

Patricia didn't move aside. Instead, she let the hand tearing through the air land on her face, giving her a resounding slap. The loud sound reverberated throughout the hall.

A warm, crimson liquid dripped down the side of her mouth, and a palm print was visible on her cheek. She looked at Sullivan and coldly said, "This slap has terminated our bond as father and daughter."

Then her cold gaze swept past the onlookers in the hall as she boldly announced, "Since you're all here, I declare, in your presence, that from today onward, Sullivan is no longer my father, nor I, his daughter."

After a chilling glance at Yolanda and Sullivan, Patricia held Giselle's hand, turned around, and

silently led her away.

A scream rang out in the hall after she left. None of the guests had expected such a thing to occur at the party.

Sullivan and Yolanda were surprised. They didn't think this testy situation would give Patricia a chance to get rid of them.

When Patricia and Giselle left the hotel, they rushed back to their apartment. Giselle felt terrible when she saw her daughter's slightly swollen face. "Patricia, why did you have to do this? I'm afraid..."

If she were to cut ties with Sullivan, her chances of inheriting the Sampson family's properties would vanish. Yolanda and her daughter would get them instead. She believed Patricia's grandfather would be disappointed if this happened.

Patricia knew what Giselle was worried about. Depressed, she lowered her head and whispered, "Mom, I had no choice."

They had been oppressed by Sullivan and Yolanda for a long time now, and she could no longer bear it. The verbal attacks they spewed today were unpleasant to hear, so Patricia, under immense mental pressure, decided to sever ties with Sullivan.

But her grandpa's wish... Patricia released a heavy sigh as she wondered if her earlier outburst was a little reckless.

Upon seeing the heavy expression on her daughter's face, Giselle stopped talking. Instead, she went to the kitchen and cooked eggs with which to reduce Patricia's swelling. As Giselle couldn't make decisions for her daughter, she decided to let things be. No one

could tell what would become of the Sampson family.

"It's good that you've rid yourself of Sullivan, Yolanda, and her daughter," said a deep, cold voice all of a sudden. Patricia frowned; she didn't need to turn around to know who had just arrived.

"When will you return the spare key to me?" she unhappily asked. If Zac continued showing up unannounced like this, people would misunderstand, and rumors would fly.

"Today," Zac replied. He took out a key while walking over and tossed it to her.

Patricia looked at the key on her lap in surprise. She hadn't expected him to hand it over so easily. It made her wonder if this was a trap.

She eyed Zac suspiciously. His sudden display of

decisiveness left her in disbelief.

"What? What did you think I'd do?" Zac asked in a teasing manner. The corners of his lips curled into a wry smile, and he watched Patricia with a playful expression.

He wasn't surprised that she didn't trust him. However, he was quite concerned with what he had heard Giselle say.

'Did Mr. Sampson have any wishes before he passed away?' Zac wondered. Why didn't he hear about it before? If he hadn't heard them talking about it when he opened the door, he would have never known.

Patricia's brows dipped as her look of surprise transformed into a frown. "Zac, did you come here just to return the key?" she coldly asked. Her sharp eyes stared at him intently as though trying to glean

something from his facial expression.

Faced with such intense scrutiny, Zac smiled and sat down without saying a word, and his gentle gaze met her probing stare.

He had come today for one simple reason: to see if Patricia got hurt. The person he sent to tail her told him what happened at the party, so he was pretty worried.

Zac frowned when he noticed Patricia's swollen cheek. He was so angry that he considered settling the score with Sullivan as soon as possible. 'How dare he hit Patricia!' he fumed.

Seeing the look in Zac's eyes turn murderous, Patricia let out a light cough and said, "If you have nothing to say, leave."

Zac's intense gaze shifted from her swollen cheek to her eyes. He narrowed his eyes in displeasure but didn't reply.

'Can't she say something nice to me? Why does she have to be so cold to me all the time?'

His facial expressions changed so rapidly that Patricia could finally read them. She knew he wanted to stay.

They were staring at each other in silence when Giselle left the kitchen a few minutes later. She paused in surprise when she saw Zac, and then she casually handed him a boiled egg.

"Zac, I'm cooking, so can you help me treat her face?" Before her daughter could object, Giselle went back into the kitchen.

Patricia looked away from her mother's receding

figure and frowned at Zac. "You..."

"Me what? Come closer." Ignoring her probing gaze, Zac peeled the egg and wrapped it with a piece of cloth, ready to rub it on her face.

Nothing had gone wrong thus far, but Patricia's wariness didn't decrease. She bit her bottom lip softly and watched him, trying to figure out what he was up to.

Tired of the unrelenting scrutiny, Zac frowned and said, "What are you looking at? Do you not want me to help? Fine, I'll go fetch your mother." With that, he stood right up. There was no trace of anger on his face. Instead, he was respecting Patricia's decision.

Although Zac yearned to help, her opinion was more important, and he respected that. If she were to get angry and throw the egg away, her swelling wouldn't

reduce anytime soon.

He was pretty worried Patricia would hate him if he forced the issue. It wasn't news to him that a gap still existed between them, as Patricia despised him.

Zac knew that nothing he could do now would make up for what happened between them. Thus, he decided to be good to her for now.

As he turned to leave, Patricia grabbed his wrist and looked away. "No, it's not like that. Just be gentle," she whispered.

Zac was shocked, and for a few moments, he thought he had misheard. He looked at her in surprise, only to see her quickly look away. Her face was a little flushed, too. It made her look so cute.

Seeing Patricia blush made Zac's heart flutter

pleasantly, and he couldn't help but smile. 'Is this a good sign? Does it mean Patricia doesn't hate me as much as I thought?'

Seeing Zac just stand there in shock, Patricia frowned a little and said in a low voice, "Zac, will you help me or not?"

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Chapter 282 Richard's Promise



"Of course," Zac replied, a little flustered. All of a sudden, he pressed the egg in his hand against Patricia's face hard, which made her groan in pain. Exasperated, she looked at Zac with narrowed eyes and took a deep breath.

'I'm sure Zac did that on purpose!' she said to herself inwardly.

"Zac, it's hot. It hurts!" she complained while glaring at him.

"Well, you have no choice but to bear with it. Don't worry. You'll feel better soon," Zac replied, not a hint of jest in his voice.

Patricia heaved a sigh. She knew that what he had said was true. It was just that she could not help but whine like a spoiled child.

Meanwhile, a gentle smile appeared on Giselle's face as she saw the two in the living room. Patricia was her daughter, so she knew her very well. Although Patricia denied that she had feelings for Zac and even showed dislike towards him, she could not change

what she truly felt about him. Giselle could see through her daughter's heart.

The next morning, Patricia woke up as the sunlight shone on her face, dazzling her. She was still sleepy when she got up. However, her sleepiness vanished in an instant when she heard her mother's scream. Horrified, she rushed out of the room.

Her eyes widened in shock when she saw what was happening. She could not believe her eyes.

It was Giselle and Richard.

They were in the living room and seemed to be in a fight. Giselle was holding a kitchen knife, while Richard was holding a wooden stick. It looked like they had been fighting for quite a while now.

"You..." Patricia uttered in disbelief. She could not

help but swallow hard as she stared at Giselle and Richard, trying to figure out what was happening.

As the two saw her, they smiled awkwardly and slowly put down their weapons. "You're up," they said at the same time.

