

## You Are My One and Only Chapter 126

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Isaac heard the disconnect tone ringing out from the other end and realized that she had hung up on him. With a frown on his face, he thought, I haven't even finished my words!

As such, he dialed her number again only to find that her phone was switched off.

His expression darkened slightly. Did she purposely avoid me because she's worried that I will ask for her?

She's starting to become more and more willful. He had intended to give her a break tonight, but seeing that she hung up the phone on him first and turned it off, he was significantly displeased.

He tapped on the armrest with his slender fingers and suddenly spoke in a cold voice, "Sorella, we're going to Snowflake Lane."

After Patricia hung up the phone, she chuckled gleefully and muttered to herself, "President Arnold, you must not have expected this, huh? Miss Aniston can be quite smart too."

There is no way I would go to his house! I'll just act pitiful tomorrow morning and tell him that my phone battery ran out so I had to charge my phone! Hahaha... I finally managed to win against him for once! She was very pleased with that.

Thanks to Isaac's reminder, she did not end up taking a shower and merely soaked her feet in the hot water. Following that, she applied a facial mask and was about to head over to the children's room to see if they had washed up and gone to bed.

Pulling open her bedroom door while wearing her facial mask, she noticed a man leaning against the wall and his legs crossed casually in front of her doorway.

He uncrossed his slender legs gracefully as he flicked his cigarette ash naturally with his fingers before sweeping a lazy look at her.

Patricia remained stunned in place and took awhile to come back to her senses. At that point, she realized that this was not a dream and he was indeed in her house.

In response, she lifted a hand to pat the facial mask she had on. "President Arnold, why are you here?"

"You refused to take my call, so I had no choice but to turn up personally."

At that moment, three little heads popped out from the children's room not too far from them and they were lined up vertically according to their positions from the youngest to the eldest.

"Hahaha... Mr. Handsome! You look so handsome tonight!" Sylvie's distinctive laughter rang out.

As soon as the frantic brothers heard her words, one of them clamped her mouth with his hands and the other one dragged her back into the room.

After hearing the click of the door shut, Isaac turned and glanced in the direction of the children's room.

Patricia narrowed her eyes and thought, This man's so annoying! I've turned off my phone to get away from him, but here he is at my home! Does he have nothing else to do?

"President Arnold, what can I do for you?"

She was reluctant to leave the house right now as she wanted to stay put and catch up on some beauty sleep early.

"I'm not here to see you. I came over for some dessert. Josephine's preparing some for me."

"Josephine?"

There was no way Josephine would have done anything without Patricia's instructions as Josephine was after all hired by her!

Meanwhile, he looked at her surprised expression and thought to himself, I gave her a tip that's larger than her annual income from you! Guess whose instructions will she follow?

Removing the facial mask she had on, Patricia revealed a clean, translucent, pearl face. He thought, So that's what a woman looks like after applying a face mask. Her skin is as smooth as silk.

"President Arnold, take a seat in the living room, then. Josephine will have dessert ready in no time." She had indeed promised him before that he could come over for dessert.

He lifted his brows quizzically. "Patricia, I reckon Josephine to be a much more suitable candidate as my personal secretary. She follows instructions better and her cooking skills are great too."

After Isaac said that, he chuckled wickedly and thought, That will teach you not to hang up and switch off the phone on me!

Stunned, she thought, Josephine?

She suddenly realized that Josephine was indeed a great cook and a diligent worker too.

At that moment, Patricia quickly curved her lips into a smile. "President Arnold, Josephine's my housekeeper, so I need her here. My three kids would miss her very much if she leaves. Let me keep the position as your personal secretary. I promise to do my job diligently from now on."

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After Patricia said that, she hurriedly rushed over to his side to give him a shoulder massage.

"Are you tired? I'll give you a massage."

Knowing he had total control over her, she did not mind losing all sense of dignity as long as she got to keep her job.

Isaac comfortably enjoyed it as she waited on him. After he finished puffing his cigarette, Josephine came up the stairs too.

"Mr. Arnold, dessert is ready. You guys can head downstairs to enjoy it."

It was evident that Josephine was in good spirits as she had just received a huge tip thanks to Isaac's generosity. He had also given her money for the daily expenses of the household. Therefore, for the subsequent months, they would be able to enjoy an indulgent lifestyle of food and necessities.

It's great that Tricia has found such a family-oriented man who's also rich and handsome. I must help Tricia hold on to this man! I can't let anyone else steal him from her. She's too unyielding like in the past with Mr. Selwyn where she kept rejecting him. This time, I won't let her miss out on this man.

