

# Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 111

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Patricia was stunned beyond words. She had dismissed what Lily told her as hearsay. But now the President confirmed that this was in fact true. Why on earth did Jayson choose to work as a secretary in the Veyron Corp for this long? Wouldn't he have been better off at the Lanteen Corp.? A million thoughts were running through her mind and they only confused her even more.

"Mr. President, I need you to explain the entire matter to me clearly. I'm tired of having important information kept from me. I might be able to help if I'm aware of everything."

She looked him straight in the eye as she said this.

The President sighed a little more before he began explaining, "Jayson is the illegitimate son of my friend. He was not welcome at the Lanteen Corp. because of his behavior and his only alternative was to come work here. But I didn't realize how stubborn he was when I hired him."

The President was unsure as to how to proceed, and he was unable to bring himself to say anymore for a few seconds.

"What do you mean stubborn?"

Patricia was still confused.

It was clear that Jayson had been up to no good, but what exactly had he done? The President finally gave in and told her the entire story.

"Jayson had done something similar at the Lanteen Corp. before he joined us here. His father had to remove him because of pressure from the rest of the company, but he asked if I could give him another chance. He had been here for five years and we had no issues with him. But he did it again when we least expected it."

"Once a thief, always a thief," thought Patricia.

Jayson had turned out to be a lot shrewder than he let on.

For some reason, Patricia kept picturing Kareem's face while she thought of Jayson's betrayal.

She couldn't help but draw parallels between the two of them, they were so similar in so many ways.

"I think I'm starting to get a picture of what's going on. What you're saying is Jayson stole our business plan and took it to the Lanteen Corp.? Is that it?"

Her face was screwed up, as though the President had presented her with a complex puzzle.

Out of the blue, a vague memory of news regarding Veyron's competitor struck her.

If she remembered correctly, a member of the Lawrence family was involved in competing with them for the high profile project.

If this in fact was true, then Jayson's move made complete sense. He just wanted a way back into the Lanteen Corp.. What better way to do that than bring them the competitor's trade secrets? As it turned out though, it may not have been the smartest move for him to make.

Betraying Veyron aside, he might just have put the Lanteen Corp in a precarious position as well.

Patricia sighed as she felt burdened with the gravity of what had occurred.

"Now what's done is done. We need to focus on our next move. Will this affect our understanding with the Reynolds Group?"

She was looking at the President enquiringly.

'Was this what he and Zac were discussing before I came in?' she thought.

The President smiled, her thought process had always impressed him.

"Fortunately for us, Mr. Reynolds has managed to figure a way out. The Reynolds Group may have preferred to partner with the Lanteen Corp. given the turn of events, but Mr. Reynolds has given his word that he will stick with us."

Patricia had been holding her breath all the while that the President spoke and she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

It was Zac who would finally be their savior.

She didn't know what to say.

Despite the immense relief that was washing over her, Patricia couldn't help but feel a little guilty.

She had been really cold to Zac.

Had she gone too far? Moments later she snapped out of this train of thought.

She needed to focus on the present situation and not Zac.

“Is there anything I can do now, Mr. President?”

A sense of calm had replaced the frenzy she had been in as she looked at the President.

She knew the matter was still not fully resolved.

Zac may have saved them from immediate trouble but there was still the matter of the stolen business plan.

They were going to have to devise a whole new strategy with approval from the senior executives of the Reynolds Group.

It was going to be a long process.

“I don’t want you to worry about that, Patricia. You need to rest and recover.”

He smiled kindly at her for a fraction of a second before getting lost in thought again.

Despite the concern he showed for her, it was evident to Patricia that he didn’t want to involve her too much more.

Fully aware of his intentions, Patricia merely nodded.

If that was what he wanted, she would comply.

She definitely needed time to recover fully, so she wouldn’t be able to work for the company at the moment.

She finally allowed herself to believe that she deserved the break and that the others would be able to handle things just as well.

She politely nodded and left the office.

There was nothing more to be said.

The President watched Patricia leave with a forlorn expression.

If only he could have told her the entire truth.

The truth that he really wanted her to be involved in the planning, but it was Zac who had forbidden it.

That was the condition upon which he had agreed to support Veyron.

He couldn't think of one person at Veyron more qualified than Patricia to help design their business plan.

He was probably going to have to do it all by himself.

He had always placed the company's interests before his own.

If that meant doing all of the work by himself, then that was what he was going to do.

Patricia was left with an extremely uneasy feeling as she walked out of the office.

