

"Zac, shouldn't you be ashamed of yourself? How could you show up in front of Patricia again? Don't you know that this is all because of you?" Jack asked while glaring at Zac.

Zac could not help but bite his lower lip in anger. He had no idea how to refute Jack's words. They were true, after all.

Truth be told, he did think that this was all his fault. If only he was not too eager to take Patricia back and too careless to care about anything else, this car accident would not have happened. Fortunately, she was fine; otherwise, he would never forgive himself.

"It's all my fault," Zac replied in a low voice. His head was lowered to the ground, and guilt could be heard

in his voice.

Both Patricia and Jack were stunned to see him like this. They never would have thought that Zac would one day admit his mistake and apologize.

Zac slowly lifted his eyes as he felt the piercing gazes of the two. For a second, remorse flashed across his face. He looked at Patricia worriedly.

Sadly, she turned her face away when she met his eyes. She understood what he was feeling right now. His apology seemed sincere, so she accepted it without second thought.

But... as for the look in his eyes, she pretended not to see it.

"I accept your apology, Zac. Anyway, I need to rest now. Both of you, please leave." With that, Patricia

faced the other way and closed her eyes to sleep.

Jack could not help but frown when he saw the look on her face. But just as he was about to say something, Zac dragged him out.

When they were finally out of the ward, Jack shook off Zac's hand discontentedly. "Zac, you—"

"She asked both of us to leave, and that includes you," Zac retorted. But instead of looking at Jack when he spoke, he looked at Patricia's ward. Without another word, he strode to the ward next to hers.

He understood what she was implying through her eyes. Now, he learned that there was nothing else he could do but let her think things through by herself.

Meanwhile, Jack frowned in discontentment. He took one last look at Patricia's ward before returning to his

ward. He understood what she meant as well.

Now that the two were gone, Patricia finally calmed down. She might have shared a laugh with Jack a while ago, but she had to face the fact that his feelings for her were more than that of a friend. He loved her.

To be honest, she did not want to get involved in their rich families. After all, she was born in one and even married someone from one. When she was in the Reynolds family, she saw all sorts of family dramas. She did not want to be in another one again.

So when she and Zac had broken up, she swore to herself that if she were to be with a man, she wished that he sincerely loved her. She did not mind if he was not rich as long as he had a stable job. All she wanted was someone whom she could depend on and bring peace to her for the rest of her life.

Patricia would sigh sadly whenever she thought of her current situation.

If things went on like this, her life would be in a huge mess because of the three men.

"I wish I could leave this place sometimes," she whispered to herself while gazing at the ceiling.

"Let's leave together," said a familiar voice. It was Kareem, standing by the door and looking at her with longing.

A bitter smile tugged at the corners of Patricia's mouth when she heard this. "Kareem, why are you doing this?" she asked in a low and helpless voice. She did not even have to look at him to know it was him.

She already knew that he had feelings for her.

However, they were not meant to be together.
Besides, it was impossible for them to be together.
Patricia knew that from the very start.

"I have to because I love you." Kareem slowly walked towards her when he said these words.

It was only then that Patricia looked at him. She could not help but sigh upon seeing the longing in his eyes. At that moment, she drew a deep breath and explained, "Kareem, what you feel about me will—"

"Don't say that my feelings for you will pass. They're real." Kareem pointed at his chest and added, "I feel it every day. Here.

Patricia, I love you.

If you still don't believe me, it's okay. I'll just prove it to you with my actions." He held her hand tightly and

was too giddy to care about anything else. "If you want to leave, let's go. If you want to live a peaceful life, we can have it together. I'm willing to do everything for you as long as you're with me."

Kareem gazed at Patricia, and his love and affection were written all over his face.

Patricia was stunned. She did not know what to say, so she just looked at him blankly. She opened her mouth to speak but closed them again. She felt that her words got stuck in her throat.

To tell the truth, she could see herself in Kareem. Just like him, she loved someone so desperately. She was willing to do anything for Zac back then, only for him to give her an ounce of attention. She had loved him with all her heart so that she lost herself in the process.

In the end, all she got was a divorce and settlement money. It was an insult for her devotion and sacrifices.

Patricia smiled at him faintly, yet it was full of bitterness. "Kareem, don't be like this. This won't do you any good. You'll only get hurt in the end."

She, herself, had gone through this, so she knew how painful it could be.

"I'm not scared. I don't mind how hard it is as long as you're willing to accept me in your heart someday," Kareem replied. In his eyes was sheer determination.

Patricia shook her head and sighed. "I've already told you that we can never be together."

No matter how affectionate he was, she would not change her mind. She could not possibly be with him.

To her, it was better if she destroyed his hope early than keeping his hopes up. In this way, it would not hurt too much.

Kareem felt a pang in his heart upon hearing this. Little did she know, he had already gotten used to her rejection, so his determination did not waver, even in the slightest.

"Patricia, I know you're just testing me. Don't worry. I won't give up." Kareem left as soon as he said these words, leaving no chance for her to object.

Patricia sighed yet again. She had run out of ways on how to make him give up on her. She had made herself clear several times, and yet he remained as stubborn as a mule.

She looked at the ceiling dejectedly. She did not know what to do anymore.

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Chapter 272 Like Mother Like Daughter



The next day when the news was out, Zac, Jack and Kareem were inflamed with anger. They threw the newspaper on the floor and stamped on it.

When their initial anger subsided, all the three of them instantly thought about Patricia. They were worried about her safety. The paper had referred to her as a skittish woman and put the complete blame of car accident on her.

The three men, who were deeply in love with Patricia, felt their hearts ache. They knew the consequences

would be ugly.

When Patricia saw the news report, she was shocked and worried. However, she wasn't worried about herself. Instead, it was Giselle, her mother, she cared about. Without a shadow of a doubt, she knew this would have a huge impact on her mother's life.

Patricia couldn't help but feel sorry for her mother. As she continued to think about it, she started to grow increasingly uneasy.

While Patricia was anxious for her mother's well-being, in the Lowell family, trouble just began. Mrs. Lowell's sharp voice rang in the hall. Giselle knelt on the floor and lowered her head, not daring to look at Mrs. Lowell in the eyes. She, on the other hand, was sitting leisurely on the sofa.

Giselle lost count on how many times this woman had

lost her temper. But one thing she knew for sure was that she had to be the one who took the brunt of her rage.

"Giselle, what else do you have to say?" Mrs. Lowell asked, her face flushed with anger. It was like she wanted to eat Giselle alive.

"I d-d-don't know," Giselle stammered. She honestly had no idea what was going on. The second she came downstairs, Mrs. Lowell pounced on her, not giving her an opportunity to explain.

"What's wrong? Don't think you can escape by feigning innocence. Do you think just because Richard loves you, we will sit around and watch him spoil you? I knew from day one that a woman like you didn't deserve to be a part of our family. And now, you have proven me right. You were never good enough for Richard nor can you ever be!" She then flashed

Giselle a bitter look of reproach. Unable to suppress her fury, she stamped her feet.

Everyone knew that Richard was madly in love with Giselle. However, Mrs. Lowell could never understand what her son saw in this wretched woman. The love he harbored for Giselle made Mrs. Lowell hate her even more.

"No, I didn't do anything," Giselle said in a low voice. Since the day she came to the Lowell family, she had been compelled to endure all sorts of mistreatments and difficulties. The members of the Lowell family made it a point that her life would be filled with thorns. If it wasn't for her love for Richard, she wouldn't have tolerated any of this.