Patricia frowned and looked at them with narrowed eyes. For some reason, she felt that they were hiding something.

This was the first time that she had seen her mother furious. Not to mention, she was holding a kitchen knife and brandishing it in front of Richard's face. 'Could it be that she wanted to kill Uncle Richard?' she asked herself.

Shocked, Patricia swallowed her saliva again.

As Giselle noticed the look in her daughter's eyes,

she glanced at Richard and then rushed to Patricia's side. "It's not what you think," she explained.

Patricia pursed her lips and eyed Giselle and Richard with suspicion. 'Well, the scene in front of me just now looked exactly like what I think it is. They looked like they were in a feud.'

"Mom, what were you doing?" she whispered in her mother's ear while looking at Richard from the corner of her eye.

She had just seen how fierce the two were. They looked like they were about to come to blows.

Giselle lowered her head upon hearing Patricia's question. She wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. Just as she mustered her courage to explain, Richard beat her to it.

"Don't worry, Patricia. We were just bickering," Richard replied casually.

But to Patricia, that did not seem to be the case. She saw how fierce their faces looked a while ago and she felt as though one of them would die in the hands of the other.

Patricia looked at Giselle intently, trying to find out something from her expression. "Were you really just bickering?" she asked, confirming if what he had said was true.

Giselle sighed exasperatedly. But instead of answering Patricia's question, she turned to Richard and ordered, "You, explain it to her." Without waiting for his response, she went to the kitchen at once.

Now that Giselle was gone, Patricia looked at Richard with scrutiny. How could she not worry when such a

thing happened early in the morning?

"It's not a big deal. We just had a tense fight, that's all," Richard explained with an awkward smile. He had no idea how to explain everything, so he just explained it as briefly as he could.

Patricia's face remained serious, unconvinced by his explanation. She wanted to know the truth.

Her intense gaze pressured Richard to tell the whole story.

Apparently, he came here today to take Giselle back home. He was on a business trip two days ago, so he had no idea what had happened. When he found out everything, he immediately returned home and had a serious discussion with his mother, who then agreed to his request.

He was in high spirits when he came here to pick Giselle up. However, he did not expect that she would refuse and vent her anger and bitterness on him. Angry and aggrieved, Richard could not help but quarrel with her, which almost led to a physical fight.

Patricia fell speechless. With eyes wide in disbelief, she looked at her mother, who was busy in the kitchen.

'Is it because of what happened last time that my mom's belligerence awakened? Or could it be because of something else? To think, she even used a kitchen knife to keep him away.'

"Don't worry, Uncle Richard. My mother is just mad right now, but she'll calm down after a while." Patricia smiled at him and motioned for him to help himself with tea.

Giselle finished making breakfast not long after. Patricia had gone to the bathroom for a while to wash her face and brush her teeth. But when she came out, she witnessed that Giselle and Richard were talking and laughing with each other. Her lips curled into a smile at the sight of them.

Even though Giselle never said it, Patricia knew that her mother missed Richard very much. Besides, Giselle had lived in the Lowell residence for a long time. She probably wanted to stay there for as long as she could.

However, the Lowell family had always looked down upon Giselle. So even if she returned there, she would be treated unfairly like before. Patricia did not want that to happen again.

Richard must have figured what Patricia was thinking, so he asked her if he could talk to her alone after

breakfast.

"Patricia, I know you're worried about Giselle. But I assure you, what happened in the past would not happen again," Richard promised solemnly.

Seeing the sincerity in his eyes, Patricia nodded in response. She felt somehow at ease because of his promise. Giselle and Richard were a married couple, so what was going on between them was their business. It was only natural for Patricia to worry about her mother. However, she could not hinder nor destroy their relationship just because of what she felt.

"Uncle Richard, to tell you the truth, I don't want my mother to go back there soon. Your mother has been very clear about what she thought of my mother. But, I know that if she doesn't go back, more speculations will be made. Things will be harder for you if that

happens," Patricia said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Richard was not at all surprised about her eloquence. He had talked with her several times before and knew that she was calm and reasonable. What was more, he was grateful for her for taking care for Giselle.

"Thank you for being so considerate and understanding. I promise that I'll figure out a way to solve this. I'll make sure to keep Giselle safe and happy," Richard sincerely said. This was his promise to Giselle's daughter.

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Chapter 283 Overtime



With a gentle smile, Patricia nodded and replied,
"Thank you, Uncle Richard. My mother is lucky to have you."

"No. She's blessed to have a daughter like you," Richard retorted. He had always appreciated Patricia. The more he talked to her, the more he could see that she was a woman of substance.

All of a sudden, an idea popped into his mind.

"Patricia, I know that what I'm about to ask you is a little abrupt and, perhaps, too much to ask. But, would you like to be my adopted daughter? If you agree, you can be with Giselle every day. I can also help quiet down your rumors."

"Uncle Richard, thank you for your kindness. But, you don't have to do this. Just take good care of my mother for me. I'll solve my problem on my own," Patricia refused without second thought.

She was aware that he was just trying to help her. However, her problem at hand was serious, and she did not want to place her burden on someone else's shoulder. Besides, if the media found out that he had adopted her, they would surely make a big deal out of it, which would only make things worse. What was more, she knew what Richard's mother thought of her.

The Lowells would be outraged if she became Richard's daughter. For sure, they would come after Giselle and give her hell. Patricia did not want that to happen.

Richard nodded in agreement upon seeing the look in her eyes. It was only then that he understood her reason for refusing him. He could not help but scold himself inwardly for not thinking his offer through.

"I understand. Don't worry. I'll take good care of

Giselle," Richard promised again.

Patricia nodded in response. Truth be told, she still had not known Richard completely, but he had left a good expression on her. She believed that he was worthy to be with her mother for the rest of her life.

Meanwhile, Lyndsy was venting her anger and frustrations on her dolls. She imagined that the doll in her hand was Patricia, and, with all her strength, she tore it.

Yolanda stood by the door and watched her daughter ruin her dolls. She could not help but purse her lips and shook her head in disappointment. "Lyndsy, what happened? Why do you seem so worked up. It's early in the morning."

"Isn't it obvious? Except for that bitch, who else can make me this angry?" Lyndsy grumbled and tore

another doll.

Yolanda frowned in displeasure when she saw the torn pieces of cloth and thread on the floor. Well, it was only natural for her to feel like this. She had made those dolls by hand for Lyndsy. However, Lyndsy did not cherish them at all.

As Lyndsy noticed that Yolanda was silent for a long time, she stopped what she was doing and looked at her mother with a frown. "Why are you just standing there, Mom? Help me think of a way to deal with that bitch. Do you remember the time when I got drunk on purpose and went to Zac's apartment? Well, I tried to seduce him, but, for some reason, he was unmoved. It seemed that he had no feelings for me. He just left me on the bed and went out."

Lyndsy stamped her feet in anger. As she recalled what had happened that day, dissatisfaction flashed

across her face. 'Am I not pretty? Why didn't he feel anything for me?'

Yolanda was taken aback. She walked over to the bed and sat down next to her daughter. "Did you do exactly as I said?" she queried.

She might not be great in dealing with other things, but she considered herself an expert in dealing with men. Everything she taught Lyndsy had worked on every man she met. That being said, why did it not work on Zac?

