

You Are My One and Only Chapter 23

You Are My One and Only Chapter 23 Tricia Is Going to a Date

Patricia shook her head as she replied, “No, we didn’t fight.”

She had never brought up her family before, and Zachary only found out that she was the Young Lady of the Aniston Family when he helped her to register. Although she had this status, she was forced to live outside alone and give birth without support from her family.

He thought she was rather pitiful, and despite his curiosity, he felt that she must have moved out because she didn’t get along with her family.

They completed the registration with the help of his friend, and the Aniston Family was unaware of it.

“Tricia, I’m always here for you. As long as you need help, you can just look for me.”

As long as she turned around, he would be waiting at the same spot for her forever.

Patricia smiled. “I’m fine, really. I just caught a cold a few days ago and have not fully recovered yet. Don’t worry.”

Only then did he stop asking and drove her back to Snowflake Lane, where he stayed for dinner. By the time he left, it was almost dark outside, and Patricia’s whole family saw him off at the door.

Sylvie waved enthusiastically and said, “Bye, Mr. Zach!”

Scott and Stellan bid him goodbye as well. “Mr. Zach, be careful when you’re driving.”

The fact that everyone in this house was very friendly was why Zachary liked coming to Patricia’s house. Moreover, their smiles were very clean and warm, and he thought this place was a pure land with a beauty that was different from the world!

After the car had driven away, the whole family happily walked back into the house, and Patricia asked the boys, “Both of you still have classes in the evening. So, pack your things quickly and head over.”

At the same time, Sylvie had piano lessons, and Patricia wanted to send her there personally so she could keep an eye on her during class. Yet, her head started to pound at the thought of the 60,000 course fees; she had to find a job tomorrow.

After she had changed to head out, she put the scarf on Sylvie properly. “Honey, take your lesson seriously today, and don’t be naughty again.”

This was a course Sylvie had picked by herself, but after attending a few lessons, she started becoming mischievous in her classes and did not take her lessons as seriously as she did.

Sylvie nodded. “Alright, I got it.” Then, she fixed her gaze on Patricia. “Tricia, did the Mr. Handsome who took care of you ask you out for dinner or movies recently?”

This was always how it went on TV—the male lead would ask the female lead out after taking care of her when she was sick, and they would get married soon after they started dating.

Just hearing Isaac’s name frustrated Patricia, and when she recalled that she owed him 100,000 out of the blue, she felt really down on her luck. In the future, even if she were dying of illness, she wouldn’t want him to take care of her anymore.

That’s a sky-high care fee, she thought. It will be amazing if I have this earning power.

Right at this moment, her phone started to ring, and it was Sylvie who passed her phone to her. “Tricia, here’s your phone. Maybe Mr. Handsome is asking you out!”

While Patricia wore her scarf, she wondered, He’s drinking at his father-in-law’s place now. So why will he look for me?

Nevertheless, when she took the phone from her daughter, she was so shocked that she almost tossed it on the floor because it was a call from Isaac.

“Pick it up quickly!” Sylvie urged.

As he was the lender in their relationship, that made him the master, and she could only pick up the call. “Hello.”

Her voice was very indifferent, sounding even more aloof than when dealing with strangers.

“Patricia Aniston, be at Estrella Villa in half an hour. Otherwise, the interest will double,” he said and hung up, leaving Patricia with a frown as she wrinkled her face.

Why is there an interest now? she wondered, wholly regretting her decision to sign the IOU.

When Sylvie heard that a certain woman’s phone had gone silent, she bounced happily. “Yeah! It’s really Mr. Handsome calling to ask you out! Go and do your makeup quickly and make yourself look pretty. I’m going for my lesson now, and I’ll be a good girl.”

Patricia was a little nervous when she watched as Sylvie went downstairs in delight. “Sylvie Aniston, ask Mrs. Zimmers to stay with you for the lesson. Do you hear me?”

“I got it. Remember to throw yourself at Mr. Handsome and give me some siblings!”

You Are My One and Only Chapter 24

You Are My One and Only Chapter 24 How Should I Punish You?

Patricia frowned as she asked herself, Where did this kid learn all these? Throw myself at him and give birth to siblings...

