

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 21

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

Bang! Zac set the lunch box down on the table with great strength in an attempt to attract Patricia's attention, but she continued to lie there facing the wall without any response, as if she had lost her sense of hearing.

A wave of frustration overcame Zac, but he tried his best to suppress it.

Since she was a patient now, he didn't want to snap at her and make her feel worse.

"You are very weak!"

He picked up the lunchbox and held it out to her again.

"You need more nutrition. You'd better eat something!"

This time, Patricia finally turned and rose halfway from the bed, supporting her body with her hand.

Zac thought that she was going to take the lunch box from him, but unexpectedly, she swung her hand and knocked the lunch box to the floor.

The box fell to the floor with a loud crash.

A crisp sound of porcelain's breaking down came through.

Ignoring the mess and the noise, Patricia looked at Zac fiercely and shouted, "Fuck off!"

Zac had his head lowered to look at the mess on the floor, but when he heard Patricia's yelling, his eyes snapped back to her in anger.

When he saw the undisguised hatred on her face, he immediately lost all interest in taking care of her, and the words that came out of his mouth next were even more hurtful.

"Fine! Then you just wait here for death alone!"

Zac clenched his fists as he stared at her.

He really wished he could rip out her heart to see if she had any sense of shame.

How could she be bold enough to sleep with another man and have a child behind her husband's back and now act like she did nothing wrong? With that thought, his resolve strengthened, and he turned around to leave.

Looking at his receding back, Patricia burst into a fresh wave of tears.

"You bastard...Why did you do this to me? Why? Why?"

With her hands tightly holding her head, Patricia buried her head between her legs and sobbed hard.

Why did God treat her like this? In the past, God had taken away her grandpa, who had been her only source of warmth in the Sampson family, and he had even made her mother suffer a lot.

Now, he had taken away her baby.

Why? What crime had she committed in her past life to deserve such a fate in this one? She was in so much pain that she felt like her heart couldn't contain it anymore.

"Patricia, are you okay?"

While Patricia was crumbling to depression, she heard her mother's worried voice coming from the door of the ward.

Thinking that she was just imagining things, she held her head even tighter and continued to sob in a low voice.

"Patty!"

Seeing that Patricia was in so much pain that she didn't even want to raise her head, Giselle walked quickly to her side and held her in her arms.

Tears fell down her cheeks as she looked at her daughter in such a sad state.

"My poor Patricia...How could this happen to you?"

Patricia finally raised her head and turned in a daze.

It turned out that her mother was really here.

Seeing that her mother was also crying, she couldn't help but throw her hands around her mother's waist and bury her face against her stomach before bursting into tears again.

"Mom...I'm in so much pain! It really hurts...I can't take it! It hurts so much!"

As Patricia cried, her shoulders trembled violently.

"I know, I know. Zac told me everything,"

Giselle said in a low voice, holding Patricia's shoulders tightly and caressing her back to soothe her.

Her heart was also bleeding.

She had had to suffer so much in the past.

Why did her daughter have to suffer as well? "Mom, what did I do wrong? Why did he want to kill his own child? Why is he so cruel to me? Was it my fault for falling in love with him?"

Patricia couldn't understand what she had done wrong.

Deep in her heart, she knew that it was not her fault, and yet, she couldn't help but blame herself.

"No, no, Patricia, it's not your fault! If there is really someone to blame, it's me, not you! If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have been born into the Sampson family and borne so much pain. It's all my fault! I'm so sorry, Patty..."

Giselle cried.

Every time she saw her daughter suffer, she felt like her heart was bleeding.

It was her fault for being a coward and not daring to resist.

She hadn't dared to stand up and protect her daughter.

That was why Patricia had gone through so much pain.

The truth was, if Giselle had just made up her mind to not marry Sullivan, she could have raised Patricia as a single mother.

Of course, it would have been a hard life, but at least they wouldn't have ended up like this.

But such was human nature.

It was too difficult for a weak person to suddenly become brave.

And Giselle was the best example of that.

"My dear Patty..."

The two of them hugged each other and sobbed.

Three days later, Patricia was getting discharged from the hospital.

For the past three days, Giselle had stayed in the hospital to take care of Patricia.

Zac hadn't shown up at all.

"Mom, you can go back now! It has been three days. Uncle Richard will be worried,"

Patricia urged her mother as she packed up her things.

"Patricia, how about I rent an apartment for you outside? You don't have to go back to the Sampson family's house. If you live outside, I can take good care of you!"

Giselle suggested after thinking for a while.

A self-mocking smile appeared at the corners of Patricia's mouth when she heard what her mother said.

It was a ridiculous idea.

Her mother's home was not hers.

She couldn't go there.

Although Giselle had never shared her grievances with her daughter, Patricia knew that her mother's life was not all sunshine and rainbows.

Other than Richard, almost no one else in the Lowell family liked Giselle.

Of course, Patricia knew that she would be walking right into the lion's den if she went back to the Sampson family's house.

She was not naive enough to think that her father would let her go after the fight she had had with Yolanda and Lyndsy that day.

Although she didn't want to go back and face the music, she had to.

She didn't want her mother to worry about her.

This was also human nature.

One would often hurt themselves for the sake of keeping their loved ones happy.

So, instead of speaking out about the pain in her heart, Patricia endured it silently and hid it in a corner, only tending to it when no one was around.

She slowly dealt with the wound, waiting for it to scab.

But every time the wound healed, it would be torn apart again by others.

And then she would once again have to deal with the wound, waiting for it to scab...

It was a never-ending cycle of pain.

"Mom, why do you want to rent an apartment? I'll just go home. Don't worry. I can take care of myself!" Patricia said with faux confidence, beaming at Giselle as if nothing was wrong.

"Patricia..."

Giselle could see right through her daughter, so she opened her mouth to persuade her.

But before she could say anything, she suddenly heard Patricia's cold words.

"What are you doing here?"

Patricia's voice was filled with disgust, and it was obvious that she had no interest in seeing the person that her words were directed at.

The smile on her face froze in an instant, and was replaced by indifference.

Following her gaze, Giselle turned around and looked at the door.

Zac was standing there dressed in a suit, and the expression on his face almost mirrored Patricia's.

"Zac, when did you get here? Come on in!"

Giselle greeted Zac warmly, as if she didn't know that he and Patricia had divorced.

She just hoped that the two of them could work things out, because she knew that her daughter still loved Zac.

Zac nodded and walked into the ward.

The whole time, he had his eyes fixed on Patricia's.

Was there disgust in her eyes? Or was he thinking too much?

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 22

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

Why is this woman acting so different? Is she mad at me about the divorce?' Zac wondered sourly to himself.

He seemed to have completely forgotten that he had forced her to have an abortion.

After all, no sane woman would treat a man the same after he forced her to have an abortion.

If Patricia hadn't realized her hatred for Zac before, she would have realized it the moment she set eyes on him.

She hated the man in front of her for his ruthlessness, and for forcing her to lose her baby.

She didn't want to see him, nor did she want him to appear in front of her ever again. "Zac, please have a seat!"

Seeing that the two of them were staring wordlessly at each other as if in a stalemate, Giselle quickly stepped forward to mediate. "Mom, leave the room first,"

Patricia said in a low voice, getting up with her eyes still fixed on Zac.

"Patricia..."

Giselle wanted to persuade her, but after a moment, she sighed and said, "Okay."

She knew that the couple had something to talk about in private.

If she continued to stay here, it would only make things more awkward and uncomfortable for them.

It was better for her to leave.

Therefore, Giselle walked out of the room step by step, turning her head several times to look at Patricia as she went.

