

If Zac got a whiff of it, Lyndsy's suffering was certain.

Her mother's words left Lyndsy slightly stunned. She lowered her face and contemplated her advice. In the end, she let out a sigh, knowing her mother had been right.

'It seems like nothing has happened, but if Zac really makes a move...' thought Lyndsay and came out of her reverie.

"Mother, what should I do now? I don't want Zac to find out. I admit our relationship isn't very good. However, I cannot make him hate me. Else, all hope will be gone," she uttered, a wail of despair escaping her. Then she went forward and grasped Yolanda's wrist tightly.

Yolanda frowned and touched the tip of Lyndsy's nose. "Yes, this is why I have asked you to slow down. Don't be in such a hurry. Haste makes waste."

By now, Lyndsy understood she had to obey her mother. The anger she had initially felt disappeared. She couldn't bear the thought of Zac staying with Patricia. However, she also knew that acting rashly would only worsen the situation.

If she took a wrong step, then it could give rise to Zac's suspicion. If that happened, all her efforts would be in vain.

"Mother, what should I do now? I feel wretched when I think about the fact that Zac is with that bitch!" Lyndsy rubbed her hand despairingly on her face.

She was not only sad, but also angry. She couldn't

live peacefully until she saw Patricia disappear from Zac's life!

Yolanda nodded slightly and was deep in thought. Then an idea flashed through her mind. She suddenly wore a complacent smile on her face.

Noticing the expression on Yolanda's face, Lyndsy said anxiously, "Mother, have you come up with any idea?"

In this respect, Lyndsy knew no one was better than Yolanda. If Yolanda made up her mind to get rid of that bitch Patricia, then chances were she would succeed.

"Don't worry. I'll deal with this matter. For now, quit following Patricia. Instead, think of ways to badger Zac so that you can make a space for yourself in his heart." Yolanda flashed a smile and Lyndsy quickly

understood the meaning behind it.

Finally, Lyndsy's unhappy face broke into a smile. Nodding her head, she replied, "Okay, I see. I will handle Zac. I will definitely win over his heart this time." She was firm in her resolve. A hint of viciousness could be seen on her face. She was confident that this time the victory would be hers. She wouldn't allow Patricia to snatch Zac away from her.

Zac, on the other hand, had just arrived at the Lowell family where Nicholas was waiting for him. "How's it going?"

Zac asked as soon as he saw Nicholas. Nicholas nodded his head in response and made a gesture to indicate they shouldn't be talking now. Instead, he pointed to the gate of the Lowell family.

Following the direction of Nicholas's finger, Zac saw

Giselle standing at the door. She looked like a child who had been punished for her mistakes.

Zac stood stunned, unable to believe his eyes. Soon, shock was replaced with anger. He was quaking with fury, overcome by an urge to protect Giselle.

Ever since he had started liking Patricia, he had begun to consider her family as his family. In the past, he could have easily turned a blind eye to such injustice. But now, it was beyond impossible!

"Don't act on an impulse. I know you want to defend Patricia's mother. However, you have to think it through," Nicholas reminded, grabbing a hold of Zac's hand. He feared Zac would create a scene.

From where they stood, it seemed like Giselle was all alone. However, the watchful eyes of the family members of the Lowell family were on her. If Zac went

there to save Giselle, the situation would only become worse. They would be more dissatisfied with Giselle!

Finally, Zac understood Nicholas had a point. The moment he saw this scene, he had an impulse to defend her.

But the very next moment, he took a deep breath and calmed himself down. Turning to Nicholas, he asked for more details.

Nicholas filled Zac in with everything he had learned in the investigation he had done in the past two days. Except for Richard, all the other members of Lowell family were getting more and more displeased with Giselle. Mrs. Lowell, in particular, was very harsh to her. She often tried to make things difficult for Giselle.

However, he also observed that Giselle had a very fine temper. She hadn't uttered a word to Richard.

And most importantly, even if she did, she was sure he couldn't be of much help.

Every time Richard went to Mrs. Lowell and broached this subject, she would instantly pretend like she wasn't feeling well and change the topic to her health.

After Zac heard what Nicholas had to say, his fury was ignited. He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. His gaze was in Giselle's direction.

He knew when Patricia became aware of this, she would be devastated.

He began to feel helpless and depressed. If he had had some control over his anger and hadn't posted that photo, Giselle's life in the Lowell family wouldn't have turned out like this!

A weary sigh escaped him. Just then, he heard

Nicholas exclaim in astonishment.

"Patricia?" he said.

"What?" Zac looked at Nicholas in surprise and then followed his gaze. He saw that Patricia was hiding behind the grass. Even from a distance, he could tell she had difficulty holding back her emotions.

Seeing her look like this, Zac felt deep sadness. He thought he had no right to even confront her.

Patricia's eyes were blank and unfocused. When she saw her mother in thin and tattered clothes, her heart broke into a million pieces.

Giselle had received a call from Mrs. Lowell. Nervously, she hurried inside.

Patricia had heard the threatening note in Mrs.

Lowell's voice. After her mother left, she was worried sick and resorted to asking for Jack's help. She wanted to dig deep and investigate the matter

According to the investigation, it was easily established that her mother was suffering a lot.

"Patricia, don't go in. You might do something that you will regret later," Jack said, grabbing her wrist.

She glanced up at him and noticed genuine concern. Deep in her heart, she knew he had a point. If she went in now, her mother would be punished more severely.

But how could she stand and watch as her mother suffered? It was too painful.

"I know you are very uncomfortable, but..." Jack's voice faltered as he tried to explain himself.

He knew nothing he said would bring Patricia any comfort. In the end, he chose to remain silent.

Patricia, who understood what he was trying to say, forced a smile and said, "Jack, I know you are doing this for my own good. Don't worry. I won't do anything reckless."

As soon as Patricia finished speaking, she slowly squatted down beside Jack, her eyes still on Giselle.

Giselle looked like she would collapse any second. The night wind could blow her away. She trembled due to the cold. She tried in vain to keep herself from shivering.

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Chapter 262 Giselle's Punishmen



Giselle had no idea how long she had been standing outside. It was not until the old lady of the Lowell family let her in that she finally entered the house.

Patricia flew into a rage. She bit her lower lip in anger and looked in Giselle's direction. Her hands were clenched into fists, and her beautiful eyes were red. She looked like she was holding herself back from doing something irrational.

If only Patricia could, she would rush to her mother and hug her tightly.

Jack, who was standing aside, pursed his lips as he

gazed at Patricia dismally. He just stood there in silence, having no idea what to say.

But then, he noticed the sadness in her eyes. He felt sorry for her. How he wished he could help her.

"Patricia..." he called in a low voice. But just as he was about to say something, she interrupted him.

"Don't worry about me, Jack. I'm fine." she replied weakly. She smiled as if to prove she was okay, but her eyes said otherwise. Jack saw a strong sense of melancholy and resentment in them.

He wanted to comfort her, but it seemed that she did not want to give him a chance.

At that moment, Patricia suddenly stood up and turned her back on him. "Jack, let's go," she said coldly.

As Jack heard this, he looked at her for a moment and then looked back at the Lowell family's house as if pondering something. A few seconds later, he nodded and followed her.

