

"Zac, we are over. You have to accept that." There was nothing but indifference in Patricia's eyes.

Zac fell silent for a moment. He bit his lower lip, not knowing what to say. But then he tightly grasped her wrist and begged Patricia to give him a chance.

"Please, Patricia." His eyes that were often cold and empty were now filled with sadness. He was too focused on wishing that she would give him a chance that he didn't notice that he had been gripping Patricia's wrist too hard. He wished he could open her heart to see if she really had no feelings for him anymore.

On the contrary, Patricia didn't even hesitate to reply, "Zac, enough. We are really over. You have to let go."

Her voice was so flat that it made Zac feel as if Patricia had never loved him.

Slowly, he loosened his grip on her and took a deep breath. Patricia didn't know what was on his mind right now.

"Can't you just give me a chance?" The hope in Zac's heart was becoming frail.

Patricia shook her head and looked straight at Zac's eyes. "Zac, what we had was over. We can't get back what we already lost."

Despite saying this, Patricia somehow felt a sting in her heart. She didn't know what it was and why she felt it, but it hurt.

However, she didn't dare dig deep into it. She didn't want to give Zac a chance, but she couldn't take her

eyes off of his sad face either.

"Patricia..." Again, Zac pleaded for her forgiveness. He only hoped that Patricia would give him a chance to prove that he had changed. Why was it so difficult?

A faint smile appeared on Patricia's face. She didn't say anything more and just walked past him.

She left Zac, whose lips trembled upon realizing how determined Patricia was to cut him off. He turned around with the urge to stop her, but he didn't have the courage anymore.

She had made it rather clear. Now no matter what he said, nothing would ever change, since she had already made up her mind that it was impossible for them to start over again.

Thinking of this, Zac looked up, as if he was trying to

stop his eyes from watering. He flashed a smile, a very sad one.

Just then, he received a call from Nicholas.

The latter didn't even wait for Zac to say hello, he directly said the reason for his call. "Boss, as you expected, Yolanda and Lyndsy were the people behind the recent news. They wanted to frame Patricia to completely ruin her reputation."

Zac nodded slightly. Out of the corner of his eye, he glanced at Patricia. He felt bad. He had already swallowed his pride and begged, but none of it worked because she didn't feel anything for him anymore.

What should he do now? Should he...

Not hearing any response from Zac, Nicholas called

his name anxiously, "Boss, what's wrong? You are not answering. Are you thinking about what to do to those two?" A gush of excitement rose inside Nicholas. He wished he could know what Zac wanted to do.

On the other hand, Zac was still trying to regain his composure. Right now, he had a much bigger problem on his mind. He didn't know what he should do about Lyndsy and Yolanda yet.

After a while, Zac cleared his throat and ordered, "Go back to the office first. Have you found the reporter?"

Although Zac couldn't see him, Nicholas still nodded his head. "Of course, I've found the guy and he is with me now. I'll take him to see you." With that, their conversation ended.

The melancholy on Zac's face emerged once more.

He pursed his lips as a trace of depression flashed across his face. In the end, he didn't have a choice but to leave.

As soon as he arrived in his office, he saw the short man who looked terrified. Zac looked at Nicholas in confusion, wondering if he had found the wrong person.

Noticing Zac's gaze, Nicholas patted his chest and said solemnly, "Boss, he is the guy. I'm sure. He has pictures in hand."

Still, Zac couldn't believe that this man was capable of doing what he did. He looked at him up and down before asking, "You have been working for Yolanda?"

The frightened man nodded helplessly. He kept his head down and didn't dare to look at Zac as if the latter was a demon.

Seeing him like this, Zac and Nicholas frowned and said in a low voice at the same time, "Talk."

To their surprise, the man suddenly knelt on the floor and put his palms together. He looked up at Zac and pleaded, "Mr. Reynolds, please don't hurt me. I was just doing my job. I didn't do anything bad."

The man's words made Nicholas speechless. He glared at him, wanting to punch him for what he said.

Zac felt the same way, but he disregarded it and asked, "How long have you been working for Yolanda?"

"It's just a one-time thing." From the way the man avoided his eyes when he answered, Zac could tell that he was lying.

Therefore, Zac turned to Nicholas. He didn't have to utter a word to make the latter understand what he meant. Nicholas walked quickly to the man with a fierce look on his face and asked, "If you don't tell the truth, I will beat you up, and then..." Nicholas deliberately stopped and sneered.

From the moment Nicholas kidnapped him, the man had already feared him. Seeing his expression and hearing his threat instantly made him scared for his life. So he immediately told them the truth.

Once he was done confessing, the man added miserably, "I've told you everything. Can I leave now?"

The corners of Zac's mouth rose. "It's not over yet. Why do you want to leave so soon? You are a smart man. I think you must have a backup plan, don't you?"

It wasn't the first time that Zac dealt with this kind of person. The likes of him were all cunning, insidious and evilly smart. The man must have something to bargain with Yolanda.

Getting caught, the man instantly broke out in a cold sweat. He wanted to deny it, but the certainty in Zac's eyes gave him no chance to. In the end, he took out a mini recorder from his hidden pocket.

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Chapter 302 The Recorder



The man was a little reluctant to give the recorder to Zac. He whispered, "Everything was recorded in it." After handing the recorder over to Zac, the man took

a few steps back, trembling in fear.

His actions pleased Zac, so the latter nodded at Nicholas, signaling him to do something.

Understanding what he meant, Nicholas took out the check they prepared in advance and gave it to the man. "This is your reward, but I have to warn you that if you dare to tell others about this, I will..."

Before Nicholas could finish his words, the man quickly interrupted him and nodded vigorously. "I know. I know. Don't worry. I won't tell anyone."

With that, Zac waved his hand, motioning the man to leave. As soon as he left the room, the two began to listen to the recorder.

Both of them were infuriated with the content of the recorder. Zac was so furious that his face turned livid,

while Nicholas stood there waiting for his boss' order.

Nicholas thought, 'Yolanda and Lyndsy are in big trouble now, but they deserve it.'

Anger was written all over Zac's face, and his grip on the recorder tightened. He had never thought that Yolanda was behind all the news that came out to slander Patricia, including those photos.

Everything seemed to make sense now.

"Boss, what are you going to do?" Even Nicholas thought that Yolanda and Lyndsy were hateful, and that they deserved to get punished for everything that they did.

"What am I going to do? Of course, I'm going to give them a dose of their own medicine." A trace of viciousness crossed Zac's eyes when he said this. He

was determined to make them pay.

Meanwhile, Patricia found herself unable to focus on her work because of what happened in the morning. Fortunately, she was able to adjust her mood and continued to work until it was time to go home.

The moment it was time to get off work, Patricia stretched her arms and was about to pack her things when the manager came out of the office with a pile of documents in his hands.

Patricia's initial thought was that the manager was going to pick on her again.

That was why she was stunned when the manager walked past her. It turned out that the documents were not for her, but for her new colleague. She was relieved. When she lowered her head to continue packing her things, a familiar laugh came to her ears.

"Patricia, I saw you gloating just now."

Glaring at Jack who was standing beside her desk, Patricia said, "Gloating? I was just happy to finally get off work." Of course, Jack didn't know how she was feeling. He didn't know that ever since Patricia entered the company, the manager always found a way to make her life in the office a living hell. She had considered quitting a million times already, but she knew she needed the job so she had to suck it up.

Something suddenly came up to her mind, so she looked at him suspiciously and changed the topic. "By the way, where have you been this week? Did you meet a new girl?" she teased him.

It seemed like Jack wasn't pleased with her joke. His eyes instantly turned dark. "Patricia, trust me. I'm not a cheater. I just had something I needed to deal with

recently. I came here as soon as I got back."

The thing he had to deal with was the blind date Joanne had arranged for him. He didn't really want to go, but his mother threatened him with her life, so he had no choice but to go.

