

Remarry 321

[Chapter 321 Let Me Explain](#)

Patricia saw the curve on Zac's lips from the periphery of her vision— the corners of her mouth unconsciously lifting in response. She kept her eyes away from his face, wiping his body and looking around. "Where's Nicholas?" she asked in a low voice.

"Out. He went to buy food," Zac replied almost mechanically, keeping his eyes tenderly gazing at Patricia.

"When will he come back?" she asked next.

But the casual question somehow seemed to have thrown Zac into a low mood.

He lowered his head, the earlier light in his eyes dissipating. There was a moment of a heavy pause before his lips trembled as he asked, "Are you going back already?"

Patricia was taken aback by the hurt that laced his voice. For a moment, she didn't know how to respond to him.

She should have expected Zac to be able to read her so well. It was true— she wanted to go back, if only to escape the precarious feelings that were steadily threatening to confuse her. But she couldn't leave now.

Not when he was asking her like this, as if her absence would pain him.

As if he desperately wanted her here.

"I'll wait until Nicholas comes back." Leaning toward him, she put a pillow and propped it behind his back to make sure Zac was comfortable.

His eyes lit up with hope at her words. Zac's smile returned, and he looked straight at Patricia.

"Are you hurt?" he asked softly. His eyes trailed over her form, as if he had to see for himself whether she was unharmed.

Patricia shook her head slightly and gave him a small smile. "I'm okay. Don't worry about me."

The next moment, an embarrassed silence flooded the room— the two belatedly realizing how intimately they were acting. Their gazes wrenched away from each other, only to return with helpless smiles.

Neither of them knew what to say next.

It was the first time in a long while that they had sat down and faced each other without hurling insinuations and rejections. The calmness that pervaded their meeting felt foreign, and neither Zac nor Patricia knew how to tread.

Just as Patricia opened her mouth to break the silence, the door flung open.

Jack was standing at the entrance, his jaw set in a tight line.

"Patricia, you..." He spoke through gritted teeth. He looked expectantly at Patricia, waiting for an answer.

She shook her head, her face wearing its usual detachment. "Jack, it's not what you think," she said calmly.

Jack just scoffed at this. "Not what I think? What the hell is this, then? I'm not stupid, Patricia." Leaving those angry words, Jack turned around and left.

A heavy sigh left Patricia as she watched him go. She stood up, wanting to follow him and explain.

The corners of Zac's mouth tightened, biting down at the protest that wanted to escape from his lips. He didn't say a word and just let his eyes follow Patricia's figure as she left.

If he could move, he would have stopped her from leaving.

His insides were screaming at him in resentment. How could he just watch her go without doing anything?

But no matter how sick he felt seeing her run after another man, it was clear that Patricia didn't share Zac's feelings. He no longer had the right to hold her back.

There was nothing that brought him more comfort than their brief but peaceful encounter from earlier. Zac didn't want to make things worse between him and Patricia.

Perhaps, he should learn next how to be content with just that.

"Jack, let me explain." Patricia caught up with Jack soon enough, her face still as impassive as ever.

She grabbed Jack's wrist, willing him to stop. To her surprise, Jack turned around, burying his head on her shoulder as he wrapped his arms around her.

She felt the tremors that ran through his body, like a little boy who felt scared of his own thoughts.

"Patricia, I'm scared. I'm scared that you'll leave me," he confessed, the words slowly and heavily leaving his lips.

Patricia felt as if she was frozen in place as Jack bared his feelings. She did not know what to say.

"I..." she tried, failing miserably to find the rest of her words.

"You don't have to say anything. I know. I know it already." Jack's voice came out choked as he spoke. His sorrowful eyes looked at her— pain and regret surging into turbulence in his deep gaze.

She stared dumbly at the empty space in shock. 'Has Jack really found out what had happened to me?'

"Jack, do you really know?" she asked, unable to hide the disbelief in her voice.

Jack nodded and pulled her closer. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Patricia. I couldn't protect you. I wasn't there when you were in danger and you needed me the most. I..."

His words came to a sudden halt, as if he couldn't bear to speak of it any longer. A wave of despair crashed over him as he was filled with a pathetic sense of futility and regret. He didn't know what he would do if something had happened to her.

Patricia was skeptical about Jack's words, but she didn't press him any further. She understood what he had meant, and she knew that he had been worried about her.

But... For some reason, the knowledge of it brought her no warmth. Her heart was steadily thrumming, as if it was unaffected by Jack's concern.

Lost in their own separate thoughts, neither of them noticed a female figure standing from not far away. The woman left in haste, rushing to Joanne's ward with angry steps.

"Mrs. White, does Jack like Patricia? Are they together?"

The woman who had just witnessed the scene was the same woman clinging to Jack's arm in the dining hall—Sonia Miller, the daughter of a board member in the Reynolds Group.

She was a fellow alumna with Jack at university. Back then, she had secretly harbored feelings for him. It was only now that she had finally found a chance to get closer to him after returning home from overseas.

At the mention of Patricia's name, Joanne, who had been quietly sitting on the bed leafing through a magazine, shot up in fury. "What did you say, Sonia?"

The anger in Joanne's face almost scared her, but Sonia knew that it meant the older woman did not approve of Patricia. Seeing an opportunity, she quickly took hold of it.

"I saw Jack and Patricia embracing each other in the corridor just now." She deliberately lingered on the

words, speaking slowly so as to emphasize their effect. Sonia feigned embarrassment well— anyone who saw her couldn't help but feel sympathy.

"What?" Her words had the desired effect. Joanne had all but leaped from the bed, wanting to find Jack immediately.

Sonia quickly grabbed her wrists, stopping her. "Mrs. White, they must have left by now," she whispered.

Joanne paused and thought, seeming to agree with her. But the thought of Jack and Patricia together made rage burn in her bloodstream. She just wanted to take her son away from that woman's clutches.

Sonia watched Joanne's face carefully.

The woman clearly didn't like Patricia. Sonia smiled to herself, knowing she had found something she could exploit to her favor.

[Chapter 322 I Want To Talk](#)

Joanne noticed the expression on Sonia's face and leaned towards her. "What is it? Did you think of something?"

Sonia nodded and began whispering something in Joanne's ear.

Joanne's eyes widened, and her expression became bright and hopeful. Nodding in agreement, she grabbed Sonia's hand and squeezed it warmly.

"Sonia, you're a really nice girl. Oh, if only you and Jack were together instead..." Joanne murmured, staring at Sonia with a meaningful look in her eyes.

She liked Sonia. In fact, Sonia was a hundred times better than Patricia, to be honest. Joanne just couldn't understand why her son insisted on being with Patricia instead of Sonia.

This great girl was always there, right by his side, yet Jack wanted Patricia instead. Joanne couldn't figure out what Jack was thinking.

At Joanne's words, Sonia blushed and lowered her head shyly. "It's not up to me though, Mrs. White..."

The subtle implication in her words was clear. If Jack decided to be with Sonia, then she would be more than willing to be with him as well.

Joanne's face glowed with delight. She already knew that Sonia liked Jack, and now that Sonia made it clear to her, Joanne felt that there was no need to hide it anymore.

"Sonia," Joanne began, caressing the girl's hand with a tender affection, "I like you very much. I'm really

hoping that you can be with Jack." She then reached out and patted Sonia on the shoulder with a hopeful look on her face.

Sonia nodded, her face breaking into a wide smile. "I understand, Mrs. White. Don't worry, I'll talk to Patricia."

Joanne's face changed slightly at the mention of Patricia's name. She didn't like the woman, but she knew that if she did something to Patricia, Jack would definitely hate her for it. But if it was Sonia...

"All right, let me teach you a few tricks on how to deal with that bitch." Despite her ruthless words, Joanne's expression was gentle as she led Sonia to the bed, intent on dealing with the nuisance once and for all.

