

# Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 81

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Hearing her words now got Zac excited rather than angry.

In his eyes, she would only make such a comment if she was jealous and cared deeply for him.

“Whether I understand you or not, you’re going home with me!” Zac then pulled her into his arms.

Smiling at her in the rain, he said, “I have been washed clean by the rain.”

After saying that, he kissed her again. This time, his kiss was so passionate that it stunned Patricia. She could feel his tongue in her mouth.

Patricia was almost out of breath when Zac stopped kissing her.

Smiling with satisfaction, he said gently, “You’re drenched. Come home with me to change your clothes.”

Zac’s gentle voice surprised Patricia.

Before she could regain her senses, Zac picked her up.

He made his way over to the Porsche with her in his arms.

When she arrived at the Oakleaf Villa, she stood at the door, trembling.

Her lips were pale and her teeth chattering.

Seeing Patricia still standing at the door, Zac, who had just come out of the bathroom, glared at her and ordered in a low voice, “Come in!”

Patricia, in her daze, did not hear a word he said.

She remained standing outside the door, ignoring him.

Zac pursed his lips in displeasure when he noticed she had ignored him.

Without saying anything, he squatted down, lifted her off her feet, and carried her in a princess hold.

“Ahh!” Patricia screamed.

Before she realized what was happening, Zac had already taken her into the bathroom. He then placed her in a bathtub filled with warm water.

“Zac...”

Before she could say anything further, Zac interrupted her fiercely and stated, “Do you want to bathe yourself, or do you want me to help you?”

Immediately trying to cover her body, she exclaimed, “I’ll do it myself!”

She looked at Zac fearfully as if she was watching a lecher.

Seeing the look in her eyes, Zac frowned with dissatisfaction but quietly left without saying a word.

Although her gaze had made him uncomfortable, he was still happy that she was obediently taking a bath.

After Zac left the bathroom, Patricia took off her clothes and began to soak in the warm water.

Her shivering body warmed up, making her reluctant to leave the tepid water.

After taking a shower, she saw a pair of pajamas hanging next to Zac’s shirt.

After hesitating for a while, she chose to dress in the black shirt.

Seeing her in only the shirt, Zac couldn’t help asking, “Why didn’t you wear the pajamas? That’s the shirt I wore yesterday.”

‘Does she like wearing men’s shirts?’

“Keep the pajamas for when Lyndsy is over here,”

Patricia responded harshly as she glanced at Zac.

Hearing this made Zac beam in pleasure.

He coughed and uttered seriously, “Those are the pajamas I bought for you.”

After he finished speaking, he looked at her inquisitively.

He thought his words would have put her in a good mood, but instead, she appeared expressionless.

Glancing coldly at Zac, she sneered, “Are they really for me?”

She wouldn’t believe such nonsense.

Zac was trying to appease her, so he told her that those pajamas were bought for herself and not Lyndsy.

Zac became pissed when he realized she didn't trust him.

Clenching his fist, he looked at her and asked, "Do you believe me?"

"No," Patricia replied coldly.

'Last night, he kissed Lyndsy, but now he's telling me that he has nothing to do with her. Why would I believe him?' Zac became even more annoyed upon hearing her say that.

He stared at her intensely, clenched his fists, and hit the tea table heavily.

In an angry voice he declared, "Believe it or not, the pajamas are for you!"

He had bought those pajamas in the shopping mall for her during his free time, back when he wanted Patricia to move into the Oakleaf Villa.

He had placed his purchases in the closet, so he wasn't sure how it had reached into the bathroom. He couldn't recall seeing it there this morning when he left.

"Zac, don't think that just because you are angry with me, I'll believe what you say. It is a fact that you had gotten together with Lyndsy, so there is no need to deny it."

Patricia remarked, getting more and more annoyed by the minute.

'I didn't feel this way before, so why am I experiencing such bizarre emotions now? Zac was burning with rage as he quickly walked over to her. Looking down at her, he roared, "When have I been in a relationship with Lyndsy?"

'Those were just idle gossip and rumors. I am not in a relationship with Lyndsy, nor do I like her in that way. However, Patricia keeps distorting the facts and blaming me for that.'

In a violent rage, Patricia turned her face away, pretending to be indifferent.

"You know perfectly well that you're in a relationship with her. So, why are you asking me?"

Pursing her lips, a hint of annoyance flashed across her face as she became depressed by that fact. She felt like she was becoming another person.

She didn't know why she was suddenly feeling like this. Zac was really pissing her off at the moment.

'Such a stubborn woman! Zac angrily stared at her. As he was about to say something, a sudden realization occurred to him. Stunned by this revelation, he looked at Patricia suspiciously.

'If Patricia is reacting like this, could it mean...'

Then he thought of something and couldn't help smiling mischievously. Rubbing his chin, he reached out his long arm and grabbed her waist.

"Are you jealous?"

"No!"

Patricia stated without hesitation.

She stared at Zac with a long face, but her eyes were brimming with rage.

Noticing her anger, Zac smiled with satisfaction.

His eyes couldn't be deceived.

Although she pretended well, she was betrayed by the anger displayed in her eyes.

'Angry? Why is she so angry? It must be because I kissed Lyndsy last night.

She is obviously jealous, so why does she keep denying it? With a smile, Zac used his long arm to pull her closer to him.

Touching her lips with his slender fingers, he said, "Then, let's see if you are lying or not!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he kissed her lips resolutely.

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His kiss put her in a complete daze.

She couldn't help but moan, which surprised even herself.

Hearing her moan, Zac smiled proudly.

Reluctantly, he parted from her lips, tapped her nose, and said softly, "It seems you're not being honest. In fact, you are jealous!"

Her voice just now undoubtedly told Zac what she was thinking. He was only now realizing that she was a woman of duplicity.

And although she claimed she wasn't jealous, she was, in fact, highly annoyed.

When she heard that, she felt a warm blush rise to her cheeks.

Pursing her lips, she was too shy to retort.

There was no denying that the sound she had just made was undoubtedly a reaction to Zac's kiss.

All of a sudden, a question popped up in her mind.

'Did Zac kiss Lyndsy like this?' Last night, she clearly saw Zac kissing Lyndsy passionately.

But now... Thinking of that gave Patricia goosebumps.

Subconsciously, she pushed Zac away.

Casting a cold glance at him, she uttered in a low voice, "Zac, since you are in love with Lyndsy, we should keep some distance between us."

Patricia's words startled Zac.

Observing the expression on her face, he noticed how fast her attitude had changed.

Earlier she was quite bashful, but now she was aloof and ruthless.

Hearing Lyndsy's name confused Zac.

He didn't understand why Patricia strongly believed that he was in a relationship with Lyndsy when he had nothing to do with her at all. However, Zac had momentarily forgotten that he had deliberately hyped up the news about his affair with Lyndsy.

"Patricia, time and again, I've corrected you and told you there is no relationship between Lyndsy and myself,"

Zac roared as his face darkened.

Stretching out his long arm, he directly wrapped it around her waist, not giving her the chance to escape.

'If I couldn't solve the problem today, then I'm never letting go of her!'

Turning her head away, Patricia coldly murmured, "That's your business. It has nothing to do with me."

She lightly bit her lower lip when she said this.

'Why is he telling me about that? Besides, Zac said it before that he had a crush on Lyndsy. Is it possible that was just a lie?' Seeing Patricia like this made Zac angry.

Fixing his eyes on her, he placed his hand on the back of her head, forcing her to look directly at him.

"There is nothing between Lyndsy and me," he uttered calmly, trying his best to restrain his anger.

He didn't want to use his temper to get his way, not on this matter.

Patricia scoffed at his words and looked at his eyes unhappily.

She said glumly, "You are living together with her. What is there to explain? Isn't the stuff in the bathroom the best proof of that?"

After saying that, she couldn't help but snort. She didn't realize how jealous she sounded. Her words astounded him.