So much had happened in such a short span, it was too much for her to digest all at once.

Now that Jayson would be leaving, Lily would probably leave as well.

But would she continue to be with him? Lily was such a sweet girl, always so polite.

It was really unfortunate that she had fallen for a man as twisted as Jayson.

It wouldn't surprise her anymore if he treated Lily the same way he had treated his colleagues.

Betrayal was probably second nature to him.

Meanwhile, Dora had just returned from her own conversation with Zac.

It wasn't so much a conversation as Zac's scolding her for being irresponsible.

He made her swear that she would ensure Patricia rested well.

Now that she saw Patricia's depressed face, she couldn't help but worry.

All she could think was that it was her fault Patricia was depressed.

She should never have helped her come out of the hospital.

"How could I have been so silly?"

She was murmuring to herself out of frustration. Patricia was distracted from her deep thoughts by Dora's mumbling.

"What's wrong, Dora?"

Dora was unable to contain her anxiety any longer and she burst out, "I'm so sorry Miss Patricia Sampson! This is all my fault, I never should've helped you get out of the hospital. You wouldn't be this depressed if it wasn't for me."

Patricia kindly looked at her.

"Come on Dora, you have nothing to be sorry about. You haven't done anything wrong."

She stroked Dora's hair tenderly, amazed at how kind a person could be. She felt really grateful that she had Dora by her side at a time like this. She would have felt really lonely if it wasn't for Dora.

At that moment though, a voice began to play in her mind.

"You aren't alone, Patricia. You will always have me. I'm the closest person you have in this world." Zac had said this to her the previous night.

It occurred to her that if Zac had told her that he loved her much earlier, they probably never would have quarreled in the first place.

If he had shown even a little bit of compassion for her before their divorce, maybe their marriage would have survived.

Maybe they would've even had a baby. A beautiful little child who would have made her smile so much.

But all of these dreams were just that, dreams.

They weren't married anymore and they were never going to have a child together.

The idea that she would probably never be with Zac again made her feel emotionally broken. Maybe their marriage just wasn't meant to be.

Dora wanted to do everything she possibly could to make Patricia feel better, but she was at a complete loss.

She hesitated for a while before finally walking up to Patricia and demanding her attention.

"Miss Patricia? What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

Dora was looking extremely worried by this point. Having snapped out of her nostalgia, Patricia smiled and shook her head.

She was about to tell Dora not to worry about her.

At that very moment, a speeding motorcycle approached Patricia and she felt a sharp blow to her back.

Before she could catch a glimpse of the rider though, he was gone.

She couldn't tell what she had been hit with, but it hurt her really bad.

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Patricia was almost certain that it had been a piece of metal. It felt as though her bone had been shattered by the impact. Her back was hurt once again and the pain caused her to let out a scream.

She lost her balance and toppled forward due to the sheer intensity of the pain.

All of this had taken place so quickly that Dora's only reaction to Patricia's screaming was to scream herself.

She rushed over to steady Patricia and stopped her from falling down before she looked at the motorcycle speeding away in utter confusion.

"Miss Patricia! Are you okay?"

Dora examined Patricia closely to look for any injuries that may need immediate attention.

"I'm alright."

Patricia patted Dora on the arm to assure her that she was alright. The pain was bad, but Patricia was able to endure it.

Regardless of what Patricia said though, the sight of her pale face and blue lips terrified Dora beyond words.

"Oh God! Miss Patricia..."

Dora was at a loss, unsure of what to do next.

She had a firm grip on Patricia, but in that moment, she couldn't recall a thing about administering first aid.

Patricia forced herself to smile through the pain. But no matter how hard she tried, her pale face couldn't hide the truth of the struggle she felt.

"Dora please don't worry, I feel fine."

Her voice was weak and less than a moment later, she felt the ground slipping away from under her.

She had blacked out in Dora's arms.

Dora began calling out her name in panic.

Soon, she was yelling Patricia's name desperately as tears streamed down her cheeks.

She felt so helpless in the face of such a dire situation.

Without her noticing, a man had walked over to them and picked Patricia up in one swift motion.

"What do you think you're doing? Get into the car. Quick!"

A cold voice was ordering her.

Dora wiped away her tears to see Zac standing beside her, Patricia in his arms. Dora felt such a relief pass through her. Patricia was going to be alright now that Zac was here!

Zac got into the car and took the driver's seat and Dora followed him in as well.