"Yes. Believe me. He didn't even take a look at me. He was so cold to me like I was a stranger." Feeling like a loser, Lyndsy pursed her lips in dissatisfaction.

Upon hearing this, Yolanda lowered her head and fell into deep thought. Suddenly, Patricia came to her mind. 'Could it be that Zac is in love with that

woman?' she wondered.

She shook her head and dismissed that thought. 'If that's the case, he should've done something for her a long time ago. Besides, even though he has been trying to win over Patricia, he doesn't seem so vocal about it. It's as though he doesn't want everyone to know. They've divorced anyway, and everyone knows about that.'

As Lyndsy noticed that her mother had not said anything for a while, a scowl appeared on her face, and she finally exploded.

She grabbed her mother's wrist and looked at her pleadingly. "Mom, I don't care about anything anymore. Please help me win his heart this time. I can't wait any longer."

Albeit reluctant, Yolanda nodded her head and

agreed to Lyndsy's request. However, what Lyndsy was asking was difficult as she wanted them to act fast before Patricia could get Zac.

Everyone was staring at Patricia when she returned to the company. They could not help but gawk at her. She had become famous, after all.

Patricia did not care about being stared at. In her mind, today was just a normal day for work.

Nothing changed much, anyway. Her manager still picked on her.

After a whole day's work, Patricia stretched herself and began packing up. Just as she was about to leave, the manager suddenly walked over to her and threw a large pile of documents on her desk. He wanted her to finish them before she got off work.

Patricia frowned in displeasure. It was already past her work hours. It was obvious that the manager was goading her on purpose.

"Sir, my work hours are over," Patricia boldly protested, not a hint of fear on her face.

A scowl appeared on the manager's porky face. "I said finish these. You still have a minute left." He turned around and returned to his office as soon as he finished speaking, leaving no chance for her to speak.

Unable to do anything, Patricia stood there rooted to the spot, looked up helplessly, and took a deep breath.

She badly needed this job. Although she was already used to her mean and power tripper manager, he had gone too far this time.

Patricia was so mad that she wanted to leave and slam the door behind her. But after weighing the consequences, she finally calmed down. It seemed that she had no choice but to sit down and do as told.

The manager had given her a heavier workload than before. The night had already fallen, and yet she still had not finished half of her work.

A few hours later, her stomach growled loudly. She could not help but bite her lower lip in resentment.

She checked the time and found that it was already nine o'clock in the evening. She had not eaten anything for hours. No wonder her stomach was rumbling.

All of a sudden, a scrumptious aroma of sweet and sour fillets wafted in the air. She swallowed her saliva,

enticed by the delicious smell. She unconsciously raised her head and saw Jack standing by the door and looking at her with a smile.

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Chapter 284 Puddings



"You finally realized you're hungry?" With a gentle smile, Jack walked over to Patricia and placed the takeout box on the desk. "I wanted to pick you up for dinner. But when I saw that you had to work overtime, I decided to buy you some food instead. Here. These are all your favorites."

He then quickly opened the box, handed the contents to Patricia, and beckoned her to eat.

A burst of fragrance came to their noses the moment the box was opened. Sure enough, the foods Jack had bought were her favorites. With that, Patricia smiled gratefully at him and started eating.

Jack's lips curled into a smile when he saw the look of satisfaction on Patricia's face. He could not help but admire her beauty as she ate. If only he could, he would take a photo of her gobbling down the food.

Patricia could not help but be embarrassed upon noticing his intense gaze on her. "Is there anything on my face? Why are you looking at me like that?" she asked with a sheepish smile.

"Because you're beautiful," Jack answered candidly.

Patricia's face flushed when she heard his compliment. Embarrassed, she turned her face away

and ate with her head low. She was worried Jack would say something like that again, and she would not know how to respond.

Little did they know, Zac was standing outside the door, watching them. He saw everything, and bitterness washed over him. He pursed his lips and fixed his eyes on Patricia's face. Although he could not hear what they were talking about, he could see from her face that she was enjoying the moment and that she was happy to be with Jack.

His grip on the takeout food he was supposed to give Patricia tightened, and the blue veins at the back of his hand bulged. He also bit his lower lip in dejection. Without a word, he turned around and left.

After the meal, Patricia was finally fueled with energy. She could now work hard again. Meanwhile, Jack had not left yet. He stood by her side and accompanied

her until she was done.

As he gazed at Patricia, who was buried in work, he happened to see her empty cup. All of a sudden, an idea suddenly occurred to him. "Patricia, are you thirsty? Would you like me to get you some water?" he offered with a smile.

Without lifting her gaze, Patricia nodded in response. She forgot to tell him where the water dispenser was. But after a moment, he handed her a cup of warm chocolate. She was taken aback that she looked up at Jack with inquisitive eyes.

"Jack..."

"It's your favorite chocolate. Drink it slowly. But be careful. It's still hot," Jack cautioned. A glimmer of light flashed through his eyes when he spoke.

Patricia nodded in understanding. For a second, she saw his affection for her in his eyes. She did not say anything about it, though. She just took the cup of chocolate and savored it.

She had not had this for a long time. If it were not for Jack, she would have forgotten that a cup of warm chocolate during Mondays was the most enjoyable experience she had had when she was in college.

As if in a trance, Patricia closed her eyes and reminisced her memories. "Thank you, Jack," she said with a dreamy smile.

Just as she took a sip, she felt something hard in her mouth. She frowned and immediately spat it out in her hand.

It was a ring. Patricia looked at Jack in a daze. Her mouth opened and closed, as she didn't know what to

say. Just as she was about to speak, Jack knelt and took her hand affectionately.

"Patricia, will you marry me?" he proposed. There seemed to be love and longing in his black, obsidian-like eyes. What was more, he was staring at her so intently that her image reflected in his eyes.

Patricia fell stunned. She thought that Jack had already given up after she rejected him last time. She never expected that...

She pursed her lips in disapproval and protested, "Jack, we—"

"Patricia, I know you have a lot of things going on right now. Don't worry. You don't have to answer me now. You can tell me when you're ready. I'll wait."

Jack took the ring in her palm, held it high, and gazed at it under the light.

"Keep this ring for me, will you? I'll put this on your finger on the day you agree to marry me," he promised in a playful tone, but Patricia could hear his sincerity in it.

As she saw the smile on his face, she lowered her head and looked at him with a piercing gaze. "Jack, listen to me," she said in a low yet resolute voice.

"Patricia, don't waste your energy. You're stubborn, and so am I. If I can't persuade you, you can't persuade me either," Jack seriously replied.

Patricia understood what he meant by that. Regardless of what she said, she could not change his mind.

All of a sudden, she shook her head in helplessness. Knowing that there was nothing she could do about it

now, she placed the ring on her desk and continued working.

Jack believed that even though Patricia did not agree to his proposal, there was still hope. As long as she did not reject him, he could still persuade her. He would never give up, no matter what.

At the thought of this, he patted his chest to cheer himself up. He gazed at Patricia, who was buried in paperwork, and a sweet smile appeared on his face. He could feel that the distance between them closed a little.

Zac was standing at the door when Jack proposed to Patricia. His heart broke as he witnessed the scene. His eyes darkened in displeasure, and he bit his lower lip hard.

