

You Are My One and Only Chapter 31

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Patricia pointed to herself. "To bail me out?"

She never thought about contacting anyone, which was why she was stunned when someone came.

Darcie felt at ease. "Go ahead. It's much better to have someone bailing you."

Then, Patricia pointed at her. "Officer, she's with me. She'll be bailed with me."

Patricia held Darcie's hand with the intention of leaving together.

Darcie then grinned. "You might want to see who came to help you out before bailing me out."

"Miss Aniston, please."

Both officers were so polite that Patricia was slightly puzzled, but Darcie could guess the situation. If it was not Zachary pulling the strings, it had to be Isaac.

It is definitely one of them coming to bail Tricia. She's damn lucky but doesn't seem to realize it.

Patricia looked at Darcie. "Wait for me."

Those words were meant to soothe Darcie's worries because Patricia would not leave her behind.

As such, she followed the officer out of the interrogation room and into the police station's office not long after that.

Patricia saw the office board that read that she was in the chief inspector's office. As she had never been in a precinct before, it was also the first time that her bailor had to liaise with the chief.

One of the police officers then held the door for her. "Miss Aniston, please enter."

After nodding her head, Patricia entered the said office and saw that both Zachary and Isaac were there and having a drink with a middle-aged police officer.

She was stunned but eventually clarified, "I have really bothered you, Zachary."

She was sure that Zachary came to bail her out, whereas Isaac was there on work-related matters.

After all, Isaac's time was worth tens of millions. So, he wouldn't have the heart to spend it on her, right?

Zachary then approached Patricia and gently tugged her to the left and right while ensuring she was alright. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

The way he spoke revealed his concern for her.

She shook her head. "Darcie has always been keeping an eye out for me. I'm alright."

Patricia was not injured at all, but the same couldn't be said for Darcie, whose face was swollen.

Zachary slightly nodded. "It's all good if you're not hurt."

The man seated next to the chief inspector had a dark expression; it was as if the aura of the entire room had dipped to an all-time low.

When the chief inspector saw that Isaac was unhappy, he tried to mediate the situation. "Miss Aniston, President Arnold came to bail you out. I have also learned about the circumstances that led to your fights. You are definitely courageous, Miss Aniston. Although President Lund and his company deserved it, you'll have to let the law deal with them next time instead of resorting to violence."

Patricia had been scared of the cops since she was a little girl, so she lowered her head. Such behavior was akin to a child who made a mistake. "I'm sorry, Chief Inspector. Can you release my friend? Her daughter's still in the hospital!"

When he heard that, the chief inspector broke into a smile. "Miss Aniston, you can just call me Chief Hawkins. I'm not a hot shot chief."

He was a gentle person, and since Isaac had personally come to bring Patricia out of the police station, Chief Hawkins had no choice but to consider Isaac's presence.

"Of course. You can bring your friend to leave with you." At that, he turned to Isaac and added, "President Arnold, is it okay with you?"

Since it was all about negotiation, Isaac rose to his full height and shook hands with Chief Hawkins. "I'm afraid I have troubled you, Chief Hawkins."

After he said that, he turned his back to leave the office while Patricia gave a slight nod to Chief Hawkins. "Bye, Chief Hawkins!"

Gosh, I hope we won't meet again. Even though it's my first time at the precinct, there's such a feeling that I can only describe as terrible. Extremely terrible.

Zachary also approached Chief Hawkins to bid his adieu, after which he followed Patricia out of the chief inspector's office.

Only then did Zachary turn to look at Patricia and notice that she did not sustain any facial or bodily injuries, but someone had ripped off some of her hair.

"Are you acquainted with Isaac?"

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Patricia slowly answered, "Considered so. I owe him money, after all!"

After all, the relationship that she had with that man was purely a lender-debtor relationship.

Zachary slightly frowned. "Debtor?"

There is more than meets the eye for this case, but I can't seem to get to the bottom of it.

She nodded as she exited the police station and saw the man's vehicle.

Then, she increased her pace and stood beside Isaac's car to knock on the window.

