

## Remarry 401

### [Chapter 401 Meeting Giselle](#)

Seeing Nicholas' expression, Patricia frowned slightly. With the worried look on his face, she felt that Nicholas had many thoughts running on his mind.

Suddenly, Nicholas took few strides towards Patricia and asked respectfully, "Could you spare me a moment, Patricia?"

At that, Patricia's lips parted slightly. She looked a bit confused as she stared at Nicholas. "I'm a bit occupied at the moment, but—"

Nicholas interrupted Patricia, "How about lunch? Will you be free?" He sounded pleading.

For some reasons, seeing Nicholas like this, Patricia's brows furrowed even more. She could tell that something was wrong. "Yes."

"Alright then. I'll meet you at the restaurant downstairs. There's something I want to talk to you about," Nicholas said to Patricia in a light tone, keeping a straight face.

When Patricia saw the look on Nicholas' face, she was startled and frowned in confusion for a moment. Just as she was about to ask about it, he walked away briskly without giving her a chance to speak.

As Nicholas walked away, Patricia stared at his retreating figure in utter confusion. Suddenly, she started feeling uneasy. Her heart beat wildly as she felt that his reason for wanting to see her was no good.

A while later, Patricia returned to her work for the day. When it was time for lunch, she came to the restaurant as promised. Nicholas' gaze lingered on her as she approached the table where he had ordered lunch.

"Are you hungry? Let's eat first," Nicholas said respectfully. He smiled weirdly as though he was up to something.

Staring at Nicholas' face, Patricia scowled at him and asked, "Nicholas, what do you want to talk to me about?"

Nicholas' expression was unreadable. It heightened Patricia's curiosity as she wanted to know what he was up to.

"Patricia, I hope you can think this through." Nicholas spoke bluntly without hesitating.

After all, Nicholas felt that it was not a trivial matter, and that he was aware of Patricia and Zac's relationship. Perhaps, Patricia would find him a bit meddlesome, but...

"I understand what you're saying, Nicholas, but this is a matter between me and Zac. You wouldn't understand," Patricia said softly as she calmly looked at Nicholas.

This time, Patricia knew what Nicholas was up to. He was clearly trying to convince her, but she had made up her mind. She would definitely go abroad.

"But..." Nicholas' anxious gaze held Patricia as he wished she could think things through.

At these words, Patricia chuckled and said, "Nicholas, some things are not as easy as you think. Zac and I have really grown apart."

"If you two can both decide to work things out, you will definitely overcome." All of a sudden, Nicholas became anxious. He was going to stand up but restrained himself because Patricia was there.

Seeing the look in Nicholas' eyes, Patricia smiled dryly and shook her head. "Nicholas, there are some things you just won't understand."

Nicholas rolled his eyes. He was fed up of hearing this same phrase from her. How could she think he didn't understand? He pursed his lips in irritation.

Of course, he fully understood everything. It was just that Zac and Patricia weren't ready to work anything.

"Patricia, to be very honest with you, even though I'm unwilling to say this, I just have to. You and the boss are both the same. You both are deceiving yourselves and afraid to take a bold step." Nicholas shook his head in disappointment.

Having said his mind, Nicholas let out a long sigh, preventing Patricia from talking. "That's all I have to say. As for your decisions, I know I can't hold you back, but I really do hope you give it a second thought."

Nicholas stared at Patricia for a brief moment with a sad face. He pulled back his seat, got up and left briskly without saying any word again.

As she watched Nicholas walk away, Patricia bit her lower lip, let out a long sigh, and shook her head sadly.

"You may be right, Nicholas, but no matter what, Zac and I won't be able to get back together," Patricia murmured to herself.

After having lunch, Patricia went to the office to finish her work. When she was about to leave work, she called Giselle.

"Patricia, what's wrong?" Giselle asked Patricia worriedly.

Patricia chuckled and said gently, "Nothing actually. I'm just calling to know how you've been doing. It has been a while since I heard from you."

"Patricia, don't worry about me. I'm doing well. I prepared some chicken soup today just for you," Giselle said in a gentle voice.

Hearing her mother's soothing voice, Patricia felt a burden was lifted off her chest. "It's been so long since I tasted your chicken soup, and we both haven't had dinner together in a long time. I'll be leaving work early today."

"Alright, we'll have dinner together." Giselle pursed her lips as though she was talking to a child.

Patricia's face lit up, and without saying a word, she quickly hung up the phone. She hurriedly packed her things in excitement.

Back at the apartment, Giselle was already downstairs waiting for Patricia. The moment she saw her mother and how rosy her cheeks were, she knew that Giselle had been really living well in Lowell family. This way, her mind was at ease.

Patricia had always been worried about her mother's well-being. Seeing how well and healthy Giselle looked, she was relieved. Now she could go abroad to further her study without having to worry.

As Patricia shared the news with Giselle, Giselle was a bit reluctant and looked worried.

"Sweetheart, but you can build your career here. Why do you have to go abroad?" Giselle feared that being far apart, she would not know how her daughter would be faring, especially if something happened to Patricia.

Hearing that, Patricia chuckled. She took Giselle's hand in hers and patted it gently. "Mom, you don't have to worry too much. You can see I'm living well alone. So, I would do just fine in abroad, too." After she said this, Patricia smiled warmly at Giselle.

Patricia already knew what Giselle's reaction would be, that was why she informed her beforehand, so she wouldn't have to worry.

Hearing this, Giselle frowned slightly. She was still reluctant to let Patricia go as thousands of thoughts were running through her head.

Besides, Giselle had always been feeling bad for failing in her motherly duties, and now that Patricia was talking about going abroad, how could she not worry?

Looking at her, Patricia could tell what was going through Giselle's mind. She smiled reassuringly and said, "You really don't have to worry, Mom. I can take care of myself. You don't have to stress yourself."

Patricia pulled a confident face as she gently patted Giselle's hand.

Giselle stared at Patricia for a brief moment, then let out a long sigh. After all, her daughter was all grown. She could make decisions for herself.

#### [Chapter 402 It's Your Choice](#)

"Okay, I see. It's your choice. I have no right to stop you," Giselle said in a helpless tone, forcing a tight smile at Patricia.

After all, Patricia was a grown woman now. She was not a child anymore. So Giselle knew that whatever Patricia decided to do with her life, she could not stop her. But as a mother, she hoped that Patricia would be happy with her decision.

Hearing this, Patricia nodded slightly and smiled back at Giselle. She really appreciated that her mother could be understanding and supportive of her right to make her own choices.

"The soup is almost ready," Giselle announced, patting the back of Patricia's hand. Then, she got up and walked to the kitchen.

As Patricia looked at her mother's receding back, a soft smile hung on her face. She didn't know when she would have the chance to taste her mother's soup again. Perhaps it would after she came back from the US.

The moment she thought of this, a familiar handsome face popped into her mind—Zac's. Frustrated at the way he managed to invade even her passing thoughts, Patricia frowned and sighed helplessly.

With his face lingering behind her eyes, everything that had happened between the two of them flooded her mind.

Patricia suddenly remembered everything that Zac had said to her. Unbeknownst to her, a look of confusion appeared on her face. She was at a loss what to do.

"Zac..." Patricia couldn't help murmuring softly, as if she was calling out for him.