At the door, she took one last look at her daughter and sighed worriedly before closing it.

"What are you doing here? You are not welcome here."

Patricia's cold words and her unapproachable indifference stung Zac's heart.

"I'm here to pick you up,"

he replied casually, as if nothing was wrong between them.

Patricia snorted.

"You don't have to pretend to care about me." Then, she turned around and continued to pack up her things.

With her back to Zac, she added, "As I said, you are not welcome here!"

Looking at her thin back, Zac suddenly had an impulse to reach out and pull her into his arms.

"I'm the one who brought you here, so it's only right for me to drop you back."

Zac's tone was still light and casual, but his words touched Patricia's fragile nerve again.

"Fuck off! I don't want to see you!"

Patricia straightened up, pointed at the door, and shouted, "Zac, we are divorced, and I have gotten the abortion like you asked.

What else do you want? Why are you still here? I already told you, I don't want to see you ever again.

You can go now! Get out of here!"

Her voice became more and more hysterical, and tears spilled uncontrollably out of her eyes.

She didn't care if the people outside the ward could hear her or not.

The one thing that had mattered to her was already gone.

So she didn't care if other people made fun of her or gossiped about her. She didn't have the energy to think about them! Zac was a prideful man, and he couldn't bear being treated by Patricia like this.

He clenched his fists in anger, and his soft heart toughened up again.

This woman was really unreasonable.

Didn't she have any sense of morality? She was so shameless! Although he despised her, he still thought he should drop her at the Sampson family's house out of principle.

"I'm not here to quarrel with you. Like I said, I brought you here, so I will definitely take you back to the Sampson family's house!" he insisted with a scowl, raising his voice a little.

Seeing how stubborn he was, Patricia found herself in even more pain.

She felt that she was about to lose control of herself! Why did she have to bear this heartbreak over and over again? "Ha! Zac, if you want to see Lyndsy, just go to the Sampson family's house directly. You don't have to pretend to be kind to me just to get close to her. She's already very willing to get close to you!"

Patricia said sarcastically.

She didn't know why she had suddenly thought of Lyndsy, but the words just came spilling out of her mouth.

Zac raised his thick eyebrows slightly, and a trace of displeasure appeared on his face.

This woman was really annoying! Had he ever told her that he liked Lyndsy? How could she say such a thing? Of course, he had forgotten about the news that had been released about him and Lyndsy, and how much he had hyped it up.

Instead of arguing with Patricia, Zac walked past her and stuffed all her things into her bag.

Then, carrying the bag in one hand and grabbing her arm with the other, he strode towards the door.

"Let go of me! You bastard! Let go of me!"

Patricia shouted as she tried hard to get rid of Zac's hand.

At last, she had no choice but to lower her head and bite down hard on his wrist.

Feeling a sharp pain on his wrist, Zac reflexively let go of Patricia's arm, and she took the opportunity to run to the door of the ward.

"Mom!"

With a scream, Patricia opened the door and fell into Giselle's arms.

"What's wrong, Patricia?"

Giselle looked at Patricia in surprise.

Seeing the tears on her face again, Giselle was even more confused.

"Mom, let's go!"

Holding Giselle's arm, Patricia walked forward quickly.

"Patricia, where are your things? Zac is still in there. Should we..."

Giselle turned her head and looked worriedly at the door of the ward.

'What happened between them? Why did Patricia come out alone? Why didn't Zac come out after her?' With great strength, Patricia dragged mother forward in a hurry, as if someone was chasing after them.

The two of them soon disappeared around the bend of the corridor.

At the same time, in the ward, Zac had already put down Patricia's bag so that he could tend to his wrist.

She had dug her teeth in so deep that she had drawn blood, which fell to the floor and spread like blooming red flowers.

"Damn it! How dare she!" he cursed as he took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it tightly around his bleeding wrist.

Then, he quickly walked to the door and looked around.

There was no sight of Patricia or her mother in the corridor.

"Damn it!"

He punched the wall angrily, but it only worsened the wound on his wrist.

The pain made him groan with a grimace.

He ran back into the room, picked up her bag, and then chased after her.

Patricia was still striding forward in a hurry with her mother in tow.

But because of her weak condition, she was already running out of breath.

"Patricia, slow down! You still haven't recovered fully.

What's wrong with you?"

Giselle had to run awkwardly to keep up with Patricia, and she almost fell down several times because of her high-heeled shoes.

“Mom, stop asking! We need to leave!”

Patricia didn't want to say anything more.

Tightening her grip on her mother's hand, she quickened her pace even more.

As she walked, she looked back from time to time, as if she was afraid of something.

“Patricia...”

Giselle began to try and persuade Patricia again.

“Stop, Patricia!”

Zac's fierce voice came from behind the two of them, interrupting what Giselle was about to say.

Without turning around, Patricia subconsciously walked even faster.

She really didn't want to see Zac.

If she saw him now, she would only treat him as her enemy! In fact, if she was stronger than Zac, she would definitely beat him to death! Seeing that Patricia continued to stride forward without any intention of stopping and even quickened her pace after hearing his voice, Zac was furious.

“Patricia, stop!”

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 23

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

Zac roared at Patricia again, breaking out into a slow jog.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the hospital was full of people, and Zac's voice attracted all of their attention.

In the hall of the first floor of the in-patient department, everyone turned their eyes to Patricia and Zac at the same time, trying to guess what was going on.

Some of the people recognized Zac and whispered, “That's Zac, the president of the Reynolds Group. The woman in front of him is his ex-wife...” “Aren't they already divorced?”

“Yes, they are. I don't understand why Mr. Reynolds is still chasing after his ex-wife.”

“Did she steal something from him?”

“It’s possible. I heard that she had an affair with a rich man right after the divorce.”

“How disgusting. A woman like that deserves to be abandoned...”

“Exactly...”

Patricia finally arrived at the door of the in-patient department, but not before hearing the whispers of the people inside.

Even though the news articles about her had been deleted, the damage had already been done.

It could never be reversed, because these people would never forget the things that they thought they knew about her.

“Patricia, if you dare to step out of the hospital today, you will have to bear the consequences!”

Zac’s cold words echoed behind Patricia again.

For a moment, Patricia froze, but then a bitter smile appeared at the corners of her mouth.

She would bear the consequences? What consequences? She had already lost the baby.

Wasn’t he satisfied? What else did she have to lose for him to finally let her go? She was exhausted to the bone.

The last thing she wanted to do now was to deal with Zac.

All of a sudden, her resolve hardened.

Still holding her mother’s hand tight, she strode right to the gate of the hospital.

Then, the two of them left together in a taxi.

As Zac watched the taxi pull away, his face distorted with anger.

She had escaped from him by just a few hundred meters! Didn’t she have the slightest fear that he would take revenge on the Sampson family and the Lowell family? Didn’t she even care about her own mother? This woman was getting bolder and bolder by the day! Zac was a cold and self-centered person.

At this moment, he didn’t realize that, as the man who had divorced Patricia and made her lose her child, he had no right to continue to control her. On the other

side, after dropping her mother at the gate of the Lowell family's house, Patricia went back to the Sampson family's house.

When she got out of the taxi, however, she saw the dreaded Bugatti Veyron waiting at the door.

Zac was sitting in the car, looking coldly at her direction.

It seemed that he had expected that she would drop Giselle off at the Lowell family's house first before coming here.

Patricia felt a bitter taste in her mouth.

This man still didn't want to let her go.

Would he be satisfied when he saw her place in the Sampson family at least? Would he be happy only when he saw her in pain? Did he hate her that much? : Clenching her teeth, Patricia walked up to Zac and said coldly, "Since you want to see me suffer so much, you can come in with me!"

