

You Are My One and Only Chapter 82

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Patricia didn't pass the dessert over. She didn't want to give it to the woman, so she pretended not to hear it. When Adeline saw that Patricia didn't pass it, she knew what Patricia was thinking.

So, she raised her foot and kicked Patricia's seat. "Patricia, do you hear? This was bought for me by Isaac. You are just an errand boy."

Adeline was now completely sure that Patricia had appeared in Isaac's house because she was his secretary. Even if Adeline came to act, she had to make Patricia feel uncomfortable.

Isaac was a little unhappy about Adeline kicking Patricia's seat just now, so his eyes turned slightly cold. But seeing Patricia's angry look, he said, "Miss Aniston, I bought this for my grandfather. Would you please let me pass it to him?"

Phillip had awoken, so Isaac asked Adeline to pick them up and go to the Arnold Residence together. Only then did Patricia understand. "Oh!"

At least he explained it so that she did not think she had gone all the way to buy it for Adeline.

An hour and a half later, the car parked in the parking lot of the Arnold Residence, and the driver got out of the car and opened the door for Isaac. Patricia got out of the car too. Originally, she had to open the door for the lady in the car, but since it was Adeline, she refused to open it for her.

She walked to Isaac's side with the food and shook them in front of him. "Here you go. Can I get off work now?" You go home with your girlfriend, and it's time for me to go home to my kids.

Isaac looked at her frowning face. He hadn't seen her for a week, and he even missed her these days. That was why he had her go to the airport to pick them up, but why did she look like she did not want to see him? He frowned slightly and asked, "Miss Aniston, do you want to change jobs?"

Upon hearing this, Patricia quickly put on a smile and said, "President Isaac, I think this job is suitable for me. Your wish is my command."

However, she cursed in her heart. You grumpy man. Isn't it because my salary is higher, and you feel bad about it? Why do you want to fire me every day?

Seeing her squeeze out a smile, Isaac felt that her little face looked much more pleasing to the eye. Therefore, he raised a smile and replied, "My grandpa woke up today, so it's something to celebrate. Gran asked you to stay for dinner."

Patricia knew that Phillip had been ill for many years, and now he was better, which was indeed something to celebrate. So, she nodded as a sign of agreement. "Oh!"

Adeline had been waiting for someone to open the door for her, but the driver had no intention of doing so. After a while, she could only push the car door and get out of the car, and when she got out, she roared at Patricia, "Miss Aniston, why didn't you open the door for me?"

This was one of Patricia's duties as a secretary. Adeline was her boss' girlfriend, so Patricia had to take good care of her.

Patricia glanced at her and said with a cold face, "Miss Aniston, I'm sorry. President Isaac asked me about something just now. But can't you open the door yourself? Are you disabled?"

Adeline nearly choked at the rebuttal. I swear to God! This woman! Ugh! Patricia raised her eyebrows and said, "President Isaac, I'll go to Old Mrs. Arnold first."

After she finished speaking, she carried the food and went into the house while Adeline widened her eyes, then swayed her slender waist and walked to Isaac's side. "Isaac, look at her! What kind of secretary is she?"

Isaac glanced at her lightly. "Play your part well according to the contract; you don't need to worry about other things."

After speaking, he stretched out his long legs and strode up the steps.

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Adeline stomped her feet in anger and cursed in a low voice, "Patricia, you little b*tch! I won't let you stay arrogant for too long."

Isn't she just a little secretary of Isaac's? She's just a lowly worker. I will definitely make her stay away from him.

Patricia entered the house and called out from a distance, "Old Mrs. Arnold!"

In the living room, Phillip was sitting in a wheelchair, and Elizabeth was by his side.

"Old Mr. Arnold, it's great that you woke up. Although you can't speak for the time being, you will get better with proper treatment."

At this moment, when the older couple heard Patricia's sweet voice, they looked over. Phillip's eyes lit up, and he raised his hand. Then, he began to mumble something. Elizabeth ignored him but got up and walked over. Holding Patricia's hand in her palm, she stroked the back of Patricia's hand. "Tricia, you're here with gifts!"

