

You Are My One and Only Chapter 26

You Are My One and Only Chapter 26 Need to Be Taught a Lesson

After that, Patricia saw the extraordinarily handsome man rushing to her side at lightning speed. He then snatched the doll in her arms, entered the room, and stuffed it into the deepest part of his closet.

She was a little confused by his actions, so she followed him into the bedroom and saw him coming out of the wardrobe.

Patricia blinked with her big eyes, "President Arnold, I haven't dressed her or tied her hair yet."

It turned out that this man had a hobby of collecting Barbie dolls, just like Sylvie. He must have felt embarrassed, didn't he?

However, she thought it was completely normal since everyone had their hobbies.

Isaac looked at her coldly and snapped, "Are you off or something, Patricia Aniston?"

Everyone knew what that was, right? So, how dare she pretend to joke with him! She had to be mocking him!

Patricia's big eyes were crystal clear as she smiled. "My daughter also likes to play with dolls and dresses them beautifully daily. You don't have to be shy. I will keep it a secret for you."

Isaac was suddenly infuriated. This woman had to be taught a lesson! Therefore, he strode over, carried her, and threw her onto the bed.

She could not even react because he was too fast. It was only when she was thrown to the bed and bounced a little that she started feeling terrified. "What are you doing?"

Did she say something wrong? Are you a lunatic, Isaac Arnold?

He was so furious that he leaned down and kissed her chattering little mouth. Did she really not know what it was? Then, he would teach her.

"Ugh—" Patricia was frightened and wanted to call for help, but she couldn't as his rough kiss sealed her lips.

He tightly pinned her hands down and pressed her legs on the bed, which made her unable to move at all.

When Isaac tasted her mouth, he couldn't control himself anymore. It completely overlapped with the taste in his memory.

He was out of control until Patricia's tears fell between their lips. When he tasted the bitterness of her tears, he suddenly regained his senses.

He panicked and felt a little embarrassed.

After that, Isaac sat up abruptly and sighed heavily. Sure enough, drinking alcohol was a bad idea. He became like this under the influence of merely one glass of alcohol.

When he glanced sideways, Patricia was crying sadly on the bed. She was even trembling all over, obviously terrified. Because of him, she was also in a disheveled state. The sounds of her sobs made him feel bad.

After a while, he calmed himself down. "Patricia, don't mess with my things in the future. You may leave after you pack up."

With that, Isaac rose and left just as Patricia cried for a while before calming down. She stared at the roof with swollen eyes. When she recalled what happened earlier, she couldn't help but shudder.

She was a conservative woman who had never been in a relationship, let alone an intimate one, thanks to Old Mr. Aniston's teachings.

The incident six years ago was an exception. She wasn't sober back then, so she did not even know what had happened to her.

Today was the first time that Patricia was being kissed when she was conscious, and it was also the first time she was treated like this by a man. She was utterly terrified by what she had experienced earlier. As she curled herself into a ball, she wondered why she had to experience all this when she didn't even know a thing about relationships!

Having been sexually abused and condemned by others, she was particularly concerned about intimate acts, which was also why she never thought of having a boyfriend all these years.

She didn't even think about getting married. She just wanted to live with her three children for the rest of her life.

Patricia buttoned up her clothes and wiped away her tears. She couldn't cry; she had to be strong, no matter what happened. She could not break down because she had three young children under her. She had to protect them from any danger.

When Isaac looked at her, his heart hurt greatly, and his eyes darkened.

Since he had no interest in women, Nikola was afraid that his lack of sex life would suffocate him if he didn't let it out. Therefore, he sent him that doll, which was why Isaac became instantly flustered and angered when he saw Patricia finding it out.

It seemed that in front of her, he would easily lose control. Yet, he was unable to control the fiery desire to possess her lips until her body burned with him...

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 27 Addicted to Her

Patricia gritted her teeth to calm herself and began to clean up his room. She placed the books on the bookshelf and put the magazines on the floor back into the magazine rack.

She made the bed and hung all the washed clothes in the closet.