His face turned blue with anger.

'We're living together? But that isn't the case, so why is Patricia throwing that blame on me?' This thought vexed him.

"You're wrong! We are not living together!"

Zac was infuriated, his face bursting with anger. Patricia snorted without saying anything.

She had personally seen Zac and Lyndsy being intimate and had seen something in the bathroom, so everything out of Zac's mouth was lies.

Zac became even more riled up.

Unconsciously, he glanced at the bathroom and then glared at Patricia.

He made his way over to the bathroom to see what she was referring to.

But the moment Zac saw what was in the trash can, his anger was replaced by confusion.

'Damn it! Why is there something like this in the bathroom? When I left this morning, the trash can was empty.' Seeing the astonishment on Zac's face,

Patricia scoffed and remarked sarcastically, "See, it was the truth. Is there any need to argue on this matter any further? It doesn't matter if you are in a relationship with Lyndsy. Just don't involve me in the mix. I do not want to be..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Zac kissed her hard on the lips.

Patricia pushed Zac's chest with all her might, but he didn't budge.

He was like a mountain in front of her.

When she got the chance, she uttered, "Zac, do you think it is fair to Lyndsy when you act in such a manner with me?"

Upon hearing that, Zac suddenly stopped.

His gaze focused on her, his face serious, and the blue veins visible on his forehead.

'Lyndsy? She has nothing to do with me!' Seeing Zac's expression startled Patricia.

She felt such an intense aura surrounding him that she couldn't help but tremble.

'What is it that Zac wants?' At that moment, Patricia felt an unprecedented fear.

She wished she could escape from his clutches as quickly as possible.

"Zac, you..."

"Patricia, open your eyes and listen to what I say. I have nothing to do with Lyndsy. I bought those pajamas for you. As for that thing, I don't know why it's there. I only kissed Lyndsy last night because I mistook her for you!"

This was the first time Zac had tried explaining himself.

He had never been willing to clarify anything to anyone before, but in his eyes, Patricia was different.

He wanted her to understand his thoughts.

This came as a shock to Patricia.

She opened her eyes wide in disbelief.

'What did Zac just say?' Zac quickly squatted down and lifted her.

Carrying her in his arms, he walked into his bedroom.

There he opened the closet in the corner of the room, pointed at a variety of clothes inside, and sighed.

“These are the clothes I bought for you. They haven’t been touched yet.” Patricia was stunned.

She remained speechless as she subconsciously looked at Zac.

‘Did Zac really buy these clothes for me?’ She stared at Zac blankly, her mind a mess.

‘What does Zac mean by this? Why is he explaining himself to me?’ Before she came to her senses, Zac bent down and kissed her lips, biting them hard as if he was venting his anger.

Patricia let out a cry of pain.

She wanted to break free from his embrace, but she failed since she had no strength left.

In the end, she had no choice but to accept Zac’s overbearing kiss in silence.

Then Zac kissed her harder as if he was going to bite her lips and make them bleed.

Unable to bear the pain, her lips parted subconsciously as she tried to fight back and bite Zac’s lips.

Noticing her anger, Zac curled his lips and gave a slight smile.

In his eyes, he knew Patricia wouldn’t be getting the upper hand in this fight.

His kiss was passionate and powerful it made her dizzy and short of breath.

She unconsciously approached Zac and wrapped her arms around his neck.

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Noticing her response, Zac beamed.

Nodding in satisfaction, he kissed her harder.

He pulled her closer and wrapped his arms around her waist tightly as if trying to become one with her.



Stumbling, they fell onto the bed without breaking their passionate kiss.

A romantic atmosphere descended into the bedroom.

Suddenly, she felt a hand resting on her face.

Feeling uncomfortable, Patricia frowned and slowly opened her eyes, Her eyes widened in disbelief when she realized she and Zac were embracing each other while naked.

Stunned, she tried to recall what had happened last night.

She remembered arguing with Zac at the beginning, but then...

'Well, last night's affair was consensual, so we have no one but ourselves to blame.' After a while, Patricia struggled to stand up.

Her whole body was aching so much that she almost screamed out from the pain.

Zac's lovemaking had been so intense that she almost couldn't get out of bed.

Struggling to get up, she carefully slipped out of bed, picked up her discarded clothes, and quietly left.

For some reason, she felt that she couldn't face Zac now.

Seeing him brought out strange emotions in herself.

Through narrowed eyes, Zac watched Patricia's receding figure.

Seeing her brought a smile to his handsome face.

He watched her leaving without saying a word to stop her.

Now that he knew Patricia a little better, he didn't want to put her in a tight spot.

After all, it was only last night that he had learned of her mixed feelings.

"Patricia, what should I do with you?"

Zac whispered, sighing slightly as he looked up at the ceiling.

It seemed it would take some more time before he could truly make her change her mind and confess her love for him. Hours later, Zac was enveloped by a jubilant aura in his office.

He was smiling faintly, warming the usually cold office.

Patricia's display of jealousy last night was imprinted in his mind.

He couldn't help but snicker at the thought of her having a crush on him.

Walking into the office, the secretary was so stunned to see Zac smiling that she couldn't help but tremble.

'What is going on? How can our unsociable president smile like this? Is this all an illusion?' Shaking her head, the secretary walked over to Zac's desk to report on what had transpired yesterday.

"You can go back to work now."

After listening to the secretary's report, Zac, in a low voice, asked her to leave his office.

In fact, Zac hadn't listened to what the secretary had said at all.

His mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Patricia.

Hearing this, the secretary widened her eyes in astonishment.

Although Zac had always been abnormal, he was acting weirder today than usual.

In all her years working here, this was the first time she had heard Zac speak in such a soft manner.

She wondered if Zac's change in attitude had anything to do with love.

Seeing the smile on Zac's face, the secretary couldn't help shivering.

She immediately turned around and was about to leave.

However, before the secretary had taken a few steps, Zac called her back anxiously.

"I want you to re-read your report again."

It had taken him a moment to notice what his secretary had just reported, but Zac thought that something seemed off about this report.

Pursing her lips morosely, the secretary quickly walked over to Zac and reported what happened yesterday once again.

'This was definitely the power of love, turning a person of high IQ into a fool,' she thought inwardly.

"Has the person in charge of the cooperation between our company and the Veyron Corp been changed?"

Zac frowned in astonishment.

Remembering Patricia's expression yesterday, he understood now why she looked so morose.

Evidently, it was because of this.

But then a thought occurred to Zac, and a hint of displeasure flashed across his face.

'Why didn't she notify me? As long as she asks for my help, I will secure her post.'

"Yes, sir," the secretary replied respectfully.

"Because of your wife's scandal, the senior executives decided to change the person in charge of the cooperation. Jayson, from the Veyron Corp., has now taken over this position."

Zac's face darkened after he heard that.

Rubbing his chin, he seemed to be thinking about something. He then motioned for his secretary to continue.

"Our company's senior executives didn't choose who would be in charge of the project at the beginning. It was Jayson of the Veyron Corp. who recommended himself.

Moreover, your wife was supposed to attend the meeting. However, because of her absence, the senior executives became dissatisfied with her behavior and chose Jayson. The secretary briefly told Zac what had happened at the meeting yesterday.

Casting a glance at Zac, she noticed his strong, terrifying aura and quickly took a step back.

"Mr. Reynolds..."

Before the secretary could say anything else, Zac raised his eyes coldly.

He then growled, "How dare they take action against my woman?"

Zac clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as he said this.

At the sight of this, Zac's secretary closed her mouth in fear. A scary atmosphere settled in the office now.

Trembling, the secretary looked directly at Zac, awaiting his orders.

"Ask the senior executives to come over here now!" Zac scoffed and looked at the door sharply.

The secretary nodded and immediately left.

She knew that things could take a turn for the worse with Zac's hot temper very quickly, so it was best not to stick around.

