

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 151

You Are My One and Only Chapter 151

Isaac kissed her on the cheek and said, "Thank you, darling!"

For some inexplicable reason, he felt strangely connected to this little girl from the moment he first saw her.

Isaac, who was not fond of children at all, found himself feeling rather fond of the three children.

Was it because of who their mother was?

Isaac set Sylvie down on the couch before greeting Phillip.

"How are you feeling today, Grandpa?"

Phillip looked quite energetic today and his condition had improved immensely, so Isaac hoped that his grandfather would be able to start talking again soon.

Meanwhile, Phillip glared at Isaac and thought to himself, You fool! Your kids and the woman you should marry are all right in front of your eyes! Hurry up and marry her so that they officially become a part of the family.

Isaac cocked his eyebrows. "Grandpa, this is Patricia Aniston, my secretary, and these are her three children. If you like having them around, I'll ask her to bring them over to keep you company."

Isaac leaned down and whispered to Phillip, "If you want me to give you a great-grandkid, I'm afraid it won't be happening anytime soon. You'll probably have to wait a couple of years, so for now, you'll have to be satisfied with someone else's kids."

Then, he straightened up and smirked.

Isaac refused to have a child with Adeline. At most, he was willing to fulfill Phillip's wishes by marrying her.

It would not be his fault for not having any children yet.

Phillip eyed Patricia before glancing up at his handsome grandson.

He yearned to communicate somehow, whether by talking or by writing, but he was in no condition to do so and this infuriated him.

Dinner was rather festive, and even Phillip ate half his plate, which pleased Elizabeth immensely.

The three children followed her as she took Phillip out for a walk. Patricia was on a call, so she did not realize that it was only her and Isaac left at the dining table.

It was a call from Darcie and from the way her friend sounded, Patricia sensed that something was off.

“Darcie, it’s fine if the price for the house hasn’t been settled yet. We can just wait a little longer. There’s no rush.”

“Thank you, Tricia! Poppy isn’t doing too well lately. I’m afraid that she won’t be able to hang on long enough to receive a bone marrow transplant. I plan on approaching Mr. Henderson and pleading with him again.”

Patricia’s heart was troubled by the way Darcie continued to sob through the phone.

“I’ll help you think of something.”

Patricia’s eyes were misty by the time the call ended. She felt a terrible pang in her heart whenever she thought of Poppy.

Darcie had to be having an incredibly hard time carrying this burden all by herself.

Isaac’s eyes were fixed on Patricia and when she sensed his gaze, she quickly set her thoughts aside.

“Oh? Where are the others?”

She had not paid any attention to the rest at all.

Isaac quirked his lips and said, “They went out for a walk. Have you eaten your fill, Miss Aniston?”

Patricia nodded. “Yes, I’m full now.”

“Come upstairs with me. There’s something I need you to do.”

He got up and strode off.

Patricia swiftly tagged along behind him. He was her boss, so she had to do as he said.

They went up to the third floor and walked into his bedroom. As soon as she entered the room, Isaac closed the door and locked it.

Patricia heard the locking sound and turned to look at him.

“President Arnold?”

She threw a wary look at the door.

Isaac tugged his tie off and began to uncuff his sleeves.

Patricia stepped back, startled. “I-Isaac Arnold, what are you doing?”

Why is he stripping in front of me after asking me to follow him upstairs? What is he up to? Patricia grew more and more terrified by the second.

Isaac had a sly grin on his face. “What do you think I’m doing?”

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 152

You Are My One and Only Chapter 152

Patricia retreated all the way to the window—any further and she would fall out of the window. They were on the third floor, however, so she did not want to risk her life or her limbs.

“Isaac Arnold, you stay right there or else, I’ll scream!”

That’s right. I can scream for help! We’re right by the window and it’s open, too. Someone would hear me if I scream as loudly as I can.

Isaac chuckled at how frightened Patricia was.

“What do you think I’m trying to do?”

Patricia looked at him. He had taken off his shirt, exposing his muscular body and impressive abs.

She gulped. It would not be an exaggeration to describe his figure as mesmerizing, and the sight of it made her throat dry.

However, she was still a woman of principles. She refused to get involved with someone who was taken. She was adamant about this.

Patricia bit her lip and in the end, she muttered, “How would I know? I’m not you.”

She averted her eyes to stop staring at his half-naked body.

All of a sudden, Isaac sat down on the bed with his back facing her.

“My back keeps itching. I think I have a rash. Help me put some ointment on it.”