Why did she feel a little breathless and heartbroken at the very thought of him?

Suddenly, Nicholas' words from earlier drifted back into her mind. A bitter smile played across her lips as sadness gripped her heart. She didn't know what to think.

'Zac, is it really like what Nicholas said? Are we both scared?' Patricia wondered, glancing at the pudding next to the TV.

She didn't know when Zac had put it here, but every time she caught sight of it, she would be reminded of him. Afraid that it would be the last pudding he would buy for her, she put off eating it for as long as

possible.

But in the end, when she did finally eat it, she found a new one in the fridge.

Giselle, who had come out of the kitchen with the pot of soup in her hands, paused at the doorway when she saw the sorrow in her daughter's eyes. Swallowing hard, she said softly, "Patricia, the soup is ready." Then, she quickly walked over.

As soon as the excellent aroma of the soup wafted over to her, Patricia smiled sweetly, as if she hadn't been thinking of anything else. But Giselle, who had been secretly observing her expression for a while, understood what was going on.

She knew that her daughter was just hiding her sadness in front of her so that she wouldn't worry. Ever since Patricia was a child, she had been a sensible girl. She would always hide her emotions and keep them to herself so that the people around her wouldn't worry about her.

Watching Patricia devour the soup with relish, Giselle shook her head sadly, suppressing a sigh. She raised her hand and gently stroked her daughter's hair. "My poor daughter, why do you have to do this?"

Hearing this, Patricia was slightly stunned. Her eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "Mom, what's wrong?"

"Patricia..." Giselle called in a low voice. She could no longer mask the distress on her face.

Seeing that, Patricia knew that despite her best efforts, her mother had seen right through her.

"Mom, actually..." Patricia tried to explain, but was interrupted by Giselle.

"Patricia, I won't force you. But if you really don't want this to be the end of your relationship with Zac, you should work for it. Don't leave room for any regrets. I can see that you still have feelings for him. Yes, I know that you were hurt deeply because of him before, but all that is in the past. Now, you should look forward and work for your future," Giselle advised as she patted her daughter's shoulder.

Every mother would want her child to be happy, and Giselle was no different.

Even though there was an unpleasant past between Patricia and Zac, Giselle hoped that they could move on and embrace their future together, instead of hesitating out of fear.

Hearing this, Patricia lowered her head and bit her lower lip. She didn't know how to respond. She understood what her mother was saying, of course, but...

She was stuck in a dilemma, and the internal turmoil in her mind made her feel like she was suffocating. She was afraid that she would do the wrong thing.

"Mom..." Patricia called in a low voice, looking up at Giselle.

Looking at the look of despair on her daughter's face, Giselle flashed her a reassuring smile and patted her hand comfortingly. "I already told you, I won't force you to do anything you don't want to. I just want you to think it over. Drink the soup. If it gets cold, it won't taste good."

Taking a deep breath, Patricia forced a smile at her mother and lowered her head again to drink the soup.

Of course, the smile on her face wasn't sincere, and faded as soon as she lowered her head.

Moreover, the aromatic soup tasted bland, and even a little bitter.

Patricia couldn't tell if it was because that was how the soup actually tasted, or if it was because of the shift in her mood.

After drinking the soup, she chatted with her mother for a while longer. Soon, Richard came to pick Giselle up.

After saying goodbye to the two of them, Patricia returned to her room, which seemed unusually quiet.

At that moment, a heavy emptiness set in her heart. She felt like the life had been sucked out of her, and her clear eyes clouded with confusion once more.

She slumped down on the sofa and stared vacantly at the ceiling, not coming to her senses until the doorbell rang.

Sighing, she trudged towards the door to see who it was. But when she opened the door and saw Zac standing there, she had mixed emotions. She stared at him wordlessly, not knowing what to say.

Of course, a part of her was very happy to see Zac standing in front of her, but she worked hard to not let it show on the surface.

"What are you doing here?" Patricia asked him in a low voice, staring at him coldly. "Just say it."

Her icy tone upset Zac, but he was already used to her indifference.

He was determined to get an answer from her today. He knew that he couldn't give up like this, or he would regret it.

### [Chapter 403 Patricia's Choice](#)

"Patricia..." Zac's voice trembled as he called out to her. His teeth pressed down on his lip, biting back against the words that wanted to escape him. A strange expression took over his face—one that Patricia

couldn't decipher.

A faint smile curved on her lips. She took a deep breath and looked at Zac with a calm look. "Zac, if you have something to say, just say it clearly. Stop beating around the bush."

Her words were devoid of any warmth, as if she was speaking to a stranger.

As he watched her expression, Zac's heart sank in his chest. There was an almost metallic taste from how hard he was biting his lip.

Patricia was looking at him as if she hardly cared whether he was there or not. Each second bore down on his hope. He could almost feel the coldness of her gaze on his skin.

Despair took hold of him. It would be futile to say anything now, and Zac didn't know if he had the courage to keep trying.

Patricia watched his eyes waver and grit her teeth against the melancholy that settled in her chest. Her face remained the same, betraying nothing of her inner turmoil.

"What is it? Just get to the point." Patricia looked at Zac, maintaining a cool expression, and waited.

Silence ensued as no words came to him. Zac just looked at Patricia, his deep eyes heavy with sadness, as if words couldn't carry the weight of his grief.

Patricia couldn't bear to see him break. She wrenched her gaze away from him and said, "If there's nothing, I'll be going ahead." Without missing a beat, she turned around to leave. But just as she was about to take a step forward, she was stopped by a hand on her wrist. Zac gripped her in an iron hold, not letting her resist.

"Are you really going abroad?" Zac asked, his voice thick with desperation. He didn't know what else to say. It was everything he could think about when he heard the news that Patricia would be leaving.

Patricia gave him a small, nonchalant nod. Raising her eyes to meet him, she asked, "Is there a problem?"

"Have you seriously thought about this? Are you really going?" Zac asked back, his voice shaking with his unspoken plea. He didn't want her to leave. But he couldn't say anything else other than the question.

Patricia was momentarily stunned. She felt her resolve sway, but she held on to it. She had already made her decision.

"Yes. It'll be a good opportunity," she answered, her voice sounding light and hopeful.

Zac froze at her words. Patricia spoke without any trace of hesitation, as if she was fully certain of her

choice.

He felt as if his heart was being torn into pieces, but he was too numb to think of the pain.

"So you've already made up your mind..." His voice trailed off as Zac looked at her with a rueful smile.

It sent a wave of sorrow through Patricia, and she turned away from Zac, unable to look at him any longer. Her lips trembled for a moment before going back to a firm, indifferent line.

Zac didn't miss the smallest of changes on her face. What remained of his hope began to stir, but he didn't press her. He knew Patricia was keeping up a strong facade, burying her emotions underneath her detached exterior.

The two of them said nothing more for a while, leaving all the things unsaid suspended in silence.

A sharp ring broke the impasse. The sound brought Patricia back to her senses, and she schooled her features into a cold expression. She looked at Zac and said, "You're done, right?"

With that, she turned around, not giving Zac a chance to answer.

She closed the door in an almost mechanical way, following habit without thinking. As the locks latched with a tell-tale click, Zac was left outside, barred from entry.

