

# Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 91

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Waking up from her sleep, Patricia was greeted by a heavenly aroma filling her room. Opening her eyes, she saw an array of delicious food laid out in front of her, including her favorite steamed buns and minced pork congee with preserved eggs.

Raising her gaze from the line of food, Patricia suspiciously looked at Zac, who was busy setting the food on the table. She blinked her eyes several times, astonished by the sight before her.

'Is this the breakfast that Zac bought for me? Did he buy this personally?' She was so shocked, she covered her mouth with her hands.

She couldn't help but look at Zac incredulously.

"Why are you so surprised?" Zac couldn't help but snort while staring at her.

'It's only normal for me to take care of Patricia now that she's sick. There's nothing shocking about this turn of events.' Zac's words brought her back from her dazed state.

Smiling awkwardly to mask her embarrassment, Patricia pretended nothing had happened just now.

Instead, she fixed her gaze on the appetizing breakfast in front of her.

Zac frowned in displeasure when he saw her expression.

In a serious tone, he said, "Patricia, you're sick. So, it's my duty to take care of you."

He then handed the breakfast tray he had prepared over to her, indicating that it was time for her to eat.

Patricia was so stunned by Zac's words that she wondered if something was wrong with her ears.

'Did I just hear Zac saying that he is going to be taking care of me? In the past, Zac ignored my attempts to take care of him. Back then, I was even less important than a nanny! But now...' This thought brought her a hint of sadness.

Patricia quickly shook her head to dispel such pointless thoughts from her mind.

She and Zac had already gone their separate ways, so there was no need to dwell on the past.

Smelling the delicious aroma of the congee with minced pork and preserved egg, Patricia couldn't help licking her lips and wishing to partake of the meal now.

However, as soon as she picked up the bowl of congee, Zac frowned and said unhappily, "Put that down."

Frowning in confusion, Patricia pouted and discontentedly said, "Why are you asking me to put it down? I want to eat this one."

'Does he also want this one? But I am the patient here. Shouldn't I be given priority to choose? He is too stingy.' Seeing her grim expression, Zac scowled with displeasure.

In a firm tone, he said, "You've only just recovered, so it is not good for you to be eating preserved eggs yet. That bowl is mine, and this one is yours."

He then handed Patricia a bowl of congee full of lean pork.

Dejectedly, Patricia put down her favorite minced pork congee with preserved egg and took the congee dish that Zac handed her.

She ate the small steamed bun to help dispel her sadness over not being able to enjoy her favorite dish.

A faint smile appeared on the corners of Zac's lips as he noticed the depressed look on Patricia's face.

'Having breakfast with her can be quite enjoyable!' he thought.

After breakfast, the nurse came to check her temperature.

Finding her temperature normal, the nurse said, "Miss Su, everything seems fine with you. You can now be discharged, but you must remember to keep yourself warm and not catch a cold."

Smiling politely, the nurse excused herself.

For some reason, when Zac heard the nurse calling Patricia "Miss Sampson", he felt annoyed.

'Shouldn't she call her 'Mrs. Reynolds' since she is my wife? Why does everyone call her Miss Su?' In his depressed state of mind, Zac forgot about the day he had forced Patricia to sign the divorce agreement.

Noticing the strange look in Zac's eyes, Patricia glanced at him suspiciously.

Regaining her usual indifference, she said flatly, "Zac, you can rest assured. I'm perfectly fine now. You should head back to the office now."

Patricia had hoped that Zac would have already left her side, but he kept insisting on staying and taking care of her.

Eventually, she had given up and allowed him to do what he wanted. Hearing this, Zac frowned, and a trace of anger flitted across his face.

Unhappily, he said, "Do you want me to leave so badly?"

'Obviously, she is trying to drive me away. As soon as she heard the nurse say she could be discharged, she burned the bridge and tossed me aside. You are so hateful, Patricia!' Zac thought. Without hesitation, Patricia nodded and looked at Zac indifferently. She wanted nothing more than for him to leave.

She didn't want any unnecessary trouble to be caused because of this.

As bad as her reputation was, she didn't want more rumors floating around about them.

Seeing this, Zac became enraged.

He bit his lower lip tightly, clenched his fists, and a blue vein bulged on the back of his hand.

'This woman really wants me to leave. Am I so annoying? Is my company so unwelcome to her? I took care of her throughout the night. The least she could do is be nice to me!' But... This is what he had hoped would happen, but she wasn't taking him seriously at all.

Zac was so angry that he needed to take a deep breath.

With brows furrowed deeply, he wished he could teach her a lesson and let her know he was not someone who could be trifled with.

"Zac, don't you need to go to work? And even if you don't, I need to leave."

Patricia then spun around, picked up her clothes, and walked into the bathroom.

'Today, I have something important to take care of, so I don't have time to waste on Zac. If he has so much time on his hands, he should go somewhere else to kill his time!' Zac's face darkened as he watched Patricia walk off.

In his rage, he kicked the bed, which then creaked due to his kick.

'Since she doesn't want to see me, it is meaningless for me to stay here. It would be better to leave and save face.' Angrily glaring in the direction of the bathroom, Zac gritted his teeth and left without saying a word.

But not before he angrily kicked the wooden door. After dressing and exiting the bathroom, Patricia noticed that Zac had left.

Frowning, a trace of sadness filled her eyes.

Noticing her state, she shook her head and came to her senses.

Patting her face, she whispered, "Don't overthink this. He means nothing to me!"

As soon as she said this, she took a deep breath and quickly returned to her usual aloof demeanor.

With a determined smile at the corners of her mouth, she was going to return to the Sampson family's house and present a birthday gift to Sullivan.

The black gown she wore made her look noble and elegant.

Her black hair was put into a tight bun with a butterfly hair clip, and the make-up she wore was exquisite.

She only wore a platinum necklace, which was striking in workmanship.

Her simple attire set off her fair skin to her advantage, and she gave off a natural queen aura.

When Patricia walked into the Sampson family's house with a gift, everyone looked at her in astonishment and bewilderment.

"She is the eldest daughter of the Sampson family, Patricia."

People began to whisper among themselves.

Some praised her while others scorned her.

Patricia didn't take their words to heart.

After all, her reason for attending tonight was to give her father a birthday gift.

She had spent half the day assembling her wardrobe for tonight and selecting the perfect gift for her father.

Tonight, Patricia wanted her status as the eldest daughter of the Sampson family to be known.

She wanted to remind everyone that she was also a member of the Sampson family.

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As a matter of fact, Patricia wasn't close to her father, nor did she have any love for him. Her only reason for returning to the Sampson family's house was to remind everyone precisely who the eldest daughter of the Sampson family was.

In the past, her grandfather had told her she was the eldest daughter of the Sampson family.

This position meant that she needed to behave as such.

After all, the future of the Sampson family rested on her shoulders.

His words were always on her mind, so even if people looked at her strangely today, she would pay them no heed.

"Dad, happy birthday. I got you a gift."

Smiling sweetly at Sullivan, who was greeting guests in the living room, Patricia handed her gift over to him.

Sullivan's face had darkened with displeasure when he saw Patricia standing there.

Seeing her attire, he couldn't help but frown.

Hearing the commotion among the guests earlier, he had thought it was Zac's arrival that had attracted everyone's attention.

It never crossed his mind that it might have been his unfilial daughter, Patricia.

He had never liked her nor treated her as his daughter.

Subconsciously, he looked her up and down.

Taking in her attire for the party, he frowned in displeasure.

Patricia resembled a younger version of her mother, Giselle.

This made Sullivan remember how he had gotten infatuated and lost himself in Giselle's beauty in the past.

It was that infatuation that had brought Patricia into the world.

So, seeing her in this dress disgusted him.

Patricia's smile intensified as she noticed Sullivan's reaction.

She knew why he was reacting like this.

The evening gown Patricia wore may have been different from the one her mother had worn in the past.

Still, with their uncanny resemblance and a similar color to one her mother had donned before, she knew it would be enough to jog Sullivan's distant memory of Giselle.

If he was bold enough to call her out on this, she wouldn't deny it.

'The only reason I dressed like this is to remind him of the past and the fact that my mother has left him, and I am no longer his daughter,' she thought.

