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Both of them sat right up, and Patricia exclaimed, "Ah!"

Isaac, on the other hand, pressed on his nose, and the blood was coming out of his nose.

It wasn't until he gave Patricia an icy stare that she recollected last night's incident.

"I'm really sorry, Isaac."

Isaac got out of the bed and strode to the bathroom. He felt that it was a danger to stay in the same space with her. She gave him a nosebleed first thing in the morning.

Meanwhile, Patricia sat in bed, she was still in confusion.

She could not recall how she ended up in Isaac's bed, but she remembered that she was cuddled the whole night and that felt kind of nice.

At last, it finally came to her. "Hadn't Old Mrs. Arnold gone to pick the doctor up? Why didn't she wake me up when she came back?"

Just as she was freaking out, the sound of her ringtone came.

With that, she hurriedly searched for it to finally find her poor phone in Isaac's walk-in closet.

She picked it up to see it was her eldest son calling, as well as a good few missed calls.

Her babies must've been super worried about her for not going home last night.

"Scott." She hurriedly answered.

Scott heaved a sigh of relief, seeing that she finally answered the phone. "Mommy, we're all very worried when you didn't come home last night."

The boy sounded slightly distant. Clearly, he was upset. However, he had an excellent upbringing, so he wouldn't throw a fit for no reason.

"I'm really sorry!" Patricia cooed. "I'm alright. I crashed at a friend's because of work. I'll be home in a bit."

"Patricia Aniston, you're being a naughty, naughty girl!" Sylvie's voice came from the other end of the line, and Patricia could even see her pouty, angry little face.

"But Sylvie, my car broke down. So, I can't go home. Forgive me this once, please?"

The little girl snorted in response. "I won't unless you're with Mr. Handsome. No next time. You have to come back home on time. No staying out at night."

Sylvie learned it from her brothers, for it was how Scott and Stellan demanded of her.

Patricia felt somewhat conscience-stricken as she was indeed with the said Mr. Handsome as of now. However, she couldn't let them know of this or the fact that she owed him a lot of money.

"Got it. It won't happen again. Ask Mrs. Zimmers to take you guys outside to play and soak up some morning sun. It'll help strengthen your bones!"

With that, she ended the call.

Patricia took a deep breath. Never had she imagined she would one day be governed by her children and was even given a curfew at that!

Just then, Isaac came in to pick an outfit for the day, and Patricia left the walk-in closet at once. She couldn't help feeling abashed when last night came to her mind.

Suddenly, Isaac called out to her. "Patricia, I didn't take you for the type to drool in your sleep."

Hearing this, Patricia dashed out in two shakes, pretending she hadn't heard him, causing the man to chuckle to himself as he removed his robe. He then thought to himself. "She looks even cuter when she's abashed!"

Patricia ran out of his room and walked downstairs with her phone in her hand, not caring that she had not washed up yet.

Elizabeth happened to be reading in the living room, and she looked in the direction upon hearing footsteps. "Tricia, you two are awake. Come, breakfast is ready."

Of course, Elizabeth did not make it but it was made by the Arnold Family's maid, who came along with Elizabeth.

"I should be going back now, Old Mrs. Arnold," said Patricia with a flushed face.

Since no one woke her up, she spent the whole night sleeping with Isaac. There is a saying that two could only be together if fate and destiny were granted. But, Patricia did not want this to be real.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth went up to Patricia, held her hand, and smiled at her. "Tricia, I know you and Isaac slept last night, but don't be afraid. We'll take full responsibility for it."

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Patricia nearly jolted in response. The two of them had merely slept in one bed. Sleep in its literal sense, not that kind of sleep!

"I just fell asleep in his bed last night, Old Mrs. Arnold. Nothing happened. No one has to take responsibility for anything."

As if she would want to hold Isaac responsible for anything when she was already fearful of seeing him!

With that, she withdrew her hand at once. "I'd better get going, Old Mrs. Arnold. I still have my three kids waiting for me at home. They're all so worried about me now."

Patricia's mind went black when she blurted that out, so she had no clue of what she just said at all. But whatever it was, it would do as long as it allowed her to leave that instant.

She had to slip away before Isaac came down, or an even bigger medical bill might be waiting for her.