Zac stood face to face with the cold iron door, his heart heavy with sadness. There was an obscure expression on his face, as if he was trying to find an answer to a difficult question.

His phone was still ringing, and the sharp sound came to his ears like a bell, jolting him back to the present.

After a long while, a sigh escaped him. He took his phone, his brows furrowing as he saw Kareem's number on the screen. Zac had a bad feeling about this call.

"Don't think that I don't know what you're going to do, Zac." Kareem's voice came coldly from the other side.

Zac frowned, his expression turning cold. His eyes searched, trying to find Kareem's figure.

"What do you mean?" Zac asked in a cold voice as he looked around.

A sneer came from Kareem. "Isn't that obvious? I don't like what you're doing. You're stupid if you think I don't know what you're up to. You're trying to convince Patricia to stay, aren't you?"

"And what if I am? It doesn't concern you." Zac spat back. His eyes had not stopped roaming the area, still looking for Kareem.



If it weren't for the interruption from this damned call, he could have been talking to Patricia now.

A wry chuckle came from Kareem. "Zac, do you really want to be with Patricia? That's not going to happen."

Zac scoffed at his words. From the periphery, his eyes caught Kareem downstairs. His features turned sharp as his gaze fixed on the other man.

"You are one meddlesome bastard," Zac said, stretching each word out one by one.

Kareem chuckled, looking at him with unfazed eyes. "I'm flattered. I won't just let you pester Patricia."

Zac stared at Kareem with cold-blooded eyes, his jaw tensing from anger.

Kareem only smiled, as if Zac's fury was something that brought him immense satisfaction. He looked at Zac and said in a low voice, "I know exactly what you're going to do, Zac."

Zac hung up and walked downstairs, leveling Kareem with a threatening gaze.

"It's none of your business," Zac said, keeping a cold gaze fixed on Kareem.

"You think so?" Kareem smirked, not the least bit troubled by Zac's words.

#### [Chapter 404 Don't Leave](#)

Seeing the look on Kareem's face, Zac couldn't help but sneer. "Do you think you can still laugh if Patricia goes abroad?" he said, letting out a cold snort and looking at Kareem sharply.

It was obvious that Kareem wanted Zac to stay away from Patricia, but Kareem had no idea what was truly going on. Zac knew that Kareem wouldn't have laughed if he'd known about Patricia's plan at all.

"What did you just say?" Kareem cast an incredulous look at Zac while unconsciously biting down his lower lip. What Zac said almost gave him a fright.

Why did he not know anything about this? Patricia's plan to go abroad was a serious matter, but Kareem didn't even receive a piece of single news about it.

Zac couldn't help but sneer even more after hearing Kareem's reply. He looked at the latter disdainfully and said coldly, "Have you suddenly gone deaf? I said Patricia is going abroad." He continued to look at Kareem with scorn.

If it weren't for Kareem butting in, Zac would have persuaded Patricia to stay. But now, there was no chance to convince her at all.

"That's impossible," Kareem sneered. "You're only saying that to make me leave."

Although he sounded unfazed, gloom covered Kareem's face. He had no idea what was truly going on, and he couldn't do anything but extract information from Zac, no matter how annoyed he was at him.

Zac sneered back at Kareem, looking straight at his eyes. "Believe it or not, that's all I have to say," he said before turning around to leave.

Kareem opened his mouth to say something as Zac walked away, but not a word came out. A wave of uneasiness swept over him, making him turn in the direction of Patricia's apartment instead. He wanted so bad to talk to her, especially now that he learned about her plan to leave.

Kareem walked briskly towards Patricia's door, taking a deep breath as he stopped in front of it. He was suddenly unsure of what to do.

All Kareem knew was that he wanted to hear the truth straight from Patricia before believing in anything.

Kareem finally plucked up the courage to press the doorbell after standing in front of it for a long time. And after a moment's pause, the door opened and revealed Patricia, who said displeasingly, "Oh please, Zac. I said I was not changing my mind. My decision is final; I will go abroad."

The moment she realized who the man standing at her door was, Patricia paused and frowned a bit. She didn't expect that it was Kareem.

"Kareem..." Patricia muttered under her breath, acknowledging his presence. Her expression then turned calm as she looked straight at him.

Kareem was frozen on his feet too. Hearing what Patricia had just said caught him off guard, and he was again at a loss what to do as he stared back at her with empty eyes.

Noticing the look in Kareem's eyes, Patricia pursed her lips tightly, not knowing what to say all of a sudden. She felt helpless at the moment.

"Are you really going abroad?" Kareem asked, not taking his eyes off Patricia. He couldn't believe what he heard from her just now.

Patricia nodded solemnly. "Yes, I've already decided. I'm going abroad," she said, not taking her eyes off of Kareem either. Based on her firm tone and the decisiveness in her eyes, Kareem could tell that Patricia had already made up her mind on this.

Kareem felt like a bolt of lightning struck him. Not knowing what to do with the information made his insides curl into knots, bringing nothing but pain in his heart.

He didn't expect that Zac was telling the truth.

At that moment, the expression on Patricia's face turned indifferent. "Kareem, I've made up my mind on this. Please don't convince me otherwise," she said, smiling faintly.

Displeased by her words, Kareem grabbed Patricia's wrist and said softly, "No, don't leave."

Patricia shook her head hard and took Kareem's hand off her with a faint smile. "I'm saying this again. I've already decided, Kareem. You can't convince me anymore," she said, looking at Kareem sternly.

"No, please," Kareem said softly, biting down his lower lip and shaking his head. "Don't leave. Don't go abroad, Patricia."

Kareem held Patricia's wrist tightly in worry as if to stop her from leaving, looking utterly miserable.

"Why would you leave, huh? Do you hate me that much?" he said weakly.

"No. This is not because of you, Kareem. I will go abroad because I want to study there. The company gave me the opportunity, so I wouldn't miss it," Patricia said calmly. She seemed to be telling the truth.

But Kareem still shook his head, not believing what Patricia said. He held her hand even more tightly and looked at her anxiously.

"No, I don't buy that. You must be hiding something from me," Kareem said, his face weary and in a panic.

Patricia sighed helplessly. She didn't know what to say more to make Kareem understand that her decision had nothing to do with him at all.

But Kareem was ignoring what she said. And Patricia was getting tired of it.

"I'm telling you the truth, Kareem. My decision has nothing to do with you. I'm going abroad for further study," Patricia said solemnly, emphasizing every word to show Kareem that this was not a joke to her.

The decisiveness in Patricia's eyes convinced Kareem this time. She was indeed telling the truth and not joking at all.

"Then I'll go with you," Kareem said firmly, holding her still as if afraid that she would leave right at that moment.

Patricia was taken aback. She looked at Kareem blankly and smiled bitterly. "Kareem, stop. Don't waste your time on me," she said softly, shaking her head at Kareem's persistence.

"No," Kareem said, shaking his head too. He looked at Patricia with a pained expression on his face. "I'm serious, Patricia. I'll go wherever you go. I can leave the company, but I can never lose you. Please, I need to be with you." He took her hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly.

Kareem wanted Patricia to know that nothing was more important to him than her, not even the company that he had been fighting for.

And this time, he had already made up his mind to leave everything just to be with her.

