

You Are My One and Only Chapter 64

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A few people next to them began crying and then followed the nurses pushing the corpse toward the elevator.

Isaac glanced at the woman in his arms and said coldly, "Nikola, get out of there."

Look at how terrified Patricia is!

Nikola strutted out, then raised his eyebrows at the woman in Isaac's arms.

"She made me feel so terrible, so I had to scare her. I didn't expect her to be so frightened."

Percy threw a punch and hit him in the chest.

"Nik, what does it feel like to take an aphrodisiac for animals? Actually, you can do it together with your Bobo."

Hearing this, Nikola was angry. His face was very dark as he threw a punch at Percy, so the latter hurriedly darted away. "Nik, I'm joking. Stop making trouble."

Nikola caught up with him and punched him to relieve his anger and then waited for the elevator together.

Isaac came to the elevator with Patricia in his arms. His expression was a little cold. Nikola pursed his lips, but he didn't dare to provoke Isaac.

His laboratory was funded by Isaac, and if Isaac withdrew the funds, he would be finished. So, he had no choice but to give way. "Ise, I really was just scaring her."

Isaac glanced at him lightly. "Go away." Then he strode into the elevator, but the two did not dare to follow.

Percy glanced at Nikola. "I believe you now."

Nikola smiled. "Right? She's bad luck. Whoever encounters her will be unlucky."

"Looks like you're the only one unlucky."

Nikola sighed, "I know. Unfortunately, it seems that I'm the only one being struck by bad luck while you and Ise are fine."

When Patricia woke up, she found herself in the car, so she sat up abruptly and turned to look around. "Did I just have a dream?"

She raised her hand and patted her face. If it was just a dream, that would be best. But when she saw the handsome and cold man beside her, she felt that it was not a dream. Her face fell suddenly, and she let out a long sigh. "Isaac, Nikola is dead, right? You are going to send me to the police station, right? Can you help me take care of my three children?"

As she spoke, she reached out and shook his arm. "When I come out of prison, I'll cook and clean for you for a lifetime."

Isaac glanced at her lightly. "That's a good idea."

Patricia leaned back in her seat, completely powerless and waiting for the final judgment.

When the car stopped, she found that they were not at the police station but at the door of her house.

Her eyes lit up suddenly, then dimmed again.

"Are you allowing me to see my family one last time?"

How would I tell the three kids later? If they hear about this, they will be very sad.

She felt sorry for them. Although she had given them life, she couldn't give them their father, and she couldn't give them company. She was a total failure.

Thinking of this, she could not help sobbing.

Isaac raised his brows. "Patricia, your imagination is running wild. Nikola is not dead."

Patricia raised her hand and wiped away her tears. "You don't have to comfort me. I've killed someone and deserved the punishment. I understand, and I'm not afraid."

Is she not afraid? She looks so terrified. This woman is really stubborn.

After speaking, Patricia stopped crying. Holding back her tears, she was still sad, and her little nose twitched.

Isaac had never seen such a woman who cried all the time, and it made his heart hurt.

His slender and clean fingers held her chin as he drew her lips close to him. As long as she moved, their lips would touch. In the end, she was so frightened that she didn't dare to even breathe.

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“Patricia, Nikola didn't die. He was just scaring you.” After Isaac finished speaking, he took out his phone and dialed Nikola's number, which was quickly connected.

“Ise, do you miss me?” The guy's wicked voice came, and Patricia could hear it too.

Her eyes finally lit up. “Young Master Ortega, are you not dead? That's great!”

When Nikola heard that Isaac was explaining to his woman, he laughed. “Tricia, you made me suffer today. I was as hard as a rock. Now that I've scared you, we can be considered even.”

Patricia didn't understand. “A rock? Did that medicine make your whole body hard?”

Isaac narrowed his eyes slightly again, and a dangerous smile appeared on the corner of his mouth when he looked at her.

