

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 121

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Patricia was curious to know who the voice belonged to, but her vision was so blurry she couldn't identify who the person was.

She simply knew that their figure seemed familiar.

Unfortunately, before she could see the person's face clearly, Patricia fainted.

Lyndsy was fraught with rage as she glared at the individual in front of her with displeasure.

"Mom, what are you doing here?"

At that moment, Yolanda was the last person she wanted to see.

'She thinks I don't know she poisoned the killer I had hired.

But why would she do that?' Lyndsy didn't understand her mother's actions, but she knew that Yolanda didn't want her to take revenge.

'Not taking revenge...is that even possible? I absolutely loathe Patricia for disgracing me at the birthday party and taking Zac away from me.If it wasn't for Patricia, Zac would have already belonged to me.How could he refuse me in public? It is Patricia who has caused me so much pain and humiliation.Both in the past and now, it has all been caused by that bitch.If Patricia could only disappear, my life would be so different!'

"Stop, Lyndsy! You don't need to do this!"

Concerned about Lyndsy's safety, Yolanda couldn't help but look at her daughter with worry in her eyes.

If she wasn't distressed about Lyndsy's wellbeing, she wouldn't have followed her here.

The sight before her eyes wasn't one she had expected to see, though.

Yolanda didn't think that Lyndsy would really try to kill Patricia.

Seeing Patricia's pale face out of the corner of her eye, Yolanda was surprised and asked gingerly, "Is she..."

'Is this bitch, Patricia, dead? If so, Lyndsy will be held liable.By then... ' The more Yolanda thought about it, the worse she felt.

'It isn't that I don't want Lyndsy to take her revenge. I remember clearly the humiliation Lyndsy and I suffered at the birthday party because of Patricia. I hate Patricia to the very core of my being. And I will settle the old and new scores together. But I wouldn't risk my life because of this. There are many ways to take revenge, and there is no need to do it by myself.'

This is how Yolanda thought, but Lyndsy saw things differently.

She felt that Yolanda's attempt to stop her meant she was unwilling to let Lyndsy have her revenge.

"Mom, don't stop me. I will kill Patricia today!"

Lyndsy viciously spat those words out as if her happiness was dependent on Patricia's death.

Yolanda became terrified when she heard her daughter's proclamation.

Walking quickly over to Lyndsy, she grabbed her by the wrist and said, "Do you really think this is the best way to take revenge? If you kill Patricia now, what will you do in the future? Do you really think you can live a better life than Patricia in the future?"

Yolanda's words calmed Lyndsy down enough for her to realize something important.

'If I take Patricia's life, she will be relieved to be out of her misery, but I will be punished by the law. At that time...' This thought made Lyndsy quickly release her hold on Patricia.

Standing beside Yolanda, she cast her fear-stricken eyes on her mother and asked, "Mom, what should we do now? Many people saw me when I came here, and..."

"Don't worry. I'll take care of it. For now, let's get out of here."

Yolanda then nudged Lyndsy out of the room before the latter could regain her senses.

There was no one in the corridor when they left, and they exited the hospital through the back door.

This was a blind spot for the CCTV cameras, so Yolanda knew they could escape without being spotted.

Apart from that, Yolanda bribed someone to tamper with the CCTV footage as well.

So, even if Zac wanted to check the video footage, he wouldn't find anything useful.

In walked Dora with Patricia's medication shortly after Yolanda and Lyndsy's departure.

Dora was preparing to change Patricia's dressing when she noticed Patricia's pale complexion.

Stunned by this sight, she fled the room and ran straight to the doctor's office.

After she notified the doctor, Dora called Zac and informed him of the situation.

Patricia was already in the operating room when Zac arrived.

"How is Patricia?" asked Zac, looking nervously at Dora.

'I only left for a short period, but such a thing has occurred. What on earth have the people that I sent here been doing? They couldn't even protect Patricia when someone took the opportunity to sneak in during my absence!' The more Zac thought about it, the angrier he became.

In a fit of rage, he punched the thick walls with his fist.

'If only I hadn't left, then perhaps Patricia wouldn't have been in such a dire position now.' Dora wanted to offer Zac some comforting words to ease his mind but stopped after giving it a second thought.

Instead, she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Reynolds. This is all my fault for not taking good enough care of Miss Patricia. Thinking that she was resting in her room, I left her side and returned to the infirmary to resume my duties."

Dora couldn't help crying as she spoke to Zac.

She was perturbed about Patricia's safety and thought that she was to blame for Patricia's condition worsening.

Hearing this, Zac raised his hand slowly, gesturing for Dora to stop talking.

As distressed as he was, he told her, "This wasn't your fault. You don't have to blame yourself."

Zac patted Dora on the shoulder, a tacit indication that she shouldn't blame herself anymore.

For this matter, Zac believed that it was solely his fault that Patricia ended up in this state.

'If I hadn't been angry with Patricia and left at that time, such a thing wouldn't have happened to her.'

Taking his words to heart, Dora nodded and said cautiously, "Mr.Reynolds, don't be too sad.Miss Patricia will be fine.God will bless her."

But Dora couldn't help but lower her head as she spoke.

She was fraught with concern.

And although she said such words to Zac, she knew that Patricia's old wound hadn't healed yet, so it would be very troublesome if she got a new wound.

Moreover, not long after the operation, Patricia was hit again...

Seeing Dora's expression, Zac knew exactly what she meant.

But this time, he was afraid that Patricia's life would be in danger.

'If anything happens to Patricia, I will never let the one who hurt her go!' Suddenly, Zac clenched his fists so tightly that there were blue veins on the back of his hands and a strong murderous look in his eyes.

At that moment, the hospital director respectfully walked up to Zac, and with an apologetic look, whispered, "Mr.Reynolds, well..."

"How was the CCTV footage? Did you see who the perpetrator was?" asked Zac in a cold tone.

The director lowered his head when he heard Zac's question and said in a trembling voice, "We did not see anyone else in the room.Miss Sampson might have fallen down by accident."

'No one else was in the room? She might have fallen down accidentally?' Zac didn't believe what the director said at all.

How could a cautious person like Patricia be so careless? Seeing the disbelief on Zac's face, the director fearfully took a step back.

He wanted to say something, but he didn't dare open his mouth.

He could only stand there silently.

"Are you telling me the truth?"

Zac asked in a low voice, looking suspiciously at the director.

Looking Zac in the eye, the director nodded cautiously and said with trepidation, "Yes, I am, Mr.Reynolds.I didn't lie to you.How about I show you today's video footage?"

The director felt helpless.If possible, he would like to leave quickly.

Zac nodded his agreement to the director's question while giving him a cold look, an indication for him to leave.

Seeing this, the director immediately left.

He was afraid that if he stayed any longer, he would be scolded by Zac.

After the director left, Zac's eyes turned towards the light of the operating room.

His heart was about to beat right out of his chest.

He was worried stiff about Patricia's safety and if she would make it through this operation.

'If she really did hurt her spine, then that would be a grave matter.' Zac was afraid that in the future...

Thinking of this, Zac shook his head violently to dispel the uneasy thoughts running through his mind.

He looked at the operating room with a worried face, waiting anxiously for Patricia to come out.

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Zac and Dora stood outside the operating room, looking worried. They had been outside for so long that they had lost track of time.

At first, they kept looking at the door light anxiously, but now they were just sad.

Their forlorn disposition made it appear as though they were glass panes that would shatter upon touch.

Deep silence had encompassed the passage.

"Mr.Reynolds..."

Dora called out in a low voice as she looked up at her companion, Zac.

When she saw the look of determination on his face, she got more agitated.

It had been six hours since Patricia was wheeled into the operating room six hours too long for Dora.

She didn't even know what was going on with Patricia behind those sturdy doors.

“There’s no need to say it out loud. I know.”

Zac knew what she wanted to say.

He, too, hoped that Patricia could get through this.

Visibly overwhelmed with emotions, Zac turned around, walked to a bench nearby, and sat down.

He lowered his head and balled his trembling hands, trying to stifle the anxiety he felt.

Dora watched him go but said nothing.

She just clasped her hands and said a silent prayer for Patricia that everything would go well and she’d be safe.

A long while later, the light in the operating room finally dimmed.