Pleased by the young lady's kind gestures, Elizabeth smiled from ear to ear. For some reason, ever since she met this girl, she had been thinking of her from time to time. In fact, she felt anxious when she hadn't seen Patricia for a few days. Now, she was pleased to see Patricia.

Patricia smiled. "This is the food that President Isaac asked me to buy for Old Mr. Arnold. He said his grandfather likes it."

Elizabeth asked the maids to take the gift, and then she pulled Patricia to sit on the sofa opposite Phillip. "Phillip, look at her. This is Patricia, my friend. She is also Isaac's friend."

In fact, she secretly said in her heart that it was the woman Isaac liked, but she was afraid that Phillip would faint from anger when he had just awoken, so she could only keep it in her heart for now.

Patricia called out with a smile, "Old Mr. Arnold."

Phillip excitedly patted his knee and wanted to speak, but he couldn't. "D-Doc..."

Elizabeth frowned and asked, "Doctor?"

Phillip patted his knee a few more times, but he couldn't make himself clear!

Therefore, Patricia leaned near Elizabeth's ear and asked, "Did Old Mr. Arnold urinate on himself and ask for a doctor?"

After speaking, her little face turned red, and she was a little embarrassed. After all, it was the first time she saw Phillip, so it was embarrassing for her to say he had urinated.

Elizabeth couldn't help laughing. "Maybe. He can't speak clearly right now as he just woke up today."

While talking, Elizabeth asked the maids to check Phillip and see if he had urinated.

At that moment, Isaac walked in with Adeline, and then he addressed his grandfather.

"Grandpa, I'm back! I brought your granddaughter-in-law to see you."

Isaac felt that his grandfather would be delighted to see him and Adeline together, and maybe Phillip's condition would get better. But when Phillip saw the two of them, he rolled his eyes in anger and shook his head.

Elizabeth smiled. "He's wet his pants. I'm sorry. You sit down for a while, and I'll help him get changed." After she finished speaking, she accompanied Phillip while the old man was brought by the servant to the bedroom on the first floor.

In the living room, Adeline sat beside Isaac while he handed Patricia a cup of tea. Patricia was indeed thirsty, and it was normal for him to take care of her at his house, so she took a sip from the cup.

Adeline, who was on the side, did not receive this treatment. Thus, she stared at Patricia, looking very upset. However, just now, Isaac had warned her not to meddle in his own business, so she didn't dare to talk too much.

Nevertheless, she swore that she must take over the position of Isaac's wife properly. At that time, she would be able to do whatever she wanted to do to Patricia.

Isaac got up, raised his hands, and buttoned the button on his suit as a light flashed in his cold eyes.

"Both of you stay here, and I'll go see Grandpa."

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As soon as Isaac left, Adeline crossed her hands around her chest and snorted coldly. "Patricia, you're just a secretary. You're audacious enough to stay at your boss' house for dinner! Do you know no shame?"

She had the expression of the boss' wife on as she looked arrogantly at Patricia, who didn't care and sipped on her cup of tea. "The tea President Isaac personally poured for

me is delicious.” I’m going to make you mad. Excuse you, girl! I’ve kissed your man before. If I tell you that, you’ll die from anger!

Despite wanting to trigger Adeline, Patricia held her tongue, as after all, she didn’t want to be a mistress. She was not Gwen, and she didn’t have that kind of interest. However, what she said hit Adeline’s sore spot. Just now, Isaac indeed poured a cup of tea for Patricia but not for her. Pursing her lips, she glared at Patricia angrily and decided to ignore her.

In the bedroom, Phillip had really wet himself, so the servants and nurses replaced his diaper with a fresh one. Elizabeth sat aside and remembered what Patricia looked like when she said this just now. So cute!

When Isaac came in, he raised his lips and smiled wickedly. “Grandpa, you really did pee yourself.”

This embarrassed Phillip, who stared at him and vaguely mumbled something inaudible. “I-Isaac”

Then he waved his hands around in a very anxious manner, so Elizabeth and Isaac looked at each other. Clearly, Phillip was urging Isaac to have a baby quickly.

