

You Are My One and Only Chapter 16

You Are My One and Only Chapter 16 Isaac Arnold, the Big Meanie

As Patricia's fever had just subsided and she was still in a daze from just waking up, she was terrified that her daughter would be taken away, so she picked up the pen and signed it without further consideration.

After signing, she bit her lip and said, "President Arnold, remember what you said, and don't go back on your word. I'll be the one paying the debt, not Sylvie."

With a serious expression, she patted her chest, resolute written all over her big eyes.

Once he took the IOU, he folded it and put it away in his suit pocket.

"I'm a man of my word. Give me a call once you've recovered."

He rose to his feet, looking tall and handsome, which was very appealing, and Patricia was stunned by the sight. But when she sensed his cold and solemn gaze, she jolted back to her senses and thought, The fever must be causing this. Otherwise, I would never be attracted to Adeline's man. Yes, that's right. That must be it. Right now, I may even see a pile of cow dung as a good-looking man in my state! Ha! That's right, Adeline's man is no different from cow dung.

Right then, Liam came in carrying food containers in his hands. "President Arnold, the food is here." Once he had placed them on the dining table, he flashed a smile at Patricia and said, "Miss Aniston, so this is your home!"

No wonder President Arnold is so anxious, he thought. That's because Miss Aniston is sick. I totally understand how he feels.

Liam was over the moon when he saw that Isaac was finally interested in a woman, feeling as though the little piglet he reared was finally able to produce bacon.

However, Isaac shot him a stare with daggers in his eyes, and he shivered in response. Then, he realized that he had said too much, so he immediately retreated after placing the meals on the table.

Next to them, Patricia watched as Liam slipped away, and she rolled her eyes at the man before her. Look how terrified his employee is of him. He must be a difficult person to get along with.

"Remember to have the chicken soup and repay your debt once you're recovered," Isaac instructed and left. She can even roll her eyes now, so she must be almost alright.

It was true that Patricia was hungry, so she paced to the dining table and opened all the food containers. One had chicken soup while the others had meatloaf, seafood platter, beef stroganoff, and boiled vegetables.

Everything looked delicious, but she had a sore throat, and it would feel worse if she finished all these. Hence, she sat down and could only sip the chicken soup bit by bit. While she ate, she thought over what had just happened; she had actually been saddled with a considerable debt again, which was really depressing.

Even though Isaac solved her rent problem, there were still the training fees for her children, and although they said that they didn't want to attend the training classes, she didn't want her children to be inferior to others.

So, no matter how tough it was, she had to earn money. Even if it meant that she had to work four jobs a day, she was willing to do it.

As she mouthed the spoon, she thought that Isaac was a complete jerk. How could his time in one morning be worth tens of millions? He must be lying to her!

Then, she picked up her phone and sent a text to Zachary because he was the president of Selwyn Inc. and was usually very busy, so his time was probably worth a lot, too.

'Zachary, I would like to ask, how many losses will you incur if you don't go to work for one morning?'

After she sent the text, she thought, Isaac Arnold, if you dare lie to me, I'll make sure that the entire nation knows that the president of Arnolds Corporation is a conman and a wolf in sheep's skin. I'll also ensure you go to jail for the longest time!

The reply from Zachary was immediate. 'If there's an important collaboration meeting in one morning, it may be worth millions.'

The reason he said that was because he wanted to increase his own value so that she had an idea of how valuable his time was, but he was still willing to spare her his precious time.

Unfortunately, such a notion went over her head as she sighed after reading the text. Damn it, the time of these company presidents is really precious. Alas, it looks like I can only return him the 125,000 through manual work...