He was aware that what Patricia needed was to cool off. But even though he wanted to console her, she would not give him the chance.

Meanwhile, Zac and Nicholas, who were lurking in the grass not far away, stood up and heaved a heavy sigh as though they had seen something dreadful.

Zac could not help but frown when he saw Patricia and Jack leave together. A glum look appeared on his face, and he was fuming with anger.

Nicholas knew very well what that look on Zac's face meant. Zac must be enraged by what he had just

seen.

Unfortunately, now was not the right time to let anger rule over him. If Zac decided to go after Patricia now, he could comfort her—something Jack could not do.

"Boss, are you sure you've thought this through? Are you really not going to comfort her?" Nicholas asked worriedly.

Instead of answering Nicholas's question, Zac let out a snort and, without a word, turned around to leave. There was a murderous look in his eyes that could make anyone cower in fear.

Nicholas sighed as he watched Zac walk away.

"Boss, when are you going to be honest with yourself?" he murmured to himself.

Zac seemed that he had no plans on seeing Patricia.

But after taking twenty steps, he changed direction and followed where she had gone.

He realized that Nicholas was right. This was not the right time to throw a fit. He could not just give this opportunity to Jack.

Patricia arrived at her apartment not long after. She was morose and not in the mood to talk to Jack. Not only that, her mind was in a mess. How could it not be? Her mother was being punished, and yet there was nothing she could do about it.

As Jack saw the glum look on her face, he opened his mouth to comfort her. However, no words came out of it. The words he had been planning on saying got stuck in his throat.

"Patricia—" he called.

But just as he was about to say something, Patricia cut him off.

"Jack, I said I'm fine. You don't have to worry about me." She smiled at him, but it only made her look more pained. Even if she forced a smile, it could not hide her distress.

Jack sighed heavily. Knowing her, she would not listen no matter what he said. He figured it would be better if he would just leave her alone for now.

"I understand. But I want you to know that I'm here. Call me if you need anything. You shouldn't carry the weight by yourself," he sincerely said while gently stroking her hair.

It pained him to see her like this. How he wished she would let him stay by her side. However, he knew that what she needed right now was some space.

As soon as Jack finished speaking, he bent over and kissed her on her forehead. Then, albeit reluctant, he left.

Once he was gone, Patricia locked the door at once.

It was then that she lost it. She leaned against the door, and her eyes brimmed with tears. A few seconds later, she could not hold it in any longer, and she broke down. Now that she was alone, she could finally be herself and cry without holding back. There was no need for her to pretend to be strong anymore.

"Why do they treat my mother like that? Why?!" She looked up at the ceiling with tearful eyes. She was down in the dumps. Her tears that were streaming down her face were as big as pearls.

She thought that as long as she did not show up at

the Lowell family with her mother, she could protect her and her family.

However, it seemed that things were not as simple as that.

Her grandfather had left her, and her mother was suffering. Patricia was unable to protect the bay that her grandfather had given her. She had no idea what she should do in order for her mother to live a good life.

All of a sudden, there came a knock on the door, pulling Patricia back to reality.

She was stunned. She was not expecting anyone to come at this hour. Just as she was about to open the door, a low and arrogant voice came from outside.

"Patricia, it's me."

She withdrew her hand the instant she heard that familiar voice. She bit her lower lip in disgust. Her eyes that were full of sorrows were now filled with anger.

In her mind, everything that had happened was all Zac's fault. If it were not for him, her mother would not have been mistreated by the Lowell family.

"What are you doing here?" Patricia coldly asked. Her glum face reverted to its usual coldness. But this time, it was a lot worse.

Zac felt the frigidness in her voice despite being on the other side. He could sense that he was unwelcome and that she did not want to see him.

Zac bit his lower lip hard and frowned in displeasure. He opened his mouth to speak, but Patricia beat him

to it.

"Leave. I don't want to see you," she decisively said.

She did not want to hear his voice, much less see him. Her blood boiled whenever she recalled how her mother was being mistreated. However, it boiled even more whenever she heard his voice. She wished he would disappear from her life right there and then.

Zac frowned in dejection. He opened his mouth to speak but closed it again. For some reason, he could not utter a word. It seemed as if he suddenly lost his ability to speak. Nevertheless, he figured he could not leave without saying anything.

"Patricia, I—"

"Zac, didn't you hear me? I said go away! I don't need you. Just hearing your voice makes me sick!" Patricia

shouted hysterically through the door. It could be seen on her face how much she abhorred him.

It was not until now that the resentment she had for him burst out in her heart. She stared at the door so intensely that it seemed as though she could see him through it.

Zac was taken aback by her words. Just as he was about to say something, Patricia sneered and added, "Stop pretending that you're kind to me. I won't buy it. Do you need me to remind you what you've done?"

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Chapter 263 I'm Sorry



"This is all your fault! Because of you, I've become an object of public disdain. But you know what? I don't give a shit. I can bear all the insults they hurl at me. But what I can't bear is that my mother has to suffer. She was already leading the peaceful life she deserved, but because of you, she's miserable now!"

Patricia was hysterical. She could not understand why it was so difficult for her to move on from Zac and find peace by herself.

Zac's mouth fell open in disbelief. He stared at the iron door blankly, unable to utter a word.

Everything that Patricia said was true. It was indeed all his fault.

A sinking feeling emerged in his heart. With his head lowered and hands clenched into fists, he uttered, "I'm sorry." He did not know what else was there to say.

On the other side, Patricia was taken aback. But once she came to her senses, she rolled her eyes at him and sneered, "What's the point?"

She never expected that Zac would apologize all of a sudden. 'Will your apology make things go back to the way they were?' she asked inwardly.

It had always been clear to Patricia and Zac that nothing would change no matter what they did. Their relationship was doomed from the very beginning.

Zac bit his lower lip so hard and pounded on the door. Dejection was written all over his face. 'What should I do?' he asked himself.

"Zac, you don't have to say anything. Just, please, get out of my life," Patricia pleaded weakly.

Zac stiffened, and his dark eyes gleamed with an elusive expression.

As Patricia did not hear from him for a moment, she stared at the door with a piercing gaze as though she could see through it. Then, she swallowed hard and added, "Zac, please leave..." Those words were all she could utter. For some reason, she felt as though her mouth became paralyzed all of a sudden.

The moment Zac heard her plea, a bitter smile flashed across his usual cold face. "I see," he replied in a low voice.

With that, he turned around and left at once. His shoulders were sunken, and his head was lowered to the ground. He looked so lonely.

After a few moments of silence, Patricia slowly opened the door and looked in the corridor.

"He left," she murmured to herself. Her long and thin eyelashes slightly quivered, and she smiled bitterly.

She returned to her room not long after. There she let all her sorrows out until she had no tears left to cry. She felt exhausted afterwards, so she went to the bathroom to wash her face and mouth before going to bed.

Meanwhile, Jack returned to the White family with a gloomy face. He merely acknowledged Fred and Joanne, who were sitting on the sofa, and went straight to his room without a word.

Joanne was displeased to see Jack sullen. She let out a snort and looked at Fred with dissatisfaction. "Look at your son. That bitch must've seduced him again. He did nothing the whole day, and when he returned, he didn't even greet us properly. This is your fault!"

