

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

### Chapter 201 Please Take Care Of Him!

"Yes, he's here. Nicholas, take him home as soon as possible!" replied Patricia unhappily. Glaring at Nicholas with displeasure, she pointed towards the sofa in the living room and pursed her lips slightly.

Nicholas nodded when he saw her grim expression. A question occurred to him as he walked past Patricia and saw Zac lying on the sofa.

'Should I really take the boss home now? Although he is sick, he chose to come over to Patricia's apartment. He must have intended to have her nurse him back to health. So, will he blame me when he awakens if I meddle and take him back now?'

Nicholas shook his head to dispel this thought. Smiling at Patricia, he said, "I'm relieved to know that the boss is here. Please take care of him!" He then

quickly spun around and left her apartment, giving her no chance of rebutting this.

Patricia became infuriated as she watched Nicholas' retreating figure. Stamping her feet angrily, she said, "As the saying goes, 'If you lie with dogs, you will rise up with fleas.' Clearly, Nicholas and Zac are birds of a feather!"

Standing at the door to her apartment, she looked over at Zac unhappily. She couldn't help but sigh, knowing that she couldn't leave him alone like this.

Closing the door behind her, she turned around and trudged over to Zac. She bit her lower lip discontentedly as she gazed at him coldly. Reaching out a hand, she placed her palm on his forehead to check his temperature. She noticed that it was gradually dropping.

Retrieving her medicine box, she took out some cold medication and poured a glass of warm water for Zac. Patting his face, she whispered, "Zac, you need to wake up and take this medicine."

She heard no response from Zac, and his eyes remained closed tightly as if glued shut.

"Zac, wake up quickly," she said impatiently. She then patted him slightly harder on the face to see if he stirred.

Zac had disturbed her life enough. She wanted nothing to do with him again. And if possible, she would have liked to throw him out of her home. But she was a woman of good conscience.

Patting his face again and calling out to him elicited no response. He was clearly fast asleep on the sofa.

Patricia pouted when she saw this and set aside the medicine and water on the table. Fetching a thin quilt from her room, she covered Zac so he could have a good night's sleep. She decided that she would make him take the medicine when he woke up in the morning.

Leaving him there, Patricia went to wash her face before going back to her room to sleep.

However, as soon as she lay down, there was a violent knock on her bedroom door. Obviously, it couldn't be anyone else but Zac disturbing her.

"Zac, I still need my sleep even if you don't!" Patricia said grumpily and glared at him. Her beautiful eyes were full of anger.

"I'm hungry. Besides, I can't take medicine on an empty stomach!" Zac looked at her with pleading

eyes.

Seeing him in this pitiful state, Patricia pursed her lips and pointed in the direction of the kitchen. In a low voice, she said, "You can prepare something yourself using the ingredients in the fridge." Before she could close the door on him, Zac quickly stopped her.

"Patricia, I don't have the strength to do it myself. I can't even lift the spatula!" he said wistfully. Zac actually looked like he didn't even have the strength to continue talking, either.

Patricia inhaled deeply and glared at him with her clear eyes. Smiling bitterly, she finally gave in seeing him in this pitiful, weak state.

"Fine, I'll cook you some noodles."

With a long sigh, Patricia begrudgingly walked into the

kitchen to cook a meal for Zac. Since he was sick, she would endure everything.

A faint smile curled up Zac's lips as he glanced at Patricia, now busy in the kitchen. A hint of cunningness flashed through his deep-set eyes as he sat leisurely on the sofa watching TV while he waited for her to serve him some hot noodles.

After a while, Patricia walked out of the kitchen with a bowl of steaming noodles in her hands. She immediately became angry when she found him happily enjoying the movie while she was busy cooking for him. Frowning unhappily, she placed the bowl down and, without further ado, proceeded to her room.

Zac raised his head in time to see her angry expression. He opened and closed his sexy thin lips, about to say something to her, but she had already

disappeared into her room.

His originally listless face turned red with anger in an instant.

"Patricia, you can be so hateful!" Picking up his chopsticks angrily, he began to devour the noodles, wishing to vent all his anger on the bowl of food.

Before long, he found himself slowing down to eat instead of gobbling down the food. It was rare for Patricia to cook noodles for him, so he decided to eat slowly and savor it. There was no better way to enjoy it than eating it slowly.

As Zac began savoring the taste of the food, he unconsciously murmured to himself, "Wow! How come I didn't know that Patricia could cook so well before?" Zac couldn't refrain from frowning helplessly as he spoke these words.

Every time he thought of such things, he couldn't help but feel depressed. He felt that he was a failure. He could have enjoyed Patricia's cooking sooner, but he always threw her food away without tasting it in the past. Now, he realized that was such a waste of delicious food.

Sighing softly, he glanced in the direction of Patricia's room before continuing to eat the noodles.

After eating, he took the medicine Patricia had placed on the table. Now full, he became restless and couldn't fall asleep. So, he continued to watch the Korean drama being aired on the TV to kill time.

Zac couldn't help but feel contemptuous as he watched the hero and heroine of the Korean drama simultaneously love and torture each other. Pursing his lips, he muttered, "It's surprising a stupid woman



like Patricia likes to watch such a boring drama!" He then shook his head in disbelief.

"What does my liking of Korean dramas have to do with you?" Patricia's brows furrowed as her displeasure showed on her face as if to show her dissatisfaction with Zac's remark.

Incidentally, she had trouble falling asleep after she returned to her room. But hearing the faint sound of the TV, she had gotten out of bed to give a warning. Needless to say, she hadn't expected to hear those words come out of his mouth as she came out of her room.

Frowning, Zac spoke coldly to her. "Is it necessary for you to be so angry at my words? I only questioned why you like to watch such boring Korean dramas," said Zac disdainfully.

In Patricia's eyes, it wasn't about what he said but how he said it. And his tone at that moment told her that he despised her. She thought there was no need to comment on whether she liked watching Korean dramas or not, since that was her personal hobby.

'If Zac doesn't like the show, then that's just fine. But how dare he despise me?' Evidently, it was his arrogant attitude that annoyed her.

"Zac, you're a bastard!" she roared angrily.

Immediately grabbing the pillow on the sofa, she flung it at him.

Snatching the pillow mid-air, Zac looked at her with quizzical eyes. Pursing his lips, he frowned and muttered, "Patricia, what are you doing?"

'Why is she so angry? Is there something wrong with her brain?'

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### Chapter 202 Snack Stree



"Zac, you have such a filthy mouth!" stated Patricia angrily. After glaring at Zac, she turned around and went back to her room in a huff.

Zac was confused about why Patricia had gotten so upset. Frowning, he muttered, "It's so strange. She got angry for no reason! Did she have to get so mad at my remarks about a stupid Korean drama?"

The more Zac thought about it, the more helpless he felt. Shaking his head slightly, he couldn't help but frown. Turning off the TV, he lay down on the sofa

and fell asleep.

Returning to her room, Patricia pounded her fist into the table angrily. A hint of anger flashed across her beautiful face as she said fiercely, "That bastard, Zac, is an idiot who knows nothing!" Taking a deep breath, Patricia reminded herself not to be affected like this because of Zac's words.