Zac and Dora shot to their feet and rushed back to the door, eager for someone to come out and tell them how Patricia was doing.

The door they had been watching for hours finally opened, and the young nurse walked out, said in a formal tone, “Dora, the medical disinfectant is not enough. You”

“I understand. I’ll go and get it right away.”

Without waiting for another second, Dora turned around and bolted to the infirmary.

Zac looked at the nurse and asked, “How is she?”

“The patient is in a very unstable condition,” the nurse said, sparing Zac only a casual glance.

Footsteps reverberated around the hall as Dora came sprinting back with a bottle of disinfectant in her hand.

The nurse took the disinfectant and, without another word, went back into the operating room.

Before the panting, albeit stunned, Dora could process what had happened and how swiftly it had, the young nurse came out of the room again, wheeling Patricia on a gurney.

This time, she was accompanied by a doctor.

He walked over to Zac and sighed helplessly.

"Mr.Reynolds, whether or not the patient gets through this difficulty is all up to her now."

Then, the doctor gestured at the nurse to wheel Patricia to the ward.Zac was at a loss for words.

The doctor's words were still ringing loudly in his ears.

His heart thumped loudly, and his vision blurred.

It was as though something important to him was about to disappear, and the image of Patricia crossed his mind.

A few moments later, Zac shook his head to collect his thoughts and walked toward Patricia's ward.

'Please be safe, Patricia.I won't let anything happen to you!' Some time later, Zac was seated beside a hospital bed, looking straight at Patricia.

Every time the patient monitoring bedside machine beeped, his heart would jolt in fear that she would pass on in the blink of an eye.

As his eyes flickered, shifting their focus to Patricia's pale face, a wave of agitation rattled him where he sat.

Unable to sit still any longer, he reached out to hold her wrist.

However, a thought crossed his mind, and his hand froze in midair and stayed suspended for a long time.

Assailed by emotions with depression leading the charge Zac pursed his lips and slowly withdrew his hand.

However, his worry-filled gaze stayed fixed on Patricia.

The bedside monitoring machine was in his field of view, and so was Patricia's slightly protruding back, as she had been made to lie on her stomach.

The sad sight made his heart hurt as if it was stabbed by a knife.

This stabbing pain was something he had never experienced before.

It hurt even more than the pain he faced when he suffered a fracture.

He was in so much pain he could hardly breathe, and felt really dizzy a combination that made him feel as though he'd collapse.

"This torment...Is it what heartache feels like?"

Zac murmured to himself as he stared at Patricia with a sad expression.

When Dora, who was standing by the door, saw Zac's forlorn expression, she sighed.

She watched the pair sadly before leaving the room.

Zac hadn't closed his eyes once since Dora changed Patricia's wound dressing, and his attention had remained fixed on Patricia the entire time.

His deep-set eyes were filled with sadness, and this made Dora's heart hurt.

"Why would anyone let an affectionate man experience something this painful?"

Dora murmured to herself as she walked.

Suddenly, she was taken aback by the sight of a strange man coming her way.

The man walked past her without a word, heading to Patricia's ward.

Dora spun quickly and screamed when her eyes took in the man and his unusual clothes in their entirety.

His colored hair and shiny earrings stood out just as much as his torn trousers did.

She dashed forward to stop his advance.

"Who are you?"

Dora demanded vigilantly as she blocked the strange man's path, scared that he was on his way to do Patricia harm.

Dora didn't believe what the hospital director had said.

He insisted the establishment's CCTV cameras had monitored all visitors but didn't find someone suspicious coming or going into Patricia's ward.

Dora considered Patricia a cautious person who would never do anything dangerous.

Nicholas Thomas laughed when the girl he had just passed rushed over to block him.

His eyes scanned her with curiosity.

After giving the defiant girl a once-over, he found her a little cute and reached out subconsciously to touch her face.

Dora's face flushed with rage.

She instantly slapped the incoming hand away and roared, "You bastard! How dare you..."

"I did nothing. Don't misunderstand me!"

Nicholas raised his hands and laughed casually.

The response pissed Dora off even more.

She glared at the man, ready to let him have it, but Zac, who had left the ward at some point, interrupted her.

"Nicholas, why are you here?"

he asked, fixing Nicholas with a suspicious gaze.

He felt as though something bad had happened.

Startled, Dora looked back at Zac and then back at Nicholas with astonishment as understanding dawned on her.

She lowered her head in embarrassment and apologized, "Sorry, I misunderstood."

With that, she turned around and walked away to Patricia's ward.

It was obvious she didn't intend to stay there for even a second longer.

However, she graced Nicholas with one last glare before disappearing from sight.

Nicholas had smiled when Dora glared at him.

He was inexplicably interested in her.

Zac knew what he was thinking; after all, he could read the man's expression like a book.

However, this was Nicholas' business, so he had no right to interfere.

What he wanted to know, though, was why he had come.

When Nicholas saw Zac's puzzled expression, he quickly walked over and said, "Boss, I found the person you want me to investigate."

Zac was taken aback when he heard that.

His gaze sharply focused on Nicholas as he awaited the rest of the report.

“The phone calls were made from the Sampson family’s mansion, and the footage you sent me has been tampered with. Although I spotted a vague figure in the footage, I couldn’t find the other party’s whereabouts from the CCTV cameras. It’s a dead zone.”

Zac was displeased with what he had heard.

He clenched his fists and pounded the wall in anger.

The unexpected fit of rage made Nicholas take a step back.

He had been with his boss for a long time, and this was the first time he had seen him this mad.

“Boss...” Nicholas gasped, and his smile vanished.

Suddenly, Zac took a deep breath, looked at the man before him coldly and barked, “Nicholas, keep investigating. I will make the Sampson family pay!”

The order stunned Nicholas, and he tried to dissuade Zac.

“Boss, don’t be rash. You know the Sampson family is your wife’s home. If you do this”

His next words got caught in his mouth when he saw the sharp, icy glare being directed his way.

It made him feel awful.

“Nicholas, are you disobeying me?” Zac coldly asked.

“No.”

Nicholas shook his head quickly and hurried to explain.

He was sad on the inside. Had he known better, he would have held his tongue. Now he had irritated his boss.

“Boss, I’ll do it right now. Don’t be angry!”

He left at once after that. It was all he could do.

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After Nicholas left, Zac's face was stiff from anger.

He wanted nothing more than to barge into the Sampson family's home and demand an explanation.

'How dare they hurt my woman like this.' As much as he wanted to make a scene at the Sampson family home, he knew that this alone wouldn't be enough to hold them accountable.

After all, he had no conclusive evidence to back his accusations.

So, if he rushed over there rashly, it could negatively impact the company.

Furthermore, Patricia was not in a stable condition yet, so he couldn't leave her side.

Zac then took a deep breath as he suppressed his anger.

'One day, I will make the Sampson family pay for what they have done!' At that time, Zac didn't realize that someone's furtive eyes were fixed on him.

This man picked up his phone and dialed a number.

After conversing for a bit, the man spying on Zac withdrew from his spot and left.

Conversely, in the living room of the Sampson family's house, Lyndsy eagerly looked at Yolanda as she awaited news on Patricia's condition.

Before they had left the ward, Lyndsy saw that Patricia was on the cusp of dying with her own eyes.

So, Lyndsy knew the chances of her surviving were low.

What she feared the most now was being discovered.

'If it becomes known what I have done to Patricia, then my future... This thought terrified Lyndsy so much that she wrapped her arms around her body as a chill ran down her spine. Noticing Lyndsy's abnormal behavior, Yolanda hung up the phone and asked worriedly, "My dear girl, what's wrong with you?"

'Is Lyndsy afraid of something?' Hearing her mother's voice, Lyndsy came to her senses at once.

Looking at her mother with despair in her eyes, she asked, "Mom, am I going to be found out?"

It was not until this moment that Lyndsy felt a little scared.

When she saw Patricia, all sense of reasoning abandoned her, and she couldn't think of anything else except hurting Patricia.

Hearing this, Yolanda stretched out her arms to hold Lyndsy and gently touched her nose.

"My darling daughter, it's okay. I've got this situation handled. No one knows that you've paid a visit to that bitch."

"Is that true?"

Lyndsy looked at Yolanda suspiciously, her eyes expressing a mixture of both disbelief and hope.

