

You Are My One and Only Chapter 102

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Chapter 102

When Isaac saw Phillip's expression, he turned his head to look at Adeline. Why did Phillip faint since he was the one who had asked Isaac to bring his granddaughter-in-law home?

Adeline was startled, so the two of them quickly approached Phillip.

"Old Mr. Arnold? Old Mr. Arnold..."

Why did Phillip have to pass out when she was all set to show off today?

As the doctor administered first aid to Phillip, Isaac moved to the side and asked, "How is Old Mr. Arnold?"

The doctor heaved a sigh of relief after the examination and replied, "He's fine, Young Master Isaac. Old Mr. Arnold was simply overly excited, so he couldn't breathe for a while. He'll recover soon."

Elizabeth wiped her tears away as she heard the doctor's words; this darn Phillip was going to scare her to death.

Why was he so ecstatic to see Adeline? She had no idea why he adored Adeline.

Elizabeth had no choice now. As Phillip's health deteriorated, Isaac was forced to marry whoever he desired. On the other hand, she wished that her spouse would live for a longer period of time since she didn't want to be left alone.

Isaac knew Phillip liked Adeline a lot when he saw Phillip like this, and there was a cold look on Isaac's face.

It seemed that the sham marriage must go on.

Phillip opened his eyes after a while, but when he saw Adeline, he rolled his eyes before he fainted again.

They were so terrified that they yelled, "Old Mr. Arnold!"

"Grandpa..."

“Old Mr. Arnold...”

“Phillip, your grandson, has come back to see you with his girlfriend. Don’t get too excited!”

When Phillip heard this, he looked at Elizabeth, pointed to the room and closed his eyes.

He was indicating that he was tired and wanted to return to his room. Isaac had brought Adeline home, but Phillip preferred to rest rather than see her.

“Please send Phillip inside to rest,” Elizabeth said to the servant.

She also believed that if Phillip saw Miss Aniston again, he would be overjoyed and something bad would have to happen.

Phillip entered the room, accompanied by the servant and the doctor. Elizabeth, on the other hand, raised her hand to wipe away her tears.

Isaac sat beside her, his arms wrapped around her shoulders.

“Gran, the doctor said that all of Grandpa’s physical signs are normal and he will recover gradually.”

He was well aware of his grandparents’ good relationship and the fact that they had been together for a lifetime and couldn’t be apart.

“Well, he’ll live for a hundred years.” Elizabeth agreed.

Adeline, who was nearby, had the ginseng box in her hands. She was upset because she hadn’t been able to speak to Phillip.

After noticing Elizabeth’s sad expression, she sat beside Elizabeth.

“This is the skin care product I bought for you, Old Mrs. Arnold. It’s just right for your age and skin type.”

Elizabeth cast a glance at Adeline; her look was simply ordinary, but she couldn’t do anything since Phillip was fond of her.

“I’m sorry for making you spend so much money,” she apologized with a nod.

Isaac and Adeline had dinner with Elizabeth, and she got up to see if Phillip had eaten.

It was just Isaac and Adeline at the dinner table when he said, “When I need you to act again in the future, I’ll ask the driver to pick you up. You are not required to personally

visit the company. If you decide not to proceed, I can cancel the contract on your behalf.”

He did not compel her. Even though Phillip needed her right now, Isaac would never force her to do anything.

Adeline was overjoyed to see him. How could she pass up such an opportunity to get close to him?

“I’m willing to do it, Isaac. I do.”

Following that, Isaac raised his left hand and took a look at his expensive watch. “It’s getting late. I’ll ask the driver to take you home.”

Hearing this, Adeline quickly stood up, fearful that he would cancel the contract. “Then, I’ll leave first, Isaac. Give me a call if you need anything.”

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Chapter 103

Adeline received a phone call as she was leaving Arnold Manor. The caller ID showed that it was her cousin Annabelle who was calling. She doesn’t normally contact me. What’s her reason for calling today?