He had planned on leaving earlier. But after

pondering for a while, he still wanted to bring the food to Patricia, so he returned to her office. However, he did not expect that Jack would propose there. The scene replayed in his mind, and his heart ached even more.

Zac looked at the puddings in his hand, and a bitter smile formed on his lips. He felt as though he had lost his soul. With a heavy heart, he slowly turned around and left.

After a long while, Patricia was finally done with her work. She let Jack know that she was going home now, but he insisted that he would not go anywhere without her. Because of this, she had no choice but to allow him to accompany her on the way home. When they arrived at her apartment, Jack asked if he could come in and stay for a little while, but she refused.

After taking a shower, Patricia sat alone in the living

room and watched TV. A few moments later, she suddenly felt an urge to eat, so she walked over to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator to see if there was something she could eat. Her eyes widened in astonishment when she saw that there was a row of her favorite puddings inside.

"Strange. This pudding has already been discontinued, hasn't it?" she murmured to herself with a frown.

This kind of pudding was her favorite since she was a child. She would ask her mother to buy one for her all the time. But sometime later, the company that was producing this specific pudding had to close down. She had not eaten this pudding since, and it made her sad for a long time.

But now...

The pudding she loved the most was right in front of her. As though she were looking for the person who had put the puddings in her refrigerator, Patricia looked around her apartment

'How could this be? There's nobody but me here, ' she wondered.

It suddenly occurred to her that it might have been Zac. However, he had already returned the key to her. He should not have been able to enter her house...

unless he tricked her.

But now, nothing else mattered to her except for the puddings in front of her. All she wanted right now was to have them again after a long time.

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Chapter 285 Her Favorite Puddings



Patricia ate the puddings with relish as she happily recalled her childhood. After eating, she felt a little reluctant to throw away the pudding cups. Back then, there was a pattern at the bottom of each cup, but she didn't know if they still had it these days.

Out of curiosity, Patricia checked the bottom of the cups. When she saw the familiar pattern, her cold face disappeared in an instant and was replaced with a bright smile similar to what she had when she was a child.

"Oh my God! They still have them. It's so amazing!" Patricia couldn't help but exclaim out of so much

happiness.

First, she had her favorite chocolate, and now her favorite puddings. She wondered when she could have her favorite lollipop.

At the thought of this, Patricia began to imagine how the lollipop would taste in her mouth. When she felt that there was a pair of invisible eyes looking at her, she came back to her senses and looked around.

Seeing no one around, she put aside the uneasiness she felt and continued to watch TV.

After watching a whole episode, Patricia began to yawn. So she turned off the TV and went back to her room to sleep. Only then did Zac, who had been standing behind the balcony curtain, slowly walk out. He was sweating and panting, which showed that he had been hiding behind the curtain for a long time.

As he wiped the sweat on his forehead, Zac took a few deep breaths to calm himself down. His eyes fell on the door of Patricia's room, and his sexy thin lips slightly turned upward.

Earlier he saw with his own eyes how happy Patricia was. It seemed that she liked the gift he gave her very much.

A trace of satisfaction flashed across Zac's cold resolute eyes. He felt like he won against Jack today. It didn't matter if the latter had known Patricia for a long time. He just needed to try his best.

This had boosted his confidence. But when he remembered how it was like when Patricia was with him, his face darkened in an instant. "But..."

Thinking of this, Zac felt bitter. He really didn't know

how to get along with her. She would always act so cold in front of him, and every time he saw her cold face, he couldn't help but get angry. Even if he tried to suppress his anger, he couldn't control it for long.

With a sigh, Zac took a final glance at the door of Patricia's room before he turned around and left in silence.

Downstairs, a tall figure was waiting for him quietly in the dark night, as if he was going to settle accounts with Zac.

Finding Kareem leaning against the gate, Zac smiled coldly and strode past him directly as if the former was nothing to him.

"Zac, I have something to tell you." In order to block Zac's way, Kareem extended his arm in front of him with a cold expression on his face.

It could be seen through his eyes that he was serious, so Zac stopped and raised his chin a little and said, "Just say it." He sounded bored, indicating that he didn't want to argue with Kareem at all.

"Zac, I think we should compete fairly, without tricks." Kareem's tone was as sharp as his eyes.

However, Zac only sneered at him. His deep-set eyes narrowed as he glanced at Kareem. "Fair competition? Are you kidding me?"

A cold smile appeared on Zac's face. He looked at Kareem as if he was a big joke.

"Zac..." Anger rose in Kareem's heart. He clenched his jaw and glared at Zac.

What angered Kareem more was that Zac raised his

hand, motioning him to calm down. Then he took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "I just think there is no need for a competition at all. Patricia is mine. Do you seriously think I will let you have her?"

Zac's determination was evident in his eyes. He didn't seem to acknowledge Kareem as a threat at all.

But his words only made Kareem burst into laughter. He looked at him with mocking eyes and said, "Zac, you are the one who's joking here. Do I have to remind you of what you have done? You pushed her away yourself. I think you know that very well." In a blink of an eye, Kareem was full of confidence again. He looked at Zac with contempt, knowing that he hit a nerve.

For a split second, Zac was stunned. His lips parted, but he didn't know what to say. He couldn't find any words to refute him.

Because what Kareem had said was true, and he knew it.

Seeing the expression on his face, Kareem couldn't help but sneer. "What? Couldn't find the words to say? Is it because I'm right? Even if you try to win her back now, it's useless. Patricia won't go back to you. You know better than me how much she hates you."

These words were like knives piercing through Zac's heart. He was speechless because Kareem's words really got him.

This was exactly what Zac had always been afraid of. The baby, Giselle, her family's Bay... He could still remember what he had done to Patricia, every single one of it.

It was so ironic that he only realized that he loved her

after he had hurt her so much. Perhaps he was a fool for not realizing it soon enough.

Taking advantage of his silence, Kareem continued, "I'm right, Zac, am I not? Being close to her won't bring her back, I want you to know that."

As soon as he finished speaking, Kareem smiled proudly. It was the first time that he had seen Zac so frustrated. Patricia was indeed his brother's weakness. But it was enough that Zac was frustrated. Kareem hoped that he could quit and not bother Patricia anymore.

The only reason why Zac was shaken by Kareem's words was that he knew clearly that he was part of the reason why Patricia got to today's situation. If he didn't pester her, maybe she wouldn't be slandered and get to this.

Soon, Zac regained his composure. He cast a disdainful glance at Kareem and said, "Kareem, I know what you are thinking. But sorry to disappoint you, I won't quit." Without waiting for his reply, Zac strode away, leaving Kareem behind.

What they didn't know was that Lyndsy was watching this scene from the dark. She bit her lower lip tightly, containing her rage. She wished she could burn Patricia's house so that she could disappear forever.

It was not a secret that Zac loved Patricia so much. The only reason why she could be around him was that he could use her to make Patricia jealous and angry.

She was not an idiot to not know this. And the more she thought about it, the more furious she was. Lyndsy wished that Patricia didn't exist in this world at all. If that woman disappeared, Zac would finally be

hers.

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Chapter 286 Yolanda's Determination



It was not until Kareem left that Lyndsy slowly walked out of the dark corner. She glanced at Patricia's apartment with a ferocious expression on her face, wishing that she could rush up to her and fight her face to face.

In terms of wisdom and beauty, Lyndsy never thought that she was inferior to Patricia. In fact, she even believed that she was so much better.

