

The mother and daughter sat chit-chatting with each other. After a while, Giselle received a call from the Lowell family and she had no choice but to hurry back.

Seeing the anxious look on her face, Patricia couldn't help but feel sorry for her. She let out a heavy sigh. In the deepest recesses of her mind, she wondered if she was to blame for her mother's sufferings.

Patricia was too tired to dwell too long on these thoughts. She sat on the sofa and fell asleep while watching a Korean drama.

She was too soundly asleep to hear Zac's arrival. He walked on a tiptoe, afraid of waking her up.

When he saw Patricia had fallen asleep on the sofa, Zac frowned and shook his head. It incurred his displeasure. "What a stupid woman! Your fever is just gone, but here you are acting so carelessly!" he muttered under his breath.

He leaned forward and carefully held her in his arms. Then he took her to the bed and tucked her in.

He didn't leave instantly. Instead, he sat on the edge of the bed and gazed at her. Leaning, he placed a kiss on her soft cheek. "I wonder if you will like the gift I got for you," he said. Then his eyes shifted to the small box he had placed at the head of the bed. His mouth tilted upwards slightly at the corners, a smile appearing on his face.

When Patricia woke up, she rubbed her eyes and noticed it was already morning. 'My throat is parched. I need water, ' she thought to herself and got off the

bed. As she made her way to the living room, a thought occurred to her. She let out a small scream and looked around.

From what she remembered, she had fallen asleep on the sofa while watching a Korean drama. Then how had she reached the bedroom?

Curiosity moved her to go back to her room. She stood there and looked around. Her eyes fell on the small box at the head of the bed. Slowly, she opened it. What she saw inside surprised her!

This was the dress she had tried on! Even though she thought it was the most perfect dress, it was too expensive for her. Giselle and Jack had offered to buy it for her but she wouldn't hear of it.

But now, it was here! This had to be Zac's doing.

She remembered the look she had seen on his face when he saw her in this dress. She looked around, but was disappointed to see Zac was gone.

Holding the dress tightly against her bosom, Patricia tried to suppress her elation. There was an indescribable sense of happiness in her heart. Once she regained her senses, a few questions popped into her mind.

'Why did Zac buy this dress? Was it a gift? If so, what's he trying to say with this gift?'

As these puzzled thoughts whirled in her mind, a piece of paper fell down from the dress. She instantly recognized the handwriting. It was from Zac!

She read it out loud, "The dress fits you very well. You look beautiful in it!"

Patricia's heart beat violently as she read the letter.

A faint smile spread across her face. There was a mirror in front of her and she caught the expression on her face. Coughing, she said, "It's only a dress. He had no reason to buy it!"

Even as she said this, she was holding it tightly against her. To her, it had more value than a treasure.

Having received enough sleep and a pleasant surprise, Patricia was in high spirits today. She went to the company and headed straight to the manager's office. She hadn't finished her work because of her sickness and thought it was best to tell him about it.

To her amazement, the manager took the news very well. Not only did he forgive her for the delay, but he also offered to do the work himself!

Patricia looked at him with a puzzled frown. She couldn't help but think there was an ulterior motive behind this.

The manager saw the look on her face and put on a flattering smile. "Miss Sampson, I've been harsh with you before. I can only hope you will forgive me for it. To make up for it, I have a small gift for you. Please accept it."

Then he looked at his pocket and pulled out a gold peach from it. He gazed at Patricia with a smile.

He was right when he said he had behaved harshly with her. However, his kindness deepened her frown. Coughing, she said, "I appreciate your kindness." She took a step back, not intending to accept his gift.

Her rejection of his gift turned him livid. The smile on his face froze. Embarrassedly, he said, "Don't you like

my gift? This gold peach is the only thing that will match your identity."

The more he spoke, the confused she became. She couldn't understand why the tables had turned like this. Why was the manager being so sweet to her? She couldn't shake off the feeling that there was a hidden agenda.

"I am not a naive person. We are both adults. Cut to the chase and tell me what it is that you want from me?" Patricia stared at the manager with a stern expression.

He broke out in a cold sweat. Hiding his fear, he smiled awkwardly and went on, "Patricia, you need to stop questioning my motives. It's just that I realized I was very stupid. I didn't treat you well and I am here for your forgiveness."

"I bear no malice towards anybody. It's forgotten." Her voice was still cold. Judging from the manager's expression, she was certain there was someone behind all this.

'Could it be Kareem who did this?' she wondered and then shook her head. The manager had seen Kareem before and he wasn't half as respectful as he was now.

When the manager heard Patricia's answer, he gave a great bellow of laughter. He put the gold peach back in his pocket. "Patricia, I can't believe that I had failed to notice how generous and nice you are. It is no wonder that Mr. Reynolds likes you so much."

'Mr. Reynolds? Zac?' Patricia's thoughts were in a whirl.

"What did you say? Mr. Reynolds?" she asked. She



could not hide her astonishment. Suspicion was written all over her face.

The manager thought she was acting. He snickered and said, "Don't joke with me. Early in the morning, I heard Mr. Reynolds tell our CEO to take good care of you."

It was only now she understood what was going on! Turned out Zac had done something to help her get this job.

Otherwise, with her current reputation, no company would be willing to keep her.

"I see." She gave a wry smile and turned around to leave the office. She had to start working.

Her mind was elsewhere. She couldn't think straight. Zac was secretly doing so much for her.

This realization was too hard to grasp.

Her working efficiency was very low. Every time she tried to work, a thousand thoughts related to Zac would jostle inside her mind. 'Why did he do so much for me and yet keep it a secret?

What on earth is he trying to do?'

Soon, it was time for her to get off work. It was then she noticed she hadn't got anything done! She had spent all those hours thinking about Zac.

She left the Skyline Corp. tiredly and was startled to see Kareem in the parking lot.

"Patricia, finally you are done with work!" he exclaimed. A gentle smile present on his face, he walked towards her.

He was clad in a business suit and came bearing a bouquet of 99 roses. He was standing at the gate of the parking lot. One had to admit he looked quite handsome and charming. If he gave a wink, thousands of girls would fall at his feet.

On the surface he seemed vibrant and happy but there was a melancholy look in his eyes. After all, he had spent the whole night wondering why Patricia had rejected him.

Having dwelt on it for a long time, he concluded it was because she was still suspicious of his feelings. She wasn't yet convinced he genuinely loved her.

Everything happened in a hurry so she had every reason to be wary. However, he was determined to show her how true his feelings were!

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Chapter 242 | Am Not Worth I



Strong feelings were aroused in Kareem. He wasn't sure how he would deal with it. In the end, he resorted to asking her to become his girlfriend again.

Truth be told, it was the first time he had experienced something like this. After Patricia downright rejected him, he was left wondering what to do. His whole world seemed to have collapsed. Inside, he was a jumble of emotions. But one thing he knew for sure was that he wasn't ready to give up.

"Kareem..." Patricia said, her voice almost a whisper. Her eyes met his eyes and she bit her lips. What she saw in them were genuine feelings. She didn't know

what to say.

"Patricia, are you hungry? Let's go to a restaurant and eat," he suggested. Without waiting for her response, he grabbed her wrist and strode towards his BMW.

Patricia was left feeling helpless. She tried to shake free from his grasp.

"Kareem, listen to me," she said anxiously. She tried to sound stern, hoping that would be her cue to leave her alone.

He noticed the look on her face and was momentarily scared. But instead of leaving, he handed the roses to her and said gently, "This is for you, Patricia."

Patricia had no desire to take them, but he was forcing them on her. In desperation, she had to take the roses. However, she wasn't going to go to a

restaurant with him.

"Kareem, listen to me," she said. For some reason, her voice was eerily calm now. Kareem was the one who felt a spasm of panic sweep over him.