After chatting with Jack for a while, Patricia quietly excused herself and left, eventually finding herself wandering towards the direction of Zac's ward. She was worried about him, but after seeing Nicholas there keeping him company, she felt relieved and soon left without a word.

However, when she returned to the hallway, she ran into Sonia. When Sonia caught sight of her, she walked towards Patricia with a cold yet fierce expression on her face.

"Miss Sampson, I would like a word with you, please." Although Sonia's tone was very polite, it didn't take a genius to find out what she was thinking based on her expression alone.

This was the first time they met, but Sonia obviously hated Patricia already.

However, Patricia couldn't bring herself to care. She was already used to such things, anyway.

When they settled down at the coffee shop near the hospital, Sonia went straight to the point as soon as they sat across from each other.

"Miss Sampson, I want you to stay away from Jack." Sonia's expression was dead serious. From the firm, determined tone in her voice, Patricia could tell that Sonia really wanted to be with Jack.

It seemed that she was not going to stop until Jack ended the relationship with Patricia.

Patricia raised an eyebrow, frowning at her slightly. "Is this what you wanted to talk to me about, Miss Miller?" she said, staring straight into Sonia's eyes.

"Well, I know that Jack is a good man, and that you think that as well. That's why you're with him now," Sonia said, her voice taking on a proud tone when she talked about Jack. Then, she pointed a finger towards Patricia.

"You, Miss Sampson, on the other hand, should understand your current situation. You'd been married once, and you're also still involved with your ex-husband. What would other people think about Jack

because of you?"

Patricia blinked, stunned at Sonia's words. At that moment, she knew that the latter was right. Sonia was only thinking about Jack's own good, and it was obvious that she genuinely liked him. Patricia couldn't really hate her for that.

But just as Patricia opened her mouth to say something, Sonia added on, "Maybe you might think that you have nothing to do with Zac or Kareem, but will the public believe it? Jack has a bright future ahead of him, and I don't want you to step in and ruin it. You can call me selfish all you want, Miss Sampson, but you don't deserve Jack at all. If you really care about him, please stay away from him."

Sonia got stonier as she went on. It seemed that she had already prepared this kind of speech beforehand.

Despite it, however, Patricia didn't feel angry at all. In fact, she didn't feel anything except for a faint feeling of helplessness.

"I know what you mean, Miss Miller. I don't think I deserve Jack, either," Patricia said lightly, an indifferent smile playing on her lips.

Sonia stared at her in surprise and a little disbelief. She looked straight into Patricia's eyes as though trying to gauge her honesty, for she never expected those kinds of words to come out of her mouth.

Patricia smiled. "However, this is not something that I can decide on my own. But I do know the real reason why you wanted to talk to me today. You can't talk Jack out of this, so you want me to do it instead, right?"

Patricia's eyes narrowed at Sonia.

Sonia was at a loss for words. Not knowing how to respond, she looked away almost shamefully.

"It's no use, though," Patricia said with a faint smile. "I've rejected Jack many times, but he's much more stubborn than I imagined."

Sonia turned her head back towards Patricia with a scowl on her face. "Are you saying that you're only with Jack right now because of pity?" she demanded. "It's not because you like him?" Sonia was getting angry at this point. She felt that it was unfair on Jack's part, that his feelings weren't being treated right just as it should've been.

Patricia shook her head. "No, I was actually moved by him. I thought that I would be very happy with him which was why I decided to accept him."

It was true. At that time, she really did think so.

Now, however... She was starting to think that maybe she hadn't thought it through enough. She had intentionally ignored a lot of things and contradictions that came as a result of her decision, and by now she was already beginning to regret it.

"So then, you..." Sonia's voice trailed off, and she could only stare at Patricia with wide eyes.

"I don't know how it will end between me and him." Patricia smiled at her almost helplessly.

It was just as she said. No one knew how things would end between her and Jack. Not even herself.

Sonia was beginning to grow irritated by the second, especially with Patricia's frustrating responses. But when she was about to open her mouth and say something, Patricia cut her off.

"Let me tell you something, Miss Miller... If you really like Jack, then don't do this behind his back. He doesn't like it."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Patricia smiled and stood up from her seat. Ignoring the expression that came over Sonia's face, she turned her back and walked away.

[Chapter 323 I'm Sorry, Patricia](#)

As soon as Sonia heard those words, she got angry. She stared at Patricia angrily but knew somewhere in her heart that she was right.

One thing was for sure that Jack hated dirty tricks. If he knew what she had done, then he would...

Just at that moment, something flashed through Sonia's mind and she looked at Patricia in confusion. She suddenly realized something.

"Could it be..."

Suddenly, a figure disappeared from the crowd and followed Patricia.

Patricia felt a little relieved after talking to Sonia so she smiled faintly. However, as she walked along the road, she started to feel at a loss for what to do next. Her thoughts wandered all over the place. She thought of every way to make it right but it felt wrong.

She wasn't thinking straight when she had started dating Jack. According to Patricia, it was the right thing to do at that moment. Now, it felt wrong and she regretted her decision.

Her thoughts were confusing her. If they broke up now, Patricia wanted it to be Jack's decision.

Something bugged her. Patricia knew that Jack was not the type to give up on anything. She meant everything to him.

Patricia knew Jack more than anyone in this world. He was more stubborn than her. There was no way that he would've listened if Patricia had said something.

She looked at the sky and got lost in thoughts. Patricia sighed and wondered about her future. She needed direction for the next move.

Just as she was about to walk away, someone grabbed her by the waist. She tried to turn around but the grip tightened around her. Patricia froze in her steps.

All the color from her face drained out. It was as if she was so helpless. Patricia tried to turn around once again but she heard a familiar voice.

"Patricia, are you planning on leaving me?"

Patricia was stunned as she heard that. Her lips parted as she wanted to reassure Jack, but there were not enough words. She thought of a lot of things to say at that moment but nothing felt right.

Jack walked in front of her and read her expression. He had expected a different response. He frowned and stared at Patricia for quite some time, looking so sad.

"Patricia, are you really going to break up with me?"

Jack was nervous as he waited for Patricia's response. He couldn't imagine what he would be doing if she nodded in response.

Patricia was quick to react so she shook her head and smiled at him. She said slowly, "Jack, you are overthinking!"

When Jack saw her smile, he was relieved. He cupped her face and hugged her tightly. Then he moved close to Patricia and rested his chin on her head. It was quite obvious from his look that he loved her a lot.

"Such a relief! I was afraid that you might leave me." Jack sounded relaxed but only Patricia knew that he wasn't.

Patricia wanted to stay quiet for the moment so she hugged Jack tightly. Only she knew how she felt as she suppressed pain and sorrow in her heart. Her eyes showed signs of helplessness.

With her face towards the crowd, Patricia felt perplexed. She felt empty and just wanted to go home. Suddenly, her eyes drifted to some familiar face.

She immediately recognized Zac. Patricia knew that it was Nicholas who had helped him get here. Zac stood in front of another building and looked at her silently. Before she could see his expression, he turned around and left.

Patricia's heart skipped a beat, and she felt a thousand emotions in that moment. She was about to cry.

Jack noticed the expression on her face so he lowered his head to look at her. He asked, "What's wrong, Patricia? Are you okay? Is everything alright?"

"Yes, I'm okay. I'm just a little tired and I really want to go home. I'll feel better after I rest for a bit."

Everything that had happened recently had drained Patricia out. She wanted to be alone and this was the only way for her to send Jack away.

Jack stared at her for some time before he nodded. He cupped her cheeks again and was about to say something when his phone started ringing.

He took the phone out of his pocket and read the name on the screen. Jack's expressions were more than enough for Patricia to guess who it was. She couldn't help but stare at him.

Jack answered the phone with a sigh. Patricia didn't want him to feel burdened so she said, "Jack, take your time. Don't worry about me. I can go home by myself." She smiled and gave him a little squeeze. Patricia wanted him to feel at ease. She wanted to be alone.

As soon as she was about to leave, she saw the expression on Jack's face. It was obvious that he was going through some problems.

