

You Are My One and Only Chapter 13

You Are My One and Only Chapter 13 She's Very Similar to That Woman

"Water... Water..." Patricia mumbled in discomfort.

Isaac was startled, but it seemed like there was no one else in the house, and Patricia clearly looked out of sorts right now. He glanced at the table in the corner and poured her a glass of water. Therefore, he sat at the bedside, helped her to sit up, and fed her the water.

She seemed parched as she finished the water within seconds. When he lifted his hand and felt her forehead, he blinked his eyes in shock. It's burning hot! What's her temperature now?!

The man's palm was very cool, and Patricia felt really comfortable as she gasped, pulling his hand and placing it on her face.

"Hot... It's so hot..."

The second Isaac entered the house, he could smell her scent, and the entire place was filled with that faint, sweet smell. This smell was incredibly familiar to him, and he seemed to really like this light fragrance.

He glanced at the unconscious woman in his arms and patted her face lightly. "Patricia Aniston, are you feeling uncomfortable? I'll take you to the hospital."

A few pats on the face woke Patricia up a little, and she gazed at him with glazed eyes, her mind still in a daze. "I'm not going to the hospital. I don't want to!"

Then, she started struggling as she wriggled out of his arms and snuggled into the sheets.

"Cold... It's so cold..."

He furrowed his brows tightly at the sight of her shivering in the sheets. One second she was shivering, and the next, she felt hot. This was very dangerous, but she didn't want to go to the hospital, either.

After he tucked her in, he whisked out his phone and called Nikola, who picked up very quickly.

"Ise, how did it go last night?" he asked, thinking that he must have spent a beautiful evening after taking Little Doe away.

Isaac asked sternly, "She has a fever. About 102 degrees. What should I do?"

"Damn it. You shagged her so much that she's having a fever now? Aren't you a little ruthless?" Nikola exclaimed in shock. Setting aside his breakfast, he was a little curious about how he was able to render her to this state.

Isaac's voice echoed through the line emotionlessly. "Should I go over and shag you until you're running a fever?"

"No, thanks," Nikola answered hurriedly.

"Speak."

Instantly, Nikola turned serious and taught him how to manage a fever. After that, he wanted to dig for more details, but Isaac hung up on him heartlessly.

Isaac looked at the medication on the table and saw that it was an antipyretic medication. Hence, he immediately took the tablets according to the instructions, poured some water, and sat at the bedside.

By now, the woman's petite face was flushed crimson, and she was less conscious than before.

Unfortunately, he had to ensure that she took the medication, so he patted her face gently and said, "Patricia Aniston, wake up and take this medication for fever."

Her eyes fluttered open for a second, and she jerked her head aside. "No... I'm not taking it..."

Isaac felt his head throbbing in frustration. She doesn't want to take the medication, nor does she want to go to the hospital. Is she planning to turn into an idiot from this fever? he thought with a solemn expression on his gorgeous face.

This was the first time he encountered an ill woman, which was quite tricky to handle. So, he propped her in his arms again and stuffed the medicine into her mouth.

Nevertheless, the woman was highly uncooperative, struggling and mumbling, "N-No..."

Because of her squirming, the tablet rolled to the floor, and his face turned sullen.

Thus, he firmly grabbed her flushed face with his hand and warned, "Patricia Aniston, you better be good, or else..."

With her small face in his hand, he could feel how delicate and smooth her skin was. The temperature on her cheeks was burning hot, and her cherry lips, which were forced into a pout, were very attractive. When he gazed at her peachy lips, the look in his eyes gradually turned deep, and he swallowed the knot in his throat.

"Since you're being so difficult, then don't blame me for this!" he said, picking up the tablet and placing it into his own mouth. Then, he lowered his head, took her lips with his, and passed the pill into her mouth.

The bitter taste reached Patricia's taste buds, and she wanted to spit it out out of reflex reaction. Nonetheless, the man's tongue stopped her and forced her to swallow it, and they went back and forth in a confrontation.

When it started, he only wanted to feed her the medicine, but his eyes gradually darkened with arousal as he progressed.

Her lips were very soft, and the taste in her mouth was very sweet and similar to the little mouth from that night six years ago. Hence, he could no longer control himself, and he kept tasting her to be sure if she could be that woman from back then.

By the end of it, he held onto her face as he ventured into her mouth aggressively.