After cleaning the room spotlessly, she noticed how the monotone room was now clean and tidy, seemingly even more abstinent than before.

It seemed that after crying for a while, her whole body was able to relax. One shouldn't be in a tense state all the time. So, it was good to release the built-up tension by crying sometimes.

When Patricia went downstairs, she thought Isaac would be in the living room, but he wasn't there. He didn't even take the aspirin on the table, so she decided to keep it in the cabinet.

She was a woman with pride. The moment she signed the IOU, it was equivalent to a vow from her that she would pay off her debt.

Before she left the mansion, she sent him a message, 'President Arnold, I have already tidied up your room. I will come over at 6.00PM tomorrow to make dinner.'

On the other hand, Isaac was feeling the cold breeze on the rooftop with a cigarette in his hand. He watched as she entered her silver Toyota and slowly drove away from the yard.

It wasn't until she shut the car door that he regained his senses and raised his hand to touch his lips.

As if her sweet taste was still lingering between his lips and teeth, he seemed addicted to the sweetness.

Isaac's eyes darkened slightly as he took a heavy puff of the cigarette. When he exhaled the smoke, his expression became colder.

It was Saturday the next day, so none of the three children had to go to school.

Patricia decided to take them to the hospital. Josephine was carrying a box of food that she had made for Darcie and her daughter to replenish their bodies.

When they arrived at the hospital, Patricia carried a basket of fruit and some milk, while the three children carried small gifts they wanted to give to Poppy.

Sylvie asked, "When will Poppy come back to class? She used to be my best friend!"

Poppy used to be in the same kindergarten with them. When they were younger, she was in the same class as Sylvie. The two had a close relationship as they went to school together every day and talked on the phone after school.

Scott replied to her, "Poppy is ill. When she gets better, she will come back to school."

Stellan nodded. "Give her the doll later and tell her to treat the doll like it's you."

Sylvie's big eyes flickered. She could not fathom why Poppy had to stay in the hospital for so long when she was sick.

She had also been ill and stayed in the hospital for a few days at most, but Poppy seemed to have been in the hospital for two years now.

Poppy beamed when she saw her best friends once they arrived at the ward.

While Patricia placed the fruit and milk on the table, Darcie got up and took the food box from Josephine. "Thank you, Mrs. Zimmers! You make us delicious food every time you come."

Josephine smiled at her. "You and Tricia are good friends, so I want to treat you well too. How is Poppy?"

Darcie sighed as she watched the three children surrounded by the bed and Poppy's happy appearance. "Still waiting for a suitable bone marrow donor. Once we find a suitable candidate, we can proceed with the surgery."

Josephine nodded and suggested, "I'll feed Poppy some soup. This is very nourishing. Look at how thin she is."

With that, she joined the three children and fed Poppy some soup.

On the other hand, Patricia and Darcie carried the food boxes to the lounge area. While Darcie was eating, Patricia sat opposite her, holding a cup of warm water in her hand.

As she regarded the parents in the hospital, she shook her head in resignation.

Being healthy was the happiest blessing to a family. However, every time she came here to see the sick people in the hospital, she could not help but feel uncomfortable. She truly hoped that everyone in the world would never get sick.

Suddenly, Patricia remembered what had happened last night. She was almost forced to do something intimate with Isaac, and he was so strong that she could not even resist him after struggling.

He had the upper hand with long, muscular limbs, so he could easily bully her when he pinned her down. Therefore, she asked Darcie, "I want to buy something to ward off perverts. Do you have any suggestions?"

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 28 Self-Defense Items

Patricia had surfed the net last night to browse through the available options on the market, but she grew doubtful at the wide variety of self-defense items for women. She wasn't even sure if they were duds, and she was in no position to splurge now that she was practically broke. On the other hand, if Darcie knew anything about self-defense items, she might be the right person to ask for recommendations.

Presently, Darcie was happily digging into Josephine's cooking. She couldn't remember the last time she had had a home-cooked meal. It must have been months ago because that was how long she had been ordering takeout.

