

# Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 101

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“Mr.Reynolds...” A clear, subtle voice wafted over to Zac’s ears.

Looking towards the door, Zac saw an anxious Dora calling out to him.Frowning, Zac looked at her suspiciously before standing up and tiptoeing out the room.

“What’s wrong?” Zac asked Dora in confusion.

It seemed like she had something to tell him.

Face flushed from embarrassment, Dora gently swayed from side to side.

In a low voice, she whispered, “Can I get your autograph?”

Dora then brought out a photo and pen as she eagerly awaited his autograph.Zac was speechless when he saw this.

“Is this nurse boy-crazed? Does she take me for a star?”

Frowning with displeasure, Zac was about to refuse when a thought occurred to him.

Clearing his throat, he smiled charmingly and said, “No problem, but you need to answer my questions.”

Being the businessman that he was, he wasn’t about to make a deal without getting something in return.

Since the nurse wanted his autograph, she needed to exchange something of equal value to him.

Having gotten Zac’s word that he would autograph her photo, Dora nodded happily to indicate she would be willing to answer any questions he asked.

“Have you found out how Patricia got those scars on her body?”

Before he had left the treatment room earlier, he had asked Dora to subtly inquire about Patricia’s scars.

He knew that if he asked Patricia, she would definitely not answer him.

But if Dora asked, Patricia might respond to her differently.

For some reason, Zac had a feeling that if it was Dora asking, Patricia might just let her guard down and open up.

"I asked her about it, but..."

Dora choked on her words, and tears streamed down her face. The mere thought of this dampened her spirits and put her in a depressed mood.

"...But Miss Patricia appeared so grief-stricken that I dared not probe further."

'She was sad? Why would Patricia be sad?' In his mind, only three things made her sad.

These were things concerning her child, Giselle, and her grandfather.

"Has she hidden something from Giselle? Everything I know about her has been learned from Giselle. So, if Patricia didn't tell Giselle, she probably shielded Giselle from any hurt. And if it is because she wants to protect Giselle, then I can only assume that it has something to do with the Sampson family." Zac fell silent.

Dora didn't know what to do, so she murmured depressingly, "Anyway, I believe this is the work of someone who lives with Miss Patricia. Only someone living with her would have the opportunity to do such a thing. Besides, not everyone can perform such cruel actions, and I really doubt the person who did this is a lunatic."

She blew her nose as she tried to prevent her tears from falling. Dora's words made him remember the Sampson family.

At the birthday party tonight, the members of the Sampson family were highly dissatisfied that Patricia was present at the party.

The scene where the whole family bullied her days ago was still vivid in his mind.

"Thank you. I'll give you the autograph now."

Taking the photo and pen from Dora, Zac signed his name.

Then another thought popped into his mind.

Ordering Dora around in a condescending manner, he said, "From today onwards, you will be Patricia's private nurse. You will be on call whenever we need you."

Dora beamed when she heard this.

She really liked Patricia and was happy to be in on her secret.

"The strong Miss Patricia is completely different from the rumors I've heard!" Seeing that Dora was so pleased by this news, Zac breathed a sigh of relief.

At least this way, Patricia would have company while she was in the hospital so she wouldn't be bored. When he returned to the ward, he saw that Patricia was wriggling her body like a worm. This sight was so amusing that it brought a faint smile to his lips.

Walking over to her, he bent down and gently asked, "What's wrong, Patricia? Do you feel uncomfortable somewhere?"

Zac's gentle voice was like a refreshing summer breeze. Turning her face sideways, she tried to hide her embarrassment.

Avoiding Zac's gaze, she whispered, "My back itches."

Patricia wasn't sure if it was the medicine or something else causing the itch. But she had thought that she could relieve her discomfort on her own.

However, she hadn't expected that her hands wouldn't be long enough to reach the spot that was irritating her.

"Which part is itchy?" asked Zac in a soft voice, like a breeze blowing past her back.

Patricia felt her face flush with color. Then the thought of Zac assisting her made her blush spread down to her neck. She suddenly became too shy to answer his question. Secretly glancing at her face, Zac's lips curled upwards into a smile.

It was rare to see Patricia so bashful, so he never missed an opportunity to tease her.

"Are you going to help me or not?"

Red in the face, she pouted as she angrily stared at Zac.

Seeing this, Zac's expression became serious again.

He looked at her and gently said, "Of course, I'll help you."

As soon as he finished speaking, he put his hand inside her clothes, which she then reprimanded him for.

"Zac, you are such a rascal!"

Hearing this, Zac frowned with displeasure.

He looked at her and said coldly, "What on earth do you want me to do?"

Angrily glaring at her, Zac inexplicably felt that women were troublesome beings. Patricia frowned with dissatisfaction.

"Zac may have a temper, but so do I!" She lashed out and said, "I asked you to help me. I didn't ask you to put your hand inside my clothes! Just scratch me over my clothes."

"You will feel uncomfortable if I did it that way. Cut the crap. Where is the itch?" Zac was depressed.

"I am being so kind-hearted to her, yet she is scolding me! What have I done to warrant this?"

As soon as Zac finished speaking, his fingers began roaming her body, not caring whether she agreed to this or not. At the same time, he was very careful to avoid touching her wounds.

His movement was as soft as a feather, swaying back and forth on her body.

But that could not help Patricia relieve her itch.

"You're doing it too soft. Scratch my back harder. And you scratched the wrong place! It's not there. It's more to the left," Patricia ordered.

Zac frowned and squinted his eyes at her.

"Since when has she become such a chatterbox? She has been cold to me in front of others, but now she had become a chatterbox. Why is that? What could her reason be?"

It was not until this moment that Zac realized that Patricia was a woman who was cold on the outside but warm-hearted on the inside. While Zac was lost in thought, Patricia continued dishing out orders.

"Slightly to the left. No, no. A little up!"

Zac sighed helplessly as he followed her instructions.

When his fingertips brushed against a swollen scar, Zac froze from shock, and his lips slightly trembled.

Patricia was just as surprised as Zac when this happened.

A hint of embarrassment flashed through her beautiful eyes before she softly said, "I'm fine now. You can stop, Zac."

As soon as she finished speaking, she hinted to Zac to remove his hand from under her clothes. Unfortunately, Zac didn't do as she wanted.

Instead, he gently touched the swollen scar, and in a choked voice, he asked, "How did you get hurt here?"

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Patricia was stunned to hear Zac's question. Her body stiffened up, and she had to shake it subconsciously to avoid Zac's question.

"Zac, remove your hands now. I'm going to sleep."

Patricia then purposefully closed her eyes and pretended to sleep. Zac pursed his lips when he saw her reaction to his question.

His face was full of sadness, and his heart ached.

"Am I so untrustworthy that she can't confide in me?" Unbeknownst to Zac, he hadn't realized how badly his past actions had hurt her.

So, how could she now trust the person who broke her heart? Zac, not realizing what caused her mistrust, was eager to uncover the story behind her secret.

"Don't lie to me, Patricia. Are you avoiding my question on purpose?"

Fixing his gaze on her, he continued, "Is it Lyndsy, Sullivan, or Yolanda who left those marks on your back?"

"Apart from these three people, I can't think of anyone else who would do such a thing to such a delicate woman. And when was this done to her? Has it been from her childhood until she married me? Has she been suffering all this time?"

When Patricia heard their names, her body trembled slightly. Although her movement was very subtle, Zac noticed it. Zac was burning with anger as her subtle movement confirmed his assumption.

Clenching his fists, there seemed to be an inexplicable aura flowing on the back of his hand.

At the moment, he couldn't suppress his anger.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?"

Zac gasped as he stared at her fiercely. He really didn't know what was going through her mind.

"Tell you? Tell you what?" Patricia said coldly.

The blush on her face had been replaced with her usual coldness. Right now, she wasn't afraid of looking Zac squarely in the eyes.

However, her stiff body prevented her from moving.

“Do you mean I should have told you after we got married, or are you referring to now? But at that time, I was just a tool for you to use to advance in your career and move up in the Reynolds family’s succession line. I wasn’t qualified enough to tell you something as insignificant as this. As for now... There is no need to say anything to you now since we no longer have anything to do with each other.”