Isaac’s brows furrowed even deeper. As soon as Phillip woke up, he began to pressure Isaac to produce a descendant. But it was impossible for Isaac to have a child with a woman he did not like. So, he wanted to say that he would not do so, but he was afraid that his grandfather would faint from anger and would not wake up again. If so, he would become a terrible grandson.

Elizabeth was afraid that Isaac would say something that would anger Phillip, so she spoke first. “Isaac gets it. He will produce a child after he gets married.”

When Phillip heard this, his expression became stranger, and he overturned everything on the bedside table.

Baffled by the sudden turn of events, Elizabeth pointed at him. “Don’t lose your temper. I will look after your eldest grandson and remind him.”

Isaac felt that he shouldn’t have come in as he had caused Phillip to be so agitated, which was not healthy for his condition. “Gran, I’m leaving first, and I’ll see Grandpa again in a few days.”

Elizabeth also knew that he was in a dilemma now. After all, he liked Patricia, but Phillip asked him to marry the eldest young mistress of the Aniston Family, so Isaac was in a pickle!

Phillip was stubborn and tenacious, and Isaac was afraid that Phillip would get angry again, so it was right to leave first. Elizabeth felt it was a pity that they couldn't celebrate now.

After Isaac came out of Phillip's bedroom, he put his hands in his pockets. "Adeline, the driver is waiting for you outside. He will take you back."

Adeline stood up abruptly. "Aren't we having dinner? Are we not eating anymore?" I didn't even get the chance to talk to Phillip!

Isaac said coldly, "Don't make me repeat myself."

Adeline bit her lip, turned around, and picked up her bag, which was the latest limited-edition bag. Although she was reluctant to leave, she did not dare to resist. Hence, she could only leave obediently.

As Isaac watched her go, he stretched out his hand, took Patricia's little hand, and kissed it.

Being kissed out of nowhere, Patricia pulled it back abruptly. "Isaac, what's wrong with you?" He needs to stop kissing me! I have always insisted that I don't want to become a mistress. Is he deaf?

Isaac pulled her away. "Let's go. If my grandfather sees me again, I'm afraid he'll be furious at me."

Patricia stumbled out from his pulling. He was tall with long legs and took big steps. Whenever he took one step, she had to take two steps.

In the end, she was pushed into the car by Isaac, and then he also sat in and said to the driver, "Go to Snowflake Lane."

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As the car left the Arnold Manor, the luxurious estate caught Patricia's attention since it was her first time there. Considering that she was born into an affluent family, she had been used to extravagance, but the Arnold Manor was on another level that astounded her. As she looked at the flourishing flower bed in full bloom in winter, she knew that it was to Elizabeth's liking. She smiled and narrowed her gaze, thinking that Elizabeth must be someone romantic and enjoy the finer things in life.

Isaac, who was leaning against the car seat, lightly tapped on the armrest and asked, "Have your family had dinner at this hour?"

He planned to have dinner at her place but seeing that she had three children at home, they should have already had dinner. Patricia looked at the time and noticed that it was already 7.30PM. It's already this late. My kids should have eaten dinner.

"Yeah," she answered.

"Please drive us to Spago Restaurant," Isaac told the driver.

"Noted, Mr. Isaac," the driver responded.

Suddenly, Isaac shut his eyes and requested, "Miss Aniston, could you please give me a massage? My head hurts."

Hearing that, she turned over and could tell he was exhausted from his expression. She thought it was no surprise that he would feel tired since he had rushed over to the Arnold Manor as soon as his flight landed. God knows where he was or how long his flight was.

Seeing that she was quiet, he mumbled, "My head is killing me because I had been on a business trip at Brookfield, and I hadn't had much sleep the past three days. On top of that, the flight was more than ten hours long."

When Patricia thought of how high her pay was, she gave in and squatted on the seat before stretching her hand out to give him a massage. As a staff of Arnold Corporation, she should do her part and assist the company president since he had been working very hard.

The next moment, he hugged her and positioned her in between his legs. She was so shocked that she wanted to leap off, but since he released his grip and closed his eyes right after, she decided to stay in the position as it was easier for her to give him a massage.