Poppy's illness had taken a turn for the worse these last few weeks, and the hospital kept her in the ward for further observation. Unable to leave her daughter alone, Darcie had been eating takeout from a weekly roster of restaurants near the hospital, and at this point, she was getting sick of it.

She was exhausted and burned out from working her shift at Everbright until 4.00AM, after which she had to rush over to the hospital to become a caretaker at 7.00AM. She hadn't been getting any proper sleep, and she often looked like she was out of it.

As she took a bite of roast beef, she smiled at Patricia and asked knowingly, "Why are you looking at self-defense stuff all of a sudden? Is some jerk picking on you?"

Patricia sighed. She should have known that Darcie would be too street-smart and cynical not to figure out what was happening right off the bat. Nervously, Patricia considered her options. If she were to tell the truth that Isaac had kissed her last night against her own will and nearly forced himself on her, then Darcie would brush it off.

She might even congratulate me, Patricia thought grimly. As such, she tried to look as unfazed as possible as she said, "I'll be working night shifts soon, and I want to be able to fend off creeps and other strange men on my own."

Darcie nodded. "That makes sense. I know a reliable place that sells self-defense weapons for women. I'll bring you over after I'm done with the meal."

Patricia had planned on getting the spray off the net, but when she heard that there was a physical store to purchase stuff like this, she agreed to it immediately. At least she wouldn't have to worry about warranties.

When Darcie had polished off the last morsel on her plate, she and Patricia left the four kids in Josephine's care. With Scott and Stellan around, Patricia was sure they would take care of Sylvie and Poppy well.

The two women left for the store, which was only a ten-minute walk away from the children's hospital.

Darcie understood the pain that Patricia went through whenever she was driving, so she opted to walk to the store instead.

The winter sun warmed them as they made their way down the sidewalk. Darcie linked arms with Patricia as she breathed in the smell of sunshine, then remarked with a bitter smile on her lips, "I can't remember the last time I'd basked in the sun like this. I might actually start feeling hopeful if Poppy could get better soon."

She did not think there was anything worse life could throw at her, not after the storm she had weathered.

Patricia's heart twisted when she heard this, and she nuzzled closer to her friend as she said apologetically, "I wish I could do more to help. I probably could if I weren't so dirt poor."

Darcie pinched her face tenderly and said, "Please, you have it much rougher than I do. I've only got one kid to look after, but you have three. So, you being here for me is more than enough, Tricia, okay?"

It was hard to find a true friend these days. However, Patricia was always there to lend Darcie a shoulder to cry on and to celebrate with her over the most minor achievements, and vice versa. Together, they felt as if they could take on the world.

They exchanged warm smiles, one grateful to the other for having stuck by her through everything, thus making the world seem a little less cruel.

Chatting as they walked, the two women arrived at the store not long after. Patricia, who did not shop much, never expected a small, nondescript accessory shop like this to have self-defense items on sale.

Darcie immediately grabbed a few bottles of pepper sprays off the shelf once she entered the establishment, but Patricia thought they were much too large for her purse. She needed something small that she could carry on her person at all times because she couldn't very well sling a purse around her while cleaning Isaac's house.

"Excuse me, do you have anything smaller than pepper sprays?" she turned to ask the shop assistant.

The shop assistant dutifully took out a ring meant to be worn on the index finger. It was made with a delicate band with a red heart-shaped stone set into the center, pretty enough to pass as costume jewelry. "This is the latest we have in our collection, miss. It's small and lightweight, and you can wear it at all times. It also makes for a really cute accessory."

While speaking, the assistant gently pressed down on the heart-shaped stone, and a long and thin needle immediately extended out from the edge of the heart, parallel to the finger.

"The needle is soaked in a mild anesthetic. The attacker will be pacified for up to five minutes, allowing you to make a run for it and save your life."

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 29 Fight

Patricia's eyes lit up at the sound of this, and she thought the ring was the perfect weapon she needed. She wished she had had it last night to fend off Isaac's untoward advances. If she could stab him in the neck with a needle soaked with anesthetic and rendered him completely limp, then she might not have been kissed by him.

