

Remarry 341

[Chapter 341 Yolanda's Plo](#)

Hearing this, Patricia chuckled, and a trace of awkwardness flashed through her beautiful eyes as she looked at Naylor.

"You are teasing me," she said with a faint smile playing on her lips.

Naylor playfully beamed at her and said, "I'm being honest. If others at the party see you with me, they will probably envy me."

As he spoke, he opened the door for Patricia and signaled her to get in the car.

She was at a loss for words as she shyly smiled at him and got inside.

After a while, they reached the gathering venue. They would board the yacht when all the guests would arrive.

It was an extravagant yacht big enough to be able to accommodate about a hundred people.

There Naylor met an acquaintance of his and left to talk to him, while Patricia stood in a corner alone, waiting for the party to begin.

All she wanted was to blend in with the crowd. However, she couldn't get a chance to do that.

A woman in an exquisite blue evening dress approached her with pure malice evident on her face as she stared down at her and sneered, "Patricia, I didn't expect you to be here."

It was Lyndsy. She felt so enraged when she saw Patricia at the party that she wanted to drive her away.

However, Patricia had gotten used to Lyndsy's hatred towards her, so she didn't bother to reply and kept her usual cold and calm demeanor as she icily glanced in her direction.

Patricia was aware of the extent of animosity that Lyndsy had towards her, but if Lyndsy was only trying to provoke her with words, it meant that there was nothing she could do about her.

"I am here on behalf of the Skyline Corp." She kept her composure and replied. She didn't feel nervous at all as she never took Lyndsy seriously.

Infuriated, she glared at Patricia as anger flashed through her face.

"You must think that you are someone important. I know Skyline is a small company, but they sent you here?" Lyndsy said in a sarcastic tone.

Patricia scowled but chose to ignore her as she knew what she was trying to do.

Patricia was sure that Lyndsy wanted to get on her nerves so that she could make a fool of herself in front of everyone.

Her silence frustrated Lyndsy as she stamped her feet in anger. However, there were so many people here she couldn't pick a fight with her right now. She glowered at her and decided to leave.

As she saw her walking away, Patricia breathed a sigh of relief. She had thought that she might come across Lyndsy and Yolanda there, but it was never pleasant meeting them.

At that moment, she felt a strange gaze at her, so she looked back at the corridor, but no one was there.

She frowned. Was that just in her head? She somehow had a feeling that there was someone there just now, staring at her, and it was Zac.

She inexplicably felt disappointed when she didn't see him there.

At the same time, Yolanda was looking at her with a vicious look in her eyes. A cold smile played on her lips as she had come up with a plan to teach Patricia a lesson.

Her face was full of disdain for her. She just wanted to wipe her off the face of the earth.

Yolanda gnashed her teeth with hatred. She bit her lower lip tightly. Wearing a noble black evening dress, she looked like a witch with a harrowing air around her.

Enraged, she blamed Patricia for their failure.

If it weren't for her, Yolanda believed that she and Lyndsy would still be thriving in the upper class.

But now they were despised by all the elite families even the noblewomen they were acquainted with had turned their backs on them.

Due to their tons of failed attempts at punishing Patricia, their hatred for her had been piling up, and they detested her to the core.

While Yolanda was thinking about how she had got them to their lowest point, she didn't realize that Zac was watching her.

The evident malice in her eyes worried him. Just as he was about to come over to warn Patricia, it was time to board the yacht.

Unfortunately, he couldn't find her in the sea of people, so he decided to look for her after they got on the yacht.

However, after boarding, it got even more difficult for him to search for her as there were over a hundred people, and the yacht had two floors.

At the same time, Patricia was standing alone in a corner, sipping on her wine.

She thought she would meet Zac there, but when she didn't see him, she felt somewhat disappointed, but on the other hand, she also felt relieved about it.

Even though they both tried to avoid talking about what happened that day, it was still somewhat embarrassing for them to meet each other since that day.

She lowered her head while thinking about Zac. Suddenly, she heard a gentle male voice, and as she raised her head, she saw a foreigner standing in front of her.

"Miss, would you like to dance with me?" he asked politely.

She slightly shook her head to his offer, but out of nowhere, someone pushed her, and she accidentally bumped into the man.

Although it was an accident, he took it as a yes, and radiantly beamed at her.

Seeing the smile on his face, Patricia knew that she couldn't refuse anymore. However, she couldn't help but look back as she felt that someone had deliberately pushed her.

She turned around, but no one was there.

Baffled, she frowned as she had a feeling that someone was trying to plot against her.

However, the music had already begun, and she had no other choice but to dance with the man.

He was quite good at dancing as for Patricia she only knew a little about it.

[Chapter 342 Zac Was Feeling Nervous](#)

Fortunately, because of the man's help, Patricia didn't embarrass herself.

Once the music stopped, Patricia gave the foreigner a polite smile, then went back to her original spot. Dancing was really not for her. It was better if she stood out of the way to the side and quietly watched on.

After all, such grand occasions were too rich for her blood.

However, this was a party, which meant that she couldn't stay an inactive participant completely. Occasionally, someone would make their way over and invite her to join them on the dance floor, but

she turned them all down one by one.

She had no clue how much time had passed and how long she had stood there for. When her legs felt too sore to continue standing, she headed to the lounge to try and find a seat.

Right when she walked into the lounge, the sight of Yolanda and Lyndsy sitting there met her eyes.

"Oh, guess who's here? It's that bitch, Patricia! Why aren't you entertaining those young men outside? What are you doing here instead?" Lyndsy's mocking voice implied that she was a loose woman.

Hearing her say this, Patricia coldly looked at Lyndsy and Yolanda but didn't take their words seriously at all. She proceeded to sit down on the sofa next to them.

She was there to rest her feet, not to argue with Yolanda and her daughter. Once she felt more rested, she would be on her way.

Once she sat down, she closed both her eyes and breathed in deeply, feeling that the lounge was much quieter than how it was outside. She much preferred the peaceful atmosphere here.

Seeing Patricia so calm and composed, Lyndsy was infuriated. She scowled at her and turned to look at Yolanda.

"Mom, do something about her! She's just sitting right there!" She voiced her complaint to Yolanda, throwing the blame her way.

There was a faint smile on Yolanda's face when Lyndsy's words reached her ears. Touching the tip of Lyndsy's nose, she said in a gentle voice, "Honey, don't worry. We have all the time in the world." As she said this, Yolanda fixed her gaze on Patricia sharply.

Hearing her words, there was a frown on Lyndsy's face as she was still feeling doubtful. She turned to give Patricia a fierce look with anger in her eyes.

She had decided that everything bad that had happened to her up to this point was because of Patricia. If Patricia didn't get in the way, none of these things would've happened to her.

"All the time in the world? Is this some sort of joke, Mom?" Lyndsy said very angrily.

With a smile on her face, Yolanda leaned in and whispered in Lyndsy's ear, "Very important people are present today. If we make the wrong move, all that we have been working towards might go up in smoke."

While she was saying this, Yolanda lifted both her eyebrows at Lyndsy, trying to convey her meaning without words.

Hearing her say this, it dawned on Lyndsy what Yolanda meant. If they failed to succeed this time, they would be the laughingstock of the entire city.

