

## Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 141

### You Are My One and Only Chapter 141

He did not ask her that, but he swore he would leave a mark on her. He swore he would become someone she cared about as well.

They went to the restaurant on the first floor. The decoration was special here. There was a big French window, the table was covered in a white cloth, and there was even a vase of flowers on the table. This was obviously a private dining experience.

A waitress in a black dress and white apron came to welcome them right after they walked through the door. "Come with me please, Mr. Arnold."

They sat down beside the French window. She could see the bamboo forest in the yard from where she sat, and also the stream behind it as well. It was picturesque, but Patricia was confused. Was the restaurant I went to for lunch the same place? It's like two different places.

Isaac held the menu and made the orders. He knew what Patricia liked, and she had no interest in making the orders. Every time she saw the price, she would hesitate. In the end, she would give up and toss the menu to him, and he would make the orders. Yeah, she's so conscious about money because she used to suffer. Totally different from all the other ladies.

Patricia rested her chin on her hand and looked at the stream outside. She smiled. "It's a beautiful place."

Isaac handed the menu back to the waitress, and she left with a smile. He asked, "Have you ever thought about the kind of life you want to live, Patricia?" Isaac looked expectant. He wanted to know what she had in mind. He did not know her that much, but he wanted to find out more.

Patricia thought about the question for a moment. "I don't want much. I just want my kids to be happy, and I'd want to have a house. I want them to have a home. You have no idea how it feels to rent, Mr. Arnold. The landlord would just ask us to move if they have to use the house. There was this one time where we had to go homeless at night. I felt really guilty, but they didn't mind. They even counted the stars in the sky." The kids were her angels.

Isaac could imagine how harrowing it must have been for them. "So how did you get through that hurdle?" He could have helped her if he had known her sooner.

Patricia smiled. "Zachary picked us up and took us to a hotel."

Isaac looked at the sweater he was wearing. He loved this sweater lately. She made it, but it had been meant for Zachary. The food was served, and he filled her plate with some meat. He then said, "Make a sweater for me, Patricia."

Patricia took a bite, and the taste astonished her. It had been a while since she had something this delicious. Yep. I can have everything good if I just follow him around. "You're rich, Mr. Arnold. I think you have at least a hundred sweaters in your closet. I can't make comfy sweaters, and they're really ugly." She was a klutz. Knitting one sweater would take her months. Buying one would be a lot faster.

Isaac's face fell. "I took care of your kids for a whole day, and you can't even make one sweater for me?"

Patricia pouted. I knew it. He expects something in return for every favor he does. Fine. The kids were really happy today, so I'll make the sweater for him. "Sure. I'll get the yarn tomorrow and make you a sweater. What color do you want for your sweater?"

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Isaac said, "Black."

Patricia stopped for a moment. I knew it. "Got it."

They stopped talking and dug into their dinner quietly.

Patricia's classmates were taking a stroll after dinner. They saw Isaac and Patricia inside the restaurant in the garden, but they did not recognize her at first. Isaac was as handsome as usual, and he kept filling Patricia's plate with food. He would then gaze at her and take a few bites himself. The ladies were buzzing with excitement when they saw that.

"Ohmigosh! He's so nice to his lady!"

"God, what I wouldn't do to be in that lady's place."

"Hey, she looks familiar. Wait, that's Patricia!"

Yvonne froze. "Hey, it's really her." But Adeline said she was just taking care of Isaac's relatives' kids. And she said he's gone, but he's right here. They're in that restaurant, and he's even feeding her. She recorded a video and sent it to Adeline. "Hey, they look like they're dating. You should keep an eye on your boyfriend."

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Patricia ate a lot. Playing with her kids at the hot springs took a lot out of her. The food was great, so she had a bit more, and she was stuffed. She stood up and held her lower back. It felt like her stomach would explode. She then looked at Isaac, who was having his soup. It's all his fault. Why did he feed me? He knows I don't like wasting food, so I ate them all. I feel like he was feeding a pig.