And now, hearing these harsh words from Mrs. Lowell, Giselle fell into the very depths of despair. It dawned on her that all her efforts were in vain.

Giselle had given her all to show she was a good wife. She did everything she could to save Richard from embarrassment. However, trying to maintain her dignity and remain in the Lowell family was getting increasingly hard.

"No?" The old woman gave her a fierce glare. "How dare you contradict me, Giselle?" she demanded and growled with barely controlled fury.

She raised her crutch and continued to strike Giselle.

Giselle bore everything without any resistance.

If she uttered a single word, things could worsen beyond repair.

While this scene was happening, a clear voice came from outside. At first, one might have thought the

voice's owner was here to rescue Giselle. But when she looked at Giselle, her deep hatred was evident. She wanted Giselle gone from here.

"Mom, there is no point in wasting your energy talking to this bitch. Just drive her out of here as soon as possible. That way, we can all relax. Look at the deeds her dear daughter is committing! And this bitch has the audacity to act like she is innocent. They disgust me!" said Marisa Lowell and gave a dramatic shudder of repulsion. She was Richard's younger sister.

She had always hated Giselle. The fact her brother was in love with this woman irked her. According to her, this wretched woman didn't deserve her brother.

"But..." said Mrs. Lowell and contemplated over her daughter's words. She agreed with what Marissa had said. However, at the thought of her son, she

hesitated.

"Mom, what are you thinking about? Have you forgotten that..." Marisa paused and went closer to her mother. And then, she whispered something in her ear.

Giselle was struck dumb by shock. She had a bad feeling something terrible was going to happen.

"No, you can't kick me out. Richard will be angry," she screamed. Giselle went white with fear and panic rose in her heart. She looked at both Marisa and Mrs. Lowell with pleading eyes.

A frown creased the old lady's forehead. She wasn't convinced. Instead, she spat out, "You are relying on Richard's love a little too much. But let me remind you that a worthless woman like you can't remain in our family."

Glancing at her with disdain, Marisa threw the newspaper at her and said, "Look what your daughter has done! Like mother like daughter! Can't say I am surprised."

She gave a short, derisive laugh. Hearing her daughter being mocked, Giselle glared at Marisa. She was overcome by an urge to rush forward and fight with her.

Then, she looked at the newspaper on the ground and saw the dazzling title. Giselle was ashen-faced with shock.

Marisa gave an arrogant sneer. "Am I not right? Look at her. She is a tramp!"

Upon hearing this, Giselle quickly stood up and bolted towards her in rage. Using all her might, she began

hitting Marisa.

Only Giselle knew how innocent her daughter was. As her mother, it was her duty to defend her daughter yet she found herself in a helpless position. She was tired of turning a blind eye to these rumors. And now that Marisa was hurling these insults at her, Giselle couldn't just sit back and watch.

It was the first time Mrs. Lowell had seen Giselle act so violently. She screamed for help, asking someone to separate the two of them.

It was not an easy task. Both Marisa and Giselle were on each other like a ton of bricks.

When the initial shock subsided, Mrs. Lowell was even more disgusted with Giselle.

"Giselle, you..."

Before the old lady could say anything, Giselle raised her chin and regarded the old lady haughtily. When she spoke, she placed emphasis on every word she uttered. "I know you don't want me here. If you want me gone, I will leave. There is no need to kick me out." She didn't even bother to pack her clothes. Instead, she grabbed her purse and left quickly. There was a decisive look on her face which the members of the Lowell family weren't familiar with.

Mrs. Lowell turned to Marisa, shock etched on her face. They had seen Giselle turn into a completely different person. At first, they couldn't believe their eyes.

After leaving the Lowell family, Giselle went straight to the hospital where she knew Patricia was admitted. She prayed her daughter would be fine.

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Chapter 273 Silver Lining



Patricia's jaw dropped in disbelief. She grasped Jack's wrist and continued to stare at him.

"Jack, what did you say?" she asked, ashen-faced with shock.

Was her mother kicked out of the Lowell residence? If this was true, then what about Uncle Richard? Why hadn't he come to her rescue?

"Patricia, please calm down. This isn't good for your health. Also, there is a chance this could be a rumor."

As Jack spoke, his confidence seemed to be at a low ebb. As soon as he received the news, he intended to find Giselle first and then help settle her down. He hadn't planned on telling Patricia.

But Patricia had grilled him for an answer and he found himself spilling the beans.

"It must be true," said Patricia, a far-away look entering her eyes. Her melancholy was evident.

Now that Giselle was kicked out, what would become of her? Would she do something stupid and hurt herself?

Patricia would be on pins and needles until she was sure her mother was safe. From what she knew, her mother had been very compliant towards the Lowell family. However, they were cruel enough to throw her out.

"Patricia, you need to calm down. Your mother will be fine. She is not a three-year-old child. I am sure she can take care of herself," Jack said, trying to muster up a comforting tone. Truth be told, he was more worried than Patricia.

It wasn't Giselle he was worried about. Instead, it was Patricia. He was afraid she would blame herself for what happened.

"Jack, I'm leaving the hospital. I need to find my mother." With a determined look on her face, Patricia grabbed Jack's arm.

Jack shook his head and refused to let her go. She needed to have a good rest. Although the doctor said she was fine, she could still do with some rest.

Jack wouldn't allow her to act so recklessly.

Patricia could tell Jack was concerned about her. But at this crucial moment, nothing mattered to her more than her mother's safety. She couldn't sit around and wait to hear from her mother.

"You need to stay here and get some rest. I'll go and find her," said a voice from the door. Zac had been here all this while. He made a solemn oath he would bring her mother here safe and sound. Without giving Patricia a chance to reply, he turned around and left.

Patricia knew Zac was a man of his word. When he promised something, he would make it a point to fulfill it. She decided to stay in the hospital now that she had Zac to count on.

Jack felt slightly unhappy when he realized Zac was one step ahead of him. In the end, he told himself staying here with Patricia was far more better.

Time went by and Patricia braced herself to hear from her mother.

However, before Zac could find her, Giselle arrived at the hospital. Seeing that her daughter was injured, tears welled up in her eyes.

At the sight of her mother, lines of worry appeared on Patricia's face. "Mom..." she called out.

"Patricia, my dear girl. What happened?" Giselle strode towards Patricia and embraced her. "Honey, you must have suffered a lot," she said, her voice brimming with sadness. The tears ran down her cheeks.

"Mom, don't cry. I'm fine. What about you?" Patricia wiped tears from Giselle's face. She wanted to say something, but she didn't know what to say exactly.

Giselle nodded her head, understanding what her daughter wanted to know. She smiled gently at her, held Patricia tightly in her arms and said softly, "I was kicked out from there but when you look at the bright side, I can now live with you. We can see each other every day." There was something very comforting about her tone.

Patricia smiled at her mother's attitude. Even when the situation was so serious, she was searching for a silver lining.

"Yes, we can see each other all the time and talk to our heart's content." Patricia leaned close to Giselle and put her face on her.

Watching this beautiful scene, Jack was very touched. Patricia was being despised by literally everyone and Giselle was driven out of the Lowell family. In spite of

all this, something good came out of it. The two of them could be together!

On the other side, Yolanda and Lyndsy were in a jovial mood today. Giselle was kicked out of the Lowell family!