The calmer Patricia became, the more frightened he became. He grabbed her wrist more tightly and stared at her, his eyes tinged with affection.

"Patricia, I know you don't believe I am earnest. The deeds I have committed in the past have made you wary of me. But please believe me, I am sincere this time. I promise that no such thing will happen in the future. There won't be any other woman. It will be just you."

He spoke like he was chanting an oath.

Patricia couldn't meet his gaze and she bit her lips.

Every now and then she opened her pink lips, wanting to say something. However, she had difficulty forming her words properly.

Her hesitation didn't go unnoticed by Kareem. Watching it was more painful than physical torture. He swallowed and anxiously waited for her response.

But when she was about to speak, Kareem further tightened his grip on her hand and said, "Patricia, you have to believe me. I really love you."

His face was flamed with excitement. As these strong emotions came over him, he failed to realize he was hurting her.

She felt an excruciating pain in her wrist and let out a scream. Her pained eyes were on Kareem.

"Kareem, can you please let me go? You are hurting

me!"

Kareem quickly let go of her and anxiously looked at her up and down, making sure she was alright.

With a gentle wave of her hand, she told him she was fine. Then she calmly looked into his eyes and said, "Kareem, you are the first man who has confessed his love to me. I would be lying if I didn't admit I was slightly delighted by your gesture. However, what I feel for you is gratitude but gratitude has nothing to do with love. I am sorry, but I can't become your girlfriend."

Stunned, he stared at her for a full minute. When the initial shock subsided, he began to feel despair. Another idea occurred to him.

"Patricia, even if you don't like me now, I am willing to wait," he assured. His eyes gleamed with excitement



as he suggested, "Patricia, give me a chance. I am willing to wait as long as possible."

His smile was gentle, brimming with affection. His determination was as strong as ever. It was as if he had set his mind and nothing could dissuade him.

She began to feel morose when she saw how badly he wanted her. Forcing a smile, she said, "Kareem, you don't have to do this. I am not worth it."

She didn't consider herself worthy of his love.

"It's up to me to decide. For me, nothing in the world is more worthy of my love than you!" Kareem couldn't let her demean herself like that. To him, she was the most important person.

Her face crumpled up and she burst into tears. Kareem's words had touched her deeply.

The emotion Kareem felt for her was similar to what she had for Zac. She had once reached a point where she was willing to sacrifice herself for love.

"Kareem, why are you doing this to yourself?" she asked, feeling gloom descend over her. Kareem wouldn't take no for an answer.

Zac, who was standing not far away, saw this scene unravel. He was watching them with a dull, glassy eyes. Her tears were telling him a story!

"Jack, stop!"

Jack, who was going out, was instantly stopped by his mother. He stared at her in confusion.

"Mother, what's wrong with you? What has caused you to lose your temper right after the meal?" Her

conduct displeased him, but he tried to remain calm.

When Jack received the news that Kareem was pestering Patricia again, he was eager to help her. But as soon as he arrived at the door, his mother stopped him!

"Jack, do you think I don't know what you are going to do? Listen to me and don't go out!" she ordered sternly. Glaring at him, she walked out of the dining room and stood near him.

Before Jack could say something in his defense, she roared, "You are forbidden from meeting that bitch, Patricia!" She was quaking with fury.

Jack gave a small frown and regarded his mother unhappily. He had no idea how he would deal with it.

His mother was against his friendship with Patricia.

Her dislike was so strong, she sent him abroad.

What troubled him the most was that Patricia hadn't done anything bad to his mother. What reason did she have for hating her so much?

"Mother, why did you utter such unkind words? I am only going out to have some fun." He gave her a dazzling smile, patted on her shoulder and strode away.

His mother wasn't given any time to react. Before she knew, he had disappeared from her sight!

"Jack, you brat!" Jack's mother stamped her feet in frustration. His father, on the other hand, was eating his food leisurely.

She regarded him angrily for not saying anything. Jack's father raised his head slowly and explained,

"Our son has grown up. He knows what to do. We can't dictate his life."

"Nonsense! I think he is simply obsessed with that bitch, Patricia. You are too blind to see the truth."

Jack's mother made no attempt to hide her displeasure.

Even after hearing this remark, Jack's father continued to eat his meal. However, a sharp light flashed across his eyes, it was as if some serious thought had come to his mind.

Walking out of the White family, Jack felt quite bitter about what took place inside his house. He always knew his mother disapproved of his friendship with Patricia. But he hadn't anticipated her hatred would be so strong!

Jack shook his head slightly. He was worried about

Patricia's safety. Kareem could react quite violently when he was enraged.

Patricia was compelled to give in. She wanted to refuse his offer to have dinner with him but he wouldn't give her a chance to turn him down.

Kareem kept badgering her, not taking no for an answer.


Patricia didn't verbally say yes, but reluctantly acquiesced. This led him to believe he stood a chance.

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Chapter 243 Think It Through





"Here we are, Patricia," Kareem gently said while gazing at her with an affectionate look in his eyes.

Patricia could not help but frown as she met his eyes. But then, she smiled politely at him and quickly got off the car.

All of a sudden, something occurred to her, so she turned around to face him again. She could not help but bite her lower lip in pondering. Just as she was about to say something, Jack grabbed her hand and pulled her away from Kareem's car.

"Mr. Reynolds, do you want to taste my fists again?" Jack asked threateningly.

Kareem frowned in displeasure. Without a word, he got out of the car, wanting to free Patricia from Jack's grasp.

Anger surged in his heart. How he wished he could beat Jack to pulp right then and there.

"Mr. White, please let go of Patricia," he said politely, yet his eyes were flashing with anger.

Jack merely snickered at the angry look in Kareem's eyes. He cleared his throat and scoffed, "Mr. Reynolds, do you think I'll listen to you? Who do you think you are?"

Patricia glared at Jack, speechless. She could not help but think how audacious he was for provoking Kareem at this time.

"Stop arguing, will you? I'm going home, and you two should too." She stared daggers at the two men. She did not want anything to do with these two. Her reputation was already bad enough. She did not want



it to get any worse.

As soon as she finished speaking, she shook off Jack's hand and turned around.

"Patricia..." Kareem and Jack called at the same time, a hint of worry in their eyes.

"Don't follow me. Go back to sleep!" she ordered without even looking back.

Patricia could not help but heave an exasperated sigh when she was finally back in her house. She had had enough trouble from Kareem and, now, Jack. She could not stand the two bickering in front of her.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she sat on the balcony and gazed at the stars in the sky. A sense of melancholy washed over her, and a lot of things came to her mind at once.

She thought of what her mother had said, Kareem, Jack, and... Zac.

She pondered for a long time, and yet nothing became clear.

After a long while, she heard the door open, which made her stiffen on the spot. She thought that it might be Zac, so she hid in the balcony but poked her head out to confirm her suspicion.

She was right. It was indeed Zac. He came in with a toolbox in his hand. It seemed that he came here to repair something.

A look of astonishment flashed on her face. As she watched him go to the bathroom, something suddenly dawned on her.

'Is Zac here to...?'

Patricia silently hid behind the door of the bathroom and observed him.

She was near enough from Zac that she could hear him grumbling to himself, "This stupid woman. This tap is broken, and yet she hadn't called a handyman to fix it."

Despite his discontent, Zac repaired the broken tap with ease. It was hot in there, so he decided to take off his shirt drenched with sweat. He then proceeded to replace the busted light bulb and fix the heater.

Patricia stared at him, her lips pursed in suspicion.

'How did he know that there were things in my apartment that needed to be fixed?' she wondered.

She was actually planning on calling a repairman later.

