

## You Are My One and Only Chapter 14

### You Are My One and Only Chapter 14 There's a Special Feeling

"Ugh..." Patricia groaned in discomfort as she felt that it was getting harder to breathe, and her face, which was already burning, felt even hotter now.

When she pushed the man on her with her hands, Isaac was suddenly jolted awake. What am I doing? How can I do this to a woman, and while she's sick, at that...

Abruptly, he removed his lips from hers, quickly placed her back in bed, and tucked her in. Then, he closed his eyes while still breathless and tried to calm himself. When he opened his eyes again, he suppressed all his emotions, but how he looked at the woman in the bed was different.

After she had taken the medication, he rubbed her forehead, palms, and feet with alcohol according to the method Nikola told him. As he held her foot in his hand while rubbing alcohol on her feet, his eyes dimmed, and he saw that her feet were very fair. Her toes were delicate and clear like jade, which looked nice.

When he was finished rubbing her with alcohol twice, the antipyretic drug had started to work as well because her body temperature had subsided a little.

With a thermometer in his hand, he said to her, "Patricia Aniston, I'm taking your body temperature."

In a daze, Patricia allowed him to place the thermometer under her armpit, but his gaze was attracted to her fair skin. She was really fair, and the skin all over her body was as white as snow.

Isaac thought that he must have lost his mind, coming here to care for a woman he barely knew. In addition, he even lost control of himself. But she really smelled a lot like that woman from six years ago... Yes, that's it. That's why I lost myself! He convinced himself.

Five minutes later, he removed the thermometer and looked at it. Her temperature now was about 96 degrees, so her fever had subsided.

The medication worked rather well, and the knot between his brows finally relaxed. So, he sat at the bedside and watched as she fell asleep soundly.

Suddenly, he recalled her saying that she was pregnant at eighteen and didn't even attend college because she had to raise her children. Then, where did the children's father go while she bore all of this herself?

Right then, his phone started to ring; it was a call from Liam. Picking it up, he asked, "What happened?"

"President Arnold, it's lunchtime, and I've bought you food. May I bring it in now?"

Isaac checked the time and realized that he had spent an entire morning here without realization.

This was the first time he had cared for a sick person, and it wasn't an easy feat.

"Bring it in and buy some chicken soup as well."

After he hung up, he tucked Patricia in, wrapping her tighter with the sheets.

Only then did he take a tour around the house. Indeed, there wasn't a thing belonging to a man, and besides children's belongings, it was women's.

Even though her room was tiny, she kept it very cozy, and there were even some toys scattered on the carpet, which must be Sylvia's, doing.

At the sound of the doorbell, he went downstairs and opened the main door in the yard. Initially, he thought it was Liam arriving with the food, but unexpectedly, the person standing at the entrance was a middle-aged woman with permed hair.

"Who are you? Where's Tricia?" The woman wanted to enter the yard, but he held the door firmly with one hand, preventing her from coming in.

Therefore, the middle-aged woman asked as she sized him up, "Are you Tricia's husband?" He's very good-looking, she thought.

With a solemn face, he said, "Patricia isn't fit to meet any guests now."

As soon as he said those words, he wanted to close the door, but the woman hurriedly stopped him. "Wait a minute, young man! I'm here to ask for rent from Tricia. I see that it's quite pitiful for her to raise her children alone, so I rented this place to her. But she's behind on rent for two weeks, and if she can't afford to pay, I'll rent it out to someone else." After she finished speaking, she couldn't help but add, "Are you her husband or not? If you are, then pay the rent. Aren't you ashamed to let your wife and children live on the streets?"