Zac was stupefied when he heard this. He opened and closed his mouth several times, but no words came out.

He was at a loss for words and couldn’t figure out how to counter what Patricia had just said.

Zac was unhappy seeing how Patricia kept pushing him away from her side.

What annoyed him more, though, was the fact that he couldn’t refute her words.

Back then, he had indeed married her as part of a deal that would help him solidify his position within the Reynolds Group.

But in the end, where did that get him? When Zac didn’t respond, Patricia sneered and continued coldly, “So, Zac. I’m begging you. Don’t ask or interfere. This has nothing to do with you. It’s my own private affair.”

She then slowly closed her eyes, not wishing to argue further with Zac about this topic.

As far as their relationship went, she remembered that at one time, she was pregnant with his child but was forced to abort it.

So, even if she didn’t want to take revenge or hate him, she knew that she could no longer be together with him.

At this moment, Patricia knew she would no longer love Zac with all her heart.

Zac understood what Patricia was trying to say.

‘But if she knows that our baby would not have survived in the first place, would she still be so determined to push me away? Why does she force herself like this? Can’t she let go of the past and just accept me?’ “You...”

Zac stared at Patricia blankly, not knowing what to say.

He felt like there were thousands of words he wanted to say to her, but he could not say even one.

Patricia’s words left Zac speechless.

There was a trace of sadness and anger in his heart.

“Why can’t she have a little faith and trust in me?”

“You don’t trust me at all, do you?” Zac finally asked.

His deep eyes were dark, as if lifeless.

“No! I don’t.”

Patricia answered without hesitation.

To her, it was a question that didn’t warrant careful consideration.

Zac took a deep breath and looked straight at her.

Perhaps it was because of the emotions she saw in Zac’s eyes, or perhaps it was because he had accidentally touched her emotional scar again.

Still, Patricia’s aloof expression was replaced by a trace of sadness.

Patricia wasn’t so blind that she couldn’t perceive that there was chemistry between Zac and herself.

But she chose not to dwell on those thoughts as she didn’t want anything to do with Zac.

When she saw Lyndsy crying at Sullivan’s birthday party because Zac had told her he didn’t love her, Patricia felt like she was looking at her past self.

She had, after all, believed she would spend the rest of her life with Zac, even if their marriage was a business deal.

However, the reality ruthlessly shattered her fantasies, dealing her a decisive blow.

“How can I not know what Zac thinks of me? But I am no fool. Zac is only doing this to prove he is a man who can possess me! Otherwise, he wouldn’t even spare me a look.” Silence fell on the room as they both stopped talking.

It was not until Zac’s phone rang out that a sound could be heard.

Hanging up the call, Zac slowly withdrew his hand without saying a word.

As his hand was about to leave her back, Zac felt like he had lost something dear to him with no way of finding it again.

“Have a good rest, Patricia,”

Zac said softly before quietly leaving.

Hearing the door close, Patricia subconsciously turned her head in that direction.

A deep sense of sadness washed over her, and an indescribable expression appeared in her clear eyes.

Patricia then silently looked away and buried her beautiful face in the pillow as she was overcome with grief.

Walking out of the room and standing at the end of the corridor, Zac subconsciously looked back in the direction of Patricia's ward.

The dull ache in his chest was always there and could not be swept away.

Then, the phone rang again.

Glancing at the number on the screen, he reluctantly pressed the answer button.

"Zac, the things that happened in the Sampson family's house today..."

Johnny's mellow voice could be heard on the other end of the call.

Zac remained emotionless even after hearing this voice.

He said coldly, "What's the matter?"

Johnny might have been Zac's father, but Zac had no feelings towards this man.

After all, they were father and son in name only.

Johnny was used to Zac's coldness, but he was a little unhappy when he heard Zac's tone.

Zac hadn't even greeted him! "Zac, don't be too extreme.

You've made Sullivan lose face at his birthday party.

Is this your way of challenging the Sampson family?"

"And what if it is?" said Zac in a cold voice.

He didn't want to explain himself to Johnny. Zac just wanted to hang up the call as soon as possible.

Johnny was stunned when he heard this.

He was about to give a retort but thought better of it. He didn't know how to respond to Zac.

Before Johnny could figure out what he wanted to say, Zac said coldly, "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up first."

Zac was about to end the call when he heard Johnny shout into the phone, "Zac, don't hang up. I have something to say!"

Afraid Zac would hang up on him, Johnny quickly said, "Tomorrow is your mother's birthday. Remember to come back home for dinner."

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"My mother?" Zac sneered when he heard Johnny loosely use this word.

He was, after all, an illegitimate son of the Reynolds family. Besides, after his biological mother had sold him to the Reynolds family, he no longer thought of her as such.

At this time, Zac had forgotten that Tina, Johnny's legal wife, was also referred to as 'mother'.

But she had a deep-seated hatred for Zac.

Johnny sighed deeply when he got no response out of Zac.

In a low voice, he said, "We're still your family, after all. And sometimes Tina can be strict with you, but it's for your own good. She means well."

Zac sneered more when he heard this.

He was baffled by the fact that his father couldn't tell right from wrong! 'Is everything Tina has done to me for my own good? This has to be the biggest joke in the world!' With a snort, Zac coldly replied, "I'll come over when I have some time."

This was what he usually would say.

But returning to his family home or not would be dependent on his mood.

Hanging up the phone immediately, Zac gave Johnny no chance to attempt to persuade him into returning.

Zac then walked back toward Patricia's ward and looked at her from behind the glass door.

For some reason, he felt like some force was keeping him rooted to that spot, unwilling to let him take a step further and enter her room.

So, he could only stand outside her door foolishly and peer in.

Zac didn't know how long he stood outside her ward, but a significant amount of time had passed since his legs had gone numb.

He then walked away slowly.

He realized both Patricia and himself needed some time to calm down.

Guilt washed over him because he knew he hadn't been a good husband to her, nor did he know anything about her personally.

And now, there is a wall around her heart, isolating my kindness from her. It appears that Patricia can't accept my sincerity towards her.

Furthermore, she keeps distancing herself from me every time I try to close the gap. But I know she has feelings for me! Zac was positive that he had read her correctly.

But he also knew that she was unwilling to accept and admit her feelings for him. Zac couldn't help but sigh, his face full of melancholy.

He thought it best that they both take a couple days to calm down and think things through. He then left the hospital, his concern for her written all over his face.

Under the morning light, Patricia opened her eyes in a daze.

She didn't know when she fell asleep yesterday, but she knew that Zac hadn't returned after he had left her room.

Fully awake now, she heard Dora's cheerful voice.

"Good morning, Miss Patricia. I'm here to serve you your breakfast and apply the medicine to your back. You must be starving. By the way, you haven't brushed your teeth yet, right? Let me help you up."

It was so early in the morning, but Dora's bubbly personality kept her talking non-stop. Listening to Dora prattle away, Patricia couldn't help but laugh.

She thought that Dora was a rather amusing person.

After Dora helped her up, she looked around the room as if searching for something.

Seeing Patricia's expression, Dora smiled mischievously and immediately went up to her and began to gossip, "Miss Patricia, are you looking for Mr. Reynolds?"

Hearing this, Patricia glared at Dora and explained seriously, "No! Dora, help me to wash my face and brush my teeth."

Pursing her lips, Dora looked at Patricia's indifferent face in disappointment.

'I thought she liked Zac? Was I overthinking the situation?'

Dora was so caught up in her own thoughts that she missed the sadness revealed in Patricia's eyes.

When Patricia hadn't seen Zac, she felt an emptiness inside her, as if something was missing from her heart.

Dora helped her freshen up and apply the medicine to her back.

By then, it was already ten o'clock.

Standing on the balcony, Patricia took in the beautiful scenery outside.

She couldn't help but think Zac's investment in the hospital had been put to good use as they had done a great job in maintaining the greenery.

Patricia heard a familiar voice filling her room.

Turning around, she saw her mother standing by the ward's door along with a middle-aged man.

'Who is he?'

Patricia felt some familiarity when she saw this man.

"If I remember correctly, the man in front of me is my stepfather, Richard." Although she had only met him once, she had a deep impression of him.

He was a gentle and cultivated man, polite to everyone, and loved her mother dearly.