Lyndsy nodded her head slightly, took a deep breath, and continued to listen to Yolanda.

"Honey, don't worry about it. This bitch won't be escaping our clutches." As soon as she said this, Yolanda stared at Patricia with a ferocious look on her face.

Patricia could hear the two talking up a storm on their end. It was obvious that they were planning something.

However, she was used to their scheming ways.

Deciding to ignore them, Patricia sat on the sofa quietly and rested her body. Suddenly, a phone chimed with a message from Jack.

"Are there a lot of people there? When does the party end? Do you want me to pick you up afterwards?"

Jack was always taking care of her. A smile popped up on Patricia's face when she saw his message. Just as she was about to reply, another message showed up.

This time, it was Zac messaging her.

"Where did you go?"

Just from reading his message, Patricia felt that Zac appeared anxious and worried about her whereabouts as if he had been on the lookout for her for a long time.

She frowned, feeling caught up in a dilemma again.

She had no idea what to do at this point.

However, she involuntarily texted Zac back first, then Jack.

Zac was prompt with his reply. When Patricia saw his text, despondency filled her eyes.

"Don't wander around. I'm going to try and find you."

After rereading the message over and over again, she inhaled deeply and regained her composure. Without saying another word, Patricia got up and made her way out of the lounge.

Just as she was heading out, she saw Zac making his way towards her in a rush.

Zac was dressed in a tuxedo, which fitted closely to his well-toned figure. Paired with his cold features, this made him even more handsome.

When she saw Zac heading in her direction, Patricia's heart started racing fast.

Seeing the look in her eyes, Zac's footsteps crawled to a stop in that instant. He gave her a gentle smile. Right when he saw her, he knew what that look glinting in her eyes meant.

But just then, Zac caught sight of Yolanda and Lyndsy in the background. He straightened right away and quickly made his way to Patricia.

"How are you? Are you doing alright?" Once he said this, he carefully looked Patricia up and down. Only after he was satisfied by his examination did he slowly let out a sigh of relief.

"I'm alright. Don't worry about it." She couldn't help but bow her head when she saw Zac inspecting her just now.

Seeing her facial expression, Zac smiled down at her and said in a gentle voice, "Are you feeling hungry? Let's go and get something to eat." As soon as he said this, he grabbed Patricia's hand and they both left.

In fact, he was worried that Yolanda and Lyndsy might be up to no good. As soon as he was met with the sight of the two of them, he could not help but feel uneasy in his heart.

Zac guided Patricia off the lounge. Their surroundings were calm and quiet.

"You'll be safe here," Zac said in a calm voice, staring deeply into Patricia's eyes.

Patricia nodded gratefully at Zac with a gentle smile on her face.

Seeing her act so politely towards him, Zac was deeply startled for a moment. He really didn't know how to react.

He knew why she was acting this way. She wanted to keep a safe distance from him. Because of what happened last time, maybe she wanted to...

While thinking about this, Zac frowned and sighed deeply. He knew what was going through Patricia's mind, but he still felt sad, nonetheless.

Zac wanted them to get back together. He really hoped that she would give him a second chance, but... Such matters were always very complicated.

[Chapter 343 Diamond Necklace](#)

"Be careful," Zac patted Patricia's shoulder and said with a worried voice.

Patricia cast Zac a grateful look and nodded slightly with a faint smile on her face.

As a matter of fact, she knew what Zac really wanted. What they once had was gone and they would never have it again.

Just as she thought of this, she couldn't help lowering her head in silence. She looked at her shoes and a feeling that there was nothing she could do to repay all that Zac had done for her rose in her heart.

Standing in front of her, Zac opened and closed his lips a few times, but he couldn't say any word. In the end, Zac patted her on the shoulder and told her he was going to get some food for her.

Patricia watched his back as he left and sighed. A trace of depression flashed through her beautiful eyes. There were words stuck in her throat that she couldn't utter.

Just then, the foreign man who had just danced with her came over and greeted her with a smile.

"Miss, nice to see you again." There was a trace of excitement in the man's voice.

Hearing this, Patricia smiled politely. But for some unknown reason, she felt suspicious. So she kept a reasonable distance from him.

Seeing the vigilant expression on her face, the foreign man wasn't the slightest bit offended. He smiled and said gently, "You can relax, Miss. I don't mean any harm. I just think you are beautiful, and I want to talk to you."

Patricia thanked the foreign man for his compliment while putting on a faint smile, but she felt very uncomfortable by his presence. She quickly grasped an opportunity and gave an excuse to leave. But just as she was about to walk away, the man grabbed her arm.

"Miss, please stay a little longer. I have something for you." The foreign man took out a diamond necklace and stretched it out to her. From a glance, it was obvious that the necklace was a very expensive one.

Patricia was a little stunned. She looked at the foreign man in confusion and an uneasy feeling swirled up within her.

"I'm sorry, but I don't need it." Patricia tried to get rid of his grip, but he was too strong for her to shake off. Just then, the foreign man acted quickly, putting the diamond necklace in her bag.

Before she could figure out what he was doing, he suddenly loosened his grip and left in an instant.

Seeing his action, Patricia couldn't help frowning and her confusion deepened. She took out the diamond necklace from her bag. At the same time, there was a sound of commotion coming from the cabin. It was obvious something had happened.

Patricia looked in the direction of the ruckus scene with a surprise-filled expression. She suddenly had a feeling that the cause of the commotion must have something to do with the diamond necklace in her hand.

Before she could figure out the whole scenario, a large group of people suddenly walked over with heavy momentum. They surrounded her with fierce looks etched on their faces as if they couldn't wait to eat her up.

"It's her. It must be her. Look at the necklace in her hand. That's mine." The lady at the forefront glared at her fiercely and spoke. Just then, she reached out and snatched the necklace from Patricia's hand.

Hearing her words, Patricia revealed a look of disbelief. She subconsciously took a glance at the crowd, only to be greeted by scorching gazes, filled with anger and disdain.

Just then, a thought flashed through her mind and she immediately realized that the foreign man must have stolen the diamond necklace in order to frame her. But why would he do such a thing? No matter how she thought about it, she couldn't bring herself to understand.

Just as she was lost in thought, the lady gave her a slap in the face and said in a fierce manner, "You shameless woman! How dare you steal my necklace? You thought you weren't going to get caught?"

"No, I didn't do it. A foreign man gave it to me. I have nothing to do with whatever happened." Patricia was briefly in shock. She immediately regained her composure and reacted coldly.

Even though she knew that no one here would believe her explanation, she still had to do it. She couldn't just remain quiet and take the blame for a crime she didn't commit.

"A foreign man? Is that the best excuse you can come up with? There are no foreign participants here. Do you think we are all stupid?" There was thick hostility in the lady's tone as she spoke. It was as if she and Patricia had an irreconcilable grudge in their past life.

While the people present glared at Patricia angrily, they secretly exchanged whispers among themselves, with a touch of disgust and contempt in their eyes.

Patricia frowned as she looked straight at the people present. What the lady said was obviously false. She even danced with the foreign man a few moments ago. How could she have made that up? So that meant none of them saw any foreigner here the whole time?