Yolanda nodded firmly, touched the tip of Lyndsy's nose again, and smiling proudly, she said, "And Patricia doesn't stand a chance of surviving!"

A trace of coldness flashed through Yolanda's eyes. Hearing this, Lyndsy burst into laughter.

The unhappiness she had suppressed over the past few days suddenly disappeared.

Lyndsy was elated at the thought of Patricia dying.

She asked, "Mom, are you serious? You're not lying to me, are you?"

Lyndsy held onto Yolanda's hand excitedly, awaiting her answer to confirm what was just said.

Yolanda looked at Lyndsy dotingly and said softly, "My sweet girl, when have I ever lied to you?"

Smiling complacently, Lyndsy nodded.

'Indeed, over the years mom has never lied to me and was able to solve any problem I was faced with.

She really is awesome! Yolanda breathed a sigh of relief as she saw Lyndsy's usual smile return to her charming face.

Thinking back on the birthday party, Yolanda couldn't help but get infuriated.

This time, she would get her revenge for her daughter.

Patricia's death would undoubtedly be a great benefit for Yolanda.

On the one hand, Giselle's world would crumble, and life would become unbearable after losing her daughter.

And on the other hand, Patricia's demise would eliminate the competition and leave Lyndsy as the sole heir to the Sampson family's fortune.

Thinking of this, Yolanda smiled confidently.

Looking at her daughter affectionately, she only wanted to give her the best.

After all, she felt like she owed it to Lyndsy and should make up for the suffering she endured in the past.

However, while she was gazing lovingly at Lyndsy, she got lost in thoughts of her daughter and failed to notice the viciousness secretly hiding behind Lyndsy's eyes.

Lyndsy instantly understood why Patricia claimed her status in the Sampson family on that birthday party.

She realized that even with a bad reputation, Patricia was still a member of the Sampson family.

And before her grandfather had left, it appeared that he had written a will for Patricia.

'At that time, I was still young and didn't know what had happened when I stumbled upon that by accident. But I know better now. And if that bitch, Patricia, wants to acquire the Sampson family's property, then she has another thing coming. I wouldn't let it fall into her hands!'

After returning to the ward, Zac sat there like a stone statue, his eyes focused only on Patricia.

There was a slight frown forming on his brows.

It was as if the weight of the world was on his shoulders.

He held Patricia's wrist tightly with his slender fingers as if he was trying to give her strength. He was worried that she would leave him like this.

The anxiety Zac felt was too much for him to bear.

Suddenly, he felt Patricia's hand grab his wrist.

She gripped his hand so tightly it was almost like she was grasping onto a life preserver.

Zac became alarmed by her movement, but he heard her mutter something before he could do anything.

Zac moved closer to her mouth as he struggled to hear what she was whispering.

“Don’t leave me...”

Hearing what Patricia said in such a weak voice, Zac finally understood what she meant.

He held her hand more tightly and said firmly, “I won’t leave you. I promise!”

However, Patricia didn’t hear anything Zac had said.

She kept repeating those words as if she was stuck in a nightmare.

Her forehead was covered in sweat, and her eyebrows were tightly wrinkled.

“No, I won’t leave you!”

This time, Zac whispered into Patricia’s ear, again and again, as if he wanted to imprint those words on her mind.

Perhaps it was because of Zac’s words or because of the strength his hand provided her, but Patricia frowned, and then her long, thin eyelashes trembled slightly as she slowly opened her eyes.

Patricia wasn’t surprised to see Zac beside her.

Looking expectantly at him, she said, “You’re finally here!”

Zac frowned and rolled his eyes as he heard this.

Then reaching out his hand, he subconsciously touched Patricia’s forehead before gently kissing her.

In a soft voice, he said, “I’m here, Patricia. There’s no need to be afraid.”

With great difficulty, Patricia nodded her acknowledgment of his words.

A faint smile appeared on her lips, but her eyes were clouded with confusion.

“Will you leave me, Zac?”

Patricia asked weakly, but the expectant look on her face made him pay attention to her. Zac looked Patricia in her eyes as he made his promise.

“No, I won’t leave you,” he said as his sexy thin lips curved slightly into a faint smile.

“Really?”

At that moment, Patricia was like a child, continuously asking for reassurance to ease her mind.

“Really!” Zac answered with a firm nod.

He looked at her with a dignified and domineering face.

Anyone seeing this expression would know he meant what he said.

Hearing this, Patricia couldn't help but smile at him.

But again, she asked him, “Are you really telling me the truth?”

Zac couldn't help but frown in confusion.

He didn't understand what Patricia meant.

He had said a lot, so he didn't know which truth she was referring to.

Seeing the bewilderment on Zac's face, Patricia smiled awkwardly and whispered, “Did you really mean it when you told me that you are my family?”

Patricia looked earnestly at Zac as she asked him this.

Needing to hear his answer, she immediately grabbed onto his hand as she waited expectantly for his reply.

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Zac was momentarily dazed by the earnestness he saw in Patricia's face. A touch of tenderness overcame him.

Chuckling, he said softly, “Yes, I didn't lie to you. You're my loved one, and I'm the closest person you have in this world. I will give you all my love in the future.”

Zac then subconsciously bent over and gave Patricia a gentle kiss on her cheek, a sign of his promise to her.

Patricia grinned upon hearing Zac's words.

Seeing her faint smile against her pale face sent Zac into a panic.

Before Zac could respond, Patricia's eyes had closed once again.

Her expression was one of contentment.

“Patricia?” Zac called out in a low voice while giving her a little shake.

Zac began to panic as he saw Patricia’s motionless body lying on the bed.

A trace of fear emerged in his heart.

He was too scared to say anything.

He just silently gazed at Patricia, waiting for her to rouse from her slumber.

Zac repeatedly called Patricia’s name and continued to shake her, but she didn’t respond at all.

Seeing her like this made him think she had fallen into a coma.

Such a sight had left Zac feeling overwhelmed.

After staring at her for a minute, he realized that Patricia’s life might actually be in danger again.

Jumping up, he rushed out of the ward in search of a doctor.

‘Patricia, please be safe. May God bless you and keep you safe from danger!’ Only after the doctor gave Patricia a medical checkup could Zac breathe a sigh of relief.

Apparently, he had been too nervous to remain calm and rational.

Patricia had only fallen asleep due to her exhaustion, but he had thought that...Zac was also informed by the doctor that Patricia had fortunately passed through the critical period and was now safe.

Seeing Patricia sleeping peacefully, Zac smiled lovingly down at her and sighed in relief.

The anxiety and worry that had been suppressed in his heart now disappeared as he knew her life was no longer in danger.

Subconsciously, he bent over and tucked Patricia in.

Eyes full of warmth, he whispered in her ear, “My dear, remember that what I said to you just now remains true. I didn’t lie to you.”

Zac suddenly felt refreshed as he spoke this truth out loud.

The smile tugging at the corners of his mouth became more obvious.

Sitting down, he admired Patricia's beautiful face as she lay sound asleep next to him.

Several hours had passed since then, and Zac was so tired that he fell asleep.

Dora, who was on duty, had come over to the ward to check on Patricia.

Quietly opening the door, she peered into the room and saw Patricia fast asleep on the bed.

A smile graced Dora's lips when she noticed that Zac had dozed off on the edge of Patricia's bed.

"It's only at times like this that they look like an intimate couple,"

Dora said quietly to herself as she grinned from ear to ear.

She had high expectations that they would warm up to each other soon.

Patricia didn't wake from her slumber until the following evening.

The warm afterglow shone through the window and onto her thin, long eyelashes.

Slowly opening her eyes, she looked at her surroundings in a daze.

She was still in the same room.

However, now she was lying on the bed instead of the ground suffering from agonizing pain.

Before she could process what had happened, Dora's chipper voice floated to her ears.

"Miss Patricia, you're finally awake!"

Dora beamed as she began to apply the medicine on Patricia's back.

Making friendly conversation, Dora said, "You slept for a full day and night. So, I was worried that you wouldn't wake until midnight. Miss Patricia, you must be hungry now. I'll get you something to eat after I finish applying the medicine for you."

Dora's voice had helped to fully awaken Patricia from her daze.