If she had not listened to Fred, she would have let that woman know how powerful she was and that she would not allow her to be with Jack.

Without lifting his eyes off the news on the phone, Fred raised his eyebrows and retorted, "Isn't my idea great? Whenever you argue with Jack, who always ends up losing?"

Joanne fell silent. What Fred had said was true. Every time she quarreled with her son, she was always the one who yielded in the end.

One time, she threatened Jack that she would send him abroad no matter what it took. Only then did he agree to her request. She believed that once he was abroad, he would meet ladies who were by far better than Patricia and realize that she was nothing special.

During those years that he was abroad, he worked hard and earned Fred's recognition. He was eventually permitted to return home. However, things did not go exactly the way Joanne had planned. He still had not forgotten Patricia until now.

Well, even if Fred did not allow Jack to go home, there was nothing he could do about it. With Jack's connections and abilities, nothing could be done to stop him.

"I'm aware that I can't change Jack's mind, so I've decided to deal with Patricia instead. I'll make sure she gives up on Jack," Joanne explained, a little indignant as Fred touched her sore spot.

Fred could not help but chuckle. He looked at Joanne and reasoned out, "So what if you deal with Patricia? You should know by now that Jack will never give up. All your efforts will just be in vain."

Fred's words hit the nail on the head. He had observed Jack for a long time. Even he did not like Jack having a relationship with Patricia. After all, there was nothing she could offer to them, and people might look down on her because of her identity.

The White family had always been adamant in maintaining its reputation. They would never allow such a disgrace to happen. However, Jack was stubborn as a mule, which made Fred at a loss. It seemed that he had no choice but to wait and see what would happen next.

"Say something! I know you don't want to deal with this matter. But are you just going to do nothing and let that bitch marry into the White family?" Joanne asked with a scowl. It irked her that all of Fred's attention was on the news, and he seemed as though he did not care about his son at all.

There was a look of disdain on her face when she spoke. It was apparent that she was peeved at the thought that Patricia would marry into her family.

Fred frowned and sighed in exasperation. "Why do you think I don't care about my son? It might not be obvious, but I'm trying to find a way. You know how stubborn Jack is. The more you object him, the more he will oppose you."

Joanne was annoyed at him. But she must admit, what he had said made sense.

The two did not argue anymore. Instead, they lowered their heads and pondered how they would persuade Jack to give up on Patricia.

It was already midnight when Zac returned to the Oakleaf Villa. There, Nicholas had been eagerly

waiting for Zac's news.

To his surprise, Zac was drunk, so he immediately walked to the door to support him.

"Boss, why did you drink so much?" Nicholas asked in annoyance. Zac was sober before he left, but now he was wasted. 'Why did he become like this after meeting with Patricia?' he wondered.

Zac grinned and said in a drunken tone, "I'm not drunk. I can still drink more!"

Nicholas frowned in confusion. But before he could speak, he saw Lyndsy standing by the door, a glum look on her face. Everything dawned on him at once.

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Chapter 264 | Hope You Can Leave Here



It turned out to be Lyndsy who sent Zac back. No wonder...

"Zac, you're drunk. I'll make you a cup of tea," Lyndsy worriedly said. Her gentle tone of voice was enough to make anyone think she was Zac's girlfriend or wife.

The way she was acting made Nicholas, who was watching, frown. He looked displeased.

He had heard that she liked Zac, but he hadn't expected her to show up uninvited. Although wanting to drive the drunk Zac home wasn't anything out of the ordinary, it still felt a little off to him.

Lyndsy noticed Nicholas' suspicious gaze and flashed him a sweet smile. "You can leave now. I'll take good care of him," she tenderly said.

Nicholas' frown deepened, and he responded in a low voice, "No, thanks. He's my boss, so I'll take care of him. You should go home now, Miss. It's late."

Lyndsy was furious when she heard that, but she maintained the sweet smile on her face. It hadn't been easy for her to get the opportunity to spend some time alone with Zac, who was drunk—a state she could take advantage of to do whatever she wanted. She had it all planned out, but unfortunately, someone else was in the house, contrary to her expectations.

And it was obvious he wanted her to leave!

'Leave? Are you kidding me? I finally have an

opportunity, and you think I'd give it up so easily?'

"I'm okay. Zac is drunk, so I have to take care of him. I'm his girlfriend, after all," Lyndsy said with a blush.

When Nicholas saw the crimson tinge on her cheeks, he felt disgusted, and his gaze turned fierce.

He didn't think this daughter of the Sampson family would be so shameless. He was almost certain, if memory served him right, that she was nothing to Zac.

"Miss Lyndsy, it's not convenient for you to be here so late at night. You had better go home," Nicholas indifferently replied, still insisting that she leave.

The smile on Lyndsy's face collapsed, and a trace of anger flashed in her eyes. She wanted to curse him but exercised restraint to protect her image.

"Bye, Miss Lyndsy," Nicholas said with a cold glance. Without waiting for her to reply, he walked over and helped Zac to his room.

He knew what she wanted to do and wouldn't let it happen.

Lyndsy trembled in anger as Nicholas helped Zac to his room. Too angry to say anything, she stamped her feet twice, holding back the urge to rush forward and knock Nicholas out so that she could go to the room with Zac.

"You son of a bitch!" Lyndsy swore under her breath. She gritted her teeth in anger before turning around and leaving in a huff.

Her plan had failed again—this time, because of Nicholas. She silently swore that she would never let

him go if she became Zac's girlfriend someday. 'How dare he spoil my plan!' she fumed.

Nicholas' expression was still cold when he finally laid Zac down on the bed. He walked back out but didn't see Lyndsy; only then did his face return to normal.

"That woman isn't simple," he muttered in a tone of disgust. Having watched what happened, he knew Lyndsy would already be in bed with Zac if he weren't there.

After thinking about this for a short while, he sighed and murmured, "What a mess."

Zac loved Patricia, but she wanted him to stay away from her. Lyndsy loved Zac and wanted nothing more than to be with him, but he had no feelings for her.

What a mess!

Tired from the previous day's events, Patricia slept soundly and woke up at dawn.

After a comfortable bath and a sumptuous breakfast, she headed to the office and resumed working on yesterday's unfinished tasks. The manager, who was unhappy about the carry-over, dropped by to scold her for it.

Patricia finished everything at noon and submitted them to the disgruntled manager. Then, having decided to go out for lunch, she arranged her desk and left.

When she came downstairs, she ran into Johnny, who she hadn't expected to see.

The moment she saw him, her lips parted, and the name she habitually called him by almost escaped

them. However, she held back and pondered silently for a few moments. "Mr. Reynolds," she respectfully said in greeting after collecting her thoughts.

Johnny looked over, and a slight smile broke his solemn expression as he said, "Hello, Patricia. Are you free now?"

Patricia nodded. She knew that only a matter pertaining to Tina, Zac, or Kareem would be behind Johnny's visit today.

"Yes, I'm free," she replied with a staid gaze and a polite smile.

The duo went to a western-themed restaurant near the company, which would allow Patricia to return to work quickly after lunch. Johnny also planned to iron out the issue as soon as possible.