Thinking of this, she couldn't help sneering. There was only one explanation for this whole scenario-- she was set up, and these people were responsible.

Although she wasn't familiar with the people present, she could tell that most of them were rich ladies. As soon as she saw the look in their eyes, she knew what was going on. It was obvious that they felt she wasn't qualified to be on this yacht with them.

Although the rumors about her had been clarified, she knew what these rich women thought of her. Like what Joanne and Tina thought of her, they all saw her as an inferior who wasn't qualified to be on this grand occasion with them and was not deserving of Zac, Kareem, and Jack's love.

These people had a bad preconception of her. Unknown to them, it wasn't her intention to date any of these rich men in the first place.

"Are you done with the act?" Patricia said with a sneer while glancing at them coldly.

Since she knew this was just a plot, she didn't think there was any reason to be polite to any of them.

"Just admit, you don't want me to be here, so you put on this show." She spoke firmly without the slightest trace of fear in her tone.

Hearing this, the ladies present all had embarrassed looks on their faces. They couldn't help turning their heads in the other direction. The lady in the forefront remained calm and immediately refuted her.

"You shameless bitch! You stole from me and you are trying to make it look like we are the guilty ones? I have never seen anyone as discourteous as you are. I really don't know how Giselle raised you." As the lady spoke, she glared at Patricia with disdain and snorted coldly.

Hearing this, the others present also followed up with similar echoes. They were hoping that she could leave as soon as possible.

Facing such intense pressure, Patricia remained calm. She couldn't help chuckling and said lightly, "I don't think you have the qualifications to say these words. I am here on behalf of Skyline Corp. The host sent an invitation to me. Since we are all guests invited here, what makes you think you are superior to me?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she glanced coldly at the rich women present with a faint smile on her face.

Seeing their silence, she then said to them politely, "If there's nothing else, then please excuse me." With that, she strode past the ladies.

Just then, she heard an angry shout from behind.

[Chapter 344 Yolanda Swoops On And Takes Action](#)

Patricia breathed out, clearly relieved. She was feeling better about the situation already. Out of the corner of her eyes, she peered over at the rich women milling outside. They each came over with horrible looks on their faces. They all stared at Patricia with hatred and disgust in their eyes.

In the face of this, Patricia could care less. She smiled bitterly, wishing with all her heart that she could avoid such atrocious incidents in the future.

Suddenly, on the edge of her vision, she caught sight of the foreign man. She was getting angry. She didn't want to be mistreated like that, so she decided to catch up to the man and ask him some questions.

Then Patricia quietly walked behind the foreign man, appearing very nervous. She saw the foreign man head into the lounge. She wanted to go after him but accidentally bumped into someone while on her way there.

When she was about to turn around to apologize, she heard a familiar voice sound out above her head.

"Patricia, what are you doing here? Didn't you hear me? I told you to wait outside." A hint of displeasure could be heard in Zac's voice.

Patricia turned around to look in the direction of the lounge, but she couldn't see anything because Zac was standing there right in front of her.

"What's the matter?" Noticing that she was acting abnormally, Zac asked her with confusion in his eyes.

Hearing him say this, Patricia scowled at Zac angrily, bit down on her lower lip, and sighed. "Everything's alright now."

Seeing that the lounge was empty, she thought that the foreign man must have slipped out while she wasn't paying attention.

Seeing the look on her face, Zac started to frown with even more confusion on his features. He had to ask, "What's the matter, Patricia?"

"It's nothing." Patricia didn't want to bring it up with Zac. She turned around without saying another word, wanting to leave as soon as possible. However, before she could get away, her arm was grabbed by Zac.

Seeing how anxious Zac was looking, Patricia knew that she could not keep it from him for long, so in the next instant, she found herself explaining to him what had happened.

After he heard her explanation, there was a frown on Zac's face and a sharp look flashed in his eyes. Apparently, the turn of events had made him very unhappy.

"Are you sure that there is a foreign man involved?"

"You don't believe me?" With very displeased eyes, Patricia frowned at Zac and bit down on her lower lip tightly. Little did she expect that Zac wouldn't believe her either.

Seeing her reaction, Zac immediately came to his own defense. "No, I don't remember inviting a foreigner here," Zac mumbled.

As soon as he said this, Patricia turned to look at Zac with curiosity in her eyes and asked, "Can you be clearer? What do you mean? Were you the one who wrote the invitation cards?"

Seeing the confusion on her face, Zac nodded his head to reveal his role to her.

However, after she saw him nod, it finally dawned on her how she got the invite. It was all due to him. Though she would rather be any place but here, she knew it wasn't Zac's fault.

"What should we do now?" She focused her clear eyes on Zac.

Zac's face visibly darkened. He was obviously thinking things over. Just when he was about to say something, a large group of people suddenly materialized out of nowhere. Everyone stared at Patricia with fierce eyes, as if she was responsible for something unforgivable.

"What do you..." While pursing her lips, Patricia turned to look at them.

But before she could get her words out, the ladies surrounding them had already rushed forward and one of them shouted angrily, "You shameless bitch, you took our things. Hand them over at once!"

Hearing her words, Patricia was flabbergasted. She had no idea what they were talking about. But there was no time for her to offer an explanation. She had to get away. They were clearly about to lose it.

She did everything she could to get out of their clutches, but these women became too much for her. At this very moment, Zac shouted above their voices, "That's enough!"

All the ladies abruptly stopped what they were doing as they listened to Zac continue, "If you are going to act this way, I will have no choice but to kick you out!"

Hearing his outburst, the ladies all halted and stood very still. They exchanged worried looks and frowned. Their faces were very unhappy as they stared straight at Patricia.

"Tell me, what happened exactly?" Zac was so incensed that he clearly was about to go crazy.

Seeing that Zac was siding with Patricia, the ladies dared not protest anymore. They dared not say another word. Everyone was just staring at Patricia with fierce eyes.

Seeing them look at her in this way, Patricia was very pissed. How she wished the foreign man would show up so that these women would realize just how ridiculous they were acting.

Just then, a sharp and mean voice sounded in everyone's ears. Yolanda and Lyndsy walked through the crowd with condescending looks on their faces.

"Don't waste any more of your time. Mr. Reynolds favors Patricia. You won't be finding any justice from him." After having her say, Yolanda shook her head back and forth helplessly, as if this was something she was very unhappy about.

Seeing the look on Yolanda's face, Zac had a smile on his face, but no words came out of his mouth. He just gave Yolanda an indifferent look, wondering what other tricks Yolanda and Lyndsy had up their sleeves.

"You see, Mr. Reynolds is too ashamed to say it. But I think you'd better give up already. Consider the missing jewels gone for eternity." Yolanda turned her head and said this to the infuriated ladies.

Hearing her say this, there was a frown on Patricia's face and she gasped out loud angrily. It was obvious that Yolanda was trying to make a fool out of Zac.

All of a sudden, Zac sneered and he gave Yolanda a sharp look, saying in a barely audible voice, "Mrs. Sampson, I have a general idea of what happened just now. As the host of this party, of course, I will do everything in my power to help you.

