

You Are My One and Only Chapter 111

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Still, she could not be blamed judging by how she was treated by him in general. Just the fact that he took care of her for one morning had already cost her more than a hundred thousand. Hence, her cautiousness was fairly justified.

Upon hearing his words, Patricia smiled.

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Following Isaac from behind, Patricia observed the woman leading the way, thinking how thin her waist was as the clothing accentuated her hourglass figure.

Besides that, her leg is so long and toned. Just like the rumors, the staff members on the twelfth floor are all beauties.

Isaac noticed that Patricia was falling behind, so he stopped and held her hand.

“What are you thinking about?”

It was only then that she came back to her senses and whispered, “I’ve heard that the women on the twelfth floor are all beauties. Looks like I can confirm everything for myself now.”

He frowned at the statement as he thought that her figure was actually more outstanding than any women here. She doesn’t know this.

Reaching the room, the woman helped open the door for them.

Isaac, who was still holding onto Patricia’s hand, led her inside the room. It was very spacious inside as they could sing and dance while there were even a few small rooms with one of them set up for poker.

Sitting on the longest couch was Nikola who was having a fun time chatting with the women in both of his arms.

Patricia ignored him as he was known as a famous playboy in Appleby without ever lacking a woman with him.

Looking around the room, she found Percy sitting on the other side while singing with a girl; it happened to be the one she met at his house earlier today.

The moment the two entered the room, Percy looked over and said through the microphone, "Welcome, Young Master Isaac and Miss Aniston."

There were quite a lot of men and women in the room with most of them consisting of Nikola's friends. All of them were sons and daughters of prominent families.

Patricia smiled. Tonight, she only had one goal in mind—to make Percy agree to donating his bone marrow to Poppy no matter what.

As the crowd shifted their attention to them, most of them stood up in order to make spaces for him, suggesting that Isaac could choose any spots he liked.

Patricia then released herself from Isaac and ran straight to Percy.

"Young Master Henderson, are you singing? How about I sing with you?"

Upon seeing the target walk herself into the trap, Percy smiled devilishly and raised his eyebrows at Isaac as a signal that he would complete his mission perfectly.

"You should be heading back now, Toffi, seeing how late it is. You still have classes tomorrow, remember?"

The girl who was singing, Toffi Henderson, pouted unhappily. "Percy, Mom wanted me to look after you so that you won't do anything stupid outside. If Grandpa knew about this, you'd be in deep trouble." She did not want to go. Instead, she wanted to keep watch over him.

Yet, Percy called someone over and ordered, "Send her home."

Following that, one of the two men in suits, who looked to be bodyguards of the Henderson family, said to Toffi, "Please come with us, Miss Henderson."

Toffi was upset. "Percy."

Pushing her, he replied, "Just leave. If you stay here, I can't enjoy myself."

Clearly, he could not pick up any women in front of his own sister. Even though he had been going out the past few nights, no women came to him.

As Toffi glanced at Patricia, she recalled that she saw this woman today. Is this the woman my brother likes?

With that, she left after taking a few more glances at her.

Isaac, who had taken off his coat, was wearing a black shirt underneath as he rested his arm on the couch with a cigarette that was almost finished.

Whenever someone came to toast with him, he would coldly reciprocate and drink it. Still, in the midst of it, he would still maintain his gaze on the woman in front of him.

Approaching him, Nikola sat down and saw how laid back he was.

“Ise, are you thinking of making her yours?”

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After raising the question, he lowered his gaze to Isaac’s pants and smiled. “You’re finally going to do it, eh?” He asked upon thinking of the Dream Girl he gifted Isaac, “Or, did you finally get bored with your Dream Girl?”

Isaac instantly shot a cold stare at him. “Like I would need it.”

This led Isaac to recall the day where Patricia found the item and he was completely embarrassed to death. That was all Nikola’s fault.

Toasting with him, Nikola continued, “Ise, I’m just looking out for you. After all, a gun rusts if you don’t use it often. You should try it tonight. If it doesn’t work, or it lacks stamina, come find me. I can prescribe something for you that will surely impress her in bed next time.”

He then took a drag after finishing that statement, but he did not notice the man’s darkened expression. Thud! Before he knew, he was already shoved with a kick by Isaac.

“You’re the one with weak limbs!”

Oh, he's mad.

Nikola laughed. "Haha, I'll be waiting for your good news tomorrow!"

