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Patricia's gaze fell on him. She could see the teasing look in his eyes.

She gritted her teeth. Since she met him every day, he would have seen all sides of her anyway.

She gave up. "I'm not fat, so I need to eat in order to have something to lose in the first place!"

Having said that, she quickly plopped a mushroom croquette onto her plate and dug in happily.

Isaac chuckled at the way she ate with so much relish.

He liked sharing his meals with her. Watching her eat was a kind of enjoyment that seemed to whet his appetite.

Patricia continued tucking into the food, and Isaac obligingly piled her plate full of all the various dishes on the table. Everything he ordered today was a favorite of hers.

When she finally set her fork down, she realized how full she was and immediately felt a little guilty.

She was stuffed! Everything was delicious, so she kept on eating without noticing that she ate too much.

When she glanced at the plates on the table, she noticed that they were all nearly empty.

Meanwhile, the man in front of her was drinking from his glass of water while staring at her with those dark eyes of his.

"Are you done?"

Patricia felt a wave of embarrassment. She said she was going on a diet, but she ended up eating far more than him.

She was not that much of a glutton in the past. Even though she had been a foodie ever since she was a child, her enjoyment of food had waned in later years.

For some inexplicable reason, she seemed to have regained her foodie ways ever since she started working for Isaac.

Isaac found her conflicted expression particularly adorable. He was tempted to pinch her cheeks.

After over a month of making her share meals with him, she seemed to have gained a bit of weight. At least, her face looked a little fuller than it used to.

Patricia was frighteningly thin back then, so thin that it would evoke sympathy in anyone who saw her.

Isaac thought that women should maintain a healthy weight, rather than force themselves to be so skinny. He preferred women who looked healthy.

When the two of them exited the restaurant, they ran into a few colleagues, all of whom greeted Isaac politely.

“Hello, President Arnold!”

Isaac nodded briefly in acknowledgment, while Patricia flashed them a smile.

Liam was waiting with the car at a nearby plaza, so Isaac headed over in that direction.

Patricia tagged along behind him and took the seat next to him.

Liam turned around and nodded in greeting. “President Arnold, if we leave now, we’ll arrive just before three. The auction starts at three.”

Isaac nodded. His slender fingers tapped against the armrest.

Soon, the car slid out of the plaza and joined the swarm of vehicles on the road.

Now that Patricia was full, she was feeling a little drowsy. She woke up early this morning, so it was about time that she began to feel a little sleepy. She closed her eyes as she decided to nap for a bit.

Suddenly, Isaac reached out and grabbed her hand. Patricia’s eyes flew open in shock. She glanced toward the front before struggling as hard as she could to retract her hand.

Isaac refused to let go. He closed his eyes with his hand still wrapped tightly around hers.

Patricia glared at him but he did not notice it at all, so she could only rage at him on the inside.

Without any warning, Isaac said, “If you let me hold your hand for a bit, you’ll get a reward later. Let me know if you see anything you like at the auction. I’ll get it for you.”

Patricia froze for a moment. Anything that was being auctioned off would surely be worth a tidy sum of money.

It's just holding hands, right? It's nothing compared to what he did last time.

She could almost see the dollar signs in her head now as she thought to herself, I'm going to pick the most expensive thing there! Let's see if you'll regret it then.

Meanwhile, Liam, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, could not resist glancing at them in the rearview mirror as he thought to himself, President Arnold went through all that trouble simply because he wanted to make Miss Aniston happy by giving her a gift, but was afraid she would not accept it.

He had to take her to the auction and let her pick one out herself.

Isaac continued to grasp her hand tightly. There was a faint smile on his lips as he closed his eyes to rest.

"Patricia, are you happy about receiving a gift?"

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Patricia was a little thrilled to receive a gift, but it was not in her hands yet, so it was still purely hypothetical.

"What's there to be happy about? I don't even know if there'll be something I like."

Isaac was taken aback at first, but soon, his eyes flashed with amusement.