After saying that, Patricia turned around and walked towards the gate of the Sampson family's house, not looking back to see if he was following her.

Zac rolled his eyes.

When had he said that he wanted to see her suffer? Why was this woman so stubborn? Didn't she know that she had just lost her baby and was very weak? Didn't she know that she need to have a good rest? He opened the door, got out of the car, and grabbed her bag.

With the bag in hand, he slowly followed Patricia to the Sampson family's house, but put a considerable distance between them.

"Bitch, you still remembered to come back? I thought you died outside."

A sharp and mean female voice came from the living room. Without even looking at the person, Patricia knew who it was.

Except for Lyndsy, who would always want her to die? Without answering, Patricia braced herself to head straight to her room.

She was already very tired.

She just wanted to lie down and have a good rest.

She wasn't in the mood to do anything else.

But there were some people who would hurt you unprovoked even if you tried your best to avoid them.

Lyndsy was that kind of person.

Seeing that Patricia didn't say anything and ignored her as if she was invisible, Lyndsy clenched her fists in anger.

That night, she hadn't been able to vent her anger at Patricia.

And when she had gone to the Reynolds Group, she hadn't been able to find Zac, which had made her even more furious.

She had planned to settle accounts with Patricia after coming back home, but not only was Patricia nowhere to be seen, she hadn't come home at all for the next three days.

Although three days wasn't a long time, it was enough for Lyndsy to attack Patricia in a lot of other ways.

For example, she had released the previous news article again so as to ruin Patricia's reputation.

However, she would never be satisfied until she could physically take out her anger on Patricia.

"You bitch! I'm talking to you. Why are you acting like you're above me? You are nothing but a woman abandoned by her husband!"

The more Lyndsy spoke, the more excited she became.

In the end, she burst into laughter.

Patricia glanced at her, but continued to walk forward with no intention of responding.

"Bitch, stop!"

Seeing that Patricia still didn't answer her, Lyndsy lost her temper once and for all.

She picked up the glass ashtray on the table and threw it at Patricia.

The ashtray hit Patricia right on the head before falling to the floor and shattering into pieces.

Patricia staggered backward from the force and clutched her forehead, where there was a big wound.

Raising her eyes slowly, she took a look at Sullivan and Yolanda, who were sitting on the sofa and staring at her coldly without saying a word.

Of course, this was nothing less than what she had expected.

Ignoring the blood that was seeping from her forehead and onto her palm, she sighed and continued to walk towards her room.

“Stop, you little bitch!”

This time, Sullivan was the one who cursed at Patricia, furiously jumping up from the sofa after seeing that she glanced at him without saying anything.

He didn't care that her forehead was bleeding at all.

In his eyes, Patricia shouldn't have been born in the first place.

But since she had, she should have at least made contributions to the Sampson family.

But now, not only had Patricia not brought any benefits to the Sampson family, she had also brought them a bad name.

Although the negative articles about her couldn't destroy the Sampson family's company, they still had some impact.

Seeing Sullivan join in and scold Patricia, Yolanda smiled complacently and thought, 'Bitch, in the end, you still can't defeat me! You couldn't defeat me in the past, and now, your daughter can't defeat mine either.'

Patricia's heart hardened as she glanced at her father.

It was like he couldn't see the bloody wound on her head at all.

All that mattered to him was his dear daughter Lyndsy's grievance.

Then what was Patricia to him? Wasn't she his daughter too? But Patricia had no strength left to even be disappointed.

Ignoring him, she continued to walk towards the stairs.

No matter what, she wanted to have a rest.

She was very weak and tired, ready to collapse at any moment.

The whole time, Zac stood outside the door and listened to all the noise coming from inside the house.

Even without looking at the scene, he could tell who was speaking.

Except for a pained scream just now, he hadn't heard Patricia's voice at all.

She didn't even open her mouth to rebuke them.

It seemed that this woman had a very low status in the Sampson family! "You little bitch!"

Sullivan chortled in anger, seeing that Patricia continued to ignore him.

He looked around and finally spotted a plate of fruit on the table.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 24

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

Sullivan picked up the plate on the table and threw it at Patricia's head.

Although Patricia noticed a movement from the corner of her eye, she continued to stride forward without turning around.

She refused to reward their actions with any attention.

Anyway, it wasn't like she would die! With a loud crash, the plate hit Patricia's head and fell to the ground, shattering into pieces.

Taking a look at the shattered remains of the plate on the ground and then at her father, Patricia raised her right hand to cover the back of her injured head.

Then, as if nothing had happened, she continued to walk forward, letting the blood flow along her hair to her clothes.

In a matter of moments, her white clothes were stained red with blood.

"Dad, this bitch always acts like this. Does she think no one will know what shameful things she has done if she keeps silent? You can't let her go today. You have to make her tell us who that man is! If she doesn't want to tell us, just kick her out of our house!"

Seeing that Sullivan was burning with rage, Lyndsy added fuel to the fire.

Although Patricia was facing away from Lyndsy, she knew the exact expression that was on Lyndsy's face at the moment without even looking at her.

As usual, her half-sister was cruel, vicious, and complacent.

Did Lyndsy want to grab this opportunity to drive her out of this house? Well, she would leave as long as her father asked her to! In fact, she had stayed in this

house for so many years only because she wanted to stay at the home of her late grandfather.

She wanted to take every opportunity she had to feel close to him. But in recent years, her grandfather's things had been stolen or sold off one by one by the rest of her family.

There was no trace of him left in this house anymore.

And now that the members of the Sampson family didn't want her to stay here anymore, it was meaningless for her to continue living here.

At the thought of this, Patricia suddenly stopped in her tracks.

With her left hand on her forehead and her right hand on the back of her head, she turned around and looked at Sullivan coldly, waiting for the words that he was about to say.

Patricia's hair was a mess, but her stray strands of hair beautifully framed her delicate face.

And the trail of blood flowing down her face and her clothes cast a stark contrast to her white porcelain skin, capable of inspiring anyone to feel sorry for her.

Sullivan, of all people, couldn't resist her pitiful appearance.

When he saw her, a glimmer of amazement flashed through his eyes, and his whole body trembled.

He immediately thought of Giselle, the woman who had been loyal to him for many years.

When she was younger, she had looked just like the woman in front of him now.

Yolanda had been living with Sullivan for many years, so she knew him best.

She could tell what he was thinking at just a glance.

So now, when she saw Sullivan's trembling body, she instantly knew that this damn man must be thinking of Patricia's bitch mother again! She couldn't allow this to go on.

She abruptly stood up, grabbed Sullivan's arm, and pulled him back to his senses.

She said awkwardly, "Sullivan, let's talk about it tomorrow, okay? Look at Patricia's head. It's bleeding"

Before Yolanda could finish her words, Lyndsy said, "Mom, how can you say that? She disappeared for three days and only came back just now."

It won't be easy to find her again once she leaves.

How can we just let her go? What if she disappears again? By then, our family's reputation will be ruined by her, won't it?" had accurately put Sullivan's worries into words.

If Patricia damaged the reputation of the Sampson family, he would rather not have a daughter like her! Tell me, what's going on?"

Sullivan asked coldly, pointing at Patricia. The trace of pity he had felt just now had vanished into thin air. He didn't even ask her to bind up the wound, but cut straight to the question that he wanted the answer to. "What do you want to know?"

Patricia asked just as coldly, as if she couldn't feel the blood that was slowly dripping down from her forehead.

It was an unnerving sight to see.