Jack wanted to say something, but he closed his eyes and kissed Patricia on her forehead. There were a million unspoken words between them but they both decided to stay quiet. Then he turned around and walked towards the hospital.

Patricia knew from Jack that Joanne was in the hospital. She wanted to believe otherwise but she knew that it was all because of her.

Patricia smiled helplessly at Jack's receding figure, then she turned around and walked away.

As she walked back to her place, she saw the starry night and thought of how beautiful life could've been. Patricia was not in the mood to appreciate the beautiful scenery. After a long time, she finally reached her apartment. On the way to her room, she met Kareem. He looked depressed.

Patricia knew that Kareem was waiting for her for a long time.

Kareem was ashamed and Patricia knew why. She wanted to ignore him so she pulled a long face and walked towards the stairs.

Nicholas had told Patricia earlier, why she was in danger today. If it wasn't for Kareem, she wouldn't have been caught by that man at all. She knew it was Kareem's fault.

She wanted to just go back to her room and not talk to Kareem at all. Even if he was at fault, Patricia didn't want to bother questioning him.

Too much had happened already and she just wanted to spend the rest of the day quietly. Patricia wanted Kareem to stay quiet too.

"Kareem, you don't have to explain anything. I would appreciate if you could just leave. Leave me alone, please!" she pleaded with a sad face. Then Patricia walked past Kareem.

When Kareem heard that, he turned around and ran towards Patricia. He hugged her tightly and Patricia felt his body tremble with fear.

"I'm sorry, Patricia. It's my fault. I shouldn't have listened to Lyndsy," said Kareem remorsefully. He started crying and his apologies were lost in between his sobs.

Patricia was shocked as soon as he hugged her. She was not expecting that. Then when she heard that name, Patricia froze. Lyndsy had always hated Patricia. It was obvious that she and Yolanda wanted revenge after what happened at the press conference. This was their opportunity and they took revenge.

Patricia was quiet for a while so Kareem tensed. He wanted her to say something but she wasn't in the mood to say anything. He hugged her tightly and brought his lips close to her ears. Then he said in a low voice, "Patricia, I know I am at fault here. Please forgive me and I promise I won't do it again. It was stupid of me! I wasn't thinking straight. I don't know why I did everything that Lyndsy told me to. When I heard you were with Jack, I didn't know what to do. Please forgive me. I..."

"Enough, Kareem!" Patricia interrupted Kareem rudely.

As soon as Kareem heard her, he went rigid. He walked a few steps away and looked at Patricia.

They were quiet for an entire minute and then Kareem opened his mouth to say something but Patricia signaled him otherwise.

"Kareem, I'm really tired today. I want to sleep this off," Patricia said in a pleading tone.

Kareem was shocked by the way she was dealing with the situation. He wanted to say a million things but instead he just stared at Patricia.

"Kareem, please?" Patricia begged him again. There was sadness in every word she spoke. She just wanted to be alone but it seemed like the entire world was against that wish.

Kareem nodded slowly. Then he crossed his arms and took a step back. He wanted to give her space when she had begged for one. The way he bit his bottom lip showed that he was nervous.

"Patricia, I..."

"Let's talk tomorrow."

Patricia wanted him to be quiet and not make this any more complicated than it already was. She walked past Kareem and climbed stairs towards her room. She was glad that he wasn't saying anything more. She wanted to sleep soundly.

[Chapter 324 Nicholas Makes A Reques](#)

Patricia had no idea how she managed to get back to her own room. But after leaving Kareem, she felt the light in her soul diminishing. Confusion swirled in her eyes and she had no clue what to do next.

From where she was sitting on the sofa, Patricia peered up at the ceiling, feeling very confused.

So many things happened today that made her feel very chaotic inside.

"I don't know what I should do now." She was mumbling this to herself as her eyes turned to the ceiling, a bitter smile on her face.

Her thoughts were so muddled that she didn't even know where to begin.

The faces of Jack, Kareem, and Zac kept surfacing in her mind. As much as she tried to put a stop to her maddening cycle of thoughts, her mind kept returning to them over and over again.

"What in the world should I do now?" Pursing her lips together in total confusion, she bent her head down, turning her eyes away from the ceiling. She had a distraught expression on her face as her mood was being bogged down by all the things going on in her life at the time.

All of a sudden, a sound interrupted her thoughts. She looked in the direction of the doorway and opened it to see Nicholas standing there with an anxious look on his face.

"Nicholas?" Patricia was very confused by his presence at the door. Just as she was about to say something, Nicholas grabbed hold of her wrist and dragged her down the stairs in a hurry.

"Miss Sampson, I have no time to explain to you what happened just now. But Boss' life is on the line. You must come with me."

Hearing him say this, Patricia's eyes opened wider as she turned to look at Nicholas. She gulped nervously and whispered in a quiet voice, "Tell me, what happened?"

"I don't know the exact details, but Boss all of a sudden was in excruciating pain all over his body and was taken to the emergency room. Before being wheeled into the ER, he told me he wanted to see you."

Once he let her know about this, Nicholas looked at her to make sure she got the message loud and clear.

As soon as she heard this, Patricia nodded her head, wondering whether her hug with Jack was the reason for his sudden illness. With such thought in mind, she went with Nicholas to the hospital.

Once they got to the hospital, Patricia and Nicholas stood outside the door of the emergency room, nervously waiting for Zac to get out of surgery.

However, Zac was inside the emergency room for a long time. To pass the time, Patricia and Nicholas were restlessly pacing back and forth in the corridor. They were too nervous to do anything else.

Seeing the nervous expression on her face, Nicholas tried offering her words of comfort. In his eyes, everything that Zac had done for her so far was not futile in the end.

If she didn't feel anything for Zac, such an expression would never have shown up on her face.

Since Nicholas was someone looking into their relationship from the outside, he was able to see things clearer than they could ever themselves. But Patricia was the one who didn't know her heart. The only thing she could hope for at that moment was for Zac to be okay. She kept repeating to herself in her heart that because Zac had saved her life, she couldn't return the favor by being so heartless.

However, the feelings deep in her heart could not come out in the open. She held them back, unwilling to express them at this time.

After a long time had passed as they waited in the waiting room, Patricia and Nicholas were sitting on the bench, both tired and exhausted. When they saw the sign on the emergency room dim, they knew that the surgery was done and that their long wait was over. Soon, the doctor came out with some news.

"How is Zac doing?" Patricia and Nicholas spoke in unison.

"He's in stable condition for now," the doctor said in a formal voice and having said that, quickly turned around and left.

Sometime later, the nurse wheeled Zac out in the direction of his ward.

Upon seeing Zac's pale face, both Patricia and Nicholas breathed out sighs of relief. Their worried looks disappeared from their faces, knowing that Zac was alright.

Patricia made her way to Zac, who was currently in a deep state of sleep. After this ordeal, his body needed to replenish its strength and he was doing that by resting. His tired body lying so still on the hospital's white bed sheets looked as lifeless as a corpse. The only sign of life was the rising and falling of his chest as he breathed quietly in his sleep.

Seeing Zac's sleeping face, Patricia pursed her lips and thought about what she should do. After thinking about it, she turned to give Nicholas an indifferent look and said in a barely audible voice, "Nicholas, please take good care of Zac. I..."

"No, Miss Sampson, you must stay. If Boss wakes up and you're nowhere in sight, he might get angry at me. And you know how he is when he is angry," Nicholas quickly cut in, unwilling to let her leave just yet.

Seeing that Patricia had made up her mind to leave, Nicholas anxiously looked around, starting to appear a little nervous.

"Nicholas, but..."

"Miss Sampson, please stay as a favor to me. If Boss opens his eyes and sees that you are not here, I'll be the one suffering. Just see it as helping a poor guy like me out." Nicholas looked at her with a face full of entreaty.

Hearing him say this, Patricia scowled at Nicholas wordlessly and then said resignedly, "Can you just let me finish first?"

