couldn't hide the demanding tone of his voice despite the fact that he was about to collapse.

Although Patricia was reluctant to help, she reached out and touched his body to assist him. It was then that she realized what was wrong with Zac.

'Zac is sick!'

His body was as hot as a fireball, and when she touched him, she felt that heat radiating into her own body.

"Zac, you have a fever. Don't faint in my house!"
Struggling to support his weight with her body, she patted his face and spoke to him softly.

However, he was in a near state of unconsciousness because of the fever, so he didn't hear what she said. Thus, he gave no retort to her statement. Instead, he squinted his eyes to look at her.

Realizing how sick Zac was made Patricia frown. 'He

promised he wouldn't entangle himself with me anymore, yet here he is, pestering me once again. What does he mean by doing this?

And if he's sick, shouldn't he be returning to his own home to rest? So, why did he come to my place?' She didn't have gold at her house for him to dig!

Actually, Zac had come here just for her.

Unfortunately, the current situation left Patricia feeling flustered and unsure of what to do. She couldn't leave him outside her door in this state, but neither did she want to take him into her apartment.

After much deliberation, Patricia sighed helplessly with a hint of depression on her face. She couldn't leave him alone now that she was aware of his condition.

With a long sigh, she took out her key and opened the door to her apartment. Without saying anything else to Zac, she struggled to help him inside.

She made her way into the living room, where she let Zac fall onto the sofa. He was so heavy to move that she felt like all her strength was spent moving him.

After resting for several minutes, she was able to catch her breath and regain her strength. Towering over Zac, she patted his face and whispered, "Zac... Zac... Wake up!"

But he didn't respond no matter how loud she called out to him. He was like a piece of wood, lying motionless on the sofa.

Patricia pouted helplessly as she saw him like this. She wanted to say something but no words came out. All she could do was sigh at this predicament.

Since Zac couldn't wake up by himself, it was useless calling out to him to wake him up.

Plopping down on the sofa beside him, she couldn't help thinking that she had a long night ahead of her. She gazed at Zac with dissatisfied eyes.

Suddenly, Patricia heard a knock on the door. Frowning unhappily, she wondered who it could be at her door at this hour in the night.

Opening the door, she found a nervous Nicholas standing outside. In an anxious voice, he asked, "Miss Sampson, is boss with you?"

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