She didn’t want to answer at first, but Annabelle called again shortly after the phone had automatically hung up on her.

Adeline had no choice but to answer the phone. “What’s the matter, Annabelle?”

Annabelle was Tobias’s youngest child. She used to get along well with Patricia and was always following Patricia around.

This was why Adeline didn’t like Annabelle very much. Furthermore, Annabelle constantly claimed that Adeline was the mistress’ daughter, which infuriated her even more.

“Addy, it’s my birthday today. Why haven’t you arrived yet? Where’s my present?”

Adeline frowned slightly as she realized Annabelle had called to ask for a gift.

“How old are you? Why is a kid having a birthday celebration? Did Grandpa allow you to have a party?”

Old Mr. Aniston was a gentle and succinct man, who never allowed birthday parties for the younger generations. Take Adeline for an example; she was already twenty-three and never had a birthday party.

Thinking about it made her angry. The socialite circle was gossiping about her, claiming that the reason why she couldn't have a party was because she was not liked by Old Mr. Aniston.

No one had been paying attention to her explanation.

This was because Patricia had a birthday party when she was eighteen, in which all the socialites had attended the event.

“Addy, I'm eighteen years old and I'm an adult now, so come over right away!”

Adeline cursed as Annabelle hung up after finishing her sentence.

“This dumb kiddo. She abruptly ended the call without giving me a chance to respond. She is completely lacking in courtesy.”

In a short while, Annabelle shared an address to her.

...

Patricia sat next to Annabelle at a large table while she stared at the Anistons. In the six years since they had last seen each other, nothing had changed.

The aunts were all dressed in gold and silver, and the uncles hadn't changed much except that their bellies were bigger while their hair was thinning.

Since Annabelle had a good relationship with Patricia, she was required to attend her eighteenth birthday celebration.

“Eat more, Patricia! Take a look at how skinny you are now,” Annabelle said as she placed some food on Patricia's plate.

“What do you know about it, Annabelle? Patricia is staying in shape. Even if you eat as much as you want at your age, you don't have to worry about gaining weight,” Annabelle's mother, who was Patricia's second aunt, said with a smile.

She then served some food to Annabelle. It's not that Patricia wanted to stay in shape; rather, she's never had much of an appetite, to begin with.

Especially today, she saw how sad Darcie was because of her daughter. She even got on her knees in front of Percy, but he was so heartless that he turned down her request. As a result, she needed to find a way to assist her.

Gwen, who sat across from Patricia, glanced at her from time to time while she clearly looked upset.

She was enraged as she remembered how badly she had been beaten that day.

As a result, she asked Patricia, “Tricia, why didn’t you bring your three children here today and let them try these fancy dishes? It tastes delicious.”

The Wok of Fame was a well-known restaurant in Appleby. It was said that the royal chef of the palace opened it, and it had been around for over a century.

Obviously, common people could not afford to dine at this restaurant as each dish cost at least three figures.

When everyone at the table heard Gwen’s question, they became silent because it was inappropriate to discuss the children at that time. After all, this incident enraged Old Mr. Aniston.

He was initially fond of Patricia, but over time, he stopped caring about her. When she showed up at the party today, Old Mr. Aniston did not ask her to leave. He was only bothered by the fact that her three children would bring shame to the Aniston Family.

He didn’t want to make a fool of himself. Patricia would be unable to face the Anistons in the future if Gwen continued to talk about it.

“The kids are too loud. I’m afraid they’ll annoy the uncles and aunties,” Patricia responded to her.

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Annabelle couldn’t help but notice what her great aunt said. She invited Patricia, so she wouldn’t let others bully Patricia.

“Aunt Hough, when will your daughter arrive? Is she claiming that something happened because she didn’t want to give me a gift?”

Annabelle changed the subject in order to divert attention away from Patricia.

