

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 2

As soon as Patricia started to speak, she realized that she was not able to hide her emotions well.

Her voice trembled as she stumbled out of the room.

“The divorce agreement has been prepared. I will give you everything I should give you as compensation for the past three years.”

Before she could leave, Zac put the divorce agreement on the table in front of him.

Patricia wanted to flee downstairs, but her feet seemed to be rooted to the spot.

She knew that whether she pretended not to hear him or accepted it obediently, he would still divorce her.

He had always been like this.

As long as he made up his mind to do something, he would definitely do it.

Three years ago, he suddenly came to the Sampson family and firmly asked for her hand in marriage.

She had been overjoyed, thinking that the man she had secretly loved for years returned her feelings and wanted to marry her.

But on the night of their wedding, she had found out that he had married her solely to take advantage of the power of the Sampson family so that he could quickly climb to the top in Flando.

However, even after learning the real reason he had married her, she had never regretted it.

She was willing to marry him and be the stepping stone of his career.

Back then, she had wondered if he would divorce her once he had achieved his goal.

She had comforted herself by thinking that he might fall in love with her by then, but to her dismay, he had never even given her a chance.

Although she had braced herself for the prospect of divorce, she hadn't expected him to bring it up this early.

With her back to him, Patricia was lost in thought.

After a long while, she stammered, "Can...Can you think about it again?"

"I've made up my mind. Just sign it,"

Zac replied impatiently.

"I will give you ten million dollars as severance pay, as well as a new house worth six million dollars in Eastern District."

Severance pay? Patricia couldn't believe her ears.

She finally turned around and raised her head to meet the eyes of her husband, who was much taller than her.

"Severance pay?" she echoed incredulously.

Did they have an employer-employee relationship? How could he call it severance pay? It was ruthless of him to use these two words.

"I already told you the reason why I married you on our wedding day. This isn't a real marriage. It's much more appropriate to say that we have an employer-employee relationship. So, I'll pay you your employee remuneration for the past three years. After that, we're done."

The tall and handsome man in front of her looked straight at her with complete apathy.

His deep black eyes were devoid of emotion. "Employee remuneration?"

Patricia murmured to herself.

"You're right. We just have employer-employee relationship." She smiled bitterly, but Zac didn't respond at all.

She walked to him step by step, sat down on the sofa, picked up the agreement, and carefully read it.

Seeing that she was reading the divorce agreement without protest, Zac finally relaxed and sat down opposite her.

"The agreement is very clear. If you want anything else, you can tell me. I'll give it to you."

The relief on his face after she agreed with him didn't go unnoticed by Patricia, and the self-mocking smile on her lips deepened.

Without saying anything else, she crossed off the part of the agreement that involved handing over assets, and signed her name quickly.

“You don’t have to pay the severance fee. We are officially divorced.”

She politely pushed the agreement in front of him.

Taking a glance at the part of the agreement that had been crossed off, Zac raised his eyebrows slightly.

Of all the ways that he had imagined this scenario to play out, Patricia refusing the assets wasn’t one of them.

“Are you sure?”

His eyes were filled with disbelief as he looked at Patricia, who was already rising to her feet.

Patricia turned around and walked to the closet as she replied, “The Sampson family is not short of money. Since I married you willingly three years ago, I won’t accept the severance pay.”

After all, if she accepted it, it would be akin to admitting that they had only had an employer-employee relationship for the past three years.

She would rather give up all the material things in the world if it meant that she could hold onto the idea that they had been husband and wife for three years.

Sitting on the sofa, Zac watched her pack up her things without saying anything.

Patricia neatly folded up all the clothes in the closet and put them into her suitcase, along with the rest of her sparse belongings in the room.

She was packing up very slowly on purpose because she wanted to stay here a little longer.

She had lived alone in this room for almost three years.

In the beginning, she had felt uneasy being by herself, but over the years, she had grown to like it.

Now, she was reluctant to leave.

But no matter how slowly she packed up, she had no choice but to leave.

When she was finally done, she stood up with her suitcase and turned around to leave without saying anything or even looking at him.

“Let me drive you home.”

Zac, who had been waiting patiently for her to pack up, suddenly spoke.

"No, thanks. I still have money to take a taxi home,"

Patricia said sarcastically on purpose.

Every time she felt scared, she would choose to protect herself by acting aggressively, but she would also hurt herself in the process.

This time was no different.

With her suitcase in hand, she went downstairs.

The suitcase was so big that it was difficult for her to lift it by herself, but she refused to ask anyone for help.

The noise of her walking down the stairs attracted the attention of everyone else in the house.

"Patricia, where are you going? It's very late now."

Johnny Reynolds asked, leaning over the staircase in his pajamas.

Raising her head to look at Zac's father, Patricia smiled and said, "Uncle Johnny, please go back to sleep.

It's getting late." "Patricia, what's wrong with you? Where are you going?"

Hearing her address him as "Uncle Johnny," Johnny was shocked.

He rushed downstairs, but was stopped by Tina.

Patricia continued to carry her luggage downstairs without answering him.

Three years ago, when she had newly married into the Reynolds family, she had practiced many times before she had mustered up the courage to call him "Dad."

Out of all the members of the Reynolds family, she had the best relationship with Zac's father, Johnny.

Naturally, she would miss him the most.

With much difficulty, Patricia finally left the house with her luggage under the confused gaze of the servants.

Zac, who was still sitting in the room upstairs, heard their conversation clearly, but he remained expressionless.

The room had always been somewhat bare, but now that Patricia had taken away her things, it looked even more empty.

Looking at the huge room, Zac inexplicably felt annoyed.

For a long time, he had hesitated to bring up the topic of divorce, because he had thought that she would keep bothering him and beg him not to divorce her.

But to his surprise, she had accepted it without any resistance.

For some reason, though, her ready acceptance made him feel lost and uneasy.

He didn't know what to do.

In the past three years, he had stayed in this room for no more than five nights.

He had never had sex with Patricia, and they had seldom met each other.

So why didn't he feel relaxed now? Instead, he couldn't help but think of their wedding night, when they had to sleep on the same bed.

He kept recalling all those times that Patricia had rushed to his residence in Oakleaf Villa to personally tidy up his room after work. The more Zac thought about these memories, the more irritated he felt.

However, he couldn't stop it.

Patricia's face kept flashing through his mind.

In a fit of frustration, he stood up and kicked the round wooden table, but the palpitation in his heart did not dissipate. It was already midnight when Patricia arrived at the Sampson family's house.

All the members of the Sampson family were fast asleep.