

You Are My One and Only Chapter 48

You Are My One and Only

Chapter 48

Patricia only managed to read Isaac's text after bringing the triplets home, and just as she wanted to ask him if he could take some heat or how he'd like the stew prepared, his second message came.

With that, she hurriedly deleted her question and asked, 'It's a paid leave, right?'

This was her number one concern; she didn't mind not having any breaks since she owed him so much money, after all.

Just the thought of Poppy's potential medical funds getting stolen got her feeling awful, so she wanted to use labor to punish herself.

Now, not only would she have to work hard to pay off her debts, but she'd also have to put in extra effort to help Darcie pay off Poppy's medical bills.

Meanwhile, Isaac had just come out of the shower. While drying his hair with a towel, he checked his phone and replied to her text, 'Of course.'

Patricia replied instantly, 'You're the best, President Arnold! xoxo.'

Does this mean I'll be getting every Sunday off thereafter? She thought that Isaac was pretty nice, and he was a decent boss the more she thought about it.

However, the man frowned upon seeing the words 'xoxo'.

Damn it, you woman. How dare you seduce me through the phone?

...

After dinner, Patricia went to the hospital with lunch boxes. When she entered the ward, she found Darcie eating takeout that she had probably gotten from the hospital's cafeteria. Judging from how reluctantly she was eating, it probably didn't taste good.

"Miss Patricia." Poppy smiled upon seeing the visitor.

Likewise, Darcie looked toward the door when she heard Poppy's barely audible 'Miss Patricia'. "Tricia, what brings you here again?"

When Patricia saw Darcie's puffy eyes, she knew the woman had been agonizing over money earlier.

With that, she sat next to Darcie and handed her one of the lunch boxes. "I've brought some of Mrs. Zimmer's cooking. They are all your favorite dishes."

After that, Patricia took Poppy's lunch box out, intending to feed the little girl.

"I can feed myself, Miss Patricia," Poppy said with a smile, so Patricia put the lunch box on the overbed table so the little girl could eat while sitting on her bed. Poppy was rather spirited that day, but it still pained Patricia to see the little girl was now skin and bones due to her illness.

On the other hand, Darcie ate at the table beside them. Josephine's food was up her alley, and while she ate, she said to Patricia, "Mrs. Zimmer sure knows how to cook. Now, this is what I call food."

She had been eating so much takeout lately that she had the urge to puke just by looking at it.

Meanwhile, Patricia sat on the edge of the hospital bed. "Darcie, I wanted to pawn my ring and use the money to pay for Poppy's medical bills. However, a thief snatched it right out of my hands earlier today."

Darcie's eyes widened upon hearing so. "Theives nowadays are getting more and more savage. To think they'd rob in broad daylight."

At that, her gaze dimmed a little. "At the end of the day, it's all my fault. I'll buy you one when I have the money again, Tricia."

Patricia never told anyone how the ring came into her possession, for the story was rather absurd. Even she wasn't sure if it really happened or that she was dreaming. Surely, it was real when she had gotten triplets from the incident, right?

However, she just couldn't bring herself to say it out loud.

"Darcie, my neighbor can lend us half a million. I'll borrow from them to treat Poppy's illness. We can slowly repay the debt together after that."

Tears began pooling in Darcie's eyes upon hearing so. "Thank you for helping me, Tricia. I've been selling my house lately. We'll be able to pay the debt after I get the money from it."

She had pleaded and begged many people earlier that day, but none were willing to lend her any money. She had even gone as far as begging on her knees, but none of her relatives bothered themselves with her.

She couldn't blame them, for she knew they saw Poppy's illness was like a black hole, constantly needing large sums of money to cure the little girl.

Worst yet, Darcie couldn't save any money with her current state. As such, it was within reason that they dared not lend her any money.

You Are My One and Only Chapter 49

You Are My One and Only

Chapter 49

Patricia nodded in response. "In that case, I'll go and ask for the money tomorrow. The sooner Poppy can get her surgery, the better."