"Miss Aniston, all the items at the auction are quite valuable. Do you mean to say that money can't buy you happiness?"

Patricia did think that money could make her happy, but it was not a given.

"Ahem... I might be poor, but money can't guarantee my happiness!"

She was happy if her kids were happy! Yes, that was her ultimate source of happiness.

Everything she did right now was for the sake of her three precious children.

Isaac frowned. She was even refuting him now. His fingers started tapping on the armrest once more.

"In that case, what I said earlier no longer applies."

Patricia turned her head to look at him. "Mr. Arnold, money does make me happy sometimes, and a man like you is a man of his word, right?"

Isaac knew that she was trying to goad him into doing what she wanted, but he refused to cooperate.

"Yes, I am a man of my word. That includes the last thing I said."

Patricia rolled her eyes. I knew it. He was just fooling around. He never intended to give me anything in the first place.

She whipped her head back around to stare out the window as she did not want to look at him any longer. In any case, everything at the auction would be something of serious value, and she was not that greedy of a person anyway. If he was rescinding his offer, then so be it.

Isaac quirked his lips when he saw her disappointment. His eyes danced with mirth.

At ten past three, they arrived at a small countryside town. It was a community with a long history and was home to an enormous antique store.

The auction was held at the antique store, which was actually a large compound built in a style that paid homage to Renaissance architecture.

There was an entire fleet of various luxury cars parked at the entrance. Patricia followed Isaac out of the car and immediately felt a chill. The countryside was a lot colder than the city; the temperature was a lot lower and the humidity a lot higher.

It was so cold that she began to shiver. Isaac glanced at her before removing his dark blue coat and draping it over her shoulders.

Patricia instantly felt a surge of warmth. She turned to look at him, but he was already far ahead of her, so she pulled the coat tighter around her. It had the faint smell of his cologne, as well as a warmth that must have come from his body heat.

She felt a lot better now; a lot warmer.

Liam paused beside her and smiled.

"You should put on more layers next time, Miss Aniston."

Patricia eyed her attire today. She wore a purple sweater paired with a pale blue dress.

It was a neat and elegant look, but not a very warm one.

All of the staff in the president's office dressed very professionally, but Isaac never requested the same of her.

In the beginning, she dressed just as formally as the others, but soon after that, she dressed for comfort instead.

Naturally, her limited wardrobe played a part in this. If she had to dress in professional attire every day, she would go broke just from having to buy a whole new wardrobe. Therefore, she decided to switch it up with some of her favorite clothes.

Patricia stared off into the distance. She spotted the handsome man in dark blue slacks that stood out among the crowd.

It was especially pronounced today, as he had given her his coat, so he stood out as the least-dressed person.

Patricia jogged over to him. "I'm not cold, Mr. Arnold. Here, you should take your coat back."

She was about to take it off when she heard him say coolly, "Keep it on. I feel hot."

Patricia went silent.

You feel hot when it's freezing out here? I commend you for your healthy body, Mr. Arnold. It's much stronger than a woman like me, who has given birth before. It's so good to be young!

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They went through strict security at the door. Everyone had to show their invites and step through a body scanner.

Patricia had attended a few auctions before, but never one that was this stringent.

A female guard did a quick body search before ushering her through a body scanner. She was only allowed entry if she passed both checks.

Once Patricia, Isaac, and Liam passed the security checks, they headed inward.

The entrance started with a long corridor that was filled with intricate carvings and beautiful paintings.

Patricia keenly observed their surroundings. It looked like it had been built for quite some time now, so it had its own historical value too!

Upon arrival, they ran into numerous familiar faces. Patricia guessed that all the guests here today were among the wealthiest and most distinguished people in Appleby.

Nikola and Percy were here too, and they both came over once they spotted the trio.

“Isaac? I didn’t think you’d come this year.”

Isaac never attended this auction in the last few years.

“Are we not allowed in yet?” Isaac asked.