So someone stole your jewelry. When did this occur? Did you get the chance to see the face of the person who stole your jewelry?" Zac asked the questions one after another.

"I didn't. But one moment Patricia was there and the next, my bracelet was nowhere to be found." With a mean voice, Lyndsy turned to give Zac and Patricia arrogant looks as she said this.

The more she saw Zac coming to Patricia's defense, the more annoyed she got. Lyndsy could not help but frown.

As soon as Lyndsy finished saying this, the other rich women all chimed in, implying that their jewelry also all got stolen while Patricia was in the vicinity.

However, although Patricia had no idea who these people were at all, everyone who was attacking her seemed to know all about her and hated her with venom.

Seeing the angry looks on their faces, Patricia sneered outright. It was true that notoriety came with a price. At this moment in time, she could only laugh at herself.

"Mr. Reynolds, didn't you say that you would help us find the thief? Then please give us justice. How are you going to go about this knowing full well what Patricia has done?" Yolanda said in a sharp voice, jutting her chin slightly in his direction with her eyes staring straight at Zac.

Yolanda chose her words carefully just now so that Zac would have no choice but to choose.

[Chapter 345 Masterminds](#)

"I'll get to the bottom of this," Zac said, his words icy as he stared at Yolanda.

There was no need for proof. He knew that Patricia was innocent, even when everyone was already pointing their fingers at her.

The problem was the evidence. He looked back at Patricia, hoping that she would give him a clue.

Patricia met his gaze, understanding quickly dawning on her. "I just said that I was looking for someone," she said casually.

Her message was clear enough. Whoever the man Patricia was looking for was the key.

Zac gave everyone a well-practiced smile. "Ladies, please don't worry. Give me five minutes, and I'll explain."

As soon as he finished speaking, he picked up his phone and dialed a number, giving his orders in a low voice. When he was done, he turned to the women once again, frowning as his eyes met Lyndsy's and Yolanda's.

Patricia saw the expression on his face and grew worried. "Are you sure you can find the culprit?" she asked in a low voice.

"As long as that person is still here, he wouldn't get out without me finding him," Zac said, his eyes steady and reassuring.

His certainty did little to assuage Patricia's doubts. The seconds ticked with her growing anxiousness as the other women continued to throw her sharp, furtive gazes.

Soon, their patience seemed to have reached an end. Half an hour had passed, and there had still been no explanation from Zac.

"Mr. Reynolds," one of them started, "we appreciate your help, but this matter would be straightened out after you hand over Patricia." Yolanda and Lyndsy stood aside, watching.

Patricia didn't need to look at them to know how much pleasure they were taking at her humiliation.

However, this matter was not up to them or the other women. Zac was the host, and he had the final word.

"I'm sorry, but that's not an option. Please wait a bit more. I'll find the real culprit soon."

"The real culprit? Mr. Reynolds, I didn't know you were the type to joke around." The same woman who had spoken earlier laughed, and the other followed suit. Soon, mocking laughter surrounded Zac and Patricia. None of the women took Zac's words seriously.

Just then, his phone rang, bringing an abrupt halt to their ridicule. For a moment, there was nothing but silence as they waited for Zac's answer.

"Okay, bring him here," Zac ordered.

After a brief pause, a foreigner was brought inside, held down by two security guards. Patricia gasped as she saw him. "It's him!" she whispered, her words coming out fast and sharp. "He put the diamond necklace in my hand, then just left."

A look of disbelief came over the women's faces. None of them uttered a word, but they were still unconvinced. Nothing truthful ever came out of Patricia's mouth.

The man raised his head, red-faced with shame, but growing visibly hopeful at the sight of Lyndsy and Yolanda. In his mind, their presence meant that he would be saved.

But he was hanging on to a false hope. The two women looked at him without so much as a hint of recognition, their faces remaining passive and unchanged.

The man's expression did not escape Zac's watchful eyes. It was all he needed to know that the mother and daughter were the ones pulling strings.

"Take out all the things you have stolen," Zac barked, giving the foreigner a kick for good measure.

A wounded scream came from the thief. Scrambling, he immediately did as he was told and pleaded,

"Please let me go, sir. I am innocent."

He looked at Zac, his face begging for mercy.

The desperation in the man's eyes brought another idea to Zac. With a sneer, he said, "I could, but you'll have to persuade me. Tell me who brought you here, and who ordered you to frame Patricia."

Patricia, who had been standing aside, looked at Zac in surprise. She had an inkling that Zac had already figured things out, even without the man's confession. His question was just to incriminate Lyndsy and Yolanda.

Discomfort settled in her gut. She was afraid that things might go wrong.

Neither Lyndsy nor Yolanda were showing any sign of being affected. If they were troubled, they masked it well - their faces calm and almost disinterested.

At Zac's words, the man instinctively glanced at the two. "Well..." he swallowed nervously.

Before he could utter another word, he fell to the ground, his body hitting the cold floor with a heavy thud. He was foaming at the mouth.

Screams broke out from the onlookers.

Only four people remained calm— Zac, Patricia, Lyndsy, and Yolanda.

Patricia couldn't stave off her distaste. She was certain that Lyndsy and Yolanda were the instigators, and their indifference towards the man who fainted unnerved her.

She had seen the man entering the lounge. It was not hard for her to guess what had happened.

Zac looked at the man, then turned to Lyndsy and Yolanda with knowing eyes.

After the culprit was taken off the yacht, the women dispersed, their minds in varying states of shock at what they had just witnessed. Zac stayed close to Patricia for the rest of the night, not once leaving her side.

"You are not my bodyguard. You don't have to follow me around," she joked lightly.

"But I want to," Zac said softly, gazing at her with gentle eyes. His concern was palpable, even as he kept the words from escaping his lips.

He didn't know what other tricks Yolanda and Lyndsy had up their sleeves. The night was long, and he wasn't taking any chances.

Patricia found herself caught off-guard by his unspoken concern. She laughed lightly, not knowing what to say next.

She knew that he was worried about her, but the warmth that spread in her chest was short-lived. Her eyes caught sight of the other guests, whispering and glancing furtively at their direction, and the moment was broken.

Zac frowned at the shift in her expression, and he immediately thought if he had done anything wrong.

Before he could arrive at an answer, an executive from his business circle approached him, pulling him into a conversation.

Seeing that he was occupied, Patricia took the chance to escape. She walked outside alone, thinking of the uncanny events from earlier.

[Chapter 346 No Mercy](#)

Patricia had never expected things to turn out that way, at a business party, no less. It was all too clear that Yolanda and Lyndsy had no qualms about time or place.

They were watching all her movements, waiting for every chance to pounce.

A sigh escaped Patricia. Just the mere thought of it exhausted her. She had never intended to play their games, but it seemed that she didn't have any option, to begin with. The war had already begun without her knowing, and the only answer left was for her to fight back.

Her last counterattack might have been too much for the mother and daughter. That was why they were trying every means to exact revenge. Things wouldn't have gone this far if they hadn't had her cornered.

Another wave of weariness bore down on Patricia's already tired mind. Talking would go nowhere now. Yolanda and Lyndsy had already decided that she was at fault, and they were out for blood.

As she was drowning in her anxious thoughts, a sharp voice cleaved through the silence of her seclusion.