Taking a few calming breaths, Patricia retreated to her bed. She couldn't help but mutter, "Zac, you're a bastard!" Then, she drifted off to sleep.

It was already ten o'clock in the morning when she awoke the following day. This was the first time she had gotten up so late. Feeling a bout of dizziness, she massaged her temples with her slender fingers.

Walking out of her room, she glanced over at the sofa in the living room with dissatisfaction. Seeing no sign of Zac, she assumed he had left her apartment

already.

'It's a good thing that he's left! The sight of him so early in the morning would have ruined my mood. Besides, now I don't have to find a reason to kick him out of my home!'

It was already eleven o'clock by the time she finished washing her face and brushing her teeth. She then cooked something simple for breakfast before heading out herself.

She had a shopping date with Dora today, so she wore a pair of jeans, a T-shirt with striped patterns, and a pair of sneakers, the perfect outfit for going shopping.

Being the first to arrive at the cafe where they agreed to meet, Patricia took a seat at one of the vacant tables and waited for Dora's arrival. Subconsciously,

she glanced at the time. Seeing that half an hour had already passed, she began to wonder why Dora hadn't shown up yet.

A trace of anxiety flashed across her face. Hoping Dora's delay was caused by something work related, she ordered another cup of coffee while she bided her time.

Spotting the check from Zac in her bag, Patricia recalled the events of the night before. She had forgotten to return it to him last night, now that there was no need for it anymore.

But, she knew that if she gave it back to him, he would definitely use every reason in the book to refuse. Moreover, she had forgotten a very crucial thing - his condition in exchange for the money he lent her.

"Zac, this profiteer!" Patricia murmured furiously. A trace of anger flashed across her face as she bit her lower lip.

If she wasn't so eager to save Lily as quickly as possible yesterday, she wouldn't have fallen into Zac's trap. Patricia believed that he deliberately withheld stating his condition before so that he could demand something of her at a later date.

Clenching her teeth tightly, Patricia became more infuriated, the more she thought of this. However, she would have never guessed that she was wrong about Zac this time.

Glaring dismally at the check, she pushed it further into her bag. It was then that she decided to talk to Zac and cancel any condition attached to it.

Dora came rushing into the cafe one hour after the

designated time. Flushed with embarrassment, she stammered, "Miss Sampson, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting for so long. As I was preparing to leave work, a patient came in. So, I needed to attend to her first before I could leave..."

"I know how busy you are. Anyway, I'm free, so I didn't mind waiting for you." Smiling warmly at Dora, Patricia didn't give the impression that she was impatient or angry at all.

Dora was moved when she saw how graceful Patricia was about this whole situation. It caused her to like Patricia even more. Consequently, she couldn't understand the news reports she read on the media about Patricia. 'Patricia is such a well-educated lady, so why are there so many negative news reports about her? They must have been fabricated by some bored entertainment reporters!'



Patricia knew what was on Dora's mind the minute she saw her expression.

Smiling at her, she opened her pink lips and said in a soft voice, "Dora, where are we going today?"

Patricia's words reminded Dora of their original plan for the day. Scratching the back of her head in embarrassment, she smiled sheepishly and said in a low voice, "Actually, I know of a snack street where there is cheap but delicious food. But I don't think that will suit your taste, given that you're a rich lady. So, I did some research on the internet and picked a few places I think you would like. First, we can go..."

Before Dora could finish her sentence, Patricia boldly interrupted her.

"Snack street?!" From her tone, Dora could tell Patricia was interested in eating some snacks.

Dora became excited when she saw the animated expression on Patricia's face. She was looking at her with bright, eager eyes, waiting on her next words. Dora decided that she would try her best to introduce her to some delicious food if she really liked the idea.

"What do you think? Miss Sampson, are you interested in going there with me?" Dora looked at her earnestly, her bright eyes gleaming.

A faint smile touched her lips. She hadn't been to a snack street in many years. She remembered that during her college days, she liked to visit the snack street beside her school because the food there was always cheap.

Dora let out an excited squeal and her face lit up with her smile. Eagerly grabbing hold of Patricia's hand, she said, "Miss Sampson, I'm happy to hear that you

like it. Let's go there now! The stands on the snack street are usually open at this time of day." Dora then happily dragged Patricia out of the cafe, anxious to reach the snack street as soon as possible.

In their haste and excitement, neither Dora nor Patricia noticed a figure standing not far away. Seeing them leaving the cafe, this mysterious person quickly followed behind them.

Having arrived at the snack street, Patricia couldn't contain her delight. The street provided all kinds of delicious foods, and this place was clean and comfortable.

Compared with the snack street Patricia often visited back in college, it was much cleaner here.

Dora excitedly grabbed her hand and tugged her towards a shop selling mutton shashlik. As they

walked over, Dora exclaimed, "Miss Sampson, let me introduce the famous mutton shashlik to you. Once you've tasted it, you're guaranteed to think that this mutton shashlik is the most delicious in the world."

Seeing Dora's innocent and lively expression, Patricia couldn't help but smile faintly. She wasn't interested in mutton shashlik, but her heart warmed as she saw how happy Dora was.

Dora immediately ordered ten skewers of mutton shashlik as soon as they got to the shop. Startled by this order, Patricia immediately stopped Dora and whispered, "Dora, you're ordering too much. Can you eat that much food? We are going to eat some other foods on this street as well, you know..."

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### Chapter 203 Absorbed In Her Thoughts



Dora turned around and flashed Patricia a smile. It seemed to say she had no reason to worry. "These kebabs won't be too much. I can assure you so don't worry," she said with assurance. Once she was done speaking, ten skewers of mutton shashlik Dora had ordered appeared.

Patricia looked into the plate and found out that these kebabs were smaller than she had thought. She finally understood why Dora had been sure they wouldn't be enough.

Eagerly, Dora began to enjoy her kababs. As she continued to eat, she felt they weren't enough. If

Patricia hadn't stopped her, Dora would have gone ahead and ordered more.

"Dora, there is still a lot of delicious food. If you fill your stomach with kebabs, you can't eat anything else."

Dora had to admit Patricia had a point. In the end, she nodded her head slightly. She opened her mouth to say something, but someone bumped into her. She ended up falling towards Patricia. The skewer stick in her hand was accidentally plunged into Patricia's flesh.

Thankfully, the root of the wood wasn't very sharp. If it had been, Patricia's wound would have been deeper.

"Miss Sampson, are you okay?" Dora asked worriedly. Dora was so worried seeing the injury on Patricia's arm that she didn't know what to do. A tide

of panic rose in her.

"I'm fine. Don't worry," she said, shrugging it off like it wasn't a big deal. With a faint smile on her face, she looked at Dora. The truth was, Patricia had often encountered such accidents when she worked part-time at school. Such trivial issues didn't bother her. She could go back and apply some medicine.

However, there was one thing that struck Patricia as odd. The person who bumped into Dora seemed a bit familiar. She couldn't quite put her finger on who it was.

Seeing the expression on Patricia's face, Dora was worried. "Miss Sampson, it's all my fault. If I hadn't been so clumsy, you wouldn't have been injured," she said apologetically.