Darcie seemed to have brightened up, and she looked like she had much more of an appetite now.

At that, Patricia glanced at Poppy. The little one still couldn't eat much, returning to her Barbie doll after taking a couple of bites.

The doll was a present from Sylvie, and the two girls loved these toys. Hence, Sylvie would always think of getting one for Poppy whenever she bought one for herself.

Seeing how much Poppy was enjoying the toy, Patricia thought perhaps this was the little girl's happiest moment, making her forget about her illness.

The woman stayed until the mother and daughter finished their meal. Just then, the caretaker arrived just in time for Darcie to head to work in Everbright.

With that, Patricia and Darcie left the hospital, whereby the former dropped the latter off at Everbright's entrance.

Before Darcie exited the car, Patricia asked, "Darcie, do you think it's still possible if I come back here and work as a dancer?"

She returned to perform a show the other night and thought the response was rather well; everyone was happy to see her.

As much as she didn't like the place, she thought she could still return to Everbright as a dancer to survive.

Darcie fell silent for a moment before turning to Patricia with a grave face. "Tricia, since you've already left, don't come back anymore."

Everbright was a hellhole, and anyone who could leave the place shouldn't return.

Patricia nodded in agreement. "You're right. I won't come back then. Meanwhile, you should find a different job once Poppy is cured."

Darcie smiled in response. "Yeah, we'll be able to do whatever we want by then."

It wasn't until Darcie went into Everbright that Patricia drove away.

However, her phone rang just then, and she fished for it while keeping her eyes on the road. "Hello?" She hadn't had a chance to see who the caller was.

"Come and pick me up, Patricia. I'm at Spago." It was Isaac, and he seemed to have taken some liquor.

"President Arnold, isn't today my day off?"

"I'll triple your pay."

"Alright, please wait for me for a while. I'll be right there."

She was close to Spago, so after hanging up, she made a sharp U-turn, leading the other oncoming drivers to cuss at her. "Do you know how to f*cking drive?!"

However, Patricia pretended not to have heard it. After all, the more important thing was getting her pay tripled. Oh, she was in seventh heaven!

In fact, she practically hummed throughout the entire drive. "Yeah, I'm going to take my horse to the old town road, I'm going to ride 'til I can't anymore..."

Ten minutes later, Patricia arrived at Spago. "President Arnold, I've arrived. You can come out now!" Patricia called Isaac after parking by the entrance.

Isaac smirked upon hearing the young woman's chirpy voice. There was a hint of a smile beneath his eyes as well. "That's fast of you."

Alas, the power of triple pay. He had to say that he was impressed with how she could arrive in just ten minutes.

Nikola and Percy were playing hand games when they saw Isaac, who only had one sip of liquor, suddenly get up.

"You guys enjoy yourselves. I'm going home. I've had one too many."

Excuse you?! Okay, we let you off the hook when you said your gastric was acting up after taking a sip of liquor, but you're telling us that you're drunk now? After one sip?!

"Isaac, you piece of sh*t. What ever happened to bros before h*es?!" Nikola snapped.

However, Isaac wasn't bothered. There was even a smirk on his face. "Well, you've got one thing right. Indeed, a woman is here to pick me up. Feel free to enjoy yourselves since you don't have any women to pick you guys up."

Percy and Nikola were rendered gobsmacked. Is this b*stard bragging right now?

Thus, the two stood up as well after exchanging glances.

"We can't drive since we've had liquor as well. I'm sure you don't mind giving us a lift."

With one arm around Percy's shoulder, Nikola opened the door to the back seat of the Volvo parked by the entrance. "Hi, Miss Aniston. We meet again," Nikola greeted after entering the car.

Patricia turned around and looked at the guys in response. Goodness, they reek of alcohol. Nonetheless, these two guys sure are good-looking. Hubba hubba!

"Hi!" However, had she ever met them before?

