

My Babies, My Love Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Marry the Young Lady of the Aniston Family

The man in the car revealed his face, but he looked nothing like Scott and Stellan as Sylvie had claimed because he was a bald, middle-aged man wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses.

Disappointment washed over Sylvie's eyes, and she hung her tiny head while the man chided them a little. Hence, Patricia quickly apologized, saying they had the wrong person.

Then, she picked up Sylvie. "Sylvie Aniston, that's enough. Let's go home."

...

Late at night, Patricia drove a second-hand Toyota and stopped it right before the OTG Hospital entrance.

"Hey, you can't stop your car here!"

Ignoring the security trying to stop her, Patricia picked up her baby daughter from the passenger seat and dashed into the hospital without shoes on.

Right now, she couldn't hear or see anything, and all she could think about was emergency care for her daughter!

"Doctor, doctor!" With her daughter in her arms, she ran into the emergency department,

trembling. "Please save my daughter quickly. She's having convulsions from the fever!" she

cried, tears rolling down her face.

Hurriedly, the doctor took over the unconscious child. "Wait outside. We'll administer first aid and save her."

The doctor quickly performed emergency rescue on the child while the nurse on the side led

Patricia out of the emergency room. "Here's the bill. Pay the bill first. Given her condition,

she'll have to be hospitalized and maybe needs to be admitted into the ICU."

Bobbing her head, Patricia answered, "Okay, please save her."

Nothing should happen to Sylvie, she thought. What if the fever damages her brain? She was

still alright when they returned from Lochner City, but unexpectedly, she started to have a fever at night.

Not daring to think further, she sobbed while walking toward the cashier.

Just then, hurried footsteps sounded from the hospital entrance as a group of men in suits

walked in. The man walking in the front was the tallest, and he had the most oppressive air about him.

He was wearing a black coat that he had meticulously buttoned all the way to the top,

making him appear even more aloof, while his deep-set features and dark eyes, which

pointed a little upwards at the ends, were emitting a wicked aura. He pursed his thin lips

together as he exuded an authoritative aura and was incredibly unapproachable.

Everywhere he went, people would naturally make way for him.

Patricia was walking with her head lowered in distraught, so she didn't notice someone

coming her way, and all of a sudden, she felt a jolt of pain in her head as she banged into a

human wall.

“Woah!”

So, she lost her balance as she fell to the side, and a familiar smell wafted to her nose. Out of reflex, the man extended his long arm and held her by the waist, breaking her fall.

“Thank you...” She lifted her head, met his cold, dark eyes, and froze. Even before this winter’s day can give me a chill, I’m getting the chills from his eyes. Is this guy made of ice? she thought.

He steadied her and reminded her emotionlessly, “Miss, please watch where you’re going.”

Then, he continued to walk forward, leaving only the view of his broad back behind.

Dumbstruck, Patricia snapped back to her senses in disgruntlement when he had walked

toward the elevators. Then, she swiveled her head around and snapped, “Sir, you should watch your way, too.”

He’s the one who walked into me! she thought. What a bossy man!

The man who stepped into the elevator heard what she said and cast his deep eyes at her.

Only then did he notice that this woman was wearing old-fashioned pajamas, had messy hair, and had red eyes swollen from crying. Pathetic was the only word he had to describe her.

When he lowered his gaze, he saw that she was barefoot, and her feet were scarlet from the cold with a few scratches on the tips of her toes.

The elevator doors slid shut, cutting off his gaze completely, and Isaac looked away.

After that, he went straight to the VIP ward on the tenth floor.

Six years ago, he had spent a night with a woman, but the following day, he received a call

from the housekeeper saying that his grandfather, Phillip Arnold, had fallen severely ill.

Immediately after, Phillip slipped into unconsciousness, and despite Isaac's efforts at finding

the best doctors in the world, they were unable to cure him.

Today, Phillip had woken up without warning, and Isaac rushed over immediately.

As he stood at the ward's door was a man in a white robe. The man was lanky and tall; his

name was Nikola Ortega, a buddy of Isaac's.

"Isaac, Old Mr. Arnold is truly awake, and he wants to see you."

"Thank you." He nodded and said to his good friend, "I'm going to visit him now."

When he pushed the door open and went in, he saw that Phillip's body was inserted with

tubes. At the sight that someone had walked in, Phillip gazed at him earnestly and lifted his

hand slowly with a great deal of effort.

Isaac rushed over hastily and held his hand, and his voice trembled from excitement as he

said, "Grandpa, you're finally awake."

Seeing that Phillip had released his hand and pointed at his lips, Isaac knew that his

grandfather had something to say, and he placed his ear close to him.

With great difficulty, Phillip opened his mouth and uttered, "M-Marry the Young Lady of the

Aniston Family..." Patricia Aniston.

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