Patricia was starving, as she had worked all morning. She ordered Italian noodles, and the moment a waiter served her meal, she began to eat.

Johnny ordered a cup of coffee and sipped it quietly while watching her eat. It didn't bother Patricia, though; she was more concerned with filling up her stomach.

When she finished her meal, Johnny placed his cup and looked at her calmly. He reached into his jacket and took a cheque out.

"Patricia, this is my gift to you," he said, smiling as he raised the cheque.

'Gift?' Patricia wondered, visibly puzzled. When she saw the look in his eyes, she understood what he meant.

"Mr. Reynolds, please don't," she coldly replied. Although he had spoken in a friendly manner, she knew he wanted the same thing Joanne did—to buy her off with money.

"No, please take it. It's just a little gift," Johnny insisted and stuffed the cheque into her hand.

Patricia frowned and threw the cheque back at him. "Mr. Reynolds, I believe you have misunderstood something," she coldly said with a fierce scowl.

She had always respected Johnny. He was nice to her back when she lived in the Reynolds household. Back then, whenever Tina picked on her, he would come to the rescue.

She didn't wish to argue with him because of the respect she had for him.

"Mr. Reynolds, just say what you want," she coldly said, awaiting his reply with bated breath.

It was obvious that he was here to ask her for something.

Johnny nodded gently and decided not to stand on ceremony any longer.

"Patricia, I hope you can leave here," he said in a serious tone and handed her back the cheque. "This is five million. If you don't think this is enough, we can discuss further."

Patricia's eyes went wide with shock. She didn't understand why he wanted her to leave. She lived here, so why should she leave?

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Chapter 265 We Can Never Be Together



Seeming to realize her confusion, Johnny looked at her sharply and went straight to the point. "Patricia, I don't want my sons to go against each other because of a woman. You may feel very satisfied watching multiple men fight over you, but the way I see it, your behavior is no different from... Anyway, it's shameless."

Although Johnny did not directly call her a bitch, Patricia knew that it was what he really meant.

It turned out that even Johnny thought lowly of her. She did nothing but live her life. But why did everyone think she was a shameless woman?

With a sneer, Patricia stared back at Johnny with equal coldness in her eyes and said, "I won't leave. I have nothing to do with your sons. If you feel ashamed for them, you should teach them what to do. They are your sons, anyway."

After casting a disdainful glance at him, Patricia turned around and strode away like she didn't care about what Johnny thought of her. The respect she had for him was now all gone.

Watching her receding figure, Johnny frowned. Solving this problem was not as easy as he thought it would be.

Judging from the way Patricia looked when she mentioned his two sons, Johnny realized that they were to be blamed, not her.

However, Zac and Kareem both made it clear that they wanted to win her heart. Since talking to Patricia didn't work, Johnny didn't know what else to do.

From the Western restaurant where she met Johnny, Patricia quickly returned to the company. No one was in the office when she arrived. She stared blankly at the ceiling, not knowing what to say or think. All she knew was that all these things that had been happening were draining her soul.

This was what she was thinking when a gentle voice came to her ears. She didn't have to look at him to know who he was, which made her sigh.

Why couldn't he just leave her alone?

Left without a choice, Patricia took away her gaze from the ceiling and turned to Kareem, who was walking towards her with a gentle smile on his face.

She smiled helplessly and said in a low voice, "Please stop, Kareem. You already know what I think."

The smile on Kareem's face froze for a moment and his eyes became empty. As soon as he came back to his senses, he quickly walked up to her and gently handed her the takeout food in his hand.

"Patricia, you must be hungry now. Please eat this." Kareem looked at her gently, as if he didn't hear what she had said just now.

Because of this, Patricia frowned and felt even more helpless. If this went on, he would never give up on pursuing her. She felt that it was necessary to make it clear to him again.

"Kareem, listen to me..." But before she could say anything, Kareem stopped her at once.

"Patricia, about what happened yesterday... I know that my mother has gone too far. But I hope you can forget everything she said to you." Obviously, Kareem was trying to avoid what she was trying to say.

Noticing his attempt to change the topic, Patricia felt melancholic. She really didn't know what to do with him. Why couldn't he listen to her and face the fact that she would never be with him?

Afraid of seeing rejection and pity in her eyes, Kareem subconsciously looked away.

Although he understood what she meant, he still didn't want to give up. He really had no plan on giving up on her.

In the end, Patricia couldn't take it anymore. She grabbed his arms and made him look straight into her eyes.

She took a few deep breaths, calming herself down. She thought she must make it clear to him this time.

"Kareem, I know you know what I want to say. You can't run away from it forever. We can never be together. I am begging you... Don't do this anymore. You will only end up hurting yourself."

As she spoke, Patricia tightened her grip on his arms, begging him to take her advice.

Stunned by her straightforwardness, Kareem finally looked into her eyes. A hint of disbelief and sadness could be seen through his own eyes.

From the very beginning, he knew that she didn't like him and that she didn't want to be with him, but what could he do? His stubborn heart just didn't want to give up.

"Patricia, I... "

"Please stop, Kareem. Whatever it is that you feel for me, it will pass soon. Maybe after a while, you will realize that I'm not as good as you think." In Patricia's mind, she was begging God to help Kareem realize that it was best to give up as early as now.

But Kareem had no intention to listen to her at all. He removed her hands that were holding him and clasped her arm, upset. "Patricia, I'm serious about you."

Seeing the expression on his face, Patricia couldn't help but feel guilty. She felt as if she had made a mistake. She thought she could get rid of him by being straightforward. She didn't expect that it would rouse his courage and make him more determined.

"Kareem, listen to me..."

"There is no need to say anything more. I totally get your point. But I'm telling you, I'm serious about you and I will never give up so easily." Right after finishing his words, Kareem put down the lunch box he was holding and turned around to leave.

His determination left Patricia speechless for a while.

When she regained her composure, she shouted at Kareem's back, "Kareem, where are you going?" Somehow, Patricia suddenly had a feeling of uneasiness. She felt that things had become worse.

"Patricia, don't worry. I will ask for my mother's blessing so we can be together."

Leaving her no chance to refute, Kareem quickly walked away.

Unable to believe what she had heard, Patricia was stunned. She had to blink a few times before she finally came back to her senses.

'Is he...?'

At the thought of this, Patricia was vexed.

Meanwhile, being kicked out by Nicholas last night, Lyndsy felt that she could no longer sit still and wait in silence for another chance. Besides, her mother's words made her come up with a perfect plan.

Glancing at Joanne from the corner of her eyes, Lyndsy took a sip of her tea. She chuckled inwardly when she saw the expression on her face.

"Mrs. White, you don't look well. Is there anything bothering you?" There was a fake concern in Lyndsy's

eyes when she looked at Joanne. At the same time, she tried to cheer her up by handing her the gift she brought.

"Mrs. White, my mother asked me to give this to you. She said that this is best for health." Pretending to be considerate, Lyndsy smiled.

It was early in the morning when she decided go pay Joanne a visit.

Needless to say, she had an ulterior motive.

Sadness crossed Joanne's eyes. She felt even more depressed looking at the beautiful and young Lyndsy.