He slowly wined down the window to reveal his handsome face. It was just that he had an aloof face and a terribly freezing gaze on her.

Patricia bit her lip and asked, "President Arnold, thanks for bailing me out today, but I didn't waste your time today, alright."

She was frightened that someone would come after her for this. As she was an average Jane, she would not be able to handle the consequences.

When she heard Chief Hawkins explaining that Isaac was the one who bailed her out, she almost collapsed on her knees. She thought of telling him not to poke his nose in her matters anymore, and since his time was precious, she would not be able to pay him back.

Isaac's expression darkened even more as he felt that he was insane to have rushed over to help Patricia. It was especially so since she didn't appreciate his efforts.

Since another man would bail her out, it was evident that she wouldn't need Isaac's assistance.

At this thought, his expression became frigid.

"The bail was 20 thousand. Do you want to return the money in cash or via transfer?"

Patricia's face paled in that instant. Why do I have to pay some more money? I'm already so poor that I have lowered myself whenever we have to talk about money.

As her big eyes gazed to the side, she pretended not to hear his words while she frantically searched her mind on what to do next.

"Miss Aniston, shouldn't you be paying for the bail yourself?"

Patricia bit the bullet and grinned while she reached into the car with both hands and helped Isaac to straighten his tie.

"Your tie is crooked," she explained. "I've helped you to straighten your tie. Hehehe..."

Now that she had finished buttering up to him, she grinned again in an attempt to please him.

"President Arnold, can you not be calculative? I'll be a servant and pay you back. This includes the 120 thousand."

Patricia suddenly realized that returning the money was such an arduous thing. But, at least by being a servant, there was something she could do, like housekeeping duties as well as cooking.

She felt heartache whenever she had to spend her money, not to mention that she didn't have so much cash on hand.

Isaac noticed her expression changing the moment that money was mentioned and couldn't help but slightly raise the corners of his lips. "Miss Aniston, in that case, you owe me 150 thousand plus interest. I will add it to the IOU."

Patricia repeatedly nodded. "Thank you. Thank you."

As long as she did not need to return the money at this point in time, everything would be fine.

He narrowed his eyes and softly added, "Just remember that you still owe me money. You can't be dead or even be involved in accidents."

Once again, Patricia nodded. "Okay, President Arnold. Don't worry; I'll ensure I'll have a long li—no, no. It should be me being healthy before I manage to pay off my debt."

Although that was what she said, she cursed in her heart instead.

"President Arnold, you are damn stingy. Are you so worried that I won't be able to pay my debts when I die? Even if I am dead, I still have three children who will pay my debts. So, you can count on me; we won't default."

Isaac's car jerked forward and scared the lights out of Patricia, who was scared because the impact had nearly sent her flying into the distance.

She kicked the air and growled, "Louis Arnold, you are a f*cking *sshole!"

As Darcie walked toward Patricia, she ended up smiling. "Patricia, I really am envious of you. You have the two young masters of Appleby at your feet. You really have a good life!"

When Patricia remembered that she owed that idiot, Isaac, 150 thousand, she wanted to break down in tears. "Envy? What is there to be envious of since I just want to cry?"

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Darcie embraced her. "Let's go. Mr. Selwyn said that he'll send us to the hospital."

As both women walked toward Zachary's car, he stood behind the vehicle and fixed his gaze on Patricia.

With a soft voice, Darcie asked her, "Mr. Selwyn has been trying to court you for so many years. Don't you have any feelings for him?"

At that, Patricia turned to look at the man wearing a brown coat. He was definitely a good candidate for marriage since he was not only handsome but came from a reputable family background.

However, she merely treated him as a friend even though she could mingle well with him. The intimate feelings that men and women had for each other never existed between Zachary and Patricia, which was why she didn't want to be a burden.

She had also met his family members before, and they all hoped that he could marry someone who shared a similar background as him. After all, Zachary's family members never fancied Patricia and even secretly tried to make her leave Zachary with a check.

She didn't accept their check but fulfilled their request and kept her distance from him. "Yup, it's impossible for us."

When Patricia answered without beating the bush, Darcie responded by nodding.