With an upset expression on his face, Nicholas nodded his head while pouting. He waited, wanting to hear what she had to say next.

"Since I haven't eaten in a long while, I can't think on an empty stomach. I'm going to head out to buy something to eat. Is this alright with you?" Patricia glared at Nicholas.

But what Nicholas said was not out of bounds. If Zac woke up from his sleep and she was not around, her absence might trigger his anger.

"Miss Sampson, if you want something to eat, I can go out and buy it for you. Just let me know whatever it is you want to eat," Nicholas said while giving her a flattering smile at the same time.

Patricia's face scrunched up into a slight frown and she gave Nicholas a helpless look. Though she wanted to say something, she decided to swallow her words.

"A sandwich would be fine," Patricia said in a light voice.

Nicholas smiled at her, turned on his heels, and left as soon as the words left her mouth.

"There's more." Patricia frowned as she said this, but Nicholas was already out the door.

Sighing slightly, she shook her head back and forth as she made her way to Zac's bedside. Studying him with her clear eyes, suddenly confusion spread across her face.

"Zac, what should I do?" Patricia mumbled this to Zac who was sleeping quietly on the hospital bed.

Zac had become the only person in the world with whom she could share her innermost thoughts.

Thinking about this, Patricia chuckled bitterly. Since when did Zac become the only person she could come to with her problems. Even she herself didn't know how this happened.

However, seeing Zac lying there so weak in bed, this heart-wrenching image tugged at her heartstrings. He was always so full of life and energetic. Seeing him like this was quite the shock.

As she sat on the sofa, all the things that happened that day suddenly washed over her and she was too exhausted to move. Gradually, her fatigue was making her sleepy. She felt her eyelids growing so heavy that she could hardly keep them open. A short while later, she was fast asleep.

After Patricia fell asleep, slowly, Zac opened his eyes and looked at his surroundings. He saw her sleeping on the sofa and wanted to get up right away.

However, try as he might, he couldn't move his body at all. It was like his limbs were paralyzed. Though he was desperate to move around, he was left with no other choice but to simply look on at Patricia's sleeping form.

He wanted to cover her with his quilt, but he was immobilized, so he could do nothing but lie there and stare at her. The operation earlier had left him too weak to move.

Seeing her sleeping so peacefully, Zac's sexy thin lips curled up into a smile. Though he very much wanted to touch her, his current condition prevented him from even getting out of bed.

Feeling very helpless and bitter, Zac pursed his lips and decided to just bear it.

Staring at her with his deep-set eyes, Zac said in a cold voice, "I don't know what to do either. But no matter what you decide in the end, I will respect your choices."

However, as he was saying this, Zac's eyes became two dark pools.

Only when his eyes happened to fall on Patricia's peaceful sleeping face did they brighten.

[Chapter 325 Her Choice](#)

Patricia had a life of her own now— Zac understood this. He could not force her to choose him, not when the space beside her had already been filled by Jack.

It was something that was out of his control, no matter how desperately he wanted it. The choice was hers.

Perhaps it was just as she said— they could no longer inhabit a time that was long gone.

What they had been in the past would stay there, removed from their present circumstances.

The only thing he could do now was hang on to his foolish hopes.

The rest was up to her. Ruefully, and with a tinge of surrender, Zac let the recognition that they might never be together again slowly sink.

"I don't know what to do either," he said. "I want to be with you, but..." He looked at the ceiling, willing himself not to collapse from the weight in his chest.

"I know it's not me you would choose." A wistful smile curved on his lips as he spoke.

The reality was imminent and unrelenting. Not even the depth of his longing could protect him from its insistence.

Zac had already known that he was chasing a pipe dream. He was a logical man, and yet he had gone headfirst into a gamble, hoping against hope that Patricia would give him another chance.

But reality was cruel to the most desperate of men.

His eyes remained fixed on the ceiling, absently tracing the patterns with unseeing eyes. There was an ache in his chest that was steadily growing heavier, making its presence visceral.

Zac looked at Patricia's face as she slept, his heart fracturing as he took in her peaceful expression.

The night was calm, but he found no comfort in its tranquility.

A burst of noise disturbed Patricia in her sleep. With a slight frown, she opened her eyes and found herself covered in a blanket. She looked around the room in a half-awake stupor and found that the bed was empty.

Panic immediately jolted her senses awake. She stood up, her body shakily catching up with her mind as she thought of where he was.

A noise from behind her disrupted her alarm. She looked towards the direction of the sound and saw Zac and Nicholas in the middle of a quarrel.

"Boss, sunlight would be good for you. Just stay here for a bit longer," Nicholas said earnestly.

His words only seemed to aggravate Zac, who frowned and answered, "It's been an hour already. That's more than enough sun. Help me in."

"Just a little longer."

"Help me inside already! I'm your boss."

Patricia couldn't help the chuckle that escaped her at their childish antics. It was quite the sight to see two grown men fighting over sunlight. "Is this what you two are up to? Debating about Vitamin D?"

Nicholas perked up upon hearing her voice and immediately sought to recruit her to his side of the argument. "Miss Sampson, tell him. Sunlight would do him a lot of good," he said.

Zac's face darkened in displeasure, looking straight at Patricia as if he was already expecting her to take Nicholas' side.

The look on his face made Patricia relent. She smiled gently and said, "I think an hour is good enough. Besides, it wouldn't be good for his wounds to be exposed for too long."

At this, Nicholas quickly helped Zac inside. "Luckily, it's only been an hour," he muttered nervously, taking Patricia's words to heart. As soon as he finished speaking, he sent a worried gaze towards Zac.

Another chuckle came from Patricia at Nicholas' devotedness. She reached out and gave the poor man a sympathetic pat on the shoulder. "Nicholas, you don't have to worry too much. It's okay."

The man was visibly relieved at her reassurance, his hand going to his chest as he heaved a sigh.

His conscience wouldn't be able to bear it if something happened to Zac under his watch.

With a small laugh, Nicholas turned to the two and said, "You two must be hungry. I'll go out and get you something to eat." With that, he quickly left the room.

Once again, Patricia and Zac found themselves in the rare chance of being alone.

As soon as Nicholas was gone, she smiled at Zac hesitantly, unsure of what to say next.

Zac seemed to mirror her feelings and gave her an awkward smile in return. He wanted to say something to ease the tension, but he couldn't find the words and chose to avert his gaze.

In the end, it was still him who chose to break the impasse.

"You have to work today, right?" he reminded her in a calm voice. If not for him mentioning it, Patricia wouldn't even remember work.

"I..." she stuttered, at a loss.

"Don't worry. I'll ask Nicholas to send you there."

"What about you?" Patricia said, worry lining her brows.

He was seriously injured. She couldn't just leave him here with no one.

A gentle smile curved on Zac's lips, his heart growing warm from her concern. "Don't worry about me," he said softly. "There are nurses here. And Nicholas would be back soon. Honestly, I wish he would stay out longer. His absence would benefit me more than any amount of sunlight."

He had attempted to assuage her worries with the light joke, but Patricia was still unconvinced.

"I will go to the company by myself. Nicholas can just stay here," she said with a tone of finality, letting Zac know that she would not be taking no for an answer.

Unable to help himself at her threatening expression, Zac burst into laughter. It was the first time he had ever seen her so fierce.

"What's so funny? I'm being serious,"

Patricia complained, her voice slightly edged with irritation.

Zac had no choice but to quietly nod and agree.

When Nicholas arrived with the food, Patricia ate her share hurriedly and left.

Her abrupt departure made Nicholas frown. He couldn't help but grumble, "Is she leaving just like that?"

Zac turned sharply at Nicholas' remark, narrowing his eyes at the other man. "Try saying that again," Zac demanded.

Nicholas was used to Zac's temperament by now, and his boss' menacing look did nothing to faze him. Calmly, he repeated everything he had just said.