She was still young at that time and had no idea what had happened. However, as time passed, she overheard family members talking about Patricia and realized that Patricia was pregnant with someone else's child.

As such, Patricia was kicked out of the villa and she vanished as a result.

Annabelle would not have known if her mother never informed that Patricia had recently returned. As a result, she obtained Patricia's phone number and asked her out.

She was ecstatic to see Patricia again because she hadn't seen Patricia in ages and had missed Patricia dearly.

At this point, Gwen looked at her husband with unhappiness. She had been causing trouble for years, and her husband had always supported the Anistons.

They felt that Patricia was a disgrace to him and the Anistons. Therefore, he would not be able to help her in this scenario.

"Addy visited her boyfriend's house today, and she will be here after dinner," Gwen spoke with a smug grin that stretched from ear to ear.

"Addy already has a boyfriend?" Everyone wondered.

"You previously said that you wanted to set up Addy with a man. She's already got a boyfriend?"

Olivia asked, "Who is it? Why don't she bring him back for us to have a look?"

"Yeah! Is he a nobleman, and if so, from whose family? We'll have to think about it if he's just a common person."

"Don't let love get the best of Addy, or else..."

Gwen's sister remembered Patricia's experience as she blurted out the words, but she held it back in the end. She gave Patricia the side eye and attempted to save her own self by not directly saying those words.

Gwen was expecting them to ask, so she purposefully kept them guessing.

"They have just recently started, and Addy's boyfriend's family adored her; she had visited them twice. However, we have yet to see him, so we will have to wait and see."

Gwen's happy face piqued everyone's interest, making them as curious as ever.

"Who is it, Gwen? Please let us know so that we can satisfy our curiosity!"

She cast a glance at Patricia before raising her voice, "Addy's boyfriend is Isaac, the eldest child from the Arnold Family."

After these words were said, everyone at the table was silent for about a second before they all spoke at the same time. "Isaac Arnold?"

Their hearts ached as they looked at each other. Everyone had hoped that their daughter would marry into the Arnold Family, but that was not going to happen. Adeline was extremely lucky to be Isaac's girlfriend.

She was a mistress's child who climbed through the ranks and married into the Arnold Family; as a result, she was living a good life.

"Congratulations, sister-in-law!"

"Addy is extremely fortunate."

Patricia looked around the table as everyone began to flatter Gwen.

"You will have a good life in the future, Gwen. You have a wonderful son-in-law! I'm jealous!" Olivia looked at her daughter as she spoke. My daughter is certainly more attractive and educated than Adeline. How could she have passed up such a wonderful opportunity?

Abigail, her daughter, quickly averted her gaze and pretended not to hear those words.

At this precise moment, Adeline entered the restaurant with a branded paper bag and placed it in front of Annabelle.

"Happy birthday, Annabelle!"

Annabelle glanced at the gift. As expected, Adeline was generous and she replied, "Thank you very much, Addy."

Adeline sat next to Patricia since the seat next to Patricia was vacant due to the unwillingness of those present to sit next to her.

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Chapter 105

Everybody was very courteous toward Adeline, and Tobias poured a cup of wine for her.

“Addy, since it’s Annabelle’s birthday today, you must drink with us.”

Adeline was somewhat shocked at this since Tobias, who would usually ignore her, actually poured a cup of wine for her.

Raising her eyebrows, she was feeling a bit uneasy.

But since my mother is here, then everyone should know where I went today. I am the future Mrs. Arnold, so how could they not afford to suck up to me?

Feeling very high and mighty of herself, she only took a sip after toasting while all the others emptied their cup. Yet, nobody dared to say anything about this.

On the other hand, Patricia was comforting Darcie through text, so she did not know what was going on.

Closing in on her, Annabelle asked, “What are you doing, Patricia? Look at how smug Adeline is being right now. I wanted to let her spend a lot to make her feel the pain, but she’s feeling so high and mighty instead. Everyone has turned into a sycophant. It’s a disgusting sight to behold.”