Suddenly, the events from the day before flooded Patricia's mind. She recalled Lyndsy pushing her, which caused her to bump into the balcony's railing.

The excruciating pain she felt from that contact had led to her fainting. But that's when her memory went blank.

She couldn't remember anything that happened after that.

"Dora, I..."

As if knowing what Patricia wanted to say, Dora immediately interrupted her and said with a smile, "Miss Patricia, you fainted yesterday, and a second operation was performed on you. Fortunately, the operation was a success, and you have passed through the critical period. But the doctor said that you must be more careful in the future and not let yourself get hurt again!"

Hearing this, Patricia nodded slightly.

She glanced around the room unconsciously as she searched for a specific familiar figure.

Noticing Patricia's wandering gaze, Dora couldn't help but grin. She spoke up then.

"Miss Patricia, Mr. Reynolds stayed with you throughout the night. He was by your side until you made it past the critical period. And just before you awoke, he left to take care of something."

Dora looked at Patricia expectantly, hoping to see a tender smile on Patricia's face from hearing this news.

However, Dora was disappointed by Patricia's reaction.

Except for a slight nod, Patricia showed no expression on her face. She still appeared indifferent to Zac's actions.

Dora couldn't help pouting at this sight.

A trace of helplessness flashed across her face, and she felt slightly depressed.

'Mr. Reynolds is actually so good to Miss Patricia Su, so why isn't she moved by his sincere acts?' wondered Dora.

Patricia's indifferent attitude toward Zac made Dora feel helpless and a little morose.

Inexplicably, she felt distressed about Zac's situation.

It was during this time that a trace of confusion flashed across Patricia's face.

Lowering her gaze, she stared at the floor as she became lost in thought.

'Did Zac really spend the night with me?' All of a sudden, Patricia vaguely remembered what had transpired the night before.

She had thought it was all a dream, so she had laid her heart out and asked Zac the questions that were locked away in her heart.

As her mind was about to wander, Patricia recalled his familiar voice softly whispering into her ear. She remembered Zac's promise to her. He had told her that he was the closest person she had in this world and that he would never abandon her.

Apparently, what she had mistaken for a dream had actually happened in reality.

Zac had given her his promise to never leave her side.

Realizing this, Patricia couldn't help feeling amazed.

There was an incredulous look on her face.

She found it hard to believe what had happened the night before.

'Is it true that Zac said I was his loved one?' As Patricia wondered about this, a frown formed on her brows, giving the impression that she was thinking seriously about something.

At that moment, Dora was busy applying the medicine to Patricia's back.

The medicine pricked her nerves, pulled Patricia away from her thoughts as she let out a muffled groan.

Hearing Patricia's groan, Dora couldn't help but frown as she felt sorry for her distress.

"Miss Patricia, hang in there for a while. This medicine will sting a little. But you.

"Go on, Dora. Finish it quickly!"

Patricia interrupted Dora, informing her to speed up the application of the medicine.

Dora did as instructed so that Patricia wouldn't have to bear this pain for much longer.

After she was finished, she brought some food over to Patricia.

"Miss Patricia, these were all bought for you by Mr. Reynolds," Dora said with a smile.

She thought she needed to tell Patricia the truth to help her have a better understanding of Zac's intentions.

Hearing what Dora said, Patricia smiled gently at her.

It was only after seriously looking at the meal in front of her that Patricia realized how much Zac had been taking care of her all this time.

The more she became aware of Zac's kindness, the more shocked she felt in her heart.

'For how long has Zac been taking such good care of me? Since I had the fever or was it some other time when I don't even notice?' pondered Patricia.

At any rate, Patricia now knew very well that Zac was genuinely good to her.

But as for Zac's good intentions, she had conflicting thoughts about it.

Her heart warmed at the sentiment, but she couldn't help feeling afraid too.

'Afraid? What am I afraid of?' These conflicting emotions confused Patricia.

She didn't know how she was going to face Zac when next she saw him.

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Dora pursed her lips as she noticed the look in Patricia's eyes.

She had no idea what happened between Patricia and Zac in the past that caused their current behavior.

She could see that Patricia had a crush on Zac.

These two people were so clearly in love with each other, so why couldn't they be together? Dora really didn't understand what was keeping them apart.

It was already late evening when Patricia ate her dinner.

Perhaps it was because she had slept so much lately that she wasn't sleepy yet.

Making her way onto the balcony, Patricia sat and looked at the stars lining the night sky.

She became sentimental as she recalled a moment in her childhood when her mother had accompanied her to watch the stars.

"Isn't it boring to watch the stars alone?" a cold voice asked before a warm blanket covered her body.

Before Patricia came to her senses, Zac continued, "It's chilly outside. Be careful not to catch a cold."

Patricia didn't turn around or say anything, so Zac simply sat down beside her.

"Do you like to watch the stars?" asked Zac.

Looking up at the stars in the night sky, a memory from his childhood flashed before his eyes.

Taking her eyes off the stars, Patricia lowered her head and looked at Zac with confusion in her eyes.

In a gentle voice, she asked, "Zac, why have you been so good to me?"

Zac was startled by her sudden question.

Looking into her eyes, he firmly replied, "This is what I should do!"

'This is what he should do?' Confused, she continued to look at Zac.

Her pink lips opened and closed as she looked for the right words to say.

But as she was about to speak, she noticed the look of determination in Zac's eyes, and her words became stuck in her throat.

Zac's expression had become so serious, she knew he wasn't joking with her.

The emotions she saw in his eyes told her that his words were said with sincerity.

"You don't believe me, do you?"

Arching his eyebrows, Zac stared at her with a hint of anger in his eyes.

'Why does this woman refuse to believe what I say? I have shown my sincerity time and again to her! And yes, I may not have said anything in this serious tone before.

But when I did she didn't trust my words!' This thought angered Zac so much that he didn't know what else to say.

Noticing that Zac was becoming a little angry, Patricia chuckled and said, "Do you need to be angry for such a trifling matter?"

'A trifling matter? How is this a trifling matter? This is a big deal!' Hearing the playful tone of Patricia's voice, Zac became angrier.

He couldn't help biting his lower lip and snorting.

"How can you have the heart to laugh at a time like this?"

After saying this, Zac felt like he was having a deja vu moment since he seemed to have experienced a similar scene before.

"Did you remember something?"

Patricia's soft voice floated to Zac's ear.

Turning, he looked at her suspiciously as this all felt a little familiar.

"It appears that you don't remember what I'm referring to."

A gentle smile formed on her lips before she turned her face and looked up again at the starry night sky.

This look and this scene felt very familiar to Zac, but he didn't recall the exact memory.

That was when a meaningful smile appeared on her face.

Glanced at Zac, Patricia said, "Do you remember when the Reynolds family held a party to celebrate Kareem's tenth birthday?"

At the mention of this party, Zac recalled being thrown into the garden by Kareem. He was then called a bastard and told not to get too close to the house. As young as Zac was then, he still had his pride.

So, he sat in the small pavilion playing alone because he didn't want to attend Kareem's birthday party.

That was when he had met a girl, two years younger than himself, crying and talking to the stars.

"You were the little girl from back then?" Zac looked at her doubtfully.

It was hard for him to imagine Patricia as the crying girl from that time.

Hearing his question, Patricia lifted her eyebrows and, smiling, asked, "What's wrong with me being that little girl?"

Zac shook his head immediately.

Sighing, he couldn't help thinking how much that little girl had changed.

In his eyes, the girl he had seen in the past was so lovely and full of life.

However, now she had become as prickly as a hedgehog.

"Are you surprised to discover that was me?"

As much as she enjoyed gazing at the stars, she began to feel a little lonely and didn't know what else to say.

That was when Patricia realized that apart from arguing with Zac, there was no common ground between them.

From the moment she had fallen in love with Zac, then through her marriage with him, and even now, they had never really gotten to know each other very well.

So, it wasn't strange to realize that they had nothing in common to discuss.

Even if they made idle chatter, the conversation wouldn't last long.

The next moment, Patricia slowly stood up and smiled at Zac.

"I should go back in and rest now."

Zac grabbed her wrist to stop her just as she was about to turn around and go inside.

"Patricia, do you hate me so much?" asked Zac in a low voice.

He was not a fool.

He instantly realized that Patricia was trying to avoid him.