Hearing this, Patricia patted Dora on the shoulder and

said, "Dora, I told you I am fine. Please stop worrying." As soon as Patricia finished speaking, she took out a tissue and wiped the blood on her arm.

She worked with skillful movement and Dora was quite taken aback by it. "Miss Sampson, are you used to getting hurt? It looks like you have experience working with such emergencies."

Hearing this, Patricia smiled gently. There was a hint of bitterness that no one could see. To be honest, she owed it all to Yolanda and her daughter. If it weren't for their cruelty, she wouldn't have learned to rely on herself. These minor wounds were nothing! After all, she had dealt with worse.

Dora couldn't properly read the expression on Patricia's face. With an intent look, she tried to decipher it. In the end, she guessed Patricia must have suffered a lot in life.



"Well, let's go and eat something else. I'm hungry now," Patricia said. As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia took Dora's hand and walked to another shop. She couldn't allow Dora to dwell so much on her thoughts.

A tall and strong man standing not far away had been keeping a close eye on Patricia and Dora. Seeing them get up, he quickly integrated into the crowd.

Both the ladies arrived at the teppanyaki restaurant. Even before they walked inside, the amazing aroma of roast beef wafted in the air. Both Patricia and Dora couldn't help but drool at the thought of eating it. Their eyes fell on an empty table in a corner. They rushed in and took a seat, fearing if they delayed, somebody else would take it.

Patricia ordered two hot dishes. Seeing the eager

look in her eyes, Dora couldn't help but smile.

Noticing Dora's gaze, Patricia smiled gently and said, "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?" Patricia picked up the chopsticks and gently brushed the tip of Dora's nose.

She was starting to realize her relationship with Dora was like that of sisters. Although Lyndsy was her half-sister, they didn't feel any connection. In fact, they could hardly converse with each other.

In Lyndsy's eyes, Patricia was someone she could bully. They were akin to sworn enemies.

When Patricia first heard of Lyndsy's existence, she hadn't felt any hatred. Instead, she was curious to know what kind of a person her half-sister was. She had thought they would get along very well.

To her disappointment, after having met Lyndsy, her curiosity was quenched. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, she understood they would never get along.

"Miss Sampson, what are you thinking about? You are so absorbed in your thought!" Dora waved her hand in front of Patricia, trying to bring her out of her reverie. Her bright eyes were wide with curiosity. She had noticed the far-away look in Patricia's eyes. Dora couldn't help but smile adoringly.

Hearing this, Patricia shook her head and said, "Nothing important." Patricia's gaze then went to the snack street outside the door.

"Dora, the environment here is amazing and the price is quite reasonable. This is such a rare combination."

Dora was delighted to hear that. Smiling, she agreed, "Yes, I was also surprised when I first came here."

Years have passed but the price has remained unchanged." The two of them sat silently, smiling at each other.

Then she heard the waiter announce the arrival of their dish. Dora licked her lips, wishing the dish would reach them quickly.

A hint of expectation flashed across Patricia's face when the enticing aroma of food hit her nostrils. She stared at the iron plate that the waiter had brought. Busy with the thoughts of food, she was oblivious of the figure standing behind the waiter.

Just as the waiter put down the dish, that stranger bumped into the waiter. He did it in such a convincing manner that people were deluded into thinking it was an accident. He then deliberately kicked the table with his foot, causing the waiter's hands to slip. The iron plate on the waiter's hands flew towards Patricia.

Seeing this, Patricia instinctively raised her hands to cover her face to prevent the iron plate from harming her. Her action protected her beautiful face but her arms were scalded. Particularly, the arm she had bruised a while ago pained terribly.

"Ouch..." she screamed, feeling an excruciating pain. Her fair and smooth arms turned red in an instant. At the same time, the man who attacked her left in a hurry, not giving her a chance to take another look at him.

Patricia bit her lower lip to keep herself from screaming. She tried to get another look of the man who had caused her this pain. If she wasn't wrong, this was the same man who had bumped into Dora earlier.

Why was he after her?

Patricia couldn't come up with a solution to this question. She tried to dismiss these thoughts. At present, her concern should be her arms. She had to go to the hospital for treatment.

"Miss Sampson..." There were lines of worry on Dora's face as she looked at Patricia's arms. One could tell she was trying hard to suppress her panic.

To put her mind at ease, Patricia forced a smile. And then she inspected her arms. What she saw stupefied her! She hadn't expected her arms to have scalded so badly.

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"Dora, I'm fine. I will just have to visit the hospital," Patricia said with assurance as she looked at Dora. But Dora wasn't fooled. She knew it must be really painful. Else, Patricia wouldn't have let out such a loud cry.

The waiter, who had been standing aside, was embarrassed at what he had done. When Patricia stood up, he caught sight of the injury. He apologized profusely, "I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I'll pay you the medical fees."

Wearing a kind smile, Patricia shook her head. "No, thanks. That won't be required. You can clean the mess created here," she said. Without wasting any more time, she quickly left the place. Dora followed her behind.

Once they were out of the restaurant, Dora ran to a

shop and bought a bottle of mineral water. On reaching a secluded place, she asked Patricia to stretch out her arms. She opened the bottle cap and washed Patricia's arms carefully.

Dora had thought it was a mild scalding. Now that she got a close look, she noticed blisters had formed. This was more serious than she had anticipated. "Miss Sampson, we have to go to the hospital as soon as possible. Your wounds need to be treated instantly." Anxiety lined her face.

Hearing this, Patricia shook her head and said, "Dora, it's not that serious. You just need to give it a rinse. I'll deal with it. You don't have to fret over it."

Her words wouldn't dispel Dora's anxiety. She gazed sadly at Patricia. Before the two of them could say anything more, a familiar voice came from behind.



"Stupid woman, what are you talking about?" Zac was glaring at Patricia. His cold face darkened. He wished he could pry Patricia's head open to see what she was thinking. How could she dismiss her injury like this?

She was indeed stupid. Patricia was badly hurt. In spite of that, she was hell-bent on pretending like everything was fine. Couldn't she take care of herself?

"Mind your own business. This has nothing to do with you," she spat out angrily. Zac threw her a cold glance. She turned her face, not wanting to confront him.

Zac's fury was ignited. It dawned on him that the fact he cared about her meant nothing to her.

"You..." His fierce gaze was upon her. His face continued to darken.

Zac had come here out of his concern for her. But right now, he felt really stupid for doing so. After all, she hated him! He had seen Patricia's car when he passed by. Out of curiosity, he had taken it upon himself to follow her.

When the man pushed Dora, Zac had clearly seen it. He wanted to stop the man, but there were too many people there and he couldn't do anything. And when he tried to follow him, Patricia disappeared from his sight so he got distracted. He spent a lot of time trying to find her. He had also witnessed her getting scalded.

This had made Zac so angry. He wanted to beat the hell out of that stranger. Once again, the crowd had halted him from doing so.

Standing next to them, Dora looked at Patricia and

then looked at Zac. A strange idea popped into her mind. She winked at Zac, hinting him to take her to the hospital.

Understanding the meaning behind her expression, Zac nodded his head. He seemed to be telling her that she could relax. He would take care of everything.

Dora pursed her lips and looked at Patricia worriedly. She was convinced that if Patricia delayed going to the hospital, then she might end up with scars.

