

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 3

When she finally got home, she gently dragged her luggage up the stairs, but there were too many stairs, and she was already exhausted.

In the end, she just threw the suitcase aside and went upstairs alone.

After returning to her room, her composure deflated like a balloon.

She felt completely powerless.

She tossed and turned on the bed for a long time, unable to fall asleep.

All the memories of her three years at the Reynolds family's house constantly flashed through her mind, followed by memories of Zac.

When she was a child, she had been pushed into a pool.

If Zac hadn't reached out his hand to save her then, she wouldn't have fallen in love with him and readily married him when he proposed.

Then, things wouldn't have ended up this way.

But what was the point thinking about an "if"? What had happened had already happened. What was worse, she was pregnant now.

When she remembered the child in her womb, Patricia felt helpless, and a self-mocking smile appeared on her face.

She knew that if she had used the child as a bargaining chip to ask Zac to stay with her, he would have immediately dragged her to the hospital to have an abortion.

She was not stupid enough to think that a man who had no feelings for her would continue to live with her just because of her unborn child.

An ambitious man like Zac would never do that.

Besides, she didn't want to stoop low enough to try and bind him to her with a child.

That kind of life would be too miserable.

With all these thoughts running through her head, Patricia didn't fall asleep until daybreak.

Not even half an hour later, her door opened with a bang, and a rough male voice rang in her ear.

“Why did you come back? Why did you bring so much luggage?”

Patricia was so sleepy that she didn't want to get up at all.

With her eyes still closed, she lazily answered, “Zac and I have decided to get a divorce.”

After being stunned for a few seconds, Sullivan Sampson flew into a rage.

“What do you mean? Why did you get a divorce? Get up and make it clear!”

The quilt on Patricia's body was pulled off and thrown to the ground by Sullivan.

Feeling the coldness hit her, Patricia finally opened her eyes and saw the figure looming in front of her.

“Get up! I'll wait for you downstairs. Come down right now! ”

Without waiting for Patricia's response, Sullivan stormed off, cursing continuously as he walked.

Patricia sighed.

She had already expected this to happen.

She got up from the bed, put on a thin coat, and went downstairs.

Her father, Sullivan, her stepmother, Yolanda Riley, and her half-sister, Llyndsy Sampson, were all present. Even before she arrived in front of them, Sullivan roared, “Tell me, what on earth happened between you and Zac? Who asked for divorce first?”

Patricia just lowered her head to focus on the stairs, which seemed to be swimming before her eyes.

Before she could say anything, Yolanda, who was sitting beside her father, said, “Yes, there didn't seem to be any problems between them. How could they get divorced so suddenly? It's a little suspicious.”

What Yolanda said made Sullivan think about it.

After a long time, he asked, “Zac is the one who asked for a divorce, right?”

He remembered that three years ago, when Zac had come to him to ask for Patricia's hand in marriage, Patricia had been over the moon.

Her love for Zac had been obvious, so it didn't make sense for her to ask for a divorce.

Patricia walked up to her father and looked at him.

"It doesn't matter who filed for divorce. The fact is, we are divorced now."

Looking at her father, she was a little disappointed.

She was already feeling depressed.

Why couldn't her father try to comfort her instead of probing her for the reason for the divorce? Was it really that important? It didn't matter at all to her. Sullivan let out a sigh and shook his head.

But suddenly, he thought of something and asked her in a hurry, "What about the assets? How did you divide it? Zac's career has really flourished in these three years.

I think his wealth is now several times that of our Sampson family!" As he spoke of Zac's achievements over the past three years, Sullivan narrowed his eyes shrewdly.

It seemed that he hadn't misjudged Zac at all.

When Zac had expressed his desire to marry Patricia, Sullivan had thought that he would achieve great things in the future.

Of course, Zac had turned out to be far more capable than he had imagined.

In just three years, he had not only gained a firm foothold in Flando, but he had also grown the Reynolds Group to become the largest conglomerate here.

He had also set up branch companies overseas.

Patricia lowered her head and didn't answer.

Her vigor suddenly disappeared.

Yolanda and Lyndsy exchanged glances with each other and smiled scornfully.

"Patricia, did you give up all your assets and come back with nothing?" Lyndsy asked.

When Sullivan heard these words, he was shocked.

He looked at Patricia coldly and asked, "Is that true?"

“Yes.”

Without any hesitation, Patricia looked at her father and nodded.

For a few seconds, Sullivan glanced at her expressionlessly.

Then, when the words had finally sunk in, he flew into a rage.

“You such an unfilial daughter! How could you give up all your assets?”

He shot up from the sofa and rushed over to Patricia.

“Did you do anything wrong to the Reynolds family? Otherwise, why did you give up all your assets?”

“He offered me the money, but I didn’t want it,”

Patricia answered firmly, looking straight into her father’s eyes without fear.

She wasn’t close to anyone in the Sampson family at all.

Moreover, she was used to being the object of her father’s disappointment.

Everyone in this family had always belittled and despised her.

Sullivan was so angry that he wanted to reach out to slap his daughter, but he finally suppressed his anger and straightened up.

“How much did he offer you?”

She didn’t want to waste any more time on this conversation, so she gave him an honest answer.

“Sixteen million dollars.”

When Sullivan heard this, his fury soared, but he withdrew his raised palm and took a few steps back.

Then, he slumped back on the sofa as if all his strength had left him.

“Sixteen million dollars? Does he think of you as a beggar on the street?”

Seeing Sullivan’s attitude, Yolanda chimed in to stir the pot further.

“The Reynolds Group is now worth 78 billion dollars. Although that’s the collective wealth of the Reynolds family, Zac must have at least a billion dollars in his hands. He earned all that money after marrying Patricia. It has to be divided

equally between them after getting a divorce! Sixteen million dollars is indeed..."

Yolanda trailed off hesitantly.

However, anyone and everyone knew what she wanted to say.

Lyndsy sat there in silence, calculating for a long time in her head before tugging on Yolanda's arm.

"Mom, is Zac really that rich now?"

Three years ago, Zac had just come back to Flando from abroad.

Back then, his small company had been worth only three million dollars.

But in just three years, there had been a terrifying surge in that number.

Yolanda didn't care about her daughter's question.

She glanced at Sullivan and Patricia and continued, "But since they have already gotten a divorce and Patricia is the one who refused the money, there is nothing else to say..."

"No way! My daughter has toiling like a servant for the Reynolds family for three years, but he dares to divorce her without even giving her a penny? He must be dreaming if he thinks he can get away with this! Even if he hires a maid and then fires her, he has to pay the severance fee!"

Sullivan's words stabbed into Patricia's heart like a knife.

It seemed that the decisions of the people around her, whether it was Zac or her father, were all made just to get profit off of her.

She was just a pawn in their games.

Even though she had already known this, she wasn't that hurt by Zac's actions.

But how could her own father treat her like this?