However, Lyndsy was filled with glee.

All she wanted to do was make Patricia suffer.

The sadder Patricia was, the happier she would be! Dad, look, she's acting like she's innocent. She's always like this!"

she said immediately.

Patricia just cast a cold glance at her with her icy eyes.

But Lyndsy took this opportunity to get closer to her father and hide behind him, pretending to be scared.

"Dad, look, she is glaring at me!"

What Lyndsy said made Sullivan even angrier.

Not only did this shameless woman in front of them not regret anything she had done, but she also dared to stand there so arrogantly.

It seemed that if he did not teach her a good lesson today, she would forget that she was still a member of the Sampson family. "Tell me, who is that man? Is that why Zac divorced you? How much did Zac give you for the divorce? How much money are you hiding from us?"

Sullivan asked a series of questions, but in his eyes, the most important of them were the last two. A sense of bitterness rose in Patricia's heart.

Till the end, her father only cared about money! Her grandfather had been a very good person, so how had his son grown up to be such a despicable man? Thinking of her grandfather, Patricia felt a sharp pain in her heart again.

The two wounds on her head were slowly bleeding out.

On top of that, she was already weak from losing the baby.

She covered both the wounds with her hands and slowly squatted down, letting the blood flow out through her fingers.

Although she didn't like the feeling of being looked down upon, she was really tired now.

All she wanted to do was to have a good rest, but she knew that if she didn't tell them what they wanted to know today, these people would never let her go.

What was more, there was a cold-blooded and ruthless man waiting outside the house to laugh at her! Patricia knew that Zac must be standing outside the door, eavesdropping on this whole exchange.

How interesting.

Everyone was here today! Those who wanted to make fun of her, those who wanted to torture her, those who wanted her to leave, and even those who wanted her to die were all here now! In that case, they should all meet one another.

Thinking of this, Patricia shouted at the door, "I didn't think that the president of the Reynolds Group was the kind of person who likes to eavesdrop on conversations. If news of this gets out, it will surely make the headlines tomorrow!"

Patricia's words shocked Sullivan.

No matter how he behaved at home, he always maintained a good image outside.

Lyndsy was even more afraid.

She didn't want Zac to see her be so rude and unkind.

She subconsciously tidied up her clothes and looked out of the door.

The only one who didn't feel any fear was Yolanda.

"What are you talking about, Patricia? Zac is very busy. How could he have time to come here?"

Seeing that there was no sign of Zac after Patricia called out, Lyndsy regained her composure and became arrogant again.

'Has he left?' Patricia wondered.

But all her things were still in his car! And hadn't he come here to laugh at her? Why would he leave without seeing her suffer? "You little bitch. Aren't you ashamed of yourself after all the dirty things you've done? How dare you try to frighten us by using Zac's name? It seems that if I don't teach you a lesson today, you won't remember who you are."

Sullivan thought that Patricia must be lying too, so he began shouting at Patricia again.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 25

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

Still looking at the door, Patricia shouted again, "Zac, you really don't want to come in and have a look? Watching the show with your own eyes is better than eavesdropping at the door!"

Zac was indeed at the door, but he hadn't meant to eavesdrop.

It just so happened that the people inside were talking loudly enough for him to hear.

He decided to walk in with an excuse.

The corners of his mouth twitched, and his cold face was full of embarrassment.

This woman must have brought attention to him on purpose! She wanted him to make a fool of himself.

Now, because of her words, he had no choice but to show himself.

However, before he reached the door, he almost bumped into Lyndsy, who rushed out to see him.

Lyndsy widened her eyes in surprise and smiled.

"Zac, it's really you! Are you here to see me?"

She was so happy that she reached out to pull Zac's arm, but he dodged quietly.

Looking at her hand close around empty air, Lyndsy was disappointed and a hint of embarrassment flashed across her face, but she quickly threw her emotions aside and smiled again.

"Come on in, Zac! Yolanda's face turned red with anger when she heard Lyndsy's stupid words.

Her daughter was good in many aspects, but sometimes, she could be utterly brainless.

Hadn't she seen what was going on? How could she invite Zac in? Did she want him to see the scandal of the Sampson family? She remembered clearly that the last time Patricia had quarreled with Sullivan, Zac was the one who had come and taken Patricia away.

Although Zac had divorced Patricia, Yolanda really couldn't figure out how he felt towards that girl.

"Come on in, Zac!"

Lyndsy still tried her best to invite Zac in.

"Yes, okay."

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Zac followed Lyndsy into the room, as if he hadn't been eavesdropping at all.

At the same time, Patricia was slumped on the floor with her back against the wall.

Both her hands were pressed onto her head, covering the two wounds that were bleeding right through her white fingers.

Her face looked extremely pale.

As soon as Zac entered the room, he sensed the strong smell of blood.

His lips thinned into a tight frown.

He sniffed the air and coughed unhappily.

In fact, Patricia knew that Zac was a neat freak.

She had called him in on purpose to disgust him! To her, the most important thing was that she was very weak now and needed to rest.

She just wanted to use Zac as a distraction so that she could head up to her room and close the door without being hounded by her family.

Just as she had expected, Zac frowned unhappily as soon as he entered the room.

She knew that a good play was about to begin, and she could take the opportunity to leave! ©: But to her surprise, things didn't go as she had planned.

Zac was definitely disgusted, but despite that, his eyes searched the room for her.

When he found Patricia curled up against the wall with her head and her hands covered in blood, he immediately threw the bag aside and strode towards her.

Seeing that Zac was walking towards her, Patricia struggled to stand up, but her legs were so weak that she kept sliding to the floor.

Since she was using the last bit of her strength, her vision blurred, causing her surroundings to spin around.

Before she could clearly see what was in front of her, she found herself falling into a strange embrace.

She subconsciously looked up.

When her eyes finally focused on the man carrying her, her confusion was replaced by fear.

What on earth did Zac want to do? Did he still want to add to the wounds on her injured body? She couldn't figure out what his motive was.

As Zac strode towards the door with Patricia in his arms, he said to the people standing behind him, "You can settle accounts with her later!" Seeing Zac turn to leave with Patricia in his arms, coupled with the sight of Patricia's bag on the floor, Lyndsy was not happy.

Fixing her eyes on Zac's back, she shouted, "Zac, why do you have her bag? Were you guys together for the past three days? How could you do this to me, Zac? No, you can't leave. You must make it clear to me, Zac..." As Lyndsy spoke, she took a step forward to chase after Zac, but was stopped by her mother.

"Zac, come back. Make it clear! How can you do this to me..."

Although Lyndsy was being dragged back by her mother, she still didn't want to give up.

Seeing that Zac walked out of the door without paying any attention to her, she turned to look at Patricia's bag, which was on the floor.

She stepped hard on the bag, cursing Patricia under her breath.

She didn't stop until she had crushed everything in the bag under her feet, as if she was crushing Patricia's body! "Well, you have scolded her and stepped on her things. It's time for you to calm down."

Yolanda patted Lyndsy on the shoulder and comforted her with a smile.

"Mom, why didn't you let me go after them? Do you know that that bitch Patricia..."

Lyndsy began, feeling wronged.

"Honey!"

Yolanda shouted loudly, immediately interrupting Lyndsy.

She patted Lyndsy on the shoulder and said in a low voice, "Your father is on your side. Let him deal with it, okay?"

After saying that, she turned to look at Sullivan.

Although Lyndsy was stupid, she understood what her mother meant.

Although Sullivan loved her very much, she couldn't be too domineering in front of him.

She still needed to rely on him for the time being! Therefore, she turned around and trotted to Sullivan before taking his arm and shaking it like a spoiled child.