Nikola was taken aback for a moment. “Uh, no. But Tricia, aren't you too simple-minded? You don't even understand this?” After he finished speaking, he smiled and added, “Ise, it seems that you have to train her well.”

Isaac was also a little surprised. Didn't this girl give birth to three children? She should understand what she experienced, right? Is she pretending? It doesn't look like it.

“I'm hanging up. Don't scare her again in the future,” he said coldly before he hung up on the call. “Do you believe me now?”

Patricia relaxed. “Fortunately, no fatalities were caused. Otherwise...”

She would never dare to do this again. No matter how high the salary was, the job had to be within her ability.

Then, she glanced at the door of her house and asked politely, “Isaac, do you want to come in?”

She merely asked out of being polite since she thought he wouldn't want to go in.

After she finished speaking, she was about to push the door open and get out of the car, but Isaac suddenly responded, "Okay, I'm hungry anyway."

At this point, it was already past dinner time. Surprise flashed across Patricia's eyes. This guy is really bold. However, today he had helped her, so it was okay for her to treat him to dinner.

Without wasting any moment, Isaac got out of the car and followed her into the small courtyard.

At this moment, the three children ran out. "Patricia..."

Sylvie threw herself into Patricia's arms. "Are you doing well at work on your first day today? Are you tired?"

The little girl looked concerned, and the two boys behind her were also waiting for Patricia's answer.

Patricia squeezed out a smile. "Work was great, and I'm not tired. Come in. It's quite cold outside."

Regardless of the kind of troubles she faced in the day, or whatever she had experienced outside, when she got home, she abandoned everything bad and only reported good news.

When Isaac saw how she acted with the children, it seemed like she had changed. She appeared more mature and stable, and maybe it was all because of her motherly instinct.

When Sylvie saw Isaac, she giggled. "Mr. Handsome, you are here."

Then she glanced at her mother. It turns out she was on a date with Mr. Handsome. No wonder she came back so late.

Everyone entered the house, and Patricia poured a mug of warm water for Isaac. "Isaac, sit down for a while, and the meal will be ready soon."

She went into the kitchen and asked Josephine to make a few more dishes, as Isaac was very picky with food. Then she went upstairs to take a shower. Today, she broke out in a cold sweat, and she felt like she stank.

In the living room, Isaac glanced at the white porcelain mug. Next to the water dispenser not far away, there were four mugs, each with a photo on it. They were

photos of Patricia and her three children, and the mugs were clearly defined for each of them.

Scott and Stellan glanced at each other, then went into the room and took a bottle of hard liquor. Next, they poured it into a cold glass. They knew that men were more genuine after drinking alcohol, so if he wanted to be their father, he had to pass this test.

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Stellan took the empty glass, then Scott poured the hard liquor into it so that it was half full. "Mr. Arnold, have a drink."

Stellan put the glass in front of Isaac, after which he smiled slightly and looked very friendly.

Isaac glanced at the glass. There was already a mug of water, so what did this mean?

Although he had doubts in his heart, he looked at the two handsome little boys and felt as if he had seen them somewhere but couldn't remember.

Scott's cold little voice sounded. "Mr. Arnold, this is our family's rule. Please drink it!"

Sylvie was standing by the side, her big eyes blinking. "Scott, what is the rule? Why don't I know?"

Are they bullying Mr. Handsome? But my brothers don't bully people.

Scott nodded slightly. "It will be the same for you in the future."

Isaac suddenly understood that these two boys were testing him, as they probably regarded him as Patricia's boyfriend.

Moreover, what Scott meant was that when his sister grew up and brought her boyfriend home, the boyfriend would be treated like this.

Sure enough, this was the rule of the Aniston Family. Looking at the two little boys with dark eyes in front of him, Isaac felt that they were very smart.

It was no wonder that Patricia didn't lose herself over the years. It turned out that she had two sons like this. He picked up the glass and drank it all in one gulp. He felt the spicy taste in his mouth and realized that it was hard liquor with a high level of alcohol.