It was a fact that Zac had risked his own life to save Patricia. She was unharmed because of him.

To Nicholas, it was no small debt. A part of him felt wronged for Zac.

To his utter surprise, Zac started laughing the next moment, holding one arm over his stomach.

"What are you laughing at, Boss? Have you really gone mad this time?" Nicholas blurted out in bewilderment.

Zac's laughter died instantly, his face darkening as he glared at Nicholas. "What did you just say to me?"

Knowing that he was treading dangerous waters, Nicholas closed his mouth and plastered a docile smile on his face.

"Don't worry. Patricia will come tonight," Zac said confidently, a smug smile on his face.

It was Nicholas' turn to narrow his eyes at his boss, not entirely convinced. "Are you sure about that, Boss?" he asked dubiously. "I didn't hear her say that she would."

Zac only kept glaring at Nicholas, telling him to shut up with his eyes.

"Just wait and see." Nicholas obediently kept his mouth shut, acquiescing to Zac's conviction.

[Chapter 326 A Strange Invitation](#)

Nicholas had to admit— it was a refreshing change to see Zac return to his usual demeanor of being all too pleased with himself. Curiously, he watched his boss' expression but did not ask him to elaborate.

Truth be told, Nicholas was hanging on the hope that Zac and Patricia could still be together.

Nicholas was a mere outsider— he was only at the periphery of what was between the two of them, but he was close enough to see Zac's sincerity. Perhaps his own distance allowed him to see things with a clearer view. Patricia, in all her closeness, couldn't seem to understand just how much Zac was trying. Nicholas could only hope that she would come to understand him in the course of time.

Patricia still had the food Nicholas had bought her in her hand on the way to the company. He had insisted upon it with good intentions, wanting to make sure that she would eat.

She ate as she worked, sorting through documents without missing a beat.

The morning proved to be eventful. When Patricia had managed to go through most of her tasks, she allowed herself a break and headed downstairs.

Kareem was there, pale and looking as if he had not slept at all. He stared at Patricia with bloodshot eyes. Taking a step forward, he opened his mouth, but closed it again the next moment.

His guilt was palpable. Kareem was beating himself up about what had happened the day before. He kept opening and closing his mouth, as if wanting to say something desperately, but not daring to.

"Patricia..." Lowering his head, he tore his gaze from her, unable to face her in his shame. Kareem didn't know what he would find in her eyes, and he was not sure if he was prepared for whatever verdict she had for him.

"I'm not angry, Kareem," Patricia started, her voice steady and even. "But I'm busy these days. I would appreciate it if you could give me some space."

It was a kind enough response, considering the gravity of his actions, but Kareem seemed to take her words differently. Her wanting to be alone was her rejection of him.

"You are angry, aren't you?" He tugged her into his arms, his face sorrowful.

"You have every right to be. I'm so sorry, Patricia. I was stupid to trust Lyndsy. You can hit me as much as you want. I can take it. I don't care if you have to hurt me. Just please don't be mad..."

Kareem clung to her desperately, begging for her forgiveness.

A sigh escaped Patricia as she listened to his pleas. She forced herself to smile, trying her utmost not to let it turn into a grimace. "Kareem, can you let go of me first?" she said in a low voice.

The scene was already bringing them unwanted attention, and the last thing Patricia wanted was more trouble. Her plate was not only full— it was overflowing, and rumors would only weigh on her already exhausted mind.

Kareem obeyed, sensing the eyes that were curiously watching them. Slowly, his arms loosened around her with much reluctance. He bit his lip and looked at Patricia with an uncertain gaze, not knowing what she would say next.

Patricia met his eyes with her own and said slowly, "Kareem, I meant what I said. I'm not angry, and I accept your explanation. I just really want to be by myself. I hope you can respect that."

Kareem was speechless for a moment. His eyes were wide and unconvinced, and he looked as if he wanted to press her again.

Reading his expression, Patricia couldn't help but frown. A hint of frustration was slowly bleeding into her words. "Kareem, please. I think we all need some time and space to process things."

Kareem knotted his eyebrows, not really comprehending what Patricia meant, but he knew that if he kept pushing her, she would just grow more and more callous towards him.

Patricia watched his expression carefully. There were a lot more things she could say, but she forced them back, choosing to be considerate towards Kareem's feelings and not wanting to wound him further.

The two remained at a standstill, neither of them saying another word nor backing down.

The deadlock was broken with a small nod from Kareem.

"Are you hungry? How about we go out to dinner? I promise nothing will happen this time," Kareem said carefully, his expression solemn. He almost raised his hand to swear on his words.

Patricia knew she had no choice but to acquiesce. She sighed inwardly and accepted his offer. She was not exactly looking forward to it, but it was either that or Kareem would keep badgering her. The former was the lesser evil, and so it was the one she took.

Kareem kept his word and they had a quiet dinner. As soon as they were done, Patricia went back to the company, not wanting to spend more time with Kareem anymore. He didn't press her this time and drove her back to her office.

She watched his car speed away until it disappeared from her view. There was a heavy, lingering feeling in her gut, but she didn't know what it was.

Patricia shook her head and threw herself back to work.

As she had successfully pushed other thoughts away with her tasks, the manager suddenly walked up to her, his face twisted in an almost hostile expression. Anyone who saw him would assume he was angry with Patricia.

She blinked in confusion but asked politely, "What can I do for you?"

Patricia had already braced herself for the worst, thinking that the manager was there to make things difficult for her again. What happened next was far from what she had expected. An invitation card was thrown on her desk, and she looked up to see him glaring at her.

Without another word, the manager left, but not before giving one last murderous look to Patricia.

Patricia was even more confused. She snuck a glance at him, then looked at the card on her own table.

"What's this?" she murmured, picking it up and opening it.

"Invitation to Business Yacht Party," the card read. Patricia's eyes widened in disbelief, even going as far as thinking that something must be wrong with her eyes.

It was a rare chance, and one that would help her climb up the ranks and build her network. She had once gotten a similar opportunity back when she was still working for the Veyron Corp.

At the same time, it was all too strange. Usually, the department manager was the one who attended these sorts of gatherings. Patricia was just his assistant, and she had not been in the company for a long time, so why was she the one receiving the card?

Instead of excitement, a million doubts ran through her head. Once again, her gaze instinctively turned towards the manager's office.

Patricia wanted to ask him, but she was already on his bad side, and barging into his office with

questions about the invitation carried an all too present risk of offending him even more.

It was either that or going to the CEO's office to ask directly.

She chose the latter. Patricia knew that she wasn't exactly the manager's favorite, and she didn't want to dig her own grave by walking over to him and unintentionally rubbing the invitation on his face.

"Mr. Naylor, I would like to know what this means?"

she asked with a polite smile when she arrived at the CEO's office. She was holding the card in her hand.

Naylor raised his head and sent her a casual gaze. He lifted his eyebrows and said, "Is there anything wrong?"

"I think there might have been a mistake. This should be given to the department manager. I'm only an assistant," Patricia said softly, keeping her politeness as she met Naylor's cold eyes.

She did not understand his motives, and there was something strange about him letting her participate in such an important business event out of nowhere.

"It's not a big deal. This will give you a chance to have a better idea of how things work here," Naylor answered, casually evading her question.

[Chapter 327 Unwilling](#)

Hearing what Naylor, the president of Skyline, said, Patricia suddenly felt that the business yacht party was not as special as she thought. It was as if anyone could attend it.

However, she knew that wasn't the case. She was very much aware of what the business yacht party meant.

"In that case, I guess I could decide not to attend, right? I would prefer to give this opportunity to my manager," Patricia looked at Naylor and said politely.

She wasn't intending to do the manager any favor. She just thought that she was not qualified to attend the business yacht party, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to give this opportunity to someone else who was qualified.

Although her manager always made things difficult for her, it was still undeniable that he was more qualified for this and contributed more to the company than she did.

Reacting to her words, Naylor squinted his eyes and looked at her suspiciously. He even took some time to question himself if he misheard her.