Patricia was stunned by his question.

Staring blankly at Zac, her mouth trembled and she didn't know how to respond to him.

If he had asked her past self, she would have immediately answered him, but now...

The serious look in Zac's eyes and the warmth of his palm confused her.

"I..." Patricia subconsciously looked away as she became hesitant to speak.

"Answer me, Patricia!"

With a domineering look in his deep and determined eyes, he looked at her as if trying to read her expression.

'I don't believe that Patricia is so cruel. Her hesitation just now is proof of this!'

"You..."

The next moment, she shook off his hand.

Turning her face away, Patricia bit her lower lip nervously.

She really didn't know how to respond to Zac's probing.

She felt that whatever answer she gave would sound like she was hiding her true feelings.

"In actuality, you don't hate me," said Zac softly, his voice like a breeze brushing through her heart.

At that moment, Patricia was left speechless and could only stare at Zac.

She opened her mouth to say something but was interrupted by Zac.

"If you don't hate me, why do you keep avoiding me? Patricia, answer me!"

Standing up, he held her wrist tightly as he intently gazed down at her.

He wanted to know what was in her mind.

'Does she really hate me?' After hesitating for a long time, she still didn't say a word.

Patricia couldn't help biting her lower lip as she looked down at her toes.

'I...and Zac...Is it really possible for us to be together?' Patricia couldn't help but ask herself this question.

Out of the corner of her eyes, she glanced at Zac, trying to find the answer from his eyes.

Since Zac was around more, she had paid more and more attention to him.

Now, her usually calm heart seemed to be stirred with emotion and wouldn't calm down.

Patricia pursed her lips as a bout of depression washed over her.

'What is going on between Zac and myself?' Then, out of the corner of her eye, she looked at Zac and said quietly, "Zac, it's impossible for us to be together."

But as soon as she finished speaking, a trace of melancholy crossed her face.

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Hearing Patricia's words, Zac couldn't help but be stunned. Taking a deep breath, he continued to stare at her intently, searching her face for something.

Zac didn't believe that Patricia was so heartless that she had no interest in him at all! In the past, he might have thought it was possible, but now... He knew that was not the case.

Zac knew that she had feelings for him.

However, there was an insurmountable gap between them.

So, even if he wanted to take a step forward to get closer to her, Patricia would take a step back.

"Why is it impossible? Is this because of the baby?"

As soon as he finished speaking, a bout of sadness overcame him.

He couldn't help but feel melancholy about what happened to their child.

Hearing this, Patricia couldn't help sneering.

Looking Zac in the eyes, she said indifferently, "Zac, since you're aware of the reason, was there a need to say it out loud? It's impossible for us to be together not only because of the child, but also... Many other things got between us."

As for what the many other things were, she couldn't identify them at that particular moment.

But Patricia was sure that there was no way for her and Zac to be together.

Zac's pupils dilated as he heard this. He stared at her, his face full of disbelief.

As he was about to speak, she cut him off and said, "I'm tired and want to have a rest."

As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia resolutely shook off Zac's hand and made her way to her bed without turning back.

She did, however, peek at Zac from the corner of her eye before quickly going to bed.

Zac was so astonished by what had just transpired that he didn't know what to do.

His hand was stuck mid-air until he regained his senses and quickly withdrew it.

Looking at Patricia, he felt so depressed he couldn't get a word out of his mouth.

'Why doesn't she give me a chance?' At that moment, Zac wondered what would be the best way to broach the topic of the baby.

He wanted to explain himself to Patricia so that she would stop blaming him.

But when he thought of their baby, he felt a pang of pain.

And it was not because of the baby, but because of Patricia.

Patricia valued their child more than he had imagined.

So, he was afraid that if he told her the truth, she would either not be able to bear it, or she would think that he was using such a despicable method to beg for her forgiveness.

Zac didn't want either of these things to happen.

As he approached her bed, he saw her closing her eyes.

He felt a pang in his chest as he stood there watching her.

Then, opening his sexy thin lips, Zac said seriously, "Okay, I Know what you mean."

He then turned around and strode to the door without hesitation.

When she heard the sound of the door closing, Patricia slowly opened her eyes and looked in the direction of the door.

She could no longer see Zac's familiar figure.

A wave of sadness washed over her.

Then, slowly closing her eyes, she whispered, "Zac, just give up!"

She didn't know why, but she felt a stabbing pain in her heart after she said this, as if a piece of her heart had been cut off.

The sadness that lined her face after not seeing Zac for the whole of the next day did not escape Dora's watchful gaze.

But Zac's absence did confirm the thoughts Patricia was having.

Dora couldn't help but worry as she saw Patricia's expression.

She deliberately spoke to her, trying to sound Patricia out.

"Miss Patricia, Mr. Reynolds must be very busy today. That's probably why he didn't come today."

Her tone was casual, but she was staring at Patricia from the corner of her eyes, trying to read her expression.

Dora pursed her lips when she realized she couldn't read Patricia's nonchalant expression. Patricia chuckled when she heard Dora's comment and looked at her in confusion.

"Dora, you seem to be very interested in how things are between us!"

She said this on purpose, hoping Dora took the hint to drop the topic and not bring it up in the future so as not to annoy her.

However, Dora misunderstood what Patricia meant by her words.

She thought that Patricia was jealous, so she quickly rectified her statement by saying, "Miss Patricia, please don't misunderstand. I didn't mean it in that way. I simply noticed that the both of you were on edge with each other, and I was worried about you."

Dora couldn't help but sigh as she finished speaking.

She was, after all, only an onlooker who witnessed everything that went on between them but couldn't do anything. A faint smile formed on Patricia's lips.

She spoke gently to Dora.

"Dora, there are many things that are not what they appear to be. So, I can't be together with Zac."

This was the first time that she had revealed anything to Dora since she preferred to keep her relationship with Zac private.

"Why is it impossible?"

Dora looked at her in confusion.

She didn't understand why Patricia would say such a thing.

But before Patricia could respond, Dora looked at her firmly and spoke of what she had observed.

“It’s a fact, Miss Patricia, that you are not ruthless to Mr.Reynolds, so I don’t know why you are unwilling to accept him!”

Dora stared intently at her, trying to find something from the expression on Patricia’s face.

Hearing this, Patricia was stunned by her observation, but then she regained her usual aloofness.

In an indifferent tone, she said, “Well, Dora, let’s drop this topic.Help me apply the medicine.”

It was apparent that Patricia was avoiding the topic.

So, knowing this, Dora had no choice but to keep her mouth shut.

Unhappily, she picked up the medicine box and began to apply the medication for Patricia.

Dora knew that she was just an outsider and didn’t have any right to meddle in Patricia’s affairs.

But she sincerely wished for Patricia and Zac to get together.

Lying on the bed, Patricia smiled faintly as she understood that Dora was only worried about her relationship with Zac.

It was her fortune to have someone as sweet as Dora care about her so much.

But Patricia didn’t want Dora to get involved in the matter between Zac and herself.

She believed that everything was finalized between her and Zac now.

By the time Dora was finished applying her medicine, they had noticed a familiar figure standing outside the door.

Seeing it was Lily, Dora walked up excitedly and hugged her half-sister happily.

When Lily saw Patricia, she averted her gaze as if feeling embarrassed.

Patricia knew immediately that Lily was avoiding her gaze because she came on behalf of Jayson today.

Seeing the fruit basket in Lily’s hand, Dora became excited and laughed heartily.

“Lily, are you here to visit Miss Patricia? That’s so kind of you.”

Hearing this, Lily nodded slightly, her smile awkward.

She unconsciously looked away from Dora’s innocent and dazzling eyes.

She didn’t want Dora to learn what she had done.

She wanted to retain her good image in Dora’s heart.

Noticing Lily’s abnormal behavior, Dora frowned.

As she was about to question her, Dora heard Patricia’s voice call out and say, “Since you are here, come on in and have a seat.”

With a polite smile, she showed Lily that she was intent on helping her out of that embarrassing situation.

Patricia thought that both Lily and Dora were simple minded people. It was always easy to read their minds

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Grinning, Dora patted Lily on the shoulder and ushered her in, saying, “Lily, go on in and accompany Miss Patricia. I’ll head out and resume with my work first.”