He had put Patricia in the back seat, and in the rearview mirror he saw her slumped over.

The blood had completely drained from her face and this broke his heart.

He felt anger welling up and he took it out on the steering wheel, slamming it with all his might.

If only he had showed up a couple of minutes earlier, he might have been able to save her from the person on the motorcycle.

He had seen the entire scenario unfold before his very eyes, but fear had caused him to freeze on the spot and he didn't react soon enough.

He had barely made a note of the biker's face.

Patricia's face had looked so pale moments after the incident. She seemed to be holding on for dear life.

When he finally came back to his senses, he rushed over to her as quickly as he could.

"God damn it!"

Going over the events in his head infuriated him even more, causing him to slam the steering wheel even harder.

Dora knew that Zac was feeling immense distress.

Patricia's previous injury had barely healed and now she was hurt again.

The thought of watching Patricia suffer through the pain once again deeply hurt Dora.

"How does she seem now? Do you think her life is in danger?"

Zac asked Dora anxiously, all the while watching Patricia in the rearview mirror.

"She will be alright Mr.Reynolds.But we need to get her back to the hospital immediately.She needs to be examined by a doctor as soon as possible."

Dora looked at Patricia and sadness filled her heart.

Zac felt a little reassured and hoped with all his heart that they would make it in time for her to be safe.

If anything happened to Patricia, he would track down that biker and teach him a lesson.

Zac couldn't say for sure who the person was but he certainly had a strong intuition about what kind of person he might be.This had to be a well thought out plan.

The person hadn't turned up outside the company by chance.

But who would want to hurt Patricia? Zac's mind drifted to the Sampson family, and his otherwise charming face now twisted into a cold fury.

It had to be the Sampson family.It was true that she had embarrassed the Sampson family at Sullivan's birthday party the other day.

But this wasn't the kind of payback he had expected from them.

In that instant, Zac made up his mind to take revenge on the Sampson family.

A subtle and cold smile appeared on his face as he thought about this.

Meanwhile, at the Sampson family's residence, Lyndsy sat in the living room in extremely high spirits.

She had put on a moisturizing face mask and was applying nail polish to her fingernails, humming gleefully all the while.



Yolanda walked in, looking suspicious of Lyndsy's good mood.

She took a small bite of a watermelon slice and tentatively approached her daughter.

"What are you so happy about? You can tell me."

Ever since the birthday party, Lyndsy had been in an awful mood.

She would either cry or destroy anything that came in her way.

It was a rare sight to see Lyndsy so happy and Yolanda was now extremely curious.

Moreover, she felt extremely relieved that there was finally something that made her daughter happy.

Lyndsy jumped up and peeled her mask away.

She had a big smile on her face as she said, "Mom, Patricia is but a sitting duck now. There is no way that bitch will survive!"

Yolanda was extremely puzzled by this revelation and looked at her daughter with a puzzled expression. She wanted to know every detail. What had she done to Patricia? Lyndsy's delicate face was marred by a hint of evil.

She sounded almost triumphant.

"I sent someone to hurt her bad. The man said the impact should shatter her spine. She'll probably spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair!"

She began to laugh wildly and she looked downright cruel. She had none of the elegance of an affluent and well-educated family.

If anything, she looked almost psychotic.

"Are you telling me the truth?"

There was a hint of worry in Yolanda's tone.

She didn't like the idea of her daughter getting involved in such matter, let alone with strange men.

Such a person was just as capable of betraying Lyndsy as well and the consequences of that would be inconceivable.

Lyndsy was annoyed by her mother's reaction.

She wondered how could her mother be so cowardly all the time.

After the humiliation Patricia had put her through at the party, how could she not rejoice in Patricia's misery? Instead of helping Lyndsy, Yolanda had merely asked her to keep calm and stay at home.

How was she going to get even with that bitch if she sat quietly at home? She had sworn to seek revenge and she was going to make Patricia suffer.

Yolanda was taken aback by the determination on Lyndsy's face.

The person in front of her wasn't her little daughter anymore. She had morphed into something a lot scarier.

"My dear daughter..."

Yolanda mumbled, afraid she would say something to upset Lyndsy again. She wanted to persuade Lyndsy to give up the scheming but didn't know how. Yolanda herself had tried to hurt Giselle and Patricia before. But she believed that she knew her limits and wouldn't overdo it.

But Lyndsy seemed to belong to a whole other league.

She seemed to be consumed by the notion of revenge and she knew no bounds.