Patricia didn't know what to say. Her heart was heavy, and she could only shake her head seeing the sincerity in Kareem's eyes. Why was he still being so stubborn?

"Kareem, you don't have to do anything for me. Stop wasting your time on me; it's useless," Patricia said coldly as she looked straight at Kareem, meeting his weary eyes with her calm ones.

"No, Patricia..." With an anxious look on his face, Kareem wanted to keep insisting, but Patricia cut him off.

"That's enough, Kareem. You're just wasting your time," Patricia said firmly.

#### [Chapter 405 Avoiding Him](#)

As if only now registering what Patricia had told him, Kareem felt shaken up. Painted on his face was the pain he was feeling in his heart. He looked at her with sadness in his eyes.

"Patricia... Why are you being so cruel to me?"

"This is better for you, Kareem," Patricia said as she met his sad eyes.

Staring back at Patricia's calm eyes, Kareem didn't know what else to say.

No matter how hard he tried not to believe it, Kareem knew deep down that he could never make Patricia stay this time. She must have thought this thoroughly, and she wouldn't change her decision no matter what he said to her.

"Okay, I get it." Kareem shook his head weakly once more and cast one last sad glance at Patricia before turning around and walking away.

Seeing Kareem's leaving back, Patricia sighed softly in relief. Then, a weak smile appeared on her lips. She hoped that Kareem would give up for good and stop bothering her this time around.

But Kareem couldn't just give up, and he didn't want to yet. While walking, he couldn't stop himself from looking back at Patricia's apartment. He bit his bottom lip as pain gripped his heart tightly.

The news of Patricia leaving came as a great shock to Kareem, and he didn't know how to deal with the pain that came with it.

It had never occurred to Kareem that things would end up this way. He thought he still had a shot if he persisted, but Patricia didn't want to give him a chance at all. What should he do now?

"Are you lost?" someone asked in a soft voice, catching Kareem's attention.

It was Lyndsy. Kareem couldn't help but frown as he saw her standing not far away while looking at him with a playful smile. He narrowed his eyes at her.

Kareem knew what Lyndsy wanted from him. She planned to use him to take revenge on Patricia, but he would never allow that to happen.

"What are you doing here?" Kareem said coldly, his face showing no interest at Lyndsy's presence. He didn't like this woman at all.

Lyndsy let out a chuckle, seemingly unfazed by the coldness in Kareem's tone. "Nothing. I just came to see if you needed my help," she said, smiling softly. But the look in her eyes was cunning.

Kareem stared back at her with disdain. "Do you really think that I don't know what you're up to, Lyndsy?"

"Oh, really? Do you know? Then what is it?" Lyndsy probed, still smiling slyly.

Kareem narrowed his eyes at the scheming woman in front of him, realizing that she had become more deceitful and shameless than before.

"What's wrong, Kareem? Why aren't you saying anything?" Lyndsy said, looking him up and down delicately.

Seeing the deceit in Lyndsy's eyes, Kareem returned her stare with a scrutinizing glare and sneered, "You just want to use me to hurt Patricia."

Lyndsy burst into laughter, not looking guilty or bothered by what Kareem said at all.

"Well, of course, I want to hurt her. But since she's going abroad now, there is no need for me to do anything to her," Lyndsy said, not even denying it.

Kareem scowled at Lyndsy's response. He strongly felt that she wouldn't give up her revenge that easily, knowing how much she hated Patricia.

"You don't have to look at me like that, Kareem. I've already said what I wanted to say, and it's up to you whether or not to believe me. But allow me to remind you of one thing. If you don't want Patricia to

leave, you'd better act quickly, or else..." Lyndsy paused and chuckled, her face smug.

And before Kareem could say anything, Lyndsy had already turned to leave, not giving him a chance to react.

Kareem's face turned grim, looking even more bemused and in distress. What Lyndsy said did get into his head, and he knew what she meant.

However, Kareem didn't want to think about it further. Lyndsy's words were enough to make him realize one important thing.

If he didn't want Patricia to leave, he would have to act quickly. Otherwise, he would regret it forever.

With this thought, a vicious glint flashed across Kareem's face, and he looked determined all of a sudden.

Meanwhile, Zac returned to Oakleaf Villa after leaving Patricia's apartment with a heavy heart. He began drinking as soon as he arrived home, hoping to drown his sorrows in wine.

"Why can't you give me a chance, huh?" Zac murmured under his breath, the alcohol taking over his senses. "Are you really that heartless, Patricia?" He then poured the red wine down his throat, wishing his troubles and heartache would be washed away by doing so.

Seeing Zac in a wasted state, Nicholas couldn't help but shake his head in worry. "Boss, stop drinking. It is bad for your health."

"The hell I care. At least it will make me feel better," Zac responded with a cold smile, his words tinged with sadness, making him sound depressing.

"But it doesn't help at all," Nicholas said, pursing lips and looking at Zac pensively.

While Nicholas understood why Zac was upset and heartbroken, he also believed that drinking and sulking wouldn't do Zac any good. Zac should figure out a way to solve his problem instead.

"Boss, with all due respect, why don't you talk to Naylor if you don't want Patricia to go abroad?" Nicholas probed suggestively at Zac.

As long as Zac talked to Naylor, Naylor would definitely do as Zac said and ask Patricia to stay. Then, Zac wouldn't be so upset and drink himself to death.

Zac shook his head weakly. "Nicholas, you don't understand. Patricia will leave if she wants to, even if I talk to Naylor and ask for his help. She's leaving for abroad to avoid me, not to study."

A sad smile appeared on Zac's face. The thought of Patricia leaving pained him to silence.

And it was not hard to see that Patricia was doing it to avoid him.

"Well..." For a moment, Nicholas didn't know how to respond. He was stunned to learn that Patricia wanted to leave for this reason.

If that were the case, it would be useless no matter how hard Zac tried to make her stay. Patricia had made up her mind on this.

"So you understand now, Nicholas?" Zac said, somewhat helplessly. He shook his head, picked up the wine bottle and began to drink the liquor straight down his throat again. Perhaps this was the only way he knew to ease his pain.

But Nicholas couldn't help but worry for Zac if he continued drinking at this rate. He shook his head in dismay again.

"Boss, you should stop now. You've had too much drink already," Nicholas said, continuing to persuade Zack.

#### [Chapter 406 Leaving Tomorrow](#)

When Zac heard that, a faint, humorless smile appeared on his lips, and a trace of sadness colored his eyes. "Nicholas, I'm fine. Don't worry." With those words, he continued drinking.

Nicholas frowned and sighed helplessly to himself. He felt sorry for Zac, but he didn't know what to say.

He knew that if things went on like this, something bad might happen soon.

However, he didn't think he was capable of persuading Zac, so all he could do was stand aside and watch.

When Patricia arrived at the company and heard that Naylor wanted to see her, an ominous feeling rose in her heart. She was afraid that whatever Naylor wanted to see her about had something to do with Zac.

"Boss, what can I do for you?" she asked in a calm and respectful tone, standing in front of Naylor's desk.

Looking up from the documents on his desk, Naylor smiled at Patricia. "Nothing. I'm just curious about something." As he spoke, a strange, unreadable look flashed through his eyes.

Even though it passed as quickly as it came, it didn't go unnoticed by Patricia, who was immediately gripped by a sense of unease. Her heart pounded against her chest, and she swallowed hard.