She had always liked Lyndsy and even wanted her to be a part of their family. However, Jack was a stubborn child. He only liked Patricia and couldn't give up on her, which irritated Joanne. She was so

stressed that she couldn't eat anything recently.

"Lyndsy, you are so thoughtful." At the back of her mind, Joanne wished that Jack could marry Lyndsy. The more she looked at her, the more she grew fond of her, unlike Patricia, who did nothing but make her blood boil.

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Chapter 266 Join Hands



Lyndsy pretended that something suddenly came in her mind. "By the way, Auntie, where's Jack?" she asked suspiciously.

Joanne felt annoyed at the mention of his son's name.

"Jack went out early in the morning. I didn't even see him leave. He must've gone to that bitch again," she grumbled

She was fuming when she spoke. How she wished her son would stop obsessing over that woman.

Upon hearing this, Lyndsy's face suddenly lit up. "It seems that Jack's love for my sister is true. I heard that he proposed to her before. They're getting married."

Lyndsy pretended not to know about everything. However, what she had said was like rubbing into Joanne's wounds.

Joanne could not help but frown and be morose. She sighed repeatedly in exasperation and said, "Lyndsy, to tell you the truth, I don't like Patricia. She hooks up with many men, including Zac and Kareem. Everyone

knows how Kareem is fascinated by that bitch. To think that even Jack is her victim! Just thinking of this makes me..."

Joanne stopped, unable to continue what she had to say any longer. It was not until she noticed Lyndsy's expression that she remembered what Lyndsy and Zac's relationship was.

At that moment, Lyndsy's head was lowered, and she seemed to be despondent. Seeing this, Joanne swallowed hard and comforted her. "Don't be sad, Lyndsy. You're better than Patricia. I'm sure a bitch like her will suffer in the end."

Lyndsy slowly lifted her gaze and forced a smile. However, dejection could still be seen on her face.

"Auntie, let's not talk about that anymore. By the way, this is great for replenishing energy and health." As

Lyndsy spoke, she handed the gift box to Joanne.

Just as Joanne took it, a small package fell. She and Lyndsy exchanged nervous glances upon seeing it.

"Lyndsy..." Joanne whispered in bewilderment.

Meanwhile, Lyndsy put on a confused look on her face. She shook her head and replied, "I have no idea either." She feigned confusion, yet there was a smug smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

She knew better than anyone what was inside the package. Since she could not let Zac know that she had taken action against Patricia, she had to let someone else do it for her.

Just as Lyndsy and Yolanda expected, Joanne now loathed Patricia to the core. They knew her character. Joanne might look strong and willful, but she was

actually very easy to manipulate.

"You also don't know about it?" Joanne looked at Lyndsy in bewilderment, but she was not at all suspicious of her. She wanted to open the package as soon as she could and see its contents.

Seeing that Joanne was about to open the package, Lyndsy suddenly cautioned, "Be careful. It might be a trap." There was a hint of fear on her face when she spoke, but she hoped that Joanne would open the package immediately.

Joanne ignored Lyndsy's warning and opened the package. The instant she saw the contents, her eyes widened in shock. Lyndsy pretended to be in utter disbelief as well.

"This is..." Lyndsy seemed to be incredulous as well. To make her acting more believable, she put on a

pitiful look and let out a sob.

Truth be told, she had already seen what was inside. But, of course, she had to act surprised in front of Joanne to avoid suspicion.

Joanne immediately comforted Lyndsy and asked her not to think about it too much. But she must admit, the first thing that came through her mind was how she would make Patricia leave her son alone.

Lyndsy snickered in secret as she saw Joanne's expression. Her plan had been successful. Now, all she had to do was wait for what would happen next. She could not wait to see how Patricia would try to dodge the bullet next time.

Besides, Zac would not find out that it was her who did it. He would probably think that Joanne had asked someone to do this.

'I'm a genius!' she exclaimed in her heart. She had just perfectly executed her plan.

"Look at this." Joanne looked at Tina with a smile. When she received the package today, Joanne immediately went to the hospital to visit Tina and tell her everything.

Other people might not know this, but Joanne and Tina were good friends. They would talk about everything and even give each other advice.

Tina was appalled when she saw what was in Joanne's hand. She looked at her friend and asked with a frown, "Where did you get this?"

'There was a media blackout yesterday regarding this matter. How did Joanne get this?'

Tina's reaction was not what Joanne was expecting. Her good mood was slightly ruined because of it.

"What do you mean? Tina, we've been friends for a long time. Do you think I'll do something that might harm you? I have no idea who sent this to me, but that's not what matters most. If you don't want to look at this, fine. You can look at the photos instead," Joanne said unhappily.

Tina frowned slightly and pursed her lips. She knew very well what kind of person Joanne was. If she got disappointed or, worse, angry, things would get out of hand.

"Don't be mad," Tina replied softly. But she must admit, she was curious as well. If it were not that important, Joanne would not have come here and shown it to her in person.

Tina was displeased at Patricia as well. How could she not? Kareem was fighting against Zac and Jack over that woman. At the thought of this, Tina felt so mad that she almost jumped out of bed.

"Why does Kareem love that bitch so much? He does everything to be with her every day!"

Joanne was also piqued. In a fit of anger, she hit the table and stood up all of a sudden. "Jack is also obsessed with that bitch! He leaves home early and comes back late at night every single day! Not only that, but he also argues with me sometimes because of her. What do they see in that woman anyway?"

"I know, right? She's such a flirt. She probably has something up her sleeves that makes our sons go crazy over her." Tina was so mad that she gritted her teeth when she spoke. What had happened yesterday suddenly crossed her mind, and it made her even

angrier.

Although Kareem sided with her, she could see that he cared about Patricia so much. He would not have quarreled with her at noon if he did not care about that woman.

"I agree! Anyway, your health is what matters most right now. Don't be so worked up. Besides, dealing with that woman is just a piece of cake. But we have to teach her a lesson as soon as we can, or else she'll always think that everyone loves her and be too proud of herself."

Upon hearing this, Tina looked at Joanne confusedly as though she was trying to figure out what was on her mind.

At that moment, Joanne's lips curled into a sly smile. She winked meaningfully at Tina and whispered

something in her ear.

Tina's mouth fell open, and she asked in disbelief, "Will it work?" She could not help but think that the plan Joanne had proposed wouldn't work.

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Chapter 267 Stay Away



"Of course, it will work. Don't you want to teach that woman a lesson?" Joanne looked at Tina unhappily. It was unusual for her to tell such a good idea to Tina. However, she did not expect that her good friend would doubt it.

Upon hearing this, Tina nodded in agreement. "Okay.

And this..."

"I have a plan." Joanne smiled slyly, and a hint of malice flashed through her eyes. She could not wait to teach Patricia a lesson.

Meanwhile, Patricia should have been in a better mood when Kareem was gone. But for some reason, there was a feeling of dread in her heart as though something unexpected would happen soon.

Just as she was about to pack her things and get off work, she received a strange call. She did not even answer it and just hung up.

To her surprise, her phone rang again and again. It seemed that the person on the other end of the line really wanted to talk to her. So, on the fourth call, Patricia decided to answer it.