As Darcie felt that Isaac was a great guy, Patricia should consider dating him since she won't have any chance with Zachary.

When they approached Zachary's car, they said the same sentence simultaneously. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Selwyn."

Zachary gave a slight smile. "It's nothing big."

By the time he had sent them to the hospital, it was already 5.00PM.

The moment Patricia and Darcie entered the ward, they saw the doctor busy tending to Poppy and making notes. Poppy kept suffering from a nosebleed and continuously shoved her nostrils with gauze to stop the bleeding. As she struggled, she cried, "Mommy... Mommy!!!!!!!"

With several doctors pressing Poppy down to the bed, Darcie rushed over and comforted, "Poppy, I'm here. Just bear with it for a second. We have to let the bleeding stop first."

Sylvie hugged Patricia's leg and whined, "Mom, Poppy is so pitiful. I hope that she can recover from her illness soon."

Sylvie burst into tears as soon as she said that, which worried Patricia as her hands formed into fists.

As Josephine didn't have the heart to watch such a scene, she also started to sob.

Scott and Stellan calmly watched with gazes that were full of heartache.

It was only when they managed to stop the bleeding that the doctors finally breathed a sigh of relief. But, after that, one of them had a private word with Darcie.

"Poppy's condition has taken a turn for the worse. It's best for her to undergo surgery within these six months. Otherwise, there is no hope."

In other words, Poppy only has six more months to live. Tears started to swim in Darcie's eyes. "Doctor, will the hospital be able to find a suitable bone marrow? I beg you. We need it."

The doctor nodded after glancing at the medical report.

"We will expedite the search for Poppy, but you need to have the funds ready. It's 500 thousand for medical expenses. If you have the money, you can pay it so that the gene bank will also prioritize the matter."

When Darcie heard the amount of 500 thousand, her face paled. She had spent all her money treating Poppy's illness for the past two years, leaving Darcie with nothing but the clothes on her back.

Both Scott and Stellan saw the doctor out of the ward, behaving like two polite adults.

As Poppy had cried too much, she was so exhausted that she fell asleep.

Darcie then tucked Poppy in while Patricia asked Josephine to take Sylvie along. "Why don't you take the three kids downstairs to wait for me, Mrs. Zimmers? I'll be right down. The kids still have to attend tuition tonight."

Josephine then held Sylvie's hand. As Sylvie rubbed her nose and turned to look at Poppy lying on the bed, Sylvie felt terrible.

Patricia patted Darcie on her shoulder. "Darcie, don't worry. I'll help you to find a way to gather the money."

Darcie sighed. "Don't worry. You have to raise three kids, so where would you be able to get so much money from?"

After Patricia had pondered the matter for the past few days, she realized that her neighbor's son had asked whether she needed to borrow any money. If so, he could help her with the process and obtain the funds on the same day.

Since she felt that it was a convenient route and the money borrowed was to save a life, she decided to give it a shot.

“Darcie, I’ll take my leave first since I have something to attend to. Then, I’ll be in touch when I have gathered the money.”

As soon as Patricia entered the elevator, her cell phone vibrated. When she took the device out to have a look, she glanced at it and saw that it was a message from Isaac on Messenger.

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Even though Patricia was screwing the tire while gritting her teeth, the image of her changing tire was attractive and full of feral.

One by one, all the passing drivers looked sideways. Some even whistled at her.

“Hey, gorgeous! You’re impressive!”

“Hey, beautiful! Do you need help?”

However, Patricia was so anxious that she completely disregarded other noises at this moment. She even exerted all her strength in changing and screwing the tire.

At this moment, a dashing sports car stopped by the roadside. The driver slowly lowered the window and revealed his face. It was Nikola. As he looked at the woman unloading the tire, he felt she looked familiar. Wasn’t she the one Ise took away in the nightclub last time? This place is less than 200 meters away from where Isaac lives. Could it be that he had dealt with her?

In an instant, Nikola found the whole thing to be interesting. Therefore, he took out his phone and recorded a video of Patricia changing tires. After that, he sent it to Isaac.