"Are you serious?"

It was the first time for Naylor to see someone willing to give away such a big opportunity.

"Yes, I am." Patricia nodded her head with a serious look on her face. She looked calm and composed. It was obvious that she had made up her mind.

Suddenly, Naylor chuckled lightly with a smile while staring at Patricia. He patted the table and whispered, "You're quite interesting. No wonder Zac likes you so much."

Patricia was a little stunned after hearing his words. A trace of displeasure flashed across her face as she thought, 'It has nothing to do with Zac.'

Noticing her tainted expression, Naylor shrugged his shoulders and said indifferently, "Even if you are unwilling, you have no choice. Your name is already on the invitation. If you don't go, the seat will be empty."

Just as Naylor said this, his face flashed with a gloomy look. He sighed and muttered slowly, "If we don't have anyone to represent the company, there will be trouble. But never mind, it's all my fault."

Patricia pursed her lips with dissatisfaction. Although she knew that Naylor was just trying his best to persuade her, she was still aware of the consequences.

On the surface, it might look like an ordinary party, but the truth is that it was very important to the company's development. If they weren't represented at the party, on one hand, it meant that they were not qualified, and on the other hand, it would be seen as an act of rudeness.

Patricia was depressed as a feeling of helplessness enveloped her. Even if she wasn't willing to go, she knew that she had no choice.

Besides, her name was already printed on the invitation. This meant that she would attend the business yacht party on behalf of the company. If she didn't go, it could be interpreted as the whole company being absent.

Out of everyone in the company, she was the one who was given such a heavy burden. She felt helpless and angry.

Naylor had an indifferent look on his face as he secretly observed the expression on Patricia's face. He didn't seem to care about it at all and said gently, "Have you made up your mind? Are you willing to go?" As soon as he spoke, he gave out a jeering laugh.

Patricia frowned unhappily. She took a deep breath and regained her usual indifference. She nodded slightly and said in a low voice, "Okay, I will go."

Hearing this, Naylor clapped his hands and gave a bright smile to her. "Well, do your best. Maybe you will meet someone interesting at the party."

Patricia frowned and squinted at Naylor discontentedly. She never knew he had such a shameless personality.

After a while, she nodded with a forced smile and hurriedly walked out of the CEO's office.

As soon as she left, Naylor picked up his phone and placed a call across to someone.

"It's done. Don't forget what you promised me."

"Don't worry." The voice came along with a burst of laughter.

Naylor frowned and asked curiously in a low voice, "Hey, do you really have to go through all this just to get her there? You could just tell her directly."

"I would have done that if it were possible," the man on the other side of the phone said with a trace of disappointment in his tone.

Zac would have loved to ask her to come to the business yacht party, but he knew her personality, she would not agree.

"Fine, it's none of my business. Don't forget what you promised me." Naylor ended the topic with a casual tone.

As soon as Patricia returned to the department, the manager walked over to her.

There were a lot of documents in his hands. He placed them on her desk, and asked her to sort them out.

After that, he left in a hurry. Before he left, Patricia could clearly see the resentment in his eyes.

If she had known earlier, she would have stopped Naylor from writing her name on the invitation.

She was sure that was the reason for the manager's attitude.

But she didn't have the ability to change time, what was done was already done. Now, what she needed to do was to get the documents sorted out.

She took a deep breath. Adjusting her mind, she picked up the documents and started sorting them out. She didn't raise her head until her phone rang. It was already dark and all her colleagues had left.

Seeing that it was a call from Zac, she hesitated for a moment before answering it.

"What do you want?"

Zac remained silent for a while. A trace of anger swirled up within him.

"Where are you?" He took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and said in a low voice.

Zac originally thought she would come over to visit him, but it was nine already, and yet he hadn't seen her. This made him anxious. He had no other choice but to call her.

"I'm busy at work. Is there any problem?" Patricia replied with a frown. She didn't understand why Zac would call her for no reason.

Hearing this, Zac snorted coldly. He was so angry that he didn't know what to say.

Patricia was about to say something when she heard a burst of laughter on the phone. She recognized the voice, it was obviously Nicholas'.

"Miss Sampson, it's nine already. You must be off work by now. You haven't eaten yet, right? Boss and I are hungry. I wanted to go out to buy some food, but right now it's not possible for me to leave him, so..."

Before Nicholas finished his words, Patricia had already understood what he meant.

"Okay, wait there. Next time, tell Zac not to beat around the bush. He could have just said it earlier." As soon as she finished speaking, she hung up the phone.

However, what she didn't know was that Nicholas had put the phone on loudspeaker, and Zac also heard the details of their conversation. He couldn't help glaring at Nicholas with resentment in his eyes.

His only reason for calling Patricia was because he needed to see her.

[Chapter 328 Jack's Intention](#)

"Boss, did you catch what Miss Sampson just said?" Nicholas snickered as he approached Zac with a playful smile on his face.

Zac scowled and shot Nicholas a sharp look. He replied, articulating each word slowly and firmly, "I am dissatisfied with your recent behavior. Once I've recovered, you will reap the consequences."

When Nicholas heard this response, the smile on his face slipped away instantly. He looked at Zac with a disgruntled expression and said in a low whisper, "Boss, you are so unappreciative. I just put in a good word for you." When he finished his words, he shot Zac an aggrieved look.

Zac saw the upset look but dismissively waved his hand in indication for Nicholas to shut his trap and walk away.

Nicholas pouted unhappily, walked towards the couch and took a seat on it. He had literally just helped Zac and was the one who had managed to get Patricia to come here!

However, Nicholas caught a glimpse of the shadow of a smile playing on Zac's face and it caused his anger and the salty expression on his face to dissipate. When it was just about seven o'clock at night, Zac's expression changed to a blank look, and he kept anxiously looking at the clock. It was quite apparent that he was trying to calculate when Patricia would come as he waited for her so tentatively.

Nicholas felt his heart shatter when he saw the utter disappointment on Zac's face. Then, when Zac called Patricia but didn't have the guts to tell her he'd like to see her, Nicholas quickly grabbed the phone from him.

After the call had concluded, Patricia quickly packed up all of her stuff and went to the restaurant she often frequented. She ordered and packed up quite a lot of food when her eyes fell upon a sandwich on a nearby table. She couldn't help but order one.

She remembered how very fond Zac was of sandwiches with ketchup. She would often rustle one up for him when they had still been together.

When she finally packed everything up, she started to rush to the hospital with three bags in her grasp. However, she had just moved a few steps when she ran into Jack.

"Patricia..?" When Jack saw Patricia, he was understandably surprised. He frowned and looked as if he were deep in thought about something.

All of a sudden, she opened her mouth to say something but she didn't know what to say. She awkwardly averted her eyes from Jack unconsciously.

"Jack, actually..." she started.

Before she had an opportunity to utter a single word more, he had walked up to her and taken the bags of food from her hands.

"It's okay, I trust you." As soon as he finished speaking, he smiled at her brightly. He leaned over and kissed her gently on the forehead.

With the tender smile still playing across his face, he looked at her without a trace of doubt in his expression.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief when she saw the look in his eyes.

For some reason, Patricia had felt a little flustered just now. She felt as if he had caught her cheating on him red handed. In that moment, she couldn't fathom what he would think.

Jack looked at the bags of food, smiled gently and asked, "This is for Zac, isn't it?"

When she heard his words, she swallowed hard and nodded ever so slightly. Although she really didn't want to admit it, it was the undeniable truth of the matter.

He saw her response but was wholly unfazed by it. He replied casually, "You are doing the right thing. After all, Zac did save your life. But you ought to let me attend to this sort of thing in future. You should rather take a good rest."

He smiled at her tenderly once again.

Patricia responded with a small nod. A trace of disappointment and sadness flashed across her bright eyes and she pursed her lips.

Before she could stop him, he had already started walking towards the hospital with the bags in his hands. He walked at quite a brisk pace and she struggled to keep up with him.