By then, Patricia had already sung two songs with Percy. Shockingly, she was a good singer as everybody clapped for her when they finished singing.

"You sing so well. Encore!"

"Encore!"

Yet, she only put down the microphone and poured a glass of alcohol for Percy.

"Let's drink, Young Master Henderson."

Her proactiveness had surprised Percy a little as it was them who wanted to make her drunk in the first place, so he did not expect that she would be so willing to drink.

The two of them even started to play with dice while Patricia drank a few glasses continuously. Feeling a bit sorry, he drank with her too.

Looks like he had drunk quite the amount even before we arrived. As she caught sight of his gaze starting to drift, she realized it was time. Finally, she closed in and smiled at him.

"Let me show you a few photos, Young Master Henderson."

Patricia then showed him a couple of photos from when Poppy was still healthy. In the photos, she had very bright and big eyes.

"Isn't this sweetheart so pretty and cute?"

After all, with Darcie's genes, the daughter she conceived could only be as pretty as she was.

Percy nodded. "Yup, she's adorable. I would like to play with her."

Smiling at this, Patricia knew that all men could not resist a cute little daughter.

Then, she showed him a few photos after Poppy fell sick to the point where she was skin and bones. Yet, her eyes only became brighter and bigger with her being bald now.

"Take a look at these now."

He peered at the photos and commented, "This girl looks nice too, but isn't she a bit too thin? Is she sick?"

A hint of joy flashed across her eyes as she nodded.

“They are both the same girl. Her name is Poppy. She’s currently staying at the hospital specializing in tumors. You can go visit her if you have time. She no longer goes to school as she only has a limited time left.”

Hearing the story had made Percy a little upset since he was a soldier whose responsibility was to protect the people. This was why they were always the frontliners when it came to any emergencies.

He frowned and asked in a pitiful tone, “Is it curable?”

After all, this adorable girl’s life was just starting.

Raising the glass, he drank from it in an attempt to suppress the awful feeling.

Seeing that it was almost time, Patricia finally asked, “Young Master Henderson, she’s the daughter of the woman you went to look for today. She needs your bone marrow, Young Master Henderson. You wouldn’t turn a blind eye to this, would you?”

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At last, Percy found out why Patricia was being so proactive by singing and drinking with him. It turned out that it was all for this child.

Even though she did look very cute, it still had nothing to do with him.

He could not just give up his future for someone that did not have anything to do with him.

Looking at Isaac who was sitting not far away, he was reminded of his mission to get her drunk.

As such, he raised his eyebrows and negotiated, “If you down the entire bottle, I’ll consider it.”

He then placed a bottle of high volume spirit in front of her to test whether she had the guts to do so.

Patricia stared at the bottle of alcohol and contemplated her decision. Even though Patricia could somewhat hold her liquor, the most she could manage was three shots of strong alcohol, which was equivalent to one dozen beers for her. Since she had not tried this kind of alcohol before, she did not even know whether it was okay for her to handle.

However, she suddenly slammed the table during this thought.

“Alright. I’ll drink it, but don’t forget what you said, Young Master Henderson.”

Knowing that Poppy’s life was at stake, the worst case scenario would merely be getting drunk, seeing that she knew everybody here, including Isaac, who would look after her.

Patricia did not care anymore as she took the bottle and started to chug it.

This sight made Isaac release his crossed legs while Nikola looked on with shock.

“Holy sh*t. Patricia is really going for it seeing how she’s chugging it straight from the bottle.”

Walking over quickly, Isaac snatched the bottle away from her hand.

“Who said that you could drink like that, Patricia?”

Noticing that there was still half of the bottle left, she thought about the bone marrow operation that Poppy needed to save her life! Thus, she stood up and grabbed the bottle back.

“Leave me alone, Isaac.”

She then looked at Percy and stated, “I will finish this, Young Master Henderson.”

Intentionally stepping back, she created some distance between her and Isaac before she continued to chug from the bottle.

With a cold gaze, Isaac glanced at Percy, who shrugged and mouthed, “Isn’t this what you want?”

Isaac did want her to get drunk, but not to this amount. If she drank so much, she would only wake up with a terrible hangover tomorrow.

After that, Nikola walked to her and looked at the empty bottle.

“You’re something else, Tricia!”

Feeling a bit woozy after downing the whole bottle, Patricia turned around after hearing someone talk beside her. Thud!

It was Nikola's right side of face that was hit by the glass bottle in her hand. "Ouuuch..." he gasped in pain.