Hearing his defensive explanation, Patricia chuckled. "You don't have to be so nervous. I was just messing with you."

She didn't know why Jack became nervous all of a sudden.

"Well, let's not talk about it anymore. Hurry up and pack your things. Let's have dinner together."

They hadn't seen each other for several days, and he just came back. So she thought it was just right to spend time with him. However, she would only go out

with him as a friend.

As soon as they arrived at the restaurant, everyone in there looked at her with judgmental eyes.

Patricia was no longer surprised because she already got used to scenarios like this, but not Jack. He was instantly mad when he noticed how these people looked at her.

How could he stand to watch other people look at her this way?

The moment they settled on their seats, Jack looked at her with a worried expression and softly said, "Patricia, I know what happened."

"I see." It seemed like the issue was not a big deal to Patricia. She smiled at Jack and picked up the menu to order something to eat.

Originally, Jack really wanted to comfort her. But it looked like there was no need for that anymore. She didn't seem to care at all.

Hence, Jack discarded the thought. They enjoyed the food and laughed together.

None of them expected Lyndsy to appear in front of them. She poured something over Patricia's head.

In a blink of an eye, Patricia was covered with sticky liquid that smelled like blood. She wiped her face and opened her eyes to look at Lyndsy's angry face.

Needless to say, Patricia knew why this woman was here. Lyndsy wanted to make her look like a fool again.

"You bitch! Give me back my baby!" At this time,

Lyndsy looked a little out of her mind. Her eyes were red as she stared at Patricia. She looked at Patricia with hatred, as if she wanted to kill her on the spot.

On the other hand, Patricia just sneered. She didn't say anything.

Did they think she still didn't know the truth? They had a perfect plan to get rid of that child and make her the bad guy.

"Give me back my baby! You bitch! Give me back my baby!" Like a madwoman, Lyndsy stretched out her hand to grab Patricia, but was stopped by Jack.

"Lyndsy, stop it. You are insane..." Jack said. Lyndsy indeed looked like a crazy woman right now.

All of a sudden, Lyndsy started laughing wildly as she glowered at Patricia.

Standing in front Patricia, Jack pursed his lips. He glanced at her from time to time, worried about her safety.

In order to make Jack feel at ease, Patricia smiled at him. Her eyes were telling him that Lyndsy was just acting in front of everyone here.

"Jack, go away. I am here for her, this bitch killed my baby..." As she spoke, Lyndsy's tears fell down her face. Her voice that was laced with sadness broke, which made the onlookers feel sorry for her.

Everyone, except Patricia. Because she knew the truth very well.

Soon, Yolanda ran over with concern written on her face. She hugged Lyndsy and murmured sadly, "Honey, honey, let's go back."

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Chapter 303 The Truth



Yolanda's appearance made everyone recall the news that just came out which said that Patricia pushed Lyndsy, causing the latter to hit the table and lose her baby.

"Mom, I don't want to go home. I want this bitch to pay for what she did!" Lyndsy broke free from Yolanda's arms and pushed Patricia with full force.

Pain spread all throughout Patricia's body when she fell on the floor.

Jack's attempt to protect Patricia was in vain, because Lyndsy still managed to lay a hand on her. He turned around nervously and asked, "Are you okay, Patricia?"

As a response, Patricia shook her head and stood up. She caught a glimpse of people in the restaurant, and she saw that they had no intention to help her at all. Some of them even laughed and hoped that she got beaten.

This kind of reaction was not new to Patricia.

It seemed like Lyndsy's show was still not over. She waved her slender fingers at Patricia, wishing to scratch her face and body.

Seeing this, Yolanda immediately stepped forward and hugged her. Helplessness was obvious in her eyes. "Honey, let's go home. We can't win against this

bitch." Others could hear the sadness in Yolanda's voice, but Patricia could clearly see the resentment in her eyes.

How come such a thing happened to Patricia when she did nothing wrong? In fact, she had been the victim the whole time.

Soon, Yolanda and Lyndsy finally left. The restaurant was peaceful again. On the contrary, Patricia received deadly gazes from the people inside.

Even Jack was able to notice this. When he was about to speak, he was stopped by Patricia.

"Jack, let's go. I know my conscience is clear and that's all that matters to me. Whatever they think of me is their business. I don't have to explain myself just to gain their sympathy." After saying this, Patricia turned around and strode away, ignoring everyone.

Before Jack walked out of the restaurant to follow her, he glared back at everyone inside.

As soon as they arrived at Patricia's apartment, they found out that the news about what happened in the restaurant went viral already. There were more than one hundred million people who reposted the news and a lot of them were cursing Patricia.

Patricia saw this coming too, so she wasn't surprised. Yolanda went all out this time. She and her daughter were really working hard to ruin her image.

Patricia was calm and indifferent, but Jack was not. He was so angry. He wished he could find the person who shot the photo and published the news to beat them up.

The former only sat in silence as she watched Jack's

face turn red in anger. Patricia didn't feel anything at all.

Perhaps it was because she had seen what Yolanda and Lyndsy were capable of. Nothing could surprise her when it came to them.

Meanwhile, in the Oakleaf Villa, Nicholas just read the news about what happened. He also got so mad when he saw the spiteful comments for Patricia that he swore to find the person behind this post.

On the other hand, Zac was only leisurely drinking red wine on the sofa. Nicholas felt weird when he found out that his boss didn't look angry or anything after knowing this.

"Boss, why are you so calm? Miss Sampson is being cursed by everyone on the internet."

Normally, when something like this happened, Zac was the first one to be furious.

But now he just smiled faintly as he played with his glass of wine. "When the time comes, they will get what they deserve. There's no need to rush." In a calm manner, Zac took a sip of his wine.

With wide eyes, Nicholas approached Zac and asked him about what he was going to do.

However, smile was Zac's only reply. Nicholas was so disappointed.

He pursed his lips and fought the urge to ask again before remembering that he was just an outsider. There was nothing he could do.

The time slowly passed. At midnight, a post on the internet attracted everyone's attention. The person

who posted it said that he was going to reveal the truth to everyone.

Soon, he posted photos of Yolanda meeting some reporters and the content of the recorder.

From the recording, everyone found out how Yolanda put Patricia in trouble for several times and how she asked the reporter to slander Patricia. There was even a part of it concerning the incident about Lyndsy losing her child.

Seeing all these, the netizens were all excited. Most believed that this was the truth, but there were still a lot of people who thought that Yolanda and Lyndsy's side of story was more convincing.

The netizens were divided into two groups with two different opinions. One thought that Patricia had been innocent the whole time, and the other thought that

Yolanda and Lyndsy were just framed. Some felt sorry for Patricia, and some defended Yolanda and Lyndsy.

These two parties began to quarrel with each other.

Upon reading this discussion, Patricia was speechless. But she didn't care much about their fight. The only thing she was curious about was the person who posted all of these. Who on earth was helping her?

She wanted to know who it was.

No matter how she thought about it, Patricia was convinced that there were only three people who could possibly help her in this matter: Zac, Jack, and Kareem.

Jack had admitted to her that it was not him. Although

he wanted to help her, he could not find a way to do it.

Meanwhile, it had been a long time since she saw Kareem last time. So it was impossible that he was the person behind the posts. If he had done it, he would have told her and bragged about it.

After ruling out two of the three, there was only Zac left. It made sense. He was exactly the type of man who would do something big but would never say anything about it. Patricia couldn't figure out what he was trying to prove by doing this.

Nevertheless, she was happy to see that the posts got her a bunch of supporters who believed in her innocence. She would be lying if she said that she wasn't tired of being misunderstood by everyone.

Her lips formed into a smile as she thought about this. She was grateful to Zac.

At that time, Yolanda and Lyndsy were panicking inside when they saw the post. Their previous efforts were in vain because they were betrayed.

"Mom, I've told you that the man you hired was not reliable, but you didn't believe me. Look at what happened..." Like a child throwing a tantrum, Lyndsy stomped her feet angrily as she read the viral post online.