"I'll take it," she declared. "Do I get to use it more than once?"

She hoped the ring would not be useless after just one use, seeing as she was stretching her budget just to accommodate its hefty price tag. However, the shop assistant reassured her, saying, "You can use it as often as you'd like until the anesthetic stored in the cavity under the gemstone runs out. Of course, you can refill it on your own, but I reckon there are about three hundred shots in there before you have to do that."

Convinced, Patricia bought two of the rings at two hundred each. It was a small price to pay to save her life, she decided, especially since a young and single woman such as herself was more likely to end up as a victim of harassment.

"Here, you take the other one, just in case you run into trouble at the club," she said to Darcie as she handed her one of the rings.

She had once stayed at the modern-day pandemonium that was Everbright, and she knew how rowdy it could get over there. So, it went without saying that she was worried about Darcie's safety. She would return to her old job, but she couldn't bring herself to leave her three children at home, and she kept thinking, What will happen to the kids if something terrible happens to me?

Darcie took the ring and said graciously, "Thank you!"

Wrapping an arm around her as they headed out of the shop, Patricia beamed and replied, "Don't sweat it."

At that moment, Darcie caught sight of her husband walking with the other woman down the street across from her. She stopped in her tracks, then gritted her teeth and ran up to them in a fit of feral rage. Before the couple could react, she grabbed the man by his hair and snapped, "You son of b*tch! Do you know how sick our daughter is right now? All I asked was for you to go for a bone marrow compatibility test, and you're whining about it like a useless wimp!"

Outraged, she did not give the man a chance to speak before she slapped him hard across the face.

Zeke staggered, and he saw black spots in his vision as he tried to regain his bearings. Next to him, the woman he had been walking with started shrieking, "Help! There's a lunatic attacking us!"

At once, passers-by gathered at the scene to see what was happening. When Zeke's head finally stopped spinning, he started fighting back and grabbed Darcie by her hair, knotting his fist close to her scalp as he growled, "Oh, you'll be sorry for hitting me, you b*tch!"

Meanwhile, Patricia was stunned by the sudden brawl, but when she saw Zeke and his lover hitting Darcie, she quickly took off her heels and rushed up to them. "Don't you dare hit her!"

Using the pointed end of one of her stilettos, Patricia bashed Zeke and the other woman's heads with it, drawing blood. When the bystanders saw this, they cried out in panic and quickly called the police.

The police arrived to see two beautiful young women beating up a man who was pinned to the ground. A woman sobbed hysterically next to the trio, crying, "They're going to kill him! They're mad!"

The police quickly pulled the fighting trio apart. The corner of Patricia's lips was bleeding, and her hair was a tangled mess. On the other hand, Darcie was sporting a swollen cheek as she straightened her clothes, then tried to lunge forward to land a few more kicks on Zeke.

Had the police not held her back, she would have succeeded in bruising the man up even more. "Stop!" one of the officers barked. "You're coming down to the station with us."

The man curled up on the ground was bleeding on the head. Someone had torn his clothes, and there were countless cuts and scrapes on his face. He was gasping for air and crying as he pointed at the two madwomen, "Officer, they beat my girlfriend and me up for no reason! I'm going to sue the crap out of them! I want them thrown behind bars!"

It was only then that Darcie and Patricia calmed down, but they had to admit they enjoyed the adrenaline rush. That said, they couldn't go to the police station and risk getting locked up in a holding cell; there were four kids waiting for them back home.

Darcie quickly stepped in front of Patricia as if to shield her. "Officer, I was the one who started this. Leave her out of it."

Zeke's lover jabbed a finger in Patricia's direction and interjected, "Officer, she bashed us up with her heels and nearly cracked our skulls open! You have to arrest her!"

"That's enough," the police said coldly. "We're taking all of you with us." Then, he turned to his subordinates and ordered, "Have those two sent to the hospital to get their wounds cleaned up before interrogation."

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Over in the president's office at Arnolds Corporation, Liam came bustling through the door and stopped in front of Isaac's work desk. "President Arnold, have you seen this video of Miss Aniston fighting?"