This was the impression that Richard had imprinted on her, and it remained true from her childhood till now.

"Patricia!"

Worried about her daughter, Giselle walked up to Patricia with tears in her eyes.

Giving her daughter a quick once-over, Giselle reached out to hug Patricia but was stopped by Dora.

“Miss Patricia’s body is in no condition to tolerate an embrace. If you want her to recover quickly, then you should save your hugs for the future. Besides, I just applied medicine on her body, so touching her now wouldn’t be a wise choice.”

Hearing the sternness in Dora’s voice, Giselle and Richard looked towards Patricia for answers. Seeing this, Patricia smiled gently and motioned for Dora to go out.

She explained to them, “Dora is my personal nurse. She’s a lovely girl with a lively personality.”

Giselle was relieved to hear that.

With a distressed look on her face, Giselle reached out her hand and touched Patricia’s pale face.

“Patricia, you’ve suffered a lot! Had it not been for Zac’s call, I would not have known just how much you’ve had to endure.”

Giselle couldn’t help but burst into tears as she spoke.

The sorrowful look on her face made her look like she was blaming herself for the hardships her daughter had suffered.

“Mom, don’t overthink the situation. I’m fine now, aren’t I?”

Patricia comforted Giselle in a soft voice.

Looking over at Richard, Patricia hoped he would step in and comfort her mother in her stead as it was impossible for her to currently do anything.

Understanding the subtle look in Patricia’s eyes, Richard made his way over to Giselle’s side.

Gently wiping the tears off her face, he said in a soft voice, “Seeing you like this will only make Patricia more embarrassed and pained. She has already been injured and needs time to recover. Do you also want her to worry about you while she recuperates?”

Upon hearing this, Giselle’s crying slowly subsided.

Wiping away the remainder of her tears, she forced a smile onto her face.

“You are right. I can’t have Patricia worrying about me.”

Patricia beamed when she saw this and nodded gratefully to Richard.

It was clear that he had his own way of coaxing a smile out of Giselle.

Seeing Patricia's grin, Richard smiled in return.

Although this wasn't his first time meeting her, it had been the first time he had seen her since she became an adult.

He had to admit that she was not how the rumors reported her to be.

Besides, he preferred to believe in facts and what he saw with his own eyes rather than believing in gossip and rumors.

For example, at this time, what he saw was not just a young lady from a well-educated family but a beautiful, strong woman who had blossomed from a little girl.

He was pleased to see her like this.

Compared to many other young ladies of wealthy families, Patricia had surpassed them all in terms of manners and personality.

Seeing the admiration in Richard's eyes, Patricia nodded politely.

She could only answer the praise he bestowed upon her with a smile.

"Patricia, you didn't listen to me and instead went to Sullivan's birthday party. Look at where that got you! You're injured again because of them!"

Giselle cast a reproachful glance at Patricia though she felt sorry for her daughter.

'I only have one daughter. Unfortunately for me, she is very stubborn and wouldn't listen to my advice.'

"Mom, I'm fine now. It's just a couple of bruises,"

Patricia said in a relaxed tone, acting as if this was not a big deal.

Hearing this, Dora, who was standing at the door, interrupted her discontentedly, "No, Miss Patricia. You mustn't lie. Have you already forgotten what the doctor said? You need to rest for a week in order to fully recuperate."

Patricia turned her gaze on Dora and pursed her lips unhappily.

'Why is she messing around at a time like this?'

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Patricia had really hoped that Dora wouldn't have said anything.

'Her comment would only make my mom believe that my condition is worse than it is! "Mom, you really don't need to worry."

With a helpless look on her face, Patricia subconsciously walked to Giselle's side.

Gently grabbing her wrist, Patricia forced a smile onto her face.

"Yes, you being too worried will only stress Patricia out more!"

Richard said again as he winked at Patricia.

'Fortunately, Richard is here, or I wouldn't have been able to make my mom feel at ease on my own.' Taking a deep breath, Giselle masked her sad expression.

'Richard has a point. I don't want to upset Patricia because I am being too emotional.'

"Well, let me see how badly you are hurt!"

Giselle said as she changed the topic at once.

What worried her was the severity of her daughter's injury.

If Zac hadn't informed her that Patricia was in the hospital, she would not have found out that her daughter was injured.

Thinking of Zac, Giselle looked around for him suspiciously and asked in a loving voice, "By the way, where is Zac? Why isn't he here with you?"

Patricia frowned and rolled her eyes when Giselle mentioned Zac's name.

Unconsciously, she looked away to avoid eye contact with Giselle.

"Mom, he is a busy man. He doesn't have a lot of free time."

Patricia managed to find an excuse to ward off her mother's questioning.

Giselle and Richard knew Patricia was making up an excuse, but they didn't call her out on it.

They guessed that the young couple must have argued with each other again.

And being the elders, they knew better than to interfere before they made the situation worse.

Hearing this, Dora, who was standing outside the door, was surprised and looked at Patricia's face, searching her eyes for something.

'If I remember correctly, Mr.Reynolds came here this morning and purposefully brought her breakfast.But he said that he couldn't stay because of some urgent matter.I didn't expect Miss Patricia to misunderstand his intentions.I will find an opportunity to clarify the situation for Mr.Reynolds.After all, as an outsider, I can see that Mr.Reynolds cares deeply for her.'

After making up her mind, Dora continued to stand at the door.Patricia couldn't stand her mother's gaze boring into her back.

She invented a multitude of excuses until Giselle gave up and shifted her eyes away from Patricia.

"Patricia, please be careful.Remember to listen to the doctor and be mindful of your diet," Giselle reminded her worriedly.

Patricia nodded, afraid that her mother's apparent worry would increase if she shook her head to protest.

Giselle was relieved to see Patricia taking heed of her words.

Looking at the time, she turned to Richard in a panic.Patricia was confused when she saw the distressed look on her mother's face.

Before she could inquire about it, Giselle spoke up.

"Richard, please take good care of Patricia for me.I have to go home.Grandma..."

Giselle stopped short of completing her sentence, thinking it wiser to not say more than necessary.

She lowered her head, but not before Patricia saw her dejected expression.

'She must be referring to the old lady of the Lowell family.After the incident at the rose garden, the members of the Lowell family have imposed more and more rules on mother, treating her like a prisoner.'

"Mom..." Patricia called out gently.

As she was about to say something, Richard signaled for her to keep quiet.

After that, Giselle quickly disappeared from her sight.

Patricia was confused by the look she saw in Richard's eyes.

It appeared that he had something he wanted to say to her.

Before she could speak, Richard looked at her gently and said, "Patricia, you're a smart woman. I know you'll understand what I'm about to tell you."

Through her befuddlement, a trace of vigilance flashed across her clear eyes as she awaited Richard's next words.

Seeing the baffled look on Patricia's face, Richard got straight to the point with her.

"I hope you can keep your distance from your mother."

Startled by this news, she looked at Richard in confusion.

Patricia believed that Richard wasn't the type of person who would deliberately keep her away from her mother unless he had a valid reason for doing so.

Richard beamed when he took in Patricia's calm and sensible demeanor.

He admired the fact that she could remain so composed even after hearing what he had said.

This was quite a commendable deed.

'No wonder the Veyron Corp was able to win over the cooperation with the Reynolds Group. Her personal charms must have played a big role in securing that deal.' Richard liked her more and more.

Smiling kindly at Patricia, he continued, "I know I'm asking a lot, but I'm doing this for your mother's sake. After all, in the Lowell family..."

"Okay, I understand."

Patricia immediately agreed to Richard's request.

If she had to guess, her mother's hardships in the Lowell family had a lot to do with her latest scandal.

And although Richard tried his best to protect her mother, there were times when even he failed.

Since Richard was the only one on her mother's side, when he went up against many of the Lowell family members at once, it sometimes became too much for him to handle.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?"

Richard was surprised at how readily Patricia accepted his request. He looked at her in disbelief. It was a difficult request for him to ask Patricia to separate herself from her mother.

And if he had any other alternatives, he wouldn't have asked such a thing.

But Giselle's situation within the Lowell family was getting more dangerous, so he needed to do something.