At the same time, Patricia was working in her office. Resting her chin on the palm of her hand, she started feeling drowsy.

Suddenly, she sneezed.

She had sneezed several times today, making her wonder whether she caught a cold from being in the rain yesterday.

She sneezed again before she could figure out what had caused her ailment. Her nose turned red.

"It seems that I have caught a cold!" she muttered.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she found that she looked listless.

As soon as she finished her muttering, there was a clear knock on the door.

Lily walked in slowly and said respectfully, "Miss Sampson, the president has asked for you to meet with him."

Giving Lily a firm glance, Patricia responded indifferently, "Okay."

After she finished speaking, she stood up and quickly walked past Lily, emanating an aloof aura.

Lily pursed her lips sadly and quickly followed Patricia.

Since the incident yesterday, she had wanted to speak to Patricia, but she was so scared of her intense aura that she dared not say anything.

"What do you want me to do this time, boss?"

Patricia looked coldly at the president of the Veyron Corp before glancing at Jayson.

Although Jayson was out of line earlier, she knew very well that in work and in business, there was no everlasting enemy but only everlasting interests.

So, it was understandable hearing Jayson make those evil remarks about her in front of their partners.

What had stung Patricia was finding out that Lily, her trusted friend, was his accomplice.

This little tidbit was what made her unable to accept the facts.

The president of the Veyron Corp looked subconsciously at Jayson and coughed.

“Patricia, how’s your relationship with Zac?” he asked.

Hearing that question stunned Patricia.

Frowning, she fixed her eyes on the president in confusion.

‘Why is he asking me such a question all of a sudden? What does he mean?’ Patricia didn’t miss the president’s glance to Jayson before asking her that question.

“We don’t have any relationship between us.”

Looking coldly at the president, she continued, “You know the matter about me very well!”

The president smiled awkwardly upon hearing that and said softly, “Yes, but...”

Before he could finish his sentence, a sudden knock on the door interrupted him.

“Sir, Mr.Reynolds has something urgent to discuss with you,” the secretary outside the office uttered anxiously.

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Stunned by this news, Patricia, Jayson, and the president of the Veyron Corp turned towards the door.

Before the president could give his reply, his office door was pushed open.

Zac walked in his domineering presence was evident. Seeing Patricia, his eyes lingered on her before they focused on the president of the Veyron Corp.. Politely, Zac said, “It appears that this isn’t the most convenient time for you.”

Zac then gazed coldly at the president.

Stunned, but for a moment, the president regained his senses and said with a smile, "Mr.Reynolds, I'm available now."

As soon as he finished speaking, he winked at Patricia.Seeing this, Patricia took the hint and stood up from her seat.

Turning around, she quickly strode out of the office.

She could feel Zac's penetrating gaze as she walked past him.

She was slightly stunned by this, but she didn't want to stay there longer than necessary.

As she walked out of the office, she subconsciously looked back at Zac in confusion.

'What is his gaze implying? It seems like he was going to tell me something!'" Patricia shook her head.

She didn't know what Zac's intentions were, but it had nothing to do with her.

Arriving back at her department, Patricia overheard her colleagues whispering.

Casting a cold glance at them, she said, "Don't you have work to complete? Stop gossiping during working hours! Her colleagues dispersed and returned to their seats, watching her with fearful eyes.Although she was no longer in charge of the cooperation of the biggest project in the company, she still held a higher position and leadership rank in her department.

Returning to her office, she recalled the way Zac had looked at her moments ago.Shaking her head to clear her mind, she started working again.When it was time to be off duty, Patricia had stopped working.

There were a lot of tissues left on the desk.Something was wrong with her today she just didn't know what it was.

She had been sneezing since earlier, and it hadn't subsided yet.

She was also feeling dizzy, and there was a continuous throbbing pain in her head.

As she was about to stand, someone suddenly rushed into her office.

Fingers pointed, the person shouted, "Patricia, you are a shameless bitch.Why do you keep entangling with Zac?"

Just by hearing her voice, Patricia already knew who the speaker was without even looking.

Calming down, she raised her eyes to look at Lyndsy who seemed furious, her eyes wide apart.

“Lyndsy, I have told you many times that this is not the Sampson family’s house. This is not the kind of place for you to be acting outrageously!”

Patricia uttered flatly as she threw a cold glance at Lyndsy.

Flying into a fury, Lyndsy stared at Patricia with her beautiful eyes.

She shouted, “Do you think you can be with him? Stop dreaming! Zac has already promised to marry me!”

She then raised her chin arrogantly and looked disdainfully at Patricia.

Hearing that, Patricia scoffed.

Straightening her back, she glared at Lyndsy.

“Lyndsy, please leave my office!” Patricia said in a fierce tone.

She displayed an uncompromising attitude hoping that Lyndsy would leave.

If she didn’t, then Patricia would have to resort to being rude to her. But she was totally stunned by what Lyndsy had said.

‘Is Zac planning to marry Lyndsy?’ Upon hearing the news, Patricia couldn’t help but think of what she had seen in the Oakleaf Villa yesterday.

If this was true, everything would make sense.

‘It turns out that Zac has decided to marry Lyndsy!’ Suddenly, a faint sneer crossed Patricia’s face.

She felt as if she had been cheated, and her heart broke. Taking a deep breath, Patricia quickly regained her composure.

Looking at Lyndsy sternly, she said, “Lyndsy, you don’t want to be dragged out for the second time, do you?”

Patricia said this in hopes that Lyndsy would leave as soon as possible.

At this point, she was a little dizzy and could barely hold on. If she waited any longer, she might faint.

Feeling her vision getting blurred, Patricia shook her head a few times, trying to keep herself awake.

"Patricia, you bitch!"

Thinking about what had happened last time sent Lyndsy into a fit of rage.

Forgetting about maintaining her image, she approached Patricia and swiftly slapped her across her beautiful face.

"Slap!" The loud strike resounded throughout the office.

Seeing her finger imprint on Patricia's face, Lyndsy smiled proudly.

Raising her chin slightly, she said arrogantly, "Bitch, don't you know who you are? How dare you humiliate me in public?"

That slap made Patricia feel dizzy.

Smelling the stench of blood between her lips and teeth, she raised her hand subconsciously to cover her face and said coldly, "Lyndsy, don't think that you can act so recklessly just because I haven't fought back."

As soon as she finished speaking, she couldn't help but breathe heavily. She felt her body becoming heavier. She put her hand on the table to support herself.

She wanted to fight back, but she suddenly felt extremely exhausted.

Noticing that Patricia wasn't in the best of health, Lyndsy smiled triumphantly.

Raising her hand, she quickly tried to slap Patricia once more but was stopped by Patricia.

"I warned you not to be so reckless!" Patricia said slowly in a firm voice.

She was having difficulty speaking something felt stuck in her throat.

'What is wrong with me? Why am I so uncomfortable?' Before Patricia returned to her senses, Lyndsy broke free from her grasp.

Staring at Patricia ferociously, she angrily remarked, "Bitch, you slapped me the other day. This is revenge!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Lyndsy raised her hand high.

She intended to strike Patricia again to avenge herself.

Seeing Lyndsy's outstretched hand, Patricia bit her lower lip and shut her eyes tightly to endure the pain of the lash.

She had expected to be struck by a heavy blow.



However, after waiting for a while, she didn't feel anything.

Just before she could open her eyes, she heard a low domineering voice.

"Lyndsy, what are you doing?" Zac stared at Lyndsy with a strong murderous gaze while firmly grasping her hand.

If he hadn't stopped her in time, Patricia's face would have been seriously damaged. When he noticed the apparent red mark on Patricia's face, Zac frowned.

Growling at Lyndsy in a low voice, he said, "Did you do this?"

Sensing Zac's anger, Lyndsy quickly turned around and threw herself into his arms. Tears streamed down her eyes like pearls. She made herself look pitiful, as if she was the one that was hurt.