Unable to control herself, Patricia was peering at her surroundings.

"Who? Who is it?"

She was swinging around with the bottle while hitting Nikola's face left and right as he backed off in pain.

"I knew that I can't stay with you in one place, Tricia. Every time, I'm the one that gets hurt!"

Not far away, Isaac and Percy started laughing madly due to how absurd the situation was.

After being slapped with the bottle on both cheeks, Nikola admitted that they could not coexist in one space.

Isaac then walked over and snatched the bottle away before holding her.

"Do you know who I am, Patricia?"

With her hands empty, she felt that the whole world was spinning around her.

Hearing the cold voice, she tried to open her eyes and see who it was.

"Are you a goddess? Your voice is so nice!"

"Hahaha..."

This time, it was Percy and Nikola who laughed out loud. "Ise, when did you transition? Why have you become a goddess all of a sudden?"

Isaac frowned at this as he did not prepare that Patricia would become so silly after getting drunk.

In the end, he carried her. "Shut up! We're going home now!"

Listening to his warning, Patricia pouted.

"Hey, pretty lady. I love pretty ladies! Be my girlfriend!"

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She seems to prefer women over men. As though Isaac had discovered a big secret, his face darkened and Percy almost laughed to death. Even Nikola, who suffered from his swollen face, could not help the laughter.

He nestled in Percy's arms. "Did you hear that, Percy? Tricia has no feelings for Ise. She likes women."

As the non-stop giggles scattered behind him, Isaac's countenance simmered. He looked at the glazed-eyed woman as his arms tightened around her.

"Patricia Aniston, I'm a man," he uttered every word loud and clear to her in a cold voice.

It took Patricia a moment before shoving his chest away. "Ugh, I'm so sick of men. I want a woman. I want a girl that's cute and pretty!"

The sheer reminder of her life being ruined by a man infuriated her. Too bad she did not know his identity when she became the laughing stock on everyone's lips this whole time. Therefore, a man was not what she needed! All she needed was a cute girl!

Having said that, she slipped off from his arms and bit on his neck. Patricia was so strong that the bite had caused him to bleed a little.

Isaac released her due to the spasm of pain. Fighting through the dizziness, she teetered forward with unsteady steps. "Move! I don't need a man. I need to find my girl."

Watching her bumping into people repeatedly, he kneaded his forehead helplessly. So, this is how she acts when she's wasted. I shouldn't have brought her here.

Just as he was about to snap, she grabbed hold of an employee. "I want a cute girl and I have money. Can you find me one, please? I, Patricia Aniston, have money!"

In fact, the place could fulfill almost every request of the clients, including wanting a girl.

“Miss, are you looking for someone cute? I’ll contact someone for you right now. Where’s your room? They will be there soon.”

Patricia thought for a while before answering, “Hmm... I don’t know.”

The employee’s expression changed. She’s totally wasted! “Why don’t I escort you to a room and I’ll ask the girl to head over there later?”

She giggled. “Okay! I happen to need a nap too.”

The employee supported her along the way to the elevator before Isaac strode toward them and yanked her over. He then shot a look at the employee.

As a worker here, he definitely recognized Isaac as he gave him a polite nod. “President Arnold.”

He waved his hand, motioning for the waiter to leave. This woman is so annoying. Why does she need a girl when there’s a handsome guy right in front of her? F*ck! I should really teach her a lesson.

Isaac held her waist and led her into the elevator. “You want a cute girl, right? I’ll find you one. For now, just behave,” cooed the man who was determined to bring her home.

Drowsiness overwhelmed her as she was shrouded by the familiar feeling in his embrace. “Okay. Bring her to me. I got money. I’m super rich.”

Isaac frowned at that. I didn’t pay you handsomely for that. Should I make up a reason to cut her pay? What if she acts like a boss and begins to find herself more pretty girls?

After they entered the elevator, Patricia’s dreamy eyes suddenly widened at him. “Hey, you hot little beauty. Let me tell you something. Isaac Arnold is my friend. Get together with me and he will protect you too!”

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Patricia caressed Isaac’s cheek with an impish smile while saying that. His face dimmed as the urge to toss her onto the ground grew stronger. Beauty? Should I show her that I’m a real man tonight?

When they reached downstairs, the driver arrived at the place and opened the door for them. Isaac then helped her into the car before hopping on.

She leaned against the window and murmured to herself, "I'm quite lonely actually. It'll be nice if you can stay with me forever... pretty lady."