Dora took a look at Patricia's fair arms as she was holding them. If this injury left a scar, it would be terrible!

After pouring all the water in her hand, Dora nodded at Zac and said, "Miss Sampson, I'm going to buy some more water."

Hearing this, Patricia nodded but she hoped Dora would return quickly. Left on her own, Patricia inspected the blisters on her arms. There was a troubled frown on her face.

She had thought it was just a scald. But now she understood it was more serious than that. Her arms were painful and itchy. Even now, she could feel a burning sensation. Even though Dora had washed her wounds with cold water, Patricia didn't feel any better.

Zac was studying the look on her face. His anger magnified. Without saying anything, he walked up to Patricia, held her waist with his slender arm and ordered, "Come to the hospital with me now."

As soon as he finished speaking, Zac stared at Patricia with a darkened expression. If she wanted to resist, she could give it a try. He would force her to

the hospital.

His words had driven her mad with frustration. A touch of anger appeared on her face. She said fiercely, "Zac, just let go of me." As soon as she finished speaking, a pained expression entered her face.

She was already injured and to make things worse, she had to deal with Zac! Her day couldn't get any worse.

Hearing this, Zac glared at Patricia fiercely. Her words were angering him.

"No. don't you know how severe your injury is?" Zac spoke with a roar of rage. People around were starting to notice them. He seemed unbothered by the attention he was garnering. He wanted to take Patricia to the hospital at any cost.

When Zac saw the blisters on Patricia's arms, it deepened his worry. A trace of restlessness crossed his heart.

"This has nothing to do with you, I repeat," she said angrily. She turned her head away from him. She couldn't waste another second talking to him.

The next moment, she tried to free herself from his grasp. As she struggled, her wound ached. Patricia gave a small yelp of pain. However, she tried to suppress her pain, not allowing herself to make another sound.

Seeing the expression on Patricia's face, Zac shook his head. In spite of being injured, she was still stubborn. She insisted on hiding her pain.

'What will become of this girl, ' he thought to himself

and let out a frustrated sigh. He had no idea what he could do to make her listen to him.

Dora, who was standing near them, became anxious. "Mr. Reynolds, what are you doing? Just take her to the hospital."

Then, she heard a laughter coming from another direction.

"Well, what's my boss doing? He knows the love of his life is injured. Why is he wasting time talking nonsense when he can put her in the car and take her to the hospital?" Nicholas murmured angrily.

This voice was very familiar to Dora. She looked at the person who was speaking. Suspicion rose in her heart. "Why are you here?" she demanded.

Nicholas stared back at her. His expression settled

into a dissatisfied frown. "I should be the one asking you this question."

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### Chapter 205 Fighting Like A Hedgehog



Hearing this, Dora glared at Nicolas fiercely. She was on the verge of saying something when Nicholas made a gesture to shut her up. He then pointed his finger to the direction where Patricia and Zac stood.

Dora understood what he implied. This wasn't the right moment to pick a fight with Nicholas. Patricia was her current priority. If Zac didn't take Patricia to the hospital soon, it could get worse.



Just as Dora and Nicholas were worried about this, a good idea popped up in Zac's mind. His sexy thin lips slightly upturned, and a complacent smile appeared on his face. He couldn't help but look at Patricia with an intense look in his eyes.

When Patricia caught the glint in his eyes, a trace of vigilance appeared in her beautiful eyes. 'He won't do anything recklessly, will he? After all, there are so many people here!'

There was something disturbing about his gaze. She couldn't help but hope that it would all be fine. Her beautiful lips trembled slightly. When she was going to give utterance to her thoughts, Zac began to speak.

"Patricia, don't forget that I haven't stated my condition yesterday," he reminded. As soon as he finished his words, a triumphant smile crept upon his face.

Hearing this, Patricia couldn't help but remain stunned. She bit her lower lip and continued to glare at him angrily. Zac was going to take advantage of the situation, just as she had expected.

"Zac, I haven't used your check. I'll return it to you right now," she said haughtily. She had wanted to return it and jumped at this opportunity.

However, Zac wasn't going to accept it. Instead, he looked at her suspiciously and said in a low voice, "Patricia, we have made a deal and the check cannot be returned."

Patricia's anger was intensified. Frustrated, she looked at him and demanded, "Zac, what do you want?"

"Nothing. My offer is very simple. You have to do what

"I say and shouldn't disobey me in a month's time!" As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his chin with a smug expression of victory.

Hearing this, Patricia lowered her head and felt distressed. If she didn't agree to take up his offer, she was afraid that Zac would play some dirty trick on her. On the other hand, if she objected, she would be doomed!

After thinking for a while, she still didn't know what to do.

Seeing the hesitation on her face, Zac raised his hand and deliberately touched her injured arm.

At that moment, Patricia couldn't help but scream. Her face was covered with beads of sweat. She stared at Zac angrily and said, "Zac, you did it on purpose. You knew that my arms were injured, but you are

heartless enough to hurt me!"

Hearing this, Zac gave a little cough. "I know you are injured. Go to the hospital as soon as possible. Don't forget you have promised me that you wouldn't disobey me." A complacent smile lit up his face. He held Patricia's waist and walked towards the parking lot.

As time went by, her annoyance was elevated. She glared at him with a cold expression on her face. To keep herself from speaking, she gritted her teeth. She wished to get rid of Zac as soon as possible!

Seeing the two of them leave, Dora and Nicholas let out a sigh of relief. They couldn't help but smile. But when they looked at each other, the smiles soon left their faces. They gave a dissatisfied glare and went on separate ways!

After arriving at the hospital, Patricia became very quiet, like a piece of wood, following behind Zac and she did whatever Zac wanted without any resistance.

Patricia knew that if she resisted, she would have to pay for it. Under the circumstance, it was better to be obedient and silent.

What was more, she really needed to see a doctor now. Seeing more and more blisters had formed, Patricia couldn't help frowning. She felt a burning sensation rise up and could no longer bear the pain.

"You just need a bag of saline solution and some ointment. Don't worry," the doctor assured after inspecting her arms.

"Will there be scars left behind?" Zac asked anxiously and his gaze went to her arms.

Hearing this, the doctor shook his head and said in a low voice, "No." At this, both Zac and Patricia gave a sigh of relief.

Then, Patricia lay on the bed for infusion. Perhaps it was fatigue that led her to fall asleep so soon.

When Zac stood aside and saw her peaceful face, his sexy thin lips curved up slightly and a slight smile appeared on his face. He raised his hand and caressed her face.

"Stupid woman! Why are you so hell-bent on making things so difficult? Why are you always fighting against me like a hedgehog?"

Thinking of the various kinds of resistance that Patricia usually came up with, Zac couldn't help frowning. A hint of displeasure flashed across his face.

Truth be told, it annoyed him to watch her behave so harshly all the time!

But it didn't matter if he liked it or not. Every time she dealt with him, she would still turn into a fiery hedgehog and wouldn't give him a chance to get close to her.

"What should I do with you, Patricia?" he said forlornly. He frowned, shook his head helplessly and continued to stare at her.

The next moment, he touched her face again. This time, there was a trace of warmth between his fingers, and an unknown emotion emerged in his deep eyes.