Isaac had been in the business world since he was very young, so he had experienced all kinds of occasions, and naturally, his alcohol tolerance was very high.

He smiled slightly and showed them the empty glass.

Scott then poured him another glass again without speaking. The three little children just looked at him like this while he drank glass after glass. As he drank the bottle of hard liquor, his stomach began to feel uncomfortable. After all, he was drinking on an empty stomach.

He was not drunk, but he was indeed a little tipsy, and there was a smile in his indistinct gaze. "Shall I continue drinking?"

The expressions of these two boys were neither humble nor arrogant, but they were very assertive. Scott replied, "No need."

The two brothers quickly removed the evidence, and then the little girl moved closer. "Mr. Handsome, you've drunk so much. Do you want to pee?"

He drank so many glasses in one go. If it were me, I would definitely have to pee.

Isaac stroked her little face with his big hand and shook his head. "Go off and have fun. Your brothers and I have something to talk about."

Sylvie pursed her lips. "Oh! Then I'll watch TV." The little girl happily ran to the TV, sat on the carpet, and watched the cartoon by herself.

After a while, the two little boys sat beside Isaac and looked at him with bright eyes. Scott asked him, "What's your name? How old are you, and have you ever been married?"

Isaac was waiting for their questions. With a slight smile, he parted his thin lips lightly. "My name is Isaac Arnold. I'm 25 years old and unmarried."

Hearing this, the two little guys looked at each other. He was one year older than their mother, but they were a little worried about him being unmarried. This man was good-looking, tall, handsome, and still young. However, their mother had three of them. It would be unlikely for him not to mind this.

Stellan then asked, "Do you mind if your woman has children?"

Sylvie liked this man and wanted him to be their father, so the two brothers wanted to see if he was qualified.

The smile on the corner of Isaac's mouth became deeper because he was feeling a little drunk at the moment. These two boys were really good at managing the time for the alcohol to begin its effect.

"As long as she's the woman I like, I don't mind."

Scott took over. "If she isn't very smart, would you like her too?"

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Isaac picked up the glass of water that Patricia poured for him and took a sip, for he didn't expect that the effect of the hard liquor would be so great. His vision became more and more blurred, and he was now really drunk.

"I don't like women who are too smart."

Scott and Stellan smiled slightly. This was the most important point.

At this time, Patricia came downstairs wearing casual clothes after taking a bath. She saw her two sons chatting with Isaac and walked over with a smile.

"What are you talking about?"

As soon as Patricia approached, she smelled a strong smell of alcohol.

She sniffed carefully, and then she found that Isaac's expression was off. His face was a little red, and his gaze was a little vague.

"Isaac, why are you drinking?" Her eyes were full of anticipation because she realized that he had been drinking.

She turned to look at her sons, who both squinted and smiled.

"Mommy, you accompany our guest. We'll go help Sylvie with her studies."

Usually, these two boys were most afraid of helping their sister to study because she didn't like to study, so they were often frustrated to tears by her.

In the end, the two boys decided that she didn't need to study hard. As long as they were around in the future, she could depend on them for life. However, today, they offered to help Sylvie with her studies.

Patricia smiled happily. "Teach your sister well."

Isaac smiled slightly. These boys are really smart.

Watching the three children go upstairs, Patricia looked back and suddenly remembered. "Isaac, did they make you drink?"

It was only at this time that Patricia reacted. The boys said that they would help their sister to study, but they were trying to deceive her.

She pursed her lips in anger and looked upstairs, but there was a guest, so she couldn't scold the children.

So, she could only stand up and ask, "Isaac, do you want to drink water? I'll pour some for you. I'm so sorry. The children are naughty at home. Are you feeling uncomfortable and want to go to the hospital?"

How much did they make him drink, and why does he look like this?

The last time she saw him socializing and was drunk, he wasn't even like this today. At this moment, she felt a headache coming. Her two sons were too assertive. When they saw a man in her house, they felt that he was an enemy and would do something against him.

