

# Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 9

"Mom, I'm really fine. If I feel sad, I'll tell you. Or I'll find another way to vent it. I won't keep it in my heart, don't worry."

Patricia's voice was hoarse, and her face was gaunt.

It was fortunate that her mother couldn't see her right now.

On the other end of the line, Giselle Charles didn't push the matter further.

She just told Patricia to eat well and then hung up.

As soon as the phone call was over, Patricia sank to the floor like all her strength had left her body.

She wrapped her arms tightly around herself and buried her head between her knees.

She felt so sad and anxious that she could barely breathe.

She remained squatting there for a few minutes.

It wasn't until someone knocked on the door that she finally got up and returned to her seat with her numb legs.

After that, she buried herself in the files in front of her, which were piled up like a mountain.

She didn't leave her office till ten o'clock that night.

The building was almost desolate.

Except for the planning department, the lights in all the other departments had already been turned off.

When Patricia exited the gates and stepped out onto the street, she found that the road was not even half as noisy as it was in the daytime.

She wearily walked on the deserted road, not knowing where she was going.

She just walked and walked, lost in her thoughts, and didn't return home until one o'clock in the morning.

As soon as she went to her bedroom, she washed up, intending to go to bed, but she couldn't sleep.

Therefore, she sat by the window for a while, staring blankly at the moon covered by dark clouds in the sky.

Everything that had happened that day flashed through her mind like a movie.

She shook her head to stop herself from slipping into a downward spiral and rose to her feet.

Just when she was about to walk away from the window, she saw a car parked outside the Sampson family's house.

It was a black Bugatti Veyron, but it looked to be brand new, and not at all like the one that had gotten damaged earlier that day.

Patricia's heart skipped a beat.

She walked closer to the window and squinted her eyes to see who was in the car.

The street was lit only by the glow of the moon and the dim streetlights.

However, Patricia could tell from the silhouettes in the car that there was a man and a woman, and that the man was definitely Zac.

After all, she had been married to Zac for three years.

Even though she had seldom seen him, she would never mistake him for someone else.

But to her surprise, the woman sitting in the front passenger seat looked just as familiar.

It was none other than her half-sister Lyndsy, who she had grown up with.

A mocking smile appeared on Patricia's face.

Just when she was about to close the curtain, she heard Lyndsy's voice.

"Mr.Reynolds, it's getting late.You should leave.Goodbye."

With her bag in her hand, Lyndsy got out of the car and waved at Zac with a sweet smile.

Patricia hastily closed the curtains and went to bed without letting herself ponder over what she had just seen.

When she woke up the next day, it was eight in the morning.

She showered and dressed in a hurry before driving to the company.

She was feeling more and more drowsy these days.

This morning, she hadn't even heard the alarm clock that she had set for seven o'clock.

She managed to arrive at her company just before nine o'clock, but as soon as she sat in her office, her stomach growled unbearably.

It was normal for her to skip breakfast, so why did she feel so hungry today? It was only until Patricia subconsciously placed her hand on her belly that she remembered the baby.

It seemed that the baby was hungry.

She lowered her head and looked at her belly with affectionate eyes, as if she was already looking at her baby.

The fact that she was carrying a child filled her with happiness.

Even though the baby was not born yet, she felt like she already had a bond with it.

In fact, she wasn't even that saddened over her divorce.

After all, God had treated her fairly and blessed her with this baby.

Once the baby was born, she would move into a separate house where the two of them could live alone together in peace.

After that, what others said or did wouldn't matter at all.

Patricia was so hungry that she took out her phone to search for takeaway.

But as soon as she opened her mobile phone, a summary of a news article popped up."Last night, the Reynolds Group's president, Zac Reynolds, was photographed at the gate of his ex- wife's house. There are photos of him being intimate with a woman in the car. However, this woman was not his ex-wife, but..."

That was where the summary ended.

If Patricia wanted to see the full article, she would have to click on it.

However, she shook her head and continued to search for takeaway.

As her slender fingers slid over the phone, she tried to focus on the pictures of food in front of her, but the scene she had seen from last night appeared in her mind, along with Lyndsy's sweet voice.

All of a sudden, Patricia threw her phone on the table irritably.

She was not in the mood to have breakfast anymore.

Meanwhile, in the Reynolds Group's headquarters, someone knocked on the door of the president's office.

The man seated in the office had his head lowered, and he was fully immersed in his work.

"Come in,"

he said absent-mindedly, and his voice sounded a little tired.

The door opened, and his female secretary walked over with a tablet computer in her hand.

"Mr.Reynolds."

When she saw that Zac didn't respond or raise his head, she called him again.

"Mr.Reynolds?"

"Just spit it out."

Zac's fingers were tapping away at the keyboard, and his bloodshot eyes were focused on the computer screen.

The secretary took a hesitant look at Zac, and then turned her gaze back to the screen of her tablet.

"It seems that the paparazzi took photos of you at the gate of the Sampson family's house last night. There's an article that says that you were outside your wife's..."

She immediately paused when she noticed the expression on Zac's face.

She awkwardly cleared her throat before continuing, "You were outside the Sampson family's house, and Lyndsy was in your car."

"Yes,"

Zac said in a matter-of-fact tone.

The article was true.

He had indeed stayed with Lyndsy in the car for a period of time.

The secretary couldn't figure out what her boss was thinking, so she continued, "The article seems to be defamatory. It says that you've just divorced the eldest daughter of the Sampson family, and now, you are having an affair with the second daughter of the Sampson family..."

Hearing this, Zac raised his eyebrows slightly.

He finally stopped his work and looked at the secretary.

She was frightened by his cold black eyes, but she didn't dare to say anything.

Zac continued to stare at her in silence, lost in thought.

After a long time, he asked, "If you get divorced after being married to a man for three years, will you still have feelings for him?"

The secretary was taken aback by his abrupt question.

Weren't they discussing the gossip about him and Lyndsy right now? But after thinking for a moment, the secretary realized that he was asking about Patricia's feelings.

Therefore, she replied, "Of course. Women are usually more emotional than men. If a woman has been married to a man for three years, then even if they get divorced, she will still love him in her heart."

After hearing these words, a satisfied smirk appeared at the corner of Zac's lips.

However, what she said next made him change his expression immediately.

"Women usually can't forget their first man. The first man is very important to a woman."

The first man? Zac's face darkened, as if a storm was about to pass.

In his three years of marriage with Patricia, he had never had sex with her.

Her first man was the father of her baby! The secretary began to panic after seeing the murderous expression on Zac's face, worried that she had said the wrong thing.

What was going on with him? Yesterday, he deliberately hit a car on the road, which was very abnormal behavior for him.

He had never been the kind of person who would do such a thing.

What on earth had happened to make him angry and reckless enough to hit a car?