"Please go ahead," she said, keeping her tone as light as possible even though she was worried.

Naylor chuckled. Despite Patricia's best efforts to hide her emotions, he could see how nervous she was. Tapping the table with his slender fingers, he slowly said, "It's nothing important. Anyway, I have some good news for you. Your application has been approved. The company needs you to set off tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Patricia's eyes widened in surprise. She could barely believe her ears.

"What's wrong? Weren't you looking forward to it?" Naylor asked curiously with a smile playing across his lips.

Patricia came to her senses, but she still didn't know how to respond. She looked straight at Naylor, trying to figure out if he was just teasing her.

"What? Do you think I'm lying to you?" Naylor pressed, unable to suppress the amusement in his voice.

Patricia shook her head in a daze, and the corners of her lips finally curved up into a smile. Judging by Naylor's expression and tone, she realized that he was telling the truth.

However, she hadn't expected that she would have to leave so soon.

"Well, carry on with your work for today. Your flight booking will be taken care of. Don't worry," Naylor said casually.

Knowing that she was being dismissed from the room, Patricia smiled politely, turned around and strode away without saying anything more.

She walked back to her department in a trance, still unable to believe what was happening. She had thought that she would have at least a week before she left, but now, it turned out that she had to leave tomorrow.

Afraid that she was dreaming, she pinched herself hard, only to wince in pain. It turned out that it was true. She would be going abroad tomorrow.

Thinking of this, she couldn't help taking out her cell phone to tell Giselle the news. Besides, she wanted to invite Giselle and Jack to have a meal together before her departure.

It would be one final get-together.

When Zac learned that Patricia would be leaving early, his mood turned gloomy, bringing down the temperature of the whole office. The secretary was so scared that she didn't dare to approach him, and even Nicholas felt troubled.

At this moment, Nicholas was in a dilemma about whether he should go and see Patricia and stop her



from going abroad. After thinking about it long and hard, he decided that it was unnecessary to do so, and might end up causing even more trouble.

Not only would he be unable to stop Patricia from leaving, but he would also end up making her feel disgusted with Zac.

Thinking of this, Nicholas shook his head and sighed. Mustering up his courage, he walked to Zac and asked, "Boss, should we do something?" In the short pause that followed, Nicholas regarded Zac's expression carefully.

Zac, of course, knew what Nicholas was hinting at. As long as he gave the go-ahead, Nicholas would use any and all means he could to stop Patricia from leaving.

The only reason Nicholas hadn't proceeded on his own was because he was afraid that Zac would scold him for it.

"Nicholas!" Zac hissed, glaring at Nicholas. Sure enough, he was angered by Nicholas's suggestion.

Nicholas smiled awkwardly and waved his hands. "Boss, don't get me wrong. It was just an idea."

The frown on Zac's face deepened. Taking a deep breath, he said fiercely, "I don't want to hear it again."

Nicholas' first instinct was to nod. But when he saw the obvious distress on Zac's face, he couldn't help but try to persuade him again. "But I really think you should do something about it. Are you just going to sit here and sulk about it? That won't change anything."

Zac clucked his tongue irritably. Looking anguished, he said in a low voice, "Of course I want to do something, but..." He trailed off, feeling like a heavy cloud had fallen over him.

"But what? Boss, since when have you been so timid? This is the time to take action," Nicholas said.

Sorrow filled Zac's eyes as he looked at Nicholas wordlessly.

Nicholas looked back into his eyes, trying to grasp at the words unsaid, but he couldn't understand what was going on in Zac's mind.

Meanwhile, Kareem, who was standing behind the door, had an incredulous look on his face after overhearing the conversation between Zac and Nicholas. His gentle lips opened and closed mutely in surprise, and his face hardened.

'Patricia... is leaving tomorrow?'

The very thought made him feel like the breath had been knocked out of him, and a touch of resentment emerged in his heart. 'Why is she so cruel to me? Does she feel nothing for me?'

Kareem shook his head. He couldn't bear to accept it. His heart felt like it was too heavy for him to carry.

'Patricia, I won't allow you to leave like this,' Kareem vowed in his mind, pressing his lips into a thin line.

He clenched his fists, and a firm look flashed across his face. Out of the corner of his eye, he stole a glance at Zac, before turning around and leaving silently.

Zac, on the other hand, was still sitting in the same place in a mixture of shock and sadness. He didn't know what to do. Of course, the thought of stopping Patricia from leaving by asking Naylor to cancel her trip did cross his mind.

But he couldn't bring himself to do it, because he knew that if he did, it would only make Patricia hate him.

And that was the last thing he wanted. It had taken him a lot of efforts to make her warm up to him. He didn't want to destroy what they had.

#### [Chapter 407 Dinner Party](#)

The more he thought about it, the more Zac had no idea on what to do. There was a dull ache in his heart. He didn't want Patricia to leave, nor did he want her to resent him.

In fact, all Zac wanted was for Patricia to see through him and be willing to stay with him.

"Nicholas seemed to be right when he said that I had changed. I am cowering away and reluctant to act," Zac said sadly as he looked at the ceiling with faint eyes.

When it was time to leave work, Patricia hastily gathered her things. She was going to have dinner with Jack and Giselle, and she had to get there on time.

Just when she had packed her things and was about leaving, the manager suddenly called out to Patricia which startled her. She started feeling uneasy.

"What's the matter? Actually, I have to meet with some people today." Patricia, although jittery, tried to look composed. She kept a calm front as she smiled at the manager.

As Patricia said this, the manager nodded slightly with an indifferent look. "It's nothing. It's just that you are going abroad tomorrow. Patricia, do well to give a good account of your work."

"I have accounted for it. You don't have to worry about that."

For a brief moment, the manager fixedly glanced at Patricia, then waved his hand dismissively.

Seeing how uninterested the manager looked, Patricia sighed in relief. She was worried that the

manager would give her a hard time. Since she joined the company, the manager had always given her a hard time, so she was already a little scared of him.

As soon as she exited the company building, Patricia quickly got to Darnley Restaurant. When she saw her mother and friends, she smiled happily.

Patricia felt happy seeing her mother and friend chatting merrily.

"Hi, Patricia."

"Patricia, so you're here."

"Hello, Patricia."

Sonia also showed up today. Since Patricia couldn't show up at the engagement party of Jack and Sonia, Jack brought Sonia along with her this evening.

"You are really something. You are going abroad so soon. I can recall you said that you'd leave in a week's time, but all of a sudden, you are leaving tomorrow. You are really in such a haste," Jack said with a jovial smile on his face.

Hearing this, Patricia shrugged and explained, "It is a situation beyond my control. The company told me about it within a short notice. There's really not much I can do."

"You always have a reason for everything." Jack frowned as he looked away with a dry expression.

Looking at Jack, Sonia patted his head and said softly, "Why are you looking this way? It's a good thing that Patricia is going abroad to further her studies. You talk as though she's going there to face hardship. At least cheer up, so that she knows you have her back."

Seeing the look in Sonia's eyes, Jack furrowed his brows. "Sonia, is something wrong with you? What gave you the guts to counter me?"

"I wouldn't have countered you if you had made a point, but what was that supposed to mean? I just couldn't help but be blunt." Sonia fired back at Jack without bating a lid.