Before she could say anything, Tina's gentle voice came through the phone. "Miss Sampson, are you free today? Can we talk?"

Patricia was taken aback, and her mouth fell open in disbelief. She thought she had heard it wrong. Tina sounded so friendly. For all Patricia knew, Tina would never talk to her like that.

"Miss Sampson..." Tina called as she did not hear from Patricia for a moment.

It was only then that Patricia came to her senses. "Mrs. Reynolds, if you have anything to say, say it now on the phone," she replied in her usual cold and indifferent voice.

She was not a fool. She knew that Tina would not be nice to her for no reason.

"If you don't want to meet me, fine, I won't force you. But, I'm not sure what your mother will go through if I post these photos in my hand." Tina hung up the phone as soon as she finished speaking and did not even explain what she meant by that.

Her words left Patricia at a loss. Her eyes were wide in shock, and what Tina had said echoed in her mind.

'Photos? What photos?'

She bit her lower lip and felt restless. She was worried about her mother's safety when Tina mentioned the photos. Of course, she did not want her mother to be punished again.

At that moment, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath as trepidation loomed over her. When she opened them, she figured that she had no choice but go to the hospital just as Tina had asked.

Her car passed the traffic light. Behind her, a Porsche quickly U-turned and followed her.

Although it was only for a fleeting moment, Zac saw the anxious look on Patricia's face. He wondered if something bad was happening to her.

Even though he had no idea what had happened, he could not help but be upset as well.

While he was tailing Patricia's car, he decided to call her. "What happened?" he murmured to himself.

Unfortunately, she did not answer his call, and it irked him. Even though she had said a lot of awful things to him last night, he still wanted to see her today.

Patricia rushed to Tina's ward as soon as she arrived at the hospital. She fell stunned when she saw Tina

and Joanne together, chatting and laughing merrily. But then she bit her lower lip and regained her composure immediately.

"Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. White, why do you want to see me?"

The instant she saw them, she knew that Tina was not the only one who wanted to see her, but Joanne as well.

"Since you're smart, we won't beat around the bush," Tina and Joanne said at the same time. With a sly smile, they threw the photos on the table and let Patricia have a look at them.

"Now that you've seen it, you should know what to do." The two looked at her with disdain.

"You..." Patricia uttered while glaring at the two old

women. However, she was too angry to say a word. With wide eyes, she cast a glance at the photos on the table.

The photos were of her talking with Zac, Kareem, and Jack on separate occasions.

In all honesty, Patricia did not care if someone had taken photos of her with those three. What she was worried about was her mother's safety. She suddenly felt a sharp pang in her heart as she recalled how her mother was punished in the dark.

"Well, we just want to ask you one thing. Stay away from Jack and Kareem. It's not that hard, is it?"

Joanne sardonically asked while looking at Patricia with disgust. How she wished Patricia would disappear from their world soon.

Meanwhile, Tina looked at Patricia fiercely as though

belittling her.

To their surprise, Patricia sneered and looked back at them coldly.

She was well aware that Tina and Joanne wanted her to get lost. However, she was no longer the Patricia they used to know. She was not a pushover, and she would not let anyone bully her anymore. She had learned her worth, and nobody could stop her from doing anything she wanted.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that," Patricia coldly replied while staring at them with her cold, icy gaze.

Joanne could not help but gasp in shock. She rushed towards Patricia and raised her hand to slap her.

"You bitch! How dare you disobey us?"

Just as Joanne's palm was about to land on Patricia's face, Patricia grabbed Joanne's wrist, deflecting her attack. "Mrs. White, I'm not your servant. You can't scold or hit me just because I don't want to do as you say." Patricia shook off Joanne's hand and raised her chin arrogantly

Joanne staggered a few steps back when Patricia suddenly let go of her. In a fit of anger, she stepped forward to fight with Patricia but stopped upon seeing Tina's meaningful glance.

It was not until then that Joanne remembered their purpose. She could not let her impetuosity spoil her plan.

To suppress her anger, she bit her lower lip and glanced at the door as though waiting for someone.

Patricia pursed her lips as she noticed Joanne's gaze.

But instead of looking at Joanne, she shifted her attention to Tina.

Just now, she saw in Tina's eyes that she was implying something.

But before Patricia could come to her senses, Tina threatened, "Patricia, what do you think will happen to Giselle if we hand these photos to the media? I've heard that she isn't having a great time in the Lowell family recently." A playful smile tugged at Tina's mouth when she spoke.

Patricia fumed with anger upon hearing what Tina had said. That was what she was worried about. She did not care if bad things were to happen to herself. But, it would be another story if her mother was the one at stake. If that happened...

Patricia's heart sank as she thought that these photos

could bring harm to her mother. At that moment, she lowered her head as she pondered about how she would deal with this matter.

As Tina and Joanne saw the glum look on Patricia's face, they smiled smugly at each other. They had been wishing that Patricia would soon disappear. It seemed that they would not have to wait long for that to happen.

"Patricia, in fact..."

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Chapter 268 Patricia Is Mine



A cold and domineering voice reverberated the instant Tina finished speaking, attracting the attention of everyone around.

"I'll be immensely grateful to you if both Kareem and Jack stop pestering Patricia," Zac said with a faint smile. He placed his arm around Patricia's shoulder and pulled her close, emphasizing his point.

"Patricia is mine. Naturally, I'm bothered by other men trying to hit on her." His smile oozed confidence as he surveyed everyone with an unreadable gaze.

Patricia frowned slightly and looked up at Zac with a puzzled expression. "Why are you here, Zac? What are you up to?"

"I mean what I say." Zac looked at her, and his gaze softened as he flashed her a gentle smile.

Patricia's cheeks reddened unnaturally fast, and she quickly looked away. She hadn't been this close to him in a while and was caught off guard by how handsome he looked.

She just couldn't understand how a man whose expression was naturally cold could look this handsome.

Zac saw the red tinge on her cheeks out of the corner of his eye, and his lips curled up into a light smile; he was pleased. His gaze shifted back to Tina and Joanne, both of whom were frowning.

"What? I'm telling the truth. Patricia is mine. Aren't you afraid of getting laughed at because your sons keep bothering my wife?"

Joanne's brows twitched in anger, and she retorted, "Your wife? Spare us your jokes, Zac. Everyone

knows you and Patricia are divorced." Her words and facial expression were laced with utter disdain, which she didn't bother to hide.

Tina took a step forward and said, "Zac, if you decide to remarry her, I know I won't be able to change your mind. But she has cheated on you, and..." She was speaking slowly. Her demeanor was quite different from how it was only moments ago. However, it was easy to understand what she was implying—

Patricia wasn't worthy of becoming his wife again.

"I didn't know you two weren't any different from those gossiping women," Patricia said with a sneer. Her gaze, which was now fixed on the two women, had turned ice-cold.

Naturally, she knew what they meant. Moreover, it was obvious that they had said all that just to

humiliate her.

The verbal jab infuriated Tina and Joanne, but they couldn't retort, choosing only to glare at Patricia.

"I have said everything I need to say, so I'll take my leave now. Excuse me," Patricia said, without waiting for a reply. She turned around. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw, for a moment, the incriminating photos on the table.