Isaac picked up the glass and took another sip of water. "T-There's w-water here." He narrowed his eyes slightly while he spoke a little drunkenly.

Patricia felt that it was over. He had drunk too much, and he couldn't say anything properly.

At this time, Josephine came over from the kitchen. "Patricia, the meal is ready."

Patricia looked at the man leaning on the sofa and said, "Let's go and eat."

But can he still eat like this? He looks like he's going to slide off the chair.

Isaac raised his hand and waved her away. "I don't want to eat; I want to sleep."

Patricia blinked, wondering what to do.

Taken aback by the man's condition, Josephine asked, "What's wrong with President Isaac?"

He was fine when he came in. Why does he seem to be drunk now?

Patricia pointed upstairs. "He was made drunk by Scott and Stellan."

Josephine's eyes widened. How could that be possible? Those two children are the most well-behaved. How could they get someone drunk?

Patricia shook Isaac hard. "President Isaac, don't sleep! I'll take you to your car, and you can go to sleep after you get home."

After that, she went to help Isaac, preparing to send him back to the car outside.

Isaac abruptly opened his eyes which were a little red. "The driver's family is sick, so I had the driver go back early."

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Patricia froze, her hands turning stiff because she knew she had no choice but to take Isaac home without the driver, only to realize her car was left in the hospital. She then took a look at the time, thinking the night was still young enough to call for a cab.

Nevertheless, when she reached for her phone to do that, Josephine nudged her and said, "Tricia, I brewed all our wine at home, and they are highly alcoholic. So, why don't you take care of Mr. Arnold for the night before anything happens?"

Meanwhile, Isaac, who was leaning on the couch, curled his lips upward when he heard Josephine's words. Good job, Mrs. Zimmers. You definitely deserve a big bonus tomorrow.

In the meantime, Patricia didn't appear to be reluctant to take care of him, especially after she heard about the highly alcoholic wine. This man is a powerful and influential figure, and I'd be committing suicide if I got on his wrong side. So, I better take good care of him and make sure nothing happens. Fearing for Isaac's safety, she was worried that no one would find him in his drunken state should anything happen to him. He'll probably be drunk like a dead person when the maids find him the next day.

Thinking it was her sons' doing, Patricia felt responsible for their actions as their mother. "Mrs. Zimmer, please help me carry him into my room. I'll look after him tonight."

Josephine then proceeded to help Patricia carry Isaac upstairs. After using all their strength to carry the man to the bed, both of them finally heaved a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Patricia was surprised to find herself so exhausted, considering the man's skinny stature. He looks skinny, but I didn't expect him to be so heavy. At the thought of that, she felt as if all her energy had been drained from her body.

At the same time, Josephine, who was also panting, said, "Tricia, I'll look after the children and coax them to sleep, so I shall leave Young Master Isaac to you."

Staring at the man lying in bed, Patricia seized Josephine's arm and asked her what to do since she had no experience in taking care of a drunk man. "What should I do, Mrs. Zimmer?" Inexperienced, she was worried that she would mess things up.

Josephine smiled and replied, "All you have to do is just take off his clothes and wipe his body. If he vomits, find something for him to puke into; if he is just unconscious, you have to check his breathing every now and then." She shared her experience in taking care of a drunk person with Patricia.

"Alright, I heard you." Patricia nodded, thinking Isaac should be fine as long as he was still breathing. 'Great work', boys! That's some mess you made your mother clean for you.

Soon, Patricia closed the door behind her and carried Isaac's legs with all her strength, putting them on the bed. She then took off his shoes and shirt, but when she undressed him, she was enchanted and stunned by what she saw. Oh gosh! He's got such a muscular physique.

She then gulped and warned herself. "Snap out of it, Patricia. This guy is drunk, so you better not peek. Behave yourself!"