He noticed how red Patricia’s nose was already, stark against her pale complexion. She suffered easily when it was cold.

The slightest chill was enough to turn her nose and ears red.

Nikola pulled his sleeve up to check his watch. “It starts at three-thirty, so the doors should open in a few more minutes.”

Percy swept his eyes over the waiting crowd in the open-air lobby. “Do you think there’s anything good this year?”

There were a lot of people here today. Could it be that word got out about something of significant value? It was possibly why the auction attracted such a large crowd this year.

Nikola muttered lowly, “I’m bidding on a portrait of a beauty. I do like beauties!”

Percy chuckled. “Do you think you’ll meet the beauty in your dreams just because you bought her portrait?”

He has countless women to keep him company, but here he is eyeing one who lived in the past.

Nikola cocked his eyebrow. “You don’t get it. We’ll revisit this subject if you ever learn to appreciate the arts.”

Isaac stayed silent. He knew the list of items that were up for auction today as the organizer had given it to him. He never attended the past iterations of this auction, so the organizer hoped that he would this time.

He had his eye on a necklace dubbed Celestial Tears. It was created during the Ancient Roman Empire and was made from precious gems that came from stars that fell to the earth as meteors.

It was said that this necklace would bring good fortune to those who wore it, and would also bind two lovers together, so that they may continue to find each other and love one another throughout each and every lifetime.

It was Percy's first time attending this auction too. He was not on leave when the auction was held the past few years, so he could not attend.

He looked at Isaac. "Isaac, what about you? Any insider information that you care to share?"

The auction that was held here at Seneville each year was shrouded with intrigue. Most auctions would publish the list of items up for auction to draw in those who were keen to bid on them.

However, the auction at Seneville was invite-only, and the items up for bidding were kept secret until the auction itself. Only those who attended would know what was on auction.

Many people wished to attend but had not received an invitation.

At long last, the doors were open to the crowd, and a member of the auction staff came over to make the announcement.

"Please enter and proceed to take your seats."

Nikola was the first to step forward. "Let's sit together!"

All three of these young, wealthy men had their respective private rooms on the second floor. They could relax in comfort while keeping a close eye on the auction.

Patricia was trailing behind them when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

"Tricia."

She turned around and was startled to see Zachary behind her.

"Zachary? I didn't know you were here!"

However, she chuckled as soon as she said that. After all, the Selwyns were one of the most prominent families in Appleby, so they would have received an invitation too.

"Tricia, are you here with Isaac?"

Zachary spotted Isaac, who was not too far away. At the same time, Isaac turned around to see where Patricia was, and their eyes met.

“Yeah. I’m his secretary, so I go wherever he goes,” Patricia said with a smile.

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Just then, Madam Selwyn came over and called out icily, “Zach, the auction is about to start. We should go and take our seats.”

She wore a pale green dress with a white mink coat and a vintage red purse. Her hair and face were styled to perfection.

Patricia nodded at her in greeting. “Hello, Madam Selwyn.”

Madam Selwyn nodded stiffly and began to pull Zachary by the arm.

“Mom, I’m talking to Tricia! You can go on ahead first.” Zachary was displeased.

He had not seen her in so long and had no idea how she was doing. She was never around when he tried to look for her.

It was like she was hiding from him on purpose. Since he ran into her at last today, he was determined to say a few more words to her.

“Zach, don’t forget why you’ve come today,” Madam Selwyn reminded coldly.

Right then, Isaac came over and called out to Patricia, “Miss Aniston, keep up.”

He reached out to grab her hand before pulling her up the stairs to the second floor.

Zachary watched as Isaac took her away. He was a man. He knew from the way Isaac acted that he liked Patricia.

But isn’t that punk about to get engaged next Saturday?

Madam Selwyn yanked on Zachary’s arm once more. “Zach, don’t you see that? She’s found another wealthy suitor.”

Patricia followed Isaac to a private room on the second floor. Nikola and Percy were already in there, and there were two more empty seats beside them.