Although Tina and Joanne had spoken with malice, they were still right. If they gave the media those photos, all hell would break loose...

"Patricia, aren't you afraid we'll hand these photos over to the media? Heh, what do you think will happen to Giselle?" Joanne chuckled spitefully, waving the photos to accentuate her threat.

Patricia froze and quickly turned around. Her eyes widened in surprise, and she couldn't help but panic.

The fear in her eyes made Zac surprised. He looked at the photos carefully and realized he had overlooked them. All his focus had been on Patricia.

He frowned in anger because they had just threatened Patricia with the photos. "How dare you threaten her!" he roared as his cold eyes flashed like lightning. He marched over to Joanne and yanked the photos out of her hand.

Alarmed, Tina rushed over and tried to get them back from him.

A brief tussle ensued, and Tina got the photos back. However, she slipped in the process and hit the edge of the bed. The pain made her yelp.

"Zac, are you trying to murder your mother?" Joanne screamed as she rushed over. Tina grimaced as she tried to help her stand up.

Zac sneered. Just when he was about to retort, a shadow arced through the air and struck him.

He grunted in pain and stumbled a few steps backward. Warm liquid which tasted like metal pooled up in his mouth; it was blood. The unseen punch had struck his jaw squarely.

He turned around and saw Kareem glaring at him with balled fists. It was obvious the punch had come from him.

"Zac, you—"

"It was just an accident," Zac said, wiping the blood off his lips. In the past, he wouldn't have tried

explaining things.

Kareem was burning with anger. He had clearly seen Zac push his mother. He raised his fist and charged forward.

A smug smile appeared on Tina's face. She wanted Kareem to beat Zac up, as only that would pacify the anger in her heart. 'How dare he hit me?' she fumed.

Patricia frowned. She couldn't help but wonder how Tina, their mother, could sit by and watch the men fight each other.

"Stop it, you two!" she bellowed, her body trembling in anger.

Both men paused in mid-swing and looked at her. It almost seemed they were ready to resume their brawl at a moment's notice.

The odd look on their faces left Patricia surprised. She sighed helplessly, unsure of how to proceed.

"Is this really necessary?"

"Is it not?" Zac and Kareem both growled at each other, identical scowls of fury on their faces. They looked ready to beat each other up.

The corners of Patricia's lips curled up into a helpless smile. She was the one with the problem here, so why had things turned out this way?

"Never mind, keep fighting." A deep voice suddenly rang out. Before Patricia could look around, her wrist was grabbed, and she was pulled away.

Zac and Kareem were stunned and didn't react immediately. The desire to battle was still bubbling

within them.

However, it evaporated in the next second as both men snapped out of their reverie. "Patricia!" they exclaimed at the same time. Their feet moved at the same time, and they dashed toward her.

However, the person had already pulled Patricia out of the ward. It was Jack. He was leading her away at top speed.

"Jack..." Patricia gasped upon realizing it was him pulling her arm.

"You..." Jack suddenly looked back at her with a warped expression. It was as though he couldn't talk because they were being chased by ruthless gangsters.

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Chapter 269 Let Go Of Her



"Patricia, why are you here? Have you forgotten that Mrs. Reynolds doesn't like you?" Jack couldn't help but be worried about Patricia, especially knowing that his own mother was also here.

After all, he knew that his mother was somewhat close to Tina. That was why he wouldn't be surprised if the two worked together to pick on Patricia.

He didn't know what had happened, but there was one thing he was sure of: he had to get Patricia out of there.

Both Zac and Kareem were there. They fought over

Patricia again. If this matter spread out to the public, her reputation would only get worse.

Tired from all the running, Patricia gasped for air. She looked at Jack in confusion and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"If I didn't come, you would just stand there and let them bully you, wouldn't you?" This thought irritated Jack the most.

If he hadn't accidentally seen her when she was on her way to the hospital, he wouldn't even know what was going on. How could he not be angry?

For a moment, Patricia was confused with what he said, and then she chuckled. "It's not what you think. In fact..."

Before Patricia could finish what she was saying, Zac

and Kareem had caught up with them. The two of them shouted, "Jack, stop! Let go of Patricia!"

Without giving her a chance to resist, Jack made Patricia get in the car. Then he sat on the driver's seat and drove off, leaving Zac and Kareem.

The two who were left behind didn't waste time and got in their cars and followed them.

"Jack, slow down." Shocked with the unexpected turn of events, Patricia didn't know what to do. She kept glancing at the Porsche and BMW that were chasing after them through the rearview mirror, worried that something bad might happen.

"It's okay. Patricia. Don't worry. I won't let them catch you." Obviously, Jack read the expression on her face wrong. He thought Patricia was worried that the two would catch up with them. So he hit the gas, looking

at the two cars far away behind them.

This race was unnecessary, but this meant so much to Jack. He couldn't let Zac or Kareem take Patricia away from him. He didn't want to.

Helpless, Patricia pursed her lips and hoped for the best. Worry was written all over her face. Jack had gone too far, and she was afraid that Joanne would blame this on her again.

What she was more worried of was that they might get caught up in an accident if he continued to drive too fast.

Soon, Zac's Porsche sped up and was on par with them. When he saw Patricia sitting in the passenger seat, he got so angry that he honked the horn and shouted, "Jack, stop the car! Let go of her!"

Watching his woman being taken away by another man was a huge blow to Zac's ego. He chased Jack because of his dignity as a man and because he was mad that someone was trying to steal Patricia from him.

There was nothing else Patricia could do except signaling Zac to slow down and stop chasing them.

On the other hand, Jack sneered and stepped on the accelerator once again, instantly putting a distance between them and Zac.

Fear began to creep into Patricia's heart when Jack did this. She looked at Jack to say something but her attention was stolen by Zac and Kareem who already caught up. At the same time, she saw a truck in front of them.

"Jack!" The car was filled with Patricia's screams. She

wanted to ask Jack to look ahead and avoid the truck, but unexpectedly, he loosened his hands on the steering wheel and quickly unfastened his seat belt. Then he opened his arms and hugged her head, blocking her body with his.

The violent collision could no longer be dodged. Before Patricia could say anything, the car had been hit by the truck. Zac's and Kareem's cars also crashed one after another. The four of them were injured and sent to the hospital.

The moment Tina and Joanne heard that Kareem and Jack had a car accident and were rushed to the hospital, their initial thought was that it was Patricia's fault. They blamed and resented her, but they were also worried about their sons' safety.

Now, they had more reasons to despise Patricia. They wanted her to disappear from this world.

"What a bitch! She seduced my son. And now she got him in an accident..." Out of anger, Joanne kicked the chair near her. If Patricia were in front of her, she would have slapped her.

"If it weren't for that bitch, this wouldn't have happened!" At the same time, Tina slapped the bed's headboard and gripped the quilt tightly with her other hand. Her eyes were red from anger.

"We can't just sit still and watch her ruin our sons. We must fight back and let that bitch know the consequence of playing them like toys."

It could be told from the look on Joanne's face that she was serious about taking a revenge on Patricia. Tina nodded in agreement right away, thinking about Kareem who was in danger. She was so furious that she wanted to teach the girl a lesson.