But why did all the fine men around them fall for

Patricia instead of her? Not only Zac, but also Kareem and Jack. They never even threw a glance at her.

This thought made Lyndsy so angry that she stomped her feet on the ground. She glared at Patricia's house and cursed under her breath, "Patricia, you bitch! You must think you are so lovable, don't you? You think no one can hurt you? Just wait and see how I'll punish you and take Zac away from you!"

After saying this, Lyndsy turned around quickly and drove back home. Anger was still written all over her face when she got home. It didn't escape the eyes of her mother, Yolanda, who was watching TV in the living room when she arrived.

Yolanda instantly frowned when she saw the look on Lyndsy's face. She got up from the sofa and came over to her. "What's wrong, honey? Who made you angry again?"

"Why bother asking?" Lyndsy was really in a foul mood. She didn't even want to see her mother's face.

A hint of displeasure crossed Yolanda's eyes. She felt that Lyndsy was out of the line, and her childish temper was more serious than before.

The look on her face only made Lyndsy even angrier. She snorted and went upstairs to go to her room.

Seeing her daughter's attitude, Yolanda couldn't help but shake her head in displeasure. It was her who spoiled her daughter so much. She couldn't blame Lyndsy for venting her anger on her.

Feeling helpless, Yolanda couldn't help but sigh. No matter what, Lyndsy was still her daughter. She should love her unconditionally, especially at times like this.

Yolanda had no choice but to go upstairs and comfort Lyndsy.

When she went upstairs, she saw that Lyndsy once again used all the dolls in her room to vent her anger. She tore them apart one by one. Looking at the ragged dolls on the floor, Yolanda pursed her lips in depression.

"Honey, don't be angry. Tell me, who made you feel this way?" What Yolanda could do right now was to make her daughter feel that she was there for her. So, she let Lyndsy know that she was willing to listen.

Hearing her mother's gentle voice, Lyndsy pouted and looked at Yolanda discontentedly. "Mom, didn't you say that you would teach that bitch a lesson? Why haven't you made a move yet? Zac went to see her again and even quarreled with Kareem for that bitch!"

Lyndsy's voice was full of jealousy. Why could Patricia make people love her so easily? It was so hateful!

For a moment, Yolanda was stunned. Then she asked in disbelief, "Sweetie, is that true?"

"Of course! You asked me to follow Zac everywhere, and I did. I followed him all the way. Can you believe it? Zac quarreled with his own brother and even bought Patricia's favorite puddings!" As she said this, Lyndsy stomped her feet like a child throwing a tantrum.

Yes, she also knew that Zac bought puddings for Patricia. She had been following Zac the whole time. The moment she saw the puddings in his hands, she figured out where he was headed to next.

Hearing what her daughter said, Yolanda fell silent

and bit her lower lip. What she was worried most about had already happened. Zac still had feelings for Patricia, and it was very likely that he might win her back.

But Lyndsy...

The truth was, Yolanda knew from the very beginning that Zac didn't have feelings for her daughter at all. He was just using Lyndsy.

The more she thought about how her daughter was being used, the more displeased she felt. Therefore, she decided to avenge Lyndsy.

"Mom..." It was Lyndsy's pleading voice that brought her back to her senses. Yolanda looked at her daughter's hand that was holding her wrist and felt even more determined to make the people who hurt her pay for what they did.

On the other hand, Lyndsy had made up her mind that if Zac refused to be with her, she wouldn't allow the bitch Patricia to get him either.

Noticing the look in her daughter's eyes, Yolanda nodded slightly and said confidently, "Leave it to me. Don't worry, dear. I will help you win Zac and his heart."

What she said left Lyndsy in astonishment. "Really?"

To be honest, it didn't matter to her whether she could win Zac's heart anymore. She just wanted to make sure that Patricia wouldn't have him.

Suddenly, a trace of viciousness flashed across Yolanda's face. She nodded at Lyndsy, confident that she would succeed. This time, she would teach Patricia a lesson.

Finally, Lyndsy felt relieved. The corners of her mouth lifted into a smile. She trusted that her mother would do as she promised.

"Manager, these are the documents sorted out yesterday," Patricia said politely. After handing over the documents, she immediately turned around to leave the office, but was stopped by the manager's words.

"Miss Sampson, you're really awesome. Several young men from rich families surround you. How does that make you feel?" The manager's voice was dripping with sarcasm. Even if Patricia couldn't see him, she could imagine the expression on his fat face.

With a faint smile on her face, Patricia turned around and looked straight into the manager's eyes. Then she looked at him up and down and said coldly, "If

you want to know how it feels, you can have a try yourself, but you were..." Patricia purposely didn't finish her words and smiled. She slightly bowed her head and walked out of the office quickly.

As soon as she left the room, the manager realized what she meant and angrily threw the documents that Patricia just handed in. He knew that she was being sarcastic just now. It was obvious that she was indicating that he was too ugly.

"Patricia, you bitch!" The manager clenched his fists and bit his lower lip. He decided to teach her a lesson.

After leaving the manager's office, Patricia immediately returned to her own desk. She heaved a sigh, releasing the stress she was feeling. Their manager always made things difficult for her in the office. Of course, she would feel depressed.

Soon, the busy day had ended. Patricia was preparing to leave the office when the manager invited everyone to go to karaoke out of nowhere. To her disappointment, he mandated everyone to come.

So she had no choice but to come with the others. However, it was not as simple as she thought.

Because as soon as they entered the karaoke room, the manager kept proposing a toast to her for various reasons. As a result, she drank a lot until her stomach couldn't bear it anymore. She even ran to the washroom and threw up.

When she came back from the washroom, the manager asked her to drink again. She couldn't stand it anymore, so she called Jack.

"Jack, come pick me up." It was a quick call. Patricia just told him the address and hung up without waiting

for his response.

Not long after, a man came to pick her up, but it wasn't Jack. It was Zac. Only then did she realize that she had dialed the wrong number.

"You're not the one I'm waiting for." Although the alcohol was making it hard for Patricia to stay awake, she tried her best to open her eyes and looked at Zac's face. She was already so wasted that she could no longer stand steadily. Moreover, she giggled at the sight of him.

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Chapter 287 A Scheme



Hearing those words made Zac sigh in exasperation. Earlier when Patricia called him by another man's name, he almost went insane. He was so angry that he wanted to punish her.

But seeing her like this right now made it impossible for him to do so. He glared at her and stepped forward to hold her. "I know you didn't mean to call me, but you need me now." After finishing his words, Zac put his arm around Patricia's waist and strode towards the door.

No matter how angry he was when he heard her call him by another man's name earlier on the phone, he couldn't just watch her like this. She was completely wasted. At this state, she might be in danger if he left her alone.

"No, go away. You're not whom I'm waiting for. I'm waiting for Jack. Where is he? I want Jack." Like a

child, Patricia pouted her lips and continuously beat Zac's chest.

Her words only fueled Zac's anger. He gasped for breath and bit his lower lip, trying to calm himself down.

How could she look for someone else when she was already in his arms?

"Be quiet!" He couldn't help but roar at her when she kept being restless and saying Jack's name. If she dared to say that name again, he would leave her here.

His loud voice startled Patricia. She stopped beating Zac's chest and stared at him blankly. Just as when he thought she would stop struggling, she suddenly became restless again.