Isaac gestured to the one at the end and said, “Sit there. Let me know if you see anything you like.”

Patricia was planning to take a seat with Liam at the back, but when she heard what Isaac said, she thought about it for a moment before taking a seat on the spacious armchair.

They had a very good view of the auction podium from here. There were also large screens that catered to those who sat near the back, but it was a lot better to see the items themselves.

The auction started at three-thirty sharp, and the first item up for bidding was the painting of a beautiful woman that Nikola had his eyes on.

Quite a number of people bid on it, but Nikola won in the end. Patricia frowned slightly as she thought to herself, It must be nice to be that rich.

He was ecstatic about spending 75,000 on a painted piece of canvas.

Patricia did not get it at all. She could not share his enthusiasm.

She thought about how even though she slaved away for the past five years, she was barely able to provide for her three children.

She was working now too, having to accompany her boss to an auction.

The following items up for auction were all fine china and porcelain pieces. None of the three men were interested in these, so they did not bid on anything.

Next came a ruby bangle that was also an antique item from the Renaissance period. The bidding started at 15,000.

Patricia had eyed the bangle. She thought about asking Isaac to get it for her if she did like it, but when she heard the five-figure opening bid, she decided against it.

There was no way she could repay him for it, so she would rather not accept it.

Meanwhile, Isaac sat there drinking his tea without even glancing at the podium. True enough, these items were not enough to pique his interest.

Patricia began to feel a little thirsty too, so she drank some tea as well.

It was green tea with a very refreshing fragrance that seemed to linger in her mouth. She quickly took another sip.

All of a sudden, Percy raised his auction paddle, and the auctioneer called out, "90,000 from number fifteen. Are there any other bidders?"

Isaac and Nikola both turned to look at him, and Nikola asked, "Percy, that's a woman's bangle. Are you getting it to give to a woman?"

However, Percy did not satisfy their curiosity. He smiled faintly and said, "It's a secret."

Seeing that no one else called out a higher bid, the auctioneer closed the bid and announced, "Item sold to number fifteen. Congratulations."

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Isaac glanced at Patricia through the corner of his eye and asked, "You haven't found anything you like, Miss Aniston?"

His eyes almost seemed to sparkle, so much so that Patricia had to squint a little.

"Hah. You must be kidding, Mr. Arnold. These items are all too valuable. I dare not ask for them."

She meant every word. All she wanted right now was to provide for herself and her three children, and she cared little for things like jewelry and other luxuries.

Isaac's gaze seemed to intensify. Sure enough, she's not a greedy woman.

She might seem to care a lot about money, but every single buck she spent was earned through her hard work and labor. He did help her by giving her a job that paid five thousand a month, but she gave it her all too.

She never came late or left early.

She made all the arrangements for his work schedule without ever making a mistake.

She put up with all his fault-finding, accepted all his requests, and even did her best to please him.

After thinking all these through, Isaac turned his gaze back to the podium. The next item on the block would be the one he wanted.

The auctioneer gestured toward the necklace up on the podium and announced, "This is the final item up for auction today, the Celestial Tears necklace. It was crafted during the Ancient Roman Empire and is made of meteorite."

This was Patricia's first time seeing a necklace with a black gemstone pendant. It dazzled under the light, and her eyes lit up.

She could not stop herself from eyeing it more closely. What an extraordinary necklace! It's almost as if I can see the galaxy inside it.

Of course, when she heard that the starting bid was six million, her jaw dropped in shock. She was floored to find that it cost as much as a luxury villa!

If she had that much money, she would never buy such an expensive, but frivolous item.

She sipped her tea again to calm herself down.

Once again, she realized that she could not understand the world of the rich at all.

The once highly regarded daughter of the Aniston Family was now beaten down by the reality of life.

All the while, the auctioneer kept calling out bid after bid, which rose from six million all the way to twelve million.

Patricia had to pat her trembling heart. That's so expensive! How can anyone even have the guts to wear it in public?