"Zac, there you are. Just now, I was almost..."

Before she could finish her words, she broke down crying.

While weeping, Lyndsy observed Zac's expression.

At the same time, she threw a sharp glance at Patricia.

If Zac hadn't stepped in, she would have definitely fought Patricia to the end.

Zac didn't pay any attention to Lyndsy.

Instead, he exhaled deeply and looked at Patricia, waiting for her to speak.

However, looking straight at him, Patricia pursed her lips and gave him a disdainful look.

She then turned her face away as if she didn't want to see him.

She didn't want to see Zac at the moment, especially when he had Lyndsy crying in his arms!

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That's when a strange thought popped into Patricia's mind.

'If Zac has no interest in Lyndsy, why is he being nice to her instead of pushing her away?' Patricia mistook Zac overlooking Lyndsy's behavior as a sign of his love for her.

After all, Zac didn't allow other women to act so intimately with him unless he had feelings for them.

So, Patricia assumed this meant that he cared for Lyndsy.

'When I was married to Zac before, I could never get that close to him like this. Clearly, Lyndsy is an important person in his heart.' When this thought occurred to Patricia, she couldn't help but scoff.

Looking directly at Zac, she said coldly, "Mr. Reynolds, please escort Lyndsy out of my office. This is neither the Sampson family's home nor the Reynolds Group. This is not the place for her to be acting so recklessly!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she quickly stood up, as if there was an inexplicable force supporting her tired body as she rose from her chair.

With her back straightened, she cast a cold glance at Zac arrogantly.

She wished nothing more than for them both to leave her office immediately. She did not want them in her sight. Hearing her say this enraged Zac.

Drawing in a deep breath, he angrily asked Patricia, "Is that really your request?"

Lyndsy was confused.

Looking suspiciously at Zac, she couldn't understand his use of the word 'request'.

Patricia was momentarily stunned.

Then with a sneer, she said, "Yes. Mr. Reynolds. Please leave along with your fiancée!"

Patricia roared through her gritted teeth. A trace of indifference appeared on her face.

Without saying anything further, she seated herself once again behind her desk.

She didn't have the energy to argue with Zac any longer. Wearing a bitter smile, Zac sneered.

"Okay, since that's your request, I'll take my leave now," he said in a low voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, Zac bent down, wiped the tears off Lyndsy's face, and said softly, "Don't cry. Let's get out of here."

Lyndsy was so surprised by Zac's act of kindness that she forgot she was crying.

Nodding her agreement, she couldn't help but be moved by his sincerity.

Seeing this, Patricia snorted and said coldly, "Mr.Reynolds, please don't disturb my work any further."

Obviously, she was very disgruntled by their display of affection in front of her.

Looking up at her, Zac presumed that she would have shown some trace of concern.

But when he noticed that she had not looked in his direction or taken him seriously, he got pissed off.

He glared at her before turning around and leaving without saying a word.

As soon as Zac left, Lyndsy suddenly came to her senses.

She looked at Zac's receding figure before turning to Patricia and said, "Patricia, did you see that? Zac is infatuated with me, and I am the only one he cares about!"

Lyndsy then smiled arrogantly at Patricia before leaving the office.Catching up with Zac, she left arm in arm with him.Slowly raising her head, Patricia fixed her eyes on Zac.

It felt like something in her heart was missing.

Suddenly, a wave of dizziness washed over her.

With her vision blurry now, she bent over the table, breathing hard.Her face became flushed.

It was not until she felt a chill penetrating into her bones that she slowly opened her eyes.

Feeling light-headed, she glanced around the room.

Seeing it was pitch dark in the room, she subconsciously took out her mobile phone to light it up.Seeing that it was already six o'clock, she knew her colleagues had already left for the day.

She was all alone in the office while she was asleep.

Shaking her head slightly, Patricia felt her vision becoming more blurred.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to stand up, but her body was drained of its strength.

She felt a bit terrified in her disturbed state of mind as she sat alone in her dark office.

After several attempts, she finally stood up.

Picking up her bag, she staggered out of the office and made her way to the company's parking lot.

She was hoping she could make it home by herself.

However, as she was about to open the car door, she realized that her hands had no strength in them.

So, she was unable to open the door.

Slumping against the car, Patricia looked around for someone who could help send her home.

But the only person she wanted help from was Zac.

However, right now, Zac was...Remembering that he had left with Lyndsy earlier, she gave up on that thought.

Taking a few deep breaths, she tried to open her car door once again, but to no avail.

Just then, a warm hand reached out from behind her and helped her open the door.

"Thank you for your assistance."

In a daze, Patricia turned around to express her gratitude. She was stunned when she realized it was Zac beside her. As soon as she was about to say something, Zac interrupted her.

"Are you sure you're able to drive home?" he said while frowning.

"Why is she so stubborn? She has a fever but still insists on driving. Why didn't she call me and ask me to pick her up?" This thought made Zac so angry he became speechless.

He could only glare at her in frustration.

He would have never known that she had such a high fever if he hadn't gone over to her apartment and realized she wasn't there.

He had then rushed over to the Veyron Corp., only to see her like this. He was almost driven mad when he touched her body and realized she was burning up from the fever.

"I can drive!"

Looking sullenly at Zac, she stumbled into the car.

When she was about to put the key in the ignition, she couldn't find the slot to insert the key.

Seeing this, Zac pursed his lips in anger.

Stretching out his long arm, he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her out of the car.

Before she could react, Zac stared at her intensely and roared, "How can you drive like this?"

He was downright furious now.

'Why is she always so stubborn? Does she not know how sick she is? How can she think of driving with such a weak body!'

"I can drive," Patricia retorted.

She didn't want to show weakness in front of Zac, nor did she want him to see her in such an awkward situation.

Zac breathed heavily as he stared at her, his eyes gleaming with rage.

He wished he could open her head and see what was going through her mind.

'How can Patricia still talk back to me at a time like this?' He couldn't help but think she was too headstrong.

"You can't drive, Patricia!" Zac glared at her.

He really didn't understand why she was always so stubborn with him. Squatting down, he lifted her into his arms.

"Zac..." Patricia wanted to say something, but Zac interrupted her.

"Shut up!" he said in an annoyed tone while casting a sullen glance at her.

He then made his way over to his Porsche that wasn't parked too far away.

Hearing his strong heartbeat and smelling the mixture of cologne and tobacco on him, Patricia opened her mouth to say something to him.

In the end, she couldn't find the words and said nothing at all.

She just wanted to quietly stay in his arms for a while.

That would be enough for her.

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Finding it strange that Patricia had become quiet all of a sudden, Zac subconsciously looked down and saw her complexion had turned red.

She seemed to be a little short of breath.

Pursing his lips, Zac frowned.

'Her fever must be very high, or she wouldn't have fallen asleep in my arms. Such a silly woman!'

At the moment, Zac was at a loss for words.

'I finally know just how stubborn Patricia can be. Perhaps there isn't anyone in the world as stubborn as she is.' He carefully put her on the front passenger seat and gently stroked the hair on her forehead.

This was the first time he had seen her in such a peaceful state.

"Patricia!" he whispered in a low voice, his sexy thin lips slightly pursed.

She looked so lovely and attractive when she was fast asleep.

However, Zac knew that she would don an aloof expression once she woke up.

Thinking this made Zac sigh and shake his head.

He then started the car and drove away from the compound, and headed for the hospital. "Mr. Reynolds, had you brought the patient in any later, she would have been in a dire situation."

Startled by the doctor's words, Zac's heart leaped into his mouth.

He glanced at the doctor beside him before fixing his gaze on Patricia resting on the bed.

Seeing how red her face was, Zac couldn't help but feel a little scared.

'Will Patricia's life be in danger?' Noticing Zac's expression, the doctor standing next to him calmly said,

"Mr. Reynolds, you don't need to worry. The patient's condition is stable now. Fortunately, you brought her here in time."