"Who are you? I don't know you. I want Jack. I want him." To Zac's annoyance, Patricia continued to hit his chest while she shouted Jack's name repeatedly.

At this point, she had really got into Zac's nerves. His eyes were filled with anger, and his face was gloomy, as if a volcano was about to erupt.

"Say that name again and you'll see what happens next!" Any moment from now, Zac could definitely lose his temper. He gritted his teeth and looked at Patricia fiercely, warning her not to irritate him more.

For a moment, Patricia was stunned. Her pinkish lips opened and closed, as if she was trying to find the words to say. When she was finally about to speak, a familiar voice came to her ears, stopping her at once.

"Mr. Reynolds, I think Patricia has made it clear already. I am the one she needs. I'm also the one she

is looking for, not you." Jack stood proudly in front of Zac, belittling him in his mind.

Everything that Patricia said had reached his ears. Of course, he was delighted. He didn't expect that she would look for him instead of Zac when she got drunk.

That was why he confidently walked towards them and grabbed Patricia's wrist, while his scrutinizing eyes never left Zac.

"Mr. Reynolds, please let go of her. I'm sure you don't want to embarrass yourself." It looked as if Jack no longer saw Zac as a threat.

Frowning, Zac looked at Patricia from the corner of his eyes, as if he was searching for something on her face. Perhaps he wanted to see that she was just bluffing about wanting Jack.

However, there was only excitement on Patricia's face when she saw Jack. She tugged at his sleeve and repeatedly urged him to leave with her. "Jack, you are here. Let's go home." Unlike earlier, Patricia's face was now particularly brighter. She seemed happy and relieved that Jack was finally here.

It was hard for Zac to see the woman he loved happy with another man. His deep-set eyes suddenly became empty. He unconsciously released Patricia as he stared at her and Jack.

"Jack, I've been waiting for you." The way Patricia threw herself at Jack and rubbed her face against his made it seem like she adored him very much.

Zac couldn't bear to watch this scene. He didn't know it was possible for Patricia to be this affectionate, so he was surprised. His eyes void of emotions turned to her.

If they were closer, would she jump into his arms?

A picture of them hugging popped out of Zac's mind. He swallowed hard, feeling the inexplicable panic rising inside him. His heart was pounding so fast and his breathing became labored.

When Jack noticed the look on Zac's face from the corner of his eye, his lips curled up. The initial shock he felt disappeared and was replaced with arrogance. He glanced at Zac coldly and whispered, "Mr. Reynolds, I think you know what Patricia wants now." Right after he said this, Jack pulled Patricia away, ignoring Zac.

As they walked away, Patricia never looked back at Zac, as if he was nothing but a stranger.

There was nothing else that Zac could do but watch

them leave. When their figures disappeared from his sight, he poured his anger on the wall nearest to him and pounded it until his fists hurt. He took a deep breath, failing to take the scene out of his mind.

It felt as though there were countless knives that pierced through his heart, making it difficult for him to breathe.

Minutes had passed before he was able to regain his composure. He loosened his collar so he could breathe better, and then strode away.

Immersed in sorrow, Zac didn't notice that a sharp gaze had been staring at him from behind.

Not long after he left, the manager, who had been watching from a distance, took out his phone and dialed a number quickly. A smug smile was plastered on his face.

"Miss Sampson, I have done what you asked. Mr. Reynolds is very sad now." The manager couldn't help but snicker at the thought of getting a large sum of money later as a reward for what he had done.

"Good. I knew you are a capable man. The money has been transferred to your account." Satisfied with his report, Lyndsy hung up the phone with a huge smile.

At this time, Lyndsy was sitting in a bar, with a flash of complacency on her face. She glanced at the entrance from time to time, as if she was waiting for someone.

If her guess was right, Zac would be here soon. This was the place he always went for a drink. Thinking of this, Lyndsy waited patiently.

Meanwhile, Jack and Patricia had reached her apartment. Perhaps it was because she was so drunk that she kept trying to lean against him, reluctant to let him go.

"Patricia, be still. We are almost there."

With a flushed face, Jack supported Patricia while he was hurriedly searching for the key in her bag. The drunken Patricia kept rubbing her body against his, which was a huge temptation to Jack. He had been suppressing his desire for a long time. If she went on with this, he might not be able to control it anymore.

"No, I don't want to stay still. I want you to..." Patricia didn't have to finish what she was saying to make Jack understand what she meant; the playful smile on her face was already enough. She put her hands around his neck and looked at him with a hint of passion in her clear eyes.

Based on how Jack suddenly stopped what he was doing, and the way he stared at Patricia, it could be said that he got the message. He swallowed hard. The truth was, he had never been with a woman before. If Patricia really wanted to sleep with him, what was he going to do?

Although it was ideal to do that with Patricia's consent when she was sober, he couldn't deny that he needed more self-control so as not to do anything to her now that she was drunk and so close to him. Besides, it was the woman he loved seducing him! How could he not be affected?

"Jack..." All of a sudden, Patricia stood on tiptoe and planted a soft kiss on Jack's lips, which slightly parted in surprise. She looked at him with no ounce of regret and giggled like a child.

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Chapter 288 Lyndsy's Move



With a blank look on his face, Jack stared at Patricia in shock and disbelief.

Did she just kiss him? She kissed him? She kissed him!

The woman he loved had just kissed him. The feeling was indescribable, leaving him at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the corridor, Zac, who saw what happened, turned pale, and his eyes became listless.

The lip-locking scene kept replaying in his mind. It was now apparent that Patricia valued Jack over all others. Corroborating this was the fact that she was always cold to Zac and would look at him with disdain every time he approached her.

Even when she was drunk, she never got this close to him.

Seconds had already passed, yet Zac was still stunned. His lips parted slightly, but no words came out of them. After all, he hadn't seen this coming. Patricia preferred Jack to him; that was the reality he had just witnessed.

As Zac's thoughts raced and his pupils darted around, he placed a hand on his chest to calm himself. Patricia had drifted far from him, and he could no longer touch her.

Zac's eyes widened when he saw Patricia and Jack walk into the apartment together. He wanted to stop them, but his feet were frozen in place and didn't move. He could only stand there and watch as they went inside together, vanishing from his sight.

The sound of the door closing jolted Zac from his reverie. He got his breathing under control, and a bitter smile appeared on his face. He shook his head and left right away.

With a heavy heart, Zac sauntered into the familiar bar and dulled his pain with alcohol. He lost track of time and couldn't remember how much he had drunk. He looked down and saw many empty bottles on the floor. It wasn't the first time he was drinking alone. Only by doing this could he numb the depression in his heart.

"Patricia, you are so cruel!" Zac murmured to the ceiling as he raised his bottle with a sad smile on his face. He couldn't get the scene of Patricia kissing Jack out of his head.

"Is this your revenge on me? Congratulations! You did it! It hurts! " He grumbled, tapping his chest to relieve the uncomfortable tight feeling in it.

It was the first time he had felt this hurt.

"Why? Why did you do this to me, Patricia?" Zac growled with a grimace.

He closed his eyes, raised the bottle to his lips, and chugged its contents. He hoped the wine would numb his pain.

Lyndsy was furious. As she stood by the door, watching Zac call Patricia's name over and over again

in drunken slurs, anger filled her heart, causing her to bite her lower lip.