Despite that fact, Patricia had no intentions of handing over the Sampson family to Yolanda and her daughter.

This was a heritage left behind by her dear grandfather, and she intended to cherish and safeguard it.

"Dad, are you okay?"

Patricia continued to smile sweetly at him, pretending not to notice the disgust in his gaze.

Sullivan's face darkened upon hearing her words, and he turned his face away.

It was evident that he didn't want to see her.

In a low voice, he asked, "What are you doing here, Patricia?"

Patricia beamed as she took in his sullen expression.

Calmly, she replied, "Dad, it's your birthday today. Of course, I had to come. Besides, had I not come, I would have been regarded as an unfilial daughter."

She then glanced at some nearby reporters who were eager and ready to take some pictures.

Hearing this, Sullivan couldn't help but snort coldly.

Not wanting to look at her anymore, he turned his face away.

Still, he scolded her by saying, "Patricia, how brazen of you to say such a thing! You are a disgrace to the Sampson family, and you are no longer welcome here. How shameless of you to show up here today!"

Clasping his hand behind his back, he turned his whole body around as if dismissing her.

Seeing Sullivan's attitude stirred up the guests.

They all shot strange looks her way, some were even looking at her in disgust.

Seeing this, Patricia pursed her lips and sneered.

From the corner of her eyes, she glared at Sullivan's back.

'Why should I feel ashamed for coming back to the Sampson family? This is my home. As the eldest daughter of the Sampson family, I have every right to come back here.'

This was what she thought, but she couldn't say it out loud yet.

Today's goal was something different.

She only came here to deliver her gift, not to stir up trouble or argue with her father.

"Dad, how can you say that? As your daughter, it's only suitable that I come here and celebrate your birthday with you."

Her aloof expression was replaced by one of grievance.

Lowering her head, she made it seem like she was complaining about her dissatisfaction with what he had said.

Her words piqued everyone's curiosity.

They felt like she was completely different from how the news reports painted her to be.

Noticing everyone's gazes on her, a smug smile snuck onto Patricia's face.

Although she didn't care about their opinions of her, she figured it wouldn't hurt to change their impression of her.

The world of the wealthy was like a battlefield.

And it was always better to have one more friend than an enemy! Hearing this, Sullivan glanced at her angrily and said, "You unfilial daughter. What qualifies you to stand in front of me?"

Sneering, she hid her anger. She felt as if she had heard a big joke.

'I am an unfilial daughter? Is that because I didn't accept any compensation from Zac for the divorce?' At that moment, Patricia's clear eyes turned cold.

Unafraid of facing her father's angry eyes, she said sweetly, "Dad, why did you call me unfilial? I would really like to know what I have done to make you call me that."

'I have never once touched the Sampson family's money. When I was in college, I had gotten a part-time job to earn money to cover my living expenses, and currently, I am working and living on my own. And I have never gone against any decision made by Sullivan or Yolanda, and I have been an obedient daughter to them. So, how can he say I am unfilial?' Patricia really wanted to ask him what she did wrong to deserve being described in such a manner.

When Sullivan saw the sharpness in her eyes, he couldn't help but tremble.

Sensing his own fear rising, his face flushed, and he angrily blurted out, "Patricia, you know precisely what you've done wrong. Do you really want me to bring up the matter of your grandfather here?"

Patricia was disappointed when she heard him say that.

Even now, her father still blamed her for her grandfather's death.

'At the time, I was just a five-year-old girl. What would such a little girl know? On the contrary, my grandfather's son and daughter-in-law, Sullivan and Yolanda, had left him at home with a five-year-old girl while they went out for fun. And then they had the audacity to pin the blame on me.

Wasn't that fact shameful? And hateful?' Sneering, she just stared at him.

If she was to be blamed, then Sullivan and Yolanda's hands weren't clean either.

Being the adults, the blame should fall solely on them.

And if Patricia did contribute to her grandfather's death in some way, then she believed he would understand that she didn't know better at that time.

"Dad, among all the people here today, you are the one least qualified to mention Grandpa,"

Patricia announced as she fearlessly looked into his eyes, her expression grim. Hearing this, Sullivan became furious.

Quickly raising his arm, Sullivan waved it in front of Patricia's face.

Closing her eyes, Patricia braced herself for his slap.

'After this slap, I will cut all ties with him, ' she thought.

She had anticipated being slapped hard across her face, but after waiting several long moments, nothing happened.



Slowly opening her eyes, she saw that Sullivan's arm was firmly grasped by Zac's hand, so he was unable to move it.

'Zac? What is he doing here?' Patricia blinked in surprise at seeing Zac there.'

I thought he never attended banquets? Why is he here today?' Before she regained her senses, Zac glanced at her expressionlessly before turning to Sullivan and saying in a low voice, "Uncle Sullivan, you need to calm down. Don't lower yourself to the same level as her."

Hearing this, Patricia suddenly returned to reality.

She frowned as she glared at Zac.

'What does Zac mean? Don't lower himself to my level? This is my family's business. Zack has no right to interfere.'

"Zac..."

Before she could say anything, Zac stopped her in a hurry.

"Uncle Sullivan, I wish you a happy birthday and a long life!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zac hurriedly presented his gift.

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Hearing Zac's words, Sullivan beamed as he accepted his gift.

He was so kind to Zac in comparison to Patricia.

Seeing this, Patricia sneered coldly.

'Apparently, Zac is more like a member of the Sampson family than myself! Sullivan has never once acted this friendly towards me. Yet Zac, an outsider, has easily won his favor.'

At that moment, Patricia couldn't help feeling disappointed as she looked coldly at Sullivan and Zac.

Then Sullivan reluctantly withdrew his hand at Zac's suggestion.

Winking at Patricia in disgust, Sullivan wordlessly hinted to her to step aside and not interfere in his conversation with Zac.

Patricia acted as if she didn't see Sullivan's cue to leave.

In a daze, she just stood there watching Zac. Inside, she felt her heart broken.

Noticing the look in her eyes, Zac's sexy, thin lips curved up into a complacent smile.

Then, ignoring her, he turned to look at Sullivan.

He said politely, "Uncle Sullivan, let's find another place to talk.

Since she is not welcomed by everyone here today, just let her leave."

As soon as he finished speaking, Zac raised his eyebrows at Patricia.

An indescribable look flashed through his deep eyes.

Hearing this, Patricia couldn't help clenching her teeth as she bit her lower lip and glared at Zac.

'What does Zac mean by that? Does he want to drive me away?' Thinking of this angered Patricia more.

She glared at Zac.

She hadn't expected Zac to be such a narrow-minded person who would hold a grudge against her because of what had happened earlier that morning.

Noticing her anger, Zac glared back at her.

He had no idea what was running through her mind.

When he had noticed Sullivan was poised to strike her, he dropped what he was doing and rushed over to stop him.

Sensing the tense atmosphere around Patricia and seeing all the dissatisfied glances cast her way, Zac couldn't help but worry about her safety.

Furthermore, no one in the Sampson family had expected her to attend tonight's party.

So, her coming here and standing out was like her courting death.

Besides, when remembering how Patricia was bullied by the Sampson family recently, Zac couldn't help but worry that another similar incident would occur tonight.

However, Patricia misunderstood his kindness and was ready to throw him under the bus.

Gasping, Zac clenched his fists so tightly that the blue veins on the back of his hands bulged.

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

'Why does she always misunderstand my good intentions?' Before Zac could calm down, their cold eyes met.

Patricia said, "Zac, this is the Sampson family, and I am the eldest daughter of this house. What right do you, an outsider, have to drive me out?"

"He can because he is Lyndsy's fiancé."

Yolanda's elegant voice boomed as she announced this.

Everyone in attendance was shocked upon hearing this news, and Zac and Lyndsy became the hot topic of the party.

'Fiancé?' With a sneer, Patricia glanced coldly at Zac, a disdainful smile appearing on her face.

Then she shifted her gaze towards Yolanda, who was not far away.

Yolanda stood arrogantly on the stairs.

She looked classy and dignified in her purple evening dress, but the valuable and dazzling jewelry on her was even more eye-catching.

Standing next to her, Lyndsy looked like a sweet little princess.