The waitress came back with the takeout. "Should I take these over to your place, sir?"

Patricia said, "No. I'll do it." They were going back anyway.

Isaac looked at her calmly. She's too kind. It's the waitress' job, but she just had to take it. He said coldly, "You're holding them yourself. I'm not helping."

I know. You're used to the best in life. You won't help anyone out. Patricia could see where he was coming from, and she smiled. "I like feeding my children myself." She took the takeout and left the restaurant happily.

Isaac frowned. Well, she sounds happy. He had no children he could feed though, so he lost on that front. Isaac got up and strode to catch up to her, then he took the takeout from her and went ahead like nobody's business.

Patricia was flabbergasted. I thought he said he wouldn't help. He can't be honest with himself, huh?

She fed the kids, and they were a lot energized now that they had slept and eaten.

Isaac looked at the time. "Wanna light some fireworks?" He had a lot of fireworks in stock, and he wanted to light some with her. He saw her diary once, and one of the entries said, 'I wonder what it feels like to light fireworks through the whole night.' He kept it in mind ever since.

Sylvie jumped happily. "Nice! I wanna, I wanna!"

Isaac wanted to do it alone with Patricia, but she cared about the kids, so he did not mind them tagging along.

The boys frowned. Man, this guy is childish, but Mommy loves fireworks, so I guess it's fine.

Sylvie held her brothers' hands. "Are you happy, guys? It's been a fun day! Mr. Handsome is so romantic!"

The boys were happy that Sylvie was happy. They patted her head. "We're happy as long as you are."

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Stellan looked at Isaac. He could see that Isaac only had eyes for Patricia. Stellan knew he liked Patricia, but Patricia was oblivious to it. Mom, you can be really stupid sometimes. He's trying to be romantic here, and all you care about is how dangerous fireworks are for kids?

The front yard was filled with hot springs and water sports facilities, while the backyard was perfect for a fireworks show. Isaac took them to the backyard. A bunch of fireworks were already there, ready to be lit up.

Liam and the bodyguards were there. They lit the fireworks up right after Isaac and the others showed up, and the fireworks blew up in the sky, illuminating it.

Patricia was in awe. She saw fireworks before, but only during Christmas. This was her first time seeing them close up. She was reminded of a novel she read. The main couple lit up fireworks through the night on the mountain. She wondered how it must feel. Probably heaven on earth. It was a shame she never dated. Maybe I'd be single for life. Still, she was still in awe when she saw the fireworks, even though they were not for her. She just pretended they were.

The boys covered Sylvie's ear. The girl was staring at the fireworks. There were flowers, deers, and even hearts blooming in the sky.

She was leaping with joy. "They're so pretty!"

The boys looked up at the fireworks calmly. Yeah, they're decent.

Isaac looked at the little girl. She's a lucky one. Her brothers love her. She might not have a father, but she has the boys. They'll be her father figures. She's probably gonna be picky about her boyfriend. She won't date anyone unless they're as nice to her as the boys are. He turned his attention to Patricia. She was staring up into the sky. Patricia was smiling, but she did not express too much delight. She was just staring quietly. Isaac suddenly extended his hands and covered her ears.

She turned her attention to him and blushed. "I'm not a child anymore, Mr. Arnold." I'm not Sylvie. I'm not scared of the explosion. It's nothing more than pops.

Isaac smiled. "Your boys are helping a lady out. I have to do something, or I'll be no better than a kid."

Patricia laughed and looked at her kids. It was like they came out of a painting. The kids were beautiful, and the fireworks made for a perfect background for a comic panel. She brushed Isaac's actions aside and let him cover her ears. She knew he was a proud one, and he would not let her boys look better than he was, so she let him do what he wanted.

Liam was taking a photo of this scene. He thought, I'll send this photo to Mr. Arnold's phone tomorrow. He's gonna give me a bonus then. He had no idea how great his life would be after his boss got a girlfriend. All I have to do is to curry favor with Miss Aniston, and I'm set. Even if I make mistakes, he'll let me off the hook as long as Miss Aniston persuades him.