Pouting, she cried, "Dad, look! I can't believe that Patricia is acting like this even though she and Zac are divorced..."

"Honey, don't talk nonsense!"

Sullivan lowered his head and took a look at Lyndsy.

Then, he turned to look at the door again, as if lost in thought.

"Dad!"

Lyndsy was so angry that she stamped her feet.

"Sullivan, are you thinking about getting Patricia remarried to Zac?"

Yolanda asked, walking to the other side of Sullivan.

These words made Lyndsy even more unhappy.

“No, she can’t remarry Zac!” “Yes, I just want them to remarry!” Sullivan said firmly.

In his eyes, as long as Patricia and Zac got remarried, he could take the opportunity to develop the Sampson family’s business! A hint of malice flashed through Yolanda’s eyes when she heard what Sullivan said.

“Sullivan, have you ever thought about what you should do if Patricia can’t remarry Zac? Can you force them to get remarried?”

“Who says they can’t remarry? They must remarry, and they have to do it soon!”

Sullivan said seriously.

Yolanda shifted in discomfort after hearing his words.

Why was Patricia supposed to remarry Zac? Why couldn’t her daughter, Lyndsy, marry him instead? In her eyes, her daughter was much better than that bitch Patricia!

“But Sullivan, think about it. If Zac was willing to remarry Patricia, why would he have divorced her in the first place?”

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 26

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

Yolanda’s face darkened and her words were mixed with anger. Having been with Yolanda for so many years, Sullivan naturally knew Yolanda’s temper.

Now, hearing what she said, he knew what she meant at once. In fact, if he thought about it, he would find that her words were reasonable.

But if Zac really didn’t want to remarry Patricia, then what was he supposed to do about the future development of the Sampson family’s business? Sullivan pressed his brows together into a tight frown.

The more he thought about it, the more worried he became.

But this worried look on his face was exactly what Yolanda wanted to see.

She took this opportunity to shift closer to him and held his arm.

“Sullivan, I know what you’re thinking, but that doesn’t mean that this situation is unsalvageable, right? Don’t you remember that we have another daughter?” she said slowly.

As she spoke, she tilted her head at Lyndsy, indicating to Sullivan to look over.

Glancing at Lyndsy, Sullivan shook his head and mumbled, "No, no!"

Seeing that Sullivan rejected the idea at once, Yolanda became angry again.

"Why?"

"No way! I don't want my dear daughter to suffer!" Sullivan said firmly.

He loved money, but he also loved his dear daughter.

However, more importantly, he knew in his heart that Lyndsy could not match Patricia in many aspects.

She was not as beautiful, or as curvy, or even as talented as Patricia was.

Zac would never fall in love with a woman like her! Although Sullivan didn't care about Patricia, he had to admit that Patricia was indeed an outstanding woman.

At first, Yolanda had been furious at Sullivan, but after hearing his reason, her anger dissipated.

It seemed that she and her daughter were still the most important people in Sullivan's heart! "Dad, Zac is rich and handsome. Why do you say that I will suffer if I marry him?"

Lyndsy couldn't accept her father's reason as readily as her mother had.

As soon as she heard her father say no, she became very anxious.

"Honey, you don't know that Zac is famous for his ruthlessness. You can see it from his attitude towards Patricia. Don't be stubborn about this. As your father, I won't let you ruin your life by marrying him!"

Sullivan said firmly, shaking his head.

Although her father seemed to be saying it for her own good, in her heart, Lyndsy knew that it was just an excuse.

For whatever reason, he just didn't want her to marry Zac. She felt a stab of dissatisfaction in her heart.

"Are you sure, Dad? What if Zac really doesn't remarry Patricia? Then what are you going to do?" she asked, tilting her chin up at him.

Sullivan fell into silence again.

It had to be said that the mother and daughter both knew Sullivan like the back of their hand.

With every word, they drove home the point they wanted to make.

“She’s right, Sullivan. Since there is no chance for Patricia to remarry Zac, then, for the future of the Sampson family’s business, we must help Lyndsy get Zac!” Yolanda echoed.

Logically speaking, her words made sense.

For the Sampson family, it would be good as long as Zac married one of their daughters; it didn’t matter which one.

After struggling for a few seconds, Sullivan finally made up his mind.

He looked at Yolanda and their daughter and said, “Okay! What do you think we should do?”

“Thank you, Dad. I knew you love me the most!”

Lyndsy cried joyfully, linking her arm around her father’s.

She knew that as long as her father agreed to let her marry Zac, then, with her mother’s help, she could definitely win Zac’s heart.

As for that bitch Patricia, she could treat her as she liked.

If she was in a good mood, Patricia would die faster, and if she was in a bad mood, Patricia would suffer more! Seeing that Sullivan agreed, Yolanda finally calmed down a little.

She approached the two of them and began whispering her plan.

“We can do this...”

After walking out of the Sampson family’s house, Zac took Patricia straight to his car.

He started the engine and stepped hard on the accelerator, running red lights and swerving through traffic to get to his destination.

Soon, he arrived at the gate of the hospital.

Slumped against the front passenger seat, Patricia was still bleeding from the wounds on her forehead and the back of her head.

She was dizzy, and the whole car ride went by in a blur for her.

The only thing she knew was that Zac was the one who had taken her away from the Sampson family's house, and that she was now sitting in his car.

After a while, the car stopped, and the door beside her was opened. She wanted to get out of the car and go see a doctor by herself.

But as soon as she tried to lift her foot, the last trace of strength left her body, and she slumped back against the seat once more.

She was completely exhausted.

Just when her surroundings were starting to spin around in front of her eyes, she fell into that warm embrace again.

Although she couldn't see anything clearly, she knew who was holding her.

That was the embrace that she had dreamed of many times in the past, but she had never received it before the divorce.

As she thought of this, her heart ached, and her face turned even paler.

She struggled to get down from Zac's arms.

Even in her daze, she wanted to walk there by herself.

"Patricia, you'd better not move!"

Seeing that she was struggling, Zac scolded her in a low voice.

His expression was deathly solemn.

Did this woman hate his touch so much that she couldn't let herself be carried by him even in the state that she was in? Patricia was already feeling dizzy and uncomfortable, but after hearing Zac's threatening words, she felt even worse.

This man never changed! In the past three years, he had ignored her and left her all alone in the Reynolds family's house to face his unkind family.

Even during the few times that they had met, he had been cold and unwilling to talk to her.

Now, after their divorce, he was still threatening her, and he even seemed to be getting more and more aggressive! However, Patricia didn't have any strength to fight against him now.

If he wanted to hold her that much, she would just let him do it.

At least she could take this opportunity to have a good rest.

With that thought, she stopped struggling and gradually fell unconscious.

Her head, which was still bleeding, tilted to one side and leaned against Zac's shoulder.

"Patricia! Patricia, don't sleep! Open your eyes. Wake up!"

Seeing that Patricia was unconscious, Zac was at a loss.

He shouted her name over and over again as he sprinted towards the department of general surgery.

After a while, Patricia was still unconscious, and she showed no sign of waking up.

"Patricia, I command you to open your eyes!"

Zac shouted again, this time with heightened fear in his heart.

He didn't want Patricia to sleep like this forever.

He wanted her to open her eyes and quarrel with him like she used to.

"Patricia, Patricia..."

Zac kept calling her name, but he didn't get any reply.

Patricia was still unconscious.

"Grandpa, please don't leave. Please don't leave me... Grandpa..."

Lying on the bed, Patricia shivered from the cold.