More than that, she used his arm as a pillow the whole night last night. It'd be half-maimed at this point, wouldn't it?! And then, there was the nose bleed. Who'd have thought her accidental whack in his face the second she stirred would give him a nose bleed?!

Ah!!! Isaac would surely screw her over for good. She'd be an idiot not to run.

As Patricia scurried away, Elizabeth reeled at what the young woman just let on. "She's already had children? What a loss."

Isaac happened to come down just then. He was dressed rather casually in a dark gray sweater and tonal pants. His normally slicked back hair hung loosely in front of his forehead as well, masking his stern temperament, making him look much younger and more amiable.

“Isaac, is Tricia married?” Elizabeth asked upon seeing her grandson.

If she had known Patricia was married, she wouldn’t have helped Isaac to trick that young woman into sleeping with him. This was immoral.

Actually, Isaac saw Patricia scurrying away. At that, he pursed his lips lightly, went up to his grandmother, and wrapped an arm around her. “She has three kids but no husband.”

Elizabeth felt even more bewildered after hearing so. “Dead?”

“Probably.” He assumed that Patricia was a widow while a sliver of frost laced his eyes.

Elizabeth nodded in response and asked, “Do you really like her?”

She knew what sort of a young woman Patricia was—kind and just. It was rare to find girls like this nowadays.

“I don’t know either,” answered Isaac as a hint of darkness flashed across his eyes.

He was still figuring out his feelings, but what he knew was that he had a desire to be close to this woman and a sense of familiarity with her.

With that, Isaac brought his grandmother to the dining table with one arm around her. After the two seated, the maid served their breakfast.

Judging from how her dear grandson looked, Elizabeth had a feeling he had probably fallen in love with Patricia.

While eating her oatmeal, she mentioned, “Isaac, do you remember the investment company I told you to acquire some time ago? That company had actually tricked my friends and me into putting our money in them. I was so tempted back then. I thought it didn’t matter to invest a little since I’d be helping the children in need.”

Isaac had wanted to know how Patricia and his grandmother knew each other, so he listened while he ate.

“Guess what happened next.”

“I’ve dug into that company. They only have a registered fund of a million, and their businesses are all shady. They’ve tricked you, haven’t they?” Isaac answered with a smile.

“Yes,” said Elizabeth with a smile. “They’re a company aimed to scam people for their money. Tricia works there, and when she saw we were a bunch of grandmas, she whispered to me, telling me not to invest because they’re a bunch of frauds. She told us to leave quickly.”

He wasn’t surprised as he knew Tricia was like that. “You want me to acquire that company because you worry she’d be bullied?” He smiled faintly.

“Yeah,” Elizabeth admitted. “She’s just a sweet girl who saved us from being scammed. How sad it’d be if she was bullied in her workplace because of this?”

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Isaac nodded at a barely noticeable degree. “Rest assured, they didn’t bully her. They just fired her.”

What he had learned was that the young woman was currently looking for a job, sending her résumé to all sorts of companies.

Elizabeth sighed in response. “They did bully her. I knew it. Isaac, you have to keep an eye on Tricia from now on. Don’t let anyone bully her.”

Isaac said nothing but vowed in his heart. Only I can bully her from now on.

Just then, a maid came in to inform him. “Young Master Isaac, Miss Aniston is here.”

Isaac and Elizabeth reflexively thought of Patricia when they heard ‘Miss Aniston’, wondering if she had returned because she left something here.

However, Isaac very quickly realized who it actually was and asked, “Adeline Aniston?”

The maid nodded in affirmation. “Yes, the eldest young lady of the Aniston Family.”

“Let her come in,” said Elizabeth.

Adeline smiled upon entering the dining room. "Isaac, I've brought you some fruits my dad brought back from his business trip."

Instantly, a few bodyguards came in with a few big boxes of fruits, which were all tropical—papaya, mango, pineapple, and many more.

Tricia and Adeline share the same last name, Elizabeth thought. Only if Tricia's really a young lady of the Aniston Family. Then, Phillip's wish would be fulfilled.

She thought Isaac had it tough as well. Phillip fell ill six years ago but immediately told Isaac to marry Adeline as soon as he regained consciousness.