Isaac was not looking at the fireworks, but staring at her face. She was inches away from him. Her lips were puckered, and they looked like a cherry. Her face was plump, and her eyes were as clear as an unadulterated fountain of water.

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Patricia was beautiful. In fact, she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The sight of her alone cleansed his soul and made it still.

It was already eleven when the fireworks were done, and the kids were already woozy. Patricia took them into the room and put them to bed. Isaac was sitting outside, holding a cigarette between his fingers. The mountain was silent, save for the occasional laughs from the hot springs on the mountain across from them.

Liam stayed with him. He was staring into the night sky.

Isaac suddenly asked, "Liam, which comes first? Love, or family?" He wanted to marry her, even if she did have children of her own. He did not mind, but his grandfather could pass away at any moment. He could never go against his grandfather's wishes, so he was in a dilemma. He wanted to make her happy, but he could not marry her for now.

Liam thought this was a tough question to answer. He said, "Family, I think." You can change your partners, but you can't change your family. Blood is blood no matter what.

Isaac took a drag of his cigarette and said nothing.

Liam looked at him. He could feel that his boss was upset, but he had no idea what Isaac had in mind, so he did not ask.

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They came back to town the next day, and the SUV stopped at Snowflake Lane. Liam opened the door for them. Scott got out first, then he helped Sylvie out. Stellan was the last of the kids to get out of the car, then Patricia followed him.

Isaac was in the second row's window seat. He rolled the window down, revealing his beautiful profile.

Patricia said, "Thanks for the trip, Mr. Arnold."

The kids said, "Thank you, Mr. Arnold!"

Isaac looked at them. He said calmly, "You're welcome. I'd be happy enough if you work harder for me, Miss Aniston."

He means the sweater. Patricia nodded. "I understand, sir. Goodbye."

The SUV drove off. The kids went into the house, but when Patricia tried to go inside, Gus came to her.

"Are you gonna pay us back soon, Tricia? It's been a couple of weeks. My boss wants the money soon."

Patricia apologized, "Sorry, Gus. I'll see if she has sold her house. We'll give you the money if she has."

Gus looked a little upset. "Tricia, the interest is gonna pile up if you don't pay us back on time."

Patricia knew that too. "We'll give you the money before the week is out."

Gus heaved a sigh of relief. "I'll tell my boss you said so. Don't forget about that."

Patricia thanked him profusely, "Thank you, Gus."

She went back home and texted Darcie, 'Have you sold your house, Darcie? They want the money ASAP. We'll have to pay it all back by the weekend.'

Darcie did not text back. She's probably sleeping. I shouldn't disturb her. She changed into new clothes. Patricia wore a black suit, short skirt, fishnet stockings, and black boots. She stood in front of the mirror and looked at herself. Wow, I look younger than I am.

Scott came into her room. "Don't forget that class starts today, Mommy."

Patricia slung her bag over her shoulder and went to her son. "And I'm going right now. I won't let you down."

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Scott smiled. "Good luck, Mommy!"

Her son's encouragement was the motivation she needed. Patricia nodded. "I will."

Scott sent Patricia off. He was in a black coat, and the way he saw her off reminded Patricia of Isaac. For some reason, she thought Scott resembled Isaac a little. She smiled. Maybe that's what every handsome guy looks like when they're kids.

Patricia drove her red Volvo all the way to Claudetown University. The training class was held there, and she heard that it was really professional and raised countless famous designers. Patricia found a spot and sat down. There were both men and women there, and there were about twenty people.

The girl beside her moved closer. "Hi, I'm Janice. Nice to know you, classmate."

Patricia smiled at her. "Hi, I'm Patricia."

Janice was an outgoing person, and they got along well just a moment later. "Patricia, I heard Tiffany herself is gonna teach our class. The Tiffany."