Yolanda feared that her daughter was going to end up digging her own grave in the process. It hurt her to see her daughter go down this path.

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"Mom stop! Nothing that you're saying is helping me!" Her mother was the last person she wanted to talk to right now.

Feeling distressed about the situation, Yolanda watched her daughter walk away.

She didn't know what more she could do about this and pursed her lips in defeat.

It was her own fault for spoiling Lyndsy all these years.

All she wanted to do was give her daughter the best life at the Sampson family.

It was the least she could do after the rough childhood Lyndsy had been through.

Little did she know that she would regret having done that.

Maybe she had gone about it in the wrong way.

She hadn't taught her the right values, or educated her well enough. It was too late now.

Lyndsy was an adult and she wasn't going to pay heed to anything her mother had to say.

Nevertheless, it was her duty to protect her child.

She had no clue of the details of Lyndy's twisted plan to hurt Patricia, but she would have to get to the bottom of it.

Yolanda was distracted all of a sudden when Lyndsy's phone began to ring on the sofa.

She picked it up to see an unknown caller ID being displayed on the screen.

Her gut told her that this was the person Lyndsy had hired to hurt Patricia.

Yolanda quickly made a note of the number on her own phone, and once the ringing stopped, dialed the number herself.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Zac was pacing anxiously in the hallway unable to contain his worry.

Patricia had been taken in to the operating room but he was asked to wait outside.

He had been waiting for about half an hour, but not knowing how she was doing made it seem like an eternity.

He continued to pace as that was the only thing keeping him from barging in to see her.

It was only once they had reached the hospital did they notice that she was bleeding from her back.

Her spine had sustained a serious injury and she was rushed into the operating unit.

Zac kept imagining the worst possible situations while he waited.

He was trembling and each breath felt labored.

His worry for Patricia seemed to be taking a physical toll on him.

Dora, who had moved away for a little bit, ran back over to him and asked him the very question he wanted the answer to.

“How is she doing now, Mr.Reynolds?”

Zac shrugged and nodded towards the operating room.His heart was heavy with fear.He couldn't bear the thought of losing Patricia in this way.

How could she leave him when things between them were still unresolved? He could never let that happen.

Zac's fists were clenched tight and he could hear his heart pounding in his ears.

There was a deep pain within him, as though someone had ripped out a piece of his heart.

Panic had gotten the better of him.

Dora did the only thing she could think of doing in that moment.She prayed with all her heart.

It was hours before the lights inside the operating room dimmed and the doors slowly swung open.

Zac and Dora both rushed over to the doctor, desperate for any news.

“How is she, Doctor?”

While he was aware of Zac's worry, the doctor was surprised to see Dora there as well, looking just as nervous.

His voice was curt when he spoke to them.

“She's doing fine now, the operation was a success.We are going to keep her here under mandatory observation for a few days.She really shouldn't have gone out in her condition!”

Despite the doctor's annoyance, both Zac and Dora were extremely relieved.After a few moments of calm, however, the doctor's words sank in and Zac said sternly to Dora, “Did you hear what the doctor just said?”

With the guilt that Dora felt, she was unable to meet his eyes.

“I know, Mr.Reynolds.This was my fault.I promise it won't happen again.”

She raised three fingers as a sign of her promise to Zac

.Zac nodded in acceptance.He knew that she could be trusted.

He just had to be sure.

Patricia was wheeled out of the operating room and they followed her closely, not wanting to be away from her.

Back in the ward, Patricia's cheeks seemed to have recovered some of their rosy color.

It was such a relief to see her alright and out of danger.

Dora used a handkerchief to dab the sweat off Patricia's face.

She was murmuring once again, "I'm so sorry Miss Patricia, I should've kept you safe."

She was sobbing softly now, unable to shake off the guilt.

Zac had noticed this, but didn't say a word.

Although he didn't dislike her, he felt no special compassion for her either.

All that mattered to him was that she could take good care of Patricia.

Ignoring Zac's presence, Dora continued, "I don't know what that man said to you in the afternoon, but he ruined your peace of mind. If it wasn't for him, you never would have left the hospital."

Zac's ears perked up at this.

"What did you just say?"

He was absolutely furious with her.

How could she have kept such a crucial detail to herself all this while! But Dora had no clue who the man was.

Who could it possibly have been? As far as he knew, only Giselle came to see Patricia.

He then spotted a fruit basket on the side table.

That wasn't there earlier.

Dora was terrified of the look in Zac's eyes.