Patricia smiled and stated, "President Arnold, let's head downstairs for dessert."

Isaac extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray before handing it over to Patricia.

As she took it from him, she watched as he strode off in the direction of the stairs on his long legs.

She glanced at the ashtray and wondered whether he had brought this with him as she did not have an ashtray at home.

Perplexed, she brought it downstairs and entered the kitchen to ask Josephine about it.

"Josephine, what's this here?"

After taking a look, Josephine stated that she was the one who had prepared the ashtray. After all, an ashtray was a necessity with the presence of a man. She could tell that Mr. Arnold—a businessman used to closing large business deals—definitely was a heavy smoker.

"I bought that. The last few times that Mr. Arnold was here, he asked for an ashtray so I remembered that and bought a few ashtrays for his usage."

Patricia frowned and spoke in a cold voice. "Josephine, are you working for me or Isaac?"

Momentarily stunned, Josephine replied, "Of course I work for you!"

After declaring her stance, she served the dessert on a tray and headed to the living room.

Patricia was slightly angered. I can't believe there comes a day where I have to fight for a job against Josephine! This is sad!

However, she was no longer concerned about maintaining an image as the crucial thing right now was to keep her job and do well in her fashion design course. Once she obtained her qualifications and was capable enough, then she would no longer have to endure the fear of unemployment ever in her life.

Wrapping her hands around the mug she just poured water into, Patricia was now even more determined in her goal to become a great fashion designer.

She walked into the living room to see Josephine chatting happily with Isaac and wondered what they were talking about.

Josephine beamed widely and Patricia hurriedly walked over to ask, "What are you guys talking about? You seem very happy."

Don't tell me that Isaac told Josephine that he wants to hire her as his personal secretary! Ah! I need this job! I wouldn't be able to find another job as great as this.

Josephine noticed Patricia's perplexed look and quickly feigned a yawn.

"I'm tired. Tricia, President Arnold, you guys can continue chatting while I'll turn in for the night."

After she said that, she left the living room and went back to her own room.

Isaac took a bite of the food on his plate and realized that it was the same chocolate mousse dessert that Patricia made last time; however, the taste was nicer this time.

Though she had not mastered the skills of her mentor, Josephine was more generous with the sugar, so he preferred the one Patricia made.

"President Arnold, I'll make sure to work diligently from now on. Could you not replace me with someone else? I'll make you a chocolate mousse dessert every night if you wish to have it. I'll fulfill any of your requests, alright?"

It seemed like it was now or never to win him over. After all, Josephine had gone off to rest, so she was determined to win him over.

At that moment, Isaac's eyes shone and he shot a look toward her chest as his Adam's apple bobbed seductively.

"Any... requests? So, do you agree to satisfy me in anything that I ask for?"

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Despite Patricia's cluelessness, she was still able to tell his intentions, so she merely smiled. "You bet, but that excludes anything that is illegal or inhumane."

Isaac narrowed his eyes and chuckled wickedly.

Subsequently, he took a spoonful of chocolate mousse and brought it to her lips. She looked at him and noticed that his dark eyes were fixated on her as he signaled her to take a bite from it.

Left with no choice, Patricia opened her mouth and gulped down the spoonful of mousse.

It was then that he sealed her lips with his and smeared the chocolate all over her lips. He then conquered her lips and tongue with his affectionate kiss.

In a matter of seconds, she tried to resist his attack but eventually succumbed and fell into his arms limply. She allowed him to dominate her with his kiss.

After a prolonged heated session, he finally stopped and let go of her. He was afraid that he might lose control of himself like last night if he was to continue on with her pouty bright-red lips.

The rosy-cheeked woman in his arms panted hard as she tried to catch her breath.

Suddenly, she widened her eyes after coming back to her senses.

“Isaac, you pervert!”

However, he merely lifted his brows and smiled. “I noticed that you enjoyed yourself. Now that you have been satiated, are you going to make a fuss about it?”

Unable to come up with a retort, Patricia was at a loss of words when encountered with someone as shameless as him.

I didn't enjoy it! He forced himself on me and I couldn't breathe at all. My mind was blank at that point.

Isaac caressed her swollen red lips and he recounted the sweetness of her lips. He was so tempted to keep devouring it after each taste he took.

Besides, the sensation last night was impeccable; even if he did not get to have real action, he was happy to have one or two goes at that.

At that point, Patricia flushed red with anger and she stood up abruptly.