Dora then left the room and made her way to the infirmary.

Stepping into Patricia’s room, Lily shut the door and walked over to the bed.

Placing the fruit basket down, she expressed her gratitude to Patricia, saying, “Thank you for your help, Miss Sampson.”

Shaking her head, Patricia said coldly, “Don’t thank me. I simply didn’t want to upset Dora.”

Dora was such a lovely person, so seeing her sad would tug at Patricia’s heartstrings.

Lily once again expressed her gratitude when she heard this.

She knew that she wouldn’t have gained entry into Patricia’s room if it wasn’t for Dora’s presence earlier.

Patricia didn’t give Lily a chance to regain her senses.

Glancing at her coldly, Patricia said in a low voice, "Did you come here to ask about the plan again?"

Instead of answering, Lily lowered her head in tacit agreement with her words. Seeing this, Patricia couldn't help sneering.

Taking a deep breath, she said calmly, "Lily, is Jayson worthy of you going to such an extent for him? How much do you really know about him?"

Patricia looked pointedly at Lily as she asked this.

'I don't know much about Jayson myself, but I know he worked directly for the CEO of the Veyron Corp. for a long time. So, if he could easily deceive the CEO, how hard would it be for him to deceive someone as simple-minded as Lily? There is a possibility that he is fooling her too!'

"I..."

AS she started to speak, Lily raised her head to look at Patricia. But before she could finish her sentence, she stopped on second thought. Pursing her lips, she averted her gaze once more.

"If this is about the plan, then I have nothing else to say. In fact, all the information you need is written in it. So, if you don't understand something, it's because you haven't read it carefully," said Patricia as she glanced at Lily.

'I can't believe that Lily is the kind of person who can't distinguish between right and wrong. She should have been able to see through Jayson for what he really is. He is definitely not as simple as she thinks.'

"Miss Sampson..."

Before Lily could get a word in, Patricia interrupted her.

"Lily, is there any point in Jayson getting his hands on this plan? Do you not know what will happen to him after what he has done?"

The more Patricia spoke, the more emotional she became, causing her to feel a stabbing pain in her back.

Taking a deep breath, Patricia fought to suppress the surge of emotions about to overtake her body and looked over at Lily seriously.

Lily couldn't help but purse her lips as she saw the determination in Patricia's eyes.

A hint of dejection crossed her face as she hesitantly said, "Miss Sampson, things...are not how you think them to be. Jayson...was forced to do this. He had no choice!"

Sneering, Patricia glanced indifferently at Lily.

She was amazed at how stubborn Lily was behaving.

'He was forced to do this? You're telling me he had no choice but to harm the company that had helped him grow? What could have forced him to do that?' A fire burned within Patricia's chest as these thoughts crossed her mind.

She dearly wanted to slap Lily and wake her up to show her what was really transpiring around her.

Noticing Patricia's anger, Lily lowered her head unconsciously.

Eyes full of sadness, she had nothing else to say.

Patricia sighed helplessly as she saw Lily like this.

In a soft voice, she said, "I've had my say in the matter. It's up to you to do as you see fit. It's not my place to interfere and stop you. But take my advice. Jayson is not a good person! It's up to you to decide what to do now."

As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia used her eyes to hint to Lily to leave.

'Besides, I've told Lily what she wants to know. It is now up to her to find the answer from the project plan herself. And if she refuses to see Jayson's true colors, then that is her business. I've done all I can for her.'

Tears welled up in Lily's eyes as she stared at Patricia sadly.

Biting her lower lip tightly, she said weakly, "Thank you for your advice, Miss Sampson."

Lily then immediately stood up and left with hunched shoulders.

Patricia sighed as she watched Lily leave.

Lily had worked with her for three years, and before Jayson, they had a good relationship.

But now that Lily had become like this, Patricia couldn't help feeling distressed.

Lily left the ward and made her way to the corner of the corridor.

But before she could enter the elevator, she felt one hand grabbing her by her waist, and another covering her mouth, preventing her from screaming.

Without giving Lily any chance to resist, this person pulled her swiftly towards the stairway.

Just as panic was setting in and Lily thought she had met a bad guy, she heard a familiar voice by her ears.

“Lily, it’s me.”

Hearing this voice had momentarily stunned Lily, and she subconsciously gave up struggling.

Her brows furrowed in confusion.

‘Jayson? Why is he here?’

As soon as he released her, Lily spun around and asked, “Why are you here? Aren’t you afraid...”

But before she could finish her question, Jayson sealed her lips with a kiss.

Lily felt suffocated and muddled by the fiery, passionate kiss.

After a while, Jayson stopped.

Wrapping his arms around Lily’s waist, he asked, “What about the plan? Did she give you an answer?”

Regaining her senses, Lily opened her eyes and looked at Jayson.

He was no longer the polite, well-dressed Jayson she knew from the Veyron Corp..

He looked quite scruffy, with his hair and clothes a little messy and stubble on his chin.

Seeing Jayson like this, Lily was a little surprised.

She couldn’t help but wonder if this was really Jayson.

Noticing the strange look in Lily’s expression, a hint of dissatisfaction flashed through Jayson’s eyes before he masked it with a gentle gaze.

Deliberately scratching his chin, he said, “Lily, I left in a hurry and forgot to dress up.”

Seeing his familiar smile, Lily confirmed that the person in front of her was indeed the Jayson she knew.

She could not help but tightly grasp his clothes as if she was clinging to him.

As Jayson noticed Lily's intention, a trace of disgust flashed through his eyes before disappearing.

Gently touching Lily's shoulder, he asked in a soft voice, "Lily, how's it going with the plan?"

At his question, Lily raised her eyes slowly and looked at Jayson gently.

She said, "Miss Sampson said that all the information we need is in the plan. We only need to read through it carefully, and we'll be able to find out what we want to know."

Hearing this, Jayson's eyes widened in disbelief.

Lightly shaking Lily's body, he asked softly, "Are you telling me the truth?"

Lily nodded as her face became serious.

She believed that Patricia would not lie to her; thus, her words must have been true.

However, Jayson didn't think this way.

He felt that Patricia must have hidden something from them.

And evidently, she was not willing to tell Lily everything.

It seemed that he needed to do something, or it would be meaningless to just have such a useless plan in his hands.

Suddenly, a trace of cruelty flashed through Jayson's eyes, making him seem like a completely different person.

Lily trembled as she looked at him in fear.

Seeing Lily's reaction to him, Jayson immediately returned to his usual gentle persona and hugged her.

"Lily, thank you," he said.

But a cunning smile flashed across his face. Lily nodded slightly but didn't notice the devious smile on Jayson's face.

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After Lily left, Patricia felt uneasy as she worried about Lily's safety. On the one hand, Jayson was not a good guy, so there was a high chance that he would take advantage of Lily.

On the other hand, Lily was too naive and was easily deceived by Jayson, hindering her ability to know right from wrong.

Noticing the concerned look on Patricia's face, Dora asked curiously, "Miss Patricia, is something bothering you? You've seemed troubled since my sister left a while ago."

Hearing this, Patricia smiled gently at Dora. Shaking her head, she made up an excuse to appease Dora.

"I'm only wondering when I'll be able to leave the hospital! As soon as Dora heard the words "leave the hospital", her face turned pale.

Looking sternly at Patricia, she said, "Miss Patricia, no matter what happens this time, you must listen to the doctor's advice. And until he allows: it, I wouldn't let you be discharged from the hospital."

Dora looked at Patricia fiercely, her determination nestled in her eyes.

Patricia chuckled as she took in Dora's expression. She thought, 'Dora really is cute. I only casually said that statement, but she took my words so seriously.'

However, Dora's words suddenly reminded her of something similar that Zac had said before.

At that time, Zac had told her in a domineering tone that she needed to listen to him in the future.

Thinking of this, a faint smile appeared on her face.

For some reason, Zac's handsome face popped up in her mind, making her think, 'What is Zac doing at this time?'

Aware of her straying thoughts, Patricia shook her head to dispel thoughts of him.

Realizing that she was thinking of Zac had left her suddenly speechless.

Quickly, Patricia picked up a steamed bun in front of her and took a bite of it.

However, the more she chewed, the worse it tasted.