She was several times better than that bitch! Why couldn't Zac just see how great she was?

However, this wasn't the right time for complaints. Lyndsy knew what she needed to do. As she stared at the drunk Zac, a decision slowly took shape in her mind: if she couldn't reach Zac's heart, she would at least get his body.

She walked over to Zac and said in a sing-song voice, "Oh, Zac, you're here. Don't drink alone. Let's drink together." Without waiting for Zac to reply, she sat beside him, poured herself a glass of wine, and, without standing on ceremony, downed it in one go.

Having learned from her past failure, she took the sober pill in advance. Although she wasn't sure of its

efficacy, she knew it would help her hold down a few bottles of wine.

Zac didn't reply. He just continued to drink. After drinking only one bottle, Lyndsy screamed suddenly, instantly attracting his attention.

Zac looked coldly at her. He was partially drunk and seemed ready to say something. But before he could speak, the red-faced Lyndsy, who was swaying like she was completely drunk, giggled and said, "I like you, Zac. Do you like me?"

Zac didn't reply. He just sneered coldly and continued to drink.

Lyndsy frowned, but his reaction didn't surprise her. She had steeled herself to do anything to prevent that bitch from getting Zac.

Suddenly, she leaned sideways forcefully, moving in between Zac's arms. Then, sitting comfortably on his lap, she whispered, "Zac, I know you don't like me, but I really like you. Why can't you just be with me instead? I really want you."

Before he could reply, she leaned forward and kissed him. Their lips intertwined, and then she pulled away with reluctance and slowly stood up. With a sad expression on her face, she whispered, "Zac, thank you for giving me this kiss." Then, she turned around to walk away.

Suddenly, her wrist was grabbed. She turned around to see Zac holding her back. "Don't leave," he whispered anxiously.

Lyndsy and Patricia looked somewhat alike, and Zac had just mistaken her for Patricia. To him, since "Patricia" had come all the way here to kiss him, how

could he let her leave just like that?

The corners of Lyndsy's lips curled into a smug smile. The trick her mother suggested to her had worked.

Feigning sadness, she turned around slowly and bit her lip reluctantly. Before she could speak, Zac pushed her onto the sofa.

Before Lyndsy could collect herself, his lips smashed into hers as he climbed atop her.

Groans echoed as the fiery kissing continued, but suddenly, Zac pulled away and looked at her through his half-closed eyes as though he was trying to verify something.

Seeing the look in his eyes, Lyndsy held her breath, scared that she might say something wrong. Her larynx dipped as she swallowed hard and whispered,

"What's wrong?"

Zac shook his head, and his gaze softened. He ran his fingers through her hair and softly said, "Patricia..."

Lyndsy's pupils dilated when she heard that. It instantly dawned on her that Zac had mistaken her for Patricia. That was why he had kissed her so passionately.

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Chapter 289 They Didn't Do I



It was obvious how pissed off Lyndsy was at the moment. She bit her lower lip, suppressing the burning anger she felt for Zac.

No matter what, she wouldn't allow herself to lose him to Patricia. If she couldn't win his heart, then she would have his body!

After a long time, Lyndsy dragged her tired body back home. There she saw her mother, Yolanda, waiting anxiously for her in the living room.

As soon as she saw Lyndsy, she sat up from the sofa and came over to her nervously. "Honey, how did it go?" Yolanda looked at Lyndsy from head down to her toes, as if she was examining her body. The latter looked coy and tired, which meant she must have tried really hard.

All of a sudden, a hint of complacency could be seen in Lyndsy's eyes. Her face was a little flushed, and she looked tired.

"It went well, really well." With a satisfied look on her face, Yolanda nodded slightly. When she remembered something, she became worried again. "Honey, did you use what I gave you?"

Lyndsy went back to being serious once again. "Of course I used it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have..." Out of embarrassment, Lyndsy couldn't finish her words nor look straight into her mother's eyes. She still couldn't believe what had happened earlier. Never in her wildest dream had she thought that she would be that intimate with Zac.

Seeing her reaction, Yolanda smiled and touched the tip of Lyndsy's nose. "It's nothing to be shy about. Now that you already know what it feels like, you won't be coy about it anymore. From now on, you should take good care of yourself and stay at home. It doesn't matter what and who Zac wants. As long as you have his child, everything will soon be yours."

These words made Lyndsy more determined. She realized that what Yolanda said was very reasonable. Back then, she was too focused on making Zac fall in love with her, which was totally unnecessary. Now it seemed that all she needed was just for him to be with her.

Relief flooded into Yolanda's heart now that her daughter had finally become obedient to her. Her eyes were now opened to reality and could see what were the true important things.

Meanwhile, Nicholas helped Zac back to his villa and gave him a cup of tea.

Just a few sips of it and Zac finally felt sober. He was no longer dazed and confused of what was happening around him.

"Nicholas, I'm so glad you came in time." Until now, he still couldn't believe what had happened when he got drunk. He mistook Lyndsy for Patricia and almost made a big mistake. If it weren't for Nicholas, God knew what could have happened.

A hint of concern flashed across Nicholas' face. What happened today was not a simple thing. "Boss, you can't keep being like this. If you really want to be with Patricia, you need to do something. Don't drink alone like that again. You almost..."

Thinking of what could've happened made Nicholas swallow hard. Fortunately, he discovered Lyndsy's true intention, or else something irreversible would have happened to his boss.

Zac knew exactly what Nicholas meant. He lowered his head and sighed. His face which usually looked cold and indifferent was filled with depression. Things

weren't as simple as it appeared to be. Fortunately, Nicholas appeared and found him a substitute in time, or he wouldn't even know what might have happened and what he could have done.

But one thing was for sure; if he slept with Lyndsy and Patricia learned about it, her disgust for him would only grow deeper and deeper. If that happened, he didn't think he could still get her back.

Seeing the expression on Zac's face, Nicholas sighed helplessly. He wanted to say something, but he didn't know what to say. What he only knew was that his boss was not as genius as he was in business when it came to love.

Suddenly, Zac remembered the scene he saw between Jack and Patricia. His chest tightened once again. "What are they doing now?" An image of the two hugging and kissing each other appeared in his

mind.

For a moment, Nicholas was confused. Then he coughed when he realized what Zac meant and who he was referring to. "Boss, put your mind at ease. They didn't do what you thought they did."

The sorrow on Zac's face suddenly changed into surprise. He looked at Nicholas in disbelief, trying to find out whether what he had said was true or he just said it to comfort him. "Nicholas, what did you say?"

"They didn't do it." It was not surprising that Zac did not believe him. Nicholas knew what was running through his mind, and he completely understood.

"That's impossible. I saw it with my own eyes!" Zac's deep-set eyes were fixed on Nicholas' face, waiting for answers.

Pursing his lips, Nicholas said meaningfully, "I'm telling the truth. It's up to you whether you believe it or not, sir. But you know better than me what kind of person Patricia is. She is not that kind of woman who would mess around."

Nicholas's words inadvertently reminded him of Patricia's strange behavior. Every time he met her when she was drunk, she would always yell at him, but today she didn't. Now that he remembered it, she was acting really weird.

Only after seeing the realization on Zac's face was Nicholas able to breathe a sigh of relief. The former would probably stop worrying now.