The light blue evening dress made her pink face look like a ripe peach, inviting others to take a bite.

"Zac, you're here!"

Seeing Zac, Lyndsy, in high spirits, made her way over to his side as she glared at Patricia, a trace of mockery on her face.

"Patricia, I remember Dad had driven you out of Sampson family. How shameless of you to come back uninvited!" she mocked her half-sister.

Upon hearing this, Patricia retorted indifferently, "Lyndsy, I'm your elder sister and deserve your due respect. As the eldest daughter of this family, I'm supposed to come to celebrate Dad's birthday. Anyway, it's none of your business whether I came back or not."

Lyndsy got furious at the other woman's words and she blurted out, "You shameless bitch! How dare you call yourself the daughter of this family while Dad had driven you out of the house."

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While the two young women were squabbling, Zac hadn't shifted his gaze away from Patricia. Noticing Yolanda's gaze on them, Zac thought it best to stop showing his interest in Patricia openly. He decided to wait and see what would happen.

From the corner of his eye, he stole a glance at Patricia.

'I know Lyndsy is no match for Patricia. But I wonder if Patricia can handle Yolanda!' This thought had the corners of his lips curling into a smile.

He looked forward to seeing her performance. In his mind, Patricia was not someone who could be easily defeated.

At this time, Patricia, Zac, Lyndsy, and Yolanda all silently looked at each other.

No one dared speak, as if the first to talk would lose in their unspoken battle.

"Stop this at once!"

Sullivan's sullen voice instantly broke the tension in the air.

Taking a deep breath with dissatisfaction, he glared at Patricia in disgust.

His dislike for her grew.

He didn't understand how she couldn't see that she was an unwelcome guest there.

Today they were hosting his birthday party, and she had come here just to make trouble.

He had seen precisely what had happened just now, so his suspicions were confirmed.

Patricia had wanted to embarrass him with her words.

Seeing how angry Sullivan was, Yolanda had a flash in her eyes.

She quickly strode over to his side and gently stroked his chest.

"Sullivan, today is your birthday. Don't be angry, dear."

Turning, she looked at Lyndsy reproachfully.

In her elegant and righteous voice, Yolanda said, "Lyndsy, that was such disgraceful behavior! Today is your father's birthday. How dare you act so presumptuous and reckless on such a day?"

As Yolanda spoke, she subtly winked at Lyndsy.

At first, Lyndsy didn't understand what her mother meant.

As she stubbornly bit her lips, she noticed how furious Sullivan was.

Quickly lowering her head, she pretended to be schooled by her father.

Seeing that Lyndsy was smart enough to understand her intentions, Yolanda secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Then she continued, "Patricia is your older sister, and you have to greet her. Although she always contradicts your father, you can't forget your manners too."

"Mom, I'm sorry,"

Lyndsy said in a choked voice.

She kept her head lowered and didn't dare speak, giving the impression that she was repenting of her actions.

All the guests present nodded, believing Lyndsy's behavior was indeed that of a lady from a prominent family.

Glancing furtively at the guests, Lyndsy quietly snickered.

She really wanted to send Yolanda a thumbs up for her witty thinking.

'Mom truly is a genius. She has so easily turned the tide and shifted everyone's attention to me. Now, seeing me like this, they are all going to think highly of me,' thought Lyndsy.

Patricia looked calmly at Yolanda and Lyndsy.

Having lived under the same roof as them for so long, she knew exactly what kind of people they were.

She knew their performance must have some meaning behind it.

She just needed to wait and see what Yolanda was scheming.

Yolanda ignored Patricia's gaze.

Everything she had just said had been for Sullivan's sake.

Sullivan had attached great importance to this birthday party, so he would be furious that Patricia had now ruined it.

Furthermore, Lyndsy was openly scorned by Patricia.

With so many guests present, this was rather humiliating for Lyndsy.

So, Yolanda realized she needed to change their perceptions of Lyndsy and assist her daughter in regaining her virtuous image.

"That's my good girl!"

Yolanda said, nodding satisfaction.

Turning to look at Sullivan, she inwardly smiled as she saw his anger written all over his face.

"Lyndsy, don't forget that you'll soon be a married woman. Proper etiquette is of utmost importance, or others will think you are an uneducated woman. Furthermore, the Reynolds family will not acknowledge such a person!" Yolanda said gracefully.

She then glanced in the direction of the reporters who were among the crowd.

Before her words could sink in with the crowd, one reporter stepped forward and asked, "Mrs. Sampson, you just mentioned that Mr. Reynolds is Miss Lyndsy's fiancé. Is this the truth?"

Everyone's ears perked up as they stared at Yolanda in anticipation.

Unconsciously, they searched Lyndsy's and Zac's faces for answers, eager to learn the truth.

Patricia smiled coldly upon hearing this statement.

Evidently, Yolanda, eager to have Zac as her son-in-law, was in a rush to deliver this news to the world.

As for the reporter, Patricia knew she was arranged by Yolanda beforehand.

This was all planned out so that she could successfully shift everyone's attention to Lyndsy.

"Oh, Lyndsy, you need to take heed of mother's words, or it would be too late to learn proper etiquette after marrying into the Reynolds family!"

Patricia said in a gentle but dignified tone as if schooling Lyndsy.

Since Yolanda was set on having Zac as her son-in-law, Patricia thought she would help her out.

Everyone in attendance gasped as they heard Patricia's words.

Indirectly, she answered the reporter's question, and being Zac's ex-wife made her statement all the more convincing.

Zac narrowed his eyes and huffed in anger at this.

'What is she trying to say? Does she want to push me into the arms of another woman? No way! Patricia is the only woman I want to be with. I want nothing to do with anyone else.' Coughing slightly to draw their attention, Zac glanced at Yolanda before looking at the crowd of reporters.

One reporter was bold enough to loudly ask him, "Mr. Reynolds, is that true?"

Raising his chin slightly, Zac's gaze swept across the guests, like a king inspecting the crowd. Clearing his throat, he firmly said, "There's no such thing happening!"

Zac's stern voice reached everyone's ears.

Holding their breath, the guests anticipated a storm brewing.

"Zac, what do you..."

Hearing this, Sullivan's face darkened, and he glared at Zac angrily.

'Why is Zac saying that today at my birthday party? Is he trying to make me lose face in front of everyone?'

"What do you mean by that, Zac?" Sullivan angrily stared at Zac.

"You heard me! I meant that literally," Zac replied coldly without saying anything more.

Sullivan's chest heaved as he furiously gazed at Zac, unable to say a word.

"Zac, how could you say such a thing? Especially today on your Uncle Sullivan's birthday,"

Yolanda gushed as soon as she noticed something was amiss.

Forcing an elegant smile onto her face, she winked at Lyndsy, who was in a daze.

Patricia, who was standing aside, showed no reaction to their words.

She just wanted to watch how this played out.

As for whether Zac's words were true or not had nothing to do with her.

Regaining her senses, Lyndsy grabbed hold of Zac's wrist.

Acting like a spoiled child, she wailed, "Zac, are you serious? This isn't the time or the place to be making such jokes!"

She was soft spoken with tears welling up in her delicate eyes. Zac's words had broken Lyndsy's heart. She could only hope that she had heard him wrong.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Zac cast a cold glance at Lyndsy, his face expressionless and hard to read.

Lyndsy trembled upon hearing Zac's words.

Loosening her grip on his wrist, she murmured something unintelligible.

Turning towards Patricia, she openly glared at her with resentment.

Forgetting that she had an image to maintain, she shouted, "This is your fault, Patricia. You bitch! You must have used some underhanded tricks to badger Zac, or he would not have said that just then."

With a ferocious look in her eyes, Lyndsy pounced on Patricia.

"You bitch! You are just like your mother!"

As she spoke, Lyndsy raised her hand at Patricia. She wanted to strike her so hard that Patricia knew she wasn't one to be trifled with. Seeing this, Patricia gracefully raised her arm and grabbed Lyndsy by the arm.

Looking sternly at her, Patricia said, "Lyndsy, if you dare offend me again, then don't hold me accountable for what I do."

As soon as she finished speaking, a hint of coldness and hostility flashed through Patricia's clear eyes.