It was already 6.30PM when she went downstairs, and if she had to reach Estrella Villa at 7.00PM, she had to drive there in her Toyota.

The entire way was full of traffic as it was the peak time after work, and it pained her heart because the gas price was very high. This was a car she had bought at a considerable cost because it would be more convenient to send Sylvie to the hospital at night.

Usually, she couldn't bear to drive it because it ran on gas, but if she went over with a cab, it would be even more expensive. Making a compromise, she could only bear the pain and use the car.

The whole time, the traffic was heavy, and there were a lot of stops, which made her heart bleed. Finally, when she reached Estrella Villa, security refused to let her into the neighborhood.

After she told the security the house number, she added, "I'm his guest, and I'll give him a call if you don't believe me."

The security thought in bewilderment, Would President Arnold have such a poor friend? No, they didn't believe that.

So many people wanted to approach Isaac, and they could barely keep count of the people that they had sent away on a daily basis, but this was the first time someone came with a crappy little Toyota.

Was she acting pathetic to gain Isaac's pity and then crawl into his bed?

"President Arnold isn't expecting any guests."

Patricia almost passed out from the anger. If it weren't for her being distressed by the cost of gas, she would have left and ignored everything, but if that guy said he wanted to raise the interests again, her heart would bleed. After all, she couldn't help being in poverty!

Hence, she picked up her phone and called him.

"Patricia Aniston, five minutes have passed. Why aren't you here yet?"

A certain man's voice was icy, even carrying a trace of anger.

She inhaled deeply as she tried to calm herself. At the end of the day, he was the lender and could raise the interest anytime. If that happened, she really couldn't afford to pay anymore.

"President Arnold, I'm at the entrance, but the security won't allow me in."

"I'll take care of it," he replied curtly and hung up.

Soon, the security let her in respectfully.

What a bunch of realistic snobs, she thought, holding her head high and ignoring them as she drove into the villa neighborhood.

This villa neighborhood was an expensive piece of land in Appleby, and it also belonged to the real estate company owned by Arnolds Corporation.

As she dutifully followed the map he had given her, she arrived at No. A8 and parked her car by the porch without a hitch. After she parked her car, she was about to get out when her phone rang.

When she saw that it was a call from Darcie, she quickly picked it up because she was worried that there might be an emergency. "Hi, Darcie."

At the moment, Darcie was still at the hospital, and her daughter had fallen asleep with the drip.

"Tricia, I heard from Sylvie that you went on a date. Is the guy Isaac Arnold? Do your best! After you take him down, you'll live a good life!" she whispered.

Darcie was a good friend she met at Everbright, and she was a miserable woman, too.

A speechless Patricia couldn't help but think, I'm here to repay my debt, not on a date. So what on earth is Sylvie spreading around?

That little girl always gave her a headache; she loved to gossip, and Patricia wondered who she resembled.

She rested her head on her palm and replied in exasperation, "Darcie, it's really impossible between Isaac and me. He's about to get married, so you should give up on asking me to give it a try."

"Are you dumb? He's not married yet, and he can have a divorce even if he is. Just take a look at that jerk of mine. He abandoned his wife and kid and eloped with his mistress."

Patricia couldn't help but chuckle. "Miss Darcie, aren't you the one who hates homewreckers the most? So, why are you asking me to be one?"

Darcie raised her hand and patted her head. "Tricia, I just think that Isaac likes you, and if you just take one step closer to him, he will be yours, for sure."

Then, another call came in, and Patricia took a look. Just as she thought, it was that annoying debt collector, Isaac.

"Darcie, I'm busy and have to hang up now. Tomorrow, I'll visit Poppy, and we'll talk again when we meet."

After she ended the call, she rushed toward the villa. As he had already given her the password, the door opened after she had keyed it in. In the house, she saw the man leaning against the couch and looking as though he had too much to drink.

His long, slender fingers tugged at his tie forcefully as he narrowed his eyes. "Patricia Aniston, you're ten minutes late. I'm going to punish you."

When he stared at her, there was a beast-like look in his eyes, and he reached out to pull her into his embrace. She didn't expect such an action from him, so his actions utterly took her off guard as she fell on him.

"Ah!"