The more she stared at the words on the screen of her phone, the angrier she became. In the end, she turned it off and threw it away.

Just like her, Yolanda felt frustrated. She didn't expect that things would turn out like this. Now the bitch, Patricia, would have a chance to turn the tables.

"Mom, what do you think we should do now?" With a

hint of displeasure on her face, Lyndsy tugged at the hem of Yolanda's clothes. She had worked so hard to get where she was. She couldn't just sit here and see it all go to waste.

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Chapter 304 Betrayal



A trace of viciousness flashed across Yolanda's face. She looked down as if she was in deep thought.

The chances of this being a simple coincidence were pretty slim. Whoever the person was behind these posts and pictures must be someone who wanted to help Patricia so bad.

Needless to say, it must be Zac.

It seemed that Zac really cared a lot about Patricia. But Yolanda thought this could be used to their advantage. The more he cared about her, the more vulnerable he would be. What happened during the press conference was still fresh on her mind; she would make him pay for everything!

At the thought of this, Yolanda flashed a cold smile. A smile that showed that she had come up with a brilliant idea.

Seeing the look on Yolanda's face, Lyndsy figured out that her mother had something on her mind. So she rushed to her and asked, "Mom, have you come up with a good idea?"

Yolanda nodded slightly, with confidence and viciousness in her eyes. She could no longer wait to

teach Zac a lesson.

"Leave it to me, honey. Just stay at home and wait for my news." The smug smile on Yolanda's face never left as she spoke.

For this reason, Lyndsy laughed confidently. It could be seen on her face that she was looking forward to seeing Patricia suffer because of them.

Perhaps because of the recent posts on the internet, Patricia's colleagues all looked at her quite differently the next day, unlike before when they only looked at her with disdain.

This small change didn't bother Patricia at all. She just calmly did her job like she always did.

In fact, she didn't care about what happened to her at all. No matter what Yolanda and Lyndsy would do to

try to ruin her, she didn't care. She only cared about Giselle, who should be fine by now under Richard's protection.

Thinking of this, Patricia became much calmer. As long as her mother was safe, she could care less about all these rumors.

Right after Patricia got off work, she received a call from Yolanda, saying that she wanted to talk to her about Lyndsy.

Knowing Yolanda, Patricia immediately concluded that there must be a trap waiting for her, so she refused without hesitation. But what Yolanda said before she could end the call shocked her.

"What do you mean?" A part of her still couldn't believe that Yolanda could say such words.

"Patricia, I'm tired. I am done with this. As long as you agree to my request, I will justify your mother. Think about it first." A fool might easily believe Yolanda's elegant voice as she said this. She sounded really convincing.

But Patricia was not that easy to be deceived. After all, she knew what kind of person Yolanda was. She did everything she could to be part of the Sampson family. Now that she finally made it, why would she give it all away?

"Yolanda, don't waste your time pretending anymore. You have no way out now, anyway. You know very well that the viral posts on the internet were true. If I decide to tell my side of the story, many people would believe in me." Unconvinced by Yolanda's tactic, Patricia sneered.

To say that Yolanda was annoyed was an

understatement. She bit her lower lip and cursed Patricia under her breath. If only she could rush to her to slap the latter on the face, she would have done it right now. "You are good, Patricia."

"Thank you for the compliment," Patricia sarcastically replied before she hung up the phone. If it was in the past, she might have been fooled by Yolanda. But she had changed; she was no longer who she used to be.

With a faint smile at the corners of her mouth, Patricia put down her phone and went to the parking lot. As she was searching for her car key in her bag, a man in black suddenly appeared behind her. The man covered her mouth with a handkerchief soaked by some chemical that made her faint in a matter of seconds.

When she woke up, she was already tied to a stone pillar of an abandoned iron factory outside the city.

Several middle-aged men were standing in front of her, smiling weirdly at her.

Because of their malicious expressions, Patricia's clear eyes widened in panic. Her mind was in a mess so she couldn't think properly.

Soon, she realized that this must have been Yolanda's plan in the very first place. She called Patricia on purpose to stall her and divert her attention to something else. By the time she was unguarded, the former gave her men a signal to abduct her.

It was not hard to guess what Yolanda intended to do to her with the help of these men standing in front of her.

When Patricia recovered from the shock, her eyes went cold again and a faint smile appeared on her

face when she said, "Gentlemen, I think you are all smarter than me. You're only doing this for money, aren't you?"

Everyone was stunned by her words. They stared at her blankly, confused with what she meant.

"How much did Yolanda pay you? I'll pay double." Arrogance was laced in Patricia's voice as if money wasn't a problem to her at all.

What other reason could these men have to do this besides money? Therefore, she used their greed for money to negotiate. As long as they let her go, she wouldn't mind giving them the amount she promised.

The strong men looked at each other and then back at Patricia. One of them asked suspiciously, "Are you serious?"

"Absolutely!" Now there was no more fear that could be seen on Patricia's face because she already had an idea on how to escape.

The men here only wanted money. If there was any way they could get that without the risk of getting imprisoned for kidnapping and raping her, they would surely take the chance.

Besides, these men knew that there were three powerful men associated with Patricia. They knew that if those men found out about this, they would be dead.

Seeing the hesitation in the eyes of the men, Patricia cleared her throat and continued, "If you don't want more money, then just do what Yolanda asked you to do." Her unwavering resolute was still plastered on her face.

The men, although strong, were scared of the possibility of Zac getting back at them for harming Patricia. None of them wanted to offend such a powerful person.

Silence filled the abandoned room while the men were thinking about Patricia's offer. Just as they were about to agree to her, the iron door was kicked open. Zac, Nicholas, and a lot of men behind them walked in, surrounding them.

In a blink of an eye, Zac was already beside Patricia. He quickly untied her and scanned her whole body with a worried look on his face. "Did you get hurt?" Concern was evident in Zac's eyes.

Patricia smiled but soon looked away. "Thank you, Zac." Her eyes then fell on her abductors being tied up by Nicholas and the others. "They didn't do anything to me. Let them go."

Stunned, Nicholas was not able to react right away. He thought he had misheard her so he asked, "What? Let them go?"

As if on cue, the strong men began to beg for mercy. It was true that they hadn't done anything to Patricia anyway. One of them was so afraid that Zac would order his men to beat him, so he spit everything.

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Chapter 305 Vicious Stepmother



It didn't come off as a surprise to Patricia that Yolanda was the one who had hired those men. However, the hint of iciness was evident on Zac's face.

Patricia was unmindful whereas, Nicholas was well aware of the furious look on Zac's face. He was all riled up.

Although she knew the reason behind Zac's ferocious expressions, Patricia pursed her lips. She was unbothered.

It was all over, and she was alive and well.

"Nicholas, let them go," Patricia ordered. After all, she was held only for money and was left unscathed.

Sceptic, Nicholas turned to Zac for his approval. After seeing him nod, he released them.

Still, Zac wanted to punish Yolanda and make her pay for messing with his woman, so an idea came to his mind.

The apparent rage in Zac's eyes was so daunting that Patricia couldn't help but ask him in a hushed tone, "Zac, what are you thinking about?"

"Nothing. I just want to pay Yolanda the favor," Zac replied, casually as if he was talking about something trivial.

However, Patricia knew better than that. She was aware that he would not let Yolanda off the hook as she witnessed malice in his eyes.

Without a word, she turned around and strode away but Zac stopped her by grabbing ahold of her.

"Let me drive you home." The adamant look on his face didn't let Patricia decline his offer.

She went quiet, which Zac took as a yes. Then,

together they got into the Porsche, leaving the rest to Nicholas.

They quietly rode in the car like strangers. Everything felt so natural, yet it seemed so unnatural at the same time.

At last, they arrived at their destination. Patricia expressed her gratitude before she got out of the car.

Zac smiled bitterly, staring at her back as his lips slightly trembled. He had so many things to say to her, but the words couldn't come out of his mouth.