From the moment she stepped into the Sampson family's house, she had decided not to be the target of these bullies any longer.



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Lyndsy's delicate face wrinkled in anger, giving her the appearance of a shrew.

"Bitch, how dare you be rude to me? You are nothing more than a lowly girl."

As she spoke, Lyndsy twisted her wrist hard as she tried to escape Patricia's grasp. However, her strength was no match for Patricia's. Lyndsy's outburst had shocked the guests.

All eyes were on here, all laced with a hint of disappointment after seeing her behavior.

Noticing this, Yolanda hurried forward to stop Lyndsy from making a bigger spectacle.

"Lyndsy, you need to calm down! Don't do anything brash." Yolanda looked at Lyndsy worriedly, fearful of what her daughter might do.

"Isn't Zac just a member of the Reynolds family? Is it necessary for Lyndsy to lose face in front of everyone because of him? If people learned of Lyndsy's true nature, no one would be willing to marry her in the future!" Yolanda had thought that it was only Zac that they would be losing, but there were many other excellent young men from wealthy families here tonight too.

Among them one could match Lyndsy's social status and be a good partner for her.

However, after this incident... Yolanda glared at Patricia and Zac as this thought crossed her mind.

From the corner of her eye, she glimpsed at Sullivan.

Seeing the anger expressed on his face immediately made her anxious.

"Lyndsy, come over here!"

Casting a stern glance at Lyndsy, she hinted for her to come over to her side as soon as possible.

'If Lyndsy continues to make trouble, something terrible is bound to happen.'

"Not yet, mom. I want to teach this bitch a lesson!"

In her rage, Lyndsy ignored Yolanda's words.

Before Yolanda could intervene, Lyndsy spun around and pounced on Patricia unexpectedly.

Cursing at her, Lyndsy roared, "Bitch, go to hell!"

Lyndsy's sudden attack caused Patricia to lose her balance and fall backward.

Out of the corner of her eyes, Patricia glimpsed the mahogany chair directly behind her.

Releasing her hold on Lyndsy's hand, Patricia attempted to grab the back of the nearby chair to steady herself.

Lyndsy's sharp gaze caught what Patricia was trying to do.

Grabbing hold of Patricia's hand, Lyndsy closed in on her, ready to bump into the chair with her.

The next moment, a piercing scream rang out in the room, "Ahhhh!"

With great difficulty, Patricia opened her eyes.

Her back, numb with pain, felt like it was about to be destroyed.

As she hit the edge of the mahogany chair, she had tried moving aside.

Thinking she could avoid a second attack, Lyndsy proved her wrong by pressing all her weight on Patricia's body, making her bump into the chair again.

The excruciating pain made Patricia feel as though her spine was about to break.

"Patricia..."

"Lyndsy..."

Two voices full of concern resonated in the quiet room.

Then, Zac, Yolanda, and Sullivan rushed over to their sides.

Everyone craned their necks, looking at Lyndsy and Patricia as if they were watching a play.

Yolanda helped Lyndsy to her feet, feeling sorry to see her daughter in such a sad state.

Sullivan was livid as he looked upon Lyndsy, exasperated at her failure to conduct herself decently.

Fraught with worry, Zac helped Patricia up and asked softly, "How are you feeling now? Did you get hurt anywhere?"

Seeing the nervous look on Zac's face, Patricia unconsciously turned her face away.

Removing herself from his embrace, she said coldly, "Thank you for your concern, but I'm alright."

Patricia took a step back to put some distance between Zac and herself.

She looked around at the guests expressionlessly.

Her cold gaze made them believe she was truly fine.

Zac became furious when he heard her say that.

Angrily biting his lower lip, he stared at her.

'What does she mean by that? Why is she so eager to push me away? Am I so annoying?' The more Zac thought about it, the angrier he became.

Feeling a strange look boring into him, he looked over at Lyndsy.

Zac wondered what her look could mean. Just as he was about to ask her about it, he was interrupted by Lyndsy.

"Why did you do this to me, Zac? I thought you told me you liked me? But today..." Lyndsy suddenly began crying.

With bloodshot eyes, she stared at Zac as her tears streamed down her face.

'I don't understand why Zac keeps treating me like this when he clearly told me he likes me!'

"You misunderstood my words. I only like you as my sister,"

Zac replied firmly, his face emotionless. Lyndsy's weeping intensified.

As she looked at Zac in disbelief, a thought occurred to her.

Sneering, she looked at Zac and Patricia resentfully.

Finally, it was clear to Lyndsy that Zac was only using her to stimulate Patricia.

He had no romantic interest in her at all. Lyndsy's sadness pained Yolanda.

Unconsciously glancing at Zac, Yolanda labelled him as an enemy.

**“That’s enough for today. Today’s farce is over. Lyndsy, go back to your room. As for you two, you’re both not welcomed in this house. Please leave immediately!”**

**Sullivan furiously glared at Zac and Patricia.**

**Reining in his anger, he ordered them to leave his house immediately.**

**Had today not been his birthday and had there not been so many guests at his house, Sullivan would have argued further with Zac and Patricia.**

**Hearing this, a cold smile appeared on Zac’s sexy thin lips.**

**Without further hesitation, he spun around and left without saying anything else.**

**Lyndsy, who was accompanied by Yolanda, made her way to her bedroom on the second floor.**

**Patricia was the only one who remained rooted to that spot.**

**Struggling to support herself in an upright position, she stared at Sullivan and said, “Dad, I…”**

**Before Patricia could finish her sentence, a loud slap rang out as Sullivan’s palm struck her cheek.**

**His palm was imprinted on the side of her face.**

**Her cheek burned, and she could smell the scent of blood between her lips and teeth.**

**Apparently, he had slapped her with all his strength.**

**Before Patricia could regain her senses, Sullivan flew into a rage and began ranting.**

**Venting his frustration on her, he said, “You unfilial child! You are not my daughter! Get out of the Sampson family’s house.”**

**Patricia sneered as she heard this.**

**She looked coldly at him, a hint of irony on her face.**

**‘He only sees me as a tool to vent his anger. Furthermore, in front of everyone today, he is trying to disown me from the Sampson family. But is it necessary to go to such lengths?’**

**“Dad, I know you are angry today, so I won’t say anything else. But it seems that you’ve forgotten that although I’ve moved out, I still have your blood flowing through me. So, even if you refuse to admit it, it doesn’t change the fact that I am**

still the eldest daughter of the Sampson family," she announced fearlessly under his hateful gaze.

Her domineering manner, like a queen, made the guests hold their breath.

Even Sullivan was shocked by this sight.

'Is this the same Patricia that I know? Where is the meek and docile Patricia that used to live here?' Once she was finished speaking, Patricia, ignoring his gaze, turned around, straightened her back, and haughtily left.

Sullivan regained his composure and returned to being a hospitable host after Patricia left.

He encouraged everyone to continue enjoying the festivities.

However, today's events had left him exhausted, and he felt like more of his black hair had turned grey.

Standing at the door of the Sampson family's house, Patricia subconsciously looked back at everything in the house with nostalgia in her eyes.

"Grandpa, are you proud of me?" she softly murmured.

For Patricia, the Sampson family was hell on earth.

For the most part, she had been bullied endlessly by Yolanda and Lyndsy and was intensely disliked by her father.

However, when her grandfather was alive, it was a place filled with love.

Her grandfather had once told her that she had to live up to her position as the eldest daughter of the Sampson family.

She needed to be strong, brave, and fearless.

She needed to let everyone know that she was a member of the Sampson family!

"Yes, I have done that today. I have shown my charms as the eldest daughter of the Sampson family in front of all the guests present, including my father, who has always looked down upon me."

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 96

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A lancing pain suddenly shot through her back, pulling her away from her thoughts. Groaning, she subconsciously raised her hand to touch her back. Unfortunately, she didn't have enough strength to raise her hand.

Apparently, when she hit the chair earlier, it had done more damage than she had thought since she couldn't even raise her hand.

Casting one last glance at the Sampson family's house, Patricia turned around and left.

It was a struggle to walk out the Sampson family's house gates and then to the nearby bus station.

She had initially planned on driving tonight, but she didn't have enough time earlier to go to the company and fetch her car.