At the moment of the incident, Isaac was at home. He was waiting for Patricia to come over to his place. Nevertheless, he felt anxious when he noticed she hadn’t arrived yet. Keep checking the time, he thought, It’s already 7:00PM! Why hasn’t that woman shown up yet?

He took out his phone and called her over and over again. Yet, no one answered.

Suddenly, he received a notification on his Messenger. Checking, he saw it was a message from Nikola.

Once he clicked into the message, he realized Nikola had sent him a video. 'Ise, take a look at this woman! Do you recognize who she is? So chic! So feral!'

Isaac played the video and saw the woman unloading the tires on a busy road. At once, his facial expression darkened a little.

Then, he took another closer look and realized the place wasn't far from his house. At once, his anxiety turned into rage, and he couldn't help reprimanding her silently. Doesn't she know how to call for help?! What a fool!

Therefore, he put on an overcoat and left the house. Since it was nearby, he walked to where Patricia had changed her tires instead of driving there.

When Isaac arrived at the scene, he saw Patricia was still struggling. Meanwhile, Patricia didn't notice him at all. She felt she nearly died of exhaustion as she tried hard to screw those tires. The downside of being poor! I can only do everything on my own and wear myself out!

Suddenly, a sense of warmth came from her hand. She looked at her hand and saw it was held by a big hand. Before she could look up, she heard the cold voice of a man. "Move. I'll do it."

With that, he grabbed Patricia, pulled her up, and pushed her aside. Then, he squatted on the roadside and screwed the tire.

Since he was familiar with this task, his movements were pretty quick and neat. In addition, the strength of his hands was strong enough. Therefore, he was able to get it done in no time.

When Patricia saw that, she applauded in a fawning manner. "You are amazing, President Arnold!"

Once he finished, Isaac threw the tools into the trunk. Then, he glanced at her with icy gazes and snorted, "I'm pretty amazing."

Nonetheless, the amazing that he referred to was another aspect, and he vowed to let her witness it sooner or later.

Later, the two got into the car. As Patricia looked at him sitting in the front passenger seat, she could sense his absolute discomfort.

Since Isaac was a tall guy, his head almost reached the car's ceiling. As a result, he could only bend his waist and hunch to fit himself into the car. In addition, his legs were too long, so they were almost folded when he sat in the front passenger seat.

It turns out that there's a reason for cars to have different models. A tall man like him isn't suitable to drive a small car like mine indeed.

She felt terrible for him as she thought of that. Hence, she smiled at him and said, "President Arnold, sorry for putting you into this mess. I'll reward you with a good meal later."

Isaac raised his eyebrows upon hearing her remarks. "I'm famished!"

Likewise, Patricia also knew that she was running very late today. It's all this stupid old car's fault.

She stepped on the accelerator hard and stormed through the villa gate, totally unconcerned about the gas. They entered his residential area shortly after, and she parked her car. Finally, she hurriedly got out of the car and went into the house with the groceries.

Meanwhile, he didn't follow her in. Instead, he stood in front of the dilapidated car and kicked the car's body with his leg. His eyes widened in shock when a dent appeared in the car's body. What the f*ck? I didn't even use much strength, yet there's a dent?!

He shook his head in disbelief while he stared at the dent. The safety factor of this car is too low.

Thus, he took out his phone and called Liam. The call went through, and Liam immediately answered.

"President Arnold."

"Liam, I want you to purchase a low-profile and a high-safety car now. The car must have a beautiful exterior suitable for female drivers."

As it was too sudden, Liam was a little puzzled. "President Arnold, you have all kinds of car models in your garage. I don't think you need to purchase another one now."

No one is driving those cars anyway. Besides, it's also a decent gift if he wants to give one to his girlfriend. Moreover, they're all particularly expensive cars. Women certainly like it.

"Those cars are too high profile. I want the most low-profile car."

As he had spent some time around her, he knew that she was a thrifty individual. Therefore, Isaac knew she wouldn't be willing to drive those cars in his garage. In fact, I still have to play tricks on her to come to cook for me and clean up my house.