Patricia smiled when she saw the shocked expression on Richard's face.

In a firm voice, she said, "Uncle Richard, I understand what your intentions are. You're just want to protect my mother, as do I."

'After all, I chose my path when I decided not to enter the Lowell family with my mother. So, in order to protect my mother, I need to become stronger. If my mother can't live a good life in the Lowell family and is disliked by the family members because of my scandal, then I'll be sad and think I wasn't a good enough daughter.'

The firmness on her tone shocked Richard. It was hard to imagine such a young woman showing this much determination.

"Giselle is so lucky to have a daughter like you," Richard murmured as he lowered his head in guilt.

"No, my mother is lucky to have met you!" With a bright smile, she waggled her eyebrows at Richard.

As a child, Patricia had witnessed the many ways Sullivan had abused and beaten Giselle.

In her heart, Sullivan was a horrible human being.

But when her mother had met Richard, it was as if spring had come.

Patricia believed that Giselle could have a bright future with Richard.

It didn't matter to her that she would be seeing her mother less frequently.

What mattered was her mother's happiness.

So long as Giselle was in good spirits, Patricia would be content.

Hearing Patricia say this brightened his mood.

His gloominess disappeared, and he couldn't help but be amused by her.

'I am lucky to have such a sensible daughter.' Dora, who was still on her duty outside, accidentally overheard their conversation.

She was astonished by what she heard and didn't know how to describe her feelings.

'Why does Miss Patricia have to suffer so many difficulties? Her wounds haven't healed yet.

It's so inhuman to ask her to agree to such an unreasonable request!' Feeling sorry for Patricia but not being in a position to say anything, Dora decided to inform Zac of what had transpired and have him console Patricia.

As soon as Richard left her room, Patricia's bright smile melted away and was replaced by a touch of sadness.

Seeing the forlorn expression on Patricia's face, Dora quietly spoke while applying medicine on her.

"Miss Patricia, you seem so sad right now."

Hearing this, Patricia shook her head slightly.

In fact, it wasn't sadness that she felt but helplessness. And although she had expected this outcome, she couldn't help but sigh.

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"Miss Patricia, why did you agree to that man's request? He went too far by asking you to stay away from your mother!" said Dora as she frowned, angry on behalf of Patricia.

"I can sense Dora's concern for me. However, the innocent Dora doesn't understand my world. In many cases, you can't just let emotions screw up your decisions."

"Dora, you should keep your nose out of this. Can you finish applying the medicine now?"

Patricia looked solemnly at Dora as she gave her a warning look.

She was afraid that Dora would accidentally tell this to Zac.

Dora gave Patricia an OK sign to show her agreement with Patricia's words, but in her heart, she was determined to inform Zac of everything.

She believed that Zac was so powerful that he would definitely be able to help Patricia resolve her problem.

After applying the medicine, Dora secretly called Zac to report Patricia's current state.

Hearing what Dora said, Zac, who was sitting in his office, pursed his lips and frowned, a dark aura exuding from his body.

As soon as the secretary stepped into the office, she felt Zac's unrivaled, murderous aura.

She stopped and looked at Zac from the corner of her eyes while swallowing down her fear.

"Why must I always bear witness to Zac's bad moods?"

"Sir, here is the document you wanted."

She then carefully handed over the document, mindful not to do anything wrong and make Zac angrier.

After reading the document, Zac nodded and motioned for his secretary to leave.

Taking a hint, the secretary quickly walked to the door but was stopped by Zac before she could exit the office.

"Come back here. I have something to ask you," Zac ordered firmly.

The secretary instantly knew Zac was about to ask her one of his bizarre questions that she didn't know how to answer but had to answer anyway. The secretary immediately stopped in her track, turned around, and looked at Zac respectfully. She couldn't help shivering in fear, hoping that she wouldn't answer wrongly and incur Zac's wrath.

"What would you like to know, Mr. Reynolds?" asked the secretary, giving the impression that she had all the answers.

Fixing her glasses, she looked squarely at Zac.

Seeing this, Zac sighed helplessly.

He looked like a young man who had no experience in love and was asking for guidance.

"Let's say a woman has a crush on a man, but she always pushes him away and deliberately distances herself from him, but now this woman is in a bad mood because of something. Do you think it will be wise for this man to appear before her and comfort her?"

The secretary's face stiffened, and her jaw dropped upon hearing the question.

'What is this? Although I know that the CEO has been abnormal recently and is always asking some weird questions, this question is by far the strangest.' The secretary wanted nothing more than to disappear and not be entangled by Zac's question.

After some time had passed, the secretary still gave no response.

Frowning, Zac asked, "Why aren't you speaking?"

Zac then glared at the secretary unhappily.

The secretary felt intimidated by Zac's glare.

Lowering her head, she tried to recall Zac's question while thinking how best to answer it.

"Actually..."

The secretary started to answer but stopped on second thought.

Looking at Zac suspiciously, her intuition told her that this was about the president himself.

Which meant the woman in question could only be the eldest daughter of the Sampson family.

In that case...Zac's penetrating gaze bore into the secretary as he anxiously awaited her answer.

Giving a slight cough, the secretary thoughtfully answered, "It's a fact that no matter how determined a woman is to reject a man, she still sincerely hopes for someone to comfort her when she is upset. If that man takes action at this time, there is a higher probability that their hearts will open to each other, bringing them closer together."

Hearing this, Zac grinned from ear to ear, his face instantly brightening.

The secretary breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Zac's smile.

Thinking of how dazzling Zac's smile was, she couldn't help but feel scared for a moment.

"The CEO is getting more and more abnormal!" Zac waved his hand, dismissing his secretary.

Relieved, the secretary hurried out before Zac could ask her any more absurd questions, which would put her in a predicament.

Leaning back in his chair, Zac speculated on the secretary's answer moments ago.

Thinking of something, Zac slammed his hand on the table in joy.

"Yes, why haven't I thought of this before?" Zac felt very excited.

With a gleam shining in his deep eyes, he clenched his fists full of confidence.

This time, he was going to make Patricia change her opinion of him and win her trust.

Zac's mood improved, and the dark atmosphere that had settled in the room was lifted.

He was so happy he began humming a tune.

In the afternoon, Patricia sat quietly, reading a book.

There wasn't anything else she could do to entertain herself.

Jayson was handling her portion of the work at the Veyron Corp., so she was free to request sick leave for a couple of days.

Even though she was hospitalized, there wouldn't be any close colleagues or friends visiting her.

As a child, Patricia had been rejected by the other girls of wealthy families, all of whom ignored her and played with Lyndsy.

And as an adult, she was still rejected by those in her social circle, so she still had no one by her side to share the events in her life with.

She realized that since childhood all the way to the end of her marriage with Zac, Zac had been her first friend and the first man she fell in love with.

As a child, she had wondered if she was too introverted, which was why no one wanted to play with her.

But as she grew older, she realized the world of the rich was not as simple as she had initially thought.

In the eyes of the other wealthy young ladies, Patricia was but a nanny, someone inferior to them who had no right to speak to them as equals.

Thinking this made Patricia scoff.

In the world of the rich, people were classified as superior and inferior.

Of course, it was those labeled as inferior who were unwelcomed by the lot.

Either way, their rules of the rich had nothing to do with her.

She lived by her own rules and standards.

But no matter how much she ignored them, she couldn't win against them.

What was happening with Giselle was still fresh in her mind.

Slowly closing the book, Patricia realized these thoughts were dampening her spirits.

Looking over at the balcony, she felt like the sunshine would never reach her.

With a hint of sorrow in her eyes, she murmured, "Am I not even qualified to enjoy the sunshine?"

Dora happened to hear her murmur.

Pursing her lips, she felt sad for Patricia, almost as if she knew what Patricia was thinking.

Feeling Dora's gaze on her, she turned around and chuckled.

Patricia thought this cute, innocent girl was very amusing.

"Dora, are you going to cry again?"

A sweet smile formed on her lips as she teased Dora.

Hearing this, Dora couldn't help but wail.

She was grieved to know that Patricia had lived such a hard life.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 106

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

Patricia couldn't help thinking how adorable Dora looked when she cried. She gave others the impression that she was a simple and pure girl.