When Patricia woke up, it was already midnight. Her throat was parched and she looked around for a glass of water.

Just as she was about to get up, a glass of water suddenly appeared in front of her. Patricia was shocked at first. Squinting her eyes, she could vaguely make out the person standing in front of her. Vigilance returned to her eyes.

"Zac..." she uttered. Her astonishment was evident. She frowned but wouldn't take the water from Zac's hand.

Seeing this, he shook his head in annoyance. "Aren't you going to accept this?" he asked sternly. As soon as he finished speaking, he was about to take the glass away.

Suddenly, Patricia reached out her hand and grabbed his wrist. She took the glass and murmured unhappily, "Zac, you did it on purpose."



"Yes, I did it on purpose," he agreed expressionlessly. He glanced at her and distress rose in his heart. He was accustomed to her attitude but it still maddened him.

"Why are you still here?" After drinking the water, she gave a cold glance at Zac. One could tell she wanted him gone as soon as possible.

Noticing what she meant, Zac pursed his lips. A trace of displeasure flashed across his cold face. He ignored what she said and sat, making no attempt to leave.

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Chapter 206 Bloody Scene



Patricia became furious upon seeing Zac's attitude. Glaring at him sharply, she opened and closed her fair and tender lips. She wanted to say something, but she was momentarily at a loss for words.

She knew that whenever Zac acted like this, there was no driving him away. He would shamelessly stay, and he would definitely be more unbridled because of the deal they had made.

Having realized this, Patricia knew it was pointless to say anything further. So, she lay down on the bed and stared up at Zac speechlessly. She was intent on having a good sleep.

Just then, a loud noise came from her stomach. Her face instantly flushed as she peeked embarrassingly at Zac.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she thought that

Zac hadn't heard.

But just as that sense of relief started washing over her, Patricia heard a low, pleasant voice speak to her. She looked at the source of the voice suspiciously.

"Are you hungry?" he questioned.

Patricia decided to ignore his question when she heard it. Instead, she subconsciously bit her lower lip as she stared directly at Zac. She gingerly touched her stomach with her slender hand, afraid it would make another loud sound.

"I thought you might be hungry. Are you really not hungry?"

Although she couldn't see Zac's expression, she could still discern the subtle laughter from the tone of his voice.

Frowning, Patricia slightly pursed her cherry-like lips. A dissatisfied expression crossed her face as she refused to answer his question. She had an inkling that he was deliberately teasing her.

Unconsciously, Zac stood up. A frown creased his brows when he heard no answer from her. Looking in her direction, he could still make out her figure even in the dim light.

"Are you really not hungry?" he asked again. A touch of sharpness appeared in his deep eyes as he looked directly into her eyes.

Hearing this, Patricia frowned unhappily and glared at him. Pursing her lips tightly, she felt a strong urge to not answer his question at all.

Zac couldn't help but sigh deeply when he saw this.

He knew well just how stubborn she could be, so he felt like an idiot arguing with her now.

Without saying another word, he strode away from her without looking back once.

Patricia frowned in confusion as she looked at Zac's receding figure.

Before she could wrap her mind around what had happened, Zac had returned. She wasn't sure what he was holding in his hands, but an aromatic fragrance wafted towards her nose. She unconsciously sat up as her stomach began to make sounds again. Patricia couldn't help but feel embarrassed by its loudness.

A soft smile appeared on Zac's sexy thin lips when he saw this. A trace of complacency flashed across his face. He quickly walked up to Patricia and handed her

the meat noodles.

"You can eat this if you're hungry." Immediately after saying this, Zac spun around and left before Patricia could speak to him.

Patricia frowned slightly and looked at Zac confusedly. He had left so hurriedly, she couldn't ask him anything.

The aroma of the food was so strong that she quickly forgot about Zac as her stomach started growling loudly.

Patricia quickly picked up her chopsticks and gulped down the noodles. This was the first time that she felt that meat noodles tasted so delicious.

A slight smile formed on Zac's lips as he stood outside the door and listened to her eating. A trace of

tenderness appeared in his deep eyes.

It was already the third day when Patricia was discharged from the hospital. Initially, the doctor had said that she would be fine after being infused a bag of saline solution. However, Zac came up with a multitude of excuses to keep her in the hospital for three days. As a result of this, the wounds on her arms recovered faster than she had expected.

A bright smile graced Patricia's face as she looked at her healed arms. Dora, who stood to the side, looked very grateful.

"Miss Sampson, it's great that your wounds have recovered. Otherwise, I..."

Dora broke down in tears as she spoke.

Seeing this, Patricia couldn't help but smile gently at

Dora. Patting Dora on the shoulder, she said gently, "Dora, I'm fine now. Don't be sad. If you really feel guilty, drink with me tonight to relieve my boredom!"

Dora stopped crying after she heard this. With her eyes wide open in confusion, she stared unblinkingly at Patricia, thinking she must have misheard.

"Miss Sampson, are you kidding me? You just recovered! You are not allowed to drink!"

"Who told you that? The doctor said I can eat anything." With a sly look in her eyes, Patricia cocked her eyebrows at Dora.

Noticing the look in Patricia's eyes, Dora cautiously asked, "Miss Sampson, are you..."

"Don't be silly. It's just a drink. We'll be back soon. What are you thinking about?" Patricia glared at Dora



before patting her head.

Dora nodded slightly after hearing this. Sensing that Patricia had been in a state of depression, she thought going out might help her relax and cheer up.

Since Dora had agreed, a bright smile appeared on Patricia's face. With Dora accompanying her, she wasn't afraid of anything happening nor of encountering Zac.

But things didn't go as Patricia had hoped.

After arriving at the bar, someone suddenly came in, causing trouble just as they had ordered their first cocktail. Frightened, Patricia and Dora hid themselves, not daring to come out.

The two sides were so fierce and they looked like they wanted to kill each other. Unable to get signal

reception in the bar, Patricia and Dora felt dejected when they realized they couldn't call the police. They both swallowed hard as they witnessed the bloody scene in front of them. They suddenly felt like they had chosen the wrong day to go out.

"Miss Sampson, what should we do now? We can't stay here. We will be in danger if they go crazy later," said Dora worriedly.

Hearing this, Patricia nodded in agreement. This was the first time her stoic expression betrayed her and showed her fear. It was also her first time seeing such a scene full of fighting and killing. At that moment, she didn't know how to deal with it. Moreover, someone was blocking the exit, so they couldn't get out.

"Dora, is there a back door in this place? Let's use the back door to get out of here!" Patricia tugged on Dora's clothes as she said this softly.

Suddenly, Dora pursed her lips helplessly and worriedly said, "Yes, there is, but..." Dora stopped speaking mid-sentence as if she didn't know what to say.

Patricia frowned slightly and looked at Dora in confusion, waiting for her to continue.

"Miss Sampson, come with me!" Looking helplessly at Patricia, Dora obviously felt it would be too hard to explain things, so she quickly took Patricia with her to the back door.

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Chapter 207 Got Caught



Patricia felt helpless as she stared at the wall in front of her which was much taller than either of them. She was rendered speechless for a moment. Her face shone with her astonishment as she slightly opened her mouth to say, "Dora, are you sure this is the back door?" She looked ardently at Dora as a trace of doubt crossed her face.