Circumstances forced her to become a mother from a young girl overnight. It was an arduous process to grow up that quickly, especially when the triplets were still young. Once one of them fell sick, the other two would contract the same disease, rendering it hard for her to handle the situation on her own.

As of today, she sacrificed a lot to bring them up all alone. It was never easy.

Isaac responded to her despite the displeasure, "Patricia Aniston, is that a confession?"

Isn't it a confession when she wants me to be with her forever?

Patricia abruptly turned her head and stared at him with dreamy eyes. She approached him by wrapping her arms around his neck before kissing his lips.

Surprised by her sudden advances, he was stunned momentarily. Although it felt different, he pulled her away from him nevertheless. "Do you know who I am?"

Did she kiss me after thinking I was a woman?

She shook her head. "I don't know, but your lips taste familiar. It feels nice."

She then accosted him with another kiss while sliding her tongue into his mouth!

Isaac intended to shove her away, but he relented as he figured that he was not the one at loss seeing that she was not in the right state of mind.

Hence, he took the dominance and reciprocated the kiss passionately, surprising the poor woman who wanted to escape. However, he held her head and controlled her movements, causing her to accept his kisses meekly.

Meanwhile, the driver became jittery as he stepped on the pedal after hearing the noises behind the seat.

Isaac glanced at him through the mirror and scared the wits out of him. To that, he dared not sneak another peek again.

It took them thirty minutes to arrive at home. As soon as the car halted, the driver heaved a silent sigh of relief. We're finally back.

Isaac carried Patricia off the car and entered the house where their lips met again. It was impossible to prise them apart at this point.

Even though she was drunk and dizzy, she kept responding to him instinctively.

Their clothes scattered on the floor along their way upstairs to his room. Never once did they break the kiss midway, but she shrank her body due to the chill biting on her skin after she removed her clothes.

At the same time, Isaac's body was burning hot. He finally let go of her lips before chuckling. "If you're cold, let's go to bed."

He wrapped her legs around his waist and kicked open the bedroom door. After closing the door, he turned around and strode toward the bed.

When they flopped into the warm bedsheet, Patricia withdrew herself to warm her body by wiggling under the blanket.

The engaging sight made Isaac excited as he loosened his tie and started to remove his clothes.

Next, he joined her by squirming into the blanket. He forced her to look him in the face and in a sexy voice, he claimed, "Patricia, I'll show you how it's like to be with a man tonight."

He lowered his head and kissed her once again, but gentler and softer this time...

"Okay. Good to know, then."

Following that, the speedometer suddenly shot to a hundred miles per hour while still subsequently increasing.

That's the point of this car! Now that she could finally get a taste of it, she felt a sense of exhilaration.

Sitting beside her, the man was dumbfounded as he quickly threw the cigarette out the window. If not for his quick reflexes, the cigarette butt would have hit his face already.

He covered his forehead and looked at her.

This woman changes attitude faster than Vin Diesel drives.

As Patricia drove the flashy car at breakneck speeds on the road, all the other cars were giving way to her.

As expected, everybody was afraid of bumping into the thing since it would practically mean that they would go bankrupt just from compensating it!

She then remained at that high speed for the whole trip. What was supposed to be an hour drive ended up with them arriving within twenty minutes at the entrance of Everbright.

Pale-faced, Isaac was carsick and wanted to vomit, thanks to her driving.

Yet, to keep up his image and the dignity of a man, he was holding on and was determined to not barf in front of the woman.

Switching the car off, Patricia tapped on the steering wheel before looking around in the interior. That was so freaking fun!!!

“We’ve arrived safely, President Arnold! This car is a dream to drive! My driving is not that bad, right? Seeing that we’re safe and sound.”

She then smiled widely at Isaac with her dimples popping out.

With a solemn expression, he remained silent and opened the door.

Getting out of the car, she quickly chased after him.

She then threw the keys at the valet, who froze upon seeing the car as the person’s face turned worried.

“Miss, I…”

He was afraid that he might scratch the car and was thinking of asking her to park it herself.

However, Patricia ignored him as it had nothing to do with her seeing that it was not her car in the first place.

After all, our dear President Arnold is a rich man. Since he’s so nonchalant about it, why should I worry?

Following Isaac, they entered the elevator and went to the twelfth floor.

Since Patricia worked here before, she was familiar with the layout and knew that the nightclub was divided into sections too.