Hearing that, Zac secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

With a faint smile on his face, he unconsciously reached out his hand to stroke her face.

"Thank you, doctor!"

Zac nodded politely to the doctor before turning his gaze back on Patricia, not wanting to look away from her for too long.

Noticing Zac's demeanor, the doctor winked at the nurse before leaving.

The nurse, in turn, left shortly after he hooked Patricia up to the IV drip.

Zac sat beside the bed, Patricia's slender wrist grasped firmly in his hand.

His eyes remained glued to her.

From the moment she had entered the hospital, Patricia was in a coma-like state.

He had assumed it was simply a result of her high fever and fatigue, but he had not expected that her life would be in such grave danger.

This thought made him hold her hand tighter as if holding on to precious treasure.

He feared she would accidentally disappear from his sight the next moment.

Zac was unnerved by the intense flush on her face.

Unconsciously, he raised his hand and gently stroked her face.

"You stupid woman!" said Zac in a low voice.

He couldn't do anything for her since she was unwilling to let him into her life.

However, her behavior only fueled Zac's desire to get closer to her.

He hoped for the day when they could have a close and steady relationship. His slender fingers gently caressed her cheeks, and a trace of tenderness flashed through his eyes.

Patricia was the only thing on his mind at the moment.

'If Patricia could see my expression, she would be shocked!' The nurse had returned and changed the infusion three times in a row. She only stopped when Patricia's temperature had returned to normal.

Seeing that Patricia's complexion was back to normal, Zac secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

With a soft smile on his lips, he carefully tucked her in, fearful that she would become cold.

All of a sudden, his phone rang.

Even in her sleep, Patricia could be seen frowning due to the noise.

Seeing this, Zac immediately hung up the call.

Stroking her frown away, he gazed at Patricia with gentle eyes.

Leaving her side for a bit, he went onto the balcony.

As soon as he took out his phone, it rang again.

Noticing that Lyndsy was the caller, Zac frowned and ignored the call.

He thought that Lyndsy would take the hint and not call back.

However, as he turned around and was about to head back into the room, his phone rang again.

Zac pursed his lips with a long face.

Subconsciously, he took a look at Patricia before reluctantly answering the phone.

"Hello," said Zac in a low tone, a trace of impatience lacing his voice.

However, Lyndsy didn't notice Zac's annoyance at all.

Instead, she uttered happily, "Zac, are you free tomorrow?"

Hearing her question made Zac pause for a moment.

He didn't want to give her a reply.

Lyndsy, on the other hand, mistook Zac's silence to mean he was waiting for her to offer more information, so she said, "Tomorrow is my father's birthday. My family will be holding a party. Do you want to attend it with me?"



She nervously awaited Zac's reply. Zac pursed his lips sullenly.

A thought occurred to him, so instead of refusing her offer, he coughed and replied, "If I have time, I will attend the party."

Zac's response was good news to Lyndsy's ears. Excited by the prospect of his attendance, she remarked in a spoiled tone, "By that time, you will..."

"I'm busy now. Bye."

Zac immediately hung up the phone then, leaving no chance for Lyndsy to finish speaking.

He had only agreed to attend the birthday party in order to clarify the relationship between himself and Lyndsy.

There was too much gossip floating around about Lyndsy and himself, and it kept giving Patricia the wrong impression of him.

Judging from what Lyndsy had said during the call, she was already acting as if she was his woman.

Zac couldn't help but feel displeased and disgusted by this. Zac made his way over to Patricia's side.

A slight smile touched his lips as he looked at how peaceful she was while asleep.

"You look so lovely and attractive like this!"

Seeing her beautiful sleeping face pleased Zac.

Bending over, he gently kissed her on the forehead.

If only she could be so quiet all the time.

Sometimes she drove him insane, and Zac disliked that sort of feeling. At the same time, Lyndsy, who was in the living room of the Sampson family's home, unhappily made her way over to Yolanda after her phone conversation with Zac.

She was pouting her lips as if she had just been greatly wronged.

Seeing her expression, Yolanda took a bite of her watermelon before asking Lyndsy in confusion, "What's wrong, dear?"

"Mom, Zac hung up the phone while I was talking to him!"

Lyndsy stamped her feet angrily and bit her lower lip.

She felt humiliated when Zac had hung up the phone without listening to her.

Hearing that, Yolanda chuckled.

Pointing to the tip of Lyndsy's nose, she said, "If Zac didn't answer your call altogether, don't you think you would have been even more furious?"

"Of course, I would have been!" Lyndsy turned to look at Yolanda in a huff.

As she opened her mouth to speak, something occurred to her.

Shocked by her own thoughts, she looked at Yolanda quizzically.

"My dear daughter, don't you understand? It would not be a good sign for you only when Zac refuses to answer the phone. What did he say to you before he hung up?"

"He said he was busy."

Although Lyndsy held her suspicions, when she looked at Yolanda, she calmed down.

Yolanda nodded slightly upon hearing the words.

She tapped the tip of Lyndsy's nose again and comforted her saying, "See, he did tell you he was busy. He is an important man, after all. He can't be with you every day, so you should try to be more understanding of his situation."

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Lyndsy looked at Yolanda in bewilderment for a moment as if she didn't fully understand what her words meant.

Seeing her confused expression, Yolanda pursed her lips and continued, "There are many women who want to be in a relationship with Zac. If you want to stand out, you have to learn to understand him."

As soon as she finished speaking, Yolanda put the slice of watermelon into her mouth as she glanced at Lyndsy.

She couldn't make things any clearer to Lyndsy.

'If Lyndsy still isn't able to comprehend what I've said, then I'll need to spend more time teaching her how to win a man's heart.' Suddenly enlightened, Lyndsy nodded in agreement.

Smiling brightly, she approached Yolanda and, in a spoiled manner, said, "Mom, I'm so happy you informed me of that. Otherwise, I would have remained in a sullen mood."

Hearing this, Yolanda nodded and uttered meaningfully, "My dear girl, Zac is not an ordinary man. You can't act like a little girl who wants to follow him all day long. You should know what to do and how to conduct yourself so that he will cherish you and be more infatuated with you."

Lyndsy couldn't help grinning from ear to ear. Her face showed her elation as she looked forward to the day Zac would become attracted to her.

"Mom, you are absolutely right. I should try to understand him so that I can better win over his heart,"

Lyndsy remarked firmly, a touch of confidence displayed on her pretty face. Then she remembered what he had said.

"By the way, Zac has agreed to attend father's birthday party tomorrow," Lyndsy told Yolanda.

She then started fantasizing about being together with Zac when he arrived over the following day.

Nodding slightly, Yolanda wore a devious smile on her face as she genily said, "I have to discuss this with your father."

Lyndsy and Zac had been in a relationship for quite some time.

However, Zac didn't appear to be close to her, nor did he visit the Sampson family often.

Tomorrow, they would have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, so Yolanda planned to ask Sullivan to discuss with Zac his relationship with Lyndsy.

After all, Lyndsy was the daughter of the Sampson family, and was nobler than Patricia.

So, Yolanda wanted nothing more than for Lyndsy to marry Zac and have a grand wedding.

Yolanda was already planning Zac and Lyndsy's wedding in her mind without knowing of Zac's intentions when he was going to visit them the following day.

All of a sudden, Zac couldn't help but sneeze. Unconsciously, he rubbed his nose. Looking tenderly at Patricia, who was sound asleep on the bed, he leaned back in his chair and fell asleep.

After a long while, Patricia's long, thin eyelashes trembled a few times before she was able to slowly open them.

Gazing at the unfamiliar ceiling in a daze, she muttered, "Where am I?"

Patricia didn't know how long she had been asleep, but she knew it felt like a long, never-ending dream. And then, when she had finally awoken, she found herself in a strange place. Patricia frowned in confusion.

She felt like there was a weight pressing against her head, denying her from lifting it.