However, she never expected that Zac would come here and fix them himself. She must admit, she was impressed. He seemed to be really good at it.

As she gazed at him, her rosy lips curled into a smile.

"Patricia..." Zac was startled by her that he called her name. Once he got ahold of himself, he walked towards her and gently asked, "Did I wake you up?" He did not seem to notice that he was topless.

Patricia was taken aback for a moment but shook her head in response. For some reason, she felt that the way Zac looked at her and talked to her was like a husband talking to his wife.

He was unusually gentle towards her. She must say,

this was what she longed for in a marriage. His gentleness was so convincing she almost got lost in her fantasies.

For a second, she felt like they were a real married couple. But then she knew at the back of her mind that not an inch of this was true.

"You..." Patricia uttered after being silent for a long time.

Zac noticed the unusual expression on her face, so he smiled at her and reassured, "Don't worry. I just came here to help. Everything's fixed now. You can go to bed." As soon as he finished speaking, he packed up his tools and turned around to leave.

Patricia frowned. She did not understand what his real intent was. 'Did he come here just to repair my stuff?' she wondered.

"Zac..." she called before he walked out of the door. She wanted to ask him his reason before he left.

Zac quickly turned around and looked back at her with his deep eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked softly.

All of a sudden, Patricia's words got stuck in her throat as their eyes met. She could not speak and could only shake her head in response.

As Zac saw the look on her face, he bit his lower lip and walked up to her.

"I just hope that you think it through before choosing who you want to be with for the rest of your life. You should figure out what you want first, so you won't regret anything later." He averted his gaze as soon as he finished speaking. In his eyes was a look nobody could fathom.

Patricia was taken aback by what he had said. She looked into Zac's eyes as she realized what he was implying.

No matter who she would end up with, he wished her happiness.

'Is this really what he wants?' she asked inwardly. An inexplicable feeling emerged in her heart. For some reason, she felt relieved.

"I..." Just as Patricia opened her mouth to speak, Zac turned around and left, leaving her no chance to say anything more.

She felt a pang in her heart as she watched him walk away, and a hint of sadness flashed across her face.

His leaving was in her mind for a long time. She could

not stop thinking about him.

"Miss Sampson, you made a mistake in this form."

The manager's voice suddenly rang in Patricia's ears, snapping her back to reality. She turned to look at him and then to the form that he was holding.

She saw her mistake at once. "I'm sorry. I'll redo it now," she hurriedly said, her face red in embarrassment.

She then took the form and carefully checked the content to see if there was another mistake.

This was the first time she had made such an obvious mistake. She was preoccupied since the morning.

"It's not a big deal. Just take your time," the manager replied considerately. Surprisingly, he did not give her



a hard time and just returned to his office without making a fuss.

Normally, he would never let go of such a good opportunity to pick on her. But today...

Patricia figured that Zac must be the reason behind this.


With this thought in mind, she patted her face and turned to work mode. She not only remade the form but also checked the other work she had done this morning.

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Chapter 244 Cry Your Heart Ou





Patricia spent a great deal of time working. Even in the afternoon, she was consumed with work. When she got off work, her eyes drooped with fatigue. It was then she received a call from Joanne, Jack's mother.

"Patricia, let's talk." Joanne's voice was stern and she made her disgust apparent.

Patricia had an idea about why Joanne wanted to meet her. In spite of her tiredness, she conceded. Joanne gave her the address of a cafe and she quickly went there.

As soon as she sat down, Joanne went straight to the point, not wasting any time on pleasantries. She took out a check of five hundred thousand dollars and tossed it in front of Patricia. "Is five hundred thousand enough for you to stop pestering my son?" she asked with haughty disdain.

Patricia pursed her lips unhappily and replied politely, "Mrs. White, what are you talking about?"

"Patricia, you have no reason to feign innocence in front of me. I am aware that you are after Jack for money. I want to know five hundred thousand is enough!" Joanne spoke in a rude tone and gave a snort of contempt.

'This woman is ridiculous, ' Patricia thought and sneered slightly. She had once refused to take thirty million dollars! Five hundred thousand dollars was nothing.

"Mrs. White, please take it back." Patricia's voice reeked of indifference as she handed back the check to Joanne.

She wouldn't let this woman strip her of her dignity!

Her refusal annoyed Joanne. She mistook Patricia's action, thinking she was demanding for more money.

"Patricia, don't be so shameless. If I have to be completely honest, even five hundred thousand dollars is too much for you. You aren't worth it. Like mother, like daughter. If the mother is a tramp, it is only normal for the daughter to turn out to be one," she spat out and gave a derisive laugh. Anyone who witnessed the scene could tell Joanne was blind with hatred.

"Mrs. White, please watch your words!" Patricia said, raising her voice. So far, she had been very tolerant. She didn't care what others said about her. Now that this woman had dragged her mother in, she couldn't remain silent.

"Am I wrong? You were once married to Zac, but you

are now pestering my son. This goes to show what a shameless woman you are!"

The fact Patricia had spoken to her so rudely further annoyed Joanne. To her, Patricia was beneath her and could be trampled on easily. She thought she was superior to her because she was born in a rich family. Giselle too was a worthless woman in her eyes.

Moreover, Joanne had heard from Yolanda that Giselle had pestered Sullivan and separated Yolanda and her daughter from him. She was nothing but a home wrecker!

Joanne had always sympathized with Yolanda. This was one of the reasons why she was so disgusted with Giselle and Patricia. When she understood that Jack loved Patricia, she was quick to react by sending him abroad.

"Did I say anything wrong? Everybody is aware of the things your mother has done. Although she is married to Richard now, it won't change the fact she is a skank." Joanne then gave an arrogant sneer.

"You are just an outsider! You have no idea what she has been through. What gives you the right to judge her?" Patricia clenched her fists and glared at Joanne. She had difficulty suppressing the urge to slap this woman!

She was overcome by a desire to beat the hell out of her.

"What has she been through? You make it sound like she is the victim here. That's ridiculous! Even if she is suffering right now, it's because her past is catching up with her. This is her punishment for pestering Sullivan." As they conversed, Joanne's dislike

towards her magnified.

Patricia slammed hard against the table and glared at her with fierce eyes.

"You..." She couldn't bear to hear another word against her mother.

"It looks like Mrs. White, the most famous lady in the upper class, is no better than a gossip. Gossiping and backbiting are her favorite hobbies," said a man. He stood by Patricia's side and gently touched her shoulder.

It was Zac! He smiled at Patricia and for some reason his presence eased her heavy heart.

"Zac, be respectful! You perhaps forgot that you are talking to your elder." Joanne fixed him with an icy glare.

If it weren't for Zac's reminder, Joanne would have forgotten she was a lady.

"If you wish to be respected by others, you need to watch your words." His cold eyes bored into hers.

Joanne's eyes widened in astonishment. She couldn't think of a comeback.

Zac let out a satisfied smile knowing he had rendered her speechless. He held Patricia's hand and said to Joanne, "We will leave you alone to your hatred and anger." With that, he walked away, still holding Patricia's hand.

Once they were out of the cafe, Zac didn't come to a halt. Instead, he went on walking and seated her in his Porsche.



He drove the car and brought it to a halt when they arrived at the dock.

"Why did you..." Patricia faltered in her speech. Patricia wanted to speak but noticing the rage in his face, she stopped in an instant.

Zac's face had darkened. He was still reeling from what took place in the cafe.

After a few moments passed, he said in a low voice, "Are you an idiot, Patricia?"

Patricia frowned in confusion and glared at him. His question came out of the blue and she was slightly annoyed. Why would he call her an idiot?

Zac caught the bewildered expression on her face. He hit his hand against the steering wheel and then regarded her. "Why didn't you deny when she was

speaking all those rubbish about you?" he demanded.