"There is no need to cry. If you keep crying, people may really believe I have died," Patricia teased.

Dora's crying eased up.

Looking seriously at Patricia, she said angrily, "Miss Patricia, how can you joke about such a thing?"

Seeing her like this, Patricia pretended to beg Dora for her forgiveness.

Seeing Dora angry on her behalf made Patricia inexplicably feel that she was a lovely girl.

Dora's presence helped increase Patricia's mood putting her in a slightly happier state.

Dora tried her best not to be angry when she saw Patricia's smile.

But what Patricia had said just now made Dora very worried and more determined to meet Zac to talk about it.

After applying more medicine on Patricia's body, they both chatted for a while before Dora had to leave.

Apparently, Dora had switched her shift with another nurse to take care of some personal matters.

This meant that Patricia would be on her own today.

For some reason, Patricia felt empty inside when she realized that she wouldn't be able to hear Dora's laugh.

She felt an emptiness in her heart as if she was a child that had been thrown into a dark cave, waiting alone and in fear until someone came to her rescue.

Patricia hadn't felt like this in a long time.

She found it was strange that this thought had occurred to her again.

Unexpectedly, she knew she was looking forward to someone's appearance, but she wasn't quite sure who.

'Is it Dora? Or Zac?' She quickly shook her head to dismiss Zac's image that had suddenly popped up in her mind.

She didn't want to think of him.

The next moment, a strange nurse's voice woke her up.

Opening her eyes, Patricia smiled politely at the nurse.

But for some reason, it was apparent that the nurse didn't like her.

She could see a trace of disgust flashing through the nurse's eyes.

Patricia was confused when she saw this.

This was her first time meeting this nurse, so she couldn't understand why the nurse was looking at her with such disgust in her eyes.

There should be no grudges between them to warrant this behavior.

"Excuse me..."

Before Patricia could finish her sentence, the nurse stared at her in disgust and cursed her in a low voice, saying, "You bitch!"

Patricia instantly got angry and frowned.

Had this been Lyndsy, she would have reined in her temper and just ignored her.

However, this was someone she was unfamiliar with, so she readily fought back.

"Miss, please behave yourself. You shouldn't be speaking to your patients like this!"

Patricia said as she stood up and looked down at the nurse coldly.

Although she didn't know what was going on, she was not a pushover! She wouldn't allow herself to be bullied by this nurse.

"Behave myself? Why didn't you behave yourself? You, the eldest daughter of the Sampson family, stole your sister's fiancé!"

The nurse put the medicine bottle aside discontentedly and glared at Patricia.

Apparently, she was not afraid of challenging Patricia.

Frowning, Patricia carefully looked at the nurse, not knowing what was going through her mind.

'This nurse in front of me has absolutely nothing to do with me.

And she is not the type of person who would fit into Lyndsy's circle of friends.

Besides, she is the type that Lyndsy would scorn if she was made to talk to her.

So, why is this woman laying charges against me?' What angered Patricia more, though, was the unpleasant vocabulary that this nurse was using.

"Miss, please watch your mouth, or I'll resort to calling the police."

Patricia glanced at her coldly as she exhaled a deep breath. She wouldn't be polite if this nurse spoke ill of her one more time.

Seeing the righteous look on Patricia's face, the nurse became even angrier.

She ferociously glared at Patricia and said fiercely, "You are just a bitch who only relies on your body to seduce men!"

Without further ado, Patricia picked up her mobile phone and was about to make a call when her phone was snatched away by the nurse.

Throwing her phone on the ground, the nurse sneered at her and said, "Do you think a bitch like you has the right to call the police?"

Patricia became so enraged at this that she raised her hand, ready to strike the nurse. She was no pushover, and she was about to prove it.

"Slap."

The nurse recoiled and screamed out from the pain.

Covering her face, she looked at Patricia with deep resentment in her eyes as if she wanted to swallow her whole.

Seeing the angry bloodshot eyes of the nurse, Patricia realized something was amiss.

Before she could regain her senses, the nurse pounced on her and grabbed her wrist.

The nurse's strength was so strong that Patricia thought her wrist was going to break.

"Bitch! How dare you hit me? You bitch!"

The nurse's eyes were red, and her hair a little messy. Glaring at Patricia like a crazy woman, the nurse raised her free hand to slap Patricia and teach her a lesson.

Startled by this sight, Patricia struggled to free herself from the nurse's grip, but she wasn't strong enough.

Seeing the nurse's palm aimed at her face, Patricia instinctively raised her hand to block the strike.

Suddenly, a scream rang out from above her head.

Slowly opening her eyes, Patricia saw that Zac had firmly grabbed hold of the nurse's hand.

A touch of coldness washed over his face as he glared at the nurse.

Patricia was so shocked by Zac's save that her frantic heartbeat took a while to normalize. An inexplicable feeling swept over her heart.

In a daze, she stared blankly at Zac.

"Say that again, you crazy woman!" roared Zac angrily.

He never hit women, but that didn't mean that some women couldn't be punished.

And the woman in front of him definitely deserved to be beaten.

Seeing the coldness in Zac's eyes, a chill ran down the nurse's spine.

She still, however, cursed at Patricia.

"Since you love a bitch like her so much, that also makes you a jerk!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Zac slapped her hard in the face.

Turning his sharp gaze on her, he said, "This is my wife. How dare you call her a bitch? You insolent woman!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he dragged the nurse out and asked the security guard to take her away. Zac returned to Patricia's room with a worried look on his face.

In a soft voice, he asked, "Are you okay? Did you get hurt anywhere?"

Patricia was still in shock from being rescued by Zac.

Staring at him with her clear eyes, she opened and closed her mouth several times as she tried to say something, but her mind had gone blank.

Seeing the expression on her face, Zac frowned and looked at her worriedly.

He was afraid that she had gotten hurt, so he inspected her for any visible bruises.

"Did you get hurt anywhere? Did that crazy woman strike you hard just now?" asked Zac as his eyebrows knitted together in a frown.

Seeing the frown on his forehead, Patricia unconsciously raised her hand to smoothen it and murmured, "You look so ugly with that frown!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she seriously smoothed out Zac's wrinkled forehead.

Zac became confused by her actions which were unlike her usual behavior.

Then remembering what Dora had told him earlier, he frowned and said, "If anything is bothering you, you can share it with me. Don't keep it locked up in your heart."

Zac's soft voice was like the spring breeze in March, refreshing her. It tugged at her heartstrings, making her tremble. Noticing her odd behavior, Zac quickly stepped forward and opened his long arms.

As he was about to embrace her, he paused mid-air, afraid that he would hurt her wound.

"Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere?"

Zac asked, concern lacing his soft voice.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 107

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

Patricia's body trembled more as she heard the tenderness and concern in Zac's voice.

She wrapped her arms tightly around her body as if trying to protect herself from potential harm.

Noticing this, Zac became more worried.

He stared at her anxiously and asked, "What happened? Where did you get hurt, Patricia?"

Zac's anxiety levels rose when she still refused to answer his question.

"Don't come over here."

Lowering her head, Patricia refused to let Zac draw closer to her.

It was as if she saw Zac as the plague, and this scared her.

Zac was too angry to retort then.

Staring fiercely at Patricia, he took a deep breath as his thin lips trembled with anger.

'Just how much does this woman hate me? Even at a time like this, she is protecting herself like a hedgehog!

"What did you mean by that?" Zac asked.

His heart was ablaze, and he had no way of dousing the fire.

This feeling made him uncomfortable.

'What do I mean? In actuality, even I don't know!' Zac's sudden display of tenderness frightened Patricia a little.

'Yes, I am afraid! I am afraid that I will lose control. I can't help but want to get closer to Zac when he's like this. Just like when I used to be foolishly in love with him while he didn't love me at all.'

Raising her eyes, Patricia bit her lower lip.

Looking at Zac with a depressed expression, she said fiercely, "Why? Why are you so good to me?"

'Doesn't he hate me? Doesn't he want me to disappear from his world? Why does he keep pestering me even now? He claims that I am his woman, and he called me his wife a moment ago. If that's the case, why would he divorce me and force me to abort our child!'

"You are my woman! It's natural for me to treat you so well," Zac said in a serious tone.