She looked away as she said, "I don't know who it was and I couldn't see his face clearly. But I think Miss Patricia called him Mr. Reynolds."

That was all he needed to know.

Kareem! Of course! He was the one who gave her the news.

Zac had imposed an information blackout to prevent any further losses for either the Reynolds Group or Veyron.

He didn't expect that Kareem would go behind his back.

Kareem should have known better. After all, he was a senior executive as well.

He must have had another motive behind this. Zac told himself that he would have to be wary of Kareem from now on. The man had almost cost him the love of his life already. Zac wouldn't let that happen again.

He looked at Dora and said with utmost seriousness, "No one is allowed to see her without my permission, is that understood?"

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Dora had no clue why Zac had said that. Patricia was one of her many patients.

If no one came to visit her, she would probably end up feeling really depressed.

Seeing her confused expression, Zac elaborated, "You aren't fully aware of the kind of people out there. A lot of them want to hurt Patricia. The person who showed up today for instance. Do you really think he cared for Patricia's well-being?"

Things made a lot more sense to her now. Zac probably knew what the man that afternoon was saying.

He had definitely disturbed Patricia.

She didn't want that happening again.

"Alright, I get it."

She nodded at him, assuring him that she had understood what he meant.

He felt a little more confident about leaving Patricia in Dora's care, but it wasn't going to be enough.

He would have to send down a few more to guard the hospital.

He didn't want people like Kareem or the Sampson family anywhere near her.

He asked Dora to leave him alone with Patricia for a few minutes.

He just wanted to spend some time with her.

Dora hesitated, but eventually agreed to let them be.

He sat at the edge of her bed.

She was looking a lot better now, the pink having returned to her cheeks.

His fingers automatically traced along her skin and he felt the dull ache returning inside him.

“You silly woman!”

He murmured more to himself than her, but felt a shiver through his body. He didn't want to leave her side.

She was precious to him.

Zac had never imagined her bowing down to anyone.

He assumed facing the hostile Sampson family at Sullivan's birthday party, she would back off a little.

She had turned out to be a lot more stubborn than he knew.

They were very similar in that way, like two peas in a pod.

This thought made him smile.

Finally, he had known a little about her.

He looked closely at her face, for the very first time.

She had perfect features, as though drawn on by an artist.

Her beautiful eyes, slender nose, soft lips and a rosy face.

She looked delicate, but unlike the other rich and pretty girls, Patricia had a heart as bold as any man's.

Nevertheless, even the strongest of people were vulnerable at times.

Zac was pleased that he was by her side when she was vulnerable and fragile.

Did this mean that he was meant to be with her? He already knew the answer to that question.

If only he had realized this earlier.

For so long Patricia had been in love with him without him even knowing it.

She had worked so hard to make herself worthy of him.

She had grown to become an extremely capable woman.

But she had kept all of this to herself, never letting Zac see even a hint of what she felt.

Tiredness took over Zac as he sat beside her.

After having stayed up the entire night, he finally rested his eyes and was asleep at dawn.

Patricia woke up whimpering in pain.

There was a sharp pain in her back that was itchy as well, and that made it all the more uncomfortable.

It was impossible for her to go back to sleep now.

Once her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting in the room, she spotted Zac next to her.

For a moment she was surprised, but her amazement was soon replaced by confusion.

The last thing she remembered was blacking out on the side of the road.

The pain had been unbearable.

She vaguely remembered hearing Zac's voice as she had phased in and out of consciousness over the last few hours.

It was Zac's smell, something that was so familiar to her, that had made her feel peaceful and sleep sound.

Despite not knowing what exactly had happened, but she had no doubt about the fact that she was safe thanks to Zac.

She attempted to raise herself from the bed but her body felt like a slab of stone.

She really needed to get to the bathroom.

But her feet seemed to have no strength whatsoever.



Eventually, she lost her balance and stumbled to the floor.

The pain that shot through her back made her scream, "Ah! Zac!"

Zac jerked out of his slumber and was immediately by her side to help her up.

He tried to hold her against his own body to support her.

But Patricia had absolutely no strength to pull herself up, and the two of them collapsed together.

"Are you alright? Patricia?"

Patricia had been a bit dazed because of the pain.

But hearing the concern in Zac's voice, she was taken aback.

Zac didn't seem to be thinking about himself at all.

In fact, Zac had cushioned her fall.

She was not hurt at all by the fall itself.

"I should be asking you that, Zac. Are you okay?"