Sighing helplessly, Dora lowered her head and murmured, "There was an incident in the past where a gangster came in through the back door and caused trouble in the bar. The bar's owner was so infuriated that he converted the back door into a wall to prevent this from happening again."

As she spoke, Dora looked at the wall blankly. Pursing her lips, she unconsciously looked over at Patricia.

"Miss Sampson, what do you think we should do

now?"

"Let's climb over it!" said Patricia firmly as she gazed at Dora with her sharp eyes. Apparently, she was not afraid of the hurdle in front of her. It was, after all, only a wall.

Dora's eyes widened as she stared unblinkingly at Patricia in confusion, thinking that she had misheard.

"Miss Sampson, are you joking? You want us to climb over the wall? It's so high that even an adult man can't climb over it, not to mention us, two vulnerable women!"

"Other people can't accomplish this because they aren't as smart as us. But we are different from them." Smiling confidently, Patricia arched her eyebrows at Dora and gave her a look as if to say, 'don't worry.' She then turned around and silently walked over to

the trash heap.

Patricia was, indeed, a little worried by the height of the wall, but she refused to give up without trying. People were seriously fighting each other inside the bar, and she was fearful that they wouldn't stop until they fought to their deaths.

Since the bar was located in such a remote area, no one would notice what was happening inside. Furthermore, now that the bar's owner had run away, Patricia knew they couldn't rely on anyone but themselves for protection.

Dora was taken aback by the look in Patricia's eyes. She made it seem like what was happening today wasn't a big deal. So, she quietly followed her until she saw they were headed to the trash heap. Dora felt a sense of helplessness and didn't know what else to do.

"Dora, put these trash baskets along the wall and then put these planks on top of them." As soon as Patricia finished speaking, she immediately moved a trash basket and then put the plank on it.

Dora was shocked to see Patricia's serious expression. Without further ado, she followed suit, quickly piled up the trash baskets along the wall, and placed the planks on them.

Retrieving a stool from the trash heap, Patricia placed it next to the trash baskets. She would, thus, use the stool as a stepping stone to reach the planks.

Dora squealed in excitement as she looked at the makeshift ladder-like device made by the trash baskets and the planks. She gazed at Patricia with admiration and whispered, "Miss Sampson, you're amazing. How did you come up with such a plan?"

Smiling gently at Dora, Patricia signaled for her to stop talking and join her.

Somehow, Patricia couldn't shake the uneasiness in her heart, fearing that something terrible was going to happen.

Dora smiled brightly as she looked at Patricia. Walking over to her, she said, "Miss Sampson, you go up first. I'll follow after you."

Patricia couldn't help but frown as she heard this. She was reluctant to go up first and leave Dora behind. But just as she was about to voice her opinion, she heard a sound from not far away. Shifting her attention in that direction, she saw a man standing there with a fierce look on his face as he stared at her and Dora like he wanted to eat them up.



Both Dora and Patricia were taken aback as they saw this expression in the man's eyes. Before they could say something, the man spoke up.

"It seems that you two wanted to escape. It's lucky that I found you!" With a weird smile on his face, the man slowly advanced towards them after speaking, one step at a time.

Dora immediately understood what the look in his eyes meant.

"Miss Sampson, you go up first. I'll cover you!" Dora then boldly stepped forward. Picking up a wooden stick beside her, she brandished it at the man without hesitation.

Although Dora had learned Taekwondo, winning a fight was dependent on who had more experience. So, even though she took the initiative and fought this

man, her efforts were all in vain as she was easily caught by him.

"Miss Sampson, forget about me! You should get out of here!" Dora shouted at Patricia while kicking the man.

Patricia was shocked to see this. She hadn't anticipated this turn of events. She was suddenly very frightened.

"You..." She wanted to speak, but she didn't know what to say. She was too surprised to say or do anything at the moment.

Seeing the look in Patricia's eyes, Dora couldn't help but scream out, "Miss Sampson, hurry up and escape from here!"

As soon as Dora started shouting, the man hit her

behind the neck, instantly silencing her as she fainted.

Patricia was too shaken by this scene to say anything. She could only look directly at the man in front of her.

Realizing the seriousness of the situation, she screamed. However, her feet felt frozen to the spot, almost like someone had cast a spell on her, rendering her immobile.

"Are you scared? Why did you suddenly become dumb? Do you not know how to run away?" The man sneered as he walked towards Patricia, step by step, with a weird smile on his face.

Patricia unconsciously reached for the trash beside her, pick it up, and threw it hard at the man. She just wanted to get out of the current predicament as soon as possible.

Her attack did nothing to hinder the man's advance. He quickly raised his hand and caught the trash she threw. In an instant, he readily threw it back at her.

Patricia was hit in the face by the trash before she could evade it. Turning her head away in pain, she glimpsed the man standing directly in front of her.

"Keep throwing. Let me see what else you can throw at me!" The man looked down at Patricia with a mocking smile on his face.

Seeing this expression made her feel dejected. Frowning slightly, she stared at the man with dissatisfaction as she bit her lower lip.

"What's wrong? Are you not satisfied? As long as you obey me, I won't beat you and will make you feel really good!" the man said laughingly, his face full of his lust.

Patricia knew what this look of his meant. She bit her lower lip tightly as she glared angrily at the man.

"Get away from me!" she roared. Her cold eyes were sharp like a knife, cutting straight into him.

The man sneered at the sight of this, looking at her with both a lustful and teasing expression. He grazed his rough fingers over Patricia's body. He whistled and whispered, "Today is my lucky day. I got to meet two pretty girls! As long as you behave well, I'll reward you!"

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Chapter 208 Zac, Help Me



As soon as she heard this, Patricia kicked hard at the man's crotch. He deserved worse than death for this, so she reasoned that it was okay to kick him.

However, the man, predicting her next move, quickly closed his thighs and caught Patricia's raised calf in an instant. With a playful smile on his face, he asked greedily, "What's wrong? Can't wait?" He then burst out in wild laughter after he finished speaking.

Tossing Dora aside, he held on to Patricia and pinned her against the wall.

"Let go of me, or don't blame me for being rude!" hissed Patricia. She coldly glanced at the man, her anger apparent by the expression on her face. She wanted nothing more than to throw this man into the sea.

The man couldn't help but laugh frantically as he heard this statement. Raising his hand, he grabbed

Patricia by the chin and slightly lifted her face. In a low voice, he growled, "Who do you think you are, woman? Do you think you are Miss World? Acting a little intimidating isn't going to frighten anyone! Besides, earlier, you were looking at me quite expectantly! So, let's really do it."

Just then, an unprecedented scream filled the air. Patricia and the man both turned and looked in the direction of the scream. They saw a man, lying on the ground trying to open his mouth to say something. However, he was being trampled on by Nicholas.

"You son of a bitch! How dare you touch her with your filthy hands! You must be tired of living! Release her at once!" shouted Nicholas as he angrily pointed at the man holding Patricia. A fire burned in his eyes, and he looked like he wanted to have a brawl with this man.