Seeing the reproachful look in her eyes, he couldn't help but lower his eyes like a deflated balloon.

Hearing this, Patricia couldn't help scoffing.

Looking at Zac coldly, she asked, "If that is so, why did you divorce me, and why did you force me to abort our child?"

Patricia couldn't help but spit out all the sorrow in her heart.

Looking at Zac with a sorrowful expression on her face, Patricia continued, "After I divorced you, I lost Tat li Vat mobic my child. This led to me being involved in many inexplicable scandals. My mother was then implicated as a result of this. Currently, she is having such a hard time in the Lowell family that Uncle Richard asked me to keep my distance from her. I'm all alone now!"

Voicing this out loud brought Patricia to tears.

Anyone seeing her with that stubborn expression on her face while she wept would instantly feel sorry for her.

"I..."

Zac was so stunned when she bared her heart to him that he was left speechless.

Guilt washed over him as he looked at her.

"I'm alone now. Are you happy, Zac? No child, no mother, and no family. I'm all alone,"

she whispered as her voice choked on her sobs.

Patricia's cheeks were wet with her tears.

She looked so sorrowful, and every teardrop she shed made him all the more sorry for her. He was at a loss for words.

A trace of sadness flashed across his face.

'Of course, this is not what I wanted for Patricia! At that time, I didn't know that the baby in her belly was mine. Had I known, I...' But he was not sure whether he would have still made her have an abortion or not.

'But this is all in the past now. There is no need for me to continue worrying about something that has already happened. Moreover, it was an extra-uterine pregnancy, so her child would not have been born alive.'

Zac wanted to tell her that she had misunderstood him with regards to the abortion, but what was the point of him saying this now?

'It was my thoughtlessness that made her suffer such deep pain from child loss. Also, Giselle's problem more or less stems from my actions. If I hadn't created those scandals, things might not have developed to this extent to affect her so much.'

"Patricia..."

Zac pursed his lips and wanted to say something, but no words came out.

"Do you feel happy that I'm alone now? I don't have any family. Are you happy that I'm alone in this world?"

Zac looked sadly at her tear-streaked face.

Tears were welling up in her eyes once again, but she refused to let them fall.

She looked so stubborn and pitiful at that moment.

Zac's hands that had hung in the air slowly approached Patricia.

He held the back of her neck tightly and said in a soft but firm voice, "You are not alone. You still have me. I am your closest family in the world!"

As Patricia heard this, her tears spilled from her eyes like pearls that had fallen off a string.

Choking on her sobs, she couldn't say a word.

'Why would Zac say this to me now? It's meaningless to say these things to me now! And why was he heartless when I begged him before?'

These words hovered in Patricia's heart as her tears streamed down her face.

She was teary-eyed as she leaned against Zac's chest.

Her tears that wet his white shirt felt like they were penetrating his heart.

His long arms couldn't help trembling.

Feeling the sadness in her heart, Zac lowered his head and leaned it against her arms.

He then whispered, "I'm so sorry!"

Except for these three words, Zac didn't know what else to say.

Maybe these were the only words he could say for what he had done to her.

However, his apology had shocked Patricia so much she forgot to cry.

Then her thoughts retook control, and she found herself weeping again.

'Is Zac feeling guilty? But what is the use of him being guilty now? Everything has already happened and cannot be changed anymore! Yes, there is no returning from this. My baby is gone, and I can't see my mother. I am the only one left in my world.'

Hearing Patricia's sobs, Zac just quietly held her in his arms.

Every teardrop that fell down her cheek to his chest made his heart wrench.

Patricia didn't know how long she sat there crying.

She didn't stop until she felt exhausted.

"I'm going to sleep, Zac."

Slowly removing herself from Zac's comforting embrace, she kept her eyes lowered to avoid his gaze.

Zac didn't say anything when he saw her like this.

He quickly made the bed for her and tucked her in.

He then sat quietly to the side of her bed and watched her sleep.

Perhaps it was because she was exhausted from all crying, or perhaps it was something else entirely, but she fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Even in her sleep, she pursed her pink lips slightly, as if something was making her unhappy.

As Zac took in her sorrowful expression, his deep eyes narrowed slightly.

Raising his hand, he wiped the drop of tear from the corner of her eyes.

Zac's hand paused at the corner of her eyes.

Pursing his sexy thin lips, he looked at her sadly.

Then, his slender fingers bent slightly, as if he wanted to grasp something but he felt nothing in his hand.

Sighing, an indescribable expression flashed across Zac's face as his deep eyes stared at Patricia's face.

"Patricia, what should I do?" asked Zac sadly, confusion filling his eyes.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 108

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

The sun in the morning shone brightly on Patricia's face. Her long, thin eyelashes fluttered a few times as she slowly opened her eyes.

Unconsciously, her eyes wandered to the right side of her bed. The chair beside her bed was now empty, as if Zac hadn't been in her room last night.

However, yesterday's events were still vivid in her mind. Patricia didn't know how long she had slept, but the sun was shining brightly outside her room.

It appeared to be around noon. Looking up at the clock on the wall, she realized it was already two o'clock in the afternoon.

'It seems like I was completely spent after crying so much last night.'

Before she could stand up, she heard Dora's clear voice that sounded like she had been weeping.

"Miss Patricia, I'm sorry. If I hadn't changed shifts yesterday, such a thing wouldn't have happened to you."

Wearing a guilty expression on her face, Dora lowered her head like a child who had made a mistake.

Seeing this, Patricia couldn't help but smile. She thought Dora was so cute.

Yesterday's events had nothing to do with Dora, so there was no need for her to apologize.

"It wasn't your fault. You don't have to feel guilty for what happened,"

Patricia said and flashed her a gentle smile. Seeing the gentle smile on Patricia's face, Dora grew even sadder.

Biting her lower lip, Dora blew her nose before guiltily saying, "No, this is my fault. I knew that colleague of mine had been in a terrible mood lately and could be a little absent-minded. However, I never expected her to lash out like that. I..."

Dora began weeping, the remorseful expression not leaving her face.

Seeing Dora's expression, Patricia couldn't help but chuckle as she said, "Dora, there's no need to cry. It wasn't your fault. Besides, I'm fine. So, you don't have to blame yourself."

Patricia looked kindly at Dora.

If she was being honest, Patricia really liked this innocent and lively girl who was kind and sincere to others.

Hearing this, Dora blew her nose and managed to stop crying.

She then looked over at Patricia worriedly.

"Miss Patricia, are you really uninjured?"

"I'm fine. Fortunately, Zac came in the nick of time, otherwise..."

Patricia fell short on her words, not because she couldn't finish her sentence, but because she was suddenly reminded of Zac, their embrace, and what she had said to him last night.

She hadn't expected to lay her heart bare to Zac like that.

But perhaps, in her heart, Zac was the only person to whom she could speak her mind.

Noticing Patricia's expression, Dora frowned suspiciously.

'This isn't the look of someone who was scared senseless. Patricia looks more sad than frightened. What exactly happened last night? But then again, it must not have been bad if Zac had shown up in time to save his beauty. And this will definitely make Patricia change her opinion of Zac, allowing them to deepen their relationship.'

Realizing that she had been absent-minded for too long, Patricia quickly regained her senses.

Looking at Dora, she smiled sweetly.

She was, however, curious about the nurse who had insulted her last night.

"Dora, what happened to that nurse to cause her to behave like that?" Patricia asked suspiciously.

She felt there must be some underlying reason behind why the nurse was throwing insults at her so freely.

Hearing Patricia's question, Dora pouted and sighed.

Helplessly, she said, "I heard that she was abandoned by her lover, and it was her sister who snatched her boyfriend away from her. So, being that emotional, she lashed out at you. This is just my assumption, anyway."

Dora then changed the topic to take Patricia's mind off last night's events.

"Miss Patricia, it's time to apply the medicine. When I saw you sleeping so soundly this morning, I didn't want to wake you to apply the medicine."

Dora immediately brought out the medicine and gauze.

Her innocent smile returned, along with her lively banter.

Hearing Dora's words, Patricia finally understood why the nurse had been so emotional and impulsive last night.

