

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 11

"Lyndsy, it's not what you think."

Giselle was a gentle woman.

Even if she was angry, she would not be rude to others.

She would only try to reason with them.

"Besides, that is a matter between me and your parents. It has nothing to do with Patricia. Whatever it is, she is your sister. You should respect her. Besides, she has never been treated well in the Sampson family's house, right? Even if we have made mistakes, we have made up for them. Isn't it enough?"

"No! It's far from enough! You have no idea about the pain my mother and I suffered! You should pay it back tenfold!"

Lyndsy snarled fiercely.

Lying on the soft recliner, Yolanda let out an appreciative laugh.

"Linny, don't waste your breath on her. Dogs can't understand human language."

Giselle was so angry that she trembled all over, but she was not the kind of woman to say anything rude.

It was a long time before she finally opened her mouth again.

"I didn't come here today to quarrel with you. I couldn't get through to Patty after seeing the news, so I came here to see if she's at home."

After a pause, she continued, "In fact, Zac has nothing to do with Lyndsy, right? Was the news article just fabricated?"

Without opening her eyes, Yolanda replied, "So what if it was? What can you do to us? If you have the ability, you can ask your Richard to pay the media to release fabricated articles as well."

"Mom, have you forgotten?"

Lyndsy smiled mockingly at Giselle as she spoke.

"Aunt Giselle is just a woman that Uncle Richard sleeps with. In fact, she has no status in the Lowell family. Why would he spend any money on her?"

“Ha, you are right!”

Yolanda agreed with a laugh.

Giselle suppressed her anger and turned around.

But on her way out, she suddenly said, “Just by looking at Lyndsy’s appearance, I can tell that Zac won’t like her.”

“Nonsense!”

Lyndsy’s temper flared in an instant.

She rushed up and grabbed Giselle’s hair as she screamed, “Bitch! I was kind enough to call you ‘Aunt Giselle’. Don’t be so shameless!”

Lyndsy wished she could tug Giselle’s hair off her scalp.

“Lyndsy, let go of me!”

Giselle said through gritted teeth.

She was forced to lower her head to resist Lyndsy’s grip.

She reached out to pull Lyndsy’s hand away, but the more she tried, the more tightly Lyndsy grasped her hair.

“You want me to listen to you? Who do you think you are? Bitch!”

Lyndsy scolded Giselle fiercely, but Yolanda, who was lying on the recliner, seemed not to hear her.

The servants all watched the scene with trepidation, but they didn’t dare to interfere in the affairs of their employers.

Besides, Lyndsy had been very aggressive since childhood.

No one dared to go against her.

While Giselle was struggling against Lyndsy, a male voice sounded all of a sudden.

“Stop!”

Sullivan had come downstairs to see what the commotion was.

But even after seeing her father, Lyndsy refused to let Giselle go and kept cursing at her.

“Stop! Do you hear me? Can’t I command my own daughter? If you don’t want to stay here, get out of my house!”

Sullivan snapped.

Normally, he would not treat Lyndsy like this, but for the past few days, he had been upset over Patricia’s situation.

Hearing her father’s words, Lyndsy finally let go of Giselle’s hair.

Then, she immediately sat back in the soft chair next to Yolanda, fearing that her father would beat and scold her because of Giselle.

Giselle quickly fixed her hair and straightened up to look at Sullivan.

The moment Giselle raised her head, there was a subtle change in the expression on Sullivan’s face.

Even though Giselle’s hair was slightly messed up, she looked stunningly beautiful.

Her skin was fair and spotless, just like Patricia’s.

She had delicate features, and she was dressed in elegant clothes that only elevated her beauty.

She was completely different from the woman Sullivan had known years back.

Back then, Giselle, who had still been living in the Sampson family’s house, hadn’t really dressed up or taken care of her appearance at all.

She had been scolded and tortured by Sullivan every day, and had neither had the time nor the mood to tidy herself up.

But now, living in the Lowell family’s house, she had changed completely.

Sullivan was completely amazed at the sight of his ex-wife.

“You have to set things right, Sullivan,”

Giselle said, looking straight into his eyes.

Her eyes flickered with inexplicable emotions.

Although they had gotten divorced for twenty years, she would never forget the injustice he had done to her in the past.

Sullivan continued to be stunned by Giselle's appearance, and it took a long time for him to come to his senses.

"Oh, Gi...Giselle..."

When Yolanda heard the change in her husband's voice, she didn't dare to sit still any longer.

She immediately stood up and held her husband's arm tightly.

She smiled sweetly at him and asked, "Sullivan, this is Giselle. Don't you remember her?"

With an embarrassed smile, Sullivan pushed away Yolanda's arm and looked at Giselle.

"I'll solve everything. And I'll teach Lyndsy a lesson for her impudence."

"Good, I hope you can handle it well."

Without saying anything more, Giselle turned to leave.

Sullivan wanted to stop her, but he had no reason to ask her to stay.

What was more, Yolanda and Lyndsy were by his side, so he bit his tongue and held down the words he wanted to say.

"Sullivan!"

As soon as Giselle left, Yolanda narrowed her eyes at Sullivan.

"Why were you ogling at that bitch just now? Huh? Do you want to be with her again?"

Sullivan instantly adjusted his expression and looked at Yolanda as if she was crazy.

"What are you talking about? Can't I even talk to other women?"

After saying that, he turned around and went upstairs, totally ignoring Yolanda's shouting.

He was afraid that if he stayed any longer, Yolanda would see through him.

Even after he returned to his room, he could still hear Yolanda and Lyndsy cursing downstairs.

In the evening, Patricia tiredly dragged herself back home.

After seeing the news that morning, she had completely lost her appetite and hadn't eaten anything the whole day.

As soon as Patricia entered the living room, Lyndsy, who was having dinner in the dining room, shouted, "Look, that shameless woman has returned. Both the mother and daughter are bitches. It's true what they say! Like mother, like daughter."

Patricia stopped at the doorway of the dining room.

She had already learned of what had happened earlier that day in the Sampson family's house from her mother.

She had also learned that Yolanda and Lyndsy had paid for the news to make the headlines.

But so what? Even though they had deliberately boosted the news article, Lyndsy had really been in Zac's car, hadn't she? Taking a deep breath, Patricia straightened up and mustered the last bit of her strength.

"You're right. You and your mother are the perfect example."

As soon as she finished her words, Patricia turned and walked off.

Lyndsy was so angry that she wanted to get up and hit Patricia, but Sullivan, who was also at the dining table, stopped her.

As he looked at Patricia's receding figure, Giselle's face popped up into his mind once again.

Although Lyndsy had been forced to remain at the dining table, that didn't stop her from continuing to shout and curse at Patricia.

But Patricia was in no mood to listen to these harsh and unfair words, let alone rebuke them.

She was so exhausted that she could barely even climb the staircase.

As soon as she entered her bedroom, she slumped down into her bed.

She looked at the ceiling, and the scene she had seen from last night appeared in her mind.