"What's the point in doing so?" Not wanting to look at him, she turned her head and gazed outside the window. It wasn't like Joanne's opinion would change if she denied it.

And most importantly, Zac was partly at fault for her ruined reputation.

Her sharp retort clearly made an impact on him. He couldn't think of a reply so he too turned his face and looked out of the window.

Zac knew he was the reason behind Patricia's doom. If it weren't for him, she wouldn't have let people hurl such insults at her.

He willed himself to get rid of these thoughts. After all, he had a situation to deal with at present. The words

Joanne had uttered really hurt Patricia. He could tell so because he had seen a tear roll down from her eyes.

"Cry your heart out. Perhaps that will make you feel better," said Zac in a soft voice. He clasped her head with his arm and gently pulled her towards his shoulder.

Perhaps it was because of Joanne's hurtful words, or perhaps it was because Zac's voice was very comforting. Either way, Patricia took his advice and tears flowed from her eyes. However, the stubborn side of her wouldn't allow herself to make a sound.

Zac knew she was crying. His shirt was soaked wet with her teardrops. He wanted to give her some consolation, but he couldn't choose his words properly.

Moreover, her grief was too strong. Nothing he said could make her feel better. In the end, he gave up on that pursuit.

Instead, he stroked her back gently and whispered. "Yeah, just cry, let it all out."

"Why would she insult my mother like that? Her life is bad enough already..." she cried, strangling a sob. She recalled memories from her childhood.

Sullivan was always found beating her mother. Every day, new bruises could be seen on Giselle's body. She tried her best to keep a smiling face in front of Patricia. Patricia was aware of how bad the situation was. However, being a child, there was nothing she could do to help her mother.

Zac continued to pat her head. He would only listen to her, without uttering a word.

"He never loved my mother. All he did was kick and beat her. She was compelled to stay with the Sampson family for my sake. These outsiders have no idea what we have been through. Why do they insist on judging her then?" The more she spoke, the more emotional she became. Her tears poured forth as she narrated her story.

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Chapter 245 Stuck Between Two Men



As Zac heard what Patricia had said, his eyes were glazed with sadness. He had never seen her look so vulnerable and his heart ached for her.

Her tears that soaked his shirt wet went straight into his heart, piercing and stinging.

Patricia had no idea how long she had been crying. Without knowing how, she ended up falling asleep on Zac's shoulder.

Zac sensed she was asleep and gazed at her lovingly. There was tenderness in his face as he looked at her. Raising his hand, he dried her wet face.

"Silly woman, don't cry. Your tears will make my heart ache," he muttered under his breath. Then he placed a soft kiss on her forehead and positioned her carefully on the passenger seat. Soon, he started the engine and drove home.

Patricia woke up to the delicious smell of food. Her stomach began to rumble in an instant.

She got up from the sofa and tried to see what was going on in the kitchen. The sight she saw rendered her speechless! Zac was engaged in the process of cooking.

Zac sensed her presence and turned around. Flashing her a faint smile, he said, "The dinner is almost ready. Go wash your face and hands."

She regarded him curiously for a moment, but in the end obeyed him. As she was washing her hands, she replayed the scene she had just witnessed. She found it hard to believe Zac was actually cooking!

When had Zac learned to cook? She shook her head, unable to make sense of it.

After washing her hands, she came out, only to notice Zac was done preparing the meal. He looked at Patricia expectantly and handed her a pair of

chopsticks.

"Come and taste it. This is my first time cooking. I admit it doesn't look very delicious. But I can assure you it tastes good." Zac's self-admiration was quite evident.

His confidence did nothing to dispel Patricia's suspicion. However, she still took a piece of braised fish and chewed it.

After a while, she looked at Zac and nodded her head. "It doesn't look very appealing, but I admit it tastes good." Zac glowed at her comment.

He raised his eyebrows proudly. Apparently, he already considered himself a great chef.

Something about Zac made Patricia chuckle with delight. When she was about to settle down on the



chair, the doorbell rang.

It was none other than Jack! He first gazed at Patricia anxiously and let out a sigh of relief when he realized she was okay.

"I'm glad that you are fine, Patricia. I heard that you went to meet my mother today." Jack swallowed hard. From the corner of his eyes, he noticed Zac and the food he seemed to have prepared. A frown creased his forehead.

"What are---"

When Jack was addressing Zac, Patricia cut him off and said, "Have you eaten yet? If not, would you like to join us?"

"Sure, it would be my pleasure." Jack accepted Patricia's invitation, a big smile spreading across his

face. Even if he had eaten, he would still have happily accepted Patricia's offer. He couldn't allow Zac the satisfaction of spending time with her.

Zac clenched his fists in anger. 'Did I go through all this trouble just so I could fill Jack's tummy?' he thought to himself with annoyance.

Zac loathed to have Jack here. However, when Patricia invited him for a meal, there was nothing he could do!

Jack took a seat right next to Patricia and opposite to Zac.

Seeing he was trying to get close to her, Zac gave a small frown. He had difficulty governing his anger and his fierce gaze was upon Jack.

Everyone could notice the heightening of the already

tense atmosphere. Patricia pursed her lips and did her best to ignore this. Instead, she focused on her food.

"Patricia, eat some meat. It's nutritious," Zac advised, putting a few pieces of pork into Patricia's bowl.

"No, I think her diet needs more vitamins. After all, she has just recovered from fever." Having said that, Jack picked up some vegetables and passed them to her.

Patricia suddenly found herself stuck between two men, both vying for her attention.

"No. Meat is what you need for a speedy recovery."

"I think you are wrong! If she doesn't get enough vitamins, how will she boost her immunity?"

Patricia's sole wish was to enjoy her dinner quietly. However, it seemed pretty obvious that Zac and Jack were hell-bent on fighting with each other.

"If you don't want to eat, just get out of here," Patricia shouted, glaring at Zac and Jack. Then she put down her chopsticks.

Her voice was stern and both the men recoiled immediately. They gave up arguing and ate the dinner in utter silence. However, every now and then, they glared at each other.

After dinner, Zac and Jack rushed to wash the dishes, eager to show Patricia how good they were.

Once again, Patricia understood they were competing with each other. This instigated her anger. She wanted the two of them to work quietly.

They created a chaos in the kitchen. Patricia folded her arms and shook her head.

"If you don't want to clean up, you can go back. But please do not quarrel anymore!" she ordered. She was so desperate, she had to resort to yelling at them!

Her yelling always worked. In an instant, they became quiet. Neither of them wanted to leave.

After washing the dishes, the three of them sat down on the sofa and decided to watch TV. Patricia was the only one who seemed genuinely interested in watching. Zac and Jack were busy looking at each other and conversing through their fierce gazes.

When Patricia caught them in the act, she let out a frustrated sigh. She could no longer remain in the same room as them.

"It's half past ten. I'm going to sleep," she announced and walked towards her room, not once glancing behind.

Once she was out of their sight, the fight between Zac and Jack officially began. They stared at each other for one full minute.

"Mr. White, you should leave now." Zac was the one who broke the silence.

"Really? I should say the same thing to you, Mr. Reynolds," Jack retorted back, their unwavering eyes looking at each other.

At this, a frown marred Zac's handsome features. He repeated, "I believe it is time for you to leave."

"No, I think it's you who should be leaving, Mr.

Reynolds. After all, you have your identity to care about. If Lyndsy comes to know you are here, she would be devastated." There was a tone of mockery in Jack's voice.

He knew something was going on between Zac and Lyndsy. At the same time, he was entangled with Patricia. This annoyed him a great deal.

Zac's frown deepened when he heard those words. He wasn't sure how to respond to this.