'She must have mistaken me for her hateful sister. However, lashing out like this wouldn't solve her problem in the end. As long as she can let it go, she can live a better life.' After Dora applied the medicine, she became engrossed in completing her other tasks.

So, Patricia sat on the bed and read a magazine alone.

After a while, there was a crisp knock on the door.

Looking suspiciously at the shadow at the door, her grip on the magazine tightened when she thought it might be Zac on the other side of the door.

'What should I do if it is really Zac?' The moment that question appeared in her mind, she felt like she couldn't face Zac yet.

'Is it because Zac saved me last night? Or is it because I showed my dependence on him last night?' Patricia didn't understand herself.

Her emotions seemed to be muddled, making it difficult to think clearly. Shaking her head, she dismissed the problems that were troubling her.

Taking a deep breath, she regained her usual aloof composure before calmly saying, "Come in."

Patricia couldn't hide her surprise when she saw who the man behind the door was.

'Why is Kareem here?'

"Miss Sampson, you didn't expect to see me here, did you?"

Kareem walked in with a fruit basket in hand.

He wore a gentle smile on his face, but Patricia could see the sharpness in his eyes.

Her cold smile was met by Kareem's gentle one.

Since Kareem never once crossed her mind, it never occurred to her that he might pay her a visit at the hospital.

And she was not the type of person who would curry favor with someone in order to obtain some type of benefit.

Furthermore, she and Kareem had nothing to do with each other, so he must have a reason for his sudden visit.

"I'm really surprised you're here. After all, we have nothing to do with each other!"

Patricia's cold voice was laced with attitude.

No matter what Kareem had on his mind, she would make sure she wasn't used by him.

Hearing this, the smile on Kareem's face was frozen in place.

A flash of coldness could be seen between his eyebrows.

Smiling gently at Patricia, he said, "Miss Sampson, your words make you seem almost unapproachable. If you're acting this way because of my rude behavior in the past, then I would like to apologize to you now."

Then, he bent down slightly as he apologized to her.

However, Patricia was not a fool.

'How can I not know what is on his mind? He wants to apologize to me now so he can have his way. And if I argue with him, it would show that I am too narrow-minded. He wants to kill two birds with one stone! What a scheming man he is! Patricia fell into silence. Instead of speaking her mind, she fixed her eyes on Kareem. Her imposing manner was so intimidating that it made people believe that it was difficult to get close to her. Seeing the resolute look in her eyes, Kareem smiled gently without a trace of fear. He quickly walked to her and placed the fruit basket in front of her.

"Miss Sampson, why not let bygones be bygones? I'm here today to tell you some important news. Apparently, the cooperation between the Veyron Corp. and the Reynolds Group will be canceled soon."

As soon as he finished speaking, a touch of coldness flashed across his gentle face while a glimmer of sharpness flitted through his eyes.

Patricia was so stunned that she couldn't help frowning.

She looked at him suspiciously and asked, "Mr. Reynolds, where did you get that news?"

Although she was not in charge of this cooperation anymore, she was very confident in it and believed it would go well.

But now, in less than half a month, something as terrible as this was happening? She really couldn't believe his words! Seeing that Patricia didn't believe him, Kareem snickered and said gently, "Miss Sampson, it's up to you whether to believe me or not. I've delivered the news to you."

Finishing his words, Kareem stood up and left quickly, leaving no chance for her to ask anything more.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 109

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

Patricia was about to say something but found that Kareem had gone. She couldn't help but feel a little helpless as she looked at the empty doorway. Had Kareem come here just to give her the news? It couldn't have been that simple.

There had to be another motive behind him telling her those things.

If there was some truth in what he had told her, the President of the Veyron Corp would have intimated to her himself.

However, she had received no such communication.

Was Kareem lying to her? If so, what was the purpose behind it? Patricia considered the possibility that the cooperation between the Veyron Corp and the Reynolds Group was at risk.

Kareem wouldn't have come all this way just for the sake of lying to her.

Something else had to be the matter.

He was a senior executive at the Reynolds Group after all. But the Veyron Group had made no attempt to notify her.

None of this was making sense to her.

She couldn't wait around for someone to give her more information. She tried calling the President, but his phone was switched off. She cried out in frustration and her thoughts began to run wild.

Maybe Kareem was right.

Maybe there really was something wrong at the company.

When Dora walked in to replace the medication, Patricia implored her, "Dora please, I need to go out."

She absolutely had to go to the company to see what was going on for herself.

She wasn't able to get through to the President and she had no other source of information.

Dora was taken aback.

Her eyes wide she asked, "Miss Sampson! What are you saying?"

Feeling a little embarrassed, Patricia explained the scenario.

She needed to go back to the company to figure things out.

"Do you understand now Dora? Can I go out for a while?"

She looked expectantly at Dora. She was her only hope now.

Dora struggled internally, almost on the verge of letting her go.

Instead, however, she pursed her lips and reminded herself that Patricia's health was more important. If she let her out, she could get hurt again.

"No, Miss Sampson. I'm sorry but you need to listen to the doctor. I know it's difficult for you to stay put in this room all day. But you need to get better and I can't let you out until you're alright. Just be patient."

Dora tried to say this as gently as she could. She was worried for Patricia, and it showed on her face. Patricia sighed.

She felt helpless and this frustrated her.

Dora was concerned about her, she was aware of that.

But how could she not see that the situation at the Veyron Corp.

was so much more important? If she couldn't go see for herself, all she would be able to do here was worry.

Dora didn't like to see Patricia unhappy. It was difficult for her to watch Patricia so crestfallen. She felt her resolve weakening.

"Maybe you could go out for a little while. I'm sure it's not impossible, but..."

Zac finding out about this worried Dora. She would be blamed for not doing her job well.

"But what, Dora?" Patricia was hopeful once again.

All she wanted was one chance to go to the company as soon as possible.

Dora was not going to be able to refuse Patricia's requests and gave in with a heavy heart.

She began to tell Patricia what to do.

All she would need to leave the hospital was a doctor's written approval. She probably wouldn't be allowed out for too long though, given the seriousness of her condition.

Five hours was all she was going to get outside.

Patricia didn't waste another second before jumping up and rushing to the doctor's office.

She was sure she would have to convince the doctor a fair bit. But to her surprise, the young doctor didn't seem like he could care any less.

He didn't even bother to ask her why she needed to go out.

Dora insisted that she would accompany Patricia to wherever she was going.

Patricia didn't bother arguing.

If anything, she felt stronger having Dora by her side.

It probably would help to have Dora if something was to go wrong.

Patricia and Dora arrived at the Veyron Corp.

barely fifteen minutes after the approval was signed.

The place seemed to have had the life sucked out of it.

Something had gone terribly wrong, Patricia was now convinced of that.

She spotted a familiar face at the front desk and this calmed her down.

At least the reception she knew was still here.

"Miss Sampson! What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in recovery at the hospital?"

The receptionist had an expression of utter disbelief on her face and she didn't do a very good job at trying to hide it.

Just ignoring the questioning tone, Patricia got straight to the point and asked, "What's happening here?"

It had only been four days since she was hospitalized and yet, a lot seemed to have changed in her short absence.

Whether it was Patricia's intimidating look or the reality of what was happening at the company, the receptionist began to tremble.

She seemed to have no guts to answer this question.

This reaction was enough to confirm Patricia's doubts.

Things were not right at the company.

Patricia left the trembling receptionist and made her way to the elevator.

She hit number 15 for the President's office, the way she had done so many times in the past.

But this time, her anxiety was taking over her usual confidence.

What could have gone so wrong? Why was no one telling her anything? Was she being kept in the dark deliberately? Or did they just think she wasn't important enough to be informed? It was not until now that she felt that she was excluded by the company.

She had never felt like this before.

Dora was observing Patricia's face, growing more and more morose by the second.

She could sense from Patricia's tightly pursed lips and tension around the office that something bad had occurred.

The moment Patricia stepped off the elevator, her path was blocked by the President's secretary.

"Miss Sampson, the President is in an important meeting. You can leave a message with me or wait to see him after the meeting."

The secretary sounded almost robotic, his face as expressionless as his voice. This was in stark contrast to the startled receptionist at the front desk. Kareem's words kept swimming through her head.