Now, it was so late at night that she wasn't sure if there were any taxis still running on the roads.

Standing at the bus stop, Patricia looked around, hoping that a taxi would appear and take her home.

Suddenly, a dazzling light blinded her as it slowly approached where she stood.

Patricia squinted her eyes subconsciously to see if it was a taxi that had pulled up.

While her eyes were adjusting to the bright light, she stretched out her hand to stop the car.

"Sir, can you give me a ride to my destination?"

Walking up to the window, she politely looked in to see the driver.

Patricia was stunned when the window rolled down to reveal Zac behind the wheel, looking directly at her.

'I thought Zac had left much earlier? So, why is he here now?'

"You..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Zac interrupted and said, "Didn't you say you needed a ride just now? I'll drop you home." As he said this charmingly he winked at her.

"Thank you. But I wouldn't dare bother you, Mr. Reynolds," Patricia said politely.

Then turning around, she walked back to the bus stop. Zac became infuriated when he saw this.

Taking a deep breath, he angrily slapped the steering wheel.

'What should I do to make her more compliant? She is always so stubborn!' Zac was about to lose his temper because of her stubbornness.

He had been observing her secretly since she left the Sampson family's home a while ago.

'She has been waiting at the bus stop for half an hour without being able to get a ride. Yet, she hasn't even thought of calling and asking me to come and pick her up! When this thought had occurred to Zac, he was so furious but he drove over to her.

He still feared for her safety despite being angry at her.

Sometimes, Zac really wanted to open her head to see what was on her mind and what made her so headstrong.

'If I hadn't shown up, would this woman have foolishly waited until dawn for a ride?' Looking at her receding figure, Zac thought how nice it would be to tie her to his side, so he never had to worry about her again.

However, given her personality, he knew if he did such a thing, it would only frighten her, and she would become more frustrated with him.

Not wanting this to happen, he had given up on that idea as soon as he thought of it.

Taking a few deep breaths, Zac reminded himself that he needed to remain calm and not in a state of anger when dealing with Patricia.

After regaining his composure, Zac unfastened his seat belt, got out of the car, and walked quickly to her side.

"There aren't any taxis running at this hour. Are you planning on waiting here until morning?"

Staring intently at her, Zac noticed how tired her face looked.

Seeing her like this made him sad, and he wished he could offer her a shoulder to lean on.

'Does Patricia have to torture herself like this?' Seeing her like this, Zac stepped closer to her side as he looked down at her.

"And even if that's what you plan on doing, I won't allow it!" Zac said in a commanding tone.

Stretching out his long arm, he wrapped it around her waist.

“Zac, don’t think that...”

Patricia had started to reprimand Zac but fell short of her words.

Zac’s determined eyes and concerned look stunned her to the point of leaving her speechless.

Patricia suddenly felt enchanted by the way Zac was looking at her.

Seeing her bewitched like this made him chuckle.

A hint of complacency appeared on his face.

‘Evidently, even Patricia could show such a charming expression! Good!’ Noticing the smile on Zac’s face, Patricia bit her lower lip and quickly came to her senses.

She didn’t know what had come over her moments ago, causing her to behave in such a manner.

“You’d better listen to me, Patricia,” Zac said as he pulled her closer.

However, by doing this, he accidentally touched Patricia on the area she had damaged. She screamed out in pain involuntarily.

“Ahhh!”

At that moment, her pretty face was distorted from the pain she was suffering. Zac was shocked by the look of discomfort displayed on her face.

Looking at Patricia in astonishment, he quickly released his hand from her waist, fearing he would hurt her further.

Looking her up and down with his penetrating gaze, Zac tried to figure out what had caused her to scream in pain.

He noticed Patricia taking a few deep breaths.

Her face had paled, and her forehead was covered with a thin layer of sweat.

She appeared weak and unable to breathe properly.

“What’s wrong with you, Patricia?” Zac asked nervously.

He was starting to panic and didn’t know what to do.

Remembering that it was her waist he had touched that caused that reaction, he walked behind her to see if he could determine the cause of her pain.



That's when he saw her back slightly trembling, the kind of tremble that was uncontrollable.

This sight shocked Zac until he was at a loss for words.

When he looked at Patricia, he recalled when Lyndsy had bumped into her earlier at the party, causing her to fall.

When she had fallen then, he remembered her screaming in pain.

He felt that she might have been injured by the fall, but he hadn't expected her to not say a word and pretend she was fine.

"Patricia, you were just pretending to be fine? Why?"

Zac was so angry at her that he frowned and breathed deeply to calm himself.

'How can this woman be so reckless? Here she is, seriously injured, but hiding the fact from me! Damn it!' The more Zac thought about it, the angrier he became.

So furious was he that he almost punished her on the spot.

However, thinking of her condition, he gave up on that idea, fearful it would cause a secondary injury.

"It had nothing to do with you, Zac."

Avoiding eye contact with Zac, she answered him coldly while deliberately keeping a distance between them.

Hearing this, Zac became furious but didn't say a word.

He stared at her, wanting to see how long she planned on remaining stubborn.

When Zac suddenly fell quiet, Patricia's curiosity got the better of her.

Suspiciously glancing at him, her pink lips opened and closed several times before she gently said, "I'm fine, Zac."

'She's fine? Who does she think she's fooling? If she is fine, why did she scream so loudly just now when I touched her waist? If she is fine, why is her face so pale? Patricia! This stubborn woman! She could be so hateful!' Then, Zac gasped out of rage.

His deep eyes were full of anger.

"You're fine? Can't you just be honest with me? Why do you insist that you're fine when you're not?"

Patricia's antics were pissing Zac off. He was losing his mind here.

He flung his arm up in the air in exasperation, not knowing what to do anymore.

Not only was he angry, but he also felt helpless.

Sometimes, he really didn't know what to do with Patricia.

Every time he heard her cold voice, he would get angry at her and storm off.

But once he had calmed down, he would start worrying about her safety and well-being.

He was so afraid that she would be wronged or bullied by others that he always unconsciously returned to her side.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 97

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Zac felt like he was going out of his mind every time he was affected by Patricia. However, this was better than being unable to sleep at home due to constantly worrying about her. Besides, he could only fall asleep after confirming her safety with his own eyes.

Noticing Zac's hesitation, Patricia pursed her pink lips and said lightly, "I'm not lying. I'm really okay."

Hearing this angered Zac more. Glaring at her, he looked at her angrily.

'Since you've claimed that you're fine, don't blame me for being rude,' thought Zac.

He then reached out his hand and gently touched her back. As he was about to say something, her scream rang out and stopped him in his tracks. Zac was shocked to hear such a heartbreaking wail.

His fingers stiffened in midair, and he wondered if he had applied too much pressure when he touched her.

'No, I didn't use any of my strength, which means...' Looking down at her seriously, he took a deep breath before saying

"Did you hear yourself just then? You've been badly injured, yet you're telling me that you're fine. You..."

Before Zac could say anything more, Patricia, glaring at him, angrily interrupted him.

"You know that I'm injured, but you still used so much strength when you touched me. That wasn't very nice of you!"

With an aggrieved look on her face, Patricia pursed her lips.

'Zac knows that I'm injured, yet he touched my wound so mercilessly!'

Not giving Zac a chance to retort, Patricia continued, "You know that I'm injured, but you're still treating me like this. You're so hateful!"

As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears. As her teardrops cascaded down her cheeks, she looked at Zac sadly.

She didn't know why she was crying.

'Is it because of what Zac did just now?' But she didn't think so. While she was in the Sampson family's house, she had been able to bear the pain. But standing in front of Zac now, she could no longer hide her discomfort.

She didn't know why, but Zac's presence made her tears fall uncontrollably.

Seeing Patricia crying had left Zac speechless. His lips opened and closed, but no words came out.

'Why is she crying? Is it because I just touched her?' Zac felt panicked and didn't know what to do when he saw Patricia in this state.

After a while, Zac's guilt made him lower his eyes, and in a soft voice, he said, "Patricia, please don't be angry. It's not good for your wound. Don't cry anymore."

He then had reached out to comfort her but stopped midair as he didn't know how to console her.