Patricia snapped out of her muddle thoughts when she heard what he said. Oh... Oh, I'm the one who took it the wrong way!

She spotted the bottle of ointment near where he was sitting, so she slowly came over.

“Is it an allergic reaction?”

His back was covered in fiery red rashes that looked rather painful, but he did not show any signs of anything amiss earlier during dinner. It was remarkable how well he kept it in.

“This happens without fail whenever I soak in a hot spring.”

Why did you go to one then, if you have an allergic reaction to it? Are you a masochist?

Patricia saw the ointment but she did not see any cotton swabs, so she asked, “Where do you keep your cotton swabs, President Arnold?”

Isaac's brows creased a little. He wanted her to apply it by hand, so why would he let her use a cotton swab instead?

“I don't have any. You can just apply it with your hands. There's no need to be so particular about it.”

Patricia was surprised upon hearing that. I didn't realize he was this laidback when it came to things like this.

She smiled in amusement before walking over to the bathroom to wash her hands, only to stare in amazement when she saw that his bathroom alone was bigger than her entire house. Even the bathtub looked more like a swimming pool.

Patricia was floored by how extravagant the bathroom was. The Anistons could not compare to the Arnolds at all.

As she washed her hands in a marble sink, she caught the eye of the faintly blushing woman in the mirror staring back at her, and she pursed her lips somewhat mockingly.

“Patricia Aniston, stop thinking about it. Stop eyeing his body!” she muttered to herself.

After washing her hands, she even took the time to sanitize them before heading back to Isaac.

Her fingers were a little cold, so she rubbed her hands together to warm them up first before applying the ointment for him.

With small, careful strokes, she made sure to apply it to every patch of red she could find.

When she was about to apply the ointment to the back of his waist, however, she felt herself spinning in the air before landing on the bed with the man pressed over her.

Isaac pressed his lips to hers, and he held her hands above her head. She tried to struggle and escape his grasp, but she could not budge at all.

He attacked her lips ferociously and soon, he slipped his tongue in between her puckered lips.

Patricia's mind went blank. She was in a daze and could barely sense what was happening. All she heard was the sound of his breathing, and nothing more.

Isaac's breath was heavy and urgent, each one hotter than the next.

Patricia felt like something was wrong with her. Something was seriously wrong with her.

Meanwhile, Isaac continued to kiss her passionately. Her hand had been on the small of his back. Did she not know how sensitive that part was for a man?

She was too innocent. Though she gave birth to three children, she seemed clueless about the passionate pleasures and romantic desires between a man and a woman.

However, this only served to intensify his attraction toward her. He wanted to be the one who taught her everything. He wanted to taint her innocence.

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 153

You Are My One and Only Chapter 153

When Patricia finally gathered the tiniest sliver of wits about her, she let out muffled cries as she pushed Isaac off of her.

Isaac seemed to regain some of his senses too. He pulled back and gave her enough space to sit up, but her top had been yanked apart, displaying her pale, white...

"Ah!"

Patricia grabbed a pillow to hide her chest. "Isaac Arnold! You've gone too far!"

Isaac was feeling rather uncomfortable too. It took all of his willpower to rein himself in. He wanted to continue, but from the looks of it, that was not going to happen.

His breathing remained heavy as his eyes flashed dangerously. One day, he was going to lock her within his arms and make her his, for good.

For now, all he could do was respond with a cunning smile. "Do you know where you were touching? Don't you know how dangerous it is to touch a man there?"

Patricia blinked and tried to recall what happened earlier. I was just applying the ointment as per your command. I didn't touch anywhere I shouldn't, right?

"How should I know? I'm not a man."

Even now, images of what they had been doing were flashing across her mind, and it drove her crazy. It was such a strange feeling.

Why did I enjoy it so much? Why did I want it to continue? It was just a natural, biological response, right? She tried to convince herself.

She was twenty-four now, so it was normal for her to have desires too. That had to be why.

Patricia's hands snuck behind the pillow, and she began to button up her top. She had not even noticed when he yanked them apart.

She was hurting a little too, from how strongly he held onto her. Isaac, you scoundrel! How she would love to hit him.

If it wasn't because she owed him money and because he paid her well, she truly longed to give him a solid beating.

Isaac got up and put his black shirt back on. While buttoning the shirt with one hand, his eyes bored straight into her.

"Patricia, I told you. I like you. This is what a person does with someone they like."

If he did not like her, he would never lay a finger on her.

Countless women would willingly get into bed with him. If that was what he wanted, they would line up by the hundreds, eager for a chance to please him.