Isaac could catch hints of her unique scent as she massaged his head. It had been a week since he smelt her scent. He felt that he was addicted to it, especially when he was tired or upset, as he would feel uplifted when she was around or when he bantered with her. Right after, he pulled her into his arms. Though she tried to get up, he kept her still and held her face with his hands.

"Don't move."

At that moment, Patricia almost lost it because Isaac constantly took advantage of her, but she didn't dare to fight back, fearing that she might lose her job. The atmosphere was silent as he buried his face in her shoulder while his heart had also calmed down.

"Patricia, have you missed me?"

Isaac had thought of her all the time, so much so that it almost drove him mad, and he hated the feeling of it. He was upset about it because he had never missed anyone or anything that much before. He didn't want to lose himself because of her.

On the other hand, Patricia remained still and leaned in his chest quietly as she felt his heartbeat. She was thinking of a reply which won't anger him. "President Isaac, I have been very worried about you during your absence from work."

She thought that something terrible might have happened to him or that he had died at home. He smiled as he never thought that she would admit that she'd missed him. Well, that wasn't half bad.

"My grandfather wants me to marry Adeline." He sighed and tightened his grip around her waist.

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It sounded to Patricia like Isaac was unwilling to marry Adeline. However, she didn't comment on it since she was only his secretary and had no right to meddle in his private matters. At that moment, he felt that she was docile, but her silence reminded him of the time when he asked her to be his girlfriend but was rejected. He was troubled at how clueless this woman was toward his feelings.

When they reached Spago Restaurant, the driver parked the car in the car park and opened the door for them. Patricia followed behind Isaac as they walked into the private dining room. The room wasn't too big and was perfect for two people. While he was ordering food, she got up and went to the washroom. It was when she was washing her hands at the sink that she heard a familiar voice.

"Tricia..."

The next instant, a gentle voice was heard. When she looked into the mirror, she saw Zachary standing at the side. He was beaming, and his face was flushed red, likely from the liquor he had consumed.

“Zachary, are you having a business dinner here tonight?” She washed her hands and grabbed a piece of hand towel before drying them.

Spago Restaurant was a famous restaurant that only served its members, so not anyone could dine there. Suddenly, Zachary grabbed her by the arm and replied, “I’m having dinner with my family. I’ll bring you to see them.”

Before she could make sense of the situation, she was led into one of the private rooms, which was packed with kids and adults. Their entrance caught everyone’s attention, and Madam Selwyn looked displeased as she got up and walked toward them.

“Zach, why is she here?”

Madam Selwyn looked elegant as she was donned in a pastel green dress with delicate makeup on, and she was wearing a set of luxurious necklaces and earrings.

Hearing that, Zachary smiled. “Mom, I brought her here to meet all of you.”

Patricia felt embarrassed as Madam Selwyn had met her before and offered her some money, asking her to leave Zachary’s side. However, she refused to accept the money and promised that she wouldn’t go anywhere near him. Their meeting today made it seem like she had broken her promise.

“Madam Selwyn, it just so happened that I’m having dinner here. I bumped into Zachary outside the washroom, and he seemed drunk,” Patricia explained as she tried to retract her hand, but he gripped it tightly while smiling at her.

“Tricia, I won’t let go of you.”

Seeing that the situation was getting out of hand, Madam Selwyn suddenly mentioned, “Tricia, this is Miss Turnbull who will be marrying Zachary. Both of our families are meeting for dinner tonight.”

Hearing that, Patricia looked over at a beautiful lady who was donned in a white dress and seated next to an empty chair. The lady was staring at Zachary. Patricia soon realized that it was an arranged marriage. No wonder he got so drunk and acted inappropriately, she thought to herself. She was baffled at how a man who was usually mindful would act in such a way.

“Zachary, let go of my hand. My friend is still waiting for me.” She tapped on his hand, which was grabbing onto hers.

All she wanted to do was to leave, as Madam Selwyn would definitely hate her to the core if she ruined the night. Zachary, on the other hand, had his gaze fixated on her and refused to let go.

“Tricia, the woman I want to marry is...”

Before he could complete his sentence, Patricia was pulled away from him.

“Patricia, why are you here? Dinner is served,” the man with a tall figure uttered coldly with a grim expression before scanning the people in the room.