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 30 A Pathetic Pair

Isaac chuckled at how adorable Patricia was as she took off her high heels and charged into the brawl, looking ready to fight to the finish.

Liam was amused, to say the least. It took a remarkable woman to make Isaac smile. Working with a living iceberg was tough, and Liam couldn't count the number of times he had almost quit because of this.

He had come rushing into the office as soon as he saw the video, and seeing Isaac chuckle like this made his effort worthwhile. "I'll go bail her out right now, President Arnold," he said when they got to the part of the video where Patricia was taken away by the cops.

One could say he was fishing for compliments, but Liam liked to think he was actually paving his way to a better life. So, surely there could be no downside to bailing the future young mistress out of the holding cell now.

When the video ended, Isaac leaned into his seat and narrowed his eyes in thought. He had to bail her out, which he was sure he would do regardless of what had happened last night. She must be at her wits' end right now, he thought. If he went down to the station to personally take care of the matter for her, then she might just forgive him for what he had done last night.

He rose to his feet and declared, "I'll do it."

Liam was stunned. He never thought he would live to see the day when the almighty President Arnold would go down to the police station to bail somebody out, but upon seeing that Isaac had made up his mind to go the extra mile for Patricia, he did not stop him.

He would not stand in the way of a potential romance between his boss and the woman who might become the future young mistress of the Arnold household, so he hurried after Isaac and said, "I'll have the car brought around right away, President Arnold."

Isaac pulled on his black coat and grabbed his car keys. "No need. I'll go alone."

At this point, Liam could only stop and watch the intimidating man leave the office to save his damsel in distress. As he knew Isaac very well, he also knew that Isaac had probably already calculated his every move and weighed out all the consequences. If he showed up at the police station to bail Patricia out, there was no way she wouldn't be grateful for his kind gesture.

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At the police station, Patricia and Darcie had their statements taken. They spared no details as they told the officers how Zeke was a douchebag who turned his back on his family and refused to save his daughter's life.

While the cops were entirely sympathetic toward their situation and hated men like Zeke, they could not simply strike off the women's offenses, which included battery and causing grievous injury. So, things were not looking good for them.

It didn't help that Zeke and Maya insisted on suing them. As things were, the police could do nothing to help the poor women.

Presently, Patricia and Darcie were kept in the same interrogation room, where they would remain until somebody bailed them out. After this, they would have a lawsuit on their hands.

Being the last one to enter the room, Darcie sauntered up to Patricia and said apologetically, "I'm so sorry for dragging you into this, Tricia."

The children would undoubtedly be wondering where they were.

The more she thought about it, the more guilty she felt, and she even gave herself a slap. "I can't believe I actually thought that scumbag would be better than this! If he had wanted to go for the compatibility test, he would have gone ages ago. So, what's the point of getting into this state?"

Patricia wrapped an arm around her and said soothingly, "There, there. On the bright side, I had a pretty good time taking down those two jerks. I would have beaten them to death for Poppy if I could." Despite the circumstances, she laughed and added, "Darcie, we're best friends, aren't we? I would have done this again in a heartbeat for you. Besides, we should really put our heads together and think of someone to bail us out."

Patricia did not have time to make friends or connections throughout her life. Instead, she was almost always on her feet, working multiple jobs to raise her three children.

Her colleagues had invited her out to lunch and shopping sprees, but she turned them down because of her busy single-mom schedule. In the end, they stopped asking, and she slowly grew apart from them.

Darcie was more or less in the same boat as Patricia. After her daughter fell ill, she borrowed money from friends and relatives on several occasions. They eventually became wary of her and started avoiding her like the plague.

As if reading each other's minds, both women exchanged a glance and burst into laughter. We're two peas in a pod, Patricia thought ruefully with a sigh. A self-mocking smile curled on her lips as she asked aloud, "When will we finally get our crap together?"

Just then, the door to the interrogation room swung open, and two officers came in to announce, "Patricia, someone's here to bail you out."