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 25 President Arnold's Barbie

Isaac's body was so hard that Patricia was in pain from knocking against him. She steadied herself as she held onto his shoulders, and their eyes met.

"How should I punish you? Interest on interest? Huh?"

Patricia thought that he probably had a lot to drink when she observed him. No wonder his voice sounded a little odd over the phone earlier—it wasn't as cold as before and sounded a little more friendly.

So, he's drunk, she thought, undoing the tie for him.

After she took off the tie, a certain man felt more comfortable, and his attractive eyes gazed at her with a slight hint of a smile. "I had a little too much to drink tonight, and I'm feeling uneasy. Can you prepare something to ease my stomach?"

In fact, he didn't drink a lot, just a glass of white wine, and he had a better tolerance for alcohol than this, but a particular man just wanted to be drunk for once.

Probably this was what it meant when people say that only the heart would allow itself to be drunk.

Patricia blinked as she answered, "Oh, okay. But, President Arnold, you called me over for work. What exactly do you want me to do?"

It seemed like someone had already cleaned his house, which was relatively clean.

This girl is so innocent and gullible, Isaac thought, staring at her with a deep look in his eyes. "Clean my bedroom and also cook for me. Can you do that?"

His bedroom was a place he didn't allow anyone in, so even the servants from the Arnold Family who came over to clean didn't dare to enter his room.

She knitted her brows as she answered honestly, "I can clean the place, but I'm not that good at cooking."

Her cooking wasn't delicious, and Josephine usually did the cooking because her culinary skills were superb. That was why Patricia kept her around—she didn't want her culinary skills to torment her darlings.

"That's fine. You can learn. Go and prepare something to ease my stomach now."

After she gave him a nod, she went into the kitchen. She knew a recipe to ease the stomach—ginger soup. As Zachary often needed to drink during business dinners, Josephine had prepared this ginger soup a few times for him, and she had also picked it up.

So, she took out a piece of ginger, chopped it up, and boiled it in water just long enough that she could boil the juices out of the ginger.

While she waited for the ginger soup to be ready, she took out the calculator and started counting. How much should she ask for the monthly salary if the whole sum was 125,000?

After several considerations, she decided on 10,000 because she had run a search on the Internet that the monthly salary for a half-day housekeeper was only a little over 4,000. So, it was considered rather high if she asked for 10,000.

With a bowl of ginger soup in her hands, she returned to the living room and placed it in front of Isaac.

"President Arnold, the ginger soup is ready. But, be careful because it's hot!" she reminded him in a friendly tone and chuckled. "President Arnold, may I ask for 10,000 as the monthly salary?"

Right now, he was drunk, so he must be in a blur. Nevertheless, as long as he gave her the nod, it would be too late, even if he regretted it tomorrow.

Isaac straightened his body, picked up the spoon, and was about to take a sip when he heard her request. This woman is trying to con me, he thought, furrowing his brows for a second. "5,000 a month. I've given you an extra 1,000 compared to others."

Patricia couldn't help but silently curse in her heart, He's still so sharp even when he's drunk. What a wily fox he is! Her lips pouted in disgruntlement, and she was a little unwilling to accept this, but that was the market price, and she didn't have the right to say no.

"Fine, 5,000 it is, then." That means I have to work here for two years. My god, this is too expensive!

Isaac smirked as he noticed her sullen and pouting face, thinking that it was very adorable. "Go and clean the room. The first room on the second floor."

Therefore, she went upstairs and into the first room, which was huge. The outside was a small study, and the bedroom was on the inside. When she entered the bedroom, she saw that the colors in his room were very dark—black-colored wallpaper and even the bedsheets were black, but the blanket was a mess.

She decided to start with the bed, and when she pulled the blankets away, she saw a beautiful woman hidden beneath. Of course, she wasn't real, and she looked a lot like Sylvie's Barbie doll, but in the size of an adult.

Patricia picked up the doll, paced to the top of the staircase, and exclaimed to the man downstairs, "President Arnold, are you playing with dolls? You have to dress her up nicely to look good. I'll help you to doll her up, and I'm sure you'll be amazed."

The man who was having soup spit it out. How could I have forgotten about this?