

## You Are My One and Only Chapter 17

### You Are My One and Only Chapter 17 He Must Be Daddy

Adeline and Gwen walked to the main building at Aniston Residence, hand in hand.

Adeline was a little worried. "Mom, are we really going to tell Grandpa that Patricia is going back to Appleby?"

She remembered that Hendrick wanted Patricia to study in Tamalom back then, but not only did Patricia not make it, she was even sold off.

Adeline later heard that Patricia had died in an accident.

They then started rumors about Patricia eloping with a man, and the Anistons believed it.

However, only Adeline and Gwen knew that Patricia was dead.

Gwen nodded. "Yes, isn't he always thinking about Patricia? In that case, we should let him know that she's back with three illegitimate children. As soon as Patricia brings them back, you know that she'll become the joke of Appleby. Grandpa prioritizes his pride, so how would he let people know about this joke? We have to put this wall between him and Patricia so that the things we did ages ago won't be exposed."

"It makes sense!" Adeline nodded.

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In the afternoon, Josephine went to pick up the three children. Once the children left school, Sylvie ran up to Josephine.

"Mrs. Zimmers, is Mr. Handsome coming to our house today to take care of my mom?"

Josephine smiled. "There is a luxury car parked in front of the house, but I didn't go in to check. He must already be there."

When Stellan heard that, he smiled and said, "If his car is there, it means he's at our place."

He reached out and patted Sylvie on the head, smiling. Isaac had earned a passing grade for his first test, which meant that he was at least a good person without a foul heart.

When Scott heard their conversation, he asked, "What did you do behind my back?"

There was a hint of darkness on his small face, for these two were actually doing something behind his back.

Seeing their big brother angry, the two took his hands, one on each side.

"Scott, I can explain." Sylvie blinked with her eyes as huge as grapes, behaving seriously.

"Mommy and I ran into a handsome man who looks a lot like you two. I think he's probably our daddy! Mommy is sick today, so I asked him to come and take care of her. Scott, I think I've found our daddy. I'm so glad!"

Scott was silent for a while after hearing that and he frowned slightly. "Even though we are looking for Daddy, we can't just take anyone we see. Can't you guys understand this?"

He had the calmness of the eldest brother, so he took more things into consideration compared to them.

Sylvie pulled a face. "I don't care, Scott. I just like him. I just want Tricia to marry him!"

Stellan's heart ached for his sister, for she looked like she was about to cry. "Scott, I believe in Sylvie. Also, I tested him today, and he doesn't seem to be a bad person. You can test him next, then we can decide if we want to hand Mommy over to him."

In actuality, they had known since young that their mommy would need to remarry.

Even though Patricia never told them about their father, they were also understanding as they withheld their questions. However, both Poppy's mother and Josephine had said that Patricia would only be happy if she got married!

They didn't understand adult relationships, nor did they know what marriage was all about.

However, they wanted their mommy to be happy!

Scott nodded slightly. He wouldn't stubbornly oppose his siblings' opinions, after all.

He would have to see that man first, and everything depended on the latter's abilities.

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Once they returned home, the three went to Patricia's room and saw that she was asleep.

The three gestured for each other to be quiet, intending to turn around and leave quietly.

Patricia noticed that the three had arrived home, so she smiled as she sat up. "You guys are back."

Her voice was still a little hoarse, but it seemed like she had stopped coughing.

Sylvie immediately turned around and ran over to the bed, burying herself in Patricia's embrace. "Tricia, Sylvie has missed you so much."

Meanwhile, Stellan poured out a glass of water for her. "Have a drink, Mommy. Did someone come over to take care of you? Mrs. Zimmers said that a man came over. Is he your boyfriend?"

The child was testing her reaction, wanting to find out what his mother thought of this.

At the thought of the man in the morning, Patricia became mad. A hundred thousand for one morning was too high of a price for a caregiver—it was astronomical.

She frowned. If her son knew that she even signed an IOU, they would definitely approach Isaac and demand an explanation.

Sylvie suddenly pointed at her lips and asked, "Mommy, why are your lips swollen? They look like sausages."