The nightclub underground was the most common one as anyone could enter even without being a member.

The floor which they were going to was the VVIP section where only members could enter; not just any members as it practically could not be purchased with money.

Not only did they need to be rich, they also needed to be highly influential as the positions available all year round were only five thousand. If one missed it, they would have to wait another year.

The workers on this floor were also the prettiest and youngest with none of them exceeding twenty-four years old on average. Of course, they were paid the highest amount too.

Upon reaching the twelfth floor, the elevator door opened to the sight of a lavishly decorated gold-themed main hall which reflected the lights all over, making one feel in awe just by looking at it.

Patricia, who had never visited this floor before, was left stunned by what she saw.

As expected, I can only imagine how money flows like water over here.

The moment they stepped out, a beautiful woman in a red dress welcomed them.

“Hello, President Arnold. May I ask how many guests you have? I will set up a room for you right now.”

Isaac replied, “I believe Young Master Ortega is already here in 1208.”

“This way, Young Master Isaac.”

Being a regular here, everybody knew who Nikola was. Yet, even though Isaac rarely came here, all the staff members still knew of his identity.

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Patricia, who had fallen asleep, was irritated by the disturbance and fumbled her arms around before tossing to the side.

Hearing her steady breathing, Isaac frowned and called her, “Patricia, wake up...”

He looked at himself and his face darkened in displeasure. How can she fall asleep when I’m like this? Is she doing this on purpose?

When his gaze swept across her chest, he let out a mischievous smile. "Patricia, you call this upon yourself."

...

Patricia woke up the next day to find herself sleeping in an unfamiliar bed. She recoiled and shrieked in surprise, "Ah!"

I knew it! Alcohol is man's worst enemy! What happened last night?

Smacking her own head several times, she could not recall anything that had happened. Still, the room seemed familiar to her. Her eyes brightened as she finally realized where she was. "It's Isaac's room."

She removed the blanket hastily to take a good look at herself. Apparently, she was still in her pajamas and she did not feel uncomfortable anywhere.

A wave of relief washed over her. I must've drunk too much last night, so Isaac took me home. But was he the one who changed my clothes? So, has he seen everything?

She blushed at that before muttering, "That pervert..."

Patricia got off from the bed to search for her clothes, which were arranged neatly by the bed. She smiled at the sight of it. It seems like President Isaac is a neat freak, huh?

She felt something stifling around her chest while changing into her clothes. She checked on it only to find some red spots on it.

I must be allergic to alcohol... But this is the first time I'm seeing symptoms like this, though...

Patricia could not comprehend the situation, but she simply shrugged it off and took a shower as it did not hurt that much. By the time she went downstairs, Isaac was having breakfast in the dining room.

"Good morning, President Arnold," she greeted awkwardly as she felt embarrassed for hogging his bed last night.

Gazing at the woman conjured some images in his head that had transpired last night. It had been a while since he relaxed himself and hence his good mood. "Morning!"

She seated herself next to him and looked at her portion of breakfast that was prepared earlier. "President Arnold, is this mine?"

Though she was certain that nothing had happened last night, she found it strange that she was already starving since early morning. Why am I so hungry?

He piped up, "Take some aspirins first."

A maid came out of the kitchen and greeted Patricia with a smile, "Good morning, Miss Aniston!"

Patricia gave a nod in return. So, he has maids at home. They must be here in the morning to prepare breakfast and for cleaning. I guess they're usually not here at night.

Looking at the cleaning maid, she asked, "President Arnold, do you know what are the symptoms for alcohol allergies?"

Ever since she wore her clothes, there was an uncomfortable tingling pain from her chest.

Isaac took a sip of his coffee as an ambiguous glint flashed across his eyes. "Are you allergic to alcohol?"

Patricia shook her head. "I never experienced any symptoms before this, President Arnold. It is probably because I've drunk something new, so my chest is covered with red spots. It kinda hurts. I think I'm allergic to it."

He almost spluttered the coffee in his mouth when he heard that. Gazing at her confused expression, he was now certain that she could not remember anything from last night.

He smiled faintly. "It seems like it. I'll have Liam buy some medicine for you. You should come to the company and apply some cream. You'll soon be fine."Previous Chapter

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Patricia's mind was put at ease after hearing that from Isaac. "Okay. Thank you, President Arnold."

He lifted his brow while thinking to himself, I should make up for it after failing to control myself last night.

"You're welcome. It's my duty," he replied as his smile reached his eyes.