Patricia then looked up to see everyone surrounding Adeline with some of them even wanting to know about the ongoings of the Arnolds.

“It’s not impossible to get to know Isaac, but he has his own set of rules. So, he will not break them just for me.”

What Adeline meant was that it would be impossible to get to know Isaac through her.

Maybe as relatives, but not as business partners.

Andy stated coldly, “Stop making it so hard on Addy. After all, she just got together with the person, and you all are thinking of taking advantage of their relationship? We’ll be relatives after she gets married, so why are all of you in such a hurry?”

With a sneer, he then sipped from the wine glass.

“My daughter, being the outstanding individual she is, naturally attracts similarly talented men,” he said this before glancing at Patricia. She’s different from this brat. She’s not even comparable to Addy.

Even though Patricia felt her father’s disdainful gaze, she chose to ignore it. After all, she came here for Annabelle’s sake. She chose to put up with it since she wouldn’t be seeing the Aniston Family’s faces again.

Yet, Adeline suddenly asked, “Annabelle, what did Patricia give you? You’ll have to take into consideration that she has three kids to feed, so she can’t give you anything branded.”

The mother and daughter duo enjoyed bringing up Patricia’s children whenever they had the opportunity, as they liked to add insult to injury.

Rolling her eyes, Annabelle retorted, “I like whatever Patricia gives me!”

“Take it out and let us have a look then!”

Adeline reached out in determination to make Patricia humiliate her.

Then, Patricia’s phone rang. When she noticed it was Isaac calling, she dared not refuse the call.

Now that she was his personal secretary, she needed to be on-call 24/7, which was why her salary was so high.

“Hello.”

“Where are you?”

Hearing the man’s cold tone, Patricia took a glance at the table in front of her before softly replying, “Is there anything I can help you with, President Arnold?”

“Where are you?”

Patricia frowned at his words. Why is he not replying to me and only repeating the same question?

“I’m at The Wok of Fame.”

“Okay. I’m coming over to pick you up now. I want something sweet to drink tonight, so whip it up for me. Before you forget, remember to always cook and clean for me after you clock off.”

Hanging up, Patricia frowned.

Since I still owe him over a hundred thousand, looks like I can't avoid doing slave work even at night. She was relatively free in the past due to him being interstate for work reasons.

Raising Patricia's gift so that everyone can see it, Annabelle stated, "This is what Patricia gave me. I'm going to unbox it when I get home, but I won't show it to you."

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Chapter 106 Pitiful Patricia

Stuffing Patricia's present for her into the backpack, Annabelle stuck her tongue out at Adeline.

Everyone at the table laughed and pointed at Annabelle's response. "Look at her. She's still a child!"

After dinner, Annabelle wanted to go to a karaoke center, but her mother forbade her to do so, saying that if her grandfather caught wind of it, she would be in for a scolding.

The feast ended, and everyone left.

Holding onto Patricia's arm, Annabelle seemed to be in an excellent mood as she kept chatting with Patricia.

At the back, Adeline was holding her parents' hands, thinking that she finally stood up for herself, since this was the first time she was so domineering in front of her relatives. Treating herself as Mrs. Arnold, she thought that these people would have to obey her from now on. Otherwise, one grunt from me, and Isaac will end them all.

Gwen purposefully asked the man beside her, "Sweetheart, since Tricia is already here, how about you accept her back into the family? If not, those people will say mean things again."

The good image of a stepmother should be maintained, she thought.

Andy replied, as he snorted, "She's no longer one of us, so why should I welcome her back? Even if she doesn't think so, I believe it's disgraceful with those three youngsters in tow!"

Adeline smiled at this. "Don't need to get agitated, Dad. You still have me, remember? I'm with Isaac now, so after we get married, I'll have him help out the Aniston Corporation to make us even stronger."