Since Isaac was a sweet grandson, he just did as Phillip told.

"Miss Aniston, please have a seat. Why don't you join us for breakfast?"

"Thank you, Old Mrs. Arnold." Adeline had actually already eaten, but she didn't want to turn down Elizabeth's offer.

After she took a seat, the maid served up a simple-looking yet exquisite breakfast, which she took tiny bites of.

Seeing that Isaac turned grim after Adeline had arrived, Elizabeth gradually fell silent.

Sure enough, he didn't fancy this young woman. However, the one that he liked already was a mother of three kids. Actually, even Elizabeth thought she was at a crossroads.

Things will be so much simpler if Tricia doesn't have kids. If anything, I can handle Phillip myself.

At that, Elizabeth decided not to get herself involved in this relationship anymore and let her beloved grandson deal with it himself.

Seeing that the table fell silent, Adeline shifted her gaze onto Isaac, who was dressing casually for the day; he was very different from the aloof man in suit and tie. She couldn't help musing in awe. What a hunk! He really is my kind of guy.

At this moment, Isaac put his cutleries down. "I'm done. You guys please enjoy yourselves."

He was about to walk away as soon as he stood up. Of course, Adeline, whose eyes were riveted on Isaac at this point, wouldn't wish to see him leave. "Isaac, where are you going?" Elizabeth called out to him. It's the weekend, and he's already dressed in his casual clothes. He shouldn't be heading to the company, logically speaking.

“I have a rendezvous with the guys,” Isaac answered before disappearing upstairs. At that, Elizabeth glanced at the young woman sitting across from her. Surely she feels somewhat disappointed with how glum she looks, Elizabeth thought.

“Miss Aniston, do you have any plans for the rest of the weekend?” she asked with a smile, to which Adeline hurriedly answered the elderly woman. “Please just call me Addy, Old Mrs. Arnold. I have nothing to attend to today. I can keep you company.”

Adeline had actually come to win Isaac’s heart over, using the excuse of delivering fruits to get close to him. However, the man continued to be aloof as usual. So, she had to change her tactic. Winning Elizabeth’s heart over might actually be her ticket to getting closer to Isaac.

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Elizabeth nearly spat out the oatmeal in her mouth upon hearing Adeline’s words. No, that’s not what I mean! I’m clearly saying you don’t need to keep me company if you have other plans!

But who’d have thought this girl got the wrong idea? Alas, she seems to have a little trouble with reading the room.

“Old Mrs. Arnold, why don’t we go shopping later?” Adeline suggested after checking the time. She thought any woman had a natural liking to shopping, even older women, right?

Seeing how enthusiastic the young woman was, Elizabeth didn’t have the heart to turn her down.

Since Isaac threw this problem to her, Elizabeth would help him handle it for now.

“Sure!”

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Patricia enjoyed driving her new ride home as it had a good speed and was automatic at that. There wasn’t a single problem with it!

She loved the red car, feeling like she had gotten it with nothing.

She couldn't figure out why Isaac would say something was wrong with this car. Surely, it was he who was being finicky.

She very carefully parked the car when she arrived home, and when she got out of the car, she found Gus sitting idly in front of his house, eating something.

He was actually munching on peanuts. When he saw Patricia coming out of the red car, he went up and circled around it.

"New car, Tricia?"

Patricia got along pretty well with her neighbors and was quite familiar with them as well. If there ever was an emergency, they were happy to help each other out.

"No, my janky car broke down. My friend doesn't drive this car often, so he lent it to me."

Gus frowned in response. "Well, this friend must be rich. It's not Mr. Selwyn, is it?"

Zachary came to this part of the neighborhood quite often in the last two years. Everyone around here knew he was trying to win Patricia's heart, and they thought God was still rather nice to this single mother even though it wasn't easy for her to raise triplets on her own.

The Selwyns were an affluent family in Appleby, and if Patricia could marry one of them, she'd turn from rags to riches.

Patricia shook her head. "No, it's another friend."

After satisfying his curiosity, Gus returned to his chair and continued what he was doing prior.

Meanwhile, Patricia glanced at Gus before entering her home, and with that, she approached the man.

"Gus, the loan you said the other day, the one that you can get the money the same day. Is it legal?"