As he was looking, he couldn't help but wonder, 'Will we become strangers someday?'

He didn't want that.

But his opinion didn't matter as long as Patricia...

At this moment, his phone rang. Zac quickly answered it.

"Nicholas, how is it going?" he asked over the phone.

"Boss, don't worry. It's settled. Just wait until tomorrow," Nicholas said in a confident tone.

Hearing this, Zac nodded and said in a low voice, "Okay, it's going to be a good show."

At the same time, in the living room of the Sampson family, Lyndsy and Yolanda were anxiously waiting for a phone call.

As soon as she heard the phone ring, Yolanda immediately answered and cautiously asked, "So?"

"It went well." A low voice came through the phone.

Upon hearing this, she was overjoyed, with a bright smile on her face. Seeing her expressions, Lyndsy couldn't help smiling as she thought, 'Finally! that bitch got what she deserved.'

"Did you do everything I asked? Did you record it?" Yolanda couldn't help the nervousness in her voice as she was aware of the crime that they had committed.

She heard the man burst into laughter as if implying something. He laughed and said, "Of course. Don't worry."

"Excellent." Yolanda breathed a sigh of relief. However, this time, she felt a little worried. If Zac found out about what she had done...

Silently she hung up the phone after transferring the money to the man's account. Lyndsy approached her

with a curious look and asked, "Mom, how is it going? Did it go well?"

Lyndsy felt elated as she beamed at the thought of Patricia being gang rapped

Hearing this, Yolanda touched her nose and nodded, "It went perfectly."

She couldn't shake off the uneasiness that she was feeling. But soon, she shrugged it off as she heard Lyndsy cheering in joy.

However, she was unaware that she had gone viral on the internet.

Yolanda's crimes against Patricia were exposed, in a video, with recording, messages and photos as proof. The video was then soon taken down by the person who had uploaded it.

Nobody knew why it was deleted but it was the content of the video that was more astonishing.

There were different opinions regarding the matter, some sided with Yolanda, accusing the proofs to be fabricated. However, most of the netizens were in Patricia's favour, vouching for her innocence.

After two days, the buzz had died down. Both Lyndsy and Yolanda were infuriated as they read through the comments.

"Mom, what's happening?" Lyndsy was enraged, every time Patricia was about to get punished, someone always hindered their attempts, and she was aware of that person's identity.

Yolanda was agitated as she thought that she had to take some action.

In the evening, as Patricia was headed back home after doing grocery shopping, she met Yolanda and judging by her looks, Patricia could tell why she was there.

Yolanda must be here to cause trouble for her.

"What do you want?" Patricia stiffly asked as she didn't want to be nice to someone who made her suffer.

Scowling, Yolanda taunted, "Having Zac at your back must have made you cocky, but without his support, you're nothing. Just like your mother, you too are a seductress." She then immediately took out a bag of powder from her bag and sprinkled it all over Patricia.

The powder made her skin itchy, but before she could retaliate, Yolanda forcefully smacked her with

something.

Enduring the pain, Patricia gasped as she clutched Yolanda's wrist and saw what was in her hands. It was an ashtray.

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Chapter 306 Jack's Proposal



Yolanda was startled for a minute from Patricia's fierce grip before her face slowly contorted into anger. Letting out an angry cry, she shook off Patricia's hand and began waving the ashtray at her violently.

Every time Yolanda brandished the tray, it dangerously came close to Patricia's head. Patricia

desperately tried her best to dodge all the attacks, but she couldn't avoid a few injuries that were inflicted on her arms.

Patricia looked up and saw the vicious look on Yolanda's face. "Yolanda, stop!" she cried out. "You're committing a crime!"

"Committing a crime, you say? There are no cameras and people usually don't pass by here. Nobody will know what I did... or what I'm about to do," Yolanda said cruelly, continuing to threaten Patricia, not intending to let her go this time.

Pain and fear rose in Patricia's chest, and there was an itching sensation in her body that sent her constant waves of discomfort. However, before she could fight back, a man in a police uniform suddenly arrived at the scene. When he saw the situation before his eyes, he immediately ran over and subdued Yolanda.

Patricia stood there, paralyzed and heaving shallow gasps. The powder on her body turned her skin red as though she were running a fever. Without realizing what was going on, Patricia's eyes soon rolled upwards and she fainted on the spot.

When Patricia woke up hours later, she was surprised to find herself lying on what seemed to be a hospital bed. Beside her, Zac was looking at her with concern displayed over his features.

"Huh...? Why am I in the hospital?" Patricia asked, dazed. There was a tingling, itchy sensation on her face that made her want to rub the spot with her hand.

"The police sent you here," Zac explained. "You were poisoned, so you need to stay here in the hospital for further observation."

Zac's words were simple and straight to the point. Patricia knew that after what happened earlier, Yolanda was surely in the police's custody by now.

Even so, she never expected that Yolanda would suddenly try to kill her like that.

After Zac's explanation, both of them went silent. Maybe it was because the room was too quiet, or maybe it was because they didn't try to communicate with each other, but a distinct awkwardness soon crept into the atmosphere. Patricia played a little with her fingers as she stared blankly at the ceiling while Zac's eyes were looking straight at her, unblinking and unwavering.

The more Patricia thought about it, the more she grew certain of it. All this time, since the beginning, the person who had constantly been helping her and supporting her was Zac.

"Thank you, Zac," Patricia said quietly, gratefully. She knew that if it weren't for Zac, her reputation would've become ruined by now.

Zac frowned slightly at her words as though he weren't satisfied with her simple gratitude. Perhaps it was because what he wanted was not her thanks, but something else.

Actually, Patricia knew exactly what Zac wanted from her. However, she had already made it very clear that it was going to be impossible.

Before Zac could open his mouth to say something, Patricia let a yawn escape from her lips. After muttering that she was tired, she lay comfortably against the mattress and closed her eyes, slowly drifting off to sleep.

She woke up in the afternoon the next day, noticing that the tingling sensation in her body disappeared. The nurse came into the room soon after and informed Patricia that she could leave the hospital now since she made a full recovery.

After going through the discharge formalities, Patricia left the hospital and went back to her apartment. However, when she opened the door and stepped inside, she saw rose petals scattered all over the ground.

Stunned, Patricia darted her eyes around the room, but couldn't find anyone in the surroundings. Her heart rate began to pick up as she slowly closed the door behind her, every fiber in her body on high alert. Carefully, she stepped into the apartment and walked towards the kitchen. However, before she could enter it, a huge pudding was suddenly thrust before her eyes and she screamed out loud in shock.

Jack, who had walked out of the kitchen with a big smile on his face, looked satisfied with her reaction. "Are you surprised?" he asked teasingly.

Seeing the annoyingly proud expression on Jack's face, Patricia groaned silently and frowned at him to show her displeasure. "Jack, what on earth are you doing?"

Jack just kept on smiling as he handed the pudding over to her. "I'm just glad that you're out of the hospital now, Patricia." As soon as he finished speaking, Jack pressed the button on the remote he was holding in his hand. Automatically, the scattered rose petals on the floor were blown into circles by the wind, dancing gracefully in the air, creating a captivating display.

Patricia watched all this with awe on her face, her lips

slowly forming into a sweet smile. It was her first time to see such a beautiful scene, and it was really mesmerizing to watch.

Seeing the enchanted expression on her face, Jack quickly swooped in and landed a kiss on her cheek. Afterwards, he drew back with a satisfied snicker.

Patricia blinked and stared at him, frowning disapprovingly.

"You should clean this up later, okay?" She then smiled and turned around, walking towards the sofa with the pudding in her hands.

After making herself comfortable in her seat, she began eating her favorite pudding happily. In no time, the bottle was clean, and she wished she could still have some more.

Jack surveyed the expression on Patricia's face and smiled, pleased. He felt that his plan was going pretty well so far.