Seeing Nicholas, Patricia's eyes lit up, and a glimmer of hope rose in her heart. Biting her lower lip, she looked expectantly at Nicholas, wishing for him to save her as soon as possible.

After hearing what Nicholas said, the man pulled Patricia in front of him.

"It appears that you came here alone. Do you really think you can save her by yourself? Don't you know that a hero will always need the assistance of others in order to save the damsel in distress?"

Nicholas became enraged when he saw Patricia's frightened expression. However, before he could make his way to her, someone grabbed him by the wrist from behind and yanked him backward.

Suddenly, Nicholas disappeared from Patricia's line of sight.



She was in shock as she watched this unfold. A touch of uneasiness emerged in her heart as she stared blankly at the now vacant spot where Nicholas disappeared.

'What's going on over there? Did something happen to Nicholas?'

Before Patricia came to her senses, a burst of disdainful laughter came from above her head. Then she heard her captor mutter, "I thought he wanted to save you. I have a lot of men stationed outside. He would have to defeat all my men first if he wanted a chance at saving you!"

Patricia grew alarmed as she heard this. Looking in the direction Nicholas disappeared, she wondered if he had gotten caught by those men.

This thought scared her even more. Unconsciously, she moved her body, trying to get rid of the man's control. Unfortunately, she was not as strong as her captor, so try as she might, she couldn't break free of his hold on her. Her struggle did, however, arouse the man's interest.

"You really know how to attract a man! So, you like playing cat and mouse, don't you? I like this kind of game."

Patricia was momentarily stunned as she heard this. She instantly stopped moving, standing still like a piece of wood. She feared she would arouse the man's interest further if she continued to move.

The man laughed wildly when he saw the obedient look on Patricia's face.

Feeling the man's hand on her, Patricia screamed as

she twisted her body to escape his touch. She just wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible. His touch repulsed her so much she was rendered speechless.

Suddenly, the man clasped the back of her head with his hand and pressed her against the wall. It all happened so fast that Patricia was left with no time to think about resisting him.

Startled by his behavior, Patricia felt a sense of dread wash over her. Turning her head in the direction where Nicholas disappeared, she shouted, "Nicholas, help me! Please hurry and save me!"

The man immediately covered her mouth with a piece of cloth the moment she started screaming. With a complacent look on his face, he said in a low voice, "Let's see how well you shout now. Keep on shouting! Let me see if you can do it!"

Patricia was so stunned to see such an expression she couldn't help but look at him blankly. Her fair face was void of expression as she became more terrified.

It took a moment before she regained her senses. She kept shaking her head, her voice muffled by the cloth in her mouth. Her eyes were brimming with her anger as she glared at the man. Out of the corner of her eyes, she looked not far away, expecting to see a familiar figure appear.

'Zac...!' The moment Zac's image popped up in her mind, she couldn't help but look forward to Zac coming and rescuing her. She couldn't explain why, but at this moment, she longed for him to appear and save her from her predicament.

Perhaps it was because he always showed up whenever her life was in danger that she became

accustomed to it. So, naturally, she thought of Zac whenever she met peril.

But no matter the reason, Patricia's only hope right now was to escape this predicament as soon as possible.

"What's wrong? Are you still hoping that someone will come and save you? No one is coming to rescue you. How about I let you call out for help so we can see if someone would answer your cries for help?" With a look of disdain on his face, the man immediately removed the cloth from her mouth.

As soon as he did this, Patricia shouted out in fear, "Nicholas, help me! Nicholas... Zac, help me! Come and save me, Zac!"

She kept shouting relentlessly, but no one appeared. All she heard was laughter above her head in

response to her cries.

"Look! Since no one is coming to save you, why don't you serve me well? I wouldn't mistreat you." The man smiled salaciously as he said this.

Just as his face drew near hers, he suddenly started screaming in pain. Before Patricia could realize what had happened, she heard a deep, pleasant voice nearby.

"How about I serve you instead? I'll let you know what will happen if you hurt my woman!"

As soon as the mysterious man finished speaking, another scream filled the air before the man's face became distorted under the excruciating pain.

Patricia was stunned to see the man's expression.

Before she came to her senses, she was suddenly pulled back by a strong force. A slender arm grabbed Patricia around her waist. She immediately turned and quickly got out of the man's hold.

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

### Chapter 209 Terrified

Patricia pursed her lips when she saw the anger in Zac's deep eyes. A trace of displeasure crossed her fair face as she whispered, "Zac, why are you looking at me like that?"

Initially, when she had heard his voice, she had become elated, knowing that she was saved. But when she saw his grim expression, her moment of

happiness was replaced instantly with a feeling of dejection.

'What the hell is wrong with Zac? Instead of comforting me, he's looking at me angrily. What does he mean by acting like this?'

From the look in his eyes, it was clear to Patricia that he was furious at her and wanted to beat her up.

Zac became more enraged by her question, his anger becoming more apparent on his face as his expression turned cold. He gasped angrily. At that moment, he really wished he could throw her into the trash can.

"You know why!" Zac said as he breathed heavily.

'This woman is really daring. Last time she had gone to a bar to drink. Now, here she is, at another bar,



drinking. Only this time, the bar is not safe! She really doesn't know how to take good care of herself! If I don't teach her a good lesson this time, I will never relieve my anger.'

"You..." With her eyes wide open, Patricia looked at Zac unhappily. She, too, was breathing heavily. Moreover, she was very displeased with his attitude.

It was at this time that the man slowly turned around, and with one hand resting on his injured stomach and the other holding an iron rod, he roared, "You brat! Do you want to die? How dare you attack me from behind? Today, I will show you just how powerful I am. Did you think you could defeat me?" As soon as he finished speaking, he immediately brandished the iron rod in his hand fiercely at Zac.

Seeing this, Zac pushed Patricia out of harm's way. He then picked up a plank beside him and swung it at

the man's stomach.

Since the man was not as fast as Zac, he could not deliver his blow and instead got struck in the stomach. He instantly kneeled over, screaming, his face distorted by the pain.

"You bastard!" said the man with great difficulty as he stared at Zac in pain.

Sneering, Zac quickly walked up to the man, raised his foot, and kicked him hard in the stomach.

He then bent down and grabbed the man's head with his slender arm. Looking at him coldly, he said, "Which hand of yours has touched her just now?"

The man was surprised by Zac's question. However, a surge of fear washed over him as he looked at Zac. He dared not utter a word.

The cold expression on Zac's face was terrifying. Seeing such a murderous look, the man realized that if Zac unleashed his wrath on him, no one would be able to save him.

"Answer me!" roared Zac as he looked viciously at the man. Grabbing the man by his hair, he pressed his head hard into the ground.

Patricia was stunned as she saw this. Unconsciously, she lifted her hand and covered her mouth, unable to say anything.

Just then, Nicholas walked over to them. Noticing Patricia's expression, he pursed his lips, coughed, and whispered, "Boss, it seems that Miss Sampson is injured. You should come over here!"

Zac immediately shook off the man, kicked him hard

once more, and then made his way over to Patricia's side. Worriedly, he looked her over from head to toe, searching for any visible wounds.

"Where were you injured?" he asked. Zac squinted at Patricia. The anger he felt still hadn't disappeared and was visible in his eyes and through his expression.