Seeing that she was interested, he spat out the peanut shell in his mouth and said, "Tricia, we've been neighbors for about two to three years, haven't we? Do I look like a bad guy to you? Would I screw you over?"

Well, Gus might be a loafer, but he isn't dishonorable, Patricia thought, and he would be more than willing to help whenever anyone comes to him. Surely, he won't trick me.

With that, she glanced around a couple of times, making sure there was no one else around, before whispering, "I want to loan half a million. How many days will it take to be transferred into my bank account?"

She got tempted mainly because Gus told her that it was interest-free. They only charged ten percent for the handling fee.

"Well, it'll be transferred to you by tonight if you need it today."

Gus actually also had his own little ideas. He would be able to earn a commission of fifteen thousand if Tricia borrowed half a million. For someone who never had a proper job, Gus never experienced what it was like to have tens of thousands in his bank account.

So, he began growing eager when he was now given a chance to earn over tens of thousands for the month. "Better be quick if you want to borrow the money, Tricia. I can't help you anymore if my relative beats you to it."

"I want to borrow the money. Please tell the guy I want it. I'll get the paperwork done by tomorrow," Patricia affirmed immediately after hearing Gus' words, somewhat worried that the money might really go to someone else.

Patricia heaved a sigh of relief after the two ended their conversation.

No matter what, the most important matter right now was to treat Poppy's illness. She was also planning to pawn the ring, which wouldn't be worth any less than two million. She was already losing out by selling it for half a million.

When Patricia entered the house, the triplets were in the backyard.

Scott and Stellan were doing their homework while Sylvie was skipping rope.

Upon seeing their mother, the little girl ran up to her and questioned, "Where were you last night, mom? You better not lie."

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The way Sylvie looked with her arms akimbo amused Patricia, and she thought her daughter seemed absolutely adorable.

With that, she caressed the little girl's cheek with a smile. "I couldn't come home because my car broke down, so I crashed at a friend's."

Patricia had already explained it clearly on the phone earlier, so her boys questioned her no more. However, this little one was growing increasingly domineering—no doubt her future husband would have things tough.

"Were you with a guy or a girl?" Sylvie frowned upsettingly.

She had taken to heart what her brothers reminded her; it was unacceptable for girls to stay out with boys, so she demanded the same from her mother.

"A lady," Patricia said after some thought. "She's a very pretty elder. How about that?"

Sylvie pondered for a moment after hearing so. "Oh, alright. Don't ever stay out again, okay?"

At that, Patricia knew she was safe from further questioning. Though she might have twisted the truth a little, Elizabeth had indeed been there.

After returning to her room, she took a shower and changed into loungewear. How madly uncomfortable it had been when she hadn't showered the night before. At last, she felt much more refreshed.

Later, she checked her mailbox from her phone to see if she had received any replies telling her to go for an interview.

Alas, only one replied out of the plethora of resumes she sent. The discovery got her a little dejected. Worst of all, it was from a veterinary clinic.

I don't have much experience in this field, though. I should just leave it for now and see if I'll receive any more emails by the end of next week.

At this moment, little Sylvie came into her room and leaned against her. "Tricia, I want to visit Barbie World!"

Her big, round eyes were filled with nothing but expectation. As broke as they were lately, she didn't want to disappoint her baby girl. Besides, they had gotten annual passes sometime in the past, so they could still go whenever Sylvie wanted this year.

"Sure!" Patricia caressed her chubby little cheeks and grabbed a shirt from her closet. "I'll go down as soon as I get changed. Go and tell your brothers."

"Okay!"

With that, Sylvie chirped while trotting away, “Scott, Stellan, we’re going out to play. Get ready.”

Patricia couldn’t help smiling upon hearing the little girl’s chirpy voice.

That was just how kids were—the simplest things could already make them happy. She hoped that her babies would grow up without worry.

Patricia then took the kids to Springfield Mall, a shopping mall she often hung out in when she was still the eldest young lady of the Aniston Family. This time, Josephine didn’t tag along.

“Who lent you this car?” Scott asked gravely inside the car.

It was high time his mother swapped that janky car for something else. That pile of metal was a hazard, and even more so with his mother’s poor driving skills.