Jack strode forward and held Patricia's hand tightly with his fingers. Then, with a gentle smile on his face, he knelt down on one knee.

With a ring in one hand and Patricia's hand in the other, Jack gave her palm a warm squeeze. "Patricia, I know you've been through a lot recently," he began in a soft voice. "I just want to tell you... that I'm sorry I wasn't there for you. But from now on, I want to protect you and take care of you for a lifetime. Patricia, will you marry me?"

Jack's expression and his words were all sincere and filled with affection. At that moment, it was like Patricia was the only one he could see.

Patricia saw the look in Jack's eyes and was immediately unsure. She knew very well that she couldn't be with him since she didn't feel the same way. Also, Jack's family didn't even like her at all.

It was simply impossible for them to be together. She would only end up getting hurt from such a relationship.

After choosing her words in her mind, Patricia took a deep breath. "...Thank you, Jack," she began gently. "Thank you for loving me, and thank you, too, for your proposal." She sent Jack a soft smile afterwards.

The hopeful expression on Jack's face slowly transitioned into a subtle sadness. He responded to her with an awkward smile and lowered his face.

No matter how strong-minded Jack was, it was normal that he would still feel sad if she kept refusing

him again and again.

Patricia knew this, so she couldn't help but feel guilty. She bit her lip and fixed her gaze on Jack unsurely, not knowing how she could possibly comfort him. She wanted to open her mouth and say something, but felt that saying mere words would only be in vain.

Perhaps this was for the best.

So she kept silent, thinking that Jack would choose to give up on her this time. However, after a while, Jack raised his head and gave her the same smile as before. "Well, I said I wouldn't give up, didn't I? I can wait, Patricia. I'll wait until the day you finally agree to marry me."

Patricia shook her head helplessly, a bitter smile forming on her lips. She had almost forgotten how stubborn Jack could be.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to them, a man was standing outside the door, peering at them through the crack. When he saw Jack proposing to Patricia, his gaze turned sad, and his fingers tightened together unconsciously. But when he saw that Patricia refused Jack the next moment, his face returned to his usual calm expression as if he had already expected this kind of result.

Then, he quietly left as though he had never been there in the first place.

A lot of things happened within a short period of time after Patricia came back from the hospital. Yolanda was somehow bailed out, and rumors were circulating around the internet about her. It was a hot topic; everybody in town talked about how vicious of a woman Yolanda was and they were undoubtedly all on Patricia's side.

As Jack scrolled through the comments and read various curse words directed towards Yolanda and Lyndsy, he snickered and thought that those two definitely got what they deserved. He couldn't stop reading through every comment and even called Patricia from time to time to report about the funny things he saw.

However, Patricia was completely uninterested.

To be honest, it was good news for her. Now that she was proven innocent, the Lowell family would no longer have any excuse to make things difficult for her mother. It was a good thing that luck was on her side this time. This was probably the happiest she'd ever been.

Patricia let out a satisfied exhale and giggled a little as she thought about her mother living a better life from now on.

Still thinking about her mother, Patricia came back home and found Giselle cooking in the kitchen with an apron tied to her back. Filled with a sudden burst of happiness, Patricia quickly walked up to her mother and gave her a big hug. "Mom," she said sweetly, "I miss your food."

Giselle smiled at her daughter gently and patted her shoulder. "I know," she said softly. "Go and wash your hands first."

However, Patricia didn't want to let go of Giselle just yet.

She hadn't seen her mother for several days ever since the incident that happened last time. She was worried since she had no idea how Giselle was faring in the Lowell family.

"How have you been lately, Mom?" Patricia raised her head and looked straight into Giselle's eyes.

Giselle couldn't help but laugh at the expression on her daughter's face. "I've been doing fine. Richard takes good care of me, and his family don't make things difficult for me anymore," Giselle assured, touching Patricia's cheek gently.

She then thought of something else to share. "After they discovered what Yolanda did, they felt that they had blamed me falsely before, so..." Giselle's voice trailed off as she smiled gently.

Patricia knew what she meant. Basically, they felt guilty for what they had done to Giselle, so they were trying to make up for it.

Relief spread across Patricia's chest as she let out a satisfied sigh. Now she didn't have to worry about her

mother anymore.

"That's good. That's good, then." Patricia loosened the hug and took a step back, wanting to see what there was to eat tonight when suddenly there was a noise at the door.

"Um, Auntie? I can't hold the fish any longer, please help me," Jack called out helplessly as he stood by the door. The fish in the bag had already fled, leaving Jack at a loss as to what he should do.

Patricia took one look at the scene and burst into laughter. Although he was a little embarrassed, Jack stared at the wide smile on her face and wished that he could see that same smile every day.

Giselle smiled and walked over to grab the fish herself. Once the dishes were ready, it was time to eat.

With Jack's presence, dinner was filled with joy and laughter, especially when he kept cracking a lot of jokes.

After eating, Jack claimed that he had something important to do and that he needed to leave. Giselle and Patricia bid him a quick goodbye before cleaning up the table. Once they were finished, they lounged against the sofa and watched TV together.

As Giselle glanced over at Patricia, she thought about her daughter's romance.

"Patricia, I want to talk to you about something."

Giselle patted her on the wrist, looking at her with a serious gaze. She knew that Patricia didn't want to be in a relationship at the moment, but she still thought that her daughter needed someone who could always be there for her.

Patricia saw the expression on Giselle's face and instantly understood what the latter wanted to talk to her about. She shook her head immediately. "Mom, please, I don't want to talk about it. For now, I just want to earn money, and then..."

"So you want to be alone for the rest of your life?" Giselle asked.

Patricia was taken aback by her mother's words. To be honest though, Giselle was right. She didn't want to get married at all.

Giselle saw the expression on Patricia's face and knew that she had guessed right. Although she knew that Patricia got hurt from her previous relationship and in turn didn't want to go through it ever again, Giselle felt that this just wasn't the right way to do it.

She really didn't want her daughter to end up all alone.

"Mom, you know I don't want to—"

"Patricia, you're not young anymore," Giselle interrupted gently with a sad look in her eyes. "I know how much you loved Zac and how much you wanted to be together with him. I also know how he hurt you...

I only want for you to have someone to be there to take care of you, someone who you can truly rely on. This is the reason why I want to see you get married." Giselle patted the back of Patricia's hand, her features filled with concern.

Patricia fell silent for a while, not knowing what to say. She looked at her mother with misery in her eyes, as though she were remembering the pain she felt in the

past.

"Okay, I won't talk about it any more," Giselle assured softly with a small smile. "Just... promise me you'll think about it, okay? I won't force you."

Although she said this, Patricia could clearly see the sadness and worry in her mother's eyes even as she said goodbye and left the house.

That night, Patricia couldn't sleep well. She kept thinking about Giselle's words earlier. Honestly, she knew what her mother truly meant. Giselle only wanted to see her happy and to make sure that she wasn't going to have any regrets in the future.

In the end, Patricia couldn't sleep at all. The next day, she got ready for work with dark circles under her eyes. When she left the house and walked downstairs though, Jack was waiting for her there as though he'd

been waiting for a long time.

"...Jack?" Patricia blinked in surprise, looking suspiciously at Jack who was standing beside the car.

Jack waved at Patricia cheerfully and opened the door for her without saying anything. When she didn't make a move, he motioned for her to get in the car.

"Patricia, hurry up or you'll be late for work."

At his words, Patricia instinctively glanced at the time on her watch. Seeing that she was about to be late, she reluctantly accepted Jack's offer of a ride.

As soon as they got settled inside the car, Jack drove her to the company as fast as he could. Before she could leave, he told her, "I'll go buy you breakfast, all right? You need to eat something, and drinking coffee only isn't good for you."

Patricia opened her mouth to refuse and say that she had biscuits in her office, but Jack had already driven away.

When Patricia sat down in her cubicle and arranged her things, Jack came by with her breakfast. "Eat it," he urged gently. "It's still hot." He smiled brightly at Patricia.