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“President Isaac, it’s such a coincidence to bump into you here. Why not join us for dinner?” Two middle-aged men immediately stood up and walked toward him.

Zachary was annoyed as he looked at Patricia; she was in Isaac’s arms, and he wanted to get her back. When Madam Selwyn noticed that, she grabbed his arm tightly and whispered, “Zach, don’t forget that Miss Turnbull is here. Let’s not embarrass her. Patricia isn’t a good match for you since she’s already a mother of three.”

Oliver was Zachary’s father, whereas Peter was Lisa’s. Both men walked up to Isaac before shaking hands with him and passing him their name cards. Isaac took the name cards with one hand as he grabbed Patricia’s waist with the other.

“We apologize for interrupting your dinner. We’ll be taking our leave.” Isaac escorted Patricia as the two middle-aged men saw them out.

“Zach, don’t you see that she’s with Isaac now? She’s not as innocent as you think she is. In fact, she’s sly and manipulative,” Madam Selwyn uttered.

Madam Selwyn was glad that she had tried to prevent Patricia from getting near her son. If not for that, he would have been the stepfather of Patricia’s children, and she strongly opposed the idea of that.

When he heard her words, Zachary looked grim and glared at his mother coldly. “Mom, I won’t proceed with the wedding.” He then pushed her hand away and walked out of the room.

On his way out, he bumped into the two middle-aged men in the hallway. "Zach, where are you going?" However, he simply ignored them and left.

Knowing that her son must have felt upset, Madam Selwyn shook her head regretfully, but she was adamant about her decision for him not to marry Patricia. It was a decision that he had to accept as the whole Selwyn Family would be against it too.

After Patricia and Isaac returned to their room, she sat down quietly and took a sip of tea.

"Why? Are you sad that he's getting married?" Isaac was displeased at how dejected she looked.

He was initially jealous that she knitted a cardigan for Zachary, but now that she had given it to him, he didn't seem to care about that anymore. He layered it with a shirt underneath which made him feel warm in the cold weather.

"I'm not. I'm happy that he's found happiness." She raised her gaze and looked at him.

In fact, she had never imagined that both of them would get together, let alone get married as she'd always seen him as a friend. Since he had been kind toward her and her children, she refused to make it hard for him. She knew that their marriage wouldn't be a happy one since his family despised her, after all.

When he heard her answer, Isaac was skeptical as he put some food on her plate. "Eat up. The dishes are getting cold."

They spent an hour on dinner, and she noticed that he seemed to have a good appetite as he was probably hungry. It was already 10.00PM by the time they finished their dinner, so she wanted to rush home to see her children.

However, Isaac wanted to go stargazing and refused to let her go. Since she couldn't do anything about it, she sighed, thinking that she was more like a nanny instead of his personal secretary.

When they got into the car, Isaac stared at her to the point of making Patricia uncomfortable. "President Isaac, I've agreed to go with you, so please stop looking at me like that."

"Patricia, you're not allowed to think of other men when you're with me. Understand?" He laughed. It sounded more like a command as he spoke in a deep and cold tone.

He was overbearing in Patricia's eyes, but she didn't dare to go against him and would do as he asked, fearing that he would cut her pay. Just then, her mobile phone rang.

She picked up the call and answered, "Hey there, Scott." It was her son, and she thought that he was calling to rush her home.

"Mommy, please come back quickly. Sylvie is experiencing a high fever, and her temperature is over a hundred degrees."

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Due to Sylvie's weak immune system, she would fall sick easily. "Alright, I'll be there right away." Patricia got anxious after hearing that her daughter was sick.

Immediately after the call ended, she looked at the driver and said, "Bob, could you please drive me to the children's hospital? Please be quick."

Hearing that, Bob looked at Isaac through the rearview mirror as he waited for his instructions. "Quick, drive us to the children's hospital," Isaac instructed when he saw how anxious Patricia seemed. Bob immediately drove toward the hospital after getting the green light from Isaac.

"What happened? Who got sick?" He turned and looked at her.

He suspected that it must be one of her children. When they met in the hospital previously, Patricia looked like a mess when she sent Sylvie there. It must have been hard for a single mother like her to take care of three children. Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked to the front, hoping they could get there soon.