He laughed upon hearing his daughter's words. "Thank god we still have a competent daughter!"

Everybody stopped at the entrance of the restaurant as Cersei asked, "Did you drive here, Tricia? If not, I can let our chauffeur send you back. We'll be riding with Tobias."

As it was her daughter's birthday today, she had learned through Gwen that Patricia's current situation was not good. She appeared to be living in the older part of the city, in some of the alley houses scheduled to be torn down soon.

Those kinds of places are filled with wild dogs and trash. It's smelly and dirty. Her life has changed in every way possible compared to how it was before. Despite the fact that she grew up without a mother, the Old Mr. Aniston doted on her a lot. The eldest daughter of the Anistons was given the greatest possible care; every detail of her life was impeccable and everyone had to bend to her will. Sigh. But, what about now? How

sad it is!

Pulling her hand, Annabelle said, "Patricia, let my chauffeur send you home."

Yet, Patricia only looked at her phone and said, "No need for that. I already called an Uber. It should be arriving soon."

Adeline continued the conversation, saying, "It's already quite late, so it might not be safe to take a Uber. How about I send you back instead?"

It was just then a Maybach Exelero parked beside Patricia.

Knowing that the car belonged to Isaac, Patricia frowned upon seeing it. Why did he drive such a high-profile car today?

The car was valued 80 million since it was the only one of its kind in the world.

Patricia, who knew a bit about cars, looked it up online when she saw it. That's how she knew what the price was.

She had just said that she had called an Uber, so she was very dumbfounded upon seeing this scene.

"My ride's here. Goodbye, Annabelle, Aunt Cersei!"

Everyone there was immediately drawn to the car, which Patricia referred to as an Uber.

Annabelle exclaimed, "Oh my God... This is the first time I've ever seen a Maybach Exelero. It's so cool."

Andy and his brothers were all in shock too since this was every man's dream car.

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Chapter 107

Watching Annabelle gasp out loud as she circled the car, Patricia smiled awkwardly.

"I didn't think that the Uber car I ordered would be so luxurious. Hahaha..." Stating that, she quickly walked to the car and wanted to open the back door, only to find that the door did not budge.

This sight made Adeline walk up and sneer with crossed arms, "Patricia, I don't think this is your ride, is it? Or, is it that you wanted to show off in front of your family? Well, you can stop pretending now that the door won't even open for you. It's fine, we won't look down on you."

Everybody laughed at her words. "Tricia, we didn't think that you would become such a show-off after not meeting for a couple of years."

"That's right. It's fine if you don't have a car. We can send you back."

You're telling me this is an Uber ride? If the owner of this car is merely a driver, we'll swallow it whole.

Patricia frowned upon hearing the sneers. Then, she took her phone out and texted Isaac, 'President Arnold, unlock the door please!'

Isaac soon replied, 'Front passenger seat. I'm the driver tonight.'

Rolling her eyes, Patricia thought to herself, Are all bigshots like this? Seems like he doesn't want to be a chauffeur.

Annabelle approached Patricia. "Tricia, are you sure that you hailed an Uber and not a boyfriend?"

This was because she did not believe that this car was commissioned into a cab. If that was the case, this would be such a waste!

Managing to squeeze out a smile, Patricia replied, "Yes. It is the Uber I called. I'll be going now, so goodbye!"

She then waved before opening the front passenger door and hopped into the car.

Curious about who the driver was, Annabelle managed to catch a glimpse of him when Patricia opened the door.

"I saw a man in a suit. His side profile looks very handsome!" gushed Annabelle.

Cersei came to her side. "Did you see his face?"

Gwen, who was silent the whole time, finally could not hold it in any further.

"So what if he's handsome? It's not as if he can make a living from that. Unlike Addy's boyfriend, he's not only handsome but rich. Annabelle, you should learn from Addy and stop your fangirling behavior. Do you not recall what disgraceful acts Patricia did just because she got enamored by some pretty boy?" She then pulled on her daughter. "It's so cold here. Let's head back, Addy. What's there to see about some weird car?"

