

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 13

As soon as Patricia returned to her office, she began to pack up her things.

The employees of the planning department glanced curiously at her office from time to time to see what was going on, but Lily was the only one who dared to go up and knock the door.

She stood at the door, worriedly looking at Patricia packing up her things.

"Miss Sampson..." she called out, not daring to walk in.

"What's wrong? Come in."

Patricia raised her head and smiled at Lily.

"Come and see if there is anything you can use. Take whatever you want."

Lily hesitated to come to Patricia's side.

With a sad expression on her face, she said, "Miss Sampson, why do you insist on resigning? The president said that you can just take a long vacation, right?"

The employees of the planning department had been so curious that they had sneaked over to the door of the president's office and eavesdropped on the whole exchange between him and Patricia.

Putting down the things in her hands, Patricia looked at Lily and said, "I have been working here for six years since I graduated. Except during the Spring Festival, I haven't taken any rest at all. I want to take this opportunity to have a good rest. It has nothing to do with the company. I know that the president wants to help me, but no one can help me with my personal life. I understand."

After saying that, Patricia patted Lily on the arm to comfort her.

"Don't worry. We can stay in touch even after I leave. Just work hard here."

Lily didn't know how to respond to this.

All she could do was silently accept the things that Patricia handed her and watch her walk away. Although Patricia was a strict manager, she was actually a very nice person. As long as there were no serious mistakes, she was never mean or harsh to her subordinates. Therefore, now that she was leaving the company, many people came downstairs to see her off.

Patricia was surprised that these people cared about her even though they were the same ones who had gossiped about her behind her back. Human beings were so strange.

Anyway, it had nothing to do with her.

Leaving all her worries behind, Patricia drove away at ease.

She drove to the most high-end shopping area in the city.

There, she wandered around alone and bought a lot of clothes and food.

She didn't return home that night until it was dark and her hands were full of shopping bags.

In the top floor of the Reynolds Group, a tall man was standing in front of the glass window and looking at the brightly-lit skyline.

His secretary knocked on the door before walking in.

Looking at the tall man with his back to her, she said, "Miss Patricia has finished shopping and gone home."

"Okay," he said coldly, continuing to look out of the window.

All of a sudden, he felt exhausted.

He supported himself with one hand against the glass window and looked at the traffic flow downstairs.

"Have you dealt with that matter well?"

"Yes, sir. The news about Miss Patricia and that mysterious man has been deleted. The news about your divorce with her has also been deleted."

This time, Zac just nodded without saying anything.

Standing at the door, the female secretary hesitated for a long time before asking, "What about the news about you and Miss Lyndsy? Do you want that to be deleted as well?"

Zac didn't answer, so the secretary stood still and waited.

After a long time, just when her legs were starting to get numb, she heard Zac say, "No. Continue to blow it up."

"The news article already says that you and Miss Lyndsy are seriously dating. How can we blow it up even more?"

Did he want to release an article saying that they were getting engaged, or even married? If so, her boss must be out of his mind... Was he acting so weird because he was sad after divorcing Patricia? In that case, why had he divorced her in the first place? Now, he was just acting pathetic.

"You can leave," Zac said coolly.

The female secretary had no choice but to obey his orders.

Zac didn't know how long he stood at that window, lost in thought.

As time went by, the traffic on the road began to decrease.

At midnight, when there was no one on the road, Zac was still in his office.

He was leaning against his desk with a glass of red wine in his hand.

His tie had been loosened, and several of his buttons were unbuttoned.

He raised his head and drank up the wine in one gulp, his eyes wandering blankly as if he had no soul.

The next day, Patricia didn't get up until noon.

She was in a good mood today, probably because she hadn't had to get up early for work. Humming cheerfully to herself, she slowly took a shower and got ready.

When she went downstairs, she found that Yolanda and Lyndsy weren't at home.

Her father was also working at the Sampson family's company.

Therefore, except for the servants, she was the only one at home.

Without the presence of Yolanda and her daughter, Patricia felt like the air had become fresher.

She sat at the dining table and unhurriedly had lunch, chatting with the servants.

After lunch, she turned off all the lights in the living room and sat on the sofa to watch TV.

She enjoyed watching horror movie in the darkness.

Patricia was glued to the screen until evening, when she somehow dozed off.

At eight o'clock that night, Yolanda and Lyndsy returned home to find the living room shrouded in darkness.

"What are you doing? Why are all the lights turned off? Are you helping us save electricity?"

Lyndsy barked at the servants.

Afraid that she would punish them, the servants turned on the light in a hurry without saying a word.

It was not until then that Yolanda and Lyndsy noticed Patricia sleeping on the sofa.

As soon as Lyndsy saw Patricia, she was so angry that she immediately walked over to the sofa and kicked Patricia on the waist.

"Go and sleep in your room! You don't even have a job now. Why are you still living at home?"

The pain instantly woke Patricia woke up.

She covered her waist subconsciously and glared at Lyndsy.

Frightened by Patricia's cold and hostile eyes, Lyndsy quickly walked up to her mother and said arrogantly, "What are you looking at? I just said the truth. What's wrong?"

Patricia looked at Lyndsy coldly for a moment.

Then, deciding that Lyndsy was not worth it, she just stood up and walked up the stairs without saying anything.

If Lyndsy had kicked her belly instead of her waist just now, Patricia would never have let her go.

While she was climbing the stairs, she heard Lyndsy say, "Mom, I called Zac, but he didn't answer. What do you think I should do?"

"Call him again."

Yolanda was sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed and eating some fruit.

"But isn't it already too late to call him for dinner?"

Taking a look at her watch, Lyndsy became more anxious.

"It's already eight o'clock. He must have eaten," she continued.

"So what? He didn't answer your call just now, did he? That means that he's probably busy with work at the company. How can he have dinner when he is

working? He probably plans to have dinner later. Just call him again, maybe he has finished his work by now.”

Patricia wanted to continue walking up the stairs, but somehow, she was rooted to the spot.

She couldn't help but be curious about whether Zac would answer Lyndsy's call or not.

Lyndsy reluctantly picked up her phone and dialed Zac's number.

After a while, when she heard a mechanical female voice, she hung up the phone in disappointment.

Yolanda cast a sideways glance at her and said, “Keep calling. Look at yourself. You are so weak! Are you going to stop calling him just because he didn't answer? How will you marry him at this rate?”

Lyndsy was upset by these words, but she did not dare to refute her mother.

She had no choice but to pick up her phone and continue to call Zac.