She sensed something fishy from his sinister smile, but she could not put her finger to it. She rolled her eyes in confusion. I don't think that I've done anything that has crossed the line...

In the end, she just brushed it off as Isaac had always been up to no good. She savored her breakfast whereas the man sitting opposite her kept glancing at her. Evidently, he was in a good mood after sharing an intimate night with her.

His feelings for her became different from before and he was more possessive of her now as though she belonged to him. Only him.

Isaac placed a sunny-side up and some dishes onto her plate. "Eat up."

Despite Patricia's voluptuous body, he decided to feed her more in a worry that she might not be able to put up with him in bed in the coming future.

After all, it had been a long time since he had satisfied himself. He would not be able to restrain himself when the time came.

Patricia cast a glance at him with dubious eyes as her eyelashes fluttered like butterflies, causing him to frown deeper. Sh*t. How am I aroused just by looking at her like this?

Thus, he drank his coffee to suppress the surging urge in him.

After having breakfast, Patricia felt much better and concluded that humans should not be starved. To her, starvation could literally mark the end of the world. She was fully energized after filling her stomach as if she could do anything right now.

While she was cleaning up the table, Isaac uttered, "Let's go. We'll be late for work. Sophia will clean up the rest."

She withdrew her hands thinking that he was acting nice for once as he did not insist on having her wash the plates before going to work.

She rose to her feet and scampered along behind him. As soon as she hopped into the car, her brows knitted tightly; her chest hurt so much, especially when she was walking.

Isaac noticed her nuance and questioned, "What's wrong?"

"It's the allergies. It hurts so much when I'm walking," she told him the truth as she pulled her clothes to avoid any contact with it on the chest.

I've really gone overboard last night. His expression changed and he quickly messaged Nikola. 'Do you know any reliable dermatologist?'

It took Nikola a while to reply to the message. "Yeah. You do know that our hospital has all the departments, right?"

There was no way Isaac would not know about it. The point was that he needed a skillful and tight-lipped dermatologist. 'Ask a reliable female dermatologist to stop by my company.'

'Okay, but was everything fine last night? Do you need some special pills?' teased Nikola.

No man would not be concerned about such a thing. Isaac could already imagine how hard Nikola was laughing on the other end.

'For the love of God, shut up.' He then kept his phone for he had no intention of continuing the conversation any further.

Patricia, who had been quiet by his side, noticed his actions and called him, "President Arnold, Young Master Henderson promised that he was going to donate his bone marrow to my friend's daughter if I downed that bottle of alcohol last night. Could you vouch for me? You watched me finish all of it."

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It was not until then did Patricia recall the matter. She drank everything and was now suffering from the allergy. Not only was she feeling uncomfortable, her head felt heavy for some reason as well. Thus, she could not let herself suffer for nothing in case Percy denied it.

She could tell that the two young masters were afraid of Isaac, hence the plan to drag him into the matter; it was to ensure that Percy would not shamelessly try to get out of it.

However, she received a cold snigger from Isaac in return. "Can't you tell that he was making fun of you?"

"Huh?" She was a simple-minded person who failed to see through Percy's lies.

Isaac knew that side of her very well too. "Were you saying that he will consider it after you take the drink?"

She nodded. "Yeah! That was what he said."

He stroked her head. "I can guarantee you that he won't agree to it even after considering it."

Patricia was dumbfounded by his response. That works? Now I can see why they're friends. They love to trick others! How annoying!

Her cheeks puffed in anger. "But, I even got drunk because of it. Is there really no chance of persuading him?"

Noticing her rage, Isaac decided to remind her of something, "Patricia, Percy is a soldier and his occupation is rather different from others. He has to be in good health, so he can't possibly donate his bone marrow to save your friend's child."

She eventually slumped into a quandary when she heard the inexorable facts. But... Poppy is so cute and she's a living person! How can I possibly let her die like that?

She pulled a long face as she did not know what to do to help Poppy. When they arrived at the company, they alighted from the car, but Patricia was far behind him while dragging her trudging feet on purpose.

There was still a long distance for her to reach the elevator when Isaac was already in it. He urged her, "Patricia, hurry up!"

Even the receptionist and security guards heard him as well. Patricia took a glance at him as he failed to understand her intention to distance herself from him. She did not want to solidify the impression that she merely got into the company by pulling strings.