Hearing this, Jack looked very upset. He stared daggers at Sonia.

Not to give Jack the upper hand, Sonia stared back at him.

Seeing that they were obviously flirting, Patricia tittered behind them, and gazed at Giselle then. She saw the reluctance in Giselle's eyes. She smiled gently and patted the back of Giselle's hand.

"Mom, you don't have to worry. I will be fine on my own," Patricia said confidently.

"Sweetheart, you are going abroad tomorrow. It's too soon. I thought..." Giselle's voice trailed off as tears welled up in her eyes. She clearly wasn't ready to part with Patricia.

Initially, when Patricia said that she was going abroad, Giselle was quite upset with her decisions. But now that Patricia said she was leaving tomorrow, Giselle became really sad. She had planned to accompany her daughter these days and prepare some things for her, but Patricia said she would be leaving the next day. Being a mother, there was definitely no way she was going to be happy.

"Mom, it's okay. I can manage on my own. You don't have to worry." Patricia comforted her mother by gently patting Giselle on the back.

How could Patricia not tell what was bothering her mother? But seeing how things were, there was nothing Patricia could do. She also wanted to spend a few more days with her mother as she couldn't tell when she was going to return once she went abroad.

With the resolute look on Patricia's face, Giselle forced a smile and nodded slightly. She squeezed Patricia's hand in hers.

"Try to stay safe, and if you can't cope, don't hesitate to return here. You don't have to worry too much." Giselle patted the back of Patricia's hand.

Patricia nodded. Her eyes were already misty. The feeling of reluctance slowly crept into her heart. She, too, wasn't willing to stay apart from her mother. She inhaled and exhaled to calm herself.

However, she knew that when it was time, she had to leave.

Flashing a sweet smile, Patricia gently stroked Giselle's back. She turned her gaze to Jack and Sonia and she giggled. In a low tone, she said, "Well, when will you two stop flirting with each other?"

"We are not flirting. We are arguing."

Patricia rolled her eyes. "Fine, you are arguing. But for my sake, don't argue. Let's hurry up and order food."

Immediately Patricia said this, Jack and Sonia took their eyes off each other and agreed to stop arguing for that moment. They laughed and talked as they ordered food.

Seeing how in love Jack and Sonia were, Patricia felt a bit of envy. A small smile hung at her lips as she watched how perfect they looked together.

Giselle sighed quietly as she peered at Patricia for a brief moment. She looked really sad.

As she caught her mother staring at her, Patricia frowned and asked softly, "Mom, what's wrong now?"

"I was just thinking when you, too, would be this in love like Jack." As Giselle said this, she pursed her lips.

Patricia lowered her gaze. She looked hurt for a split second, but she raised her head up and flashed a cute smile at her mom. "Mom, we can't force this kind of thing. Let things play out the way it should."

"Let it be." Giselle nodded with a hint of sadness in her eyes. Deep down her heart, she wished that Patricia would find happiness, too.

Patricia understood how Giselle felt. However, she decided not to think about it. She just wanted to focus on what was prior at the moment.

Over dinner, the four people joked and made merry. The atmosphere was full of life.

After dinner, Jack and Sonia went on a date, while Giselle and Patricia went back to the apartment. They were hardly ever together, so they decided to seize the moment to be together and have a heart-to-heart talk.

"Honey, is everything set? Don't forget to come along with all you need." Giselle looked bothered.

#### [Chapter 408 Think It Over](#)

"Mom, don't worry about me. I'm only going for a year. You don't have to worry about me so much," Patricia chuckled.

Giselle frowned and looked away. She was still worried for Patricia.

"An entire year? That is a very long time, Patricia. What if they decide to keep you there permanently?" Giselle said worriedly. She knew Patricia was very hardworking and they would grow fond of her.

If the company wanted Patricia to stay in the US, she would seize the opportunity. Then, it would be hard for them to meet again.

Thinking of this, Giselle pursed her lips tightly and looked at Patricia sadly. The more she thought about it, the more she didn't want Patricia to leave.

When Patricia saw the look in her mother's eyes, she smiled faintly and said, "Mom, please! This is my decision. If everything goes well, I'm going to stay there."

As soon as Patricia finished speaking, she looked at Giselle seriously, hoping for her to understand her choices.

"But..." Giselle said as she looked at Patricia sadly, with tears in her eyes.

When Patricia saw the look on her mother's face, she smiled gently and hugged her. With her chin against Giselle's neck, she said softly, "Mom, I know you are always worried for me, but I'm an adult now. I am capable of making my own decisions. You don't have to worry about me anymore. If you really miss me, just give me a call and I'll book a flight back home, okay?"

"Patricia..." Giselle was worried that Patricia would get so busy with work that she would forget to take care of herself.

"You have always been responsible and I know I never worried about you for once. But the more you are like this, the more guilty and sorry I feel for you. You could have had a happy childhood, but... It was all ruined because of me. If I were brave enough to take you away with me at that time, you wouldn't have suffered so much at the hands of the Sampson family. You could have lived a happy life, Patricia." Tears streamed down her face.

Patricia could tell that Giselle had been blaming herself all this time.

She knew it all along, which was why she had to protect Giselle at any cost. And this was what she had been doing until now.

Patricia was relieved when she saw that Giselle was living happily in the Lowell family and that her life was no longer affected by her reputation.

Now when Patricia was satisfied with the life Giselle was living, she had decided to give herself a break and study abroad for some time.

"Mom, you shouldn't say that. It's all over now! I have never felt sorry for myself. I'm so glad that you are my mom," Patricia said softly as she gently stroked Giselle's back and then smiled.

Hearing that, Giselle was more heartbroken. She bit her lower lip and whispered in Patricia's ear, "I know, you want to get away from this place, from Zac and all those bad memories."

As Giselle spoke, she cried sadly and looked away. She didn't notice the look on Patricia's face.

Patricia's eyes widened and she was stunned for a while. 'Why did she say that? Am I too obvious? Or...'

Giselle looked at Patricia as she noticed the long pause. She frowned and asked, "What's wrong, Patricia?"

When Patricia heard Giselle's voice, she came back to her senses and immediately looked away. Then, she forced a sweet smile and said gently, "Nothing! Let's not dig into the past. How is it going with you and Richard?"

Seeing the look on Patricia's face, Giselle knew what she meant.

"Did you change the topic because I mentioned Zac?" Giselle asked.

The way Patricia reacted as soon as she heard Zac's voice was really strange so Giselle had to ask. She wanted to know what was in her mind.

"Mom..." Patricia bit her lower lip to avoid meeting Giselle's eyes.

Seeing the expression on Patricia's face, Giselle sighed helplessly. "Are you really sure? That you want to give up on Zac?"

Patricia nodded slightly and bit her lower lip. She looked away and deliberately avoided looking Giselle in the eye.

Giselle understood what Patricia meant. She sighed, patted the back of Patricia's hand and said softly, "Patricia, I hope you think this through and not make your decisions in a hurry. If you don't want this to be the end of you two, you must go see Zac."

Patricia was stunned as soon as she heard that. She looked at Giselle and was about to say something but her mind went blank. Not knowing what to say, she closed her mouth again.

Giselle saw how confused Patricia looked.