Just then, Isaac raised his paddle and called out, "Fifteen million."

The auction hall was in an uproar as everyone began to discuss the bid.

"Fifteen million? That's too expensive!"

"Oh my goodness! Who is that up there? He just raised the bid by three million!"

The auctioneer then called out again, "A bid of eighteen million from number eleven. Would anyone else like to bid?"

Isaac frowned. He thought that fifteen million would be enough, so who was number eleven? What gave them the gall to try and snatch this away from him?

He raised his paddle and said, "22 million."

The auctioneer's voice shook as he said, "A bid of 22 million from number eighteen."

Once again, the crowd exclaimed at the price, "22 million?!"

Patricia snuck a peek at Isaac, who sat there, proud and aloof. His features looked even more chiseled than they usually did.

It's true that the most distinguished family in all of Appleby is rolling in money. He can spend 22 million just to buy a necklace.

Is he buying it for his future wife? Patricia's expression darkened at the thought of Adeline.

What a lucky woman. She hasn't even married him yet, but there's already such an extravagant gift waiting for her.

Patricia was jealous—utterly and completely jealous.

After a short wait, the auctioneer began his countdown, and no one else called out a competing bid.

Nikola chuckled and glanced at Patricia before commenting, "How generous of you, Isaac! Is she really worth you spending all that money on a necklace?"

She did not look pleased by this. In fact, she looked a little miffed. Is 22 million still not enough to win her favor? Nikola began to pity Isaac.

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Isaac's gaze fell on Patricia as he said, "Of course. She's worth it."

Patricia rolled her eyes. Why is Adeline so lucky? Why does she have such a handsome boyfriend who prepared such an expensive gift for her?

The more she thought about it, the more she lamented over the unfairness of it all. A wicked woman like Adeline deserved to stay single for the rest of her life.

All three men were looking at Patricia, but she rolled her eyes with a disgruntled expression on her face.

Percy found it amusing while Nikola massaged his forehead with a sigh. They considered her a walking calamity. All three of them were at risk of being pulverized to smithereens when she was around.

However, it could not be helped that Isaac was infatuated with her. What a conundrum!

The auction had come to an end, so the crowd on the first floor had begun dispersing.

Liam and the other assistants all went over to help their respective bosses pay and collect the items they won.

Patricia got up and glanced at the three men.

“President Arnold, are we heading back now?”

The auction started at 3.30PM and it was already 6.00PM now. There had been a lot of items up for auction, and the auctioneer had launched into a detailed summary of the background and uniqueness of each item, so it ended up taking quite some time.

Perhaps this was the life of a wealthy person. Maybe they were fond of things that had a story and a captivating history.

Either way, Patricia felt like it was time for her to get off work and return to her children. She had not seen them the entire day, and she was beginning to miss them.

Isaac checked the time. “Let’s get dinner first. We’ll head back after dinner.”

Patricia did not protest since he was the boss. He called the shots!

They got up and headed downstairs. The owner was waiting on the first floor, and she came over as soon as she spotted Isaac.

“You’ve finally graced us with your presence, President Arnold.”

Isaac shook her head. She was dressed in a vintage dress and was very beautiful.

“There were a lot of fine items this time, Miss Landry,” he commented half-heartedly. He would not have come this time if it had not been for Patricia.

Rosalie Landry was keen on him, but he did not care for her, so it was best that they kept their distance.

“I heard that you’re getting engaged, Mr. Arnold. It’s such a pity. I look forward to your divorce. I, Rosalie Landry, will always be here waiting for you.” Her eyes flashed with sorrow as she said those words.

Patricia’s expression morphed into one of visible shock. Just how eligible of a bachelor is he, anyway? There’s always some admirer of his at every turn.

Still, this young woman seemed like a far greater catch than Adeline. Not only was she beautiful, she also ran a renowned antique shop.

The grandness of the auction held each year was a testament to Rosaline’s talent, so it was such a pity that Isaac was so blind.