At last, Patricia managed to button her top. She slid off the bed and adjusted her skirt.

"Mr. Arnold, I hope you will show me more respect in the future. Even if you like me, did I agree to this? I did not, so it counts as sexual assault. I could sue you if I wanted to."

She stepped with haste toward the door and left at once.

Isaac glanced around the bedroom. When she was in here with him, it felt like home.

Now that she was gone, the room felt cold and empty—void of the warmth that one associated with home.

He put his jacket back on, his movements robotic, but his expression grim.

Just then, his phone began to ring, so he picked it up.

“What is it?”

“Mr. Arnold, I’ve booked the ballroom for you and Miss Aniston’s engagement party next week. Do you wish to decide on the details in person beforehand? For example, picking out the decor and theme of the engagement party.”

Isaac was already in a foul mood. Liam’s call was just adding fuel to fire.

“You decide. Don’t bother asking me.”

He ended the call immediately, leaving Liam frozen in place. The wedding planners began to pepper him with questions.

“Will Mr. and Mrs. Arnold be coming over to decide on the theme for their engagement party? We have a variety of themes, and we’re also willing to customize one to their exact specifications. After all, a wedding is a once-in-a-lifetime affair, and a man like Mr. Arnold would surely want the best there is to offer!”

Liam was already disgruntled by how Isaac barked at him, and hearing the words ‘once-in-a-lifetime affair’ only made him even more annoyed.

He knew very well that Patricia was the woman Isaac liked, but because he had to get engaged to Adeline, his mood was understandably sour.

Liam pointed at random and said, “Just go with this one!”

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 154

You Are My One and Only Chapter 154

Patricia fled downstairs and ran into the rest of them who were just heading back in after their walk.

Scott noticed that she seemed a little flustered, so he walked over and asked, “What’s the matter, Mommy?”

Patricia’s face was scarlet as she combed her fingers through her hair.

“Everything’s fine. We should go home now.”

Elizabeth and Phillip were reluctant to see them go. They very much enjoyed their walk with the three children earlier.

Both of them were fond of children and did not want to part with these three so soon. They even hoped that the kids could stay over for the night.

Elizabeth came forward and held Patricia’s hand.

“Tricia, why don’t all of you stay the night? Phillip is very happy right now. Both of us are reluctant to see the kids go.”

However, all Patricia could think about was what just happened with Isaac, so she dared not remain here any longer.

“Old Mrs. Arnold, the kids have school tomorrow, and I have to go to work as well, so it’s best that we take our leave now. We’ll come and visit you again soon.”

She then took Sylvie’s hand. “Let’s go.”

The family of four climbed into the car and soon, they drove out of Arnold Manor.

All was silent in the house once more, and Phillip’s expression turned gloomy.

Just then, Isaac came downstairs. While passing by the living room, he asked, “Did they leave?”

Elizabeth called him over. “Isaac, come here. I have something I want to ask you.”

Isaac did as he was told. As he sat down on the couch, he seemed slightly downcast.

Elizabeth poured him a cup of tea. “The tea’s quite fragrant. Give it a try.”

It was the one Patricia had given them. Though it was not a particularly well-known or luxurious brand, its fragrance was exceptional.

Knowing the kind of person Patricia was, she would have given the best that she could.

Isaac drank a mouthful of tea before turning to look at Phillip. He seemed to be doing quite well lately, but when was he going to recover fully?

How long do I have to wait until I won’t have to worry about angering him?

“Isaac, have you ever had unprotected sex?”

The more Elizabeth observed Scott and Stellan, the more they seemed like Isaac. She felt a strange sort of familial connection with them.

This was especially pronounced when it came to Sylvie. It was like the little girl was her own great-grandchild.

Isaac thought about it. He had, during that dream—well, not a dream, but he could not find the woman from that night.

Patricia was very much like her. It was why he yearned for her.

“Gran, you shouldn’t concern yourself with these sorts of things.”

He was about to get up when Elizabeth added, “Scott and Stellan look exactly like you when you were little. Do you think those three children could be yours?”

Elizabeth looked serious. She had a strong suspicion, but she was afraid that it would not be true.

Isaac glanced at Phillip, only to see his breathing become more and more laborious. It looked like he still favored Adeline.

If those three kids were his, Phillip would probably get a heart attack.

Wouldn’t I know if I’m the father? He had never encountered Patricia before, so it could not be her.

“No, you must be wrong, Gran. Those two boys do look quite handsome, but don’t all kids look like that?”

It had been over twenty years anyway, so would Elizabeth still remember how he looked when he was a child?