As Gwen did not know much about cars, she did not know just how significant this was.

Yet, those who knew about cars could tell with a glance that the owner was someone of high status. Now, the only thing Annabelle could not figure out was—Who can possibly be richer than Isaac?

At the same time, Andy's mood also soured as he thought that Patricia must have found a very wealthy guy. He might even be an old man.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he was. I have to find some time to talk to her about this and stop her from being shameless.

...

In the car, Patricia looked at the 'handsome Uber driver' and sighed secretly. It's fortunate that he did not hear all that. Otherwise, if he knew that he was being called an Uber driver, he would be sure to think of some way to torment me again.

Meanwhile, Isaac uttered while focusing on the road, "You seem to be quite close to the Anistons."

Even though he did not know the Anistons personally, he had met Andy, the president of Aniston Corporation before.

Leaning against the car seat, Patricia looked at the road and admired the beautiful night view of Fieldtown. "It was Miss Annabelle's birthday. She invited me."

She did not want to explain too much since Isaac did not know she was one of the Anistons, anyway. Even till now, he thought that she was the daughter of a servant for the Anistons.

Noticing that she was gloomy, he explained, "My grandfather was not in a good mood today, so Adeline went over and comforted him today. There is nothing between me and Adeline, regardless of what the rumors are saying. Just don't believe in any of them."

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In the contract, it was clearly stated that neither of the parties were allowed to leak the truth about their sham marriage.

Regardless how much Isaac wanted to come clean to Patricia, he could only hope that she would believe him.

She turned around and looked at him. "Your grandfather probably likes Adeline a lot, right?"

This was because she had heard that it was his grandfather who wanted him to marry Adeline.

Nodding, Isaac did not understand his grandfather's intentions either since the two families were merely acquaintances.

It might be that the older generation knew each other.

The two did not speak after that as they went back to Estrella Villa.

Then, Patricia went to cook up dessert while Isaac went upstairs to shower before changing into a bathrobe.

Sitting on the sofa, he switched on the television yet he was not watching it.

Instead, he would look at the kitchen from time to time. Finally, he decided to stand up and walked toward the kitchen.

Standing in front of the counter, Patricia was making chocolate mousse dessert as it would be nice to have something sweet before going to sleep.

In actuality, she did not know how to do all this as she only learned it from Josephine recently.

After all, she was still very grateful to Isaac for providing a job like this that allowed her to raise her kids without the need to work on multiple jobs.

Now, I don't have to rush around all day long and I can even participate in a birthday dinner like this. On top of that, I got to enjoy the night view too.

It had been years since she admired the view. She used to be so busy that she did not even have time to stop and look at the sky.

At this moment, Isaac approached her from behind and hugged her while touching her face with his.

Shocked, Patricia wanted to escape from his embrace.

He hugged her tightly. "Will you teach me how to make this?"

Needless to say, the man did not really want to learn it as he merely wanted to get closer to her; it felt quite nice to hug her while she was baking.

"President Arnold, could you let go of me? I'm finding it quite hard to stir."

Even though she did not need to stir anything, she was just finding a random excuse.

Noticing that her voice was trembling, he smiled and let go of her.

“Are you afraid of me?” As he stood beside her, he looked at her longingly.

Patricia lowered the heat and shook her head.

“I’m not. It’s just that the people I hate the most are homewreckers. I don’t wish to become who I hate, so please don’t make it hard on me, President Arnold.”

Although she could easily snatch Isaac from Adeline to make her feel the pain her mother went through back then, she could not do it. I’m still human, unlike those two b*stards.

Isaac knew what she was getting as he could not declare the true relationship he and Adeline had. That was why Patricia mind the position she was in.

“Are you done yet?” All of a sudden, his tone became cold. Yet, Patricia found herself liking this side of him more.