"Did I say something wrong? Your relationship with Lyndsy is quite complicated, right?" Jack looked at Zac with disdain.

"This is none of your business. It has nothing to do with you!" Zac snapped back and a muscle in his jaw pulsed angrily.

He was with Lyndsy in order to deceive others.

"Yes, I admit your relationship with Lyndsy has nothing to do with me. But if you keep on badgering Patricia, then it becomes my business," Jack said quite boldly. He went on, "Zac, let me remind you that your relationship with Patricia is over. If you want to be with Lyndsy, then it's your choice. But leave Patricia out of it. Do you enjoy being with two women at once? Is it fun for you?"

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Chapter 246 I Have Always Loved You



Jack's words filled Zac with a sense of discomfort. Even though Jack had no right to speak on this



matter, he was still crossing his limits.

"Mr. White, before you find fault in me, I suggest you take care of your own matters," Zac said and left the place.

Jack bit his lips for a moment. The implication behind Zac's words was pretty evident. He was referring to the problem his mother, Joanne, had created.

Jack knew his mother very well. She had a tendency to act on an impulse. She must have said something terrible to embarrass Patricia.

Letting out a sigh, Jack glanced at Patricia's room once before he left.

The room was eerily quiet. Once he was gone, Patricia slowly opened the door, a bitter smile spreading across her lips. She had a far-away look on

her face.

Soon, Jack was back in his home. Joanne was sitting on the sofa, eagerly waiting for his return.

"Jack, stop right there!" she shouted when she saw him. She gave him a sullen glare. The second he received the news that his mother had gone to meet Patricia, Jack had left everything he was doing to see Patricia. His concern for her was pretty evident.

And now his mother was ready to rebuke him for it. Jack stood at the stairs with his back to Joanne.

Seeing that her son didn't even bother to turn to look at her, Joanne was almost speechless with anger. She adopted a condescending manner and said, "Jack, are you going to turn against your own mother? Do you actually think that woman is worth this?"

She thought back to her son's rebellion in the past few days. Joanne held Patricia responsible for everything. She wished her son would open his eyes and see Patricia for who she truly was!

According to her, Patricia was just a divorced woman. If her son indeed had an urge to get married, he should have picked someone more suitable.

She wrinkled her nose in disgust. Jack understood his mother hated Patricia beyond reason!

"Mom, I am a grown man now. I think I am capable of taking care of myself." Having said that, Jack went upstairs. He wasn't in the mood to pick a fight with his mother.

His height of disobedience frustrated his mother. She stamped her feet in rage, mentally cursing Patricia. 'That terrible woman!' she thought to herself.

Seeing that Joanne was overcome by a fit of rage, Fred White, Jack's father decided to comfort her. "Relax, honey. Save your energy. You know Jack's temper. The more you tell him not to do something, the more he will want to do it."

It took a while before Fred's words sank in. Joanne realized he was right.

"Then what do you suggest we do? I don't think removing that woman from his heart will be easy." Fraught with worry, she glanced at her husband.

Joanne was the one who raised Jack. Nobody knew better than her how stubborn he could be. Once Jack made up his mind about something, it was impossible to change his mind.

"It's quite simple." Fred raised his eyebrows and

looked at Joanne, wearing a confident smile on his face. "We have to just let go," he added.

"What? Let go?" Her mouth dropped open in disbelief. She thought she had misheard him. "If we just let go..." Joanne's voice faltered.

Her face suddenly cleared as understanding dawned on her. She nodded her head and said, "Oh!"

Back in the room, Jack was kicking the corner of the table, letting out all the pent-up frustration. His mother's interference had left him feeling very unhappy.

"I have to figure out a way," he muttered under his breath. He racked his brain, trying to come up with a way to change his mother's opinion of Patricia.

But his efforts were in vain. He couldn't think of a way.

And then, his thoughts went to another issue. He had two strong opponents, Zac and Kareem, with whom he had to fight. He was determined to fix these pressing issues.

"Maybe that will work..." Jack said to himself, as if a sudden idea had occurred to him.

When Patricia woke up, she felt slightly dizzy. Yesterday, she had stayed up late, a thousand conflicting thoughts rushing through her mind.

When she got up and went downstairs, she came face to face with Jack. For some reason, it looked like he had been standing there for a long time.

"Jack?" she asked, her confusion very evident.

"Patricia, I need you to come with me." Before she knew, he had grabbed her wrist and pulled her into

his Benz.

Stunned, Patricia looked at him suspiciously and said in a low voice, "Jack, where are you taking me? I have to be at work."

"I've already spoken to your manager and he has permitted you to take a day off," Jack blurted out distractedly and started the engine.

Patricia looked at him with a puzzled frown. She asked him dozens of questions but he refused to answer any of them. In the end, she let out a defeated sigh and gave up.

When they arrived at the Sampson Bay, Jack brought his car to a halt.

The bay was same as before. Not a lot of construction had taken place here. As Patricia gazed around, a

tear rolled down her cheek. She was left remembering beautiful memories from the past.

When she was a child, her grandfather would often take her here for a vacation. This place carried a lot of wonderful memories.

Her grandfather had passed away, but she still carried those moments with her in her heart.

"Patricia," Jack called her, bringing her out of her reverie.

Patricia looked back at Jack and frowned in confusion. "What's wrong, Jack?" She wanted him to explain as to why he had brought her here.

"Do you like it here?" After hesitating for a while, Jack finally mustered up the courage to ask this question.



He was mentally reprimanding himself for being so gutless. He couldn't even bring himself to confess his love!

"Yes, I do!" Her mouth crinkled into a smile. She looked around and tried to take everything in. Nostalgia washed over her.

Of course she liked it here. It reminded her of her happy days.

But... But the bay no longer belonged to her family. It was Zac's property now.

Her positive response gave Jack the confidence to go on. He took a deep breath, walked up to her and said softly, "Patricia, I have something to tell you."

The earnestness in Jack's eyes took her by surprise. She sensed something and was overcome by an urge

to take a step back. Jack, noticing this, stretched out his arm and clasped her waist.

"Don't run away from me anymore, Patricia." Jack held her tightly and said meaningfully, "You knew that I loved you when I left, didn't you?"

Patricia avoided meeting his eyes. She wasn't sure how to react.

The next second, he pulled her closer to him. Lowering his head slightly, he pinched her chin and gazed at her affectionately.

"Patricia, I have always loved you. However, when I heard that you were married to Zac, my heart ached, but I was still happy for you. At the end of the day, only your happiness mattered to me. But you know better than me how things turned out. You weren't happy with him!"

Patricia stared at Jack, only listening but not speaking.

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Chapter 247 Proposal



"Patricia, have you forgotten everything Zac did to you? Do you really wish to continue living such a miserable life?" Jack was so intent on achieving his goal, he held tightly onto her waist.

Patricia stood quiet as a mouse. Every now and then, she gazed at the surroundings. This place indeed held beautiful moments. However, it was all in the past. She couldn't cling to it.

Jack was getting testy as he waited for her response. He knew he had to get an answer from her now.

"Patricia, I like you and you need to know I am very serious about this." He placed emphasis on every word he uttered. There was a ring of sincerity in his promise. One could tell it came from the bottom of his heart. As he spoke, his eyes never left Patricia.

Knowing how genuine he was, she smiled at him. She knew he meant every word that he uttered and she was grateful for the love he had for her.

"Patricia, marry me. I know this sounds a little abrupt, but I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I cannot bear the thought of delaying this. I promise I will be good to you and treat you well. Once you are mine, you will never be sad."

He spoke very earnestly, brimming with love.

As soon as he finished speaking, Jack let go of her, pulled a diamond ring from his pocket and knelt on one knee. "Patricia, will you marry me?" he asked.