Elizabeth nodded. “Alright. I’m sure you know best. But remember, don’t get a woman pregnant and shirk your responsibility after. It’s very hard on a woman to raise a child by herself.”

When Phillip heard their exchange, he became so emotional that his eyes rolled back as he fainted.

The servants were petrified as they cried out, “Old Mr. Arnold! Old Mr. Arnold... Are you okay?”

Elizabeth got a fright too. “Phillip? Alright, I’ll stop bringing this up. I won’t bring it up ever again. We’ll do what you want, alright?”

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 155

You Are My One and Only Chapter 155

Isaac frowned and called out at once, "Get the doctor here now. Tell him Old Mr. Arnold fainted."

Right now, his mood was at an all-time low. If this alone was enough to cause Phillip to faint, then what would happen if he told him that he wanted to marry Patricia instead of Adeline?

...

While driving home, Patricia's feelings were a mess.

She could not believe that she felt something when she was with Isaac earlier, but when she thought about him, she kept shaking her head.

No, she could not be like Gwen. Even if she hated Adeline, she refused to come between someone else's relationship. She rejected the very thought of it.

When Sylvie spotted the Cancer Institute Hospital outside the window, she exclaimed, "Tricia, I haven't seen Poppy in ages! Can we go and visit her now?"

That got Patricia out of her reverie as she wondered, How did we end up here?

This proved that she should not let her mind wander while driving. Either way, she agreed, "Okay. Let's visit Poppy."

She turned the car around and drove into the hospital's basement parking lot. Soon, all four of them got into the elevator and headed for the inpatient wing where Poppy's ward was.

Poppy was still awake, so when she saw the three children, she sat up excitedly.

"Sylvie, did you guys come to see me? I miss you all so much!"

The three children stood around Poppy's bed and chattered on and on with her. Poppy seemed extremely pleased to have them here.

Darcie got up to greet them, and Patricia was surprised to see Darcie at the hospital.

"Darcie? You're not working tonight?"

"I'm feeling a little under the weather so I called in sick," Darcie replied with a smile.

“What’s the matter?” Patricia queried, concerned.

Darcie pulled her over to the couch at the side before sneakily tugging her collar down.

“Here. It hurts when I wear anything too tight, so I decided to just take a day off.”

Patricia’s eyes widened slightly. “Oh? You have an allergic reaction too?”

She quickly searched through her bag for the medication that Isaac had gotten from a doctor. It worked wonders on her as everything was gone after a few days.

“Darcie, here. This medication works very well. I had the same thing as you a while back—patches of red all over, and it hurt whenever I’m wearing something. I used this to help with that.”

Darcie froze. “You had the same thing as me?”

She laughed and caressed Patricia’s cheek.

“Who did that to you? Isaac?”

Patricia was taken aback. “How did you know? I went out drinking with him and got an allergic reaction to the alcohol, so it’s technically not his fault.”

“An allergic reaction to alcohol?” Darcie chuckled once more.

“Yeah! You... Hang on, are you allergic to alcohol too?”

Darcie was laughing so hard that her stomach began to hurt. She pulled Patricia into a hug and said, “Why are you so innocent, Tricia? And Isaac’s a sly devil.”

Patricia got goosebumps from the way Darcie laughed.

“Darcie, just come out and say it. The way you laugh... it’s giving me goosebumps.”

Darcie came close and whispered into Patricia’s ear.

Soon enough, Patricia flushed bright red as her eyes widened in shock.

“Is that true? H-He... Isaac Arnold, you scoundrel!”

Patricia could not hold her anger back, while Darcie began to chuckle yet again.

“Yours is pretty big. I’m sure he was very satisfied.”

Patricia was on the verge of fainting from embarrassment. She never thought that a man like him could go that far.

She did drink a lot that night. Was that why she had no memory of what happened?

Patricia was mad—no, infuriated.

However, a thought occurred to her.

“Darcie, what about you? Who did it to you?”

Even though Darcie worked at a nightlife establishment, Patricia knew that Darcie was vigilant about keeping herself safe, so no one could do such a thing to her if she did not want them to.

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 156

You Are My One and Only Chapter 156

Darcie’s expression changed as she looked away. “It’s best if you didn’t know, Tricia.”

Patricia had a strange feeling when she saw the way Darcie’s expression shifted. “Did someone hurt you? I’ll help you get revenge.”

Darcie chuckled at how serious Patricia looked. “Didn’t you swear not to ever fight again after that time you had to pay a huge sum of money to the person you injured? Even that day, when you ran into Zeke and that mistress, you didn’t use your Taekwondo skills.”