No matter how calm the secretary appeared to be, Patricia knew something was happening at the company.

"When will the meeting finish?" Patricia was glaring at the secretary.

"Half an hour, probably." The tone was as robotic as before.

Patricia stared at him coldly, her mind trying to figure out whether or not to believe him. She took a deep breath and decided to wait. What choice did she have anyway?

"Okay, I'll be waiting outside." She walked over to the rest area.

As soon as she finished speaking, she sat down quietly, followed by Dora.

Then the secretary returned to do his work.

Dora wasn't sure if she was imagining it, but the secretary seemed to be especially cold towards Patricia, as though intentionally making things difficult for her.

"Miss Sampson, the meeting probably won't end in half an hour. How long are you planning to wait?"

She had whispered this into Patricia's ear, not wanting the secretary to hear a word. She was almost certain that the secretary was lying about the meeting. She didn't want to witness Patricia to be fooled by the secretary.

But Patricia didn't seem too bothered. A sly smile appeared at the corners of her mouth and her eyes looked fierce.

"I'm going to barge in after half an hour no matter what!"

Of course, Patricia was smart enough to see through the secretary's tactics.

But that wasn't enough to stop her from doing what she wanted to.

Dora admired Patricia's determination.

She was content in the shadow of Patricia's confidence and this made her smile.

A half hour passed and as expected, the meeting was not over.

Patricia stood up and rushed over to the office door, not giving the secretary much of a chance to stop her.

A moment before she could push the door open, however, the door swung open from the other side and Zac's face appeared.

Blindsided by the turn of events, Patricia held her breath and stood still. All she could do was stare at Zac, unable to say anything

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 110

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

"It's Zac. What is he doing here?" Patricia frowned at the sight of him.

She was about to say something, but stopped short as Zac interrupted her.

"What are you doing here?"

It was the very question Patricia had wanted to ask him.

Eyebrows knitted, Zac kept staring at her.

His eyes were as narrow as they had ever been and his face had darkened.

'Why is she here? What business does she have to attend by coming to the company? Doesn't she realize she's in no condition to be roaming around? Or is the company really more important to her than her own health?'

Patricia struggled to keep her calm in the face of Zac's furiousness.

Trying to sound as indifferent as she could she said, "I needed to check how things were at the company."

She said this dismissively as she tried to make her way past Zac and into the office, but he continued to block her way.

He was determined to keep her out of the company's affairs.

All Patricia needed to do was rest.

She didn't need to concern herself with the problems of the company.

But Patricia had had enough of Zac's dominance.

Unable to keep her cool any longer, she roared at Zac, "Get out of my way!"

She had begged the doctor to let her out.

Nothing else could stop her from finding out what had happened in the company.

At that moment, she hated Zac for standing in her way.

Patricia's outburst shocked Zac for a split second, but his shock was almost immediately replaced by rage.

He glared at her and said in a low voice, "No way. I need you to get back to the hospital right now. Who had permitted you to leave the hospital anyway?"

Dora felt compelled to intervene at this point.

"I have something to say about that. Miss Sampson received the doctor's approval before she left the hospital. It's alright for her to be outside right now."

She glanced at Patricia nervously.

There was a lot more she wanted to say but was worried she had already said too much.

She feared she would offend Zac and make the situation more tense.

Zac shot a menacing glance at Dora, but continued to address Patricia, "Fine, maybe the doctor has allowed you to be outside the hospital. But I don't want you in this room and that's final."

As he said this, he tried to grab a hold of her hand to stop her from going in, but Patricia smacked his hand away.

"Don't believe for even a second that I'm going to be taking instructions from you. I got out of that hospital because I wanted to and I'm going to go into this room because I want to. I don't have to listen to anything you say. After all, we are..."

Patricia deliberately didn't articulate much more than that. But her eyes conveyed everything that words couldn't. Zac understood her expressions very well.

She wanted nothing to do with him and digging deeper would only unearth the scars that had been long buried in their past.

Zac frowned, weighing his options at this point. He let out a deep sigh and his hands fell limply to his sides.

It was almost a sign of defeat on his part.

'Why does she have to be so difficult all the time? She always acts in self-defense in front of me. How would she ever be happy this way?' The tension at the door affected Dora more than the two people involved in the argument.

Her anxiety made her want to intervene even more, but given the failure of her previous attempt, she stayed quiet.

Patricia and Zac almost forgot that Dora and the secretary were still present there.

They stayed silent in fear of making matters worse.

Long moments of absolute silence passed and all of a sudden a voice from within the office disturbed the quiet.

It was the President of the company.

He had appeared at the doorway, an awkward smile plastered on his face.

"Patricia! I'm so glad you're here! There's something I need to tell you."

His tone was gentle and he ignored Zac's murderous gaze all the while.

Zac was struggling to control his fury and took a deep breath in a feeble attempt to do so.

Patricia grabbed the opportunity faster than Zac could react and pushed past him to enter the office.

All Zac could do was clench his fists.

He felt humiliated at the President undermining his authority over Patricia.

He wanted to pull her out of there but controlled his urges in the fear of hurting her again.

He swallowed his anger with great difficulty, but was glaring at Dora without even realizing it.

It wouldn't have taken much for him to take the anger he felt with Patricia out on Dora.

Dora could almost feel the heat of his gaze on her and did everything she could to not meet his eyes.

She feared what he was capable of and certainly did not want to be the one to find out.

Maybe she should have informed him before taking Patricia out of the hospital.

Patricia, having barged into the room, motioned for Dora to wait by the door.

Dora had been shuffling nervously, unsure of what her role here was.

She was relieved at being told to stay out.

She was going to make her way to the waiting area but was stopped short by Zac's icy voice.

"I need to talk to you."

Without another word, he turned and walked over to the elevator.

Nervous, Dora glanced at Patricia before following him.

Patricia wanted to stop her from leaving, but was interrupted by the President.

"I'm glad you're here Patricia. You chose the right time to come back."

The President did look genuinely relieved to see her, but the worry was evident on his face as well.

Patricia, feeling a little exhausted by all she had been through that day, took a deep breath before diving into the matter.

“So, what’s been happening here?”

The President let out a long sigh, unsure of where to begin.

There was a heaviness in his entire demeanor, as though he was weighed down by the stress.

“You know the business plan we had? It was stolen...”

There was so much more that needed to be explained, but he seemed to hesitate for a second. His face had turned sour.

Any joy he had felt at the sight of Patricia had completely vanished.

Patricia, still unaware of the entirety of the issue, frowned and attempted to read deeper into his expression.

The fact that the business plan was stolen was already a lot worse than she had expected.

Her mind immediately began working at a hundred miles per hour. It had to be someone from within the company. No one else had access to that information. Who had been in charge of the plan until recently?

“Was it Jayson?”

As soon as his name jumped to mind Patricia was in a state of shock.

She had never expected something like this of him.

But the expression on the President’s face was enough to confirm her suspicions.

Jayson had been one of their most hardworking employees all these years.

She couldn’t have imagined that it had all just been pretense.

Had he really plotted this long to be able to steal important information from the company? Why though? Why would someone work this hard to steal from a company as small as Veyron? He could’ve gotten a lot more doing the same thing at a much larger corporation.

This was going to ruin his reputation in the industry.

He had a lot more to lose than he had to gain.

Besides the Reynolds Group would never forgive him for this.

He had essentially dug his own grave.

The plan had been reached by both the Veyron Corp and Reynolds Group.

Jayson couldn't use the plan for other business purposes.

Anyone in their right mind would be wary of getting involved with Jayson.

Who was ever going to give him a job again? "What use would he have for the plan? None of this makes any sense!"

She couldn't think of anything that would've pushed Jayson to make such a thoughtless move.

"Well..."

The President made another attempt to explain matters but shut his mouth once more.

Whether he was keeping things from her or felt embarrassed to admit something, Patricia was now losing her patience.

The president must have hidden something.

Her eyes narrowed as she pondered about the matter the more.

Things were a lot more complicated and the President knew something about Jayson's intentions that she didn't.

The President averted his eyes to look at the ceiling in an attempt to avoid her piercing gaze.

Finally he mumbled, "Jayson is the son of one of my friends. I assume you've heard of the Lanteen Corp.?"