Still, it was true that half of the contribution came from her capability. Thus, she did not wish to hear any gossip about her. However, thanks to his loud shouting today, rumors might start to brew amongst the workers through lightning speed.

Leaving with no choice, she lowered her head and scurried into the elevator. He then pressed the button before staring at Patricia, who was standing next to him.

Feeling the scorching gaze upon her, she forced a smile. "President Arnold, why are you looking at me? Is there something on my face?"

At that moment, her eyes widened as she saw a bite mark on his neck. It was so obvious because of its dark purplish color.

Did I bite him? She averted her gaze while trying hard to remember what had transpired last night but to no avail.

No. Impossible. It can't be me. I behave whenever I'm drunk. I don't bite. Never.

Realizing that Patricia had noticed the bite mark, Isaac smiled and raised his brow. "Do you feel uncomfortable coming to work with me?"

The naughty tone seeped into his cold voice, rendering it undecipherable for one to see through his thoughts.

She finally came back to her senses. "President Arnold, haven't you heard of the rumor that I'm going to be the future Mrs. Arnold? I think it's better for us to keep a safe distance to avoid any misunderstandings."

Suddenly, he touched his neck and hissed; that immediately caused Patricia's eyes to widen before she looked elsewhere in hope that he would not bring it up.

Meanwhile, his smile grew wider and became ominous. "Patricia Aniston, don't you wanna be Mrs. Arnold? By then, you'll have me and the entire Arnolds Corporation as your back-up. You'll be a millionaire."

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You Are My One and Only

Chapter 120

It was not like Patricia had not thought about that before. After getting into Isaac's good books, she could have the power to take revenge on her enemies by consigning them to desolation with just a lift of a finger. However, she figured that it was not worth it to do so.

No matter how pathetic she would get, she would not make them pay the price this way.

"You deserve someone better, President Arnold."

At the same time, the elevator door opened and she exited the elevator before he did.

Ignoring the gazes from the president's office, she had figured everything out; she was going to stay true to herself while turning a deaf ear to the gossip.

Meanwhile, Isaac looked at the woman leaving with confident steps as though he had seen the determination in her.

Patricia was not an ordinary woman who would accept his offer readily after leading a hard life. Any woman would love to be his mistress if they were given the chance to do so.

Liam greeted her the moment he caught sight of her, "Good morning, Miss Aniston!"

"Good morning, Mr. Dorchester," she replied with a sweet smile before entering the president's office to place her bag on her desk.

It was not until she was about to make coffee for Isaac that she noticed the woman on the couch smiling at her.

Although she did not know of the woman's identity, she was aware that she was here for Isaac. Thus, she informed her, "Miss, President Arnold has arrived. He should be here soon."

The woman nodded. "Thanks."

Patricia had a good impression of the woman as she was pretty and polite.

At that moment, Isaac came into the office. He knew that the woman was the dermatologist that was sent over by Nikola.

He cast a glance at Patricia before ordering, "Miss Aniston, please make us coffee."

After she left the office, he sat on the couch and initiated the conversation. "Are you Dr. Caddel?"

Elira nodded. "Yes. Mr. Ortega sent me over to check on you. Are you feeling under the weather?"

He crossed her legs while observing her reaction. "It's not me but the lady who has gone out earlier. She grazed her chest and I hope that you can tell her it came from an allergic reaction. Also, please prescribe her some cream to soothe the pain."

She finally cottoned on the situation as Nikola had informed her to follow Isaac's instructions; she finally knew why. "Don't worry, President Arnold. As a doctor, I won't pry into your personal matters other than doing my job."

She is obedient. I expect nothing less from Nikola, that brat.

"Okay. Please check on her when she returns." He put down his leg and walked toward his desk.

Before he started with his work, Patricia came back with a cup of coffee on his desk. "Here's your coffee, President Arnold."

Isaac raised his gaze before pointing toward the doctor. "Patricia, Nikola has sent over a dermatologist to check on you."

She was shocked. "Right now? There's no need for that. I can go to the hospital during lunchtime."

Why is he treating me so well? I'm not that weak!

Elira rose from her seat as she said, "Miss Aniston, I don't think you need to go to the hospital yourself since I'm already here. Let's head over to the lounge. I'll attend to you."

Patricia quickly scampered over to place the cup of coffee before her. "Here's your coffee, Doc."

"Thank you."

Once they were in the lounge, Patricia removed her shirt. "It hurts a little, but there are only red spots over here. Other part of the body is fine. It's not severe, is it?"