His proposal came as a bolt from the blue. Patricia saw the diamond ring from the corner of her eyes. She pursed her lips, wondering what to do. She didn't have the heart to reject him.

The look in his eyes was so sincere. It was as if he wanted to give her the whole world.

However, Patricia couldn't accept this. After all, his parents had made their aversion to her very evident.

"Jack..."

Before she could finish her sentence, a warm hand

grabbed her. It was Zac. He pulled her towards him, away from Jack.

"Enough is enough. Stop it!" said Zac coldly. His gaze was fixated on Jack. He was like a king, giving off a sense of superiority.

Jack quickly regained his composure and looked back at Zac, his eyes wide open. "Zac! This has nothing to do with you. Quit meddling in other people's business," he spat angrily.

A faint sneer crossed Zac's face. "Jack, do you think if I don't meddle, everything will be easy for you? Would your mother ever agree to this?"

Having placed this question before Jack, Zac took Patricia to his Porsche and left the place.

Jack stood stunned for a few moments. When he

regained his senses, he saw the car driving away with Patricia in it. He wanted to run after them, but his efforts would be in vain. Zac's actions were pretty quick.

Jack was left behind to vent his rage. His jaw was tightly clenched.

"Zac!" he screamed to the empty place. In spite of his fury towards Zac, he had to admit he was right.

Even if Patricia said yes, things wouldn't be very simple. He still had Joanne to convince.

As these thoughts raced through his mind, Jack looked up at the sky. He was reminded of how long it had been since he fell for Patricia. Now that he finally had a shot, his mother stood before them as a hurdle. 'No, I can't give up, ' he thought, unshaken in his determination.

He realized Joanne's approval was his priority. Else, he would never succeed in getting Patricia. Jack thought back to Patricia's reaction when he proposed. He had detected hesitancy. However, now he was convinced it had to do with his mother's disapproval.

Taking a deep breath, he readied himself to deal with his mother. Knowing he couldn't afford to lose more time, he sat in his car and drove away immediately. He was too busy with his own thoughts that he hadn't noticed the figure that was hiding in the dark. She had been there all this while.

Now that everyone was gone, Lyndsy came out of her hiding, her face writhing in a complacent smile.

In the past few days, Lyndsy had preoccupied herself in the act of watching Jack and Kareem. In the process, she had managed to click several photos of



Patricia with either Kareem or Jack.

Yet she couldn't completely relish doing this since Zac seemed very involved in her life lately. His fixation with Patricia was so extreme, he hadn't spared a thought for Lyndsy.

"Patricia, just wait and watch. I will make you pay back for everything," she muttered under her breath, staring at the photos she had clicked.

"You must think that everyone is very fond of you. Let's see if they find you likeable once these photos are out!" A look of pure hatred flashed across her face. Underneath it, there was an evil smile.

On the other side, Zac was in his Porsche, driving at a high speed. One could tell he was venting his rage on his car. Finally, it came to a halt at the dock.

Patricia's heart was racing. She had been terrified the second he started the car. In fact, she had prepared herself for a car crash.

Seconds passed and neither of them spoke. Finally, Zac slammed his hand against the steering wheel. He stared daggers at her and said, "Patricia, do you actually want to get married that badly?"

His question brought a frown to her face. She bit her lower lip and tried to suppress her anger. "I am sorry, but how does that have anything to do with you?" she asked. Having said that, she turned her head away, not caring to look at him.

The truth was, she had no desire to get married. However, it annoyed her to hear his question. It wasn't his place to ask such questions!

Patricia could have explained to him her thoughts, but

she didn't think he was worthy of an explanation.

As Zac noticed she had chosen to ignore him, his fury rose once more. Joanne had gone as far as insulting her and her mother! It was beyond Zac how she still tolerated Jack!

Zac had secretly watched them. Patricia had slightly hesitated, but she hadn't dared to reject him. Afraid she would say yes, he had interrupted their conversation.

"You..." Zac gasped and stared at her, anger burning through him.

"So did you forgive Joanne for all those abuses? Are you going to pretend like it didn't happen?"

Sensing his anger, Patricia turned to look at him. Her eyes bored into his eyes. "No, I am not. And most

importantly, this has nothing to do with you, Zac. Mind your own business and stop badgering me."

She couldn't stand to watch him inspect her like this. She got out of the car quickly, leaving him behind. Then she quickly hailed a taxi. Once she was inside, she flashed him a cold look.

A look of sheer fury entered Zac's face. He slapped the steering wheel fiercely, exhaled a heavy breath and recalled the words she had just uttered!

"My business?" At first, he was confused as to what she meant. However, it soon dawned on him.

She was probably referring to his relationship with Lyndsy. But in truth, there was nothing going on between them! It was nothing but a rumor that was flying around.

"This is all my fault!" He pursed his lips in displeasure and thought it was the stupidest thing he had done!

He had never thought rumors about him and Lyndsy would become so wild.

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Chapter 248 Hoping For The Impossible



Jack rushed home in order to convince his mother. The second he stepped into his house, he spotted his mother. Joanne was sitting in the living room, a stern expression on her face. When Jack opened his mouth to convey his desire, she cut him off.

"I am guessing you want to talk about Patricia," she

said indifferently. For some reason, she didn't sound as sharp as she usually did when they discussed this matter.

Jack had a sneaking suspicion that something was wrong.

However, he shrugged these thoughts and chose to express the feelings he had for Patricia.

"Mom, I don't care what you think, I am head over heels in love with Patricia. I have made up my mind to be with her." His face suddenly grew solemn. It was like he was pledging an oath.

When Joanne heard him, she forced a smile. Letting out a sigh, she said, "So you have really made up your mind, haven't you?"

Jack nodded in response, his unwavering gaze upon

his mother.

Joanne looked at him, trying to read his face. She could clearly make out his determination.

In the end, there wasn't much she could say. She once again let out a helpless sigh.

"Well, it's up to you. After all, this is your life. I won't interfere anymore." Once she finished speaking, she got up and left.

Her response rendered Jack speechless. He stood frozen on the spot. After a few moments passed, he regained his senses.

"What? Did she just agree?" he said to himself. His mouth dropped open in disbelief. He hadn't anticipated it would be so easy!

In his elation, he hadn't looked closely at Joanne. Resentment was brewing in her eyes. The more she thought about Jack's words, the angrier she felt. She could scarcely suppress her anger.

Fred's reminder kept repeating itself in her mind. If she refused to let him do as he pleased, it would create a barrier between her and her son. She couldn't afford to harm their relationship.

"Patricia, don't think I will let you go easily after the damage you have caused," Joanne muttered under her breath, anger sparkling in her eyes.

On the other hand, Patricia was strolling on the street alone. Sadness still lingered in her heart.

It wasn't Jack's proposal that had caused her pain.

Instead, it was Zac's words. However, she wouldn't



admit this even to herself.

When it was dusk, she was too tired to walk. She thought it was best to return to her apartment. However, she saw Kareem standing near her door and fury rose in her heart.

"Patricia..." At the sight of Patricia, Kareem walked over with great joy.

Patricia lowered her gaze, a bitter smile touching her lips. Coldly, she spat out, "This has to stop, Kareem! I can't be with you. This is never going to work."

Earlier, she hadn't rejected Kareem because she was afraid of hurting his feelings. After all, she had once been in this position. She couldn't be so merciless.

However, now she was certain she could never love him back. This was never going to work. If she didn't

make things clear, he would develop hope in his heart. It would lead to nothing but more pain.

Kareem felt as if he had been slapped. He took a step toward her, grabbed her wrist and said in a trembling voice, "Patricia, what do you mean?"

The smile he had on his face froze. He found her words hard to swallow.