'The steamed buns are usually so delicious, so why did they taste so unsavory today?' Seeing the dissatisfaction on Patricia's face, Dora interjected in a low

voice, "Mr.Reynolds didn't come today, so I had no choice but to bring you food from the hospital's canteen."

Hearing this, Patricia took a few quick bites and swallowed the steamed bun.

'Am I being so obvious? Have I been so spoiled by Zac that if I don't eat what he brings, then I'm unsatisfied?' Thinking of this, Patricia couldn't help but purse her lips and frown unhappily.

Reluctantly, she picked up the steamed buns in front of her and ate them.

Somehow, the more she ate, the more Patricia missed the food Zac brought to her every day.

She missed the delicious food that she had become accustomed to eating.

The more she thought of those tasty meals, the more the steamed buns in her mouth tasted like wax.

Dora snickered secretly as she looked at the steamed buns with a sly smile on her face.

'It seems that my plan to switch the food that Mr.Reynolds bought with something else is a success.Only in this way will Miss Patricia understand how good Mr.Reynolds has been to her.' On the top floor of the Reynolds Group, an eerie silence filled the CEO's office.

Even if it was sunny outside, the atmosphere inside Zac's office was chilly.

As soon as Zac's secretary noticed this, she stopped in her tracks, wanting to turn around and leave so that she could avoid entering the CEO's office.

"Come on in!"

Zac suddenly said in a cold voice, stopping his secretary from making a quick escape.

Trembling, his secretary walked in and squeezed out a formal smile.

"Sir, this is the document that you requested."

The secretary tried to remain calm as she gingerly handed the document over to Zac.

But after seeing the murderous look in Zac's eyes and the anger clearly displayed on his face, there was no way she could possibly remain calm.

"Follow these instructions and do it just as stated there!"

Zac ordered coldly, handing back the document to his secretary.

Taking the document, the secretary turned to leave, but Zac spoke again and stopped her in her tracks.

"I have something to ask you!"

Saying that in such a commanding voice, he didn't sound like he wanted to hear anyone's advice at all.

Since last night, he had been thinking about what Patricia had said and wondering how to solve this problem.

But after a night of contemplation, he was still no closer to figuring out a solution, and this was messing him up! The secretary couldn't help but scream inwardly when she saw Zac's expression.

In a polite tone, she asked, "Sir, what is the question?"

Zac had already asked his secretary several strange questions by now.

So, his secretary was no longer perturbed by his unusual behavior anymore.

Looking intently at his secretary, Zac asked, "If you were a man, how would you make a woman fall in love with you?"

Eyes wide open, his secretary stared at him in disbelief, unsure if she'd heard the question correctly.

'What is happening here? The boss, who has attracted thousands of women, is asking me how to make a woman fall in love with him? He must be kidding!"

Zac frowned in displeasure as he noticed the expression on his secretary's face.

Snorting, he squinted his eyes as he glared at his secretary. Seeing this, his secretary quickly came to her senses.

Smiling awkwardly, she said thoughtfully, "Sir, every woman is different. So, it depends on the type of woman she is. Some women think that spending money for her means love, while other women prefer sweet and gentle actions."

"Sweet and gentle actions? Like what?"

Zac asked suspiciously as he looked at his secretary curiously.

The secretary cleared her throat, and further explained, "For example, cooking for her, washing her clothes, or showing up to comfort her when she is sad. You are not only her prince but also her escort!"

As soon as she finished speaking, the secretary peeked at Zac to gauge his reaction to what she had said.

Unable to explain it any clearer than that, his secretary didn't know if Zac would understand what she meant with just that.

But, having described it as best she could, it was now up to Zac to discern the meaning for himself.

'I can't imagine anyone else who could make Zac so worried, except Patricia. But strangely enough, didn't he divorce her? So, why does he care about her so much? Has the fire between them been rekindled?'

In the secretary's opinion, since the day of their divorce Zac had been acting strangely, so his abnormal behavior had become quite normal to her now.

Hearing his secretary's words, Zac nodded and waved his hand, dismissing his secretary.

His secretary quickly exited the office and put as much distance between herself and Zac, lest Zac became angry again and lashed out at her.

"I need to be gentle and considerate! I should not only the prince but also the escort."

After his secretary left, Zac sat in his chair and looked at the ceiling in confusion, whispering these words to himself.

The next moment, Zac suddenly slapped the table and jumped up. A faint smile formed on his lips, and his deep eyes became clear.

"I know what to do!" said Zac proudly.

Then, Zac quickly fetched his suit jacket and left the office with a bright smile on his face.

But when Zac reached Patricia's ward, he was met with darkness.

Thinking that Patricia must be asleep, he became morose.

Earlier on, he had been in such a good mood since he had finally known how to win her heart, but now that he was unable to see her, his mood had dampened.

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Feeling depressed, Zac let out a long sigh. Raising his head, he glanced at the lump on the bed before pursing his lips and turning around unhappily. That's when he heard Patricia's voice calling out to him.

"Zac?" Patricia and Dora, who were standing at the end of the corridor, looked at Zac curiously.

Then Dora waved at Zac excitedly and happily said, "Mr. Reynolds, you're here!"

As she spoke, Dora couldn't help but giggle at Patricia. She had seen it clearly for the whole night.

Patricia had been looking at the door to her room gloomily as if she was expecting specific someone to suddenly come in.

She had even gone so far as to ask Dora to escort her on a walk.

But Dora knew she was only doing this to see if Zac had arrived.

Upon seeing Patricia, Zac walked up to her quickly and glared at Dora with displeasure in his eyes.

Then looking Patricia up and down, he said sternly, "Do you not know about your own physical condition? Why didn't you stay in the ward?"

He couldn't help but clench his fists as he spoke. Frowning, he stared at Patricia, a mixture of anger and concern flashing across his eyes.

'I really can't understand what this woman is thinking.' She knows that her health is in poor condition, yet she's out here walking.

"I..." Patricia glared at Zac with dissatisfaction.

The excitement she had felt a moment ago upon seeing him suddenly disappeared, leaving only a touch of displeasure inside her.

'What is Zac doing here? Has he only come here to argue with me?' Zac became furious as he saw her disgruntled expression.

Taking a deep breath, he was about to say something when Dora suddenly chimed in, saying, "Mr. Reynolds, you misunderstand the situation. Miss Patricia has gotten the doctor's permission to walk along the corridor to speed up her recovery process. Besides, I'm with her all the time, so there's no need to worry."

Dora forced a smile on her face, fearing that she might have said something wrong that would irritate both of them.

"Shut up!" they both shouted at Dora in unison as they both glared at her.

Dora immediately shut up, not daring to say a word.

Turning, she glanced at both Patricia and Zac.

Zac then turned his attention back to Patricia, and she, in turn, stared unhappily at him with fire in her eyes.

"As Dora has just informed you, I've gotten the doctor's permission to be out of my room. But why did you get angry with me before even finding out our reason for doing this?" Patricia glared at Zac discontentedly.

Then looking at Dora, she pleaded with her eyes, asking her to help her get back to the ward.

Hearing this, Zac looked at Patricia unhappily.

Depressed, he exhaled deeply before saying with a sullen face, "Stop! Ignoring Zac's words, Patricia signaled for Dora to ignore him and continue on their way. Zac became furious as he watched them walk past him. Clenching his fists, he roared, "Stop! Didn't you hear me?"

Hearing this, Dora couldn't help but nudge Patricia and asked in a low voice, "Miss Patricia, what should we do?"

Glancing at Dora, Patricia smiled reassuringly and said, "Dora, just ignore him. Let's go back quickly."

As soon as she finished speaking, Patricia stole a glance at Zac, her heart burning with rage.

'It is so frustrating having Zac lecture me as soon as we meet.' Dora couldn't help snickering as she saw Patricia's expression.

In fact, anyone with a discerning eye could tell that Patricia was angry with Zac.

Turning around angrily and breathing heavily, Zac stared at Patricia's receding figure, unable to utter a word.

'This woman is so hateful. It is rare for me to visit her in the hospital, yet she actually ignores me when I'm here. Can she be any more annoying?' Zac suddenly walked up behind her and grabbed hold of her wrist tightly.

However, in so doing, his hand accidentally brushed against her back.

The pain that shot through Patricia at this contact caused her to let out a scream as tears instantly formed and cascaded down her face.