Speak of the devil. Yolanda and Lyndsy were standing on the deck— twin gazes fixed on her with unmistakable viciousness.

"You bitch," Lyndsy spat, her fists clenching with the itch to slap Patricia on the face. "Do you really think that Zac would always be able to protect you?" Patricia leveled them with a sneer of her own. "You never learn, do you? Are you that desperate to make a fool of yourselves?" she said, her voice icy.

She couldn't even begin to fathom what was going on inside their minds. It was as if they couldn't understand logic.

Besides, the look on Lyndsy's face told her that the woman wasn't interested in talking. What Patricia

said had just fallen on deaf ears.

"How dare you talk to us like that? If it weren't for you, my life wouldn't be like this!" Lyndsy seethed.

Patricia scoffed at her words. There was no point in trying to reason with such people.

"You brought these to yourselves. I had nothing to do with it." With one final glare at the two women, Patricia turned around to leave.

However, there was a tight pressure around her arm the next moment. Lyndsy had grabbed her so quickly. Patricia didn't even notice that she had moved.

"Mom, come here and help me. I'm going to throw this bitch into the sea," Lyndsy said with gritted teeth.

Yolanda was beside them the next moment, a fearful expression on her face. "Honey, you're not thinking straight," she said, trying to stop Lyndsy. "If anyone finds out about this, it'll be the end of us."

Even as Yolanda tried to calm her daughter, she made sure to scratch Patricia, leaving red, angry marks trailing on her skin.

Patricia winced in pain and struggled against Lyndsy's hold. The woman was much stronger than she looked. "Let go of me!" she shouted. "Are you out of your minds? Now, you're going to be murderers too?"

The two of them sneered at her. "Patricia, just go to hell," Lyndsy said in a low voice.

Scratching and screaming ensued. It was a one-sided battle of two against one, and Patricia groaned against the painful contact of their sharp nails puncturing her skin.

"Let go of me!" she kept screaming, using all her strength to shove them back. Lyndsy and Yolanda were unprepared for the force that they loosened their grip on Patricia.

The waters gave a resounding splash as she fell into the water.

The mother and daughter's instinctive response was to scream, as if they were worried. They poked their heads out to look out into the sea, watching Patricia struggle to keep herself afloat. The next moment, the two snickered between themselves— relishing in her suffering with a content look on their faces as they waited for her to sink.

Another splash broke Lyndsy and Yolanda's complacency. A figure had jumped and was swimming towards Patricia. Their eyes widened when they realized who it was.

Zac. Did he see Patricia fall into the water? Or worse, did he see what had transpired before that?

Uneasiness began to gnaw at Yolanda. If he did, then that would mean...

She knew how much Zac despised her and Lyndsy. If he got his hands on incontestable proof, there would be no end to their troubles.

"Mom, look! Zac saved that bitch!" Lyndsy shrieked, stomping her feet like a petulant child. Her eyes were murderous as she looked at Patricia.

Yolanda put an arm on her daughter's shoulder and comforted her in a low voice, "Sweetheart, it's okay. We'll have other chances. But right now, we have to make sure Zac doesn't have anything he can use against us, or else..."

Her voice trailed as she swallowed the rest of her words. Zac had money and power. It would be so easy for him to dispose of them.

What happened at the press conference made it clear just what he was capable of. A single opening would be all he needed to squash them.

But it was as if Yolanda's words fell on deaf ears. Lyndsy continued to watch Patricia, glaring at her with bloodshot eyes.

"Honey, you have to calm down," Yolanda tried to appease her. "Have you forgotten what Zac did to us last time?"

How could she have forgotten? The consequences of Zac finding out seemed to have knocked sense into Lyndsy, and she quieted down.

Seeing her daughter visibly restrain herself brought Yolanda relief. Fortunately, Lyndsy seemed to understand what she meant.

"Remember, you have to keep your cool!" Yolanda said in a mock stern tone, flicking the tip of Lyndsy's nose with her finger.

Her mother's words had gotten through to Lyndsy, and she nodded solemnly.

At this moment, Zac swam to the emergency ladder, pulling Patricia up so she could breathe. His eyes were filled with worry as he looked at her. "Are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere?" he asked frantically, his hands hovering around as if he was afraid to touch her.

A faint smile appeared on Patricia's face as she shook her head slightly. She would have chuckled, but her lungs were laboring for air after swallowing seawater.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Zac asked again, his anxiety not abating. He bit his lower lip, tightening his

grip on her.

"Let's go up first. You can tell me what happened later." He climbed up, shouting for help from others. Zac did not let go of Patricia even after they were hauled up. He walked into the lounge, ignoring the shocked eyes that fell on him.

His expression changed only when he caught sight of Lyndsy and Yolanda, his gaze burning with an unspoken threat.

[Chapter 347 They Need To Be Taught A Lesson](#)

Seeing the look in Zac's eyes, Yolanda and Lyndsy gulped out of nervousness. Scared that Zac might have caught a whiff of what they'd been up to, the mother and daughter averted their eyes, feeling very guilty.

As Patricia was resting in the lounge, the room spun dizzily around her and she was feeling very uncomfortable.

Patricia was bleeding from the scratch marks on her arms. Seeing this, Zac drew in a deep breath and frowned heavily.

Someone had obviously gone out of their way to do this to Patricia. Immediately Yolanda and Lyndsy came to his mind. He breathed out heavily, feeling himself grow more infuriated by the minute.

Taking note of Zac's anger, there was a frown on Patricia's face as she asked in a low voice, "What's the matter, Zac?"

"It's nothing. Rest some more. I'll take you to see a doctor once we are off the yacht," Zac said in a soft voice as he gently used his fingers to touch her hair.

Though Patricia's face looked very pale, a faint smile popped up on her features when she saw just how gentle Zac was being. She nodded her head slightly and then closed her eyes to rest.

Seeing Patricia so weak, Zac opened and closed his fists all the while frowning. His face was very angry and bothered. Blue veins bulged on the back of his hands as he clenched and loosened his fists out of anger. He was so emotional that his breath came out in heavy pants.

Just now, it was very clear to him that Yolanda and Lyndsy were responsible for Patricia's weak state.

They not only scratched Patricia but also were the reason why she had fallen into the cold and dark waters. It appeared that Lyndsy had tried grabbing Patricia and then Yolanda came to join in to help her daughter.

Zac knew that they had planned this, that they had planned all along to push Patricia off the yacht.

As he thought some more about this, Zac grew even more pissed. He realized that he shouldn't have listened to his executives and invited the Sampsons here. If he had just made it a point to ignore them, things would've not turned out this way.

Again and again, their attempts to hurt Patricia were getting bolder and bolder. Just now, he realized just how far they would go so that Patricia would be out of the picture. Today, they were even so daring as to do something right under his nose. If he let them go unpunished, they would just continue to keep up with their schemes and continue trying to make an even bigger nuisance out of themselves.

As Zac thought of this, he clenched his fists, anger clear all over his features and hatred spilling out his eyes.

After some time had passed, Yolanda and Lyndsy returned to their mansion. They were scared out of their minds. Before leaving, they both had seen the look of determination in Zac's eyes. They believed that after tonight, Zac would take action and punish them for what they did.