While Isaac appeared to be drunk, he was still conscious enough to hear what Patricia said. Thus, he curled his lips upward and pulled his waistband upward. "Pants off. I don't feel comfortable with them on."

As Isaac sounded like he was talking in his sleep to Patricia, she stared at his pants and realized it might have been uncomfortable for him to have them on in his sleep. Well, I guess a pair of fitting pants like this one is going to make him feel uncomfortable in his sleep, right? She then bit her lip and peeked at him, admiring his perfect good looks that seemed absolutely flawless to her. He looks so handsome. I bet this is the kind of face that every other man would go for in plastic surgery.

After going through much trouble taking off the shirt from the man, she couldn't help but feel amazed by his muscular chest and abdomen. Nevertheless, she looked away and

put his head on the pillow, her hand then slightly making its way to the waistband as her face blushed bashfully. At the same time, she kept her eyes closed and continued to slide her hand forward, intentionally feeling the man's abdominal muscles in the process. However, when her finger finally reached the belt, she suddenly felt a huge grasp on her wrist.

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Patricia's eyes widened slightly. If Isaac kept pressing like that, then her hands would be resting against his...

She almost screamed and tried to retract her hand, but the man refused to let go. No! No! This is bad! She used all her might to move her hand away, but she couldn't match him in power.

Biting her lip, Patricia felt her eyes watering while her face was red beyond belief, as if she was down with a fever. With her sudden movements coupled with his, the force caused a change in that spot.

Patricia could feel the shape clearly, indirectly triggering her panic button. What should I do? This can't be!

Her long eyelashes quivered, and she looked as if she were about to cry. This was her first time tending to someone who was drunk, and it was too terrifying. She didn't mean to touch him; it was an accident.

Isaac's breathing quickened a little. If she continued like this, he might just lose control. So, he let go of her hand and whispered, "Take off..."

Patricia's hand was free now. She took a few deep breaths.

She felt exhausted, even more tired than she would be if she ran 5 miles. Her entire body was drenched in sweat, but it was winter and only about 50 degrees indoors.

Hot sweat kept pouring forth, and she was in immense torture.

Patricia nudged Isaac, calling him, "President Arnold? Isaac? Arnold the Terrible?"

There was absolutely no response from him, so she went ahead and loosened his belt. When she pulled down the zipper, she bit her lip hard.

She was all awkward, embarrassing, and also nervous. When she finally removed the expensive pants, she almost fainted from exhaustion. She took a few steps backward and leaned against the wardrobe, panting heavily.

As for the man who was set free, he felt his entire body relaxing, so he lay there comfortably. He suddenly propped himself up and looked at her. Patricia was so startled that she tossed his pants to the side. "A-Are you awake?"

Isaac looked at the woman's messy hair and blushing face. She was biting her lip too, and she looked as if certain events had just transpired.

She was extremely seductive, but she herself didn't know that, so he narrowed his eyes. "It's uncomfortable!"

As Isaac spouted those two words indifferently, Patricia let out a huge sigh. Phew! And here I thought he was sober.

Fortunately, he hadn't watched her taking off his clothes, or he would tease her about it. She would never admit to this while she was alive, and she would tell him tomorrow that Josephine had taken it off for him. She absolutely wouldn't say that it was she herself.

Patricia hastily ran over to him. "Isaac, you're feeling uncomfortable, right? I'll give your body a quick wipe, and you should just go to sleep. You'll feel better when you wake up."

She talked as if she were coaxing a child, and her tone was gentle as well.

As Isaac listened, he enjoyed it very much and nodded obediently. "G-Go ahead."

Patricia went into the bathroom, then reemerged with a pail of water. After that, she wiped his face with a warm towel, moving onto his neck, then proceeding downward.

After wiping his body, she covered him with a blanket.

Then, she went into the bathroom and came back out after some time. She sat by the bed and watched the man in his sleep. She reached out and put a finger to his nose.

He's breathing. Thank God he's alive. She kept repeating this action throughout the night until she fell asleep out of fatigue.