Patricia smirked. “I did swear not to, but how can I sit still if someone hurt you? He deserves to be smashed into a pulp.”

“It’s fine.” Darcie sighed as she recalled what happened last night. “No one forced me into anything. You don’t need to worry about it.”

Patricia was still worried, so she nudged her gently. “You have to tell me if something happens, okay? I’m always on your side.”

Darcie nodded. The two women continued chatting for a bit, but when Patricia saw that it was getting late, she began to say her goodbyes. The children needed to be home soon, as it was a school day tomorrow.

Before she left, she reminded Darcie, “Remember to use that medication. It works wonders.”

Darcie laughed. "Tricia, since President Arnold did that to you, why don't you consider dating him? It's a pity to miss out on an opportunity to be with a distinguished man like him. It'd be hard to meet someone like him ever again."

"I won't even consider it." Patricia shook her head. Since Isaac was Adeline's girlfriend, she refused to get involved with him. "Scott, Stellan, Sylvie, it's time to go home now."

Poppy was reluctant to see them go. As she hugged Sylvie, Sylvie said to her, "Poppy, listen to the doctors, okay? When you're feeling better, we can see each other every day again, just like we used to."

Poppy nodded. "Mommy told me that I'll be all better soon. I have a bone marrow donor."

When Patricia heard those words, she whipped her head around to look at Darcie. "Darcie, you found another suitable donor?"

Patricia had been wondering how she could help to convince Percy, but now that they had another suitable donor, they would not need to beseech Percy anymore.

Considering the job he held, it would not sit well with her if they forced him into it somehow.

Darcie thought about the deal she struck last night. "Yeah, Poppy will get the surgery in a month."

She pleaded with Percy last night, but he asked her to sleep with him for a month. If he was satisfied with her, he would go through with the bone marrow transplant for Poppy.

Last night, he had done a lot of things to Darcie, but she went along with everything. Her face was a little pink as her mind began to fill with images of last night, so she quickly shook those thoughts away.

"That's great news! Darcie, things are finally looking up for you."

Darcie followed them down to the basement to see them off. Once they got in the car, she turned back around to return to Poppy's ward.

Sylvie seemed to have tired herself out as she fell asleep soon after climbing into the car. She slept soundly with her head and feet resting on both her brothers' thighs.

Patricia glanced at the three of them in the rearview mirror. Scott and Stellan always took great care of Sylvie.

Patricia's eyes crinkled a little as she chuckled. She was beginning to feel a tad envious of Sylvie! Her little Sylvie was fortunate enough to have so many people in her life who loved her.

When Sylvie grew up, it would not be easy for her future boyfriend to receive a stamp of approval from all of them.

Patricia was quite happy about that. At least, it would minimize the chances of Sylvie ending up with a terrible guy. Her two brothers would surely weed such irresponsible and unreliable men out for her.

It was 9.30PM by the time they arrived home. Patricia carried Sylvie into the house with the two boys walking ahead of them.

All of a sudden, the two boys spotted a bunch of paper stuck to the door, so they ran over and tore one down.

The words 'Repay your debts, or pay in blood' were splattered boldly across the paper, along with gruesome images illustrated in red.

Patricia looked over. "What is it?"

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 157

You Are My One and Only Chapter 157

Patricia assumed that it must be one of those advertisement flyers that businesses frequently left on people's doorsteps. Sometimes, she would wake up to find an entire pile of them on their doorstep.

Some touted various medical treatments, locksmith services, or even offered jobs and other strange things.

Scott read out, "It says 'repay your debts', so I guess it's from a money lending service."

Stellan nodded. "Why are these pasted on our door, though? Scott, let's tear them all down."

The two little boys made quick work of it, while Patricia carried Sylvie to her bed.

Sylvie was sleeping so soundly that Patricia did not want to wake her up, so she let her sleep without washing up.

Patricia gazed fondly at Sylvie. Sylvie was rarely sick these days, and Patricia had a steady income too, so she no longer worried now.

She fervently wished that Sylvie, along with Scott and Stellan, would all grow up healthy and strong.

Once Scott and Stellan were done tearing off the warnings stuck to their door, they came to the room and said to Patricia, "Mommy, we've taken everything down, and the door's locked too."

Patricia nodded. "Go wash up and get ready for bed. Good night!"

She walked over to her two sons and gave them both a kiss on the cheek.

Then, she left the children's bedroom and returned to hers.

After taking a shower, she lay in bed and checked her phone.

