

My Babies, My Love Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Adeline Aniston, the Young Lady of the Aniston Family

A sparkle lit up in Isaac's eyes. He had been searching for the woman for six years ago. Back then, he was in a rush to the hospital and didn't wake her up from her sleep, but she was already gone when he sent someone to look for her at the hotel afterward. For the past six years, he had been so obsessed with that woman that he had no interest in any other women, and it had become a hidden disorder of his. It looks like Grandpa really sent that woman.

Beep, beep, beep—

Right after the words left Phillip's lips, the warning alarm from the equipment next to him started to beep in an ear-piercing manner.

Hurriedly, Isaac answered him. "Grandpa, I heard you. I'll marry the Young Lady of the Aniston Family," he assured him so that he wouldn't be worried.

When the hospital staff heard the emergency beeping, Nikola and the others rushed in and started to resuscitate Phillip before finally sending him to the ICU. At the same time, the ICU entrance.

“Doctor, when will my daughter be out? May I go in to stay by her side?” Patricia implored the doctor, and her eyes reddened as though she would start crying any second. From the moment Sylvie was born until now, she had never left Patricia’s side for so long. It was all her fault for not taking good care of Sylvie, and she felt that she wasn’t a good mother.

“We need to keep her under observation for twenty-four hours. So, go home for now and come back again in twenty-four hours. We’ll take good care of her,” the nurse said and turned to leave.

“Thank you!”

But how could Patricia leave? Hence, she merely nodded and waited at the entrance. Half an hour later, Isaac arrived at the ICU entrance, where a nurse was waiting for him.

“How’s my grandfather’s condition?”

Hastily, the nurse glanced at the document in her hands and replied, “Mr. Arnold, Old. Mr.

Arnold is still in a critical stage, and we must keep him under observation for twenty-four hours. The hospital director had prepared a lounge for you to rest.”

The staff all knew Isaac because he was the hospital director, Nikola’s friend. In addition, he

was a filial chap who visited his grandfather almost daily.

Isaac gave her a nod. “I got it,” he said, turned, and saw a woman balled up in the corner of the room.

though he had seen those eyes before.

Meanwhile, the woman was hugging her knees with her head buried. Her petite toes were curled up, and she appeared helpless and pitiful.

As Isaac stared at her, he actually acted out of character by taking off his black-colored coat and placing it over her body. Then, he strode toward the elevators in large strides.

When Patricia felt the warmth on her shoulders, she raised her head and saw the man's stoic and broad back. "Thank you! How should I return your coat to you?" she asked loudly.

Isaac stepped into the elevator and said before the doors closed, "You can keep it. But, no matter who is ill, you must take care of your health. Otherwise, how are you going to take care of the sick?"

Isaac Arnold, who had always been emotionless, actually said something like this to a woman

he didn't know, and even himself was surprised by it. When the elevator door closed, a self-deprecating smirk appeared on his face, and he shook his head.

Meanwhile, Patricia wrapped the coat around herself tightly. It still carried the warmth from

that man's body, and she felt a shard of compassion on this cold winter night. Then, a faint

scent drifted up her nose. It was refreshing and smelled good; the scent was even a little

familiar to her.

Before she could ponder over it, a silvery voice jolted her back to her senses. "Mommy!"

The elevator doors slid open again, and three figures—one adult and two children—walked

out. The little boy walking in the front was wearing a black coat and holding a white kneelength

down jacket in his arms, while the one behind him was donning a gray and white

baseball outfit with a pair of snow boots in his hands.

With identical deep-set features, the boys looked gorgeous despite their age, and it was easy to tell that they were identical twins with just one glance. The elder brother, Scott, walked steadily and stopped next to Patricia with a sorry look in his eyes.

“Mommy put on the jacket.”

He had already seen that there was a men’s coat on Patricia, and he reckoned that a kindhearted person must have given it to her.

A trace of reproach crawled over her second child, Stellan’s, face.

“Mommy, why didn’t you bring Scott and me along? We can share the burden with you.”

Then, he bent over and pulled Patricia’s cold feet into his arms, then when they were warmed up, he put on the shoes for her.

Finally, the stunning man walking behind them in a gray coat, Zachary Selwyn, poured out the

hot water from the thermos in his hands and passed it to Patricia. “Tricia, why didn’t you tell

me that Sylvie is sick? I said that I’ll take care of you all.”

With the hot water in her hands, warmth finally returned to Patricia’s frozen hands, and she

smiled at him softly. “Zachary, you’ve saved our lives before. I can’t repay you for that, so I

shouldn’t trouble you further.”

The heartache he felt could be seen in his eyes as she still couldn’t understand his heart.

Six years ago, Patricia didn’t go to Tamalom successfully. Instead, she was sold to human

traffickers, but she escaped halfway and was involved in a car accident where Zachary had hit

her with his car. Later, he sent her to the hospital and even helped her to rent out a place.

At that time, he did it purely out of guilt and tried to make it up to her. However, he developed real feelings for her afterward. He would like to take care of her for the rest of her life and her children, but this woman kept avoiding him, making him feel a little resigned.

“Is Sylvie alright?”

“Yeah, she’s alright for now and is kept under observation.”

He asked, helping her to a bench, “I heard that you resigned from the financing company.”

A few days after Patricia was transferred to the branch in Lochner, she resigned and returned to Appleby today.

“I won’t return to a company like that ever again. They’re conmen, and they’re only conning the elderly!” she said in a huff. “I’ll never do something against my conscience!”

Once again, Zachary extended his help. “Tricia, come to my company. I believe in your ability.”

He intended to protect her while she worked for him, but she shook her head. “I’ve started to look for other jobs. Besides, my education level isn’t up to your company’s standards.”

Next to them, Scott and Stellan exchanged glances and saw the helplessness in each other’s eyes. Actually, both of them could earn money, and they had made quite a pile on the stock market, but they didn’t dare to let their mother find out because she would think that they had done something illegal.

Both of them had been secretly transferring money into her account, but she didn’t use a single penny from it, working a few jobs a day as usual and making money through hard work.

Such a mother really made them feel sorry for her.

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A few days later, in the president's office of Arnolds Corporation.

A few days later, Isaac was seated behind his spacious desk in the president's office of

Arnolds Corporation. His head lowered as he signed a document until his assistant, Liam

Dorchester, walked in with a report about his work.

"President Arnold, I've investigated the Young Lady of the Aniston Family.

Her name is

Adeline Aniston, twenty-four years old and the only daughter of Andy Aniston."

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