After she fell asleep, Isaac opened his eyes and looked at the woman who was seated by the bed in slumber. Under her long eyelashes, her small face was clean and sweet. She looked even cuter when she was asleep.

He carried her onto the bed, then tucked her in. With a petite woman in his arms, he couldn't keep his cool. So, he lowered his head and planted a few kisses on her cheek.

The more he kissed her, the more he desired more kisses, as if no amount of kisses would suffice. Guess a bit won't hurt.

In the end, he moved his lips onto hers, and after that was history.

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Throughout the night, Patricia kept dreaming that she had been dropped into water. It was very difficult for her to breathe, and she felt especially horrible.

In the end, she didn't sleep well, and when she woke up the next morning, she still felt exhausted. When she opened her eyes, a handsome face was right in front of her. His eyes were closed, and his eyelashes were facing downward, casting shadows below his eyes.

His eyes looked even more profound now, and they added a hint of mysteriousness to him. Patricia gazed at him to find that he looked really good when he was asleep. This was probably how men could be considered sexy.

Patricia realized then that men could look picturesque when they slept as well. Women were sleeping beauties, whereas Isaac was like scenery. He looked like a majestic mountain.

A while later, Patricia finally recovered her senses. She shook her head, feeling like she had been seduced. It felt weird.

Feeling that the woman in his arms had moved a little, the man tightened his embrace and held Patricia closer to him. Her lips were pressed against his face.

Isaac opened his eyes to see the large and watery eyes of the woman. When he saw that she was kissing him, he smiled slightly in a seductive manner. "Are you stealing kisses?"

He asked her with such confidence, as if she really were kissing him. Therefore, Patricia immediately sat up and reached up to cover her mouth. "No, it's not like that. You're mistaken. Just now—"

Just now, he was the one who held her tight, and she accidentally kissed him. She really didn't mean to. How am I supposed to explain it to him now?

Isaac slightly lifted the corners of his mouth and smiled. It was a brilliant and captivating smile.

Patricia thought that this man was putting a spell on her. Why did he always make her feel weird, entranced, and a little out of control? She reached up and scratched her hair, forcing herself awake.

Isaac frowned a little. "What wine did they give me last night? My head is hurting badly."

It was only then that Patricia remembered that this was her room. He had gotten drunk last night, and the wine was a type of cooking wine used by Josephine to preserve vegetables. Its alcohol content was quite high, so she feared that something might happen to him. That was why she took care of him.

She remembered everything, and then she glanced at the bed. Why am I in bed? And she seemed to have rested in his arms, so she had the urge to just faint. How can I have such a peculiar habit?

She had already prepared a mattress on the floor, and she was ready to spend the night on the mattress. However, she still got into bed in the end.

How embarrassing!

Isaac watched her subtle movements. She stuck out her tongue, then shook her head, then scratched her hair.

She was so cute that he had to suppress his urge to laugh. He asked coldly, "Was it fake wine?"

Patricia shook her head. "No, it's real wine, and it's very good quality. Mrs. Zimmers' relatives made it themselves, but the alcohol content is just a little higher than those found in the market."

Isaac raised an eyebrow. "Hm! I didn't get to eat dinner last night, so can I at least have breakfast?"

For some reason, this man sounded pitiful when he spoke those words, so Patricia was guilty. "I'm sorry, Isaac! My children are a bit mischievous, so please don't get angry at them. There's breakfast for you, and you can eat it after washing up."

She had told Josephine last night to make more breakfast in the morning and to prepare some nice porridge that would help with Isaac's digestion.

Isaac sat up and glanced downward. Then, he pulled the blanket to cover himself.

“Who took off my clothes?”

There was a hint of fear in his eyes, and Patricia witnessed real fear and terror. This man could actually express such emotions. Was he afraid that something had happened between them?

“It’s Mrs. Zimmers. It’s okay. She would qualify as your mother at her age, so don’t worry about that.”