"It's Sylvie. She has a high fever that's over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The last time she had a fever, she experienced seizures too. I just hope that she is fine this time round since I'm not next to her side." She was so anxious that she clasped her hands together tightly, wishing she could be by her daughter's side.

"Mr. Zeller, one of my relative's children is being treated at your hospital. Could you please look after her for me? Her name is Sylvie Aniston. That's right, thanks!" Isaac took his phone out and made a call.

After the call ended, he pulled the woman into his arms and comforted her by saying, "Don't worry, the doctors will try their best to treat her."

Patricia was so anxious that she didn't pay attention to Isaac's conversation on the phone. She only hoped that she could reach the hospital soon. After thirty minutes, they finally reached the hospital before she dashed in. Isaac rubbed his forehead, thinking about how disoriented she was whenever her children were unwell. He then went after her and pulled her into his arms.

"Isaac, you should leave. It's really noisy here, and we have to queue up to undergo a few troublesome procedures. We will go back in a taxi once everything is resolved." Patricia thought that he wanted to wait with her and leave together once everything was done.

Instead, he was hugging her so that she wouldn't run about. What did she go through that's making her so worried? Isn't getting sick common? Isaac thought.

"Patricia, I know where they are. Follow me," he said while hugging her.

Although it was already 11.00PM, the children's hospital was packed with patients. It was probably because of the sudden cold wave that made the children fall sick, and there were equally long queues at the waiting lounge and dispensary.

The rowdy hospital was filled with children's cries and adults' voices. Patricia followed Isaac's lead and entered a VIP ward on the thirteenth floor.

When she opened the door, she saw Sylvie lying on the bed as she was given an IV drip. "How is Sylvie? Did she experience seizures this time round? Did her fever worsen?" Patricia rushed in and asked.

Seeing that, both of her sons got up from the couch and walked over before touching Sylvie's head. "Don't worry, Mommy. Sylvie has been diagnosed with influenza, and she will be fine in a few days after she gets her IV drips," Scott explained.

"Thank you, Mr. Arnold," said Stellan while looking at Isaac.

If not for his help, Sylvie would still be waiting for her turn to get treated by the doctor.

"Tricia, something weird happened tonight. When we were queuing up, we heard Sylvie's name being called out through the PA system, and after we told the nurse that Sylvie was with us, we were brought up here." A puzzled Josephine recounted what happened earlier.

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“On top of that, there were a few friendly doctors who attended to Sylvie. It saved us a lot of trouble as well since the check-up was all performed here and we didn’t have to move around.”

As Patricia touched Sylvie’s forehead, it was warm but didn’t seem too serious. After hearing what Josephine said, she began to make sense of the whole situation since ordinary people wouldn’t be able to get such a room that easily. Since she was on a tight budget as well, she couldn’t get such a room for Sylvie.

“Mrs. Zimmers, it’s already late. Please bring Scott and Stellan home as they need to get some rest,” she told Josephine.

Immediately after that, she turned around and saw both of her sons chatting with Isaac and giving him a high-five. Although they were disagreeable toward him and even got him drunk when he visited them, they treated him differently today. She suspected that it could be due to the arrangement that he had made for Sylvie’s treatment that made them change their mind.

Josephine greeted the man when she noticed him. “Mr. Arnold, you’re here too.” She was glad that he was there to take care of the girls since it was better to have a man by their side at night.

“Mrs. Zimmers, the driver is downstairs. You should go back first. I will send them back after Sylvie is done with her IV drip.” Isaac nodded at her.

“Alright, we shall take our leave.” Josephine smiled.

Before Scott and Stellan left, they gave Patricia a cheering gesture that puzzled her. After Josephine left with the boys, the room suddenly became quiet. Sylvie was laying peacefully on her bed, and it didn’t seem like she was in pain.

Patricia turned and looked at Isaac before thanking him. “President Isaac, thank you for the arrangements you’ve made,” she said.

“Does she fall sick often?” He sat by the bed and caressed Sylvie’s chubby cheeks.