“Isaac Arnold! I told you before that I would never become anyone's mistress. Just leave!”

At this point, she felt a wave of guilt run through her. I am no different from Gwen if I behave this way. No! I refuse to be that kind of person!

It was then that he realized she was indeed upset. It was easy to spot her anger as she usually became hard to deal with whenever she lost her temper.

He looked at her intently with narrowed eyes. "Patricia, I like you. I never intended for you to become a home-wrecker. You will always be the only one I want."

She could not understand his ideology as she found the differences to be meaningless.

She turned around and refused to look at him.

Isaac gradually rose to his feet and pursed his lips lazily. "Patricia, remember this kiss. Don't let anyone else touch your lips from now on. Wait for me."

His contract with Adeline was only temporary and he could end the contract anytime he wanted. Once Phillip recovered from his current illness, then Isaac would come clean to him.

By then, Isaac would be able to be with Patricia in the open. She would hold the position of Mrs. Arnold and not some random mistress or home-wrecker.

After Isaac had left, Patricia remained standing in her position for a long while. Truth be told, she very much enjoyed the kiss earlier.

It was also her very first kiss. Since she had never been in a relationship or interacted intimately with any men before, she found the sensation to be strange but delightful. She blushed red and bit her lip to come back to her senses.

She went to check on the door to make sure that he had left. Subsequently, she heard the sound of a car driving off.

Heaving a sigh of relief, she looked at the night sky before exhaling another deeper breath. Patricia, you have to bear with this for the sake of your job and to repay your debt! Once you've obtained your degree and mastered your course, then you can fling the resignation letter at his face and say with a swagger, 'Isaac Arnold, you're no longer my boss because I resign!'

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For the next few days, Patricia went to work on time and tagged along Isaac to visit each subsidiary company.

Today, they were visiting Westfield Mall in Appleby. This mall belonged to Arnolds Corporation and it was an international chain.

Since Christmas was nearing, the local malls were busy organizing events to bring in the crowd. Thus, one of the malls in Appleby invited Isaac to participate and give a speech.

Patricia glanced at Isaac's dashing look on stage and reckoned that he was calm and composed despite speaking in front of the large crowd with multiple cameras. The atmosphere was lively with girls screaming loudly off-stage. Patricia, who was standing backstage, experienced for the first time how it was like to be around a superstar.

Suddenly, a woman inched closer to Patricia and studied her intently.

"Patricia, is that you?"

Patricia glanced at the woman dressed in a dark suit with bob hair and thought that the woman looked smart.

"You're..."

Selina revealed a smile. "Patricia, I am your high school classmate, Selina Patterson! We haven't seen each other for six years now, but I can't believe that you look exactly the same as before. You're as beautiful as always!"

Finally, Patricia recalled who it was. "Selina, it's you!"

It was difficult to recognize her at first glance as Selina used to be the top student in class with long hair and a pair of black-rimmed glasses.

Selina nodded. "Do you hold the position of President Arnold's secretary now?"

As she spoke, there was a flash of envy in her eyes and she recalled that Patricia used to be average in her studies. However, she came from a good family, so that must be why she found herself such a great job.

"Yes. Selina, are you working at Westfield Mall? This is such a coincidence. We're actually working for the same company."



Although Patricia worked at the main company while Selina worked for the subsidiary company, they were essentially working for the same establishment.

Selina nodded. "Patricia, let's exchange phone numbers. There's a class gathering this week and you should come along too. In all the past gatherings, you were the only one absent. We will finally have full attendance this year!"

Patricia saved Selina's number and connected to her through WhatsApp. As soon as she heard about the gathering, she felt a sense of resistance. After all, she used to be judged by everyone for her past and she would want to avoid that coming from her former classmates.

"Patricia, promise me that you'll attend the gathering." Selina glanced at the time.

Patricia responded, "Sure."

At that point, Isaac had finished his speech and it was time for the opening ceremony. He came off the stage and she quickly poured him some hot coffee from a thermos flask before handing it to him.

"President Arnold, it's very cold today. Have a drink to warm yourself up."

As the event today was held outdoors, the chilly weather was starting to get gloomy and it looked like it was about to snow soon.

Patricia's tiny face and nose were red from the cold. As she handed the drink to him, her hands felt icy cold as well.

At that, Isaac took off the jacket he had on and placed it over her shoulders. Subsequently, he grabbed the cup from her and took a sip from it.

"I was quite nervous during the speech, so I felt warm instead. Help me hold on to my jacket."