He wanted to touch her, but remembering how his touch had made her cry, he stopped and withdrew his hand. He couldn't help but worry about her.

"No. I just want to cry to my heart's content." Like a spoiled child, she kept crying.

Perhaps it was because of the pain in her body, or perhaps it was because of Zac's presence, but she wept profusely this time.

Zac didn't know what to do. He stood there in a daze, sighing, as he looked at her with concern in his eyes.

'Well, this is all my fault. I shouldn't have touched Patricia's injured body on purpose to verify that she was lying. That was pointless. I was wrong! I was really wrong to do that!' Zac thought.

"It's my fault. Don't cry, okay?"

Pushing aside his dignity, Zac admitted his mistake to her.

Patricia was so stunned when she heard this that she forgot she was crying.

She then cast a suspicious gaze at Zac.

'Have I heard wrong? Did Zac apologize to me just now? How could an arrogant man like Zac apologize to me?' Seeing the distrustful look in her eyes caused a hint of displeasure to flash across Zac's face.

'I have genuinely apologized and admitted my mistake. Why is she still looking at me like this? Is she still blaming me?'

"It's okay if you don't accept my apology."

Zac coughed in annoyance as if what he had just said wasn't true.

Patricia frowned and stared at Zac unhappily.

She said sharply, "Your apology is fake, right?"

"It is whatever you think it is. If you think it's true, then it is. If you think it's fake, then it's fake."

Zac stared at her in annoyance as he bit his lower lip.

A slight frown formed on his brows.

'Isn't it obvious that I apologized sincerely just now? Why is she misunderstanding me? This woman actually asked me if what I said was the truth! She is so annoying!' However, unbeknownst to Zac, what he had just said and how he looked was in sharp contrast to how he usually behaved, which made Patricia suspect him.

Seeing this, Patricia suddenly understood and nodded.

'It turns out even Zac can apologize and admit when he's wrong! I always thought Zac was an arrogant man who didn't understand what an apology was. Rather, as Zac often said, there was no such word in his dictionary!' Confirming his words were true through his facial expression, Patricia reluctantly nodded and accepted his apology.

Coughing, she said, "Okay, I'll accept your apology, but on one condition."

“What condition?”

Confused, Zac frowned as he didn't understand what had brought this smile to her face.

‘Patricia was weeping so sadly moments ago. Why is she suddenly happy now?’

Before Zac regained his senses, Patricia pointed at his chest and said firmly, “You have to drive me home!”

Zac was stunned when he heard this.

Looking at her with his deep penetrating eyes, he waited for her to continue.

Realizing that she was finished speaking, he quickly nodded his agreement without hesitation.

Zac didn't understand why she would make such a request on her own that would put them in close proximity to each other.

However, as long as she was willing to get into his car, he didn't care what her reason or excuse was for doing so.

Since Zac agreed so readily, Patricia turned and walked over to his Porsche.

Seeing this, Zac secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

The corners of his mouth slightly curved upward, and a faint smile touched his lips.

‘This woman is finally becoming docile.

The only thing on Patricia's mind was how Zac needed to atone for making her cry earlier.

She thought him giving her a ride was fair compensation.

And this way, she wouldn't feel like she owed him or needed to keep in touch later on.

So, this was an appropriate form of compensation.

But little did she know that these were just excuses to justify why she didn't want to leave Zac's side.

As for the real reason, she didn't know why either.

However, anyone with a discerning eye could see how happy she was.

“Zac, what are you doing! Come and drive the car!”

Patricia urged in a low voice as she sat in the front passenger seat, looking commanding like a queen.

Casually shrugging his shoulders, Zac watched her intently and noticed that there was no displeasure in her eyes.

“Well, today I will let you have your way!” Zac smiled as he walked over to her.

“Before going home, there’s something important that you need to take care of.”

Seeing the serious look on Zac’s face, Patricia frowned with suspicion.

She felt as though she had boarded a pirate ship, so she instantly became vigilant.

Examining Zac’s face several times brought her no closer to figuring out what he meant.

Zac, on the other hand, smiled knowingly without saying a word.

Sitting on the driver’s seat, he started the car and sped away.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 98

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

While Zac drove, Patricia kept asking him what his words meant.

Suddenly, she saw that he had stopped in front of the hospital.

Eyes wide open in confusion, Patricia looked at Zac suspiciously.

“You are badly injured, Patricia. Of course, you need to be checked out by a doctor!”

Zac said in an authoritative tone, leaving no room for argument.

Shaking her head, Patricia firmly said, “It’s only a bruise. I don’t need to see a doctor for this type of injury.”

Zac realized she didn’t want to go to the hospital.

Upon hearing this, Zac frowned and squinted his eyes at her, a trace of anger on his face.

'What is wrong with this woman? Patricia is badly injured, but she refuses to see the doctor. Why is she torturing herself?' Sometimes, Zac really felt like he couldn't understand what she was thinking.

"When I go back home, I will apply some ointments," Patricia said offhandedly as she looked away from Zac's probing eyes.

Zac angrily glared at her and helplessly took a deep breath to calm himself.

Although he couldn't see how badly she was hurt, he could only guess that it wasn't simply a light bruising.

Her face was too pale to deceive his sharp eyes.

'Patricia said that she would go back and apply some ointments. Is she a doctor? How can she know which medicines to use to treat her injury? This woman is really troublesome!' Unable to control his anger, Zac pulled her out of the passenger seat without saying anything.

Then bending over, he picked her up in his long arms and carried her into the hospital.

He didn't care what she had to say about this.

He was set on having her checked out by a doctor.

Patricia shrieked when he did this.

Noticing the strange gazes boring into her from those nearby, she subconsciously leaned closer to Zac's neck and whispered, "Zac, let go of me.

This is the hospital, isn't it? "Shut up!"

Zac said coldly as an overbearing aura emanated from him. He wouldn't allow her to have a say in this matter anymore.

Seeing Zac's resolute expression, Patricia wisely shut up, not daring to say anything further.

Feeling the penetrating gazes of the people around, she buried herself in Zac's chest as she tried to avoid being seen.

Seeing her shrink away from other people like this made Zac furious. He glared at her and bit his thin lips.

'Am I such a monster? Why does this woman dislike being seen with me so much?' Taking a deep breath, Zac realized he would never understand what was going on inside her mind.

'Women would be lining up anxiously waiting to get closer to me, but they never have their dreams realized. But Patricia acted as though she didn't care to be with me!' Zac's self-esteem was hurt by this fact.

'However, while she is injured and her face pale, I will forgive her this time. I will settle the score with her when she recovers. Furthermore, Patricia is now lying quietly in my arms as if silently relying on me.' He had never experienced this with her before.

Realizing this, Zac's mood slightly improved.

A faint smile touched his lips.

When they arrived at the outpatient department, the young doctor on duty couldn't help but be shocked when he saw the young woman nestled in Zac's arms.

Curiously, the doctor gave her the once-over and was stunned to realize that this was the eldest daughter of the Sampson family.

'I heard that she's currently dating another wealthy man. And she had filed for divorce. So, why is she with Zac right now? What's with this ex-husband and ex-wife combo?' Remembering scenes from dramas he had seen, the young doctor tried to figure out what had led to this turn of events between them.

Noticing the doctor's strange gaze, Zac glared at him and said coldly, "If you want to keep your job, then you'd better look the other way."

Zac was solemn and domineering, making the young doctor tremble in fear.

He immediately withdrew his gaze from Patricia, fearing that he would lose his job if he continued looking at her.

Zac was the primary sponsor of this hospital, so even the hospital director was polite to Zac. Thus, this young doctor dared not offend Zac.

"Mr. Reynolds, can you tell me what is wrong with the young lady?" the young doctor said in a friendly tone.

He glanced at Patricia from the corner of his eyes, looking for any visible damage.

"This is Mrs. Reynolds! Do address her correctly." Zac frowned as he glared at the doctor with dissatisfaction.

'Are they all blind? How can they not know that Patricia is my wife?'

"Yes, of course, it's Mrs. Reynolds."



The young doctor broke out into a cold sweat as he thought of how difficult it was to deal with Zac.

To his knowledge, Zac and Patricia were divorced, so why...

