

You Are My One and Only Chapter 12

You Are My One and Only Chapter 12 Let Mr. Handsome Take Care of Tricia

At that moment, Scott and Stellan walked into the room, and when they saw Patricia, they immediately confirmed that she was ill.

“Mommy, get out of bed. We’ll bring you to the hospital.”

Patricia forced a chuckle before she said, “I’m fine. Go to school, and I can go to the hospital myself after I get out of bed.”

However, Sylvie shook her head. “No, we’re staying with you.”

All her children were very sensible, which was very heartwarming for her. “It’s okay. Go to school. I’ve said before that I’ll be delighted, and I’ll definitely recover once all of you are back from school.”

When Scott saw how determined their mother was, he told his siblings not to bother her anymore and brought her the medication. “Mommy, remember to take your medicine later.”

As the kids left with Josephine to head to school, they kept turning their heads around to look at Patricia.

As their school was close by, they could easily reach by foot, and Isaac suddenly popped into Sylvie’s mind. It will be great if Mr. Handsome can come and take care of Mommy, and they can even nurture their relationship!

Hence, she grabbed Stellan’s hand and whispered, “Stellan, hurry and send a message to Isaac Arnold to tell him our home address and the lock password. Then, think of a way to let him take care of Tricia.”

While Scott was telling Josephine to return and take care of Patricia—how often to check for the body temperature and which medication to take, speaking as strict as an adult but in the body of a child—Stellan took out his cell phone and sent a text to Isaac in Sylvie’s tone.

‘Mr. Handsome, it’s Sylvie. Help! The address is No. 150, Snowflake Lane, and the password is 520911.’

When he sent the text, he turned off the phone because the usage of cell phones was forbidden in school.

Sylvie pouted as she mumbled, “Stellan, do you think he’ll come?”

She really hoped that Isaac would come and take care of Patricia because he looked too much like her brothers, and he was likely their father!

Stellan patted her head gently and answered, “Trust me.”

In such a situation, anyone with a heart would probably show up, and this was also his way of testing whether Isaac had one of the conditions to be their father—he hoped that the man was a warm and kind person.

After Scott left Josephine with clear and detailed instructions, he headed to the teacher. Meanwhile, Stellan trotted next to Josephine.

He spoke with a smile as bright as the sun, “Mrs. Zimmers, take a look outside the house when you return later. You may have the day off today if you notice a car parked outside. Just come and pick us up when school is over.”

Josephine shook her head as she was genuinely worried about Patricia. “I have to go back and check on Tricia. Scott told me that she has a fever.”

So, he replied while being as cool as a cucumber, “Mrs. Zimmers, someone will take care of her, so you have nothing to worry about. Don’t you wish that she could have a boyfriend?”

Taken aback, she asked, “Does Tricia have a boyfriend?”

This was good news; she wasn’t going back to play gooseberry. When a woman was sick, she would want the care of her boyfriend the most.

Stellan gave her a nod in reply and trotted off to his siblings before going into the school with the teacher.

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Meanwhile, Isaac was in the car reading a document on his cell phone when he suddenly received a text. ‘Mr. Handsome, it’s Sylvie. Help! ...’

He furrowed his brows at the unfamiliar name as he repeated it in his head, Sylvie?

He didn’t know who it was for a moment, but after a second, he noticed the term ‘Mr. Handsome’, and the face of the cute little girl appeared in his mind.

“Turn back. We’re going to Snowflake Lane. Hurry!” he instructed immediately.

The driver quickly turned back and sped up when he heard Isaac’s urgent tone. In the passenger seat, Liam spun his head around. “President Arnold, there’s a meeting at 9.30AM. Should I cancel it?”

Right now, all Isaac could think about was saving Sylvie; something must have happened to her, which was why she had called out to him for help.

“Cancel it.”

“Got it, President Arnold.”

Half an hour later, the luxury car stopped at No. 150, Snowflake Lane. He quickly left the car and strode toward the main door.

It was an old house with a small yard, and he looked at the door before quickly keying in the password and walking in with hurried steps.

“Sylvie, Sylvie!”

In the yard, he saw that it was neatly taken care of, and even though there weren't any fancy decorations, every plant and flower was brimming with life.

The family had decorated the living room in the small house simply with a couch, a coffee table, and a tiny TV. There were also many toys in this room, and it was easy to tell that a family with children was living there.

“Sylvie!” he called out again.

In a daze from the fever, Patricia couldn't help but cough a couple of times, and Isaac heard her. So, he followed the noise up the staircase in a few large strides, then went to the door where the sound came from and pushed it open without hesitation.

“Sylvie...” he called but saw Patricia on the bed with her face flushed and sweaty from fever. You Are My One and Only