Patricia had initially wanted to return the jacket to him while claiming she did not need it. However, she was surprised to hear that he was feeling warm, so she was happy to benefit from it. With a smile, she wrapped herself tightly in his jacket and she could feel his toasty body warmth on it.

Isaac turned to Liam next to him and said, "Let's head back to the company."

Seeing how she was shivering from the cold, Isaac regretted bringing her along to today's ceremony. After all, there were tons of heaters at the company and it would be more comfortable for her there.

Patricia hurriedly collected her belongings and ran after him. After entering the black Bentley, she was instantly reinvigorated after warming herself from the heat in the car.

At that moment, she felt a vibration from her phone and it was a text message from Selina. 'Patricia, the gathering on Saturday will be at Serene Hot Springs, so make sure you come on time!'

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Saturday came and Patricia was still in bed when she received Selina's phone call.

"Patricia, don't forget that we'll be meeting in front of the lobby of Serene Hot Springs at 12.00PM."

To Patricia's recollection, Selina had always been a conscientious person and it showed even till this day.

As such, Patricia was impressed and reckoned that Selina definitely had the inborn personality of a leader.

"Sure, Selina."

After Patricia hung up the phone, she heaved a sigh of distress. She did not intend to join the gathering at first, but it seemed that she had no choice now.

In the end, she got out of bed and chose a simple yet non-revealing swimsuit. Subsequently, she changed into a set of black activewear. She walked out of the house with a baseball cap on her head and covered herself with her hoodie.

That way, she would look carefree and energetic. Meanwhile, the three kids trailed after her and Sylvie sighed. "Tricia, what's a high school gathering? I wanna go too!"

Patricia placed her bag into her car's front seat and looked at Sylvie's unruly hair. Dressed in a yellow ducky pajamas, she looked extremely adorable by just standing there.

"Well, like the classmates you have right now, you guys will be gathering together after many years when you all become grown-ups."

Sylvie nodded. "Oh. Then, that means little Frannie would become a grown-up Frannie and little me would become a grown-up Sylvie. It's a meet-up when we grow up."

Patricia smiled and stroked Sylvie's little face. "Yes, that's how it is."

However, Scott, on the other hand, remained apprehensive. "You don't know how to swim. Don't forget to bring a float with you when you enter a deeper pool."

Stellan lifted his brows. "Show us your swimsuit. You're not allowed to go in anything too revealing."

Shocked, Patricia thought to herself, Don't the boys trust me? In the end, she shrugged resignedly.

"I'll be fine. I'll be careful. I've chosen a very old-fashioned swimsuit."

At this point, Patricia could picture the scene when Sylvie was old enough to date. With the boys keeping guard, it would be quite safe to say that Sylvie was not going to get a boyfriend in her lifetime as they would all be scared off by her brothers.

Patricia hurriedly ushered the triplets to head back into the house. "Stay home like good kids and you've got training class this afternoon. Josephine will send you there."

At last, she drove her car in the direction of Serene Hot Springs. It was located in a little district by the outskirts of town and there were tons of hot springs around.

She had just gotten onto the highway when her phone rang. She answered, "Hello?"

She did not pay notice to the caller ID as she had Bluetooth earphones on to avoid breaking the law by answering her phone while driving.

"Patricia, don't forget that you still owe me one hundred and nineteen thousand. It's the afternoon, so why aren't you here to cook for me?"

Having assumed that she was allowed a break, she was surprised to hear from Isaac as he had not asked for her for the past weekends.

Frustrated, she thought, If only I knew to use him as an excuse, then I wouldn't have to attend the gathering.

"President Arnold, I'm sorry, but I have a class gathering today. So, can I take the day off?"

She was already on the highway, so it was not realistic to turn back by now. Besides, Selina had been persistent, thus it would be ugly to turn down her invite at this time.

Seeing that she was the only one absent for the past gatherings, her ex-classmates had all been excited to meet her again.

On the other end, Isaac frowned slightly. "Class gathering? I thought that you never went to school?" He recalled her mentioning that before.

Hearing that, Patricia cursed in her mind. You're the one who never went to school, you imbecile!

"President Arnold, I attended high school before. Haha. So, a class gathering makes sense now, right?"

"Where is it held?"

At her boiling point, she was tempted to yell at him. Why does he have to know everything about me??? "President Arnold, this is my personal matter. Can I keep this to myself?"

She was seconds away from hanging up the phone. He's such an annoying man! I'm so triggered!

"Sure. Then, perhaps I should let Josephine be my personal secretary. Have fun at the gathering with your classmates!"