Patricia did not know, but she did know who Tiffany was. She was a famous designer. "That's nice!" Patricia loved her designs. She loved buying Tiffany's shirt back when she was living with the Anistons. She could not afford them now, though. They were expensive, and every new design would always sell out very quickly. She had to be rich and had connections with the official store to get one for herself. Either that, or she had to be a big-ticket client. It would be great if she could learn from Tiffany.

They took their books and got to know a few of their teachers and friends, then class was dismissed.

Patricia held her books and was about to leave, but the homeroom teacher stopped her. "Patricia, a moment."

Patricia told Janice, "Miss Yliaster is calling me. You go ahead without me."

Janice nodded. "And I thought we could have lunch together. Next time, then."

Patricia went over to her teacher. "What do you need, Ms. Yliaster?" The teacher remembers my name on the first day. My name is so easy to remember.

Minerva smiled. "Someone wants to see you, Patricia. Come with me."

Patricia followed her to the office upstairs. She went inside and saw an elegant woman beside the window. The woman was in a black dress, and no matter how Patricia looked, this woman had a magnificent air about her. She turned around and smiled at Patricia. "I'm the one who called you here, Patricia."

Patricia was delightfully surprised to see her. She trotted over to the woman. "Tiffany, it's really you! I'm so happy to see you! I adore your designs!" Patricia did not expect to meet her idol on the first day of class, and class had not even formally started yet.

Tiffany raised her hand elegantly. "I made coffee for you. Have a taste."

Patricia picked the cup up and took an elegant sip. "It's good." She smiled.

Tiffany smiled as well. "Do you love fashion design, Patricia?"

Patricia nodded. "Yeah. I remember watching my mom sew when I was small. Every time she started making clothing, I'd go up to her to see what she was doing. I can't recall everything though, but it felt warm and fuzzy to me, so I decided to become a fashion designer when I grew up, just like my mother."

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Tiffany nodded gently. "Yeah, I understand. All the best, Patricia!"

Patricia smiled. "Thank you! I'll do my best."

Today was a complete surprise. Patricia never thought that she could meet Tiffany alone and be encouraged by her, so she was feeling rather pleased right now.

The two women continued to sip their coffees while they chatted about life.

Patricia realized how fast time had gone by. Their conversation had lasted over two hours, and it was already past 5.00PM.

She got up to leave and Tiffany walked her to the door.

"Can I call you Tricia?" Tiffany asked when they came to the door.

Patricia nodded. "Of course. It's what my friends call me."

"Tricia, this is a dress I made for you."

Patricia's eyes began to sparkle when she heard that. "What? You made a dress for me? Thank you so much!"

She took the bag and was tempted to take a look at the dress right there and then. A dress personally made by Tiffany was far more precious than those sold in stores. In the end, Patricia clutched the bag and waved goodbye. "See you soon!"



With a flash of reluctance in her eyes, Tiffany called out, “Tricia, if you ever encounter any obstacles, you can always give me a call. I’ll help you no matter what.”

Patricia nodded in acknowledgment as Tiffany did not feel like all the other designers. She was a lot easier to get along with, and she treated Patricia especially well.

As Patricia headed downstairs, she had a huge smile on her face. She felt a sort of motherly feeling when she was with Tiffany.

Once she got into her car, she could not resist peeking at the dress. It was a white dress with a youthful design.

Patricia thought it suited her quite well. She started the engine and was about to head home when her phone started ringing. After glancing at the screen, she saw that it was a call from Elizabeth.

“Hi, Old Mrs. Arnold.”

“Tricia, it’s been so long since I last saw you! Can you come to dinner with us tonight?”

Patricia was startled. “Now, Old Mrs. Arnold?”

“Yes, come over to the Arnold Manor now and bring your three children with you. Isaac’s grandfather is feeling a lot more energetic today, so you should bring your children along to liven up the atmosphere. It might even help with his recovery.”

Elizabeth glanced at Phillip, who sat in the wheelchair with an unhappy scowl on his face. While he could not speak, his temper was still the same. That was why she wanted Patricia to come over with the children—to push his buttons a little.