“She was two pounds lighter than her brothers when she was born, and she loved to cry; it made taking care of her a challenge. She has been falling sick very often since young, and it always scares me to death. That’s why I get anxious whenever she’s unwell,” answered Patricia while nodding.

Hearing that, Isaac smiled as he could tell how anxious she was from how she had acted tonight. "Where is the children's father?"

Even though they have separated, he should be supporting them financially. Is he even a man for making her go through such hardships? he thought to himself.

"They don't have a father," she answered, shaking her head.

She refused to reveal more since her pregnancy had always felt like a dream to her; she couldn't tell whether it was a dream or a reality. Although she was now sure that it really did happen, she didn't know where the man was.

She thought that he must be a jerk for not taking responsibility after impregnating her, but since it was all arranged by Adeline and her mother, she doubted that he was a decent man.

Isaac stopped probing when he sensed that Patricia was reluctant to talk about it. Soon after, the doctor stopped by to brief them on Sylvie's condition. Since it was just the flu, she would recover within two to three days after getting her IV drip. Silence filled the room again after the doctor left.

Suddenly, Patricia looked at the time and realized that it was almost midnight. She felt bad and didn't want him to wait there. "President Isaac, there are three more packs of IV fluid to be administered. It'll take a while, so you should leave first."

Since he had a busy schedule, she didn't want to hold him up, fearing that he would ask her for compensation since she couldn't afford to pay him.

As Isaac stared at her, he could tell that she was exhausted and realized that it wasn't easy being a mother. "Patricia, you can look for me if you face any problems in the future. I will help you out."

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After listening to his words, Patricia smiled.

"President Isaac, you have helped me a lot today, so thank you very much!"

However, Isaac didn't intend to leave. He leaned lazily on the sofa and looked at her with a deep gaze.

"Just remember what I've done for you."

Patricia thought to herself, He isn't thinking of a way to get me to give him more money, right?

She kept feeling a little uneasy, but it was not appropriate to simply drive him away.

After all, she was relying on him to survive right now. If she didn't listen to him, one order from him would cause her to lose her job.

Patricia tucked Sylvie in the quilt, then sat in the chair beside the bed and kept looking at her daughter.

As for Isaac, he just looked at her back like this, and the two had nothing to say.

By the time Sylvie received all of her drips, it was already past 2.00AM. Patricia yawned and rang the bell.

The nurse quickly came in, and she blushed slightly when she saw the man with crossed legs on the sofa.

When any woman looked at such a handsome man, they would surely blush and feel their heartbeat racing!

She pulled the needle out and gave Patricia the medicine.

"This is Sylvie's medicine. Please give it to her three times a day after her meals."

Patricia took it and said, "Thank you! Do we have to come over tomorrow for more injections?"

The nurse replied, "Yes, she needs to take the injections for three consecutive days."

Patricia nodded and answered, "Okay."

Before leaving, the nurse glanced at the handsome man on the sofa, then slowly walked out of the ward.

Patricia put the medicine in the bag, then bent down to carry Sylvie.

Suddenly, a pair of big hands grabbed her wrist, and a low-pitched voice sounded.

“I’ll carry her.”

Patricia turned her head to look at him. “It’s okay. I carry her often, and she’s quite heavy.”

How could she let him carry her? Although this little girl was not heavy, it required a lot of strength to carry her for a long time.

Nonetheless, she was used to it. As a mother, she had carried Sylvie all the time, especially since the little girl was a clingy child who didn’t like to walk. Hence, she often carried her daughter.

Isaac smiled coldly. “I can even carry you together with her.”

After speaking, he reached out and pinched her waist. “Would you like to try it?”

Questioning his strength meant he would let her know that begging for mercy was useless.

Patricia blushed. What did he say?

What he said about carrying her and Sylvie made her think of that scene which made her feel so self-conscious. After all, she was not a child.

“No. I know that you are strong!”

Isaac saw her blushing; her originally fair little face was flushed, which made her even cuter.

As he picked up Sylvie, she moved a little and mumbled, “Daddy…”

Hearing this, Isaac slightly curled the corner of his lips. If his child was at this age, she would surely call him that!

When Patricia heard this, her nose burned slightly.

Although the three children never talked about looking for their father, they always thought of that person whenever they were sick.