Giselle pursed her lips and shook her head. "I don't want you to regret your decision in the future, Patricia." As soon as Giselle finished speaking, she gently touched the back of Patricia's hand. Then, she turned around and walked into the kitchen without a word.

As Patricia saw Giselle walk into the kitchen, she sighed in relief and looked away. The entire conversation seemed like a test.

Taking a few deep breaths, Patricia stared into oblivion sadly. She kept thinking about a million things.

Patricia knew what Giselle wanted, but she had made up her mind.

Despite doubting her decisions, Patricia wanted to get out of the current mess as soon as possible.

It was already ten o'clock and Patricia didn't realize that she had been talking to Giselle for hours. Richard came to pick Giselle up. After sending Giselle away, Patricia stood alone in the living room and stared at her reflection. She felt lonely and cold.

Suddenly, Patricia felt sad and she sighed helplessly. Her mind kept wandering to what Giselle had said earlier.

At this moment, the doorbell rang. Patricia walked to the door and opened it. She flung it open only to see Zac. By the looks of it, he looked drunk. Patricia was taken aback. He opened his long arms and

hugged her. Then, he grabbed her into his arms and kissed her on the lips.

The two stood at the door and kissed each other.

The kiss lasted longer than expected. Finally, Zac moved away.

#### [Chapter 409 Stay](#)

"Do you hate me that much, Potricio?" With a sad gleam in his eyes, Zoc stared straight at Potricio. His large, worm hand held her cheek tightly, and his fingers trembled a little.

The look in Potricio's eyes had already told Zoc the answer. At that moment, he didn't know what to do anymore. Should he keep trying to make her stay or let her go as she wanted?

"I..." Potricio didn't know what to say; a tinge of sadness emerged in her heart at the face of Zoc's question.

A bitter smile flashed across Zoc's face. Potricio didn't need to say anything because her hesitation was already enough answer. And the clearer it became to Zoc, the more hopeless he felt inside.

Were all his efforts truly in vain? Or was all this not real? Was he just in a terrible dream? He couldn't tell anymore.

Zoc felt like he was alone in a desert, lost and unable to tell the right path to take, with his hope slowly running out.

"Zoc..." Potricio muttered under her breath helplessly. Knowing how painful this must be for Zoc, she pursed her lips as she felt the heaviness engulf her heart.

It was such a torment to see the way Zoc looked at her.

"Potricio, you can't do this to me. Don't leave me..." Not knowing what else to do, Zoc continued to plead with her to stay. He grabbed her arm and gripped it tightly, unaware that he was hurting her with his fingernails in his desperation to show her how much he loved her.

"Please, Potricio. Don't leave. Stay..." Zoc begged once more, his eyes gleaming with sad tears as he looked straight at Potricio.

However, Zoc's pleading was met with indifference as Potricio stared back at him coldly. He was stunned, feeling as if the woman in front of him was a robot devoid of emotion.

"Zoc, you must stop. You already know what I wanted to say. So please, stop wasting your time on me," Potricio said sternly, shaking Zoc's worm hands off her arm as she returned to being indifferent.

Masking the anguish in her heart, Potricio feigned apathy and looked Zoc gruffly in the eyes.



Zac stared back at Patricia blankly, stumped by her cluelessness. It was as if nothing could ever convince her anymore, no matter what he did, and it was breaking his heart progressively.

"No, it's nothing like that, Patricia. I just really want you to stay. I..." Zac tried to reason out once more, but Patricia cut him off.

"Do you hate me that much, Patricia?" With a sad gleam in his eyes, Zac stared straight at Patricia. His large, warm hand held her cheek tightly, and his fingers trembled a little.

The look in Patricia's eyes had already told Zac the answer. At that moment, he didn't know what to do anymore. Should he keep trying to make her stay or let her go as she wanted?

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"Zac, you must stop. You already know what I wanted to say. So please, stop wasting your time on me," Patricia said sternly, shaking Zac's warm hands off her arm as she returned to being indifferent.

Masking the anguish in her heart, Patricia feigned apathy and looked Zac gruffly in the eyes.

Zac stared back at Patricia blankly, stumped by her aloofness. It was as if nothing could ever convince her anymore, no matter what he did, and it was breaking his heart progressively.

"No, it's nothing like that, Patricia. I just really want you to stay. I..." Zac tried to reason out once more, but Patricia cut him off.

"I've already told you what you need to hear from me, Zac. There's no need for you say more," Patricia said stiffly. And without another word, she turned her back at him and walked inside the room, closing the door in Zac's face.

"I've already told you what you need to hear from me, Zac. There's no need for you say more," Patricia said stiffly. And without another word, she turned her back at him and walked inside the room, closing the door in Zac's face.

There were no hesitations in Patricia's actions this time as if telling Zac that there was indeed nothing he could do and say to make her stay. He would never be able to change her mind.

Zac bit his bottom lip, unable to find the words to say, seeing how Patricia had completely shut him off. There was nothing but despair in his eyes and in his heart.

"Why are you so cruel to me?" Zac muttered despairingly, not knowing what else to say to make Patricia change her mind. Each word was laced with rue.

In Zac's heart was gloom and on his face a vacant look.

He stared blankly at the closed door, at a loss what to do next. Everything just felt so unreal. He opened his mouth to say something more, but no word came out.

After a while, a bitter smile flashed across Zac's face. His eyes were vacant, and pursing his lips tightly, he finally turned around and left.

It was not until the sound of Zac's leaving footsteps gradually disappeared that Patricia slowly pulled the door open again. Looking at Zac's leaving back, she bit her bottom lip tightly, trying her best to stop herself from taking back everything she said to him just now.

Tears slowly fell from the corner of Patricia's eyes, trailing down her cheeks and onto the floor.

It seemed like she heard something inside her shatter into pieces.

Patricia didn't know why, but the painful sound of breaking brought her sorrow. She bit her bottom lip tightly that she almost tasted blood in her mouth.

She remained frozen in her feet for a long time until she suddenly muttered softly, "I'm sorry, Zac."

Patricia honestly didn't know what else she could say about all this. Zac looked so heartbroken and crestfallen as he walked away from her door, like an abandoned puppy with no place to go.

Not until Zac disappeared from her sight did Patricia come back to her senses. She lowered her eyes slightly, with a tinge of sadness in them.

After a moment's pause, Patricia shook her head as if to whisk away the regret and guilt she was feeling. She walked back inside the room slowly and closed the door again.

When she woke up the next day, Patricia put on light make-up, packed her things and went to the company to report to Naylor.

This time, Naylor didn't tease her or make jokes. After their brief talk, he handed Patricia a check, a letter of reference, and some other important documents.

Patricia took them in her hands before smiling politely at Naylor.

"Thank you for everything, boss," she said earnestly.

"I should be the one thanking you. If you hadn't been around, it would have been boring here," Naylor said with a smile.

The two didn't talk much. After bidding goodbye, Patricia left Naylor's office and headed for the airport.

However, it seemed that Patricia would not be leaving the city in peace. As soon as she got in a taxi and left the company, a black car suddenly followed behind her.

It was Lyndsy.

When she learned that Patricia was going abroad, Lyndsy decided to take her revenge no matter what. She wouldn't let Patricia go without giving her a taste of the agony she and Yolanda had been experiencing recently.