“I’m just about done. Where do you want to have it?”

He pointed toward the living room. “Living room, you and me.”

What a forceful tone. Originally, she thought that she could leave after making the dessert since she had taken a look at the rooms and found that they were all tidy and clean.

With a solemn face, Isaac went to the living room and sent a message to ‘The Three Lonely Musketeers’ group chat on Messenger.

Isaac, nicknamed ‘The First Lonely Musketeer’ in the group, asked, ‘Hey, how do you woo a woman?’

Nikola, nicknamed ‘The Second Lonely Musketeer’ replied, ‘Wow, this group still exists?’

After he sent the text, he lightly nudged Percy who was beside him, motioning that Isaac was looking for help.

Hence, Percy, ‘The Third Lonely Musketeer’ stated, ‘You’ve come to the right person. Here, let me teach you the ways of the world.’

In truth, Percy was indeed very experienced at dating. Even though he was in the army, he still managed to date a few and even have some of them visit him at camp.

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Patricia, who had taken the desserts to the living room, set down a bowl for him before proceeding to eat her share while sitting on the carpet and watching the television.

It was airing a variety show, which had an appearance of a male celebrity she liked.

Bliss enveloped her as she ate the dessert while watching the man she fancied.

Placing his phone on the table, Isaac also ate his share. Even though it was mostly bitter, he still liked it as there were hints of sweetness.

He then glanced at her. She just keeps watching the television without even noticing me.

As such, he flared the neckline of his bathrobe by loosening the belt to reveal his alluring collarbone.

The men in the show don't even have a body like I do. Why not just look at me?

Just as Patricia had her eyes glued to the screen, Isaac took the remote control and switched it off.

This made her instantly turn around and glare at him. "What are you doing? It was the exciting part!"

The street dance performance was just getting to the climax where they had ripped their clothes off to show their wild side.

Looking at the clock, Isaac stated, "It's 9.00PM now. All entertainment in my house stops at 9.00PM."

What...

He really is old-fashioned. Does he go to sleep at 9.00PM? Does he not feel bored to not play with his phone or watch the television?

Still eating the dessert, she asked, "Then, do you not watch television or use your phone? Or, do you just go to sleep?"

This is what the elderly do!

He calmly replied, "I read."

Patricia was speechless. Alright, I don't think I'll be able to compare myself with such an educated person.

To that, she stopped talking as the house descended into silence.

It was then that Isaac's phone rang with him promptly answering it.

"Speak."

He only replied with one cold word, making Patricia shrug her shoulders. He's being colder than the Arctic right now.

"I'm not going."

Hanging up the phone, he tossed the phone aside.

Since she had already finished her dessert, she was looking at her phone aimlessly when she saw the message Darcie sent her.

'Tricia, I can't do it anymore. I'm going to drag that son of a b*tch—Zeke to the hospital for a blood test tomorrow.'

Seeing that this message was sent two hours ago, Patricia wanted to reply to her. However, considering that she was still at work, she thought that she should not be using her phone. I should just reply tomorrow!

Suddenly, she heard Isaac pick the phone up and shouted, "Percy Henderson, I said that I'm not free! Are you deaf?"

Yet, just before Isaac hung up, Patricia tugged on his bathrobe.

"Is Young Master Henderson inviting you out?"

She was just thinking of how to get closer to Percy, so it would be perfect if she could do it through Isaac.

Not hanging up, Isaac nodded.

Elated at this, she stated, "How about I come with you, President Arnold? This way, you can enjoy yourself longer and I can be your driver!"

Although he was not one who was lacking a chauffeur, he still responded to the call, "Send the address over. We're going over now."

Upon hearing his words, Patricia's smile only grew bigger before she slapped her own face to remind herself to not show her joyfulness. Following that, she decided to reply to Darcie.

'I'm going to help you, Darcie. Just wait for my good news tomorrow.'