"Kareem, don't you understand? I... " Patricia had difficulty finishing her words properly. She paused and stared at him seriously.

"We can't be together. You are hoping for the impossible." Patricia put special emphasis on all the words she uttered. She hoped he would take her seriously.

She wanted him to extinguish the hope that had risen

in his heart.

"Patricia, but why won't you give me a chance?"

Kareem grabbed her fiercely. Gloom fell on his gentle face. His heart was breaking into a million pieces.

Patricia was sorry for the pain she had caused.

Sadness threatened to overwhelm him. However, she consoled herself saying this was the right thing to do. The longer he held on to her, the more painful it would become.

"That's enough, Kareem. We are not suitable for each other. I am pretty sure you will find the right girl soon."

Patricia quickly shook free from his grasp, turned around and left without saying anything.

Sorrow was piercing him to the core. His heart was suddenly empty. It was like the only good thing in his life had disappeared.

"I won't give up, Patricia." Regaining his composure, Kareem shouted at her.

This was the first time he had loved a woman. It wasn't easy for him to give up on her.

Patricia heard his words but she wouldn't stop. Tears burned her eyes and her lower lip trembled.

She felt sorry for Kareem and prayed he would give up being stubborn. She was reminded of the days when she felt similar emotions. She tried hard to gain Zac's love, hurting herself in the process.

After returning to the apartment, Patricia slouched on the sofa and let out a sigh. She stared blankly at the ceiling, thoughts rushing into her mind uncontrolledly.

Jack, Kareem and Zac were making life hard for her.

Patricia wished she could leave these men behind and lead a new life.

She wanted to disappear, just so these men would stop pestering her.

However, she knew this wasn't a possibility. She was dreaming for the impossible.

A tumult of feelings inside her fought for supremacy. As her thoughts were wondering, her phone rang, bringing her back from her reverie. It was Dora.

"Miss Sampson, I'm going to barbecue with my sister. Would you like to join us?" Dora invited her quite enthusiastically.

A faint smile flickered across Patricia's lips. She needed a break from her thoughts. If she stayed home on her own, her thoughts would drive her crazy.

Without giving it much thought, she agreed. After Dora gave her the address, Patricia immediately freshened up and changed into a pair of jeans and T-shirt.

When she arrived at the spot, Patricia realized Dora had invited a lot of people. A lot of her colleagues from the hospital were present.

"Patricia, thank you for the last time." Lily's voice came from behind. She handed her a bottle of drink.

Patricia smiled in response and nodded her head. She felt slightly uncomfortable amidst the crowd. She sat in a corner and watched Dora converse with people.

"Miss Sampson, this is for you." Dora brought a chicken wing and passed it to her.

There was a strange sort of smile on her face and Patricia was quick to notice. "What's wrong?" she asked suspiciously.

"Nothing. It's just that I predicted you would be bored here. So I decided to invite Mr. Reynolds to keep you company." As soon as she finished speaking, Dora looked behind, a grin creeping onto her face.

Zac strode towards them. Patricia pursed her lips and brought her attention to the chicken wing. She was pretending like nothing had happened.

Zac took a seat near her. He opened his mouth a few times, wanting to say something. But in the end, he chose to remain silent.

Zac was one of the smartest men. However, in front of Patricia, he felt like an idiot. In the end, he told

himself it didn't matter what he said. At the end of the day, she wasn't going to listen to him anyway!

"Have you made up your mind?" he finally asked.

Even though he seemed strong on the outside, a weird sort of melancholy descended over him as he waited for her answer.

His question caught her off-guard. She raised her head and looked at him.

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Chapter 249 Are You Regretting





Patricia clearly knew what Zac was driving at. However, this was a question to which even she didn't have an answer.

She was in a confused state of mind. Lowering her head, she thought to herself if she had a way to stay away from everything, she would.

She wanted to stop getting tangled in this web of trouble. All she wanted was for her mother to lead a peaceful life.

"Why are you so silent?" Zac asked. He was overcome by an urge to know all her thoughts.

Patricia raised her head slowly and regarded Zac. Clearing her throat, she uttered, "This has nothing to do with you. I suggest you stay out of it." Having said that, she avoided meeting his eyes.

Zac wasn't even slightly surprised. He had expected such a response. He nodded his head, anger flaring up. "Yes, you are right. This has nothing to do with me."

He spoke through gritted teeth. More than her, he was talking to himself.

However, when he looked at Patricia, his anger disappeared. A weird sort of calm befell him. His cold face was etched with sadness.

Patricia looked away, not liking the fact he was looking at her. She was on the verge of speaking but Zac cut her off.

"Let me give you a piece of advice. No matter who you choose, you have to think it over carefully," Zac said sincerely.

His friendly advice brought a sneer to Patricia's face. There was something ridiculous about hearing these words from Zac.

She couldn't help but wonder if he had realized his mistake. Or was there a hidden agenda behind his words?

For some reason, Patricia liked to believe Zac had regretted his mistake. This was his way of repenting.

"Zac, are you regretting what you did?" A faint smile appeared on Patricia's face.

"Regret?" Zac repeated and widened his eyes. He regarded Patricia very suspiciously. He felt like the scar in his heart had been exposed.

She nodded her head and said, "Yes, you are regretting divorcing me." Patricia bit her lip, feeling a

surge of excitement run through her.

She couldn't quite put her finger on why she was so excited. Perhaps she relished the prospect of hearing the word "yes" from his mouth!

Zac, being a good actor, responded with a chuckle. He made it seem like Patricia had cracked a big joke. He then gave a great bellow of laughter.

"Patricia, you need to stop jumping to conclusions. First of all, why should I regret? Everything I have done so far is right." He spoke in a haughty, supercilious voice.

When he gazed at Patricia, he noticed sadness in her eyes. He instantly regretted his words!

If he could, he would take it back. But life rarely gave second chances.

"Yes, I am sorry. You are right. You haven't done anything wrong," she admitted with a bitter smile. She couldn't face him so she turned her head away.

She realized she had been wrong in thinking Zac was regretting his mistake.

'Maybe things aren't as simple as they look. I am a bad judge of character, ' she thought to herself.

A deep sense of despair overwhelmed Zac. It was like someone had ripped his heart.

He sat dwelling on their conversation. He wanted to say something, but couldn't bring himself to do so. Even though they were sitting together, they felt very isolated from each other. Both of their eyes expressed deep sadness.

"Kareem, did you see that? That bitch, Patricia, is so cunning. Do you still think she likes you? She is only making a fool out of you!"

Sitting in the living room, Tina was watching the news on the TV. When she saw Kareem coming down the stairs, she made these unkind remarks.

Truth be told, this news had left her feeling quite pleased. After all, it gave her an opportunity to show her son who Patricia truly was!

"Mother..." he said in a pleading tone. His unhappy gaze remained glued on his mother.

Earlier, he hadn't found his mother's words harsh. But these days when she called Patricia with names like bitch, it made his blood boil.

"What is wrong? Was it something I said? Look at the

news. She is Jack's fiancée now," Tina said, pointing at the TV. There was a tone of mockery in her voice.

To begin with, Tina hated Patricia with all her heart. And the fact she had made a fool out of her son convinced her to teach Patricia a lesson!

A frown creased Kareem's forehead. "Mother, you're talking nonsense!" he said, not taking her seriously.

He figured his mother was making up stories just because she disliked Patricia. When his eyes went onto the TV, he was stunned for a moment.

Noticing how shocked Kareem was, Tina gritted her teeth in silent fury. "Now do you believe your mother?" she asked.

She turned her face away, unable to see him look so devastated. The more in love Kareem was, the

angrier she became.