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Chapter 307 Yes



Patricia nodded slightly at the words. Lowering her head, she fixed her eyes on her breakfast, but it was as if her thoughts were miles away.

At that moment, Jack's gentleness came like an echo of last night's words.

"You are not getting any younger. I just want to see you happy," Giselle had said. Patricia kept on chewing slowly, locking herself away from everyone's piercing gazes.

Giselle only had the best intentions at heart. She wished for nothing but happiness for Patricia and wanted her to shed off the loneliness of her days.

Patricia knew all this very well, but...

There were things that would haunt her quietest hours, like ghosts that lingered in the dark. The failure of her marriage with Zac had inflicted deep wounds, and she was not certain she would be able to trust in love again.

Jack was a good man. There was no shred of doubt in her about the man's character.

She shook her head against the onslaught of thoughts that threatened to swallow her whole. Already, she could feel the waves lap at her feet, and she drew back from the dangers of the waters, abandoning her poor attempts at finding answers.

She knew her heart better than anyone else.

Unbeknownst to her, Jack had been carefully watching her face. The corner of his lips curved into a small, furtive smile.

Her expression did a poor job of concealing her innermost thoughts. Jack had already known that what had transpired last night perturbed Patricia. Zac's and Kareem's persistence had not wavered, and so he was forced to resort to this— enlisting

Giselle's help in the hopes of convincing Patricia.

Breakfast died down into a more relaxed silence, the tension naturally dissipating after the brief stretch.

Patricia offered Jack a small smile and said, "I have to work now. You can spend your time however you like."

Jack understood what had remained unsaid of her gentle dismissal. She did not want to be seen with him and stir up rumors among her colleagues.

"Only if you'd have lunch with me," Jack leaned over and whispered in her ear.

Before Patricia could answer, he had stood up and strode away, holding her hostage with the words.

She watched his figure disappear before letting out a sigh, her eyes filled with conflict. Patricia knew about

the depth of Jack's feelings. He was a great person.

The problem lay with her. Her wounds had cut so deep that she couldn't even say for certain that she would want to give marriage another try.

Pulling herself from the muddle of her thoughts, she let herself be consumed with work, if only to keep herself from sinking further into a bottomless pit.

As soon as the clock struck 12, Jack was already standing in wait downstairs, a bouquet of roses in his hand.

Patricia was stunned for a moment when she saw him. It was not repulsion, but she couldn't quite put a name to the strange feeling that emerged in her chest.

Jack saw her quickly and waved to her with a smile.

"Patricia! Are you hungry?" He was already walking toward her. "I found a nice restaurant. Should we go and try it?"

The next thing Patricia knew was a warm hand pulling her to the car.

She turned to him and opened her mouth, about to say something, but the sight of Jack's bright smile left any of her protest dying on her lips.

None of her resistance would make a difference.

Not when Jack's own stubbornness met hers head to head.

She sank in defeat into the passenger seat and turned to the window, her gaze melting into the scenery outside.

Jack watched her expression from the corner of his eye, his lips falling into a stiff line. He had to bite back the words that wanted so desperately to flee from him. Pushing her now would only make her retreat further into herself— it was a fight against his own impatience, but he would wait as long as she would finally love him back.

The restaurant was a short drive away. Upon arriving, Jack handed Patricia the menu, letting her decide what to order.

Patricia chose dishes casually, not really thinking of whether they would be delicious or not. Her mind was still preoccupied with the entire situation with Jack, and she felt as if she needed to make things clear.

Her eyes quietly reflected Patricia's decision, and Jack felt cold as he read her gaze. He already knew what she wanted to say.

Soon, the dishes arrived at the table, and the two began eating. Somehow, there was a strange heaviness that fell upon them in the brightly-lit restaurant. Jack ate silently as if there was something else on his mind, and lunch went on without his usual lighthearted jokes.

When they were done, a server suddenly walked to Patricia and presented her with a rose.

She immediately understood what was happening, and the gesture warmed her chest. A faint smile appeared on her lips as she met Jack's eyes.

"Jack—"

"I know what you want to say to me, Patricia." Jack quickly stopped her. He looked at her with a sunken expression as he continued to speak, "But I have to

tell you this. I will not give up on you. Not even you can stop me from trying. Unless your heart already belongs to someone else, I'll keep waiting for it to turn to me."

He had let her go once, and the regret that haunted him never left. He had vowed that there would never be a second time. Jack had comforted himself with the thought of Patricia's happiness, even if it was not him who was beside her. But now, she was free, and he wanted to be the one to cherish her the way she deserved.

Jack's hand held Patricia's wrist, as if saying he wouldn't let her go. His eyes looked at her in a resolute gaze.

Patricia's face grew conflicted as she stared at him. She wanted to say something, but couldn't find the words.

She had always known that Jack loved her since long ago.

Then there was only silence—the two caught up in their own thoughts as they searched for what to say next. They stared at each other, sinking into each other's gazes.

The sound of a crystal dropping from the rose in Patricia's hand broke the spell.

Her eyes widened at the sight of it. She turned to Jack in incredulity. She had thought she would never see this crystal again.

It had been a gift from her grandfather when she was a child. Even Patricia didn't know when she had lost it, but the same sadness came every time it crossed her mind.

And now it was here...

Jack had found it for her. The thought made her chest tighten. No woman could possibly remain unmoved with such a sincere gesture.

The next moment, Patricia's tears burst into an uncontrollable river.

"Jack..." she choked between sobs. She stared at him in disbelief and gratitude. There were no words for how much she wanted to thank him.

Jack had given her something she had lost.

"Do you like it?" Jack asked with a gentle smile, his hand delicately wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"Don't cry. Your grandfather gave you this as a reminder of strength, so no more tears."

Patricia's smile had always been a lovely sight. Jack wanted to be the one to put it on her face, so he looked for this crystal.

He watched as Patricia nodded slightly and dried her tears. Then, she gave him a tearful smile that caught his breath and made his chest tighten. It was worth going through all the trouble. He would find a thousand crystals if it meant she would keep looking at him like that.

"Jack, how did you find it? I remember...." A conflicted smile appeared on his lips. "The truth is that I wanted to surprise you and propose to you with this but, well..."

His voice trailed off as his eyes looked down, breaking off from her.

At that moment, Giselle's words echoed in her mind again. Patricia felt the smooth surface of the crystal in her palm and clutched it tighter as she looked at Jack.

The man standing in front of her at this moment was the most incredible person in the world.

"Jack. Yes."

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Chapter 308 Decisions



Jack turned a wide-eyed gaze toward Patricia, second-guessing what he had just heard.

"What did you just say, Patricia?" His voice trembled,

as he felt both hopeful and scared. He couldn't be sure if his ears were playing tricks on him.

Patricia smiled at him softly, knowing the emotions that stormed behind his eyes.

She took a deep breath before repeating herself, "I said, yes. I'll marry you."

The crystal felt smooth in her hand—the surface as tranquil as the certainty in Jack's gaze. Patricia felt the solid shape on her skin, as if echoing her decision. This time, she was choosing to be with someone who loved her.

Surely, her own heart would answer to him sometime in the future.

"Are you sure, Patricia? You really want to marry me?" Jack shot upward to his feet, bouncing in

excitement. His eyes were clear ponds reflecting happiness as he looked at her as if she was the only thing that filled his vision.

He felt as if it was only now that he understood why people said they were on cloud nine when they were extremely happy. He could barely feel the ground below him as her words left him weightless.

As he pinched himself in disbelief, a sudden harsh sting burned his skin. But he scarcely took notice of the prickle as his mind was filled with only one thought— it wasn't a dream.

Patricia couldn't help but feel endeared at his antics.

Seeing the bright smile on her face, Jack felt his lips turn up in answer. He leaned over and bent his head slowly to plant a soft kiss on her forehead. "Thank you, Patricia," he said softly, almost in a whisper. His

eyes were full of tenderness as he gazed at her.