Patricia shifted her eyes away thoughtfully, not daring to tell the truth. “It’s the pretty elderly lady whom I told you about.”

Sylvie nodded in response and said, “Wow, she’s really nice to you. You should invite her to our home for a meal!”

In Sylvie’s notion, friends should meet up often, and she should treat them to a meal or something because she absolutely loved this car. It was gorgeous!

“Sure thing!” answered Patricia.

After arriving at Springfield Mall, the four took the elevator to the indoor playground on the third floor, where Patricia promptly left them there. After instructing Scott and Stellan to keep an eye on Sylvie, she headed to the pawn shop upstairs, wanting to see how much she could get for pawning the ring.

If she could get half a million for it, then she wouldn’t need to borrow from Gus’ relative.

On the other hand, Adeline and Elizabeth had just arrived as well. While they were riding the escalator, Elizabeth spotted the indoor playground and couldn’t take her eyes away from it.

She had reached an age where she adored children and even more so wished to hold her grandchild in her arms. However, nothing fruitful came out of Isaac’s marital affairs, so she could only continue to dream.

Then, something caught her attention, and her eyes lit up. Are those boys twins? Why do they look so much like Isaac when he was a child?!

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As soon as the escalator took Elizabeth to the fourth floor, she took the escalator down again, making Adeline and the Arnold Family's maid panic.

"Where are you going, Old Mrs. Arnold?"

"Please slow down, Old Mrs. Arnold."

While the two of them chased after the elderly lady, Elizabeth circled the entire playground in search of the two boys but to no avail.

At that, she stood in the same spot disappointedly until the maid and Adeline caught up to her.

"Old Mrs. Arnold, please slow down. What if you fall?" The maid hurriedly held Elizabeth's arm for fear that her master would wander off again.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth sighed. She must be going mad from wanting a grandchild so badly. How could she think that the boys were Isaac's long-lost sons just because they looked like him at first glance?

Elizabeth was certain she was getting crazy the longer she thought about it. This is absurd. As if someone as smart as Isaac wouldn't know if he got someone pregnant!

Besides, he never dated any woman until Tricia showed up in their lives. It was a shame the young woman already had kids.

No one would willingly see their grandson date a woman who was once married and even had children, especially when he was an outstanding man like Isaac.

"Are you tired, Old Mrs. Arnold? Why don't we go and have some tea?" Adeline suggested with a smile.

It suddenly hit her that shopping might be too much for someone Elizabeth's age, but having tea should be the right move.

However, Elizabeth had already lost the mood to shop, feeling somewhat upset at the thought of Isaac being a bachelor and her husband still bed-ridden.

“Let’s go home,” she announced plainly. With that, the maid pulled her phone out and had the chauffeur pick them up at the entrance.

Adeline was somewhat dejected, but she dared not say anything and followed Elizabeth back to the Arnold Manor.

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While all that was happening, Patricia was in the pawnshop above the indoor playground. “How much can I get for this?” she asked the pawnbroker after pulling out the ring.

She had checked online before coming, and according to the internet, diamonds like this could be worth a pretty penny. Even if the ring was second-hand, it could still come up to a good two million. She wasn’t hoping for much, and she just hoped she could get half a million out of it to cure Poppy of her illness.

At that, the pawnbroker took the ring from her and checked it under UV light before bringing it to their boss. After a chat, the boss came to Patricia. “I can offer you two hundred thousand for this, miss.”

Patricia shook her head in response. “Five hundred thousand.”

“In that case, I’m afraid we can’t take it,” said the shopkeeper after taking another glance at the ring, which Patricia held in her hand now. It was clearly worth a solid two million from what she read online, but two hundred thousand?!

No, that’s just plain deceiving. I’m desperate, not an idiot.

Thus, she got up and left the pawn shop, heading straight for the elevator.

In actuality, she never even thought about selling this ring away when she was going through her most challenging time. However, she wanted to help Poppy and Darcie since they were in such a horrible situation.

She thought Poppy’s life was more important than waiting for that sc*mbag to come looking for her.

Besides, he never showed up when she had waited all these years.

Whether it was all in her head or not, she only felt hatred for this mysterious sc*mbag after six years of waiting.