Sending the message, she then held her smile in as she slotted her phone into the bag.

"President Arnold, you should get changed. I'm going to wash the dishes."

She then took the two bowls and walked toward the kitchen while Isaac sent a message to 'The Lonely Three Musketeers' as he watched her silhouette.

'When Patricia arrives, think of some way to make her drunk,' said The First Musketeer.

I don't believe that she can resist me even when she's drunk. In the end, she'll still be served to me on a silver platter.

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Upon returning to his bedroom to change, he took a glance at his phone.

Both members of the group chat replied to him.

'The Second Lonely Musketeer' texted, 'Ise, don't bring her along. Otherwise, I might not survive through the night.'

In actuality, Nikola was always met with misfortune whenever Patricia was around; he was sure that she was a natural jinx in that anyone who came into contact with her would be cursed with bad luck.

'The Third Lonely Musketeer' replied, 'Rest assured that I can guarantee to deliver the perfect result, sir.'

On the other hand, Isaac felt more and more frustrated upon looking at the group name, so he texted, 'Who came up with this awful name? Change it. I'm not some lonely musketeer.'

Soon enough, Nikola changed the group from 'The Three Lonely Musketeers' to 'The Three Musketeers'.

Isaac was rendered speechless at this.

Nikola continued, 'This seems nice. No changing of the name from now on!'

Percy replied, 'Why am I the third?'

Isaac went downstairs while texting back, 'Just accept it.'

Nikola then suggested, 'How about we duke it out tonight for the positions?'

Percy accepted his challenge. 'Come on then.'

Downstairs, Patricia had already finished washing the dishes and did not break a single item this time. She was being very cautious after knowing how expensive everything in his home was.

While she was applying hand cream, she saw the man in a navy blue coat with a badge on it. This feels a little roleplay-ish.

Suddenly, a thought flashed across her mind. My goodness, he's too good looking!

Oftentimes, women could not resist the temptation of a good-looking man in a uniform and that included her as well.

However, she had to keep her calm and not let the man detect anything.

Walking to her side, Isaac caught a whiff of roses, which he found refreshing and pleasant.

Patricia quickly put her hands by the side and smiled. "President Arnold, which car do we ride in tonight?"

In reality, she did not dare to drive the one seated in the courtyard. If she was to scratch even a tiny bit of it, she assumed that she would have to spend the rest of her life paying it off.

Thus, she prepared to choose a cheaper one and was just asking him out of courtesy since she was sure that he would be fine with any options.

Yet, Isaac smiled and replied, "The one parked in front seems okay. This way, we don't have to go to the garage."

He then walked straight to the entrance, leaving Patricia with a gaping jaw.

Shocked, she thought that the man was simply too unpredictable.

Yet, she still ran up to him while trying to persuade him, "President Arnold, how about we change into another car. That car is way too flashy. What if we bump into robbers because of that?"

"No worries. I know a bit of self-defense tactics. I can defeat them with ease."

Patricia rolled her eyes at this. Aren't you something else, Isaac Arnold? Do you think that you're the number one in this world? How arrogant!

Walking to the car, Isaac tossed the keys to her and got in.

At this moment, she stared blankly at the key in her hand. Can I say that I don't know how to drive?

After struggling with herself for a long while, she eventually got into the car and carefully drove off.

While on the road, she became more and more cautious as she drove around ten miles an hour. She also looked at the rearview mirror from time to time in fear that she might bump into something.

This made Isaac look at her and questioned, "Patricia, do you think that you're riding a bicycle?"

Looking out the window, she saw that even the electrical bicycles were faster than them.

Yet, she replied calmly, "Safety first, President Arnold. I will ensure you get there safely."

Speechless, he rolled the car window down and lit a cigarette before taking a deep drag.

"I don't need you to pay me if we crash, so can you please go faster?"

At this point, Isaac was getting a little frustrated. What is on her birdbrained mind?