Warmth surged in Patricia's heart as she let herself be swayed by the gentle waves of his affection. His gentle, steady presence lulled her, and she had grown unfamiliar with this peace in such a long time now, but Jack was slowly teaching her.

Zac felt dread seize his body at the sight of Patricia's smile. He was standing not far away from them, dumbstruck by the scene that unfolded in front of his own eyes.

He fixed his gaze on the pair. The distance was too long for him to hear them, but there could be no mistake— Jack was getting closer to Patricia.

The sight of her beautiful smile to another man sent a desolate shiver that made his insides crumble. It was as if the chances of him and Patricia being together

again were quickly dissolving, turning his hopes into quicksand.

Her words before kept ringing in his ears in a cruel echo.

The vague memory was more than enough to make him sober. At once, his face returned to a familiar, unfeeling mask, and he turned around and left.

Patricia, once again sensing movement, looked back in Zac's direction. Confusion filled her as her eyes raked through the space for any sign of presence, but she found no one there.

For some reason, she felt as if Zac was there.

Jack looked at the slight furrow of her brows and asked, "What's wrong?" Following her gaze, he looked outward, wanting to find whatever it was that

disturbed her. He didn't want anything other than a smile on Patricia's face.

But just as she had, he saw nothing out of the ordinary. He turned his gaze back to her in confusion.

Patricia just smiled and shook her head, saying softly, "It's nothing." She was seeing things. Why would Zac be there?

Zac arrived at his office and sank onto his chair, turning lifeless eyes toward the ceiling.

Nicholas frowned at his unusual behavior that seemed to be becoming more common in the past days. Zac had been in a foul mood lately, and now, as if even his own anger had grown tired of him and fled, Zac had fallen a step further— looking like a lost little boy.

Nicholas couldn't predict what sort of persona would come next, but he knew that this uncharacteristic moroseness could only be because of Patricia.

"Sir, this is what you have asked for." He placed the documents on his desk and looked at him with a worried gaze.

A slow nod came from Zac— the only indication that he was listening. His eyes were empty and unseeing as he glanced at the files from the corner of his eyes.

At the sight of Zac reduced to listlessness, Nicholas couldn't help but blurt out, "Sir, if you have something you want to tell Patricia, you should go and see her. Sighing here makes no difference."

The old Zac would have retorted harshly, but the man in front of Nicholas said nothing.

He felt his growing frustration slowly morphing into anger as he stared at Zac fiercely, wanting to say more. At the last moment, Nicholas decided against it, leaving Zac to his own thoughts.

He was an outsider in all of this. This matter was between Zac and Patricia, and he was not one to stick his nose in something that was none of his business.

With a final, helpless sigh, he said, "Sir, I just want to tell you one more thing. If you love her, go after her. Unless—"

"Unless what?" Zac spoke for the first time, his eyes looking at Nicholas with a hint of expectation.

Nicholas hesitated. He could be wrong, and an ill-timed word could very well be his grave. But if asked what his honest thoughts were, Nicholas was thinking that Zac shouldn't give up on Patricia. Not unless he

had gotten over her, or if she had already given her heart to another person.

Unable to get an answer, Zac smiled ruefully and whispered, "What if there's already someone else?"

The words caught Nicholas off-guard. He was doubting if he had heard Zac right, but the look on his face made Nicholas calm down.

"Have you talked to her?"

"No." Zac shook his head. The image of Patricia's smile when she was with Jack still made his gut twist. What would be the point of talking to her now?

Nicholas pursed his lips and coughed before continuing, "If you have not yet heard it from her own mouth, then you would just be jumping to conclusions. Sir, between the two of us, you are the one with the

reputation for being skeptical."

He stopped here, thinking that this was as far as he could help his boss.

There were things that Zac knew better than him, especially when it came to this.

"Nicholas, you don't understand," Zac said, his eyes tinged with sadness.

"No, Sir. I beg to disagree. I understand perfectly that I am an outsider, which is also why I have a much more objective view of things than you do at the moment."

Nicholas' words hit Zac like a whiplash, his eyes widening with a newfound realization. Zac finally admitted it to himself—he wanted to hear Patricia's answer from her own lips.

But he was also afraid to hear her answer.

What should he do now?

The same question troubled him for a long time. Zac was lost in his head, turning his own thoughts inside out. In the end, he decided to go and see Patricia. It was time to stop running away.

When Zac arrived at her street, he caught sight of her and Jack walking in an alley, looking like the perfect picture of a couple in love. The image lodged a knife deep in his chest, and he had no way to staunch the bleeding.

Zac wished desperately that it was a mirage, but their whispers assailed his ears, as if mocking him.

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Chapter 309 Love Is Not Gratitude



Jack was over the moon since Patricia had agreed to marry him. A radiant smile played on his face. Beaming, he walked with Patricia towards the apartment's door.

"Patricia..." Jack gently called out to her, staring profoundly as only her reflection manifested in his eyes.

He was on cloud nine. If Patricia wouldn't have been standing in front of him, he would have thought of it as a dream.

Patricia felt content and smiled delightfully. She

wasn't sure if that was because of Jack's giddy smile or the fact that she had finally made a decision.

"What's the matter?" Patricia responded.

Jack had been grinning from ear to ear for the whole day now.

"Am I dreaming?" Jack suddenly said, his joy was unmatched as the love of his life had agreed to spend her life with him.

Even though Patricia hadn't precisely agreed upon marriage, she did propose to date him for a while to see if they were meant to be together. Jack felt ecstatic. He was aware that she had come to this conclusion after a lot of thinking.

Patricia let out a chortle as she intently said, "You have already asked this so many times. This isn't a

dream, alright?"

His giddy smile and the silly question had been with her all day, but still, she replied patiently, as she knew that Jack was thrilled to be with her.

"Yes, this is happening for real, Jack." Patricia beamed after assuring him.

As he saw her smile, Jack's face brightened, and just like a child, his smile grew wider.

Patricia pursed her lips as Jack mirrored her smile, but there was a trace of pampering on her face.

Without any warning, he swiftly came closer and kissed her forehead. He then tenderly said to her, "I'll pick you up in the morning for work. Good night." He then left with a sweet smile on his face.

Instinctively, she touched her forehead, where she could still make out the feeling of his kiss.

Maybe, being with Jack wasn't so terrible after all.

At that moment, a faint smile appeared on her face.

As soon as she turned around, she felt a bit staggered as she saw Zac standing not too far away from her with a bitter smile playing on his lips.

Patricia shook off that feeling and returned to her cold self as she looked at him with hostility in her eyes. She then strode past him without acknowledging his presence.

Zac instantaneously halted her by grabbing her wrist. He pursed his lips, wanting to question her.

At this, Patricia sighed heavily and said, "Just say

what you want to say and let go of me."

Judging by her calm voice, it seemed that she didn't want to be bothered by him at all.

Perplexed at her tone, Zac loosened his grip. He stared deeply into her eyes and slowly whispered, "Have you decided? You chose Jack?"

Zac didn't want to beat around the bush. He had already witnessed Jack and Patricia looking intimate with each other.

"I think you know the answer already." She looked at him sternly with a faint smile. However, she couldn't bear to hold his gaze as his eyes were filled with sorrow.

He looked so miserable that she didn't know what to do.

Baffled, she stared at his gloomy expressions. She had never expected such a sullen look at his face.

It came off as a surprise because Zac usually gave off a cold and dominant aura.

"Have you really made up your mind?" Zac asked as he intensely stared at Patricia.

His dejected voice broke her heart.

Even though she felt distressful, the odds were against them so she knew what to do.

Suddenly, she felt short of breath. It was so agonizing to even think about it that she felt her heart clench.

A cold smile appeared on Zac's face as he took in her expressions and looked intently into her eyes.

"Love is not gratitude, Patricia. Instead of deluding yourself and others, you should ponder upon your decision." Without giving her a chance to speak, Zac turned around and walked away.