Just when they were about to reach Zac's floor, she couldn't help but call after Jack. Nicholas had asked her to bring food for them, it would be awkward if Jack was the one to take the food in for them instead.

She couldn't understand why, but she was overcome by a feeling of uneasiness. She didn't want Jack and Nicholas to butt heads.

Jack, however, misunderstood her actions. He assumed that she was a bit shy, so he said gently, "Don't overthink this. It really is okay."

When she heard his odd response, she frowned in slight confusion. She really wanted to stop him dead in his tracks but it was too late for that at this juncture. Jack strode gracefully into Zac's ward with the food in tow. He called out to Zac in a cool voice.

"If you'd like something to eat, just let me know and I'll attend to buying it for you. Patricia isn't in good health and needs more rest." Jack looked back at Patricia with concern written across his face.

A stiff smile appeared on her face. She was at a complete loss for words. She stood at the door with an unreadable expression on her face and didn't dare to enter the ward.

When she saw the crestfallen look on Nicholas's face, she knew exactly how he felt. It was good enough that he didn't snap right there on the spot.

After carefully unpacking the food on the table, Jack smiled warmly at Zac and Nicholas and said considerably, "You must be ravenous. Go ahead with and eat. Patricia and I have something to attend

to, so we will leave now." As soon as he had trailed off the end of his sentence, Jack blatantly ignored Zac and quickly walked up to Patricia and pulled her away.

Patricia was flabbergasted. She hadn't expected things to happen like this. She frowned and parted her rose-tinged lips. She wanted to say something but Jack stopped her.

"Let's get a move on, Patricia. I know you are hungry, too. Let's get something to eat." He smiled at her gently, took her by the hand and led her out of the ward.

Nicholas watched their receding figures in irritation. He glared at Jack's departing silhouette and growled aggressively, "Jack did that on purpose."

Yes, Jack had indeed done that purposely. He wanted to put on a small play in front of Zac to let him know that he was Patricia's boyfriend.

The moment Jack had seen Patricia in the restaurant with all that food in her hands, he knew it was definitely for Zac.

His girlfriend was buying food for another man. How could he not be livid and green with envy?

Despite the intensity of his jealousy and rage, he knew that it was imperative that he suppress those feelings.

Jack would never have treated Zac in such a considerate manner if Zac hadn't saved Patricia's life.

But Jack had been very clear in what he said. If they were hungry, they were to call him directly, and not bother Patricia. His message had been as clear as day.

To put it blatantly, Jack was clearly indicating that Patricia was his girlfriend, and Zac and Nicholas were in no position to ask her to take care of them in any way or form.

The more Nicholas thought about it, the more his anger intensified. He was in no mood to eat anything and he had no way of venting his anger.

"That fucking bastard!" Nicholas murmured angrily, gasping for breath.

However, Zac didn't seem to care one iota. He opened the takeaway container and ate with relish, as if nothing had happened.

When Nicholas saw Zac's expression, he frowned and looked at him suspicious. He whispered, "Boss, are you sure you're in a stable state of mind?! Did you not just see what Jack did?"

Even just vocalizing this made Nicholas so mad that he wanted to kick Jack's ass.

Zac, however, curled his lips into a faint smile when he heard Nicholas's indignant words. He glanced at Nicholas with a cold expression and replied in a low tone, "Yes, I witnessed it all. But we have to eat. Patricia bought these dishes. If you waste it, I will not let you go."

[Chapter 329 Jack's Thoughts](#)

When Nicholas heard that, he frowned and pursed his lips unhappily. He started eating slowly.

Facing the threat of Zac, Nicholas had no way to resist. He had to let it go.

Nicholas never understood why Patricia still wanted to be with Jack. For him, Patricia deserved Zac because he had done a lot for her. He was unhappy with her decision.

On the other hand, when Zac saw the sandwich with ketchup in the lunch box, he got excited. This small act showed him that he was still important to Patricia.

It made Zac think about his importance in her life. Maybe Patricia still cared for him.

Lost in thoughts, Zac smiled lasciviously. His mind wandered to a million thoughts before he picked up the sandwich and took a bite. It tasted tastier than it usually did.

Patricia, on the other hand, stood in the garden of the hospital because Jack had led her there. He was in a somber mood and seemed to have something to talk to her.

Patricia knew that something was wrong so she asked worriedly, "What's wrong, Jack?"

"Patricia, I want the truth. Do you have feelings for Zac?" As soon as Patricia heard that, she turned around but Jack grabbed her arm and pulled her back. She noticed that his eyes that were once black were red now. He was seething with anger and this time he wanted to hear the answer from Patricia herself.

Patricia turned around and looked at Jack blankly. She was at a loss for words.

Patricia was not expecting this sudden question so she was taken back. She didn't know how to respond. She stared at him and hoped Jack would say something. When he was quiet for an entire minute, she cleared her throat and tried saying something only to close her mouth again.

Patricia was quiet and didn't know what would be the best answer to Jack's question.

She had never thought about this ever before.

They stared at each other for too long for Jack to realize that he was wrong. He realized his mistake and started laughing.

"What's wrong with me? Why did I even ask such a question?" As soon as he said that, Jack smiled at

Patricia innocently.

Even though Jack was smiling at Patricia, she knew that he resented himself. He blamed himself for everything that had happened.

Patricia knew that Jack was jealous. He disliked seeing her with anyone else. He was afraid to lose her.

"Jack, you must be mistaken. I've never thought like that before," Patricia said slowly.

Patricia was not lying. All she ever wanted was to live peacefully. The thought of leaving Jack had never crossed her mind.

As soon as Jack heard that, he embraced her into a tight hug. Patricia felt his body tremble as he was afraid to hear anything else. She knew that he was at a loss for words.

"Jack..."

"Listen to me carefully, Patricia. Yes, I'm jealous. I get really jealous whenever I see you give a little extra attention to someone else other than me. I was jealous when I saw you buy food for Zac. I know he saved your life and I'm really thankful to him. But I cannot hide my feelings when it comes to you," said Jack gloomily.

He held Patricia tightly in his arms. Jack wanted her to be by his side forever.

Patricia smiled faintly as soon as she heard that. She was happy to know how important she was for Jack and hugged him back. But at the same time, she couldn't help but wonder whether Zac ate the food or not.

Instantly, she realized that she was hugging Jack but thinking about Zac. Her eyes widened and she froze with panic. Patricia was shocked that it took her so long to realize that.

Jack caught the change in her expression and he brought his face close to Patricia's face. He asked cautiously, "What's wrong, Patricia?"

"No, nothing is wrong. I'm just really hungry," said Patricia gently. She hid her uneasiness with a lie.

Jack smiled at Patricia and gently stroked her hair. Then he kissed her on the forehead and said softly, "I thought you had eaten already. Let's go eat something delicious." Jack intertwined his fingers with Patricia's and smiled brightly. Then he pulled her towards the exit.

Patricia loved his sweet gestures of love so she smiled faintly and walked out with him. A million thoughts crossed her mind and she bit her lower lip.

At that moment, the thought that came to Patricia's mind surprised her and was even unbelievable to

her.

She had a hard time believing what crossed her mind. Was it true that she had started falling for Zac?

She wanted to get rid of these bizarre thoughts.

Patricia shook her head aggressively and denied the thought in her head. She thought it was impossible for her to fall for Zac but at the same time, it felt real.

Lyndsy, on the other hand, was sitting in the Sampson family hall when she received the message that Zac was the one who had saved Patricia's life. She was so furious at this news that she threw an ashtray across the hall.

"Why? Why is this bitch so lucky?" Lyndsy hated the fact that Zac had saved Patricia's life so the next thing she did was to tear the pillow wildly.

Hearing the commotion in the living room, Yolanda rushed out of the kitchen and ran towards the living room. As she saw the pieces of ashtray on the ground, she ordered the servants to clean it up. Then she walked towards Lyndsy with a bowl.