Glaring at the young doctor with annoyance in his eyes, Zac asked, "Aren't there any female doctors on duty tonight?"

Embarrassed by this question, the young doctor lowered his head, not knowing how to answer Zac.

"Well... Umm..."

The young doctor was reluctant to answer, delaying his reply to Zac's question. Seeing the doctor like this infuriated Zac.

Staring furiously at the doctor, Zac roared, "Answer me! Do you have a female doctor? Yes or no!"

This doctor's lack of response made Zac want to tear the whole hospital down to see if there was a female doctor on call himself.

"Yes, we have one. But most of the doctors in our department are male," the young doctor stated after plucking up some courage.

He glanced at Zac as he said this and unconsciously took a step back.

Already burning with rage, Zac snapped at the man and said, "Then find me a female doctor this instance!"

'How can I let another man check my wife's body?'

Overhearing Zac and the young doctor's conversation, Patricia looked up at Zac and whispered, "Zac, don't make things difficult for the doctor. They..."

Zac wordlessly stared at her.

He could feel his anger welling up inside of himself.

"You..." Seeing him like this, Patricia looked at Zac in confusion.

"I don't understand why Zac is suddenly so hot-tempered over such a trivial matter. Why is he behaving like this?" "Did I say something wrong?"

Patricia looked innocently up at Zac, making him feel as if he was the one who had done something wrong.

Seeing this look in her eyes, Zac couldn't help but feel glum.

He suddenly wished he could toss her aside so she would be out of his sight.

'This woman's brain is definitely different from that of ordinary people. How can she feel comfortable having another man look at and touch her body?' Thinking this caused blue veins to appear at the back of his hands.

A hint of displeasure flashed through his deep eyes, and he exhaled heavily.

Seeing Zac's expression, Patricia pursed her lips and said indifferently, "It's no use losing your temper now, Zac."

Zac felt that he was about to cough up a mouthful of blood.

'I wonder if Patricia is talking back to me on purpose? And why does she always contradict everything I say?' The young doctor, who hadn't left yet to fulfill Zac's request, breathed a sigh of relief when Zac's attention shifted back to Patricia.

He was, however, confused.

'It is said that the second young master of the Reynolds family and the eldest daughter of the Sampson family are not on good terms with each other.

Furthermore, they are supposed to be divorced.

So, was that rumor still valid?' Somehow, when the young doctor saw their bickering, he thought they looked like a happily married couple.

He didn't know if the reports on Zac and Patricia were true anymore because the way these two interacted gave the impression of a happy couple.

## Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 99

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

"Excuse me," said the kind-hearted young doctor as he interrupted their conversation.

He wanted to inform them that he could find a female nurse to check on Patricia.

However, Zac didn't give the doctor a chance to speak. He glared at the doctor before turning his gaze back to Patricia.

"Then we'll just let this doctor check on your condition."

Zac then slowly but gently put Patricia down, a weird smile gracing his handsome face.

Anyone looking at him could see the anger knitted between his eyebrows.

Hearing Zac's words, Patricia nodded her head indifferently.

Glancing at Zac coldly, she said, "Okay. It doesn't matter to me who performs this check-up."

Zac frowned more as he heard this.

Blue veins lined his forehead as he forced a smile onto his cold face.

"Since you said it doesn't matter who does this examination, I won't say anything more."

After that, using his eyes, Zac motioned to the young doctor.

He wanted him to come over and check on Patricia as soon as possible.

Understanding Zac's silent cue, the young doctor inexplicably started sweating and trembled in fear.

'Is he kidding? I can see the murderous look in Zac's eyes. It's clear as day that if I accidentally touch Patricia in the wrong way, this man will feed me to the sharks.'

The young doctor swallowed nervously as he cautiously looked at Zac and said, "Mr. Reynolds, are you kidding me?"

"Am I kidding you? Do I look like I'm joking?" Zac bit his lower lip as he angrily glanced at the doctor before resting his gaze on Patricia.

Seeing the determined look on her face, Zac became infuriated.

'Does she really want this male doctor to check on her? Wouldn't she feel embarrassed at all?' Zac took a deep breath to calm down.

He was so angry that his whole body was trembling.

Staring at Patricia, he waited to see what she would do. Noticing the anger in Zac's eyes, Patricia ignored him.

Turning away from Zac, she smiled politely at the young doctor.

"Doctor, you can start checking on me now."

Hearing this, the doctor turned pale.

In his fright, he looked at Zac helplessly, at a loss on how to proceed, 'Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, why are you dragging me between your lover's quarrel?' He was in a dilemma then.

Staring blankly at them, the doctor was too afraid to move a muscle.

Zac nodded his satisfaction when he saw this.

On the other hand, Patricia frowned as she angrily glared at him.

Dissatisfaction lacing her voice, she said, "Isn't it a doctor's duty to take care of their patients?"

She looked at the doctor contemptuously.

She had not expected that the doctor would follow Zac's orders.

'If this is how they are going to operate, then what need do we have for doctors?' The young doctor understood what she meant but was too afraid of losing his job to attend to her.

"Actually, I can have a female nurse come and check on Miss...Mrs. Reynolds now. That way, no one will feel embarrassed."

The doctor smiled warmly as he offered this solution to them.

Zac was pleased with this suggestion and nodded his approval to the doctor.

Patricia, on the other hand, frowned unhappily.

She only thought of how the doctor was obediently following Zac's command, forgetting that there were boundaries between men and women.

"No, thank you,"

Patricia said as she refused the doctor's request seriously, meaning that he should be the one to examine her.

At this point, she had forgotten her fear of doctors.

Zac couldn't be angrier by this decision of hers.

Staring at Patricia fiercely, he didn't notice the streak of blood forming on his lower lip from biting too hard.

Clenching his fists, he wanted nothing more than to punish her for being so headstrong 'When will this woman stop messing around? Is this all a joke to her?' Patricia knew this was no laughing matter, but she couldn't explain why she behaved so irrationally.

Whenever Zac ordered her to do something, the urge to resist him always arose as she didn't want to be controlled by him.

Zac furiously roared, "Patricia, come out," when he saw her disappear into the treatment room.

Zac's roar drew the attention of a nearby female nurse.

Running over in a panic, she shouted, "Doctor, what's wrong?" "Are you okay? Did you meet..."

Upon reaching the door, she was greeted by the tall, imposing figure of Zac.

Stunned, she instinctively finished the rest of her sentence.

The nurse barely finished her sentence. She stared obsessively at Zac.

'Oh, my God. My prince charming has appeared, and I am so close to him! The young doctor coughed and gave the nurse a disdainful look.

Seeing who the nurse was, the doctor couldn't help but feel sorry for himself.

'Any other nurse would do, but why is it Dora Ashton who came running in?' Among the nurse team, Dora was well known to be 'boy-crazed'.

Her unusual behavior usually made others feel uncomfortable.

"Dora, can you please help me check on Mrs. Reynolds?"

He then smiled and winked at Dora. Since Dora was now present, he would leave this task up to her and avoid losing his job. Besides, he didn't want to be on the receiving end of Zac's murderous gaze again.

Dora grinned innocently, showing her canine teeth.

She immediately walked into the treatment room, and a shriek rang out.

Zac, and even those outside the door, heard it clearly.

"Wow, aren't you Miss Patricia Su? You look more beautiful in real than in your photos. You are truly dazzling."

Even Zac felt embarrassed when he heard the nurse gushing. He could imagine how the nurse was looking at Patricia as if she was a star. Patricia took the nurse's reaction in stride.

She thought that Dora's canine teeth made her look like a cute, innocent girl.

"Miss Patricia, I'll need you to relax. It seems that you have hurt your waist. Let me properly examine the injured area, and then we'll know how to proceed," Dora said in a cheerful tone.

She might have her quirks, being boy-crazy and all, but Dora was still the best nurse with the highest academic ability on the team.

With a gentle smile, Patricia said in a soft voice, "Thank you. But my back doesn't look good. I hope I won't scare you."

Patricia's eyes darkened as if a sad secret was about to be exposed.

Dora nodded her head seriously and raised three fingers to promise her, "Don't worry."