After all, he was dying for a great-grandson, so Elizabeth wanted to see how he would react when he saw Patricia’s three children. Would he die of envy? she wondered.

It would be best if it would piss him off enough to make him shoot off the wheelchair.

Elizabeth was so friendly and welcoming, which was why Patricia could not say no to her.

“Alright. I’ll do that, Old Mrs. Arnold.”

After ending the call, Patricia called Josephine immediately and specified that she get the children dressed a little more properly than usual. She would be returning home to pick them up.

Once she hung up the phone, she drove straight home.

When Patricia entered the house, she saw her three adorable children waiting for her in the living room.

Scott and Stellan were dressed in little black suits paired with black ties while Sylvie wore a red princess gown with her hair flowing around her shoulders. Her eyes sparkled as she stared at Patricia.

Patricia was stunned. Isn't that a bit much, Mrs. Zimmers?

She did say to dress a little more properly, but she meant something neat and slightly more presentable. The children looked like they were about to attend a grand ball.

Sylvie lifted her gown and curtsied. "Your Majesty, are we attending the prince's ball today?"

For the longest time, she dreamed of attending a prince's ball, but Patricia had never brought her to one.

Noticing the joy in Sylvie's eyes, Patricia decided against asking them to change their outfits

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"Come, let's go to the car. Today, we're going to be guests at an old granny's house. Remember your manners, okay?"

"Okay!" The three children chorused in unison before walking out the door.

Josephine followed after them, carrying some fruits and a box of tea leaves.

"Tricia, are you bringing them back to your family?"

Josephine knew a little bit about Patricia's background. She knew that Patricia was from one of the wealthier families in Appleby. Since the children were quite big now, it was only right for them to get to know their mother's family.

However, Patricia shook her head. "No, I'm just bringing them over to a friend's house."

There was no way for her to bring the children back to the Aniston Family. Her grandfather valued his reputation above everything else and was still upset over that incident.

If not for the fact that he favored her since she was a child, he might not even be willing to see her again.

Patricia did not want to let the children return to that family and be on the receiving end of all kinds of comments and criticism from those relatives.

Presently, the three children sat in the backseat while Josephine placed the gifts in the front passenger seat.

“Drive carefully, Tricia.”

Patricia sat down in the car and nodded. “I will. You should go ahead and have your dinner. We’ll probably be home quite late.”

The family of four then drove over to the Arnold Manor and soon, the car came to a stop at the private parking lot.

Sylvie squealed when she saw the expansive estate.

“Tricia, did we come to a castle? It’s so pretty!”

The Arnold Family estate was indeed very grand. Anyone who entered the compound would feel like they had arrived at a castle.

Scott and Stellan had never seen such an enormous estate before either, so their eyes were filled with wonder too.

“This is Mr. Arnold’s home. You’ll be meeting his grandparents later.”

Sylvie nodded and commented, “So this is what Mr. Handsome’s home looks like. It’s no wonder he’s so handsome. He really is a prince who lives in a castle!”

Patricia was tickled pink by her daughter’s commentary. Sylvie’s head was full of these stories about princes and princesses who lived in castles.

She was a little girl with an incredibly active imagination.

Elizabeth then came out to greet them, followed by a few of the household servants.

Patricia stepped out of the car and opened the door for her three children.

Once the little ones got out of the car, their eyes roamed all around in curiosity. When Elizabeth saw the two little boys, her body trembled in shock.

“Old Mrs. Arnold…” The servants rushed forward to keep her steady, but she waved them away.

“I’m fine.”

Step by step, she came over to the family of four, and her eyes were fixed upon the three little children.

The pretty little girl was adorable and looked exactly like Patricia. Her smile was just as sweet.

As for the two boys, they were very handsome and looked exactly like Isaac when he was a child. Elizabeth was still stunned by this.

Is it just a coincidence, or is this fate?

“Hello, Old Mrs. Arnold.”

Patricia called out to her first, and the three children followed suit.

“Nice to meet you, Pretty Granny!”