"Mom, you're really good at scheming. Now those two bitches have become a laughing stock. Giselle has been kicked out and I heard she got into a fight with Marisa. It doesn't matter how much Richard loves her. At the end of the day, he couldn't do anything to defend her!" Lyndsy snickered as she spoke.

Everything was going according to their plan. Her mother's scheme was impressive. She could always rely on her.

Yolanda shook her head and tapped Lyndsy's nose. "Honey, you are too naive when it comes to men." As

she spoke, her mind went back to Sullivan. And she felt a piercing pain in her heart.

Even today, she vividly remembered how Sullivan had looked at Giselle. He was so tempted and found her irresistible.

In spite of herself, Yolanda had to admit Giselle's beauty was unworldly. She looked very attractive and Yolanda felt a stirring of jealousy when she saw her.

Lyndsy watched her mother's face contort with anger. "Mom, what do you mean? Will he...?"

Recently, some sort of conflict had arisen between Yolanda and Sullivan. Lyndsy knew about it, but she hadn't paid much attention to it. She told herself it was only normal. But now seeing how Yolanda looked, she thought matters weren't as simple as she had thought.

"Did you quarrel with Dad?" Lyndsy asked suspiciously.

Yolanda touched the tip of Lyndsy's nose and said, "No, I was just saying that people are underestimating Richard's love. We need to take him more seriously. After all, he fought against his mother for Giselle."

Lyndsy gave her mother an incredulous glance and asked, "Really?"

"Would I ever lie to you?" Taking a deep breath, Yolanda said, "If it weren't for Richard, she wouldn't have stayed in the Lowell family this long. After all, everybody else hated her. How do you think she had managed to stay there? It was all Richard's efforts."

Lyndsy nodded in understanding. She thought what Yolanda said made sense. "So will we succeed?" she

asked, a frown creasing her forehead.

"Forget about Giselle and think about the situation Patricia is in right now," Yolanda said, a malicious smile creeping on her face. She grabbed her phone and searched for Patricia. Lots of people were sending hate messages to Patricia. Some even went as far as saying they would beat her if she ever came in front of them.

Lyndsy couldn't help laughing out loud when she read those comments. A triumphant smile appeared on his face and she danced happily.

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Chapter 274 Reporters' Questions





"Patricia, you bitch! Let's see how long you can keep up," Lyndsy murmured to herself, a vicious smile at the corners of her mouth. With that, she went into the kitchen and took out the chicken soup the cook had made.

"Mom, I'm going to visit Zac," she said loudly. There was a hint of malice in her bright eyes when she spoke.

As Yolanda saw the smug look on Lyndsy's face, she smiled with satisfaction and reminded her,
"Remember what I've told you. No matter who you meet, whether it be Zac or the reporters, you should know what to do and say."

"Don't worry, Mom." Lyndsy pointed at her temples and added, "I've kept everything you've said here." As soon as she finished speaking, she turned around

and left. Excitement was written all over her face. It was as though something good was going to happen later.

Patricia and Giselle chatted for a while until it was finally time for lunch. Jack offered to go and order takeout for them, but the two women refused. Patricia would be discharged from the hospital today, so Giselle had planned to cook her daughter a delicious meal at home.

As Jack heard this, he moved closer to Giselle and blinked his eyes fawningly like a spoiled child. "Auntie, can I have some as well?" he asked.

Patricia frowned and glared at him. "No way."

She was not a fool. She knew very well that Joanne, Jack's mother, hated her to the core. Joanne would not have insulted her several times if that was not

true.

Well, she had no plans of telling this to Jack.

However, she knew that the closer she was with him, the more trouble it would bring. All she wanted was to live a peaceful life. She did not want to be caught in a predicament anymore.

Jack could not help but lower his head to the ground and sighed sadly because of Patricia's attitude towards him. He could not understand why he was unwelcome here. But then again, being here with her was not something he could always do, so he wanted to spend time with her as much as he could. Maybe she would develop some feelings for him as time went by.

Giselle, who had been watching the two, chuckled. She knew what Jack was trying to do. However, she could not push her daughter on relationships, so she

could only comfort Jack.

"It's okay, Jack. I'm sure there'll be plenty of opportunities in the future," she whispered with a gentle smile. She could see that Jack loved Patricia. Frankly, she believed that he was a good match for her daughter. After all, Patricia needed a man who was willing to stay by her side.

Jack smiled back at Giselle. Patricia might have rejected him over and over again, but he would never give up. He had actually started planning on how he would make Patricia fall in love with him.

Patricia rolled her eyes as she saw that her mother whispered something to Jack. Patricia figured out what the two talked about. But then again, she believed that nothing would change, no matter what her mother thought about her and Jack.

Giselle and Patricia left the ward as soon as they finished packing up. Behind them, Jack unhappily watched them leave. He wished he could leave the hospital with them, but his overly concerned mother had insisted that he stay in the hospital for another day.

"Jack, what are you doing here?" Joanne asked in a dissatisfied tone. She happened to see Patricia and Giselle from the corner of her eyes, and her face turned gloomier.

'Despite what happened, not a hint of shame could be seen on their faces. They're so shameless!' Joanne exclaimed inwardly.

Upon seeing the disdain on her face, Jack pursed his lips and walked into his ward. "Mom, can you knock it off?" he asked in a low voice while looking at her dejectedly.

"What did I do? Isn't she the reason why you're here in the hospital? What? You expect me to be nice to her?" Joanne scoffed and stamped her feet in frustration. How she wished she could pry open her son's head and see what was inside. 'Why doesn't he listen to me anymore?' she asked herself.

Jack sighed. He had known from the very beginning that it was no use talking to her. At the thought of this, he did not say anything more and just went back to bed.

He was not the only one who had been ordered to stay in the hospital. Kareem was too. He wanted to walk up to Patricia when she was leaving, but Tina was right behind him, looking at him dejectedly. Because of this, he figured that it was better if he just stayed in his room.

"Kareem, I know what you're thinking. I'm telling you, she's not the one for you," Tina said while looking at him meaningfully. She hoped that he would understand what she was saying, so he would not get hurt in the end.

"Mom, there's no need for you to say that. I've already made up my mind," Kareem firmly replied while looking straight into her eyes. He looked so determined as though nobody, not even his mother, could stop him.

Tina was infuriated as she saw the look in his eyes. She clenched her fists in anger and wondered what was good about Patricia that made him so obsessed.

In Tina's eyes, Patricia was merely a seductive tramp. She was nothing like a lady from a rich family.

Kareem could not help but frown as he saw the

contempt in his mother's eyes. He had always known that she would not approve of Patricia. That was why he had decided that he would move out when he and Patricia got together.

Tina could not read what was on Kareem's mind. But judging from the look in his eyes, she could tell that he would not give up easily.

It was then that she decided that she must now make a move. She must do all it took to keep Patricia away from her son.

Meanwhile, Patricia was talking and laughing with her mother. She was not thinking about what was going on in everyone else's minds. All she wanted at the moment was to take good care of her mother and not let her get hurt again.

But as they arrived at the gate of the hospital, to her

surprise, many reporters were waiting for her.

Patricia had become the center of attention the moment the news broke out. The reporters all wanted to go to her and get an exclusive interview.

"Patricia..." Giselle called worriedly upon seeing the mob of eager reporters outside the gate. She was worried about her daughter's safety.

Patricia smiled at Giselle reassuringly. "Don't worry, Mom. Everything's gonna be okay."

The instant they stepped out of the gate, the reporters rushed to the two and surrounded them.