Seeing Zac's expression left Patricia momentarily stunned. Taking a deep breath, she quickly regained her senses. She looked blankly at him, her hand still covering her mouth.

Zac's earlier appearance had terrified her. This was, after all, her first time seeing him behave in such a manner.

He seemed to sense something as he looked into her eyes. Unconsciously, he looked over at Nicholas, searching for some hints from his face.

Seeing this, Nicholas winked at him as if trying to tell him something.

Zac immediately understood what the look in Nicholas' eyes meant. Presumably, Patricia had been afraid of how he looked earlier.

Zac couldn't help but purse his lips as he realized this. A trace of depression crossed his face, and he didn't know what to say. After all, he seldom behaved like this in front of others. However, after witnessing how Patricia had been treated by this man, he flew into a rage out of concern for her.

At this moment, a sharp, clear voice broke the silence.

"Miss Sampson! Thank God you are okay!" screamed Dora. That was when she noticed Zac next to Patricia.

She was shocked to see him and asked him suspiciously, "Mr. Reynolds, why are you here?"

But before Zac could respond, she squealed and said brightly, "I know! Mr. Reynolds, you must have come to save Miss Sampson! That's great!" Dora then looked curiously at Patricia, then Zac, as her mind ran wild.

This statement brought Patricia back to her senses. Taking a deep breath, she regained her usual aloofness as she looked at Zac. Before she could say anything, he stretched out his long arm and wrapped it around her slim waist. With Patricia in his arms, he walked off unscrupulously, ignoring Nicholas and Dora.

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders indifferently as he watched their retreating figures. He knew it would turn out like this.

But Dora was different. For some reason, she couldn't help but follow Patricia. She wanted to ask Patricia clearly, but Nicholas stopped her from approaching them.

"What are you doing?" Dora glared at him unhappily. Every time she met him, she felt like they were enemies about to duke it out.

Seeing the dissatisfaction in Dora's eyes, Nicholas glared at her with the same displeasure and said disdainfully, "Are you blind? Mr. Reynolds has something to talk to Miss Sampson about. If you go with them, then they wouldn't be able to speak privately."

Hearing this, Dora came to her senses and knew what had happened. But she became unhappy when she saw Nicholas' expression.

"Even so, you don't have to block my way!" She glared at Nicholas unhappily, a touch of displeasure on her face. As soon as she finished speaking, Dora immediately stretched out her hand to hit his arm away and walked off, ignoring his expression.

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Chapter 210 Locked



Nicholas flew into a rage. While gritting his teeth in anger, he stared fiercely at Dora as she left. One day, he swore he would let this woman know how powerful he really was.

Meanwhile, Zac escorted Patricia out of the bar. He



threw her into his Porsche and drove away despite her protests.

"Zac, stop the car! What are you doing?! What the fuck is your problem?" Patricia roared while glaring at Zac. She wanted to stop him from driving, but she feared she would only cause an accident.

Zac did not say a word. He just took a deep breath and looked at her with his deep eyes that were flashing in anger.

Patricia turned her face away in a huff. "Zac, don't think that I can't do anything to you just because you're not saying anything. I want to get off. Pull over!"

It was unlike her to be like this as she was always calm and composed. But now in front of Zac, she was like a shrew, noisy and defiant.

Zac could not stand her nagging anymore, so he heavily stepped on the brakes near a wharf and stared at her with displeasure.

The car came to a screeching halt. Patricia would have flown out if she had not fastened her seatbelt. Fortunately, she did.

"Zac, you..."

Patricia glared at him angrily. Before she could finish her words, Zac interrupted her.

"Patricia, are you out of your mind?!" Zac bellowed while staring at her with an intense gaze. He looked as though he wanted to throw her into the sea to feed the fish.

"You're crazy! Don't you know how dangerous it is to

suddenly step on the brakes like that?" she fired back.

Her voice when she spoke was low yet full of conviction, and she looked into Zac's eyes without fear.

Zac sneered upon hearing this. The anger on his face disappeared in an instant, and not a hint of emotion could be seen on his face. "I'm crazy? Was I crazy just because I slammed on the brakes? What about you? Isn't it crazier for a woman to go to a bar where it is obviously unsafe?!" His last few words echoed in the car.

'Really? The only thing she cares about is that braking sharply is dangerous? Wasn't what she had done more dangerous?'

Sometimes, when Zac was furious, he wished he could pry open Patricia's head to see what was inside

and figure out how she could say those righteous things.

"I..." Patricia averted her gaze. She opened her mouth to speak, but she could not find any words to refute him.

She was aware that she was in the wrong. She should not have gone to a bar. She never expected that it was such an unsafe place for a lady like her.

But even if Zac was right, Patricia believed that he was not in the position to question and reprimand her.

"What's wrong? Why are you speechless? Have you realized now that you were wrong?" Zac sneered, and his deep eyes glinted in anger. He wanted to say something more and teach her a lesson, but no words came out of his mouth.

Judging from the look on Patricia's face, even if he said something, she would not listen.

"Fine. I might've been wrong, but you have no right to scold me." Patricia turned to her side as soon as she finished speaking. She did not want to talk to him, so she decided to open the door of the car and leave.

But just as she did so, Zac locked the door.

What he had done infuriated Patricia. She turned to face him and asked, "Zac, what the fuck do you want?!"

Zac slowly turned his head to her and coldly said, "Promise me that you won't go to a bar without my permission."

Patricia was taken aback by his demand. It took her a moment to come to her senses, and when she did,

she retorted, "Are you insane?! Why should I promise you that?" Her eyes widened in anger, and she stared at Zac without blinking.

'What did he mean by that? I'm not allowed to go to a bar without his permission? Who does Zac think he is? He means nothing to me! Why do I have to listen to every word he says?' she mused.

Zac narrowed his eyes in displeasure. "Don't forget our agreement. You've agreed that you will abide by everything I say in a month," he reminded in an icy cold voice.

Patricia's lips curled into a sneer. "Why do I have to listen to you? Who are you anyway? Just to let you know, you have no right to control me!"

She would never say such words on a normal occasion. But for some reason, she did today.

Perhaps she was scared, angry, or upset that she was unable to control her tongue.

"Say that again!" Zac demanded while fuming with anger.

'How could this woman say that?! Does she have a death wish?'

"I won't say it again. You heard me," Patricia retorted with a sardonic smile. A smug look appeared on her face when she said that.

Zac was even more infuriated. He looked at Patricia with a deep scowl and breathed heavily like an angry bull.

"You..."

"What? Was I wrong?" Patricia asked crossly. She

was not afraid of him at all.

Zac snorted and gave her a death stare. He clenched his fists so hard that the veins on the back of his hands bulged. "You have quite a sharp tongue. Let's see how you'll react to this."

All of a sudden, he grabbed her waist and pulled her closer to him. Then, a sly smile appeared on his cold face as he stared at her.

Patricia shuddered as she saw the look in his eyes. He was frightening, and her instincts told her to leave at once.

Although she wanted to do that, she could not. She was locked in his car with no chance of escape.

"Zac—"



Before she could say another word, Zac moved closer to her and pressed his lips against hers.

He kissed her hard and fervently.

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