Elizabeth’s heart quickened when she heard their clear voices calling out to her.

“Yes, it’s nice to meet you too. All of you!”

Sylvie came over to give her a hug. “You smell very nice, Pretty Granny!”

Elizabeth stroked the girl’s chubby cheeks as her heart melted into a puddle.

“What a sweet little thing you are. I like you very much!”

Patricia quickly introduced the children to her. “Old Mrs. Arnold, this is my daughter, Sylvie. This is my oldest son, Scott, and my second son, Stellan.”

She gave all of them names that started with an S because they were born in September.

Elizabeth nodded. “Scott, Stellan, and Sylvie. All very pretty names.”

She took Sylvie’s hand and wanted to hold both Scott’s and Stellan’s too, but much to her disappointment, the two little boys scampered off before she could.

Even their personalities were similar to Isaac’s.

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The atmosphere was bright and cheery as the group made their way into the living room, where Phillip remained sullen-faced in his wheelchair.

When he saw Elizabeth coming, his eyes swirled over and immediately grew wide.

“Mmmph...”

He wanted to raise his hands, but he failed to and the wheelchair began to move instead.

The nurse hurried over at once. “Old Mr. Arnold, you need to calm down. Here, take a deep breath.”

Elizabeth began to gloat when she saw Phillip’s reaction.

If you’re that excited now, you’d probably faint when you finally get to see Isaac’s children.

Sylvie sat down beside Phillip and stuck her hand out to him.

“Handsome Grandpa, do you want some candy?”

Phillip had calmed down a little, but when he saw Sylvie sticking her hand out to him and heard her sweet voice, he grew excited again.

His eyes began to roll, and it gave Elizabeth a fright.

“Take Old Mr. Arnold back to his room and don’t bring him back out tonight.”

The servants and nurse started to push Phillip back to his room. He twisted around and cried out in muffled sounds, but no one understood that he did not want to leave.

He wanted to stay with the children and play with them, but no one got his message.

It fell quiet once more when his door closed behind him.

Sylvie unwrapped the lollipop and popped it into her mouth.

“It’s so sweet!”

Both Scott and Stellan sat up straight, and they had a cold and distant aura that attracted the servants’ attention.

Patricia passed the fruit and tea over to the servants. “Old Mrs. Arnold, I brought some fruits and tea for you and Old Mr. Arnold. It’s nothing much compared to what you’re used to, but it’s just a little something from me.”

Elizabeth brushed it off with a wave. “You didn’t need to bring anything. I’m more than pleased that you’ve come to see me. Thank you, Tricia.”

Elizabeth was dressed in a simple maroon blouse and skirt that made her look elegant and refined.

Her silvery hair was styled nicely, and her smile was warm and inviting.

Scott and Stellan did not say anything as they sat there observing everything around them. This was their habit ever since they were children. The first thing they did in an unfamiliar environment was to step back and observe.

Meanwhile, Sylvie flitted around like an energetic little puppy. She continued to suck on her lollipop as she ran around looking at and touching everything.

The more Elizabeth looked at them, the more suspicious she got.

She decided to ask Isaac and see if he had ever made an irresponsible choice in the past.

Patricia noticed how Sylvie had made herself right at home, so she got up and walked over to her.

“Sylvie, where are your manners? You shouldn’t run around touching things that don’t belong to you.”

Sylvie’s eyebrows quirked up. “I’m just touching everything that looks nice. Am I not allowed to touch them?”

Patricia chuckled at that, she glanced at the servants who were all staring at Sylvie. They must be thinking that she’s behaving like an uneducated little girl.

This is embarrassing!

Elizabeth noticed how the two boys were not eating any candy, so she called out to them.

“Scott, Stellan, if you don’t want any sweets, have some fruits instead.”

“Thank you!” Scott said.

As for Stellan, he grinned brightly and said, “Thank you, Pretty Granny!”

Elizabeth got up. “Tricia, go ahead and make yourself comfortable. I’ll pop into the kitchen for a moment.”