She looked at him, worried.

Zac grimaced due to the impact of the fall.

He had borne the weight of two people and it hurt him a bit.

But he didn't complain one bit.

He smiled at her and said, "Of course, I'm alright."

Zac seemed like a very different person to her all of a sudden.

Before she could dwell on that further though, he had managed to pick her up and place her gingerly on a chair.

"You've just come out of a surgery, you shouldn't move."

His voice was firm, but there was a hint of tenderness there.

Patricia was unsure of how to react to this version of Zac.

She didn't really recognize this person too well.

“Zac?” she began tentatively, “Are you sure you’re alright?”

His impulsive reaction was to glare at her, and the tiredness in his eyes became more pronounced.

But he didn’t want to be arguing with her in this condition. That could wait for after she recovered.

He chose to ignore her question and instead he said, “The doctor has asked you to avoid any physical stress for a while.”

Patricia paused as she carefully thought of an appropriate response.

Finally she looked up, her cheeks rosier than ever and asked, “What if I need to get to the bathroom?”

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“Let me help you with that,” said Zac in a firm voice.

He then bent down, picked Patricia up, and carried her into the bathroom.

They had already reached the bathroom before she could register what had happened.

Patricia was able to manage by herself once in the bathroom.

“I would’ve been mortified if Zac had to help me here as well!” Being in the bathroom alone with Zac made Patricia blush.

Seeing her flushed face, Zac couldn’t resist looking down at her lovingly.

Patricia looked up at him and then towards the toilet awkwardly.

“You can put me down, Zac. I can do this part by myself.”

Gently putting her down, Zac walked out of the bathroom and quietly closed the door.

He had a feeling that if he had remained, he would have been tempted to assist her.

But he knew this would embarrass Patricia.

Moments ago, her heart was racing wildly, and she felt flustered being in Zac's arms.

But now, Patricia was able to breathe a sigh of relief, her nervousness dissipating with Zac's departure.

Because of her injury making it difficult to move, Patricia took longer than usual to finish using the toilet.

Now finished, she called out to Zac, who was waiting for her outside the bathroom door.

Zac instantly scooped her up into his arms and walked her over to her bed, where he gently laid her down.

"Thank you, Zac," Patricia whispered shyly, not having the courage to look him in the eye.

"You're welcome. This is what I should do! I've told you before that it's my job to take care of you,"

Zac said firmly as he looked at her pointedly. Patricia was taken aback by Zac's words.

Too embarrassed to look at Zac, she unconsciously turned her face away, not knowing how to respond to such a statement.

Zac couldn't help but frown when he saw her like this.

Pouting, he thought, 'Have I done something wrong? Does Patricia not want to hear what I have to say?' Zac had told her what was in his mind sincerely, but Patricia's lack of response had hurt his pride.

Perhaps it was the seriousness of Zac's gaze, or maybe it was something else entirely, but Patricia couldn't help but look at Zac with confusion in her eyes.

Softly, she said, "You don't have to..."

But before Patricia could finish speaking, Dora appeared at the door.

Smiling sweetly, Dora asked, "Miss Patricia, how do you feel?"

At that moment, Dora noticed both Patricia and Zac looking at her in surprise.

Confused, Dora blinked her lovely eyes and asked, "What's wrong? Why are you both staring at me like that?"

Unconsciously, Dora peered down at her attire to ensure she was appropriately dressed.

Seeing nothing wrong to warrant such stares, she looked at them with puzzled eyes.

Seeing Dora flustered made both Patricia and Zac chuckle as they sent a friendly smile her way.

Still in the dark about what had just happened, Dora felt relieved nonetheless seeing the harmonious relationship between these two people as they smiled brightly at her.

Without further ado, Dora entered the room carrying a tray containing a variety of medicines.

“Miss Patricia Su, I am now going to apply the medicine for you. However, today’s medication will make you feel some pain in the affected area, so please try to bear with it.”

Dora looked at Patricia with caring eyes before she began to prepare the medicine.

Zac turned his back to Patricia so as not to make her feel embarrassed.

Looking at the time, he couldn’t help yawning.

Just as he was finally dozing off, he had been awakened by the sound of Patricia scream, so now he was wide awake. Since it was almost breakfast time, Zac spoke softly to Patricia and said, “I’m going to get breakfast while Dora applies the medicine for you.”

After saying this, he strode out of the room without waiting for Patricia’s reply.

Dora had the medicine ready by the time Zac was out the door.