Isaac had sent her a text.

'Are you home yet?'

He had wanted to drive them home himself, but Patricia had run off so quickly and Elizabeth had something to say to him, so he could not go after them.

Patricia glanced at the timestamp. The text was sent over one and a half hours ago.

She decided to reply. 'Yes.'

Soon, she received another text from him. 'Why did it take you so long to respond to my text?'

Patricia could almost hear the accusatory tone in his voice from that text. She stuck her tongue out at her phone as she thought to herself, Hey, mister. It's after hours. I'm not at work! Though she did not respond with this, of course. She was his personal secretary, so it did imply she had to be responsive at all hours of the day.

'My apologies, President Arnold. We dropped by the hospital to visit Poppy on our way back, so that's why I'm only replying to your text now.'

That should be respectful enough for you right, you moron?

'Patricia, remember this. No matter who I get engaged to or even marry, the only person I like is you.'

Patricia was sleepy and had already gotten ready for bed, but she was afraid that if she did not respond to Isaac's texts, he would charge straight over to her house to punish her.

Therefore, after responding to his text, she waited for his reply. As soon as she closed her eyes, she felt her phone vibrate, so she hurriedly glanced at the screen.

When she read that text, her blood began to boil, so much so that she almost jumped out of the bed.

How can you say something like that? What the hell? What a b*stard you are, Isaac!

You're getting engaged to someone else! You're going to get married to someone else! How can you still say that I'm the one you like? Who on earth would believe you?!

Patricia was so mad that she turned her phone off immediately. She could not be bothered to deal with this anymore. She would cross that bridge if she came to it.

The next day, as soon as she arrived at the office, she overheard her colleagues' discussions.

"Did you see the announcement in the chat group? President Arnold is getting engaged next Saturday."

"Who's the bride-to-be?"

Just then, they threw a glance at Patricia, who was standing in a corner of the elevator.

Patricia pretended to be unaware of their conversation. She kept her eyes fixed on the top of the elevator to avoid catching anyone else's gaze.

They murmured in hushed voices, "The Aniston Family's daughter, Adeline Aniston."

"Oh! So it's not Miss Aniston, huh!"

"What a pity for Miss Aniston!"

Patricia heard their sighs, sensed their gazes and heard them pitying her.

At long last, she managed to survive the long journey to the top floor. After passing by 66 floors listening to others gossip about her, she had developed an armor that made her immune to all their comments.

When she entered the president's office, all the secretaries whipped their heads over to look at her, but she tactfully avoided their gazes.

She marched straight into the office room and shut the door before finally exhaling.

So what if Isaac and Adeline are getting engaged? Why do I need to be pitied? I don't even like Isaac!

Read Novel You Are My One And Only Chapter 158

You Are My One and Only Chapter 158

After muttering to herself, Patricia finally noticed the man sitting at the desk.

He was the same as ever—his black bespoke suit and sharp, chiseled features all adding to his imposing air.

When Isaac looked over to her, she swiftly averted her gaze and set her purse down at her seat before starting up her computer.

She checked the schedule written in her notebook and compared it to the schedule in the system, making sure they were the same.

Isaac had been very busy lately. His days were filled with meetings, along with business lunches and dinners. He was probably working overtime to make time for his engagement next Saturday.

Isaac watched as Patricia kept herself busy from the moment she stepped into his office.

“My coffee, Miss Aniston,” he reminded coldly before going back to his work.

Patricia stood up. “I’ll bring it in at once.”

Her cold and distant attitude made Isaac glance at her once more.

Why does it seem like she’s in a bad mood today? Didn’t she see the text I sent her last night?

After stepping out of Isaac’s office, Patricia was once again the center of the spotlight. All eyes were on her as she walked over to the pantry, and when the women finally stopped staring, they gathered together in hushed discussion.

Say whatever you want. Patricia could not be bothered.

She walked into Isaac’s private pantry. No one else was around. She prepared a cup of coffee and added a splash of milk, but a cheeky smile bloomed across her face.

She pursed her lips and tossed three cubes of sugar into the cup.

Since you don’t like adding sugar, let’s see how you like this!

She carried it back to the office and set the cup down in front of him.

“Your coffee, Mr. Arnold.”

Isaac glanced up at her. One look at her face and anyone could tell that she was in a bad mood today.

“Did you not sleep well last night, Miss Aniston?”

Her face was aloof, her lips were pursed, and she did not look him in the eye. These were all signs that pointed to her being angry.

Patricia shook her head. “I slept very well.”

You’re the one who didn’t sleep well, you scoundrel!