As they thought of this, the mother and daughter worried about their fate. They knew that Zac was capable of a lot of things. But was he capable of forgiveness? For them, never. And there was little they could do to fight him.

As soon as he returned home, Sullivan saw Yolanda and Lyndsy trembling out of fear for what might be in store for them. He was already in a bad mood because of the yacht party, but after he saw their expressions, he became even more pissed.

"Just look at the two of you. There are no noblewomen around that are like you two. What are you so afraid of? Are you so scared that I will murder you or something? When we were attending the yacht party just now, why didn't you two do anything for the sake of the company?" As he was saying this, Sullivan's displeasure was obvious on his face.

As soon as she heard his words, Lyndsy frowned. Her face was very unhappy. She said in a fierce voice, "Dad, what are you saying? Discussing business matters is a man's job. What can mother and I, two women at that, do for the company?"

"As far as what you can do for the company... Just look at Patricia. She has proven herself way more capable than the two of you can ever be." Sullivan was obviously dissatisfied with Lyndsy's tone of voice and replied with his own sarcastic remark.

Yolanda immediately put a stop to Lyndsy's retort, signaling to her that she should keep her mouth shut. They didn't want to get Sullivan even more riled up than he already was.

After seeing the expression on Yolanda's face, Lyndsy frowned unhappily and stomped up the stairs angrily.

Seeing her storm out of the living room, Sullivan was also very displeased. He complained, "That girl never learned how to control that temper of hers! Whatever else is she good for?"

Hearing him say this, there was a frown on Yolanda's face. Obviously, Sullivan's comment about her daughter made her very unhappy, but there was nothing she could do at this point. Right now, Sullivan gave them everything they needed. Provoking him would by no means help any of them.

"Well, stop being so angry. Lyndsy just so happens to be in a bad mood just now. Don't get angry with her," Yolanda said in a gentle voice as she stroked Sullivan's chest.

Sullivan was feeling a little better, but when his thoughts turned to the party that day and how the other noble families turned their noses up at them, he started to get even more pissed.

"What's the matter?" Seeing the look on Sullivan's face, Yolanda asked him this.

"You really can't tell? I faced a lot of humiliation today!" After having said this, the look on Sullivan's face was very furious.

All of a sudden, on Yolanda's face was a trace of slyness. As she cleared her throat, she whispered, "I heard a little gossip today. Do you want me to tell you?"

"Why not?" Sullivan gave Yolanda's hand a pat. With that gesture, he was telling her to go on.

Yolanda let out a helpless sigh and said in a sad voice, "I heard that Patricia was the sole reason why our company had only three seats at the party today. She must have said something bad about us to Zac. As the host of the party, he could make this happen." As soon as she said this, Yolanda let out a sigh and looked resigned on purpose.

After Sullivan heard her words, with a clap on the table, he got up in a rage. He said in a fierce voice, "Yes, that must've slipped my mind. It's a good thing you reminded me. Of course, Patricia would take any chance she can to deal with us. She is so disobedient."

As he continued to think about this, Sullivan lost his temper and kept on cursing Patricia's name out loud.

Now that she was successful in turning Sullivan against Patricia, Yolanda sneered inwardly.

At this very moment, Patricia was at the hospital. She was resting in bed and seemed to be doing a lot better.

Zac had been by her side this entire time, staring at her with tender eyes as he gently caressed her hair with his slender fingers.

Nicholas, who stood by the door, saw everything and he could not help but snicker at their lovey-

doveyness. Though there was a trace of envy on his face, deep in his heart, he hoped that Zac and Patricia could be together like this forever.

Noticing Nicholas' presence by the door, Zac right then frowned, coughed, and said in a hushed voice, "Do you want to stand there all day? Come in now."

After he heard this, Nicholas chuckled and made his way up to Zac as he held out a document in his hand and handed it over to Zac.

"Boss, here is the document you requested."

Zac nodded his head slightly and then looked over the document in his hand. It was exactly what he thought. The status of the Sampson Group was just an empty shell now under Sullivan's leadership. It wouldn't be long before the company declared bankruptcy.

Once that happened, it would be a good time for him to swoop on and buy the Sampson Group.

But now, Zac was forced to take action. He wanted to put a stop to Yolanda and Lyndsy's scheming ways and Sullivan's slandering words. Patricia had suffered enough.

When he finished reading the document, a sharp and intelligent light shot through his eyes. It was about time he did something about this.

[Chapter 348 Zac's Decision](#)

As Nicholas looked at Zac, he understood what he had to do.

"Boss, do you really want to do this?" Nicholas was worried for Zac. He knew that Zac's choices would bring trouble and he had to bear the consequences. That wouldn't be easy for him.

"Nicholas, have I ever asked for your permission to do anything?" Zac said coldly. He stared at Nicholas angrily.

As Nicholas heard that, he immediately lowered his head. He sighed silently.

It was a stupid choice to buy the Sampson Group because there was nothing left. But it was still not easy to buy it. Nicholas had no choice because Zac had made up his mind already.

"Nicholas, just do what I tell you to. I don't want you to worry about me," said Zac in a firm tone. Nicholas noticed how confident Zac looked. Somehow Zac knew that his decision would bring great results.

As Nicholas saw Zac's face, he hesitated to say what he wanted to.

Nicholas looked at Zac's confident face and he instantly knew that he shouldn't worry about Zac. He had thought this through.

Nicholas looked at Patricia's arms from the corner of his eyes and was shocked. There were nail marks there. He instantly realized why Zac had taken that decision.

The Sampsons never learned whose feathers they shouldn't ruffle.

Patricia was Zac's weakness. He would do anything in his power to destroy those who tried hurting her.

Nicholas was very clear about it.

Nicholas sighed loudly as he thought of Yolanda and Lyndsy. They had bought this upon themselves.

As Zac saw Nicholas' knowing face, he smiled faintly. Nicholas knew exactly what he was planning to do. This made Zac excited.

But how Zac wished that someday Patricia could know him too, maybe then she would give him one more chance.

Zac smiled bitterly and touched Patricia's face. He stared at her for a minute.

Patricia woke up from hunger. She checked her phone and it was one o'clock in the morning.

Patricia felt uneasy as her stomach growled. She shook her head and slowly removed the blanket.

Suddenly, she felt someone watching her. Patricia instantly knew that it was Zac. He was too close to her.

"I... You... umm..." Patricia was at a loss for words.

Zac started laughing all of a sudden. He stood up to turn on the lights. As the room lit up, he looked back at Patricia and smiled gently. Then he asked, "Why are you so nervous?"

As soon as those words came out of Zac's mouth, he remembered what had happened the last time they were alone. Patricia blushed as soon as she recalled that day and lowered her gaze.

Then Patricia cleared her throat and giggled nervously. In order to change the topic, she asked softly, "Am I in the hospital?"

"Yes, we are. Why? What's wrong? Are you thirsty? Do you want me to get you a glass of water? Are you, perhaps, uncomfortable?" asked Zac worriedly.

Patricia shook her head. She bit her lower lip and said shyly, "I'm okay. It's just that I'm really hungry."