Patricia had been trailing behind Sylvie in case the child did anything foolish, so when she heard Elizabeth, she turned around and said, “Alright, Old Mrs. Arnold.”

Elizabeth went into the kitchen and called Isaac. It took a while before he answered.

“What is it, Gran?”

“Can’t I just give you a call, Isaac?”

He was a stubborn child who would always greet her with that sentence whenever she called him, much to her annoyance.

“Of course not, Gran, but I’m busy right now. Why don’t I call you again later?”

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Elizabeth frowned. It’s 6.30PM on a Sunday. Why is he still working?

“Isaac, does this mean you won’t be coming back for dinner?”

“Yes, Gran. Work is piling up lately, so I won’t be going back for dinner for now.”

“Oh, I see. I’ll let Tricia know that you won’t be coming back for dinner then. It’ll just be us tonight.”

Elizabeth moved to end the call, but Isaac called out to her at once.

“Who did you say it was, Gran?”

Elizabeth smirked. I knew I could get a reaction out of you if I mentioned Tricia!

Isaac was indifferent to his old grandma, but not to a pretty young woman.

“I invited Tricia and her three darling children over to dinner. We’ll go ahead and start dinner now since you won’t be joining us.”

“I’m done with work. I’ll be right there.”

The call dropped immediately, and Elizabeth chortled in amusement.

Her eyes flitted back to the living room. Scott and Stellan were eerily similar to Isaac. It would be great if they were truly his sons.

Isaac’s wishes would come true if the three children were his.

Elizabeth could only sigh at that.

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Meanwhile, Patricia dragged Sylvie back into the living room. "Sylvie, stop running about. Take a seat and have some fruit."

The main house at the Arnold Manor was huge, and Patricia worried that Sylvie might get lost if she wandered off too far.

Sylvie was a crybaby sometimes, and her crying spells could go on for over an hour. It would not do if that happened while they were guests here at someone else's home.

Hence, Patricia made sure to keep an eye on Sylvie.

"Scott, Stellan, you boys help me keep an eye on your sister. Don't let her run off on her own."

"Yes, Mommy!" the two boys replied.

Now that Patricia made sure Sylvie was not about to scamper off somewhere, Patricia could take a seat and have a sip of water.

Just then, she heard a loud sound coming from Phillip's room. A few servants rushed out soon after.

Patricia jumped to her feet and went over to the room, with the three children following behind her.

What greeted them was the sight of Phillip sweeping off the items on the headboard. When everything came crashing down on the floor, Sylvie was so startled that she took a few steps back.

Patricia hurried over. "What's the matter, Old Mr. Arnold? Are you feeling unwell?"

Phillip stilled when he saw the woman in front of him. He stared at her in silence and glanced at the three children behind her before breaking out into a smile.

Sylvie came over and stretched her hand out again.

"Handsome Grandpa, would you like some candy? You'll feel happier when you eat something sweet. It's not good to throw a tantrum."

The girl then unwrapped the candy and fed it to him. Phillip's smile widened as he chewed on it.

It felt like he was trying to convey how sweet it was, but Sylvie beat him to it.



“It’s very sweet, right? When you eat something sweet, you feel happy too! Let’s not throw any more tantrums, okay?”

Scott and Stellan gathered the boxes of medicine that were strewn on the floor and placed them carefully on the table before coming over to tidy up Phillip’s disheveled hair for him.

Stellan adjusted Phillip’s collar and said, “If you want to look good, your collar needs to be straight.”

The three children behaved like miniature-sized adults, giving Phillip all sorts of advice as they tended to him.

Phillip chewed on his candy and listened to all that they had to say without making a fuss.

The servants and nurses were stunned at first, but soon, they began to murmur among themselves.

“Old Mr. Arnold isn’t angry anymore. Look, he’s even smiling!”

“I see it! This is the first time we’ve ever seen him smile even though we’ve been tending to him for so long now!”