I wouldn't be scared so easily, and rest assured, I wouldn't tell anyone what I've seen."

Taking in Dora's cute actions, Patricia couldn't help but chuckle at how adorable she seemed.

Taking a deep breath, Patricia lowered her evening dress, revealing her bare upper body.

Sensing Dora's afflicted gaze boring into her back, a hint of sadness flashed across Patricia's face.

Donning her usual aloof demeanor, she looked back at Dora apologetically.

"I'm sorry to scare you like this."

"Well..." Perhaps it was the shock of seeing such a sight that left Dora speechless.

She stared blankly at Patricia's back.

Words would not be enough to express what she saw.

'This is not the back that a beautiful woman should have at all! There are scars of different sizes on it. Some deep while others light, similar to the wounds of a war veteran. But...'

"Miss Patricia Su, how..."

Dora broke down sobbing, unable to finish her sentence. She couldn't help but feel sorry for Patricia.

"What on earth was she made to experience that could cause such injuries to such a beautiful young woman?"

# Remarry My Ex-wife: Love Heals A Broken Heart Chapter 100

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

Hearing Dora's cry, Zac rushed into the treatment room, his heart in his throat.

When he saw the scars etched on Patricia's back, he was so shocked that he forgot to breathe.

'I didn't know that Patricia's back was scarred like this. Every time we had sex, the room would be covered in darkness, making it hard to see. And by the time I awoke, Patricia would have already left the bed, so I was never aware of such marks on her skin. This...' He felt like invisible knives were wrenching his heart again and again the more he looked at her back.

The pain in his heart at this sight made it hard for Zac to breathe.

'What kind of experience has she suffered through to merit such ugly scars on her back?'

Noticing Zac's presence, Dora squealed in surprise and said discontentedly, "Mr. Reynolds, you can't be in here. You need consent to be in this room right now."

Patricia was startled when she heard Zac's name called out.

Slowly turning around, she cast her gaze towards the door.

Seeing his consternation, Patricia felt her body tremble.

Quickly dressing, she glared at Zac.

She had heard some noise a moment ago, but she thought Dora had accidentally bumped into the wooden door due to her shock.

Patricia hadn't expected to turn around and find Zac standing there.

Along with her anger, a trace of shyness and embarrassment could be seen on her face.

Biting her lower lip, she said unhappily, "Zac, why did you come in? You shouldn't have..."

Patricia didn't want Zac to see her scars.

She had kept this secret to herself for so long that when she had finally got married, she thought she had found someone she could finally confide in.

But she later realized that was all wishful thinking on her part.

Their marriage was destined to fail the moment Zac had agreed to marry her.

They were not meant to be a happy couple in love.

After all, this marriage was only a business deal to Zac.

"I..." Hearing her voice, Zac snapped back to reality.

A trace of sadness flashed across his face, and he didn't know what to say for a moment.

'She is my woman, but I know nothing about her. I didn't even know that she had kept such a secret to herself.'

Zac suddenly felt guilty for not having been a better husband to Patricia.

After not hearing a word out of Zac's mouth since he entered, Patricia felt exasperated and didn't wait to listen to his explanation.

She immediately said, "Zac, you'd better leave now."

Hearing this, Zac raised his eyes to look at her. Frowning, a hint of sadness flashed across his face.

Passing Dora on his way out the room, he whispered to her, "Check on her injury, and help me find out where she got those other scars from."

Hearing this, Dora nodded heavily.

How could she refuse her dream guy's command? Besides, she was curious about the scars on Patricia's body as well.

After Zac left, Dora wiped the tears off her face and smiled brightly at Patricia.

"Miss Patricia, please don't take it to heart. I'm easily brought to tears!"

Dora then flashed a charming smile showing Patricia her canine teeth, which made her look very cute.

Patricia nodded slightly.

The embarrassment and shyness on her face melted away when she saw Dora's smile.

Taking a deep breath, she said softly, "It's not your fault. Just don't cry anymore."



Patricia then took off her clothes again and lay prone on the bed, allowing Dora to examine the injuries on her back.

In addition to the obvious scars, two new purple bruises marked her back.

Moreover, one of them was as long as a palm and as wide as two fingers' length.

It was a scary sight.

"Miss Patricia, what did you bump into to get the bruises?" Dora asked in a low voice, looking at her in concern.

She was afraid she would say something out of timing and dredge up bad memories for Patricia.

Hearing her question, a faint smile appeared at the corners of Patricia's mouth, indicating that Dora didn't need to be so worried.

To her, it was just another bruise.

The more lightly Patricia took it, the more distressed Dora felt.

Tears began to stream down Dora's cheeks as she started sobbing.

"Miss Patricia, you must have suffered through many hardships, or you wouldn't have gotten hurt this severely. I feel so sorry for you."

Dora really felt grieved when she looked at Patricia's back. Hearing that, Patricia couldn't help but laugh.

She thought that Dora was a very sweet person.

From as far back as I can remember, Dora is the first person that has cried for the scars on my back, which even my mother knows nothing about.

"I have finished my checks. Fortunately, you didn't hurt your spine. But it's not just simple bruising. You'll need to be hospitalized for further observation."

"Is the damage so severe?" Patricia asked suspiciously. Dora immediately shook her head and smiled sweetly, saying, "It's safer to stay in the hospital under our watchful observation."

Hearing this, Patricia realized she had no choice in the matter.

But since Dora had already seen her scars, there was no need for her to be bashful and hide her scars.

With Dora's assistance, Patricia felt more at ease.

What was more, Patricia knew that if the injuries on her back were not treated in time, she might suffer worse pain in the future.

She made the decision to take some time off to rest.

Besides, there wasn't much work in the company right now, so she could be let off the hook for taking some personal days.

Sampson When Patricia readily agreed, Dora realized she had let her guard down. Remembering the task Zac had assigned to her, she looked over at Patricia.

Distraught as she was, she whispered, "Miss Patricia, I'm sorry for being so nosy, but some of these scars seem to have been around for several years. They also appear to be man-made in nature. Who on earth did this to you?"

Dora nervously looked at Patricia, searching her face for the answers to her question.

Patricia was stunned by the directness of Dora's question.

Taking a deep breath, she looked at the ceiling gloomily.

'Where did I get those scars?' Patricia couldn't remember clearly when she had received her scars.

She knew some of them were caused by Lyndsy's bullying, some were caused when Sullivan beat her after getting drunk, and others were caused by Yolanda venting her anger.

All kinds of vague memories flashed through Patricia's mind.

Without saying a word, she pushed them all aside.

She didn't want to relive those terrible memories.

She didn't want to be dragged back to the past and lose the confidence she had mustered to move on.

Seeing Patricia's forlorn expression, Dora couldn't help but blow her nose.

She felt like her tears were on the verge of falling again.

In her eyes, Patricia looked like a lonely little girl, waiting for someone to hold her tightly and protect her.

"Miss Patricia, don't think about it anymore. There is no need to remember such unhappy memories."

Dora sobbed. Patricia was constantly surprised by Dora's reactions.

But for some reason, she couldn't hate Dora for the way she behaved.

Instead, Patricia thought that Dora seemed like an innocent girl, one who was sympathetic and even shed tears on her behalf.

When Patricia and Dora exited the treatment room, Zac made his way over to their side, looking anxiously at Patricia.

Pursing his lips, he didn't know what to say to her. But his deep eyes were full of worry.

A trace of guilt also shone through his eyes as well, and he decided he would make it up to Patricia.

When her eyes met with Zac's, a trace of coldness appeared on her face before she looked away.

After a moment's pause, Zac arranged a private ward for her.

As soon as she was brought into the room, she fell asleep.

Perhaps it was because she was exhausted after confronting Sullivan and the others that night, or perhaps it was from all the pain she had endured when the nurse applied the medicine on her back.

At this time, Patricia was sound asleep on the bed, a faint smile lining her face.

Zac wondered what delightful dream she was having that caused her to smile so sweetly.

Seeing the smile on Patricia's face, Zac's heart ached inexplicably. He looked at her back unconsciously.

For a moment, his heart seemed to be grabbed by something and was so heart-wrenchingly painful. Furthermore it felt like heavy rocks weighed on his chest, making it difficult to breathe.