That was why she finally decided to take this ring out. While studying the ring in her hand, she thought she should check out other pawn shops and see if she could get a better price for it.

However, just as she was about to put the ring in her bag, a person came out of nowhere and snatched the ring away.

Patricia ran after him in response, but because she was in heels and had also sprained her ankle amidst the chase, she failed to catch the thief. She almost cried from indignation. That thing is supposed to save Poppy's life, that b*stard of a thief!

Many crowded around Patricia when they heard her shouting thief. The mall security came as well and took her to the security office. After checking the surveillance footage and locking onto the target, they turned to her and said, "Miss, we've taken a screenshot of his face. We'll send it to the police and notify you once we catch him."

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After all that was settled, Patricia limped out of the security room. While taking the elevator down to the indoor playground, she thought she had the worst luck—to think she would meet a thief in a mall of all places. Meanwhile, Stellan helped Sylvie, who was drenched in sweat from all the playing, wipe down her face and neck. On the other hand, Scott held a kid's water bottle, making sure their little sister stayed hydrated.

Once they saw that Patricia had returned, the triplets stood waiting for her, and it was then the boys discovered their mother was walking funny. Thus, the two went up to help her. "Mommy, did you sprain your ankle?"

Patricia forced a smile upon hearing their warm concern. "The floor here is so slippery, and I accidentally twisted my ankle."

She didn't tell them the truth, for she didn't want them to be upset as well.

"Tricia, have some water." Sylvie brought Patricia's water bottle over, which the latter took. It wasn't until Patricia took a few sips of water that she finally felt alive again.

"You guys go ahead and play. I'll wait right here," she said with a smile.

Sylvie had such a wild time earlier that she instantly dragged her brothers back into the playground with her.

Meanwhile, Patricia stared mindlessly ahead while propping her chin up. Perhaps the ring was never meant to be hers, and perhaps she was never destined to find that sc*mbag.

Losing it was heaven's will.

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The weather at the outskirts golf course was perfect. The blue sky was clear with not a cloud in sight, and the warm winter sun made one feel comfortable.

Nikola held a golf club and made a rather dashing pose before swinging it. Though the ball was sent flying far away, it didn't enter the hole.

Percy chuckled in response. "Nik, how come you're still as bad as the last time we played together?"

Meanwhile, Isaac swung his club, and the ball landed right into the hole.

Seeing so, Nikola gave up in an instant. "That's it, I'm done. I can't beat you guys."

Percy was in the army; more specifically, he was a major general. The guys barely met him once a year, and he only returned this time because his grandfather had forced him to come home for blind dates. He wasn't getting any younger, and it was time he thought about continuing their family name.

The trio walked up to the stone table nearby and took a break while sipping their drinks.

Nikola was dressed in white sportswear and a white baseball cap. He reached for the visor and pulled it downward, covering his eyes.

Meanwhile, the two hunks sitting across from him were instead dressed in black sportswear.

Compared to Percy's genuine bronze tan, Isaac was much fairer, but the latter had a pretty healthy tan still.

Isaac checked the time to find it was already 4.00PM. Hence, he pulled his phone out to text Patricia. 'I'd like to have beef stew for tonight.'

After sending that text, he held his phone instead of putting it away, checking every now and then to see if Patricia had replied. Of course, the other two got somewhat upset at his behavior.

"Ise, you're not really seeing someone, are you?" Percy couldn't help but ask.

Percy had asked Nikola and Isaac to join him for dinner when he returned last night. However, Isaac said he was busy, so it was just him and Nikola at the table.

When Nikola kept telling him that Isaac couldn't come because he was on a date, Percy thought Nikola was plain bullsh*tting, believing that his friend might be a good doctor, but his words were questionable.

Isaac got up in response and said, "I'm going to take a shower and get changed."

Percy looked at Nikola, feeling a little disappointed that Isaac didn't want to talk about it. Then, the two tacitly got up before they wrapped an arm around Isaac on his left and right. "Ise, we want to have dinner at your place tonight. We can drink while we're at it."

"Sure," Isaac agreed when they saw their expecting gazes.

With that, he strode away, escaping their clutches, and sent Patricia another text. 'You don't have to come over anymore. You have the day off.'