Elizabeth came rushing in, and she saw the three children all gathered around Phillip while Patricia gave him a massage. When she saw the look on his face, she heaved a sigh of relief.

“Didn’t you say that he lost his temper? You gave me such a fright, but everything looks normal.”

The servants were perplexed as well. “Old Mr. Arnold seemed really upset earlier. He kept smashing things on the floor, but it looks like he’s fine now.”

Elizabeth chuckled. “We’ve found his kryptonite at last.”

## **Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 150**

You Are My One and Only Chapter 150

Elizabeth walked over to Phillip and snorted when she saw him munching on candy.

Her brows creased slightly as she said, “Phillip, do you want to join us for dinner?”

Phillip looked up at Elizabeth and nodded.

Elizabeth chuckled when she saw that. "I think I know why you got upset earlier. Is it because I sent you back to your room?"

Everyone laughed at her comment. Sylvie looked around the room and muttered to Phillip, "Don't feel upset, Handsome Grandpa. They're not laughing at you."

Sylvie had always been a quick-witted child who warmed up to people instantly. She had done the same with both Elizabeth and Phillip.

Patricia was not worried about her three children, as they seemed to get along very well with the older generation. Ever since they were toddlers, they would try to initiate conversations with any older folks they met.

Even as babies, they would gurgle and chatter indecipherably, but the older folks would play along and answer them.

Phillip felt disgruntled when he heard Elizabeth's comment. They did not understand him at all. Why would he be upset over returning to his room?

He was upset that he could not stay with his great-grandchildren, but no one understood him. No one knew what he wanted, so it was only natural for him to lose his temper, right? They were going to be the death of him someday.

Thankfully, his three great-grandchildren were so kind to him. They fed him candy and helped him with his hair.

The little girl was especially sweet and knew all the right things to say to soothe him.

Patricia was relieved to see that Phillip had calmed down.

She was afraid that Phillip lost his temper because he did not want to see them, but since the three children managed to calm him down, she was no longer worried about that.

If their presence somehow worsened his condition, it would not sit well with her conscience at all.

The servants wheeled Phillip out of the bedroom. Everyone sat down in the living room to watch television. They decided to watch Sylvie's favorite animated series, Peppa Pig, and the little girl happily snacked on more fruit with her eyes glued to the television.

Now and then, Sylvie would reach out to feed a piece of fruit to Phillip, while Scott and Stellan would wipe both Sylvie and Phillip's mouths for them. The two little boys were clean freaks.

As soon as they spotted anything smeared on Sylvie and Phillip's lips, they would wipe it off at once.

In the meantime, Patricia and Elizabeth struck up a conversation about this and that. Elizabeth kept on observing Patricia and each time, she would marvel at the young woman's pretty features.

Elizabeth had met people from all walks of life in her day, but she had never seen a woman as beautiful as Patricia. The more she looked at Patricia, the more beautiful she found her.

It was then that Elizabeth finally realized why Isaac was smitten with Patricia.

Just then, one of the servants came over and announced, "Old Mrs. Arnold, Master Isaac is back."

Patricia had not expected Isaac to be home for dinner, so she stared wide-eyed at the door, and their eyes met.

A servant reached out for Isaac's coat, and he bent down to change into indoor slippers.

When Sylvie spotted him, she grabbed a strawberry and ran over immediately.

"Mr. Arnold, you're back! Here, open wide."

Isaac glanced down at Sylvie before picking her up. She held the strawberry up to his mouth, and he ate it obligingly.

"Your house is so big, Mr. Arnold. It looks like a castle!"

Isaac chuckled in response. "If you like it here, Sylvie, then you can stay here from now on. What do you say?"

Sylvie's eyes sparkled. "Really?"

Immediately after that, she shook her head.

"Even though it's pretty here, it's not my home. I like my home with my older brothers."

Isaac chuckled again when he saw how serious she looked.

"If Tricia and I get married, this will be your home too. Why don't you help me win your mommy over, Sylvie?"

Sylvie's large eyes brightened once more.

"You're right! I'll ask my brothers to help you too."