She then ordered Patricia to lie quietly on the bed and to keep still.

Lying face down on the bed obediently, Patricia waited for Dora to apply medicine to her back.

Patricia couldn’t help but scream and groan inwardly as the sting of this new medicine became too unbearable to tolerate.

Dora frowned when she heard Patricia scream.

In a concerned voice, she said, “Miss Patricia Su, we’re almost finished. Please bear with the pain for a little longer.”

Dora then quickly finished applying the medicine to her back.

After helping Patricia put on her clothes, Dora placed all the medicine back onto the tray.

"Miss Patricia, Mr.Reynolds is really very kind to you," said Dora.

Hearing this, Patricia was stunned and looked at Dora in a daze.

Then, with a flush on her face, she said in a low voice, "Dora, stop talking nonsense.That's absurd."

"Why? I may not understand the reason behind your divorce from Mr.Reynolds, but I can see clearly that he cares a lot about you,"

Dora said happily, an innocent grin on her face.

A faint smile touched Patricia's lips as she heard Dora's words.

She, too, could see that Zac cherished her and was treating her well.

But that wouldn't change anything.

Patricia still felt it was impossible for her and Zac to be spouses again, so she didn't want to dwell too much on that thought.

Dora was baffled by the somber look on Patricia's face.

She couldn't understand why Patricia remained so indifferent to Zac's love.

Thinking these thoughts made Dora pout.

Almost every time, Dora had witnessed Patricia rejecting Zac's love, as if keeping him at arm's length.

But every time Patricia was indifferent to Zac, Dora couldn't help worrying about these two people.

She wanted nothing more than to help them achieve happiness together, so she felt it was a pity that she was often at her wit's end.

Patricia smiled gently at Dora.

She understood what Dora meant, but she had already made up her mind.

Pertaining to her relationship with Zac she would just let it be and not think too deeply about it.

A moment later, Zac returned with breakfast.

However, as soon as he entered the room, he saw the unhappy look on Patricia's face.

Being unable to understand what she was thinking, he became disconcerted.

'What's wrong with this woman? Before I left, she was smiling happily.

What has happened in my absence to make her so sad?' wondered Zac.

Standing in front of Patricia in a daze, Zac stared at her with concern.

Averting her gaze, Patricia nervously bit her lower lip as her face flushed with embarrassment.

After clearing her throat, she said, "Zac..."

But before Patricia could finish her sentence, Zac interrupted her.

In a commanding tone, he said, "Have your breakfast first. We'll discuss everything else later!"

Zac then handed the breakfast over to Patricia. She realized that it was all her favorite food.

Zac made the decision to leave on his own before Patricia drove him away from her side. He didn't want to give her that chance.

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Seeing this, Patricia silently and obediently took the breakfast that Zac bought her. Although she didn't want to have anything to do with Zac, that didn't mean her tummy had to suffer.

After all, she needed to take care of herself so that she could make a speedy recovery. Zac nodded in satisfaction when he saw Patricia compliantly taking the food.

Finally, she had learned to have some respect for him. Seeing the expression on Zac's face, Patricia feigned ignorance so that she wouldn't have to talk to him about it.

After she finished eating, but before she could say anything, Zac informed her that he had something to do and would be taking his leave.

Patricia didn't know if this was because of a connection between them or if he really wanted to leave.

But Patricia realized that his absence meant that there would be peace and quiet in her room.

Observing Patricia's expression from where she stood in the dark, Dora pursed her lips and sighed helplessly.

If possible, she really hoped she could say a few words to Patricia.

In Dora's eyes, Patricia seemed like a woman secretly in love.

On the one hand, she didn't want him to come over, but on the other, in her heart, she was eager to see him.

Seeing her like this, Dora felt a little helpless and didn't know what to say.

At noon, it was time to apply Patricia's medicine.

Dora then quickly returned to the nurse's duty station and began her work.

Suddenly, she heard a familiar voice from behind.

Turning around, she flashed a sweet smile that accentuated her canine teeth and said, "Sister, were you looking for me? I'm still on duty now, and I'm going to be on night duty later. Did you miss me?"

Dora smiled innocently at her sister as she walked over to her without saying anything further.

The woman standing in front of Dora was none other than her half-sister, Lily.

Seeing Dora's happy expression caused Lily to pout, a sad look settling on her face. Dora was confused by Lily's somber expression.

Blinking suspiciously, she asked, "Sister, what's wrong?"