"Miss Sampson, what can you say about the car accident yesterday?"

"What's going on between you, the two brothers of the

Reynolds family and Mr. White?"

"Miss Sampson, what do you want from them?"

The reporters bombarded Patricia with questions that she did not have the chance to answer. She noticed that their questions were sharp and leading, so she figured that they must be up to something.

Giselle held her daughter's hand tightly. Worry and apprehension could be seen on her face. She wanted to comfort her daughter, but she did not know what to say.

Patricia smiled at her mother again. Unlike Giselle, she did not seem bothered at all. She was calm and composed as though nothing was happening.

She just walked forward to the crowd with a straight face. She did not answer any of the questions the

reporters had thrown and just pushed them away.

"Miss Sampson, why aren't you answering? Does your silence mean yes?"

"Miss Sampson, I heard that Mr. White has proposed to you. Is that true?"

"Miss Sampson..."

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Chapter 275 Fan The Flames



Patricia colored with vexation. The reporters' questions were getting on her nerves and she didn't know what to say. She wanted to get out of here at

any cost.

At this moment, Lyndsy was standing at the gate of the hospital with a thermal bottle in her hand. She let out a cry when she saw Patricia.

"Patricia, why do you hate me so much? What have I ever done to you?" With a dejected look, she stared at Patricia. She was pretending like she was the one who had been hurt.

Patricia shook her head in disbelief. She clearly knew what Lyndsy was trying to do. She was here to fan the flames.

Patricia paid no heed to the reporters and Lyndsy. Instead, she carried on walking. She wanted to get the hell out of here with Giselle. These reporters couldn't care less about the truth. They wanted controversy and headlines. No one would really stand

up for her. After passing the reporters, Patricia held Giselle's hand and walked out quickly.

"Patricia, why aren't you looking at me? Is it because you are guilty?" Lyndsy said, feigning a sad face. When Patricia chose to ignore her, she made a remark that would catch her attention.

The reporters steamed up at this comment. Once again, they surrounded Patricia and Giselle. Some of them even stood beside Lyndsy, expecting her to spill more details.

Patricia was frustrated with her acting. She turned around and fixed Lyndsy with an icy glance. "Guilty? Before you attack me, I have a question for you. I am not aware who the hell you are, so please enlighten me. What's your relationship with Zac? Are you Zac's girlfriend? Or his fiancée? You are neither of them!"

As Patricia uttered these sharp words, both Lyndsy and the reporters were momentarily stunned. They had to admit Patricia's words were true.

After all, Zac had never admitted his relationship with Lyndsy. Even if he was seen with her in public, they never seemed to be very close.

When one put it that way, Lyndsy was basically no one.

The reporters shifted their attention to Lyndsy. She felt exposed under their scrutiny.

Patricia's comment hit Lyndsay like a ton of bricks. She glared at Patricia fiercely. Of course, she was writhing with rage. After all, Patricia had exposed her in front of these reporters!

Once the initial shock disappeared, Lyndsy regained

her usual look. There was a trace of sadness on her delicate face. She lowered her head a little, as if she didn't dare to refute Patricia.

"You are right, Patricia. I am no one to him." Both her voice and face expressed great sorrow.

Patricia gave a sneer at this charade. By now, she was very used to her tricks.

Lyndsy might succeed in tricking everyone else present here, but not her. She might put on an innocent face, but Patricia knew she was probably thinking of ways to bring her down.

"You brought this to yourself, not me," Patricia replied coldly. Then she turned around, smiled gently at Giselle and strode forward.

Now that Lyndsy helped her distract the reporters'

attention, she would take this opportunity to flee from here.

However, when Patricia was walking, a hand came from behind and grabbed her wrist. Stunned, she was forced to turn around.

Lyndsy's eyes filmed over with tears. There was a pleading look on her face. It was like she was begging for something.

"You..." Patricia eyed her suspiciously. A touch of uneasiness emerged in her heart. She could tell something was cooking in her vicious mind.

"Patricia, I am begging you. Why do you have to take Zac away from me? Don't you have Jack already?"

Lyndsy said, brushing away the tears with her sleeve.

Patricia's frown deepened. She squinted her eyes and

looked at Lyndsy, trying to see what exactly she intended to do.

Before she could figure it out, the latter put on a sad face and said, "Patricia, I know I didn't treat you well before which is why you are after me for a revenge. However, you shouldn't have dragged Zac into this...."

Lyndsy's voice faltered and she pretended like she had difficulty holding back her tears. Seeing her in distress, everyone around her felt bad for her.

Patricia, on the other hand, widened her eyes in disbelief. The reporters began to record the scene that was unfolding.

From the corner of her eyes, Lyndsy caught a glimpse of them doing so. A smug smile entered her face.

'Patricia, do you really think I am incapable of doing

anything to you? Well, soon you will know who I am, ' she thought to herself.

Sensing Lyndsy's glare, Patricia sneered once again. A trace of coldness appeared in her eyes. She wasn't in a mood to play games!

"Anything else? Say what you want to say now. Perhaps you won't get another chance in the future," Patricia said in an indifferent but slightly mocking tone. She wasn't going to take her seriously.

If Lyndsy wanted to make a groundless accusation, then she was free to do so. She would also like to see how far she could take it.

With a calm and composed look on her face, Patricia instantly attracted the attention of the reporters. Their eyes kept flitting between Lyndsy and Patricia. Since these two women were both related to Zac, their

encounter could make thunderous headlines!

Hearing her words, Giselle shook her head worriedly, hinting her to leave.

Giselle knew what Yolanda was capable of doing. Apple never falls far from the tree. Lyndsy had certainly learned to scheme from her mother. Giselle was afraid that Patricia might end up getting hurt.

Patricia gave her mother a reassuring look and patted the back of her hand.

Giselle took a step forward and stood close to Patricia. If someone tried to harm her, she could protect her.

Patricia's indifference was bothering Lyndsy. She didn't expect she would be taken so casually. 'This bitch!'

Lyndsy wasn't the sort of woman who would let someone go so easily.

"Patricia..." The sad look was ever present on Lyndsy's face. Her delicate face was a pitiful sight to behold.

The reporters had their eyes glued on her. They took several pictures and videos of Patricia and Lyndsy together.

Patricia shook her head. 'Unbelievable!' she thought to herself. Not wanting to waste another second here, she tried to shake off Lyndsy's hand.

Lyndsy dramatically fell backwards and sat on the floor. The thermos bottle fell from her hand and the chicken soup came pouring out of it.

Lyndsy looked at the floor and her eyes widened in shock. Her piercing scream split the air.

"I made this for Zac..." said Lyndsy, choking with emotion. Disappointment was etched on her face.

The reporters were very sympathetic towards Lyndsy. They thought Patricia had gone too far and her cruelty knew no bounds.

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Chapter 276 Shunned By Everyone



Patricia flashed the reporters a cold smile. She wasn't interested in Lyndsy's drama and couldn't care enough for it.

After a few seconds, Patricia turned around and left with Giselle, not wanting to see the show Lyndsy was putting on.

However, when they were about to leave, the reporters pointed their cameras towards Patricia and got dozens of shots of her and her mother walking away. Once they were gone, the reporters began to talk among themselves. They broke into malicious slander against Patricia and some went as far as cursing her.

A devious and sly smile crept onto Lyndsy's face when she heard what they had to say. Slowly, she stood up, packed up her things and walked into the hospital.