Nikola thrust his hand out to shake hands with her. “Why don’t you consider me, Miss Landry? I’m not too shabby myself,” he said with a wicked grin before winking at her.

However, Rosalie smiled faintly and mentioned, "I'm afraid I'm a lot more selective when it comes to love, Mr. Ortega. When I find the right person, they will be my one true love for my entire lifetime."

As she said that, her gaze drifted back to Isaac.

At the same time, Isaac's eyes fell on Patricia as he thought to himself, I'm the same. Once I find the right person, she's the one for me, for all lifetimes.

He bought this necklace because he wanted to be with her, and for their love to span every single lifetime.

Percy chatted with Rosalie for a bit before bidding her goodbye.

All of them walked out of the compound and headed toward their cars. The parking lot was quite empty now as most people had left.

Zachary's car was still there, however, and Madam Selwyn was talking to him.

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"Why aren't we leaving yet? It's freezing and I want to go home. It's a pity that I couldn't get the necklace. Who was that lunatic who offered 22 million? That's such an incredulous price! How crazy!"

When Zachary spotted Patricia, he jumped out of the car.

"Tricia..."

He called out to Patricia, who was about to enter the car when she heard him calling her name. She turned around and came over to him.

She was still wearing Isaac's coat, but her face was bright red from the cold and she was shivering.

The weather here was far too harsh on her. The wind blew icy cold as soon as the sun went down, so she was on the verge of turning into an icicle.

"Zachary, you haven't left yet?"

Zachary saw how cold she was, so he took his coat off to wrap it around her shoulders.

She quickly rejected it. "It's alright. I won't be cold once I get in the car. Did you want something? If there's nothing, I'd best get back to the car."

When Isaac climbed into the car, he realized that Patricia was not with him, so he asked, "Where's Miss Aniston?"

Liam, who stood at the car waiting to open the door for Patricia, said, "She's talking to Mr. Selwyn."

Isaac spied out the window to find Patricia standing opposite Zachary.

He did not know what they were talking about, but Zachary was smiling and he even reached out to pat Patricia on the head.

The image of them together infuriated him, so he instructed coldly, "Liam, go over and let Miss Aniston know that if she doesn't want to leave yet, we'll leave on our own first."

Liam got the message. Isaac was displeased. He was obviously jealous.

As he walked over to Patricia, he wailed internally, Miss Aniston! Please stop making President Arnold angry. He spent 22 million on you today, so could you please take that into account and stop pushing his buttons?

Liam sighed.

Why do I have to worry about my boss' love life?! How frustrating!

One of them refused to be clear about his feelings, while the other was entirely clueless, so he had no idea when these two would actually get together once and for all.

"Miss Aniston, President Arnold is asking if you're ready to leave yet. He wants to leave now."

Liam decided to change the question up a little. Meanwhile, Patricia's nose had gone completely red from the freezing cold, so she pulled the coat tighter around her and said, "Of course, let's go! I'll head off now, Zachary. Let's meet up some other time."

She jogged back over to Isaac's car, and her teeth were chattering by the time she took her seat.

"I-It's freezing!"

When Isaac saw her coming, he had already told the driver to turn the heater up to maximum, so Patricia was feeling a lot better now that she was in the car.

"What did Zachary want with you?"

Patricia rubbed her hands together and cupped her face to warm her cheeks up. She answered without hesitation, "He's been helping me with my search for my mother and he said he found a few leads, so we'll meet up a few days later to talk about it."

She had been looking for her mother throughout the past few years as she wanted to reunite with her.

Isaac's expression grew a little grim. "You can ask me to help you find her. I'm a lot more reliable than he is."

Meanwhile, Patricia had finally warmed up enough that she no longer felt stiff and numb. Her limbs felt a lot looser, her fingers regained their senses, and she was no longer shivering.

She reveled in the warmth of the car as she smiled and said, "Mr. Arnold, I wouldn't dare trouble you with this, and you—"

You're about to get engaged to Adeline, which means you and that mother-daughter duo are going to be family. Why would I ask you to help me look for my mother? She's missing because of those two.