Patricia scoffed at what he had said. Did Zac think that she agreed to be with Jack because she was grateful to him?

'No, it isn't!' She shook her head. There was no doubt in her mind when she had made the decision.

She reckoned that Jack cherished her and could make her feel contented.

Zac didn't know what had led her to decide to be with Jack, so she couldn't be bothered with what he thought.

She forgot about Zac, and with a subtle smile on her face, she thought about her date with Jack tomorrow.

Patricia had been married off to Zac without much understanding or fondness between the two of them. In all honesty, she had never dated anyone her entire life.

Such thoughts made her realize how foolish she had been in the past. She questioned herself for making her life a living hell.

Fortunately, it was all over now, and she had to focus on living her life to the fullest.

The next morning, Patricia got up early, she picked out a light blue dress, did subtle makeup and coiled her hair. She looked gorgeous.

All dressed up, she stepped out and saw Jack

anxiously waiting for her, and as soon as he laid his eyes upon her, he looked amazed, which made her snicker.

She could sense that Jack was very nervous about today.

Stunned by her beauty, Jack couldn't help but gawk at her.

His expressions made her feel self-conscious, and she lowered her head and cautiously asked, "Do I look bad? I should go back and change this." After saying that, she spun around, but Jack was quick to get a hold of her.

"No, it's beautiful. I love it." Jack did not hesitate to express his praise.

Usually, Patricia only preferred business clothes.

However, today the sight of her astounded him. It made him want to take her in an embrace. .

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

Chapter 310 First Date



She was all dolled up, her clothes stylish and well-coordinated, in a way that was unmistakably well thought out and planned.

Patricia had taken time to take care of how she would look today. The knowledge of it made Jack's heartbeat quicken.

The compliment brought color to Patricia's cheeks. She lowered her head and asked shyly, "Do you really

like it? Or is that just lip service?"

"No!" Jack gasped in mock offense and wore a solemn expression before raising his hand.

"Gentleman's honor," he swore.

The sight of her knocked the wind out of his lungs. Jack could still feel his heart try to catch up. Patricia was beautiful.

She gave him a small laugh, her eyes twinkling at his antics. His eyes told her everything she had to know, and Patricia warmed at his admiring gaze.

Jack's eyes lingered on her for a few moments longer before he realized what he was doing and pulled himself together. Coughing awkwardly to cover up his blunder, he said, "Sorry about that. You had me speechless with how good you look. I almost forgot something." As soon as he finished his words, he

turned around and jogged to his car, taking out a large bouquet of roses.

Patricia's breath hitched as she watched him walk towards her with the flowers in his hand.

She might not be the most easily flustered woman out there, but she wasn't made of stone. Her heart beat faster, timing itself with the sound of his footsteps as he drew closer to her. "Patricia," Jack called her, the gentlest of smiles curving on his lips. His eyes were glowing with affection as he looked at her.

Patricia managed to give him a small nod and reached for the bouquet. She knew that they were dating now, and giving flowers was common among lovers. Still, even as she admired the roses and basked in their sweet scent, she couldn't help the small pang of regret that came to her when she thought about how much it had probably cost.

As if sensing what she was thinking, Jack let out a laugh. He bent down and whispered in her ear, "Today's a special day, so I couldn't help myself from going all out. But from now on, I'll try to stick to just one rose each day. Would that be okay?"

Patricia smiled at him, touched at his thoughtfulness. Warmth rose in her chest. Jack was making sure to take care of her feelings. The flowers were lovely, but she appreciated him more.

"Well, are you hungry? Let's go eat." He placed a quick kiss on her forehead and held her hand to help her into the car.

Just as Patricia was about to step inside, she felt a piercing gaze from behind her. The sensation of being watched made her turn her head sharply to her back, but there was no one there.

'Am I imagining things?' she thought to herself.

She calmed down, her question disappearing as her eyes searched the empty space.

Inside the car, the earlier impression was quickly forgotten as Patricia and Jack talked and laughed.

Jack didn't take her to a fancy restaurant this time. The two of them stood in front of a small, modest teahouse.

Patricia recognized the familiar building and almost stepped back in surprise. She threw a questioning glance at Jack, wondering how he had found out about this place.

It was a special place to her. The walls of the building housed memories of her and her grandfather.

The structure was old, and she had heard that it was about to be torn down. She had remembered that melancholy that came to her at the thought of never seeing this place again, and yet...

Her hand tightened around Jack's unconsciously. His thoughtfulness astounded her to no end, and her chest quivered in answer to his carefulness.

Each step inside brought a flood of memories rushing through her. Patricia took in the familiar decorations, noting with warm nostalgia that the place was still decorated in the same mundane trimmings as in her childhood.

"What do you think? Do you like it?"

Jack asked in a soft voice, his eyes watching her.

Patricia nodded and turned to him with a smile, her beautiful eyes turning into crescent pools that glimmered with delight.

Seeing the smile on her face was Jack's greatest reward. He wanted to keep her like that beside him for as long as she allowed.

"Let's go inside." Jack called for a waiter, who greeted him politely.

"Mr. White, you brought your girlfriend here today? She is so beautiful," the man teased. He was a young man with bright eyes, wearing a smile that never seemed to leave his face.

Jack glared at him meaningfully and quickly blurted, "The usual, please."

"Of course," the young man replied, seemingly

unfazed, and left with a knowing smile.

Their banter was far too comfortable for a waiter and a guest. "Jack, do you come here often?" she asked.

It seemed as if it were the case.

"Not really. Just sometimes," Jack answered, the small smile he gave her not reaching his eyes.

Patricia noticed his strange actions and frowned, regarding him warily.

Jack was unable to keep up the farce for very long. Soon enough, he sighed in defeat, knowing that he had to tell her the truth.

He had known the teahouse for a long time now, and his visits were, in part, owing to the fact that this place was special to Patricia. He wanted to take her here

himself, but he hadn't known in the beginning if the food would be good. His next trips to the teahouse were spent trying out all the dishes and coming up with a list of the best ones. If he was going to take Patricia here, he wanted nothing less than perfect.

"Are you mad at me?" he asked, lowering his head like a kid who had been caught red-handed.

Jack had promised to always be truthful to her. This was a small matter, but he was scared that the smallest mistake would be enough for Patricia to change her mind about him.

He dared to lift his head to glance at her, his eyes pleading.

Patricia nodded slightly and looked at him in understanding. "I'll let it slide, but just this time," she smiled.

Her words made Jack feel as if all the weight in his chest vanished. The next moment, he was wrapping his arms around her.

"Okay. I won't do it again." he promised, almost heaving from relief.

The scene had caused other people to look at them in mild surprise and curiosity. Patricia whispered, "Jack, we're in public." Her cheeks were flaming in embarrassment as she reminded him.

The redness of her cheeks brought a chuckle out of Jack. Slowly, he let her go, a complacent smile finding its way to his lips.

Patricia watched the same smile in wonder. Jack brought out sides of her that she thought she had already lost. With him, she felt safe and protected, as

if nothing in the world could touch her.

He was a gentle breeze perfumed with flowers, lending her relief on a scorching day. Patricia smiled to herself, knowing that she had made the right decision.

They took a seat, and soon the table was filled with all sorts of mouthwatering dishes— all Patricia's favorites, a fact that did not escape her. She looked at Jack in astonishment.

He answered her with a proud smile, his brows rising in a self-satisfied arc.

"I've tried all of the food here. These are the best ones." As he spoke, his hand moved to fill her plate with food. Jack made sure to place generous servings on her plate. Patricia was too thin. It would be good for her health to gain a bit more weight.

Patricia watched him with an affectionate smile, letting herself enjoy Jack's attention. When he was satisfied with the food on her plate, she took the plate and thanked him. Heartily, she started eating everything he had picked for her. Patricia was enveloped in the pleasant warmth of delicious flavors and Jack's sweet smile.

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