All their sufferings were because of Patricia. If it weren't for her, they would still have been rich.

Anger rose immediately in Lyndsy's heart. She cast a hateful glare at Patricia, wishing for her to be gone forever.

"I will make sure you taste hell, Patricia. Why should someone like you live a better life than me, huh? I will never allow that to happen!" Lyndsy gritted her teeth, her eyes burning with anger.

As if sensing that someone was looking at her, Patricia's forehead creased. She looked over her shoulder to the taxi's back window, where she saw a black car tailing them.

Was it really following her taxi? Was she only overthinking? Perhaps she was only being paranoid.

But she strongly felt that the black car had been following her since earlier.

"Sir, please turn right at the next intersection. I need to go back to get something. Thank you," Patricia said to the driver.

Then, out of the corner of her eye, she threw a glance at the car behind them. For some reason, uneasiness swept over her. Her gut told her that she needed to be careful and vigilant. Otherwise, something terrible might happen.

#### [Chapter 410 Beneath The Surface](#)

As the taxi approached a turn, a truck in front of it suddenly went out of control. The driver twisted the steering wheel in panic, his face pale with fright and astonishment.

Potricio's mind blanked out at the scene, stunned by the abrupt turn of events. She could barely process what was happening as the sound of screeching tires filled her ears.

The taxi went past the truck, driving straight towards a tree. At the same time, another car lost control, uncontrollably heading to the taxi's direction.

The collision was inevitable. The taxi crashed against the tree, and Potricio's head hit the glass, leaving her with a concussion. Slowly, she opened her eyes and watched in a daze as another car sped towards them.

There was a heavy bump on her head at the second blow. Potricio felt her body slowly grow heavy, as if there was an unseen pressure pressing down on her.

A few sirens blurred as blurry figures approached her. Before she could figure out what happened, the sounds died into silence, and Potricio succumbed to the pull of unconsciousness.

Lyndy sat in the driver's seat, eyes wide as she gripped the steering wheel with trembling hands. Her eyes were lost and unfocused, as if she couldn't believe the scene in front of her.

She had thought of giving Potricio a quick death, wanting the woman to disappear for good. Her eyes took in the crumpled steel and shards of glass as a smoky, metallic scent assailed her nose. She felt her stomach lurch, the stench of blood and death smothering her.

Lyndy took deep gulps of air and murmured, "It's not my fault. It has nothing to do with me." She repeated the sentences over and over, willing herself to believe them.

But her own thoughts were powerless against the weight of reality. Tremors ran throughout Lyndy's body. She might not have been involved in the incident directly, but she had a hand in pushing Potricio to danger.

Lyndsy swallowed and took a deep breath. She lifted a shaky hand to the ignition in a nervous attempt to start the car. In her agitation, her eyes fell on the figure of the woman lying inside the taxi, her body covered in blood.

"It was an accident. I had nothing to do with it. I'm not involved in any of this." The sound of the engine drowned out Lyndsy's repeated murmurs. She drove away, not once looking back.

Half an hour later, Zoc was standing in front of the operating room. He rushed to the hospital in a panic when he heard of Patricia's accident. He stood at the door with distraught eyes, incapable of uttering a word.

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Lyndsy swallowed and took a deep breath. She lifted a shaky hand to the ignition in a nervous attempt to start the car. In her agitation, her eyes fell on the figure of the woman lying inside the taxi, her body covered in blood.

"It was an accident. I had nothing to do with it. I'm not involved in any of this." The sound of the engine drowned out Lyndsy's repeated murmurs. She drove away, not once looking back.

Half an hour later, Zac was standing in front of the operating room. He rushed to the hospital in a panic when he heard of Patricia's accident. He stared at the door with distraught eyes, incapable of uttering a word.

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Back then, he and Kareem controlled the situation, so Jack and Patricia were able to escape with minor injuries. This time was different. As he listened to Nicholas' voice telling him what had happened, Zac felt as if the Earth was pulled from under him, and he was falling into a pit that had no end.

For a man who had been saying how important Patricia was to him, he was useless when she needed to be saved.

Helplessness and blame gripped Zac by the neck. He didn't know what else he could do except suffer from the agony of his own incapacity.

A minute seemed to stretch to a century as he stood in front of the operating room. He waited and waited, not knowing when he could see Patricia again.

Every second added to the weight of his burden, and he felt as if he was a man aimlessly wandering the desert, his feet sinking deeper into sand.

"Patricia, you have to hold on," Zac murmured. His eyes held a deep sadness as he imagined Patricia struggling to live. If he could, he would have gladly taken her place.

His fingers entangled themselves as he leaned against the wall. Shoulders drooping with worry and exhaustion, he stared at the red light outside the operating room.

"Boss, don't worry. Patricia is a good person. She'll be alright." Nicholas walked up to Zac's weary figure and offered him words of comfort.

Like him, Nicholas had been grappling with his own growing sense of anxiousness. He was shocked when he heard what had happened to Patricia. It had been so sudden that it didn't make sense.

Zac gave him a slight nod, then tensed the next instant, his eyes growing dark. He turned to Nicholas and said through gritted teeth, "Things aren't that simple."

Nicholas frowned at him in confusion, not understanding the implication behind his words.

"Someone had to be behind this," Zac said in a low voice, his gaze turning sharp. It would be too much of a coincidence for the accident to happen this way.

From the surface, it seemed like it had all been inopportune timing, but why did it happen just when Patricia left?

A nagging feeling in his gut told Zac that there was more to it than that. But even his own instincts left him unsure, not knowing if his conjecture sprang from the paranoia of Patricia being involved.

"Boss..." Nicholas said nervously. He didn't think that Zac would consider that possibility. Still, it was far from unreasonable. In retrospect, things didn't seem to add up.

If they approached the incident from another point of view, they couldn't rule out the possibility of it being staged.

"Nicholas, go and investigate it. I want to get to the bottom of it, whether I'm right or wrong." Zac spoke in a commanding voice as he looked straight at Nicholas. His earlier lackluster eyes seemed to stir with brewing fury.

Nicholas nodded and gave Zac a respectful smile before turning around to walk away.

Left to himself, Zac went back to waiting.

The conversation with Nicholas only magnified his worry. He clasped his hands, pressing them together for a semblance of stability. There was too much going on, and he was stuck here without a plan.

He lost track of how much time had passed. Only the dimming of the red light jolted Zac back to his senses, his heart hammering with anxiety. He swallowed instinctively, dreading to hear the results.

His hands shook as terrible possibilities overtook his thoughts.

Zac stood in front of the door, his whole body stiff with tension. When a masked doctor came out, he walked forward with shaky steps.

"Doctor..."

"The patient is in a stable condition. You don't have to worry. There is no serious damage, but she needs to rest to ensure a full recovery." The doctor took off his mask and explained to Zac in a clinical tone

before leaving quickly.

A nurse followed him, pushing Patricia out of the operating room.

She was lying motionless in the bed, her eyes closed. Her skin was too pale, and Zac felt a wave of guilt wash over him. His lips tightened into a thin line, not knowing what to say.

After the nurse left, Zac went inside Patricia's ward and stood beside the bed. He watched the rhythmic rise and fall of her chest. He stayed there quietly, wanting to say something but not finding the words.