"Zac, you bastard!"

Even with all her pain, Patricia couldn't help but turn around to glare at Zac, her face full of anger and grievance.

Seeing her tears, Zac panicked.

Loosening his grip on her wrist, he pursed his lips and said cautiously, "Patricia, I didn't mean to hurt you. Are you all right?"

Looking at her guiltily, he wished he could inspect every inch of her body, from head to toe, to make sure she was alright.

"Am I alright? How can I be alright after that?"

Glaring at Zac angrily, Patricia couldn't help the stream of tears flowing down her cheeks, making her look more aggrieved and pitiful.

"I..." Zac wanted to say something, but his words were stuck to the back of his throat.

He realized that anything he said now would fall on deaf ears.

So, instead, he focused on determining Patricia's current condition.

"Where did you get hurt? Is it serious? I'll call the doctor for you."

Zac looked at her worriedly, a hint of distress flashing across his eyes.

Her tears were like invisible knives stabbing his heart.

Hearing his questions, Patricia glared at Zac unhappily and said fiercely, "I don't want your fake kindness!"

She then quickly turned her face away as she no longer wanted to speak to him. Zac was too angry to say anything when he heard this retort. Staring at her, he wanted to open her head to see what was in it.

"You stupid woman!" he growled.

Zac couldn't control his temper anymore. Walking up to her, he grabbed her wrist before squatting down and wrapping his arm around her.

Lifting her up, he made his way over to the examination room without any further discussion.

Zac was intent on having the doctor check on Patricia.

Her scream moments earlier had worried him so much he was fearful he had accidentally touched her wound.

He wouldn't be at ease unless he heard directly from the doctor that everything was okay with her.

Patricia couldn't help but shriek at Zac's sudden action.

Hitting his chest angrily, she said, "Zac, put me down, you bastard!"

Angrily, he said, "Shut up, or I'll show you what a real bastard is like!"

He then cast a cold and stern glance at her as if he was staring at his prey. Patricia was alarmed when she saw that look in Zac's eyes.

She could tell that he wasn't joking with her.

If she really contradicted him, Zac would definitely punish her! Realizing this, Patricia immediately shut up as she stared at Zac unhappily.

When he saw the look in her eyes, he pursed his lips with displeasure before smiling.

Compared with Patricia's constant opposition, he would rather see her obediently shut up like this.

That made things a lot easier for him.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 130

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Dora stood at the other end of the corridor and watched Zac and Patricia together.

She couldn't help but smile at seeing them being intimate with one another.

Now that Zac was here neither of them would be lonely, thought Dora.

It was only natural to expect that their feelings for each other would grow.

She knew that some of the credit for this would go to her and this made her feel good.

She had, after all, helped clarify some of the misunderstandings between them.

Apart from the pain in Patricia's wound, of which she needed to be mindful, the doctor had said that Patricia was doing much better.

Zac, however, needed a little more convincing.

He asked the doctor anxiously, "Are you sure she's fine now? Should we be expecting any sequels?"

The doctor was a little embarrassed by the question. But he composed himself and smiled at Patricia.

"Please don't be so anxious, Mr. Reynolds. She's recovering well. All she needs now is rest and precautions. Also try to avoid any further injury. It would be best to avoid any strenuous exercise as well."

Though he felt a little reassured, Zac looked at her with concern.

The next instant, he impulsively scooped her up in his arms.

Without a care for anyone else present there, he carried her out of the doctor's office and back to her room.

Embarrassed, Patricia buried her face in his chest.

She wanted to avoid a scandal at all costs.

The last thing she wanted was to be the subject of news headlines again.

The moment they entered her room, she said angrily, "Put me down, Zac!"

He felt a little hurt at her tone and continued to hold on tightly.

"So, you're giving me orders now, is it? I can't let you do that now, can I?"

Disregarding her wishes, he took his own time to carry her over to the bed.

Just before he put her down though, an idea struck him.

He paused to look at her.

Patricia felt a little nervous and confused by his expression.

Her voice a mere whisper, she asked him, "What is it, Zac?"

What was he doing? She couldn't tell what was going on in his mind.

Why was he just staring at her? "What is it, Zac? What do you want to do?"

Patricia was utterly confused now. He hadn't said a word in the last few minutes. He just stood there, holding her in his arms.

Something seemed to have become clear in his mind as he suddenly smiled down at her.

Patricia's nervousness was now turning into fear and she began to grow extremely suspicious.

"Zac, what's the matter with you? Say something!"

She couldn't help but feel like there was an evil plan formulating in his mind.

An inexplicable shiver went down her spine. He was being stranger than ever.

Without warning, he turned to walk to the balcony and placed her on the bench.

It was a dark night, except for the soft moonlight.

He continued to think deeply, ignoring Patricia's requests.

Didn't his secretary tell him how exactly to make a woman fall in love with him?

"I need to be her knight in shining armour. She needs to feel loved and have a sense of the romance, but also feel protected at the same time," thought Zac.

He had made an important decision and it was time he told her.

Her suspicions constantly growing, Patricia was about to say something when out of the blue, Zac got down on one knee.

A look of determination on his face, he held her left hand and said, "Patricia I know it will be a while before you can forgive me for the things of the past and it will be even longer before you can accept me. But that doesn't affect the way I feel about you. I love you dearly and I hope you can find it within your heart to believe me. I will do everything in my power to take care of you, if you will allow me to do so."

Patricia was stunned into silence. Words couldn't express how taken aback she was. She was unsure of how exactly she felt.

All she knew was that she was surprised.

After everything that happened, after having been so arrogant with her, how could he possibly be proposing to her now? Could she trust his word now? She was unable to formulate an opinion and she was far from making a decision.

She couldn't tell for sure what was going on in Zac's mind, but she started to believe that his promise was genuine.

She was in a trance. There was a lot she wanted to say, but was unable to.

Zac was Satisfied to see that she hadn't turned him down, even though she hadn't said anything yet.

This was enough for him to feel confident that he would be able to convince her.

"Patricia, can you trust me?"

He raised her hand to his lips, all the while maintaining eye contact with her. He kissed the back of her hand gently and there was a warmth in his eyes.

Patricia felt her heart melting as her mind went blank.

She seemed to have lost all control over her senses as she nodded at him in response.

He moved close to her, his lips near her ear.

"Always remember that I love you and I will take care of you." This took her breath away.

His voice was firm yet, tender.

All of a sudden, Patricia felt embarrassed by how easily she got carried away. She tried to regain control of herself.

"Zac, I..."

But he placed a finger on her lips, preventing her from saying something more.

He smiled and said softly, "You don't have to say anything more. I understand how you feel."

'How on earth does he know what I'm feeling? What is he talking about?' wondered Patricia nervously.

She used both hands to keep Zac at bay and said, "Zac, I don't think you know what I was going to say. I think you've misread the situation."

'What was she saying? How could I have misunderstood her?' Zac was at a loss.

He couldn't figure out what she was talking about. He backed away from her and stared, puzzled and surprised.

What he saw on her face was discomfort, as opposed to the pleasure he had hoped for.

"Your wishful thinking doesn't allow you to see the situation as it is! I didn't want this!"

Patricia was struggling to explain her side as quickly as she could. She wasn't even sure of how much sense she was making.

Her face was flushed with embarrassment and she couldn't meet his gaze. Zac could not comprehend this turn of events.

She was not supposed to react in this way! He was still a little uncertain of what exactly she was trying to say.

Patricia cleared her throat in an attempt to make her voice seem more in control and serious.

"What I meant, Zac, was that I am not accepting your proposal." It had to be said, she knew that.

But the moment she said it she turned around walked back into the room.

She could not stand to be around him for another moment. She was bound to lose control over herself if she was with him any longer.

It had taken a second for Patricia's words to sink in, but when they did he shouted out aloud.

He walked over to her quickly and asked, "What did you just say to me? You're rejecting me?"

'She still doesn't believe me, ' thought Zac.

She nodded without hesitation. He could feel the anger rising within him.

She seemed to be up to her old tricks again, he thought.

Patricia turned to get into bed and then closed her eyes.

She ignored him and pretended to go to sleep.

He kept trying to speak to her, but she was adamant that she didn't want to respond.