Upon hearing of Lily's promotion, Dora was so ecstatic that she had bought a lot of delicious food home to celebrate.

However, after Lily's promotion, she was unable to return home frequently.

She said she had to work overtime every day, which left Lily with little time to come back home.

It had been a week since Dora had seen Lily, so she wasn't expecting to meet her at the hospital today.

Taking in Lily's appearance, she looked much thinner and listless.

"Sister, do you have something you want to tell me?"

Dora grabbed Lily's hand anxiously, her eyes full of concern.

Hearing this, Lily smiled gently and motioned for Dora to stop talking.

She then hugged Dora and said softly, "Dora, we haven't seen each other for a week. How are you doing?"

"I'm doing very well. It's just a little boring without you at home."

Dora pursed her lips helplessly.

Then a thought occurred to her, and she asked excitedly, "By the way, sister, when will you come back? I miss you so much!"

"I...".

Hearing the excitement in Dora's voice, Lily couldn't help but release a sob. With tears in her eyes, she blew her nose and said softly, "I won't go back so soon. Don't worry."

As soon as she finished speaking, Lily gently patted her sister on the back with sadness in her eyes.

Although Dora didn't know what had happened, she could sense Lily's sadness, but she knew her sister's character all too well.

Unless she was willing to speak about the matter at hand, no one could force her to open up.

The next moment, Lily masked her sadness, looked over at Dora, and gently said, "By the way, aren't you busy? Go and complete your work. I'll wait for you, and we can have dinner together."

Then Lily walked to a nearby bench and sat down. Looking in Dora's direction, she shot her a smile. Seeing this, Dora returned to the nurse's station to begin her work.

With Dora busy at work, Lily's forlorn expression returned once again.

Looking at Dora sadly, she whispered, "I'm sorry, Dora."

Standing up, Lily then walked into the ward Dora had previously exited.

Lily couldn't help taking a deep breath while she stood in Patricia's ward. The thought of facing Patricia again made Lily inexplicably nervous.



She couldn't hide the guilty look that appeared on her face.

Sometimes, she felt like she didn't know how to face Patricia.

In the past, Patricia had been so kind to her and treated her as a sister.

However, she had betrayed her by doing such a thing.

Honestly, Lily felt sick sometimes when she thought of how she had behaved.

But whenever she thought of Jayson, she believed she had made the right decision and would willingly do it again.

So, in order to be with Jayson and help him return to his family, she had to face Patricia now.

This time, she had come specifically to see Patricia and ask her about the contents of the contract.

Some of these details were followed up by Patricia.

Thus, Jayson and Lily weren't privy to those aspects of the contract at all.

So, Lily was left with no choice but to sneak over to meet Patricia without Dora's knowledge.

Having seen a figure standing at the door for a long time, Patricia couldn't help smiling and calling out, "Dora, what are you doing standing outside? Come on in!"

Since Dora had the same height and figure as Lily, it was understandable why Patricia would mistake Lily for Dora.

But having heard Patricia's voice, Lily plucked up her courage, pushed the door open, and rushed in without saying anything.

Patricia was stunned to see Lily entering her room.

She stared at Lily blankly through shrewd eyes.

She hadn't expected to see Lily in her room.

'Didn't she leave with Jayson? Why is she here now?' Before Patricia could figure it out, Lily walked over to her.

With a pleading expression on her face, Lily whispered, "Miss Sampson, I..."

Patricia regained her senses when Lily paused mid-sentence.

Her face regained its usual aloofness and she stared at Lily coldly.

Lily was no longer the person she knew.

And since she had chosen to take Jayson's side, she was now an enemy of the Veyron Corp..

"What did you want to say? Do you realize what you and Jayson have done?"

Patricia scolded as she stared at Lily with displeasure.

Lily used to be such a simple and considerate girl, but she changed ever since she believed in Jayson's words.

She didn't even know what kind of person Jayson was before believing him wholeheartedly.

But if she knew, would she still have done such a thing? Hearing Patricia's statement, Lily lowered her head in shame.

In a low voice, she said, "I know we did something wrong, but we had no other choice. If you were in my shoes, you would understand."

"I don't understand how you could do that!"

Glancing coldly at Lily, Patricia cut to the chase.

She didn't want to waste time talking nonsense with her.

"Tell me, Lily, what do you want from me today?" With a cold face, Patricia looked at Lily, trying to read her expression.

'Lily would not have come here for no reason. There must be something that she wants. Perhaps this has something to do with the contract!' guessed Patricia.