Back on the yacht, she didn't have anything but just a few glasses of wine. It was not until a few moments ago that Patricia felt that she was hungry.

"Wait here! I'll get you some food." As soon as Zac said that, he opened the door and left.

As Patricia saw him leave, she couldn't help but smile. She was happy in that moment.

She got lost in thoughts after Zac left. Patricia knew that she was growing fond of Zac. Maybe she was starting to like him more than just friends.

Now Patricia wanted him to be by her side forever. She recalled how Zac had saved her from drowning when she had lost all hope. She still remembered his face as he swam towards her to save her.

She cried out of joy so profusely that if she had been already out of the water Zac would've seen tears streaming down her face.

As she recalled the incident, her heart skipped a beat. Patricia instantly knew that she was starting to like Zac.

Patricia was overwhelmed by this feeling. She wanted to dance all around the room but suddenly she was hit by another thought. She sighed worriedly.

Patricia and Jack were finally back together, but she had started liking Zac. This was terrible.

As Patricia was lost in her thoughts, Zac came back with a takeout box. He walked up to her and smiled innocently. She took the box and saw that it had all of her favorite foods.

"You came back early," said Patricia. She couldn't think of any possible explanation for this. Then Patricia wondered if Zac had already prepared the food in advance.

As soon as he heard that, Zac smiled and said gently, "I knew that you will be hungry when you wake up, so I asked someone to make homemade food for you in advance." As soon as he said that, Zac smiled at her softly.

Patricia saw Zac smile at her and felt her heart beating faster. She quickly looked away.

Zac looked really charming as he stood near her. Patricia was afraid that she might do something that she would regret later if she kept staring at him.

Zac noticed how Patricia was acting so he lowered his eyes and walked a few steps back nervously. He asked, "What's wrong? Are you okay? Do you need me to call the doctor?"

Zac was really worried for her so he turned around and ran towards the door.

Patricia called out, "I'm okay, Zac! I'm just hungry." She smiled faintly at Zac. She had found the perfect excuse.

She just couldn't imagine what would happen if she continued staring at Zac.

As soon as Zac heard that, he breathed a sigh of relief. Then he walked up to Patricia and said, "Okay, start eating!"

There was too much food and Patricia knew she wouldn't be able to eat it all alone. So she wanted to share the food with Zac.

"Zac, are you hungry? Let's eat it together."

Zac suddenly realized that he was hungry too. He quickly walked towards Patricia and sat down. Then he ate with her happily.

As they ate, they reminisced about old times. Zac told Patricia what he felt when he met her for the first time. She did the same.

After they got done with the meal, Zac left to throw away the garbage.

Not long after Zac left, Jack rushed into Patricia's ward. When he saw her, tears almost streamed down his face. Jack was relieved to see that she wasn't hurt too bad.

[Chapter 349 Unwelcome Intrusion](#)

"I'm fine, Jack. Don't fret." Patricia comforted Jack in a soft, soothing tone of voice. She looked at him with a tender, gentle look but she had unconsciously let a tinge of worry appear in her eyes.

In all honesty, she really couldn't delineate exactly what it was that was causing her such worry.

But there was one thing that she was certain of, and that was that if Jack and Zac saw each other...

To be frank, she was terrified that Jack and Zac would get into a heated fight which would result in them developing even more intense mutual hatred for one another.

"I really am so glad that you are fine, Patricia." Jack sat down and grabbed hold of her tightly with excitement written across his face.

"Don't worry, Jack." With a shadow of a smile on her face, Patricia still peered at the door but Zac was nowhere to be seen. She breathed an inexplicable and heavy sigh of relief and hoped in her heart that Zac wouldn't show up here until Jack had departed.

Her unusual behavior did not go unnoticed by Jack, who looked at the door and asked in a voice heavily laden with suspicion, "Patricia, why are you looking like that? Why on earth do you keep staring at the door so obsessively?"

He turned around and stared directly at the door. Then something seemed to have suddenly dawned upon him and he understood.

"There is no need to worry about that. I won't get into any sort of altercation with Zac. He told me what had happened and that is why I came here. I truly need to offer my thanks to him for saving your life." He smiled at her as he spoke.

Jack had a clear understanding of what was worrying her mind. He wasn't a halfwit. Of course, he knew that Patricia had been invited to the party for some reason or the other, and Zac most definitely had something to do with it.

However, he was not an unreasonable person. The fact of the matter was that Zac had done his utmost to protect Patricia at the party. For that, Jack was truly grateful.

Patricia breathed a sigh of relief when she saw the expression on his face. She genuinely didn't want to see the two men fight over her.

But now that she had heard Jack's words of assurance, she felt as if a weight had been lifted off her, and the smile on her face started to sparkle more brightly.

Jack also felt much better when he saw her smile. He was glad that he had explained himself to her, else she would have still been filled to the brim with angst.

In this moment, both Patricia and Jack did not notice that someone was now standing at the door, staring straight at them.

It was none other than Zac. When he saw the pair chatting and laughing in the room, a trace of great sadness flashed across his face.

All of a sudden, he felt that if he went into the room, he would just be an unwelcome intrusion. After all, they were officially a couple and he was just...

Zac couldn't help but lower his head as these thoughts entered his mind. The trace of sadness remained etched on his face and a bitter smile appeared on his lips.

He knew exactly what the situation was, all too well. Wasn't it as clear as day?

The next moment, Zac smiled ever so slightly and kept mum. He turned around and walked away, but the posture of his departing figure looked terribly lonely and disheartened.

Patricia peered at the door out of the corner of her eye while she spoke to Jack. She looked as if she was anxiously expecting someone to arrive.

Jack couldn't help but purse his lips in dissatisfaction when he noticed her behavior. He was clearly very unhappy about it. It was blatantly apparent that she was awaiting Zac.

She was indeed worried about Zac.

"Jack, don't you have anything to do? Your mother..." Patricia suddenly thought of Joanne, and couldn't help but ask Jack about her. She lowered her head and looked sincerely overcome by concern.

Jack couldn't explain why, but he felt filled with bitterness when he saw her expression. In that moment, he was at a complete and utter loss for words.

Just when he was about to afford her a response, Joanne called him once again. He answered his phone and chatted with Patricia for a short while after that before he left. This time, he wasn't reluctant to leave her side, but he did look rather dejected as he departed.

Patricia bit her lower lip and sighed when she saw his crestfallen expression. It was quite obvious that he knew.

It must have been clear to him that she had been anxiously anticipating Zac's arrival a few moments ago.

However, she felt a little unsettled by the fact that Zac hadn't shown up. Had something happened to him?

She couldn't help herself and got out of bed with the intention of looking for Zac.

Just when she was about to open the door to go out, Zac just happened to fall into her line of sight. She was initially thrilled, but then she saw the somber expression on his face, and her smile froze momentarily on her face. She looked at him with confusion.

"What's the matter?" she said in a low serious voice, as if she was afraid he had found out about something.

For some unknown reason, Zac looked a little aloof and detached, yet she could tell from his face that he was actually quite crestfallen.

She really didn't know what was going on. She continued to look at him with confusion, trying to uncover a clue from the expression on his face.