She kept murmuring words under her breath, and the tears in the corners of her eyes flowed down her cheeks every time she called for her grandfather.

The white gauze which was tightly wrapped around her forehead made her pale and bloodless face look more miserable.

She could not help but curl up as she continued to cry, "Grandpa... Don't go... Don't leave me alone..."

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 27

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

Looking at Patricia's trembling body, Zac frowned unconsciously.

He took another quilt and covered her with it, but she still kept shivering.

It seemed that she was shivering not out of cold, but out of fear.

The scene in front of him was all too familiar he had seen it not that long ago.

More importantly, when he saw the white gauze on Patricia's head, he felt annoyed.

He walked to the window and dialed a number.

After the call was connected, his cold voice was transmitted to the other end of the line.

"It is time to take action on the Sampson family's business!"

After saying this simple sentence, Zac hung up and put his phone back into his pocket.

He walked to the bedside and saw that Patricia was still fast asleep, with her knees curled up to her chest.

He felt a stab of pity in his heart, accompanied by unstoppable fury.

Although they were divorced now, Patricia used to be his woman.

No matter what she did, he was the only one who had the right to deal with her.

No one else could hurt her without his permission.

What the Sampson family had done to her had crossed his bottom line by leaps and bounds.

He was so busy thinking about ways to deal with them that he didn't realize that his attitude towards Patricia had changed.

In the past, he had never thought about her even though she was his wife, but now, he thought of her as his woman.

His eyes were fixed on the woman lying on the bed.

She always looked stubborn on the surface, but it turned out that her heart was fragile.

Looking at the helpless expression on her face, he reached out to hold her hand, and the anger in his heart was slightly suppressed.

With Zac's hand wrapped tightly around hers, Patricia finally stopped trembling and shifted closer to him.

In her sleep, she pulled his hand close and pressed it tightly against her chest, as if she had found a lifeline.

She kept mumbling, "Grandpa...I miss you so much...Grandpa..."

When Patricia pulled his hand close to her chest, Zac couldn't help trembling.

It turned out that her hand was so soft...

But he quickly suppressed his emotions and, with his other hand, reached out to carefully smoothen the infusion tube.

He was afraid that Patricia would touch the needle in her sleep.

That would be really troublesome.

After that, he tried to pull his hand out of Patricia's, but to no avail.

He slowly leaned closer to her to try to get rid of her hand again, but instead found himself attracted to the faint scent of her body.

He looked down at the woman under him.

He had never been this close to her before.

From this small distance, she looked stunningly beautiful.

Moreover, in the silence, she looked as delicate as a flower.

«© Although Zac didn't want to admit it, he couldn't deny it, either.

As he looked down at her like this, he felt his heart race.

At this time, Patricia opened her mouth and whispered something that made Zac's mood _ plummet immediately.

"Zac, you bastard! Go to hell! You even killed your own child! Bastard, you bastard..."

Patricia cursed, gnashing her teeth together.

When Zac heard these words, his handsome face immediately darkened.

He only heard Patricia cursing him, and automatically ignored the other words that she said.

He was so angry that he wanted to jerk his hand out of Patricia's, but before he could, he heard her crying and murmuring again.

"Baby, I'm sorry. Don't blame Mommy. It's all your bad Daddy's fault. He didn't want Mommy and forced me not to keep you... Oh my baby... 'm so sorry..."

Hearing Patricia's words this time, Zac felt as if he had been hit by a bolt from the blue.

His hand froze, and he stood by the bed in a daze.

Looking at the tears of regret that trickled down Patricia's cheeks, Zac felt his heart constrict in pain.

The child was his? But he had never touched her.

How could she have gotten pregnant with his child? But since she was unconscious, everything that came out of her mouth had to be the truth...

It seemed that he would have to ask her about this when she woke up.

But even if he asked her, would this woman tell him the truth? Back when he had first found out that she was pregnant, she hadn't explained it to him and even told him that the baby was not his.

He was afraid that even if he asked her, she wouldn't answer him honestly.

Zac's line of thought slowly shifted to Patricia's status in the Sampson family.

He suddenly understood why she always pretended to be invincible, like a hedgehog with thorns all over her body.

Whoever tried to touch her, she would prick them with her thorns.

She looked very cold, but in fact, it was just an act.

Once again, Zac's eyes wandered to the gauze wrapped around her head, and his heart ached.

He slowly reached out with his free hand and gently stroked her soft long hair.

He didn't know that his face was filled with tender affection.

"Patricia, why can't you learn to show your weak side in front of me like other women? Why do you put so much pressure on yourself all the time? Aren't you tired? I'm your husband, but you never tell me anything about you. Since you didn't say anything about the baby before, why did you tell me the truth now? Do you want me to feel guilty?"

Zac said.

He patted on Patricia's back and continued, "Well, you got what you wanted! I do feel guilty! I'm confused now. Was it good for us to get a divorce?"

As he spoke, Zac slowly sank into the seat next to the bed.

His left hand was on her shoulder while his right was resting inside Patricia's hand.

He felt sorry for her, but he didn't realize the intimacy of their position.

"I thought I should let you go if you were unhappy with me, but I didn't expect that it would put you in an embarrassing situation. Maybe I was really wrong!"

Patricia suddenly stirred, as if she was about to wake up.

Without thinking, Zac shot up from the bed like he had been caught doing something wrong, but because of his quick movements, he tugged hard on Patricia's hand, which was still holding his...

In an instant, Patricia opened her beautiful eyes.

When she saw the person in front of her, her mouth fell open in surprise.

But soon, she came back to her senses and assumed her usual coldness.

"Why are you still here? I don't want to see you. Get out!"

Looking up at Zac, who was slightly leaning over her, Patricia felt suffocated.

This pose was too intimate, and she didn't like it! However, Zac didn't jump up angrily as she expected.

Instead, he pointed at the place where her hands were clenched and gestured to her to look there with his eyes! It was only then that Patricia realized that she was holding Zac's hand.

As if burned by his hand, she shook it off and quickly shrank back.

The way she was avoiding him like a pest left a deep scar in Zac's heart.

Feeling embarrassed, he raised his hand and touched his nose.

The moment his hand got close to his nose, Patricia's unique fragrance, which still lingered on his fingers, made him excited again.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 28

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

"You fainted, and there was no one to take care of you. I thought you wouldn't want your mother to know, so I. Zac started to explain to Patricia.

His hand lingered on the bridge of his nose, filling his senses with her faint fragrance.

"Well, I'm awake now, so you can leave,"

Patricia said impatiently, glaring at Zac.

Then, she turned away, as if she was not willing to talk to him anymore.

"I already told you why I'm here. But if you want your mother to know about this, then..."

As Zac spoke, he put his hand into his pocket, as if to take out his phone.

His words were casual but with an underlying threat.

Anger burned in Patricia's heart when she heard his tone.

She sat up straight and glared at him, clenching the quilt tightly with her hands.

"Zac... Are you even human? You are so cruel! You go to any lengths! Is threatening me the only thing you know how to do?"

For some reason, being scolded by Patricia put Zac in a good mood all of a sudden.

It turned out that this woman wasn't all that fragile and could explode sometimes too.

Although she was cursing him, he felt inexplicably relieved.

Perhaps it was because of her insinuation that he could go to any lengths.

Was she talking about losing the baby? Zac wasn't sure.

Whatever it was, he couldn't let this woman scold him without paying any price.

Seeing that a relaxed smile unexpectedly appeared on Zac's face, Patricia rubbed her eyes and looked at him again.

This time, the smile on his face was no longer the same as before, but had returned to its usual coldness.

Patricia thought that she must be going crazy, or hallucinating from the blood loss.

