

Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 4

Patricia had never been close to her father, not even when she was a child.

Therefore, she thought that she was indifferent to him, but now, when she heard him talk about her like she was an object, her heart ached. It seemed that there was no one in the world that really cared for her or her feelings.

With a bitter smile at the corners of her mouth, Patricia turned around to leave, but her father grabbed her wrist and said, "Let's go to the Reynolds family's house and ask them to settle this matter! I want to see if they have the nerve to let you give up your share of the assets!"

Patricia's lips curled in disgust.

She wanted to shake off her father's hand, but his grip was too strong.

Yolanda, who had also risen to her feet, hurried over.

"Honey, don't push Patricia. I'm sure she feels bad about it. Let's talk about this later, okay?"

"Don't put on an act here," Patricia said harshly.

She was even more annoyed after hearing Yolanda's words.

She had had enough of putting up with this woman's antics.

"What did you say? Do you dare to say that again? She is your mother! How dare you talk to her like that?"

Sullivan was trembling with anger.

He was already mad at his daughter, but she had gone too far by attacking Yolanda, so he stared at her as if she was his enemy.

"Let go of me! I can handle my own affairs. It's none of your business,"

Patricia roared impatiently.

"It's none of my business? Do you think you'd be standing in this house today if I thought your affairs were none of my business? I have always been worried about you. But what about you? What's your role in this family? All you do is make trouble for everyone!"

The more Sullivan thought of the past, the angrier he became.

“Let me tell you, Patricia. If it weren't for you, my father wouldn't have died! You're the one who killed him!”

At the mention of her grandfather, Patricia's heart ached again.

Her grandfather's face instantly appeared in her mind, like she had only seen him yesterday.

When she was a child, her parents had gotten divorced, and her mother had been forced to leave the family.

After that, Patricia had spent most of her time with her grandfather.

The two of them kept each other company, but not long after, her grandfather died.

For days, she had cried and begged for her grandfather to come back.

However, the whole family all put the blame on her, thinking that it was her fault for not discovering her grandfather's illness in time. At that time, she had been only six years old.

It was bad enough that she had lost the person closest to her, but on top of that, her whole family treated her like she was a monster.

She cried helplessly, but no one cared about her.

Instead, they just kept on blaming her. Even now, Patricia missed her grandfather so much that her eyes immediately turned red with tears.

Moreover, she felt aggrieved because of her father's unjust accusation.

“Let me go!”

It was the first time that she shouted at her father in such a loud voice.

This time, she used all her strength and finally broke free from her father's grip.

With tears blurring her vision, she turned around and ran to the door as if she was escaping.

Every time someone mentioned her grandfather's death, she felt so suffocated that she wanted to flee the scene.

She was so flustered that she could barely see anything in front of her.

When she reached the door, she bumped into a tall man's chest.

Patricia reflexively raised her head to look at the person who was standing in front of her.

Tears clouded her eyes, but she recognized him at a glance.

She quickly took a step back, wishing she could disappear on the spot.

She didn't want him to see her in such a state after their divorce.

As soon as she took a step forward, however, Zac grabbed her wrist and stopped her.

"Where are you going?"

His voice was low, but it seemed to be mixed with a trace of pity and warmth, which made Patricia quickly look up at him.

She wanted to know whether it was just her illusion or reality.

But when she saw the indifference on his face, she felt like slapping herself.

He was the one who had wanted to get a divorce.

Why would he have any pity on her? "You left some of your things."

In his other hand, Zac was carrying a suitcase of things that she had left behind in the Reynolds family's house.

All of a sudden, Patricia felt warmth engulf her heart.

It was obvious that he had brought her things here because he didn't want to see them in the Reynolds family's house.

But why did she feel so comfortable and relaxed with his hand on her wrist? 'Patricia, are you really that desperate for love?' She asked herself with a bitter smile on her face.

Then, she regained her composure and looked into his eyes.

"Thank you. You can leave now."

Looking at the tears on her face, Zac had an indescribable feeling come over him.

It was something like regret, mixed with sympathy. Patricia's beautiful eyes were as red as a rabbit's eyes at the moment, and her eyelashes were wet with tears.

Even the smile at the corners of her mouth would make anyone feel inexplicably sad.

“You...”

When he opened his mouth to speak, he was interrupted by Sullivan, who walked over hurriedly.

“Zac, why are you here? Come on in.”

As soon as Sullivan saw Zac, there was a 180-degree change in his attitude.

There was no anger in his tone or expression.

Just now, when he had been talking about Zac in the living room, he had clenched his teeth in fury, but now, he was smiling brightly at Zac.

However, Zac still had his eyes fixed on Patricia.

He didn't even move his head, let alone acknowledge Sullivan's existence.

“Zac?”

Sullivan awkwardly called out again in embarrassment.

It was only then that Zac turned to him.

“I came to bring Patricia her things. We've gotten divorced.”

:As he spoke, he glanced back at Patricia, as if speaking to her as well.

Although Sullivan already knew of their divorce, he was not happy to hear such a response from Zac, especially after trying to welcome him into the house.

However, he did not dare to directly offend him.

After hesitating for a while, he continued to ask with a smile, “Why did you get divorced? It's normal for a couple to quarrel. You shouldn't get divorced so easily. There's nothing you can't solve by talking about it. It's not a big deal. Go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and withdraw the divorce papers!”

“It's already final.”

Zac told Sullivan word by word, looking into his eyes.

While the two of them were speaking, Patricia took the opportunity to break free from Zac's grip.

Realizing that his hand was empty, Zac turned, but then withdrew his sight at once.

Patricia had nothing to do with him anymore, so why should he meddle in her affairs? Without looking back, Patricia walked out quickly.

She didn't want to hear their conversation, so she sped up.

However, she couldn't block out their words, and her tears fell even more violently.

Just when she reached the gate of the Sampson family's house, everything around her went black, and she fainted.

The villa was crowded with people, including children from all the rich and powerful families in Flando.

A six-year-old girl sat next to the swimming pool, resting her chin on her hands as she watched other children her age playing in the pool.

Compared to the branded clothes that these children wore, her clothes were cheap and ordinary.

The little girl didn't have delicate features, but she was still cute and pleasing to the eye.

She looked at the children playing in the water with envy and longing in her eyes.

She wanted to play in the swimming pool too, but she didn't have a swimsuit.