"Have you made up with Jack?" Zac asked with indifference.

When she heard his enquiry, she gave him a small nod and lowered her head unconsciously. She felt a

little uncomfortable because of the indifference in his voice.

A bitter smile played on his lips when he saw her expression. He sighed and really was at an utter loss regarding what he ought to do.

"I..."

"I..."

The two spoke at the exact same time. Then they stared at each other, waiting for the other's words.

Zac fixed his deep, enigmatic eyes on her as she looked straight back at him with a depressed look on her face.

After a long while, Patricia couldn't help asking, "I just wanted to know when I can be discharged from the hospital."

"Tomorrow. But if you really don't want to stay here, then you can leave now," he responded casually.

Despite the light tone, it suddenly became awkwardly silent, as if an invisible wall had just been erected between them.

After an inordinately long time, Nicholas came in and broke the strange, uneasy silence.

"Boss, Miss Sampson, what are you two doing here? Is this some kind of unusual game?" Nicholas joked.

However, when he saw the look of warning Zac flashed at him, he immediately shut his trap and just kept staring at them. He blinked at them blankly, curious to know what the situation was between them.

"If you want to leave the hospital now, I will go inform the nurse," Zac said in a serious tone, turned around and left quickly after finishing his words.

Patricia wanted to say something but he had left so abruptly, so she just had to swallow her words.

[Chapter 350 Kick You Ou](#)

After going through all the formalities, Zac sent Patricia home and left without saying a word.

Seeing that Zac left so soon, Patricia felt a little reluctant and disappointed, but she didn't show it.

Patricia told herself not to overthink since she was really tired. When she got back to her department, it was already three o'clock in the morning. She undressed and fell asleep.

A soft knock on the door woke her up. She opened her eyes to check whether it was the door or something else. Patricia got out of bed and went to open the door.

She opened the door and was shocked to see who it was. Patricia rubbed her eyes and stared at the man standing across from her. She glared at the man and asked coldly, "What are you doing here?"

The man on the door was Patricia's father, Sullivan.

Sullivan never treated Patricia like his own daughter. When Yolanda and Lyndsy used to bully her, he used to stand by and watch.

"What am I doing here? You ungrateful bastard!" Sullivan screamed aggressively. It looked as if he was here only to scold Patricia.

Patricia frowned at Sullivan and said fiercely, "As far as I remember, you're not my father anymore. You have no right to meddle in my life now."

As Patricia spoke those words, she raised her head and looked into Sullivan's eyes coldly.

Patricia couldn't recall a single moment when Sullivan had acted as her father. He was always a stranger that Patricia happened to share blood with.

Sullivan got furious as soon as he heard those words. He stared at her and sighed loudly. Patricia knew what kind of a man he was so she stared back at him. He shouted angrily, "You bastard, if you hadn't belittled us in front of Zac, the Sampson family wouldn't have ended up like this! It's your fault!"

Sullivan raised his hand angrily in order to slap her but Patricia blocked it with her own hands.

"Mr. Sampson, stop being so disrespectful. You are not my father anymore. If you don't leave this instant, I'll have to report this," said Patricia coldly.

Despite the fact that there was no father-daughter bond between them, she had never intended to sever the ties with him. After all, he was her father, and blood tie was not something that could be erased so easily.

Sullivan had never cared about her. Even when he acquiesced Yolanda and Lyndsy's bully of her, she did not say anything. But Sullivan insulted Giselle several times, which was unbearable for Patricia.

Sullivan never respected Patricia's mother, and there was no reason for her to respect him.

When Sullivan heard that, he got angry. Patricia knew that he wanted to hit her.

"You're such an ungrateful bastard! You think I won't do anything?" Then Sullivan took out a small iron ring from his pocket.

As soon as Patricia saw that, she was shocked. She grabbed the doorknob for support. Looking at

Sullivan, her breath came in short gasps.

She couldn't get the image of that thing out of her mind. This small piece of iron was the tool Sullivan used to torture her mother whenever he was unhappy with her. As a child, Patricia used to weep over the glaring scars on her mother's body resulting from this thing.

All this time, she thought that Sullivan had thrown away this iron ring when her grandfather had scolded him. But as she looked at it, Patricia knew that Sullivan was the same beast that he always had been.

"I'll teach you a lesson today!" said Sullivan confidently. Then he wore the iron ring and walked towards Patricia quickly.

Patricia dodged the first time but Sullivan raised his hand again and punched her in the body.

Patricia's face turned pale. She moaned out of pain. Then she glared at Sullivan angrily.

"Sullivan, how did you? If you don't stop now, I will have no choice but to call the police," Patricia warned harshly as she glared at Sullivan.

Hitting someone was against the law and she knew that he would have no choice but to spend the night at the police station if she called the police now. That would be the cause of the downfall of the Sampson family.

"You'll call the police? How will you do that?" asked Sullivan angrily. Then he raised his hand once again to punch her. He sighed angrily as he kept coming at Patricia.

The reason why he had shown up at Patricia's doorsteps was because he was humiliated to the core. Sullivan was angry at her.

Patricia kept dodging his punches until finally, she tripped. When Sullivan saw that, he took the opportunity and punched her again. This time, it was too much to bear so Patricia screamed in pain.

Patricia knew she wouldn't be able to fight back, she was not as strong as Sullivan.

As she screamed in pain, her mind wondered if Zac would come to save her. Just thinking about him made Patricia feel at ease.

'Zac, please save me!'

Patricia kept praying in her heart until she heard footsteps. Her heart lit up with hope.

"Sullivan, if you dare touch Patricia one more time, I swear I will kick you out of Southfield!" said Zac decisively. Then he grabbed Sullivan's arm and looked him in the eye.

Zac looked as if he wanted to kill Sullivan right at that moment.

He knew that if it was legal, then he would actually do it for her.

As soon as Sullivan saw Zac, he turned pale. Then he suddenly remembered what he came here for so he stared at Zac and said fiercely, "You'll kick me out of Southfield? Who do you think you are, Zac? You think you have all the power in the world, don't you?" Sullivan smirked and stared at Zac.

Zac scoffed as soon as he heard that. Then he tightened his grip around Sullivan's arm and said coldly, "Let's see then!" Then Zac pushed Sullivan away strongly and he fell to the ground.

Sullivan looked at Patricia and bit his lower lip in embarrassment. He quickly got up and left.

As soon as Sullivan left, Zac looked at Patricia and rushed towards her. He sat down beside her and touched her cheek. Patricia hugged him tightly and started crying.

"Zac, I was so scared!" said Patricia in between sobs. She tightened her grip around Zac as he held her. She felt safe in his arms.

Zac felt her tremble with fear. He hugged Patricia tightly and gently patted her on the back. Then he said in a soft voice, "Don't be afraid anymore. Everything is okay now. I'm here for you!"

Patricia felt warm as Zac rested his chin on her head. He kept telling her how she shouldn't worry anymore. Hearing his calm words, tears streamed down Patricia's face.

Zac's heart ached as he saw Patricia cry. He kept patting her on the back and tried calming her down with his soothing words.

Both of them were so lost in the moment that they didn't notice as someone stood at the door, staring at them.