Before she could come back to her senses, Zac suddenly bent over and leaned in close.

The distance between his handsome face and her delicate one was only about the size of a fist.

Zac put his hands on both sides of her body, and her faint scent invaded his nostrils, making his heart race again.

“You...What are you doing?”

Patricia tried to retreat, but there was no way for her to escape because there was a wall behind her.

“What am I doing?”

Zac paused and repeated her question in a low voice.

Suddenly, he seemed to think of something and said, “Well, since you asked, I better do something. Otherwise, I’ll seem like a coward!”

His lips widened into an evil smile, which made Patricia want to bite off her tongue.

Why had she asked him that instead of telling him to get lost? Anyway, didn’t this man hate her to the core? He wasn’t interested in her at all, right? Thinking of this, Patricia stretched out her hands and pushed Zac with great strength.

But instead of staggering back, Zac fell forward, closing the distance between them.

His thin lips brushed again Patricia’s rosy ones.

When their lips touched, it was as if a current shot through their bodies from their mouths to their limbs.

With tears in her beautiful eyes, Patricia raised her hands again and pushed Zac away with all her strength.

As if she had eaten something bad, she rubbed her lips hard with her sleeves until the skin on her lips peeled off.

But her reaction only provoked Zac even more.

Was Patricia that disgusted by his touch? Yes, that must be it! This woman was really shameless, but she was still pretending to be pure and lofty here! 'Well, since you want to pretend, I'll let you continue to pretend!' With that thought, Zac looked at her, and a mocking smile appeared on the corner of his lips.

He pushed Patricia's hands away and pounced on her again.

This time, there was no hesitation or tenderness.

He pounced on her with a strong purpose and went straight to his target her red lips.

He kissed her hard, domineering her with his touch.

It was a passionate kiss, with just a hint of punishment.

Now that his body was completely on top of hers, Patricia knew it was no use trying to push him away.

She could only grit her teeth and force herself to endure his crazy kiss.

Zac forced her lips open and explored the inside of her mouth with his tongue.

By this time, Patricia's anger had reached its peak.

She was still under Zac's strong grip, but she couldn't help but struggle.

This time, she managed to free her hands and tried to push him again, but before she could, Zac caught her hands easily.

He wished that Patricia would just submit to him instead of resisting him like this! After all, since they had already done the deed once without his knowledge, they could also do it now.

Shouldn't she be happy that he was making her wish come true? Wasn't this what she wanted? In fact, Patricia was a simple girl when it came to matters of love.

Zac was the first and only man that she had ever loved.

And today, he had stolen her first kiss in such an aggressive manner.

She had already been determined to hold a grudge against him because of the baby.

Now that he was treating her like this, her resentment towards him doubled.

Zac either didn't notice or pretended not to notice the anger and hatred in Patricia's eyes.

He stretched out one hand to cover her eyes and forced her to close them.

The whole time, he didn't stop kissing her at all.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 29

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)
Waves of dizziness came over Patricia.

A moment later, she fainted.

Noticing that there was no response from the woman under him, Zac finally pulled away.

It turned out that he really liked kissing her! After making sure that she was fine, he stood up and covered her with a quilt.

Then, he lowered his head to look at her lips again.

There was a flash of excitement in his eyes, but other than, he felt completely relaxed, as if he had just released a lot of pent-up emotions.

In fact, Patricia seemed to be a bad kisser.

She didn't even know how to cooperate! Zac shook his head and gave her an incisive comment in his heart.

However, he liked her lack of skill and experience.

If Patricia knew what Zac was thinking right now, there was no doubt that she would fly into a rage.

This damn man had not only taken advantage of her, but he even had the cheek to call her a bad kisser after that!

"Patricia, although you are not a good woman, I will take care of you for one month since you were the mother of my child. You don't have to thank me. I just don't want to owe anyone,"

Zac said in a low voice.

For a few seconds, he observed Patricia as if to see if she would object.

But when there was no response, he relaxed.

One could argue that silence was consent.

Although he liked the fact that Patricia was a lot bolder now and even quarreled with him instead of being meek and silent like she had been in the past, he didn't want her to resist him all the time, either.

Sitting next to her, he suddenly remembered what the people in the hall of the in-patient department had said earlier that day.

He took out his phone and quickly typed something on the search engine.

When he saw the news article he was looking for, his face instantly darkened.

It seemed that someone had it out for Patricia! Zac turned his head to look at the woman lying on the bed, and a trace of pity flashed through his eyes.

Then, he quickly turned back to his phone and dialed his secretary's number.

After two rings, he heard the high-pitched trembling voice of his secretary greet him.

"Hello, Mr.Reynolds."

"Is this how you do your work? Didn't I tell you to deal with those news articles?"

Zac asked sternly.

His anger could be felt even over the phone.

"Mr.Reynolds, I did, but I don't know why"

The secretary was interrupted by Zac before she could finish her words.

"Erase these articles and find out who is behind this.Otherwise, don't bother coming to the company tomorrow morning!"

With that, Zac hung up the phone.

Needless to say, his secretary was flustered, and there were beads of sweat gathered on her forehead.

She was more surprised than anyone that the news articles had resurfaced, so she immediately began to investigate the matter.

After all, she had already handled everything.

Why had these articles come back again? It was obvious that whoever was behind this was trying to ruin Patricia's reputation, but what they didn't realize was that they were also ruining Zac's reputation in the process, and Zac would never allow such a thing to happen.

Therefore, Zac would always protect Patricia, even if they were divorced! Thinking of this, the secretary was sure that when the identity of the person behind these news articles was found, they would face a miserable end at Zac's hands.

The secretary was right about almost everything, but what she didn't know was that one little detail had changed.

It was true that even in the past, Zac would have never allowed Patricia's reputation to be ruined.

No matter what, he would have made sure that the articles were dealt with.

But this time, he wasn't just doing it for his own good.

His heart was affected, but he didn't even realize it.

All he knew was that hearing those words from those people at the hospital today had made him feel uncomfortable.

He could not allow such a thing to continue.

When Patricia woke up again, it was already evening.

The lights in her ward had been turned on.

These lights were dimmer than the ones in other wards, filling the room with a warm light instead of dazzling her vision.

It was only Patricia heard her stomach rumble that she realized that she hadn't eaten anything for the whole day.

She wanted to go out and buy some food for herself, but she was too weak to even get out of bed, let alone go out.

It seemed that losing the baby, coupled with her excessive bleeding today, had really taken a toll on her body.

Now, there was nothing she could do but to wait until a nurse came.

Although she didn't have her bag or purse with her, she still remembered her account number by heart.

She could pay the hospital bill with the account number.

While she was thinking about all these things, the door of the ward swung open.

Hearing the sound, she immediately turned to the door, but when she saw the person standing there, her face paled in disgust.

“Why are you here again?”

After saying those cold words, Patricia closed her eyes.

It was clear that she had no interest in talking to him anymore.

However, Zac had expected such an attitude from Patricia, so he didn't mind it.

He quickly walked to the table and sat down in front of it.

Then, he took out a lunchbox, opened it, and poured some soup into a bowl.

After that, with the bowl of soup in his left hand and a spoon in his right hand, he walked over to the bed.

“I've brought you chicken soup. Have some! Otherwise, you will be weak all the time.”

Zac set down the bowl of chicken soup on the bedside table before wheeling a medical table over to the bed.

Then, ignoring Patricia's reaction, he went straight to the foot of the bed and turned the crank to lift the head of the bed up, so that she could sit up without any discomfort.