You Are My One and Only Chapter 50

You Are My One and Only

Chapter 50

While Patricia was musing who these two guys were, the door to the front passenger seat opened. Once Isaac got in, he turned toward the two guys in the back seat with a gaze laced in thick frost.

The way they feigned drunkenness was too unconvincing. Moreover, their chauffeurs were in the cars right next to this one. Why did they have to sit in this janky car when they had their luxury rides?!

"Ise, give us a ride, will you? Alternatively, we can stay over at your place. It's not every day Pers is around," Nikola said with a smile.

“Are they your friends?” Patricia asked Isaac, leading Nikola to introduce himself. “Tricia, I’m Nikola Ortega. You can just call me Nik. This is Percy Henderson. We’re Isaac’s buddies.”

At that, Patricia turned around and smiled at them. “Hi!”

She thought the guy named Nikola was lovely, and she could tell he was amiable at one glance. Meanwhile, Young Master Henderson looked amiable as well, for he had a sense of trustworthiness to him.

However, unlike his friends, Young Master Isaac was harder to get along with, for he only ever pulled a straight face like she owed him hundreds of thousands.

I do owe him a few hundred thousand, but... Hmph! As if I’d give a sh*t about you if not for the triple pay! No one will care even if you’re dead drunk.

“Drive,” Isaac ordered.

With that, Patricia drove out of the parking lot and into the traffic.

Behind the red Volvo were three luxury cars—the first, a Bentley; second, a Maserati; lastly, a bulletproof SUV.

The four cars slowly drove forward, looking super conspicuous lined up.

Patricia wasn’t the best when it came to driving at night, and she sped up at the first traffic light, wanting to charge toward the opposite. Lo and behold, the light turned yellow when the car had already gained momentum, and she instantly slammed on the brakes in fright.

With that, the car abruptly stopped and even took a buffer skid forward.

As a result, Nikola and Percy lunged forward, crashing into the front seats with a heavy thud. Isaac thanked himself for remembering to put on his seatbelt, or his head would’ve had a forceful encounter with the windshield.

Patricia, on the other hand, made nothing of her reckless behavior, for she thought it was fine as long as she stopped in time. Otherwise, she’d have to pay the penalty if the red light camera caught her!

The car might be Isaac’s, but she was certain this stingy man would make her pay for the traffic law she broke.

Thank goodness she responded quickly and retained her hundred and fifty bucks.

Meanwhile, Nikola held his aching head, feeling a little dizzy with the urge to puke.

Percy, on the other hand, fared better as he was long used to traversing various terrains in the military.

At that, he commented with a smile, "You have mad driving skills, Miss Aniston."

Not everybody could make that kind of stunt, and it had become clear to him; Isaac had pretty interesting taste in women.

Patricia stuck her tongue out in response. In actuality, she didn't like pulling up short either.

After all, her triplets had tumbled out of their seats and landed on the floorboard when she pulled up short. At that, little Sylvie would get vexed and tell her to slow down since they weren't in a rush to court death.

Meanwhile, Scott and Stellan would comfort her by saying, "It's okay. None of us are hurt."

Sure enough, sons were much more thoughtful than daughters.

Isaac, on the other hand, chuckled to himself. "Do you two gentlemen want to get out at the next intersection?"

It's perfect that Patricia pulled this stunt. Who told you guys to shamelessly follow us, anyway? It's good that she gave you two the fright of your lives.

After the episode, Patricia slowed down a little, arriving at the entrance to Estrella Villa with no more accidents.

After pulling over, she turned to Isaac. "I'll drop you guys off here, President Arnold. Otherwise, I can only make a U-turn very far away if I do go in. It's really late now, so I hope you can understand."

Could he say no when she had put it so clearly? Besides, he couldn't do anything to her with those two at the back, could he?

At that, he glanced at her and ordered icily, "Door..."

To that, Patricia rolled her eyes at him. He sure sees me as his chauffeur.

Alas, she could only get out of the car and go to his side. Just as she wanted to open the door, she took a glance at the back seat to find Nikola and Percy gone.