"What about me?"

His dark eyes flashed with puzzlement as he stared at her.

Patricia shook her head. "Nothing. I just don't want to trouble you."

She took her phone out to text Darcie, but she saw a text from Selina instead.

'Patricia, you're attending Adeline and President Arnold's engagement party next Saturday, right? Let's sit together.'

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Patricia went rigid for a moment before sending a text back. 'I'm not going.'

Why would she attend Adeline's engagement party? If she did attend, she would probably bring a funeral wreath with her.

Suddenly, she received a text from Ryan. 'Tricia, I thought you and Isaac were together, but I've now realized that it's a misunderstanding on my part. Let's go see a movie together tomorrow. You're not allowed to say no. I'll come and pick you up after work.'

Patricia was stunned. Why did she receive a message from both of them at the same time?

Still, she smiled at Ryan's text. Since Ryan was asking her out, she might as well go. It had been years since she last saw a movie.

Patricia began to reminisce. If it had not been for that incident back then, she might have ended up in a relationship with Ryan by now.

Ryan was her deskmate and they got along swimmingly back then.

All of a sudden, Isaac stuck his head closer. "What are you looking at? You're so focused on it."

She quickly put her phone away and said, "It's nothing."

Then, she turned and looked out the window. The car was currently rolling down a narrow, countryside lane.

The views were decent, but she knew how cold it was outside right now as the window was frosted over.

She used her finger to draw a little turtle, pretending that it was Isaac.

He would look a little cute if he was indeed a turtle, but unfortunately, he was a human and an incredibly handsome one at that.

Just then, Isaac sneezed and Liam immediately whipped his head around to ask, "Are you getting a cold, President Arnold?"

Patricia swiftly shrugged the coat off and placed it on Isaac's lap.

"You should put it back on, Mr. Arnold. I won't be able to take responsibility for it if you do fall sick."

Isaac threw Liam a glare through the rearview mirror, and Liam trembled in fear. Darn it! Me and my big mouth again.

He tried to salvage the situation by saying, "Miss Aniston, President Arnold is of excellent health! He rarely feels cold, so you should keep it on. President Arnold's probably feeling warm right now."

Patricia's eyes widened slightly. So Isaac is stronger than most people, huh?

Even his assistant could tell that he felt hot. Anyone who claimed to be hot on such a cold day was one tough cookie.

Patricia chuckled and said, "Well then, thank you, Mr. Arnold. I'm a little under-dressed for this weather today, so I'm feeling rather chilly."

She quickly pulled the coat back on. Isaac smiled faintly and said, "Patricia, you're not allowed to dress so sparsely just for the sake of beauty. If you end up taking sick leave because of this, I'll cut your pay and your bonus too."

Patricia felt properly chided at the mention of a pay cut.

"Yes, I understand. I will dress warmly and won't allow myself to fall sick."

Out of the blue, Isaac pulled her into his arms. "It's a lot warmer like this."

Patricia could feel the body heat emanating from him. It felt burning hot against her body, and his gaze was even more searing.

"Mr. Arnold...? Mr. Arnold... let go. Stop kidding around."

Her eyes were fixed in front of her. She had to work and meet with those two men in front of her every day, and she cared about her reputation too.

Still, Isaac refused to let go. He even buried his head into her neck.

"I'm tired. I'm going to take a nap. I'll add to your bonus if you act as my pillow."

Patricia's eyes lit up at once. "How much?"

All three men had the same thought. She's obsessed with money!

Isaac breathed out shallowly and said, "I'll give you that necklace. It should be more than enough, right?"

The necklace?

Patricia was slow on the uptake, but after three seconds, she exclaimed in shock, "Are you talking about Celestial Tears? Mr. Arnold, did you just say you want to give it to me?"

Isaac felt his head spinning from the abruptness of her reaction, so he took it out on her by biting down on her neck.