Once the bed reached a proper height, Zac returned to Patricia's side and put the bowl of chicken soup on the medical table.

He fetched a damp towel, wiped Patricia's hands with it, and then sat down on a chair next to her.

“If you want to continue fighting with me, or if you don't want me to appear in front of you anymore, you should eat this.

Once you've recovered, I won't appear in front of you even if you want to see me! Although his words were annoying, his actions were extremely gentle, as if he was afraid of hurting her.

Without moving, Patricia allowed Zac to wipe her hands.

She felt the slight friction from his fingers.

This feeling was what she had always longed for.

But the way he was behaving now was ironic! Was he repenting? Was he caring for her to make up for the hurt that he had caused her? Well, it was impossible.

She would never forgive him! After wiping Patricia's hands, Zac went over to the washbasin and washed the towel.

Then, he came back to her and helped her wipe her face.

He wiped her face tenderly, as if she was a porcelain doll that would break into pieces if he touched her with a little more strength.

He stared intently at her face as he wiped it carefully, bit by bit.

He found that although she wasn't wearing makeup, her skin was fair and flawless, like a baby's.

She had naturally arched eyebrows, and her beautiful eyes were closed slightly, making her look inviting.

Her thick long eyelashes trembled slightly like butterfly wings, leaving a row of shadows under the arc of her eyes.

Under that irresistible pair of eyes was a delicate nose.

Her rosy lips were still slightly upturned, and a little red and swollen because of what Zac had done earlier.

Looking at her lips, Zac found himself in a good mood all of a sudden.

He even wanted to whistle, but he was afraid that his childish behavior would frighten the woman in front of him.

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 30

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)
Patricia still didn't move.

If Zac was so desperate to make it up to her, she would just let him do it.

Anyway, he was a bastard.

God would definitely approve of her torturing him like this.

After wiping her face, Zac put the towel back near the washbasin and came to the bedside again.

"Just eat it. It won't taste good if it's cold!"

Zac said, seeing that Patricia still had her eyes closed.

Smelling the food in front of her, Patricia opened her eyes and tried to move, but her limbs were too rigid.

Noticing her discomfort, Zac immediately sprang to her side and held her up.

With his help, she found a comfortable position to sit in.

After that, she picked up the spoon and began to eat.

Seeing that Patricia was eating obedient, Zac sat next to her and watched her eat.

Patricia was so hungry that she didn't even care about his piercing eyes.

She just ignored him and continued to dig in.

After all, he had already made her a promise.

She wanted to recover as soon as possible so that she could get rid of him.

After that, she wouldn't need to see this loathsome guy anymore! Thinking of this, she suddenly picked up the whole bowl and gulped the soup down.

In just a few seconds, she finished the entire bowl of chicken soup.

Then, she pushed the bowl forward, looked at Zac, and said coldly, "I want more."

The corners of Zac's mouth twitched.

When had this woman become so domineering? He wordlessly picked up the bowl and filled it with more soup.

Then, he set the bowl down in front of Patricia.

Without hesitation, she began to eat again.

Seeing the way she ravenously devoured the soup, Zac was at a loss for words.

Had she always eaten this way before? It was only then that Zac realized that he had never had a meal with her in the past three years! After eating three bowls of soup, Patricia finally stopped.

She touched her full round belly and leaned back on the bed with satisfaction.

The corners of Zac's mouth twitched again.

Not only did this woman eat in an ungraceful way, but she also ate a lot.

It was good that he had brought a lot of chicken soup today, otherwise it wouldn't have been enough for her.

While cleaning the bowl, Zac took the opportunity to look Patricia up and down.

Curling his lips, he thought to himself, 'This woman eats so much, but she doesn't have any fat on her body.

She is so thin.

It is really a waste of food!' He drew such a conclusion about her, but it didn't occur to him that the reason she hadn't gained weight was because she had been lonely and depressed during the three years of their marriage.

She barely saw her husband, and she was always mocked by her husband's family.

In such a situation, no woman would gain weight.

And no woman could be happy.

Zac put the bowl next to the empty lunch box, and then turned around and walked over to sit next to Patricia.

But before he reached her side, he heard her cold words.

"I'm full. You can go now!"

A touch of sadness rose in Zac's heart when he heard what Patricia said, but it was quickly replaced by displeasure.

"Fine, have a good rest. I'm leaving," he said, trying to suppress his anger.

Then, he walked out of the ward with the lunch box.

Patricia sighed.

She was a lot more relaxed now that Zac had left, but after a whole day's sleep, she found that she couldn't sleep at all.

She tossed and turned, wondering what Zac's motive was, but she couldn't figure out the reason.

While she was still trying to go to sleep, the door opened, and Zac's annoying face appeared again.

Patricia was so angry that she sat up from the bed, pointed at him, and scolded him loudly.

"You are a liar! Didn't you say that if I ate well and took good care of myself, you wouldn't appear in front of me again? How could you break your promise?"

As usual, Zac ignored her accusation.

He strode to the table with two big bags in his hands and set them down.

Then, he turned around and pointed at one of the bags.

"Here is some dessert. You can eat it later!"

Patricia lowered her eyes and saw a bag containing cakes.

Then, Zac pointed at the other bag and said, "There are fruits, biscuits, and some chocolates in this bag! I don't know what you like to eat, so I just bought one of everything. You can pick up whatever you like to eat!"

After saying that, he turned around and walked towards the door.

"I'll get you some water in case you get thirsty."

With that, Zac left the room.

However, Patricia's mind was in a mess again. 'Why did you start caring for me only after I completely gave up on you? Why did you force me to have an abortion? What did I ever do to offend you? How can you treat me like this? If you hate me that much, why did you save me in the pool all those years ago?' Patricia was caught in a downward spiral.

Her tears wet her pale face again.

She pulled up the quilt and covered her head, crying silently.

Half an hour later, Zac came in with a water bottle in his hand.

He had also brought a new cup and some other items that Patricia would need.

Seeing that Patricia was completely buried under the quilt, he thought that she had fallen asleep, so he walked in without making any noise.

After putting down the things, he turned around and walked out quietly, closing the door behind him.

After hearing the crack of the door, Patricia suddenly lifted the quilt and gasped for breath.

'Finally! That bastard has left!' she cursed in her heart.

If he hadn't left when he did, she would have been suffocated to death! Turning her head to look at the things that Zac had SILSS , 8 labs.

brought for her, she cursed him even more.

He was really a bastard.

He hadn't so much as taken a glance at her before, but now, he cared about her and treated her like she was precious.

Well, it was too late.

She didn't want to turn back now! Feeling annoyed, she glanced at the door again and snorted coldly.

Then, she lay down and finally fell asleep. The next day, early in the morning, Patricia was still asleep when she heard a slight sound.

She opened her eyes vigilantly and looked at the door.

The door of the ward opened a crack, and a familiar but disgusting handsome face appeared.

Patricia was speechless.

Why the hell was Zac here again? Hadn't he promised not to show up? Hadn't he promised that he would let her have a good rest? If he kept showing up in front of her like this, she would be in a bad mood all the time.

How could she have a good rest? Patricia was sure that this bastard must be doing it on purpose to torture her! Through the crack of the door, Zac saw that Patricia had opened her eyes, so he strode in with a thermal lunch box in his hand.

Frowning, Patricia thought to herself, 'This bastard brought me breakfast?' 'Despite that, she still believed that Zac had no good intentions!

"I've brought you breakfast..."

Zac bent down and was about to open the lid of the lunch box when he suddenly noticed Patricia's messy hair.

"You haven't washed your face, have you?" he asked.

Even before she answered, he was already walking to the washbasin.