The moment she caught sight of Zac sleeping in the chair, she tried to remember what had happened to her. She recalled getting into her car, then being pulled out by Zac and carried to his Porsche.

After that, everything went blank.

Subconsciously, she noticed the bandage on the back of her left hand. That's when she realized she had a fever.

'Zac must have brought me to the hospital.' Her body felt so heavy, she couldn't move a muscle.

Lying on the bed, she quietly stared at Zac.

Leaning back against the chair, with arms crossed against his chest, Zac gave off an aggressive and domineering aura.

However, while asleep, his elegance and kindness shone through.

"Zac, this is the first time I've seen you like this," Patricia muttered in a calm voice, with an indescribable expression glowing in her eyes.

Pursing her lips, she felt morose.

'I've been intimate with Zac several times now, but I have never taken a good look at his sleeping face. Am I too ruthless when it concerns Zac? Or am I not destined to be together with him?' The first time she had slept with Zac had been unexpected.

Unfortunately for her, by the time she had woken up, Zac had disappeared without a trace from the room.

These last few times, when they had been intimate together, she had regretted it by morning, so she always hurriedly ran out on him.

Thus, she was never able to truly see what his sleeping face looked like during those times.

Suddenly realizing what she was thinking about, she shook her head to dispel her thoughts.

She didn't want to be thinking about Zac.

However, she couldn't help but softly chuckle at the sight of Zac dozing off on the chair before she fell asleep, a faint smile resting on her face. She once again dreamed of the pool where she had swum as a child.

The little boy there was confidently telling her, "You will be my little sister from now on. And I will always protect you."

Patricia nodded upon hearing his promise, believing she had a brother she could now rely on. After that, they spent many enjoyable days playing and eating together.

"What are you dreaming of? What has brought that smile to your face?"

A low, crisp voice invaded her dream.

Shocked, she slowly opened her eyes to realize that someone had been talking to her. Patricia was stunned when she saw the smile on Zac's face.

She stared at him in astonishment.

'Since when can Zac smile like this?' It was her first time seeing such a bright and attractive smile gracing his handsome face.

His face, not showing its usual coldness, made Zac appear all the more handsome. He had a tall nose, sexy thin lips, and deep, penetrating eyes that made him look charming.

His smile, as bright as starlight, attracted all her attention. Patricia was thoroughly amazed by what she had seen.

She had now, for the first time, seen Zac asleep and then smiling charmingly at her. Noticing the mix of emotions flashing across her face, Zac's smile broadened.

With a trace of pleasure flashing across his eyes, he asked her out of curiosity, "Am I so fascinating?"

Upon hearing his words, Patricia quickly came back to her senses.

Regaining her composure, she said coldly, "I think you have misunderstood something. I'm just confused as to why you are here with me."

As soon as she finished speaking, she quickly closed her eyes and ignored Zac's presence.

Seeing this made Zac bite his lips in anger. His smile disappeared from his lips, and he looked dejected.

Glaring at her, he whispered, "There is no misunderstanding. Why do you deny it?"

He knew from experience that although Patricia thought in one way, she behaved in another.

So, she was actually attracted to him, but she simply refused to admit it. In his rage, he clenched his fists and thumped the edge of the bed.

Looking at Patricia with his penetrating gaze, Zac waited for her to answer.

"Mr. Reynolds, people will normally be surprised if they see a stranger beside them upon waking. So, my behavior is perfectly normal," Patricia responded eloquently.

She was indeed surprised, but not for the reason she had just stated.

To be honest, she was absolutely obsessed with how handsome Zac looked.

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Zac became enraged when she said that. He couldn't help frowning as he squinted at Patricia.

'Shouldn't this woman be nervous when lying? I know what I saw, and her expression just now said it all. It was evident that she was staring at me intently. But she keeps insisting that it was all a misunderstanding! This woman was too duplicitous!'

"It's alright to admit the truth. No one will make fun of you for it."

Zac glared at her before sighing helplessly.

'I just wanted to hear her say something nice to me for a change. Is that so difficult for her to do?' Hearing this, Patricia quickly glanced at Zac before closing her eyes.

She didn't want to venture further into this topic with him. Besides, if she said it was a misunderstanding, then it was a misunderstanding.

Seeing her like this angered Zac.

Gritting his teeth, his face darkened as he clenched his fists, trying to suppress his rage.

He needed to calm down. He shouldn't let something like this fuel his rage. He needed to regain his composure so that he could make this stubborn woman admit the truth.

"Being obsessed with me is a natural reaction, you know,"

Zac said casually as if he was implying that losing her mind because of his handsomeness was normal.

To avoid Zac, Patricia turned her body sideways.

Frowning, she cursed him in her heart, 'How narcissistic can he be!' Looking at her from the corner of his eyes, Zac smiled triumphantly.

His features softened up as he loosened his clenched fists and said, "I can't help it that I'm so charming! It's not my fault."

Hearing this, Patricia became so riled up that she gritted her teeth. The more Zac spoke, the more enraged she became.

"Fortunately, I've made only you infatuated with me," said Zac in a playful tone.

He focused his deep gaze on her face, reading her expressions.

A knowing smile appeared at the corners of his mouth as if he was waiting specifically for something.

Unable to bear it anymore, she turned back over and sat up on the bed.

Staring at Zac intensely, she said unhappily, "I just told you it was a misunderstanding. Did you not hear what I said?"

'Will he only take my words seriously when I'm throwing a temper tantrum? I don't want to hear any narcissistic comments from Zac at all.

Where is the person that everyone described as a man of few words? The man in front of me is a complete narcissist.'

"I don't believe you!" Zac refuted.

No matter what, he was set on making her confess that she was enchanted by him today. Otherwise, he wouldn't stop badgering her.

"Whether you believe me or not has nothing to do with me!" Patricia bit her lower lip angrily.

She had woken up in such a good mood, and now Zac had ruined that.

She then turned around again, with her back to Zac.

She was only just starting to recover, so she didn't want to be angry because of him.

Initially, Zac had felt the urge to kiss Patricia when he had seen her sleeping and tittering.

But now! He was once again arguing with her.

He was so distressed by this.

Furthermore, he felt like something was stuck in his chest.

Sometimes, Zac wondered if the only way to get along with her was through quarreling.

"I will make you admit the truth today," said Zac in an authoritative tone.

Stretching out his long arms, he wrapped them around her waist and pulled her into his arms.

Holding her head in one hand, he bent over and pressed his lips against hers. Zac released her lips only after confirming that she was swept off her feet by his kiss.

In an imposing and domineering tone, he asked, "Now answer me. Are you enchanted by me?"

Displeased that his lips were no longer on hers, Patricia looked at Zac and shook her head hard to deny the truth with what was left of her sanity.

She wouldn't allow Zac to trounce her. Seeing this, Zac became angry.

He gasped and said fiercely, "Fine, then I'll kiss until you say it!"

As soon as he finished speaking, his mouth covered hers once again, sucking and nobbling hard as he forced her to answer his question.

She was almost out of breath when Zac reluctantly ended their kiss.

Panting, he asked her softly, "Are you enchanted by me?"

Patricia's mind went blank as she stared at Zac. All her senses had abandoned her after that kiss, and her eyes were overflowed with tenderness.

Perhaps it was because she was out of her mind, or maybe it was because of Zac's gentle voice, but she nodded instinctively and approached him subconsciously.

"I want to hear you say it out aloud, Patricia," Zac said word by word, looking at her very intently as if this matter was of utmost importance.



Seeing him like this, Patricia gazed at Zac before moving her pink lips and saying, "I was indeed enchanted by you."

Before she could regain her senses, Zac had kissed her passionately again.

Only this time, he needed more.

He held her slender body tightly with his long arms, wishing to become one with her.

A loud knock and an awkward "Ahem" sounded from the door pulling Zac and Patricia's attention away from their fiery kiss.

They reluctantly stopped kissing and focused on the source of the knock.