When Lyndsy said she was going to visit Zac, she had lied. After she entered the hospital, she pulled out

her mobile phone and dialed a number.

"How's it going?" Lyndsy said nervously, her voice almost like a whisper. She thought she had done a fantastic job in front of the media. If it didn't work, all her efforts would be in vain.

"Just relax, haven't you learned to trust me yet? We've cooperated so many times now." And the person on the other end of the line burst out laughing.

Listening to his hearty laughter, Lyndsy nodded and a satisfied smile appeared on her face. Then she asked, "Have you recorded it all?"

The other party smirked and said in a low voice, "Of course. You are very good at acting. The reporters will release a fantastic article. Soon, Patricia will be shunned by everyone."

This was just what Lyndsy wanted to hear. Patricia's downfall would be her victory. She wanted the whole world to see Patricia for who she truly was!

Lyndsy was overjoyed at the prospect of watching her enemy suffer. Her excitement was too strong that she prayed it would happen soon.

She was so immersed in her own thoughts that she didn't notice the tall man who was watching her. His eyes turned very sharp as he overheard her conversation.

After breaking free from the reporters and their questions, Patricia finally reached her apartment. She chose to ignore the events of the past hour and pretended like nothing had happened.

However, Giselle couldn't do the same. She worried for Patricia's safety. She had a premonition that

something bad was about to happen.

"Mom, I'm hungry," Patricia said and smiled sweetly at her mother.

She could tell her mother was still reeling from what happened a while ago. Her eyes had a troubled look in them.

Patricia, on the other hand, shrugged it off. As for the reporters, she was least bothered about what they wrote about her.

Seeing how carefree Patricia looked, Giselle let out a heavy sigh. Her stubborn daughter never cared about what others thought.

In the end, she walked towards the kitchen and decided to cook something.

Once her mother was out of her sight, Patricia smiled faintly. By now, she was used to such troubles and nothing could bring her down.

The next moment, the doorbell rang. 'Who could it be?' Patricia thought suspiciously and opened the door.

As soon as the door was open, eggs and vegetables were thrown at her. Before she could make sense of what had happened, she heard abusive words being hurled at her.

"Fuck off! I don't want you to live here!"

"It's no wonder she is always with a different man. I always knew this woman was shameless!"

"We should stop talking to this whore and drive her out of here. What if she tries to seduce our men

next?"

The neighbors standing in front of Patricia spoke amongst themselves. They gave her a look of murderous hatred.

Almost all of them were middle-aged women who lived in the same building. They wished to drive her out of the apartment as soon as possible.

Listening to these hateful words, Patricia frowned and wiped the eggs and vegetables from her face. She regarded them with her usual indifference. She wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing her sad.

"What do you want?" she demanded impatiently.

It was pretty obvious they wanted her to leave this place. However, she couldn't figure out why they wanted her gone.

Their fierce gaze was full of abhorrence. It was as if they wanted her to vanish from here.

"What do we want? Isn't it pretty obvious? We want you out of here. This place is for respectful people and there is no place for shameless women like you. Moreover, we can't trust you. What if you try to seduce our men?"

After saying this, the woman standing in front of Patricia curled her lips in disdain.

Patricia glowered at them disapprovingly. When she was about to say something, someone else cut her off.

"That's right. You are so shameless and we want you to get the hell out of here!" She shot Patricia a look of pure hatred.

Now that she had asked such an absurd question, the group of women began to vent their dissatisfaction one after another, staring straight at her.

Even as these shameful words came out of them, Patricia stood unperturbed. She folded her arms against her chest and stood like she was watching a show.

It was pretty evident they wanted her to pack and leave the place.

This was the sole reason they were here.

However, she didn't know why she had to leave in order to satisfy them. She hadn't done anything to trouble them.

"Sorry, I won't leave here," she said politely and

turned around to close the door. Just then, a hand grabbed her hair.

"What did you just say? Do you intend to stay here so that you can seduce our men?"

"Don't think that we will be easy on you just because you are a woman. If you don't leave, I will beat you black and blue!"

Having said that, they stretched out their hands, tore her clothes and pulled her hair.

Patricia tried in vain to fight them. At the end of the day, she was all alone. It wasn't easy to fight against these women.

Hearing the chaos that was being created, Giselle came out of the kitchen to see what was happening. When she saw this scene, she was overcome by

shock. She hurried outside bearing a kitchen knife.

"If you dare to touch my daughter again, I will stab you," she screamed and stared at the women present there.

Giselle had a gentle and soft disposition. However, when she saw them torture her daughter, she blazed with impotent rage. And with a kitchen knife in her hand, she looked very intimidating.

All the women who were attacking Patricia loosened their hands and trembled with fear. They had come here to teach Patricia a lesson, but never thought her crazy mother would come to her rescue.

"Calm down," said one of the women, swallowing hard. She went white with fear, but forced a smile.

The kitchen knife in Giselle's hand looked very sharp.

All of them backed off easily.

Once they freed her, Patricia took a deep breath. When she turned and caught a glimpse of Giselle's expression, she too was a little surprised. It was the first time that she had seen her mother like this.

Giselle smiled and signaled her to go inside the house. "Don't come here again. Else, I will be compelled to give you a taste of this knife," she said, glaring at them threateningly. Then she deliberately waved the kitchen knife in her hand and quickly closed the door.

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Chapter 277 Unpleasant Events





Standing behind the door, Patricia looked at Giselle, her mouth parted. She wanted an explanation for what had just happened!

To say this side of Giselle had astonished her would be an understatement. She had never known such a side existed in her mother.

When Giselle saw the way her daughter was looking at her, she didn't know what to say. Just now, she had behaved on instinct. When she saw her daughter in trouble, all she wanted was to protect her, nothing else mattered.

Giselle racked her brain and thought a knife would be the best tool. And then, she rushed out desperately, warding off those middle-aged women who had surrounded her daughter.

"Patricia, are you okay?" Giselle asked softly and strode towards her. She put the kitchen knife aside, opened her arms and hugged her gently.

Needless to say, Giselle knew why Patricia had that expression on her face. Her daughter was so used to her gentle side, she had no idea she was capable of such violence. Nobody could even imagine Giselle with a knife!

"Mom, you were so brave just now," Patricia said, the scene still lingering in her mind.

A blush suffused Giselle's cheeks at this compliment. Then she said in a soft voice, "Patricia, don't tease me. If I was really brave, you wouldn't have suffered so much."

Speaking of this, Giselle couldn't help but lower her head. There was a tinge of sadness in her voice. She

worried a great deal about Patricia's safety.

Patricia knew why her mother seemed so dejected. She simply worried about her safety.

"Mom, don't worry. If there is really any danger, we can always move out," Patricia said comfortingly. To her, what had happened now wasn't such a big deal. However, she didn't want her mother to get entangled in this issue.

As they were conversing, a whistling sound came from the kitchen. Giselle screamed and said anxiously, "Ah, I forgot to turn the gas off!" Without wasting another moment, Giselle rushed to the kitchen.

Patricia gave a little chuckle when she noticed the anxious look on her mother's face. One after another, unpleasant events were taking place in their lives.

However, Patricia derived satisfaction in the fact that she and her mother would be living together from now on.

Zac was discharged from the hospital the same day as Patricia. As he sat on the sofa in the living room, his gaze kept going onto the clock on the wall. It was as if he was eagerly waiting for something to happen.

Soon, there was a gentle knock on the door. Nicholas stood before him and looked at him respectfully.