The more he looked at her, the more he felt like something was amiss. When he took a sip of coffee, his expression changed at once.

“Miss Aniston, didn’t I tell you not to add sugar?”

She must have done it on purpose! Is she jealous because of my engagement?

“Mr. Arnold, don’t you think it tastes better when it’s sweet?” Patricia commented icily.

She became even more furious when she remembered the marks on her chest. You pervert!

Just how hard did he go at it that her skin ended up looking like that?

Isaac could tell that she was doing it on purpose, so he drank another mouthful of coffee, though it tasted more like syrup.

“Mmhhh. It’s very sweet. Not bad at all.”

There was a flash of surprise in Patricia’s eyes when she saw that he did not get angry.

Was it because he was in a good mood over his engagement? Was that why he let her off the hook so easily?

She was still fuming, however, so she glared at him.

“Mr. Arnold, care to explain how those marks ended up on my chest? The truth, this time.”

A devilish look crept into Isaac’s eyes as he gazed at her chest. He felt something stirring inside him.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed, then he asked, "What do you think?"

Did she find out what happened? Who told her?

Just then, he recalled that she mentioned making a trip to the hospital last night. Could it be that she told Darcie about it? Darcie probably did know a thing or two about these things.

After all, she worked in a nightlife establishment and seemed like the type who knew how to have a good time, so she probably could tell from her own experiences.

Patricia was nothing like her. Why does she not know anything at all, even after giving birth to three children? She's still so naive.

Meanwhile, Patricia was up to her ears in anger when she spotted Isaac's smug expression.

She threw caution to the wind and huffed, "Hmph! Mr. Arnold, I have a strong suspicion that certain parts of you are just for show—non-functional, that is."

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 159

Patricia felt a lot better after letting off some steam by getting snarky with him. She turned around and headed back to her desk to get started on her work.

In reality, she did not have much to do. All she did was serve his coffee, accompany him during mealtimes, and keep a record of his schedule and itinerary.

However, she brought a book to keep her occupied today. She wanted to start learning design more seriously.

Once she had a skill to her name, she could throw her resignation letter at Isaac's face.

Isaac realized that her expression looked a lot better now, after mocking him. She no longer seemed to be brewing up a storm inside.

He chuckled to himself. So she did find out what truly happened that night.

"Patricia, why don't you see for yourself if it's functioning?"

Patricia had just flipped her book open when she heard his disgusting retort. She rolled her eyes at once.

“It doesn’t matter to me whether it’s functional or not, Mr. Arnold. You should discuss that with your fiancée instead. Discussing this with your female secretary counts as sexual harassment.”

She turned her attention back to her book, paying him no mind.

Any other day, Isaac would have brought up Josephine by now. He knew how important this job was to Patricia.

At the very mention of Josephine’s name, Patricia would flip a switch and try to please him with her sweet disposition.

However, he did not feel like teasing her today.

He assumed that she was jealous, as the invites for the engagement party had been sent out, so the entire company knew about it now. She would have heard about it too.

It was his turn to try and coax her now, so he decided not to tease her.

For the next half hour, both of them busied themselves with their work, and neither one of them spoke to the other.

A while later, Liam came in to discuss work matters with Isaac, followed by a procession of various other managers and senior executives.

Patricia went off to photostat some documents, and by the time she returned to her desk, Isaac had left for a meeting.

She finally felt at ease, alone in the empty office.

With him here, her mind would keep flitting back to what he did to her, and she would be tempted to beat him up for it.

This urge was less pressing when he was not around.

Patricia sent Darcie a text.

‘Darcie, I got into a fight with Isaac today, so now I finally feel a lot better! How’s your chest? Don’t forget to use the medication.’

Darcie texted her back. ‘How did he react? Was he surprised that you found out the truth about what happened? Hahaha! But Tricia, men are all like that, so you don’t need to feel too upset about it. Isaac’s such a handsome catch anyway, so it’s no loss to you.’

There was a fiery look in Patricia’s eyes once she read the text. Her fingers tapped away furiously.

'It's no loss? It's a huge loss! He's about to get engaged to Adeline next Saturday. The very thought of Adeline's boyfriend doing that to me makes me want to hurl.'

She slammed her phone down once she sent her reply. The more she thought about it, the angrier she felt.

It looked like she had to toss a few more insults at him later to settle her rage. That b*stard! That scoundrel!

Soon, she got Darcie's reply. 'Tricia, why does it feel like you're jealous? Haha... if you do like Isaac, then you better hurry up, or else, it'll be too late once he gets married. I'm pretty sure all you have to do is say the word, and he won't get engaged, much less married.'

