

You Are My One and Only Chapter 4

You Are My One and Only Chapter 4 Returning His Jacket

Isaac looked up at last. "Did you inform her that I want to have dinner with her tonight?"

Phillip regained consciousness for a while but was now unconscious again. It would be difficult for him to regain his consciousness in the future.

His wish was for Isaac to marry the oldest daughter of the Aniston Family, so Isaac was willing to fulfill his wish for him. She might be the woman from that night six years ago, so to Isaac, she had an important role in fulfilling his carnal desires.

"Yes, the appointment's set at half past six this evening at Prive. Shall I request that they clear the floor?"

"That won't be necessary," Isaac replied coolly.

"Understood, President Arnold."

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Meanwhile, in an ordinary, low-cost apartment situated in the remote Snowflake Lane.

Patricia took Sylvie's temperature once more. When she confirmed that Sylvie's temperature was normal now, she heaved a sigh of relief. "Your fever's gone down, Sylvie. So, you won't need to go to the hospital."

Patricia stroked Sylvie's face gently, her eyes full of affection.

All those years ago, Adeline and her mother had schemed to make her lose her virginity and her grandfather's love. In the end, they even sold her off to a human trafficker.

Thankfully, she survived it all.

Though it seemed as if Zachary had run into her, the truth was she fainted from over-exhaustion. He wanted to take responsibility for it, which led to him taking care of her and her children for the past six years.

She would never be able to repay her debt of gratitude toward him!

Despite all the hardships she went through back then, her babies survived inside her womb.

Patricia was moved by the strength and persistence of these tiny lives. Even though her life had fallen apart and she had nothing left to her name, she was determined to keep them.

She bore triplets. The first two were handsome sons, the oldest Scott and the second, Stellan.

As for the third baby, it was a precious little girl named Sylvie.

She was much smaller than Scott her two older brothers when she was born. At slightly over three pounds, she looked like a little monkey.

It had been an arduous journey raising her. Ever since she was a baby, she had to be carried while she slept and would cry as soon as she was placed on the bed. She was often sick too.

Time and time again, Sylvie would fall severely ill, and Patricia would get a terrible fright, just like last time.

Right now, Sylvie had lost some of her chubby cheeks, and she looked even tinier than she used to.

She wrapped her arms around a doll and said in her girlish voice, "Mommy, since I'm not sick anymore, does this mean I won't have to drink that awful, bitter medicine anymore?"

Patricia laughed and stroked Sylvie's hair. "That's right. You're all better now. Remember not to overeat candy, okay? Or else, you'll fall sick again."

Her two sons were in school, but Sylvie had to stay home, so she could not attend any interviews.

The medical bills cost over 3 thousand this time and her savings were nearly all gone. So, she needed to find a job as soon as possible to earn money.

Truth be told, she had 75 thousand in her bank account, but she did not know who gave it to her, so she refused to touch it.

She guessed that it was from her grandfather.

Patricia thought the incident back then was partly due to her failures too. She made a farce out of herself and damaged her grandfather's reputation, so she felt too ashamed to see him and could not bring herself to use his money either.

After collecting the laundry from the balcony, she shoved it away in the closet and spotted the expensive jacket.

She had sent it to the dry cleaners a few days ago and was planning to return it today.

That day, while at the hospital, the man who gave her his jacket looked a little familiar, but she could not recall who he was.

Later, she was flipping through a business magazine when she realized that the man was Isaac Arnold. He currently held the reins for the entire Arnold Family, which was Appleby's most prominent family!

She managed to get a hold of Isaac's assistant's phone number, so she gave him a call.

The call connected almost immediately.

"Is this Mr. Dorchester?"

"Yes, it is. Who is this?" Liam replied.

"My name is Patricia Aniston. President Arnold lent me his jacket a while ago, and I want to return it to him. Would it be possible for me to do so today?"

Liam glanced at the man inside the private dining room and decided to give the address to Patricia. "You can come over now. President Arnold is currently having dinner here."

He did not think much of it. Isaac had never been involved in a romantic relationship, so he assumed that the woman who called could be one of Isaac's friends.

After ending the call, Patricia said to Sylvie, "Sylvie, come with me on an errand, and we'll have dinner outside, okay?"

Since she was being cooped up in the house for so many days, Sylvie felt like she was beginning to feel a little stir-crazy, so she jumped up in excitement. "Yay!"

Her eyes were glittering with stars. She looked like a tiny version of Patricia and was so adorable that she won the hearts of all who met her.

Her voice was lovely too. Patricia's heart melted each time she heard Sylvie's exuberant exclams.

After informing Josephine of their plans and asking her to pick Scott and Stellan up from school, Patricia left the house with Sylvie in tow.

She drove off in her secondhand Toyota and headed for the restaurant, Prive.

When she and Sylvie walked into the restaurant hand-in-hand, Sylvie was thrilled.

"Whoa. The food here looks amazing! We need to take some home for Scott, Stellan, and Mrs. Zimmers to try."

Sylvie was well on her way to becoming a major foodie. Though she looked thin and tiny, she ate much more than her two brothers. Yet, she just did not put on any weight for some reason.

"That's a good idea. Here, let's sit down. You can place an order while I return the jacket."

Patricia chose a table by the window. Then, after placing her bag down, she walked over to the private dining rooms that were fairly nearby.

All of a sudden, she spotted a familiar silhouette—it was Adeline Aniston.

She looked completely different after six years.

It looked like she had gotten plastic surgery as she was much prettier than before, but she looked like a typical Instagram baddie.

A surge of loathing took over her when she saw Adeline.

It was her, that woman, and her mother, who ruined her life!

When she saw that Adeline had entered private room 101, she asked the person at the door, "Excuse me, but are you Mr. Dorchester?"

She had sent a message to Liam earlier saying that she had arrived, and Liam said he would wait for her at the door.

There was a flash of surprise in his eyes when he saw the woman in front of him. She was gorgeous, wearing a black windbreaker with a pair of black pants that showed off how slim and long her legs were.

Her captivating features, along with her attractive figure, doubled down to make her an incredible beauty.

"Yes, I am. Are you Miss Aniston?"

Patricia nodded and asked, "May I know the relationship between President Arnold and the woman who just went in?"

Liam smiled and said, "She's President Arnold's fiancée."

After hearing those words, Patricia's expression changed at once... You Are My One and Only