"Boss, here is the information you've asked for," he said, handing the document to Zac. Nicholas felt confusion sweeping over him.

Noticing this, Zac cast him a stern glance and said, "If something is bothering you then just say it."

"Boss, Patricia..." Nicholas looked at Zac to gauge his

mood before he said what he had on his mind.

He had a general idea of what was happening between Zac, Kareem, Jack and Patricia. And he was convinced that everything that was reported in the news was false.

He had only met Patricia on a few occasions but he believed she wasn't the sort of woman media had portrayed her as.

"Boss, you know Patricia better than me. You don't believe..."

Since Zac had taken an interest in Patricia's past and said he wanted to investigate about her, Nicholas assumed he was questioning her character.

This was the thought that bothered him. He knew that he was an outsider and had no right to meddle in

Zac's affairs.

"I know her enough!" said Zac coldly and shot a warning glare at Nicholas.

This instantly shut him up. He didn't dare to utter another word. It was pretty evident that Zac was annoyed that he had dared to speak about Patricia.

After a while, Nicholas turned around and took his leave.

Once Zac was alone, he exhaled deeply. His eyes were deep and no one could even venture to guess what was going on in his mind.

Zac opened the file in his hand and scanned through the contents. A frown marred his handsome features when he read the terrible stuff that was written about Patricia.

Today in the hospital, he had come across Lyndsy. He had heard her talk on the call to someone. Everything finally became clear to him.

It was only then it dawned on him why so many negative gossips about Patricia had started to spread like a wildfire. It was evident that someone was behind all this.

However, when he read this file, he thought perhaps someone more powerful and vicious had a hand in this. Whoever it was had been slandering Patricia since she was a child.

At a very young age, terrible rumors about her were floating around. When he sat thinking about everything, he was certain his suspicions were right. Someone was deliberately trying to make her notorious.

The more he thought about it, the more certain he became that Yolanda and Lyndsy benefited the most from this. Slowly, everything started to make sense.

He never thought it was all done deliberately.

It seemed that Yolanda and her daughter were a step ahead of them. Scheming was something they were really good at!

There was a hint of sharpness on Zac's face. Now that he had this information, he would do something about this. Else, things could become worse.

"You really think no one will ever find out, don't you? You thought you could go on slandering Patricia!" Zac said to the empty room, his voice husky with anger.

Zac quickly took out his mobile phone and dialed

Nicholas's number. "Nicholas, keep an eye on Yolanda and her daughter. If you notice anything mildly strange about their behavior, inform me instantly!"

This order came as a surprise and Nicholas was stunned.

Having received no response, Zac said, "Did you hear me?" His voice was cold.

"Yes, I got it!" said Nicholas once he regained his senses. He could tell Zac was irritated and had no desire to further provoke his wrath.

Nicholas had been working with Zac for a very long time. Zac had a short temper but he had never been this angry before. He knew beyond a shadow of doubt that something must be definitely wrong!

Nicholas hung up the phone and started working.

After hanging up the phone, Zac stood up quickly and changed his clothes. He wanted to see how Giselle and Patricia were doing.

However, as he opened the door, Zac saw Lyndsy lying on the floor, drunk out of her mind. 'She isn't going to leave that easily, ' he thought to himself, choking back his anger.

He thought back to everything that had happened today and felt deep resentment towards her.

He knew she couldn't be here for no reason. There was a high chance that she must be plotting something.

Now that Lyndsy had chosen to come to his doorstep, he would make use this opportunity to convey the

message he had for her!

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Chapter 278 How Dare You Hit My Mother



Zac immediately helped Lyndsy up from the floor and took her into the room.

Meanwhile, the reporters who had been hiding in the dark pressed the shutter of their cameras madly and recorded the scene with a greedy look on their faces.

Patricia woke up early the next day. She had just finished washing her face and brushing her teeth when the doorbell suddenly rang, fully waking her up. At that time, her hair was still messy, and there was

still sleepiness in her eyes. As Giselle was busy in the kitchen, Patricia decided to open the door herself instead.

To her surprise, it was Mrs. Lowell. Patricia's eyes widened in shock, and her sleepiness dissipated at once. But even though she was in utter shock, she looked at Mrs. Lowell with an icy cold gaze.

She knew that Mrs. Lowell suddenly showing up at her door was not a good sign. Judging from the old lady's expression, she would not leave without a fight.

With a disdainful look on her face, Mrs. Lowell glanced at Patricia and asked in a low yet contemptuous voice, "Where's Giselle?"

Patricia frowned in displeasure. "Mrs. Lowell, why do you want to see my mother?"

She sounded polite, yet her eyes said otherwise. She looked as though anything Mrs. Lowell would say was an insult to her.

Although the way Mrs. Lowell looked at Patricia seemed terrifying, Patricia remained calm. She just pursed her lips, took a deep breath, and looked back at Mrs. Lowell coldly.

She must admit, she was unhappy that Mrs. Lowell showed up unannounced. Still, Mrs. Lowell was her elder and her mother's mother-in-law. Patricia believed that she should not be disrespectful nevertheless.

"I'm here for Giselle. Go. Call her," Mrs. Lowell arrogantly ordered. It seemed that she was not taking Patricia seriously at all.

Patricia could not help but frown and bite her lower

lip. She knew very well what Mrs. Lowell came here for.

Just when she was about to turn around and call her mother, Giselle had already walked out of the kitchen. She was smiling politely at Mrs. Lowell, just as she always did.

Giselle seemed surprised to see her visitor, but she did not seem as timid as before. She was calm and composed, which was impressive. "Mom, what can I do for you?" she asked politely.

After what happened yesterday, she realized that her forbearance towards the Lowells only invited more bullying. They did not like her, so she figured there was no need for her to please them. From now on, she decided that she would just be herself and do everything for herself alone.

Patricia was pleased to notice the change in her mother's attitude. She must say, she was proud of her mother for learning to stand up for herself. She then shifted her attention to Mrs. Lowell and looked at her with a scowl.

Mrs. Lowell's mouth curled into a sneer upon seeing the look in Giselle's eyes. "Like mother, like daughter. All this time, you were just pretending to be timid, weren't you? You finally showed your true colors now that you're with your daughter, who, by the way, seduced several young men from powerful families. You think you can rely on her, don't you?"

Her words made Patricia furrow her eyebrows and gasp in disbelief. She stared daggers at the old lady and swore to herself that if Mrs. Lowell said another insult to her mother, she would not let her go.

"What? Did I say anything wrong? I guess you've

never seen how your mother is like in the Lowell family. What a shame. In my house, she always acted to be pitiful to gain Richard's sympathy." Mrs. Lowell turned to look at Giselle and added, "I must admit, your acting was convincing. I'll give that to you. But, your daughter is better than you. She has the hearts of three men in the palm of her hands. You should learn from her."

Her words were sarcastic, and her eyes were full of disdain. She had never liked Giselle, even from the very beginning. She thought that she did not deserve to be with her son. However, he liked Giselle so much that he lost his mind. In the end, she had no choice but to agree to Giselle and her son's marriage.

Nevertheless, that did not change the fact that she disliked Giselle. Unfortunately for her, if she openly showed her dislike towards her daughter-in-law, it would make Richard unhappy. Because of this, she

decided to just pick on Giselle over petty things in hopes that Giselle would get fed up and leave of her own volition.