Blushing, Giselle stood at the door and couldn't help chuckling, happy to see this development between Zac and Patricia.

Seeing Giselle, Patricia immediately jolted from the passionate kiss and subconsciously pushed Zac away.

Embarrassed, Patricia turned around and lowered her head. It was difficult to face Giselle in this situation.

'How could I be comfortable with my mother seeing us passionately kissing over here?' This thought caused Patricia to appear flushed.

She sneaked a peek at Zac's face out of the corner of her eyes.

Zac gazed at Giselle calmly, smiled politely, and then walked into the bathroom without saying anything.

Hearing the splash of the water, the blush on Patricia's face instantly spread to her neck.

Out of nervousness, she had interlocked her slender hands.

Patricia bit her lower lip as she thought of how that kiss had made her feel.

A hint of emotion flashed through her eyes, And the sound of the water in the bathroom stirred her mind.

"Patricia." Giselle's soft voice suddenly broke her thoughts.

Turning around, she looked at Giselle, her face still flushed from her thoughts.

"Mom, what are you doing here?"

Patricia asked, shyly looking away to avoid meeting Giselle's gaze, especially when she saw the smile on Giselle's face. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole. She was so ashamed to have done such a thing in front of her mother!

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 89

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"Zac informed me of your ailment." Smiling gently, Giselle touched Patricia's forehead. She breathed a sigh of relief when her daughter's temperature felt normal.

Last night, she had received a phone call from Zac, who told her that Patricia had been hospitalized due to her high fever.

Fraught with concern, Giselle wanted to rush over to the hospital to tend to her sick daughter but was stopped by Zac. Giselle had felt reassured when Zac said that he would take good care of Patricia.

So, she had left her daughter in his care.

However, she hadn't expected to walk in and find them in such an intimate embrace when she came over this morning.

Giselle had always presumed that Zac had feelings for Patricia.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have called her multiple times to talk about something about Patricia or even stayed overnight at the hospital to tend to her in person.

And as for the rumors surrounding Zac and Lyndsy's relationship, Giselle always thought it was all fabricated by the entertainment reporters.

But being Patricia's mother, she believed it still necessary to confront Zac and confirm his relationship with Lyndsy.

Patting the back of Patricia's hand, Giselle said softly, "Patricia, by now, I'm sure you're able to clearly see how Zac feels about you. So, you shouldn't keep pushing him away."

As soon as she finished speaking, Giselle gave her daughter a knowing look.

Upon hearing her mother's words, the blush on Patricia's face deepened.

Grabbing her clothes nervously, she glanced in the direction of the bathroom out of the corner of her eyes.

Her tender gaze implied that she was waiting for something. Seeing the expression on Patricia's face, Giselle chuckled.

'How can I not understand what is on my daughter's mind? If Patricia is really in a relationship with Zac, I would be most pleased.' Giselle always knew how Patricia felt about Zac.

So, she was gratified now seeing them act like a young couple in love.

Seeing the gleam in Giselle's eyes, Patricia hurriedly explained, "Mom, it's not what you think. I have nothing to do with Zac."

Patricia's heart trembled as she said this last sentence.

'What is wrong with me? In the past, I had no problem saying something like this.

Now, such words seem to stick in my throat, like I can't bear to even say it out loud.' Giselle knew her daughter like the back of her palm.

Seeing Patricia like this, she understood exactly what was going on in her mind.

However, she thought it best not to reveal what she knew to be the truth to Patricia.

Giselle knew first-hand that this was something Patricia needed to realize on her own.

Saying too much now could worsen the situation. Patricia, not wanting to dwell further on her relationship with Zac, changed the topic.

"Well, mom, let's not discuss this anymore. How have you been faring in the Lowell family recently?" Patricia asked worriedly.

Looking at Giselle, she tightly grasped her wrist with both hands.

After that day at the rose garden, Patricia had been concerned about her mother's position within the Lowell family. She was fearful that the Lowell family would make things difficult for her mother.

Hearing her question, Giselle smiled gently.

Stroking Patricia's hair, she said softly, "Patricia, you need not worry. I'm fine. You should be more concerned about your affair."

Giselle then deliberately pointed in the direction of the bathroom with her eyes.

Patricia pursed her lips helplessly. She knew that her mother had deliberately changed the topic back to herself. This could only mean that the Lowell family was pressuring her mother.

And not wanting her to worry, Giselle chose not to say anything on the matter.

As her daughter, Patricia knew all too well how her mother thought and behaved.

However, she was unable to share her mother's burden.

Patricia couldn't help feeling dejected about this and subconsciously lowered her head.

Noticing the change in Patricia's mood, Giselle gently touched her back and said softly, "Patricia, I know you are worried about me.

But as long as your Uncle Richard sides with me, no one will dare harm me."

Patricia knew this to be true, but what would happen on the occasions when Richard was not around? Patricia didn't want to think of how the Lowell family would bully her mother in Richard's absence.

She knew that her mother would silently endure any pain and suffering inflicted on her.

Thinking of this and how herself had been treated in the past made Patricia sad and brought tears to her eyes.

'Is there no safe place for mother and myself in this world?' Seeing how depressed Patricia had become, Giselle pursed her lips and gently stroked her back.

As Zac exited the bathroom, he was greeted by this scene.

His heart hurt seeing Patricia like this.

He wanted nothing more than to step forward and hug her worries away.

'What has made her so sad?' As Zac made a move to step forward, his phone suddenly rang.

This unexpected noise broke the harmonious scene of Giselle and her daughter hugging each other.

They both turned and looked at Zac in unison as if waiting for him to answer the call.

Zac glared angrily at his phone resting in his trouser pocket.

He knitted his eyebrows in anger, and he wondered who could be interrupting him at such a crucial moment.

Taking out his phone, he glanced at the caller ID, only to see that it was Lyndsy calling him.

He immediately hung up the call. He had nothing to say to her, nor did he want to hear her voice.

'Why is she calling me so early in the morning? This woman is so annoying!' Patricia became suspicious when she saw Zac had hung up the phone.

She was curious to find out who the caller was and why the calling had angered Zac.

"Zac..." Before Patricia could say anything else, his phone rang again.

Apparently, the caller was anxious to get a hold of Zac. And it appeared as though they wouldn't stop calling until he answered.

Seeing this, Patricia said lightly, "You can answer the call, Zac. My mother will stay here and keep me company."

After two consecutive calls, Patricia assumed it was Zac's secretary calling him. So, she had told him to go ahead and answer the call without further delay.

Zac frowned in displeasure when he heard Patricia say that. She made it seem like she didn't need him around.

Glaring at her angrily, Zac strode out of the ward and into the corridor to answer his phone.

Unbeknownst to him, Patricia had meant that he didn't need to worry about her and could return to work if something urgent had presented itself.

So, Zac misunderstanding the meaning behind her words had upset Patricia a little bit. Giselle snickered as she watched her daughter pout.

Recalling something, she whispered to Patricia, "Patricia, today is your father's birthday. Are you going to the Sampson family's house today?"

Giselle didn't want her daughter to return to the Sampson family's house.

Yolanda and Lyndsy would be patiently waiting to bully her if she returned.

Moreover, Sullivan had gone too far last time. He was no longer qualified to be her father.

Patricia was stunned when she heard this news. She had forgotten that today was her father's birthday.

But her father had never liked her. Furthermore, he had allowed Yolanda and Lyndsy to vent their frustration on her.

Even so, she did not want to shrink back in fear.

Since today was her father's birthday, how could she, as his daughter, not be present? Even if she was kicked out, her identity as the eldest daughter of the Sampson family could not be changed.

"Mom, I will go over to the Sampson family's house today," Patricia said word by word in a low voice, a resolute expression set on her face.

Besides, Yolanda and Lyndsy would stir up trouble if she didn't make an appearance, and they would make her out to be an unfilial daughter.