Catching a glimpse of the photos on the table, Tina and Joanne smiled at each other. A trace of complacency flashed across their eyes.

Both of them agreed to teach Patricia a lesson that she would never forget.

Meanwhile, when Lyndsy found out that Zac had a car accident because of Patricia, she was enraged. She lost her temper and threw everything she saw on the floor.

At this time, she felt that all her efforts were in vain.

It took her a lot of efforts to collect those photos. She had thought that Joanne and Tina would use them to finally give Patricia what she deserved. But she didn't expect that before they could do that, this would happen.

"Patricia, who do you think you are? You bitch!" Due to overflowing anger in her chest, Lyndsy was panting. Her delicate face looked dark, which was far different from her angelic image. She looked at the mess she caused in front of her, not feeling anything else but anger.

It was impossible for her not to care about this. Not only was Zac seduced by Patricia, but also both Kareem and Jack. Lyndsy felt frustrated and depressed that those three men fell in love with a woman like her.

'What is so good about Patricia anyway? Why couldn't they look at me instead?'

Compared with Patricia, Lyndsy wasn't that bad. No, as a matter of fact, she was so much better than her, but no one could see that.

"Patricia, you bitch!" As she tore the doll, Lyndsy cursed Patricia's name. How she wished she was ripping that woman's face off instead of this doll!

Watching this scene from the door, Yolanda couldn't help but sigh. She walked up to Lyndsy with melancholy on her face. "Honey, you don't have to be so angry."

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Chapter 270 Injured And Hospitalized



"What?" Lyndsy sneered, looking at Yolanda with disdain. It was as though she had just heard the world's funniest joke.

How could she not be angry? Patricia had won Zac's heart, and Kareem and Jack were on her side. If she wished to do her harm, she would face retaliation from all three men.

"Mother, am I not as good as Patricia? She made Zac fall in love with her, and both Kareem and Jack are smitten with her," Lyndsy lamented. The more she thought, the angrier she became. Dull thuds reverberated around as she stamped her feet twice in annoyance.

Yolanda frowned. She knew Lyndsy was angry, but there was nothing a tantrum could do to resolve the problem at hand; thus, calming down was their best option.

"My good girl, did you forget what I told you?" Yolanda asked, giving Lyndsy a meaningful stare.

She hoped her daughter would quickly pick up on what she was implying.

Lyndsy didn't answer her, though. She was still furious, and there was only one way she could ease her anger: she had to teach Patricia a harsh lesson.

Yolanda frowned when she saw the look in Lyndsy's eyes. However, in her heart, she understood her daughter's frustration.

After all, she had experienced something similar in the past. Back then, she and Sullivan loved each other, and they had planned to get married. However, another woman appeared out of nowhere and took her place, leaving her to lead a life of contempt with Lyndsy.

Yolanda still felt aggrieved and resentful. She would remember it all her life. The harrowing experience

made her feel sorry for her daughter, who was now suffering as much as she had. Her eyes narrowed in anger at the thought. She knew she couldn't allow Lyndsy to continue suffering this way.

"This time, we must teach Patricia and Giselle a lesson, my dear daughter," Yolanda coldly said.

Lyndsy's eyes widened, and a hopeful expression appeared on her face. She looked at Yolanda and asked softly, "Really, Mother?"

"When have I ever lied to you?" Yolanda replied and smiled with confidence. Such a thing wasn't difficult for her to do.

Lyndsy was overjoyed. She grabbed Yolanda's hand in excitement and said, "What will you do, Mother?" Her eyes were sparkling with excitement and expectation. After all, as long as Yolanda took action,

Patricia would be taught a lesson.

Yolanda smiled smugly and replied, "It's simple—ruin Patricia's reputation!" Although she was smiling, her gaze was murderous, and her aura was stifling.

Lyndsy secretly chuckled when she noticed the menacing look in her mother's eyes. She couldn't wait to watch Patricia's reputation collapse.

In a silent ward elsewhere, Patricia groaned as she slowly opened her eyes. It was already nighttime on the next day. Her injuries were minor, and bits and pieces of memory were coming back to her. She had instinctively pushed Jack away when he tried to protect her, causing her to hit her head and suffer a slight concussion.

With immense effort, she tried to look around, but her vision was blurry. Then a low chuckle suddenly rang

out from a corner of the room, jolting her out of her reverie. It was a laugh she found familiar, so she turned her head and looked towards its source.

"Jack..." Patricia feebly called out. She blinked repeatedly, and her vision began to clear up. Soon, she could see the man clearly.

There was a bandage wrapped around Jack's head, and his arms were encased in casts. His face and hands were riddled with scars.

When Patricia saw his injuries, she pursed her lips. It was moving to see how kind he was to her.

When she was in danger, Jack had tried his best to protect her; for this, she was grateful to him. At that moment, she couldn't help but think that she might have married Jack if she hadn't met Zac.

However, that was just an assumption, and there were many things in the world that assumptions couldn't be used to judge.

"Were you moved by me yesterday?" Jack asked with a small laugh. The intense stare he was giving Patricia made him seem love-struck.

Patricia burst into laughter and playfully replied, "Yes, I was sincerely moved." It was the truth; his act of bravery moved her. However, what she felt at that moment was gratitude to him, not love.

She wanted to make this clear to him, so she only thanked him and said nothing else.

"Are you obsessed with me now?" Jack asked in a teasing tone. His index finger touched his thumb as he raised his eyebrows at her.

Patricia smiled and nodded, to Jack's immense surprise. If Jack were to protect any other woman the same way, she would definitely be smitten and might even wish to marry him.

"Did you—"

"You ask too many questions," said a deep voice from the doorway, brutally interrupting the pleasant conversation. Patricia and Jack turned around and saw Zac standing by the door with a fierce expression.

The smile on Patricia's face made him feel very jealous.

For a long time now, whenever he was around her, all she had on her face was an icy expression. She often spoke coldly to him, too. The radiant smile was always nowhere to be seen whenever he was around.

When Jack saw the unwelcome visitor, he frowned and hissed, "Zac, what are you doing here?"

It seemed he wanted nothing more than to throw Zac out. Jack didn't want to see him at all.

Zac didn't even spare him a glance, neither did he reply.

Although the car accident was no one's fault, Patricia blamed herself for it. However, if Zac hadn't caught up with her, things might not have turned out the way they did.

"You're not welcome here. Please leave," Jack growled, apparently displeased that he was ignored.

Zac scowled at him briefly and shifted his gaze to Patricia. He stared at her deeply for a few moments; it

seemed as though he wished to decipher her thoughts.

"I'm here to visit Patricia," Zac replied dismissively. He ignored Jack's glare and walked towards Patricia.

His injury was as serious as Jack's. His left arm was in a cast, and shallow scars littered his right arm. It seemed something had cut him.

When Patricia noticed Zac's injuries, she was a little stunned. Suddenly, blurry memory fragments appeared in her mind, and in them, she could hear a familiar, albeit muffled, voice.

When the car got into an accident, someone had busted the window and pulled her out. The mysterious savior whispered something in her ear, but she couldn't remember it.

Angry voices suddenly rose above the din as Jack and Zac argued between themselves. The noise interrupted Patricia's recollection.

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