The saddest thing was that she didn’t know where he was, and she didn’t even know what he looked like. She was really a failed mother.

Patricia put the little quilt on the hospital bed over Sylvie. Earlier on, Josephine and the rest had covered the little girl with it.

Sylvie suddenly opened her eyes and looked at Isaac with a vague expression, then she held his neck tightly.

“Daddy... You have to stay by my side all the time, okay?”

After speaking, she cried a little and fell asleep again.

Patricia froze for a moment before she patted Sylvie’s back lightly.

“Sylvie, go to sleep. We’ll be home soon.”

If she let Sylvie hear her voice, the girl would be able to sleep soundly.

When Isaac saw Patricia’s red eyes, he carried Sylvie with one hand and held Patricia’s shoulder with the other.

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You Are My One and Only

Chapter 91

Patricia felt his warmth. During such a cold night, having such a warm and firm embrace could really warm her heart. She did not refuse and simply let him hold her and her daughter while they walked out of the ward.

It looked like they were a family.

The driver had received a message before they went downstairs, so the car was already parked at the exit of the hospital, waiting for them. Soon, he got out of the car and opened the door for them.

Isaac entered with the child in his arms, while Patricia stepped around the other side and said to the driver, “Thank you for your hard work, Bob.”

It was a few degrees below zero outside, yet he waited here for so long.

The driver smiled. “You’re welcome, Miss Aniston. I’m President Isaac’s driver, and it’s my duty to wait.”

Patricia smiled back, then bent down and got into the car.

As Isaac was holding Sylvie in his arms, the girl slept much more peacefully. This scene made Patricia think of her daughter and the girl's father together.

She thought secretly in her heart that she must find the ring and the man.

No matter how much she hated the fact that the child was his, it would be good for them to see each other from time to time.

It was the first time that Isaac held a child like this. Looking at her cute little face, he suddenly understood Patricia. He understood why the woman was afraid of losing Sylvie, so when she heard that Sylvie was sick, she panicked and didn't know what she was doing.

When they got home at 3.00AM, Isaac put Sylvie on Patricia's bed. Patricia had to sleep with her daughter tonight and keep an eye on the situation.

Patricia saw him put Sylvie down before raising his hand to press it against his forehead tiredly.

She glanced at the time. It was already 3.05AM and very late.

Thus, she grabbed his hand and said, "President Isaac, why don't you stay over tonight? I'll set up a bed on the floor here."

After she finished speaking, she felt that she was courting death. Would President Isaac sleep on the floor?

"Sylvie and I will sleep on the floor while you sleep on the bed."

Next, she opened the closet and took out the quilt.

Looking at her slender back that appeared tired, Isaac realized what it meant to have a child. No wonder Patricia was so thin. Clearly, it was hard for her to gain weight if she had to suffer so much!

After Patricia made the bed on the floor, she was ready to carry Sylvie off the bed.

However, Isaac hugged her waist from behind and buried his head in her neck. After smelling her deeply, he thought that her faint, sweet scent was very nice.

However, Patricia felt a little uncomfortable due to the itch in her neck. It was really abnormal for the two of them to be so intimate, after all.

Isaac wanted to ask her to sleep with him on the floor. He really wanted to hold her to sleep, especially when he was so tired.

However, the woman's body was stiff, and she was obviously rejecting him.

Hence, he could only dismiss the thought despite the faint smile in his voice.

"You and Sylvie should sleep on the bed while I sleep on the floor. The child is sick, so don't bother her."

When Patricia heard this, she replied, "Okay, go and wash up. The toothbrush you used before is still there."

After saying this, she felt something was wrong.

Why did she feel that he would often come here to stay as if they were a couple?

She shook her head. "Isaac, go wash up. It's getting late."

If he kept holding her like this, it would make her uncomfortable.

Isaac even wanted to kiss her while holding her like this. Her lips were like magic, attracting him and making him want to do more to her. She wanted to back away, but he was reluctant to let her go. After a moment, he turned her around, looked at her deeply, then moved his lips closer to hers.

Patricia's eyes widened as she watched his lips coming closer. She actually felt that her mouth had gone dry, and it was a little uncomfortable.