"Patricia, I'm afraid..." Giselle stopped short before she could finish her sentence.

Holding her daughter's wrist tightly, she looked worriedly at Patricia.

Giselle was well aware of how cruel Yolanda and her daughter could be to Patricia.

So, she was afraid that they would make things difficult for Patricia once she returned to the Sampson family's home.

Seeing the concerned expression on Giselle's face, Patricia planted a determined and confident smile on her face and said solemnly, "Mom, don't worry. I'll be fine. If anything happens, I will leave as soon as possible."

As soon as she finished speaking, she patted the back of Giselle's hand to reassure her.

Giselle nodded slightly upon hearing Patricia's promise. She patted the back of Patricia's hand as well, indicating to her to be cautious and not act rashly.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 90

[/ Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart](#)

Patricia and Giselle remained in the ward and conversed about Sullivan's birthday.

Zac, on the other hand, was at the end of the corridor.

Lighting a cigarette, he discontentedly dialed Lyndsy's number.

"What's up?" Zac's voice was laced with impatience.

Lyndsy's constant pestering troubled him.

Stunned to hear the impatience seeping through Zac's voice, Lyndsy's words were stuck in her throat.

She couldn't even utter the word "Zac".

Zac's irritability increased when he heard no response from Lyndsy.

With anger seething through his chest, he took a drag on his cigarette and asked, "Lyndsy, what's the matter?"

"Zac, are you very busy today? Did you remember that today is my father's birthday? You promised me..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Zac interrupted her.

"I remember. I'll come over if I'm free. Didn't I tell you this yesterday?" said Zac coldly.

He didn't want to be on the phone talking to Lyndsy. Instead, he wanted to go to Patricia and ask her what her earlier expression meant. Otherwise, he would remain in a miserable mood.

Hearing the reluctance in Zac's voice made Lyndsy break down in tears.

Pursing her lips, she said, "Zac, didn't you promise me? You said you would attend my father's birthday party today."

Hearing Lyndsy weeping on the other end of the line, Zac sighed and exclaimed, "No, I said I would attend if I had some free time."

Lyndsy's crying made Zac feel more annoyed.

Had it been Patricia weeping, he would have handled the situation differently.

However, towards every other woman, Zac couldn't be so softhearted.

Rather, he felt great annoyance when dealing with anyone else.

Lyndsy's crying intensified without her realizing it.

Before she could say anything else, her phone was taken away.

That's when Zac heard an eloquent voice speaking to him.

"Zac, today is your Uncle Sullivan's birthday. You should come over, it'll be fun. I know you're a busy man, but you need to relax from time to time,"

Yolanda said persuasively on the other end of the line.

Her reasoning was cogent, and her words were dripping with honey making them pleasant to the ear.

Unfortunately for Yolanda, Zac held a grudge against her.

He would never forget how she had insulted Patricia and turned a blind eye whenever her daughter bullied Patricia.

'How can I not understand what she means by that? She simply wants me to attend Sullivan's birthday party.

Had Patricia been the one inviting me, I'd have seriously considered accepting the invitation.

However, it is Lyndsy asking me instead.

Furthermore, I dislike the Sampson family, especially after witnessing how they had kicked Patricia out of the house.

However, hearing Yolanda's next words, he couldn't help wondering whether he should go to the Sampson family's home after all.

When she didn't get a response from Zac, Yolanda continued, "Zac, you've been in a relationship with Lyndsy for quite a while now. I think it's time you officially meet her parents. Otherwise, Lyndsy will start feeling insecure about the relationship."

Yolanda's words were elegant yet indirect, but her meaning was crystal clear. Hearing this, Zac couldn't help scoffing.

'What relationship do Lyndsy and myself have? We have nothing to do with each other!' However, Yolanda gave him the impression that he and Lyndsy were one step away from tying the knot.

'I wasn't even aware that our relationship has reached the point of discussing marriage. This was outrageous!' Zac couldn't help sneering.

Narrowing his eyes, Zac stared straight ahead. From his body, a murderous aura was emanating.

Apparently, he had no choice but to visit the Sampson family at this time.

If he didn't take this opportunity to clear the air, the Sampson family might just send Lyndsy straight to his bed.



Still not getting a response from Zac, Yolanda became a little confused and anxiously called out, "Zac, are you still there? You..."

"Okay, I'll come over after I've finished my work."

As soon as he finished speaking, he hung up the phone, leaving no chance for Yolanda to retort. Turning, he strode towards Patricia's ward.

As he entered the ward, he found Patricia fast asleep on the bed. Quieting his footsteps, he approached her bed. Raising his hand, he gently touched her face.

Zac breathed a sigh of relief when he realized Patricia's temperature had returned to normal.

"Her fever has finally broken." A faint smile touched the corners of his mouth.

Zac looked lovingly at Patricia.

Her image was the only one in his eyes as if there was no room for anyone else.

Glancing at his watch, he noticed it was time for breakfast.

Quietly leaving the ward, he went to purchase her breakfast.

At the same time, in Lyndsy's room on the second floor of the Sampson family's house, Lyndsy looked anxiously at Yolanda.

She patiently waited to hear her mother relay what she had spoken about to Zac over the phone.

Grasping Yolanda's wrist nervously, Lyndsy asked anxiously, "Mom, how did it go?"

Moments ago, Lyndsy had felt heartbroken when she heard the impatience in Zac's voice.

Thinking about his indifference towards her made her eyes turn red, and she couldn't help but want to cry. She thought, 'Is he not coming? And if he isn't, how am I going to explain this to wealthy ladies attending tonight?' Initially, when she thought Zac was coming, she had boasted to the other young ladies of wealthy families.

'So now, if he doesn't show up, wouldn't it be like a slap to my face?' Seeing Lyndsy's sorrowful expression, Yolanda regained her senses.

Putting down the phone, she said softly, "My precious daughter, what are you crying for? Zac said he would come after he's finished his work for the day."

Pursing her lips, Yolanda gently wiped away Lyndsy's tears.

'It seems my daughter has forgotten what I've taught her about being strong and confident when it came to matters regarding love.' Lyndsy was skeptical when she heard this.

Eyes wide open in disbelief, she asked incredulously, "Mom, are you serious?"

Earlier Zac's tone had given her the impression that he didn't want to attend the birthday party.

Seeing this, Yolanda touched the tip of Lyndsy's nose and said softly, "Dear girl, when have I ever lied to you?"

"That's great news!"

Seeing the serious look in her mother's eyes, Lyndsy couldn't help cheering and dancing happily in her room.

She muttered, "Since Zack is coming, I won't lose face. Now, I can show off in front of all those rich young ladies as I had planned!"

Realizing this brought a smug smile to Lyndsy's face.

At this time, Yolanda was more focused on figuring out what Zac's intentions were for attending the party that she paid no heed to Lyndsy's jubilant mood.

Although Zac had agreed to come over, Yolanda could sense his impatience through the tone he had used.

It appeared that he had been unwilling to attend at first.

And then he abruptly hung up the phone after speaking, giving her no chance to say anything further on the topic.

Even if Zac was busy, Yolanda thought this behavior was outright rude. His demeanor worried Yolanda. She was fearful that something terrible would happen at a crucial moment.

'If Zac is unwilling to marry Lyndsy, then doesn't this mean that all our efforts have been in vain?' Yolanda felt a headache coming on.

She hoped that today's birthday party was successful and could be pulled off without a hitch.

Seeing Yolanda out of sorts, Lyndsy blinked suspiciously and asked, "Mom, what's wrong? Is it about Zac?"

Lyndsy couldn't help feeling jittery. Her mind was full of thoughts of Zac.

"No, no, no. Don't you worry! My dear daughter, go and prepare for the party."

Yolanda smiled gently at her daughter.

She didn't want Lyndsy to find out about her worries, nor did she want her overthinking this situation.

Besides, no matter what came her way tonight, she would handle it appropriately.