"Nicholas, is it..." Zac was too astonished to even finish his words.

"Boss, see it for yourself." As an outsider, Nicholas

felt that he did not have the right to get involved in his employer's private life nor did he have the right to state opinions, so he could simply help Zac realize things.

It took some time for Zac to fully grasp the situation. As soon as he got it all together, he began to think about how he should confront Patricia. He couldn't just sit still and wait for Jack to win her. He had to do something.

A resolute look crossed Zac's eyes. He finished the remaining tea in his cup, ignoring the bitter taste it brought to his mouth. Then he stood up and left the house to go to Patricia.

At this moment, Patricia was talking to Johnny in the cafe where they decided to meet. "Sir, I've done what you asked. You should keep your promise about my mother," Patricia said in an indifferent tone.

The remaining respect she had for Johnny was all gone now. She knew what was his impression of her and she didn't want to bother to change that anymore.

Last night, when she accidentally saw Zac and Kareem quarreling downstairs, she felt helpless. She really didn't want to have anything to do with the both of them anymore.

Therefore, when Johnny proposed to meet her and used Giselle as a bait for her to accept his offer, she couldn't say no.

Besides, it was an attractive offer. If she could make Kareem and Zac stay away from her, Johnny would help her mother get out of the situation she was in. All Patricia had to do was make the two men despise her, and her mother wouldn't have to suffer with the Lowells anymore.

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Chapter 290 Agreement With Johnny



It was hard to resist Johnny's offer, so Patricia didn't think too much and directly agreed to his condition.

That was why she ended up deliberately putting on a show in front of Zac to make him give up on her.

Patricia felt a little guilty for using Jack in order to carry out her plan. Fortunately, when she confessed about it after, he did not get mad at her, which made her feel less guilty.

"Good. I know you are a considerate girl." With a gentle smile, Johnny took out a check from his pocket

and laid it in front of Patricia. "A small gift for you."

To his surprise, Patricia just sneered and tore the check into pieces without hesitation. She glanced at Johnny coldly and said, "Mr. Reynolds, I don't need your money. Just don't forget about our agreement. If I can make Zac give up, please fulfill your promise."

"Patricia, don't forget that our deal was to make Kareem and Zac both give up. Kareem is several times more stubborn than Zac, I don't think it will be easy for you to make him leave you alone."

Deep down, Patricia knew he was right. She bit her lower lip and thought of a plan. Then she looked up at Johnny once again with determination in her eyes.

Just as when she was about to speak, a cold and deep voice came to her ears. She turned around to see the source of the voice and was stunned to see

Zac.

"No wonder." A smile which everyone feared was plastered on Zac's face as he stared at Johnny. In one swift move, he had already pulled Patricia to his side, as if he was protecting her from his father.

"Zac, listen to me." The dignified look on Johnny's face was suddenly replaced with fear. He quickly explained, "It's not what you think."

Of course, Johnny knew Zac's character. Once he made up his mind about something, nothing could ever change it.

"Don't." Zac raised his hand to stop Johnny from explaining. His voice was as sharp as his eyes when he continued, "I already know enough. I don't need you to say anything more. My love for Patricia won't change. She is mine and no one can take her away

from me."

Johnny was out of words. He didn't expect that things would turn out like this. He had thought that after the act, Zac would finally give up. But now that he found out about the agreement he made with Patricia, his son seemed to be more determined about winning her back.

"Zac, listen to me. Patricia is not the one for you. You should let her go and set yourself free too!"

"You don't get to decide who is the one for me." Zac's domineering tone made Johnny speechless. He looked at his father coldly, as if he was giving him a silent warning. As soon as he was done talking, he grabbed Patricia's waist and turned around to leave.

Watching his son's receding figure, Johnny couldn't help but sigh. There was a trace of disbelief in his

eyes. He didn't expect that his plan would backfire.

His gaze was then diverted to Patricia's back. Johnny suddenly fell into a deep thought. His face hardened when he thought of one important question.

Only after they were outside the cafe did Patricia show her anger towards Zac. She tried hard to get away from his grip, but he was so much stronger than her.

"Zac, what are you doing? I was talking to Mr. Reynolds back there. You are being ridiculous!" Patricia's eyes were full of anger.

However, Zac only ignored it and cast her a disdainful glance. He made her get in the car, and then drove off without saying anything. He heard everything that Patricia and Johnny were talking about earlier. So he knew the reason why she was doing all of these.

Because Patricia worried so much about Giselle's situation in the Lowells' residence, she fell into the trap Johnny set up for her. Zac didn't expect that she could be really stupid sometimes.

Hadn't Patricia thought that even if she did what she promised to, Johnny might not keep his promise, or even pretend that the deal didn't exist at all? Then, he could use the same promise to trick her into doing whatever he asked, because Giselle was her weak spot.

The disdain in Zac's eyes fueled Patricia's anger. She exhaled a heavy breath and said fiercely, "Zac, say something. What do you want?"

She had just been set up by Johnny, and now she had to face Zac's annoying cold face. How could she not be pissed? In fact, her chest felt so heavy that she

almost snapped.

Hearing the frustration in her voice, Zac looked at her through the rear view mirror and said bluntly, "What do I want? I'm just wondering when you became so stupid."

For a split second, Patricia was astounded. Then she glared at Zac before looking away when she got back to her senses.

As soon as the Porsche stopped at her apartment, she got off the car quickly and slammed the door closed. Then she marched into her apartment without looking back.

Despite being yelled at by Patricia, Zac couldn't stop himself from smiling after she left the car. He just felt so happy knowing that nothing happened between her and Jack.

It turned out that it was just a show to make him hate her. There was really nothing to worry about.

Even when Patricia was already inside her apartment, she still couldn't contain her rage. She didn't know why Zac suddenly appeared. All she knew was that her plan was now ruined! What should she do now to make them give up? Patricia couldn't really think of anything else.

Now that Zac had found out about her scheme, it would be even more difficult for her to convince him and Kareem to leave her alone.

Thinking of this, Patricia stomped her feet in frustration. She wondered what she should do to stop Zac and Kareem from pestering her.

Jack inexplicably crossed her mind. If she pretended

to agree to his proposal, Zac and Kareem would definitely give up on her, right?

This seemed to be a great idea. But when she thought of Jack's feelings for her, she realized that it would be too selfish and would only hurt him.

Minutes had passed and Patricia still couldn't come up with a solution to her problem. Instead, Zac's domineering words back in the cafe kept replaying inside her head.

"My love for Patricia won't change. She is mine and no one can take her away from me.

Remembering these words made Patricia groan. It felt as if her head was going to explode. In the end, she decided to stop thinking and just go to sleep.

On the next day, Patricia went to work with dark

circles around her eyes. Her colleagues were surprised to see her like that, but they didn't say anything.

As usual, her manager made her day at work difficult. Patricia was in such a bad mood that she wanted to snap. But considering that she needed this job, she just swallowed her anger and continued to work like nothing happened.

Not long after she arrived in the office, a courier holding a bouquet of roses appeared at the door of her department. Patricia only paid attention to the courier when he called her name.

"Excuse me, is Patricia here? I'm here to deliver your package."

Everyone turned to look at Patricia with eyes full of envy.

Noticing the strange gazes from her colleagues, Patricia took a cold look at them. Then she looked back at the courier without any hint of joy or excitement at all.

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