Thanks to her and the rest of the Lowells' efforts, they succeeded in driving Giselle away. However, Richard was still hung up on Giselle so that he sometimes argued with them. It was quite a nuisance.

"I just came here to give you a warning. Now that you've stepped out of the Lowell residence, don't come back again," Mrs. Lowell cautioned with disgust.

Giselle lowered her head in dejection upon hearing Mrs. Lowell's words. She was aware that once she left that place, she could no longer return for the rest of her life. Still, she could not help but be sad when she heard it from Mrs. Lowell herself.

"Mom..." Giselle called in a low voice.

Mrs. Lowell interrupted her. "Don't. From now on, Giselle, you have nothing to do with the Lowell family anymore."

Patricia was enraged. She saw from the corner of her eyes that the news broke her mother's heart. With this in mind, she took a deep breath and coldly ordered, "Mrs. Lowell, please leave now."

"How impertinent. You're just like your mother," Mrs. Lowell replied disdainfully.

Patricia took a sharp breath and walked away. When she returned, she was holding a glass of cold water in her hand. "Mrs. Lowell, don't let me repeat myself. I want you to leave this instant."

She was threatening her, and there was no hint of fear in her voice.

This was the first time that Mrs. Lowell was threatened like this. Not to mention, the threat came from a young girl. In a fit of anger, she pounded her crutch on the ground and looked at Patricia contemptuously. "How dare you, you ill-bred child?!"

Just as she finished speaking, Patricia splashed the cold water onto Mrs. Lowell's face.

She raised her chin to show her confidence and superiority and coldly retorted, "Sure, I'm ill-bred. Sorry for not knowing how to be polite. But if you don't leave, I'm afraid I don't know what I'll do to you next. You're not welcome here. Get out of my face."

Never in Mrs. Lowell's life had she ever been disrespected like this. Her eyes widened in utter disbelief, and she roared, "You bitch! How dare you?!" All of a sudden, Mrs. Lowell raised her crutch. But

instead of hitting Patricia, she directed it towards Giselle.

She figured that she was not a match for Patricia, so she shifted her anger on Giselle instead. She knew what kind of person Giselle was. Even if she hit her, Giselle would not fight back.

Just as Mrs. Lowell had expected, Giselle did not do anything. She only groaned in pain when the crutch landed on her body.

Patricia thought that Mrs. Lowell would hit her, but she was wrong. With eyes full of resentment, she glared at Mrs. Lowell and bellowed, "How dare you hit my mother?!"

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Chapter 279 Who Will You Choose



"What? Am I not allowed to hit her? I'm here to teach your mother a lesson. She didn't do a good job raising you. That's the reason you have become an ill-bred woman." Having uttered those words, Mrs. Lowell raised the crutch once again and started beating Giselle.

Pain surged through Giselle's body and she let out a scream. Seeing the agony her mother was going through, Patricia bit her lower lip. Her mother wouldn't fight back. If she dared to do such a thing, she knew Uncle Richard would have to bear the brunt of it.

Patricia, being her daughter, couldn't stand to watch

her mother suffer. She felt sorry for her.

In the end, she quickly pulled Giselle behind her. Looking straight into Mrs. Lowell's eyes, she said, "You can beat me, but don't hurt my mother."

Shocked, Mrs. Lowell's body turned rigid. She wasn't used to being stopped. Soon, a vicious smile spread across her face. Using all her might, she raised her crutch to strike Patricia.

However, the crutch didn't fall on Patricia as she had expected. Instead, a cold and domineering voice addressed her.

"Mrs. Lowell, aren't you afraid that your actions will create headlines tomorrow? Do you want the whole world to know you are beating someone in broad day light?" asked Zac, his voice icy cold. He loosened his grip on her crutch and regarded her carefully.

Now that he mentioned this, Mrs. Lowell thought over it. He was right. If this got posted on social media, then not only her reputation, but the Lowell family's good name would be in jeopardy.

In her anger, she compressed her lips so tightly that they went white. She glared at Patricia and Giselle for a few seconds and then turned around and left.

When she was gone, Patricia let out a sigh of relief. Then she turned around to check on Giselle and asked worriedly, "Mom, are you hurt?"

Giselle flashed her a gentle smile and stroked her cheek lovingly. Then she regarded Zac who was standing at the door. She didn't know what exactly to say to him.

Following Giselle's eyes, Patricia too looked in his

direction. She was so consumed by her concern for her mother that she had forgotten Zac was also there.

"Thank you, Zac," she said in a low voice. She had been surprised when she saw him here.

After the viral news that spread about her, she had thought he would stop caring about her. Everyone was on Lyndsy's side and she had expected the same from Zac.

Zac noticed the confused look in her eyes and wished to say something. But in the end he told himself it was unnecessary to explain.

Instead, he asked, "Are you all right?" Zac's voice was eerily cold.

Both Patricia and Giselle nodded their heads in response. It looked like neither of them wanted to talk

about what just happened. They looked flustered and embarrassed.

"Zac, if you don't have anything more to say, we are going to head inside." Saying that, Patricia held her mother's hand and got ready to get back to their house.

Zac was smart and knew very well what they thought about him. Giselle had shown her interest in getting Patricia married to Jack. If she was being nice to him, it was simply out of politeness. As for Patricia, she had been indifferent to everything he had been doing. However, Zac wasn't deterred. By now, he was used to it.

There was one thing that deeply saddened him. He often wondered what would happen if Patricia never forgave him!

He tried to dispel these thoughts from his head. Looking at Patricia and Giselle, he said, "I'm here to remind you that you should be careful with some people. They are not as simple as you think."

Without giving Patricia an opportunity to ask further questions, he strode away from there.

Patricia couldn't help but poke her head out the door and look at his receding figure. Her eyebrows knitted in a frown and she tried to make sense of his words.

'What do Zac's words mean? Was he trying to imply something?'

Patricia stood there enwrapped in thought. Before she could figure it out, Giselle's gentle voice sounded from behind, "Patricia, what's on your mind?"

Patricia blinked her eyes several times and looked at

her mother. "Nothing's on my mind, Mother. Why do you ask?"

Giselle shook her head at her daughter's innocence. Taking a deep breath, she explained, "Patricia, you're a grown woman now. I've been through this. I can tell that Zac is madly in love with you. And the same can be said about Jack. As for the Kareem guy, I don't know much about him, but if I am right, he cares about you a great deal too. Now my question is, who will you choose?"

Patricia was dumbstruck when she heard her mother's words. She had no idea why her love life was being discussed. She swallowed hard before she replied, "Mom, are you teasing me?" Her voice was incredulous.

"Do I look like I'm teasing you? Patricia, you're not young anymore. It's time you think about your future.

If you don't have feelings for any of these men, then make sure you let them know that. But if you like one of them, just go and date him. I don't care what you do. Your happiness is my priority."

Giselle's voice was soft and she lightly stroked her hair. Now that she wasn't going to return to the Lowell family, she would stay with her daughter and ensure she was safe and happy.

Patricia was once again lost in thought. She wasn't sure how to respond to this.

Giselle patted on her shoulder and smiled gently. "Don't worry. You have plenty of time to make up your mind." And then Giselle held her hand and took her to the room.

Patricia's mind was elsewhere. All the three men appeared in her mind. However, the mere thought of

facing them gave her a headache. She quickly dismissed these thoughts.

In the evening, both Patricia and Giselle were at the Maple Hotel. Giselle's friend's birthday party was being held over there.