"Sweetheart, it's time to drink the bird's nest soup. You have to regain your strength so you have to drink this," said Yolanda in a loving tone.

Lyndsy wasn't in the mood to eat anything. She was furious at the message received a minute ago.

"I don't want to eat. What's the point of eating? I'm so angry at this Patricia bitch," Lyndsy replied resentfully.

As she thought of Patricia, she felt anger burning inside her. Lyndsy gasped angrily and punched the sofa that was beside her. She wanted to break Patricia in half.

Yolanda frowned as she saw this. Then she pursed her lips and said gently, "I know how angry you are, my dear daughter, but you still have to eat this. It's good for your health." Lyndsy was not in the mood to talk to Yolanda at all.

To her, nothing was more important than her revenge against Patricia.

Lyndsy wanted Patricia to disappear from the face of the earth and she was willing to do anything for it.

Yolanda saw Lyndsy's aggressive behavior and she was scared for her. Yolanda couldn't even recognize her own daughter. She was scared that Lyndsy would do something evil which would affect her too.

"My dear, you're scaring me. Please don't do anything stupid." Yolanda was so worried that she put the bowl on the table and walked towards her. She held Lyndsy's wrist tightly and warned her.

Lyndsy was fed up from these lectures so she looked at Yolanda and said, "Mom, I'm not stupid. You know I won't go against the law. I know how hard life gets if one does something illegal. I don't want to go to jail."

Lyndsy knew that Yolanda wouldn't let her do anything so she started devising the revenge plan by herself. She must punish Patricia for what she had done to her. With that in her mind, she stood up and was about to leave.

Seeing the departing figure of Lyndsy, Yolanda stood up quickly, grabbed her wrist and said in a kind tone, "My dear, even if we can't teach Patricia a lesson on this matter, haven't we got anything?"

Lyndsy was confused by Yolanda's words so she stared at her. Then she suddenly realized something and nodded.

"Yes, we got a lot," said Lyndsy with a smile. The thought of five million dollars and Patricia's love relationship with Jack, Zac and Kareem crossed her mind. She smiled faintly.

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It seemed that Patricia had gone unscathed this time, but her relationship with the three men had got more complicated. It was a good news for Lyndsy and Yolanda.

Seeing that Lyndsy had calmed down, Yolanda continued speaking. "That's right. We can't rush this. We have to take it slow. In the past, I always took my time to deal with her, right?" There was a hidden meaning in her tone.

Lyndsy felt it wasn't a bad idea. Nodding her head in agreement, she returned to her seat and acted like a spoiled child. "Mom, what do you think we should do next? I really don't want to see that bitch anymore."

"I know. I also don't want to see her." There was a hint of ruthlessness in Yolanda's voice. She didn't want to see both Patricia and Zac.

If not for the embarrassment she and Lyndsy received from Zac at the press conference that day, things wouldn't have ended up like this.

Lyndsy who was once a popular figure now had a tainted reputation, all because of Zac. Thinking this, Yolanda felt an indescribable pain.

Her daughter had a great chance to marry a rich man and live a good life. But everything was ruined by him and Patricia.

Now that Lyndsy had a bad reputation, no young man from any of the rich families would want to have

anything to do with her. They always gave her a look of disdain whenever they saw her.

Each time she thought of this, she couldn't help getting angry. Her hatred for Zac was as deep as the ocean. She wished that Zac and Patricia would disappear from the face of the earth.

Lyndsy observed Yolanda who was silent for a long time with a frown. After a while, she pursed her lips and said in a low voice, "Mom, say something. Can't you think of a way to deal with that bitch? Don't tell me that those words you said were just to comfort me." As soon as she finished speaking, Lyndsy turned her face away angrily.

"No, how could it be? I have come up with a good plan," Yolanda said coldly. A trace of viciousness flashed across her face, and a confident smile blossomed on her lips.

"Really? What is it?" Lyndsy's interest was piqued. She curiously approached her and blinked repeatedly.

Yolanda smiled gently and shook her head. She touched the tip of Lyndsy's nose and said softly, "I can't tell you." As soon as she said that, she smiled mysteriously with a hint of self-satisfaction.

Lyndsy didn't ask any further, she nodded her head repeatedly, like a chicken pecking rice. As long as Yolanda could get Patricia out of their sight, she would be fine. Nothing else mattered.

Jack felt unhappy. He and Patricia hadn't talked much these past two days. After dinner, he immediately took her to a nearby park.

Just before they arrived at the park, Jack's phone rang. After checking the caller, he discovered it was Joanne. It was as if she always knew the best time to call.

"Mom..." Jack frowned discontentedly as he answered the phone. Just as he was about to complain, he heard Joanne's words, and his face darkened. Obviously, something bad had happened.

Seeing the expression on Jack's face, Patricia frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

Jack bit his lower lip tightly, with a depressed look. He sighed and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Patricia. Something came up. I have to go to my mom..."

Before he finished speaking, Patricia hurriedly cut in, "I see. Just go. I can go home by myself." There was a faint smile on her face as she said those words.

Jack was surprised by the way Patricia readily agreed. He always felt that their relationship was a bit complicated. It was more like friendship than actual love.

Noticing the confused look on his face, Patricia frowned. She looked at him and asked softly, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"No, no," Jack hurriedly refuted with a smile.

When she saw the look in his eyes, Patricia vaguely understood, and a faint smile appeared at the corners of her mouth. She could guess what he was thinking just now, but she didn't make any statement.

She was sure he also noticed the abnormality in their relationship.

"Patricia, be careful on your way back home," Jack kissed her forehead and said. He turned around and ran towards the hospital.

Looking at his departing figure, Patricia sighed slightly. An indescribable expression flashed across her face, as a trace of bitterness surfaced in her heart.

The truth was that she wasn't really clear on her feeling for Jack. Was she in love with him? Or maybe it was just love between friends. She was confused.

Just as she was lost in thought, her phone suddenly rang out with a crisp sound, jolting her back to her senses. It was a call from Zac. A trace of shock and hesitation flashed across her eyes.

She wasn't sure whether to answer the call. If she didn't answer, she would definitely feel uneasy.

But on the other hand, if she answered the phone, she was afraid that it would cause a misunderstanding if Jack found out.

After thinking for a while, she looked up at the night sky and took a deep breath. She then made a resolute decision not to answer the phone.

However, Zac seemed to know what she was thinking.

He didn't call anymore, and instead, sent her a text message. "Can you come to see me?"

When she read the message, Patricia was subject to a constant change of expression. She didn't know how to describe her current mood, but there was a feeling of excitement.

She knew that she and Zac had parted their relationship, and they couldn't be together.

But as soon as she read the message, it felt as if every nerve in her body was being triggered.

She knew the reason for the feeling. She wanted to accompany Zac because he needed her.

Her mind was in a mess. Under the influence of her frenzied emotions, she rushed over to the hospital, heading straight to the floor where Zac was.

As soon as she arrived at the corridor, she immediately realized her true feelings about Zac. Since she came, it meant she really wanted to be with him.

Gathering her thoughts together, she slowly opened the door. It was dark inside. Apparently, Nicholas was not there. She could see Zac's figure, sitting on the balcony and staring at the night sky.

Zac seemed to have noticed her presence, but he kept looking at the sky and said with a low voice, "You came!" His voice was mixed with a trace of excitement. Apparently, he didn't expect that she would really come.

Patricia smiled faintly. She walked over to Zac and whispered, "How did you know it was me?"

"Because I just sent you a message," Zac said lightly, but his words were full of firmness and confidence.

Hearing this, Patricia grinned and whispered, "What if I decided not to come?"

"I know you wouldn't. You are already here anyway." With a gentle smile on his face, Zac slowly turned in her direction.

His smile was so brilliant that it could contend with the radiant light of the moon hanging up in the starry sky. This was the first time she had seen him smile like that, and it was from the bottom of his heart.