The news report made it pretty evident that Patricia had played with both the men. It was backed up with photos as evidence. The scene where Jack was proposing to Patricia was captured. It was revealed she had accepted his proposal.

These harsh words made Kareem wallow in grief. He thought back to how Patricia had rejected him yesterday.

'Did she refuse to give me a chance because she had already accepted Jack's proposal?' he wondered.

He knew he couldn't sit around and guess what was happening. He had to confront Patricia.

The media was good at making up stories. He wanted to hear the story from Patricia herself.



Tina's fury reached new heights when she realized her son wasn't going to give up. "My dear son, why are you so stubborn? Isn't it clear as day that Patricia is a despicable woman? She is just fooling you. Why do you keep falling for her tricks?"

Tina threw her hands up in frustration. Kareem simply stared at his mother and said, "Mother, no matter what you say, I need to talk to Patricia. I won't believe what the TV is showing until I hear it from her."

Without giving his mother an opportunity to say anything else, he strode away.

Seeing Kareem's receding figure, Tina bristled with indignation. Stamping her feet, she cursed that wretched woman and hoped Kareem would see her real face.

"Patricia, there's no way I'll let you get what you want," she muttered under her breath. A look of pure hatred flashed through her eyes.

When Patricia saw today's news, she got the shock of her life. She sat still for a few moments thinking that her eyes were playing tricks on her.

"Well," she said to the empty room and pursed her lips.

She knew without a shadow of doubt that everyone was probably talking about her.

However, there was a question that kept popping on her mind.

Who had taken these high-definition photos of her with Kareem and Jack? And how did they know about their conversations?

Patricia dwelled on these questions for a long time.

In the end, she couldn't help but become convinced that someone had been following her!

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

Chapter 250 Is That Your Final Decision



Before Patricia could react, the manager had thrown the documents on her desk. "Miss Sampson, get these done today," he ordered, his voice stern.

As soon as he made her task clear, he turned around and left. She wasn't given a chance to ask any questions.

She looked at the pile of documents she had to work her way through. Letting out a heavy sigh, she was overcome by a hint of frustration.

The manager was indeed snobbish.

Now that Zac and Kareem weren't there to help her, he had decided to go back to picking on her again.

Patricia knew what sort of a man he was. She wasn't very surprised. She shrugged it off and decided to accept her fate.

Then she began to leaf through the documents.

While she was preoccupied with work, a gentle voice came from behind, grabbing her attention. She trembled slightly. 'Is he actually here or am I imagining it?' she thought to herself.

When she raised her head and saw Kareem, her throat constricted and she swallowed hard. She watched him with a bad feeling gnawing at her heart.

"Kareem..."

She wanted to say something. Before she could do so, he walked up to her and looked at her with his anxious eyes. He wanted to say something too, but the words got stuck in his throat.

Patricia wondered how she could wriggle out of this awkward situation. Clearing her throat, she said, "Kareem, be careful, we are at..."

Kareem stretched out his arm and grabbed her wrist. He couldn't care less about her words as he took her away.

Seeing him drag her like this, a lot of eyes fell on her. Patricia bit her lip, trying to suppress the embarrassment she was feeling. Since she wasn't half as strong as Kareem, pulling free from his grasp proved to be a herculean task.

Kareem let go of her when they reached the rooftop of the Skyline Corp.. He looked at her with his watchful eyes.

"Patricia, is this your final decision?" Kareem asked, his eyes glazed in sadness. When he didn't receive a response from her, he held her shoulder and shook her a few times.

Patricia pushed him away and looked elsewhere. She took a deep breath, preparing herself to give an answer.

"Patricia, answer me. Have you really made up your

mind?" Slowly, Kareem's face turned red as he waited for an answer. As time went by, he was getting more and more emotional.

"Kareem, just calm down," Patricia ordered, lines of worry entering her face.

'Calm down? How can I calm down when nothing is going right?' he thought to himself.

If Patricia married Jack, his life would be finished! How could he sit around and watch the love of his life become someone else's?

Yesterday, she had behaved very rudely with him. He went back home in distress. He racked his brain and wondered why she wouldn't give him a chance. In the end, he told himself perhaps it was because he didn't give her a sense of security.

And when he saw the news the next morning, it shocked him. It turned out Jack had proposed to her as well. Considering everything, how could he even entertain the thought of calming down?

"Patricia, how can I calm down? You just got engaged for God's sake!" Kareem blurted out angrily and grabbed her hand.

He was so strong that she felt an excruciating pain. Biting her lip, she tried to suppress her pain.

"Just let go of me, Kareem. I am not engaged, okay?"

Kareem gazed at her in disbelief. He didn't believe a word she said. Once again, he grabbed her shoulders and demanded, "Really? Patricia, you're telling me you're not engaged? And that you're not with Jack?"

"I..." Patricia wanted to answer. However, when she



saw the helpless look in his eyes, the words got stuck in her throat.

If she really denied it, it would only lead to more trouble. It might cause him to have hope again.

Yesterday, she had mustered up a lot of courage to reject him. And instead of denying this allegation, she should jump at the opportunity of rejecting him again!

"Kareem, the truth is.."

"The truth is, she is mine now,"

said a hoarse voice from behind. Both Patricia and Kareem looked at the source of the voice and was stunned to catch sight of Jack. There was a triumphant note in his gravelly voice.

Jack strode towards them and stood between Patricia

and Kareem. He held her in his arms and gave an arrogant sneer to Kareem.

"Mr. Reynolds, haven't you read today's news?" Jack's black eyes blazed as he stood straight and proud before Kareem. It was like he considered himself a victor.

Patricia frowned, her displeasure apparent.

When Jack saw the look on her face, his arrogant smile quickly disappeared. A gentle smile soon replaced it. He tapped her lovingly on the tip of her nose.

"I am all yours," he said.

Jack was trying to show off his love for her. And the fact she didn't reject him was a good sign. He thought she had decided to accept him.

Kareem watched the scene unravel before him in shock. He had been coaxing her for an answer and the answer finally came!

Patricia tried her best to not look at Kareem. His eyes depicted the sadness he bore in his heart.

It wasn't that she had accepted Jack's proposal. This was her way of getting Kareem to stop pestering her. If she denied the engagement, he might insist on asking for a chance.

Jack understood she wasn't agreeing to marry him. She was simply trying to get rid of Kareem. However, he drew consolation from the knowledge that she would take his help and considered him closer!

"Mr. Reynolds, I think you have seen enough. The truth is right in front of you. We are together. What

more do you need to know?" Jack's domineering voice was back. He wanted Kareem to give up pursuing Patricia!

Even though he didn't consider Kareem a threat, he didn't want him to pester Patricia. After all, the fact he was after her was damaging her reputation.

Jack had no idea who had captured the scene where he was proposing to Patricia. For some reason, he was pleased it came out in the public.

Now that everyone thought that he had engaged to Patricia, they might quit annoying her. If he could succeed in stopping the scandals Patricia was tangled in, then perhaps his parents would allow them to marry.

Jack was very absorbed in his thoughts. And most importantly, his thoughts had taken an optimistic

route. He had no idea what Patricia was going through.

"What did you say?" Kareem gave him an icy glare. Then he turned his attention to Patricia with a heavy heart.

"Patricia, please tell me this isn't true. Tell me you haven't decided to be with Jack!"

Patricia swallowed hard. Raising her head, she looked straight into Kareem's eyes. "Yes, Kareem, I..."

"Mr. Reynolds, please just give up. I think it's pretty clear she doesn't like you," Jack cut in quickly, his brows drawing together in a scowl.

What Jack said was true. Patricia didn't like Kareem. The only reason she felt bad for him was because she could relate to him. Once upon a time, she was in the

same position, vying for Zac's attention.

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