"Edith, happy birthday to you. Here's my gift for you," Giselle said elatedly and they leaned over to embrace.

Ever since Giselle got married to Richard and moved into the Lowell house, the two of them had hardly seen each other. Their conversations were limited to phone calls and messages. Both of them had never thought such an opportunity would arise.

"I thought you wouldn't come!" Edith was over the moon after being reunited with her friend. Out of the corner of her eyes, she looked at Patricia who was

standing beside Giselle. Her face broke into a smile.

Patricia hadn't known Edith enough to form an impression. She only knew this lady was her mother's best friend. She was also the only person who supported her mother to leave the Sampson family and be with Uncle Richard.

"This is my daughter, Patricia. I don't think you recognize her, do you? After all, you haven't seen each other for ages," Giselle said, introducing her daughter to her friend. There was a tinge of sadness in her voice.

Edith patted Patricia gently, her eyes moist with tears. "Today is my birthday. Please don't make me cry. Of course I remember Patricia, but..." Her voice wavered with emotion.

Edith pulled Patricia close to her and said in a low

voice, "But there are rumors about you these days. Patricia, be careful. Someone is trying to bring you down. Don't give them a chance to do it." And then she wiped her tears with the back of her sleeve and flashed Patricia a knowing smile.

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Chapter 280 Qualified Father



Patricia smiled at Edith and nodded at her slightly. She could see that Edith did not change much and was still the same as before.

With a proud look on her face, Edith looked at Giselle and whispered with a meaningful smile, "Giselle, you finally stood up for yourself."

Edith did not have to say much as Patricia and Giselle knew what she was talking about.

While they were sharing a heartwarming moment, a sharp and mean voice suddenly came to their ears. Their lively atmosphere dissipated in an instant.

"Oh my God! I can't believe who I'm seeing now—Giselle and Patricia. What a coincidence!" Yolanda's voice was not that loud, but it was enough for the people around them to hear.

It was apparent that she was trying to attract people's attention and make a fool out of Patricia and Giselle.

The mother and daughter were famous now, but not for something good. Even though Patricia was unfortunate to have been involved in a car accident, she was condemned for seducing three men from rich

families. Her mother, Giselle, had been driven out of the Lowell house. The news spread like wildfire that the two women became the focus of everyone's attention.

As Patricia saw the smug look on Yolanda's face, she raised her chin arrogantly and looked straight into Yolanda's eyes. She was not a fool to not notice what this old lady was trying to do.

"Yolanda, you better watch your mouth," Giselle warned through gritted teeth.

She knew very well that Yolanda was the reason everyone despised her daughter now. Besides, it did not take a genius to notice what Yolanda was doing.

Giselle and Patricia were aware of the predicament they were in. As they did not want to ruin Edith's birthday, they had decided that they would quietly

leave the party once they gave their birthday gift.

It was a bummer, though. Giselle wanted to chat with Edith a little longer. However, things had become complicated because of Yolanda.

"Watch my mouth? Are you kidding me? Why would I? I didn't say anything wrong, did I?" Yolanda feigned confusion and innocence and looked at Giselle and Patricia with puppy dog eyes. However, the smile tugging at the corners of her mouth hinted her real intention.

Giselle's blood boiled as she saw Yolanda's sly smile. She could only sneer in disgust, too angry to say a word.

Well, if she fought back, she was afraid she might only bring herself and her daughter deeper into the hole.

Patricia, who had been standing aside and eyeing Yolanda, snorted. Thanks to Yolanda, everyone knew that she and her mother had come to the event, putting Edith in a difficult situation.

At that moment, Patricia saw from the corner of her eye that Edith seemed flustered. To make things worse, Edith's mother-in-law and family were tacitly talking about them. Patricia knew what her and her mother's current situation.

Those who were smart enough did not want to get involved with her and her mother.

Patricia's lips curled into a sneer. With her chin slightly raised, she cast Yolanda a cold glance, grabbed her mother's hand, and turned around to leave.

She believed that the scene would be over if she left, but she was wrong. All of a sudden, Yolanda's acerbic tone came behind her. "Patricia, you're becoming more and more impolite, aren't you? Giselle, look at what your daughter has become. You may walk away from me, but that won't change the fact that you poured water onto Mrs. Lowell's face," she said sardonically.

The people around them could not help but gasp in disbelief. They looked at Patricia with disgust and began talking to each other in hushed voices.

However, Patricia seemed unfazed. She merely looked at Yolanda and briefly asked, "And?"

Yolanda did not expect that Patricia would keep her cool despite being in the face of adversity. She was shocked, but she regained her composure after a moment. With a scoff, she walked over to Sullivan

and whispered, "Sullivan, what do you think we should do? You saw how impolite that girl was."

Without further ado, Sullivan looked at Patricia exasperatedly and asked, "Why do I have such an unfilial daughter like you? You're so rude. How could you do that to Mrs. Lowell?" He seemed disappointed at her for failing to live up to his expectations. Then, he turned to face Giselle and flew into a rage.

"Giselle, can't you see how your daughter has become? Look at what you've taught her! She has no respect for elders!"

He put his hand on his chest as he spoke. He was so furious that he looked as though he would pass out any moment.

Those who were watching the scene pointed at Giselle and started whispering to each other. First,

they accused Patricia of being impertinent and disrespectful. They then criticized Giselle, saying that she did not deserve to be a mother.

Giselle could hear what everyone was saying about her, but she could only stay silent and look at them angrily. To be frank, she already felt like a failure for not being able to fulfill her responsibilities as a mother. But, she could not accept that they insulted her daughter as well. Even though she was fuming with anger, she did not say anything in fear that she would only make things worse.

Patricia understood what her mother was thinking in just a glance. Giselle might look gentle and kind, but she knew when she should act.

"What's wrong? Why are you silent, Giselle? Is it because you've realized that we're right, and you're wrong? When Patricia was little, you abandoned her

and went to live in the Lowell house. But now, you've been kicked out from there. This must be your punishment. Sorry to say, but you don't deserve to be..." Yolanda stopped abruptly. She looked like she could no longer continue her words, but she actually did that on purpose.

Everyone understood what she meant nevertheless. They believed her words and looked at Giselle with apparent disdain.

"Are you done talking?" Patricia scoffed while looking at Sullivan and Yolanda with her head held high.

The guests were stunned. They looked at her with wide eyes, shocked at her rudeness.

However, in Patricia's mind, politeness meant nothing now. She had sworn to herself that she would no longer be a pushover who could be easily bullied and

that she would protect her mother against these people. Her mother was being slandered by so many people. Patricia had to do something.

"You..." Sullivan pointed at her angrily. He did not expect that she would have the nerve to talk back after what she had done.

Patricia lifted her gaze, and a cold smile suddenly appeared at the corners of her mouth. "Do you really think that you're qualified enough to say those words about my mother?"

All of a sudden, an audible gasp was heard from the crowd, who were watching the scene with great interest.

Sullivan and Yolanda stared daggers at Patricia. They wanted to refute her words, but she beat them to it.

"Have you ever forgotten what you did to my mother? I'm sure you haven't. You're accusing me of being unfilial. But, have you asked yourself if you've been a competent father? Dad, did you even teach me anything?" Patricia sneered and looked at Sullivan sharply as soon as she finished speaking.

Truth be told, everyone knew how badly Sullivan had treated her. It was just that nobody dared to speak up.

"You...you crass! I'll teach you a lesson!" Sullivan strode towards her and slapped her across the face.

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