Darcie's text got Patricia thinking, but soon after, she shook her head. I don't even like him. Why would I ask him to call off the engagement?

Isaac returned to the office at noon.

Patricia was about to head to the staff cafeteria for lunch, so when she saw him coming in, she asked, "Mr. Arnold, are you planning on having lunch at the cafeteria, or would you prefer some other restaurant? I'll place the order for you."

One of her responsibilities was to keep him company during mealtimes, and he usually ordered food from famous restaurants that served pretty good food.

Therefore, her taste buds had gotten a lot more selective thanks to her job here at Arnold Corporation.

"I'm attending an auction, Miss Aniston, and you'll be coming with me."

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 160

"Okay," Patricia said in acknowledgment.

She packed her things and got her purse before taking her spot behind him as they made their way over to his private elevator.

After the elevator doors closed, Patricia asked, "Mr. Arnold, are we eating beforehand? Or will we be eating when we get there?"

Isaac threw a glance at her and said coolly, "Just skip lunch."

Patricia hesitated. She wanted to say that she refused to go hungry, but she did not want to lose this job.

She was mad at him, but she did not take it too far. Since he said to skip lunch, then fine, she would just skip lunch. She could just take it as going on a diet anyway.

Patricia took her phone out and posted a picture of a pig on her Instagram story, with the caption saying, 'Time to start my diet. I'm a pig if I eat lunch today.'

She chuckled softly after posting the story. Having a domineering boss like Isaac was perfect for going on a diet.

As soon as she posted her story, Isaac felt the vibration from his phone. He had turned notifications on for all her social media accounts, so he was always alerted whenever she posted on social media.

When he saw what she posted, his lips quirked into a devilish smile.

Once the elevator opened out to the lobby, he strode off looking fairly dashing with his dark blue coat flapping behind him.

Patricia followed behind him, sighing as she stared at his tall, proportionate frame.

He could wear anything at all and it would still look good on him.

She thought that a car would be waiting for them outside, but there was no car and no Liam either.

Aren't we going to an auction? There had to be something he sorely wanted if they were skipping lunch for it.

However, Isaac simply continued walking until he reached a nearby restaurant.

By the time Patricia caught up with him, he was already placing his order. She sat down and asked, "I thought you wanted to skip lunch, Mr. Arnold?"

Isaac pushed a cup of tea over to her.

"I felt hungry all of a sudden."

Also, he knew how much Patricia liked the mushroom croquettes from this restaurant. The last time they ate from here, she finished three and a half of them, while he only got to eat half of one.

Patricia took a sip of tea. "Oh, I see. Enjoy your meal, Mr. Arnold. I'm on a diet, so I'll skip lunch."

However, she began to feel hungry once the smell of food wafted through the air. She swallowed and muttered to herself, "Patricia, you said you were going to go on a diet. You better not cave now."

Isaac's lips curled slightly at the sight of her reaction.

Patricia took her phone out and checked her Instagram story. She received a lot of responses.

Darcie: 'You're not fat. You should eat more. No dieting.'

Nikola: 'Are you sure you can hold yourself to this, Tricia? I don't think so!'

Selina: 'Hurray, a comrade! I'm on a diet too. Good luck!'

Percy: 'What's so bad about being human? Why do you want to be a pig?'

After seeing these responses, she did not have the guts to scroll any further. She tossed her phone to the bottom of her purse to keep it out of sight.

By now, the food was all served, and Isaac slid the plate of mushroom croquettes over to her on purpose. Soon, she could smell nothing but mushroom croquettes.

Patricia kept swallowing as she did her best to stay strong, while Isaac took his own sweet time with his meal.

He looked no different than he did at any other meal. He was always elegant and refined while eating.

Even so, Patricia noted the look of satisfaction on his face, so she knew the food must be good.

Isaac saw how she kept reaching for her glass of water, so he cut one of the mushroom croquettes in half and took one half for himself.

After taking a bite, he commented off-handedly, "This tastes pretty good. It's a pity you're not eating."

Patricia's eyes flashed with envy as she watched him chew.

She was dying to have a bite. This restaurant had always been famous for its mushroom croquettes. During her schooling days, she would often come over to eat it, even though she would have to line up for it.

It would be sold out too if she came too late.

Therefore, she got her fork and reached out to her favorite plate on the table.

“Miss Aniston, I thought you were on a diet. Are you giving up on your humanity? Have you decided to become a pig instead?”