

You Are My One and Only Chapter 71

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Last night, Isaac saw clearly that Patricia was the one who took his clothes off, but she blamed it on Josephine instead. The man smiled coldly, then gave her a look. His dark eyes seemed to contain a hint of confusion.

“Last night, I think I saw you taking it off.”

As soon as he said those words, a blush tinted Patricia’s face.

She was panicking! Her large eyes shifted. “You had too much to drink, so you probably saw things. Mrs. Zimmers was the one who took off your clothes for you, and she even wiped your body clean. I’m a young woman, so I can’t do such things for you.”

Isaac cast a meaningful look at the girl who lied through her teeth. He suddenly pulled the blanket away and stood up.

The man’s perfect figure was exposed for all to see. Patricia’s eyes widened as she looked at the most prominent part of a man who had just woken up.

Her small mouth gaped in shock. Isn’t this exaggerating?

She hastily turned around. “Your clothes are washed and dried, so I’ll go get them. Wait here.”

Patricia jogged out of the bedroom and escaped to the balcony. Then, she retrieved his clothes which were hung out to dry, securing them in her arms.

She frowned when she looked at the clothes, wondering why they were all wrinkly. Suddenly, she remembered that his clothes were all handmade, and the fabric shouldn’t make contact with water. The clothes could only be dry-cleaned, and they couldn’t withstand the rough tumbling of a washing machine.

Patricia hastily glanced at the tags, and she proceeded to take a few steps backward in shock. All of those added up would cost hundreds of thousands, and she had ruined them. He would probably ask for compensation from her again.

Patricia closed her eyes. She felt that ever since she met Isaac, her money kept draining out of her wallet. God! I don't want to spend my whole life making meals and cleaning up for him.

Patricia could only hide the clothes and go back to the bedroom with an awkward look on her face.

"Haha..."

"Where are my clothes?"

"Uh, haha... President Arnold, someone stole your clothes that were put out on the balcony last night."

She felt that she was making up a perfectly believable story, but clothes really could go missing here. She was telling the truth, in a way.

"Maybe your clothes were too expensive."

With that, she flashed another awkward smile. On the other hand, Isaac's expression was dark.

"Did you ruin it in the washing machine?"

"Yea—no, no, of course not. I dry-cleaned it. I put them out on the balcony to get rid of the smell, but I never expected them to get stolen."

Isaac already knew what she was getting at, but he was quite amused that she had gotten a little smarter. Did she think she wouldn't have to compensate for it if she said it was stolen?

Patricia suddenly remembered something. "I'll find some clothes for you. I have some men's clothes. It's from before—"

He definitely wouldn't wear clothes someone had worn before, so she stopped talking.

She retrieved from her wardrobe a white high-collared shirt, a gray sweater, and a pair of khaki trousers.

"These are all new. You can wear them for the time being."

She carefully placed the items onto the bed. Isaac looked at the clothes, realizing that it was all to her taste.

This girl loved warm colors. Who was she trying to dress up into a Korean heartthrob?

“Did you buy this for Zachary?”

He guessed it right off the bat, so Patricia nodded. “I knitted the sweater, and it took me a long time. The pants are bought, though.”

She just wanted to thank Zachary. She couldn’t afford anything else, so she decided to give him a sweater. Josephine had bought the pants and said that they matched the sweater nicely.

Hearing that, Isaac grabbed the clothes and put them on, then put on the pants as well. It was a decent fit. Since she hadn’t given out the sweater she knitted, she should give up on it because he would be making it his own.

Patricia had her back toward him, and when he was done changing, her eyes lit up.

“I’ll go get a toothbrush and a towel for you.”

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Isaac entered the bathroom to find a sink and shower in the small space. Is it me or is there no bathtub here?!

Placed on the sink were Patricia’s light green toothbrush, cup, towel, and some cosmetics, clean and immaculate. There weren’t even droplets of water on the counter. He approved of her lifestyle because she at least tidied up the house to create a wholesome atmosphere.

Although there were no luxuries in the old house, the simple ornaments and minimalistic furniture definitely made it a homey place to stay, unlike his house, which came with a black and white theme. It exerted an aloof air without a smidgen of a lively atmosphere.

At that moment, Patricia handed him a new toothbrush, cup, and towel. “If you wanna shower, there’s warm water.”

She reckoned that a guy like him would feel uncomfortable without a shower every day. He looked at the toothbrush and cup, which were blue in color, before taking them.

“I’ll be waiting for you downstairs. You can come down for breakfast after your shower.” She then turned around, causing her hair to flutter, releasing a subtle sweet fragrance in the air.

It smelled familiar to him for some reason, but he could not recall where he encountered the exact same scent. Taking a deep breath, he realized that the whole bathroom was rife with her engaging scent.

Patricia went downstairs, where the three kids were waiting for her by the staircase before going to school. They were donned in navy school uniforms while carrying their bags.

Sylvie giggled. “Tricia, have you just got up? What about him?”

Patricia’s face tinged with red, but she remained calm. “He’s up. Scott, Stellan, come here. I need to tell you guys something.”

Sylvie looked at her brothers in contemplation. “Don’t bully Mr. Handsome in the future, got it?”

Scott caressed her head. “Hmm.”

It was not until then did she let out a sweet smile. “I’ll wait for you guys outside. Hurry up, or we’ll be late for school.”

Patricia held the boys’ hands while walking toward the couch. She took a seat before staring at the two good-looking boys. Not only did they have well-defined features, but they were also smart.

It was probably because they took after their father, who should not be that bad.

“You shouldn’t treat guests like that, okay?”

Especially toward Isaac. He’s too clever, and I got it from him too. I’d rather suffer a little than lose more by going against him. Otherwise, you guys will end up worse than I do.

“Okay.” They nodded obediently, acting the same as always whenever they were given a lecture.

“Okay. You should head off for school now.” She added, “Mrs. Zimmers, could you send them to school?”

Josephine came out of the kitchen. “Sure, Tricia. The porridge is on the table, and so are the side dishes.” After informing her, she left alongside the children.

Patricia poured herself a cup of lukewarm water. While drinking, she thought she should find herself a job as soon as possible. Right then, she received a call from Darcie.

She picked up the phone. “Darcie.”

“Tricia, good news from the hospital—there’s a compatible donor! It’s said that he’s currently serving in the army. We’re waiting for them to contact us at the moment.”

It was definitely a piece of rejoicing news. Money did make the world go round, for they had found a compatible donor after yesterday’s payment.

The process was indeed speedy.

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“That’s great! You should urge them to have the surgery done as soon as possible.” Patricia smiled because there was finally hope for Darcie.

At the same time, the man was descending the stairs when he heard her giggles. He took light steps down the stairs in order not to surprise her.

Then, he overheard that she was job-hunting, which reminded him of the video clip he saw yesterday. He had not expected her to work in a pet shop as the veterinary gown did not suit her at all. Thus, it was reasonable for her to lose her job.

Feeling the scorching gaze on her back, Patricia took a glance behind her to see Isaac standing over there while looking at her. “Darcie, I’ve got something to do for now. I’ll swing by a few days later to see you guys.”

She terminated the call and strode toward Isaac. “Breakfast is ready. Enjoy.”

She led him to the kitchen, in which their meal was served on the dining table. Due to the old building structure, the dining room and kitchen shared the same space so that Josephine could have a room for herself next to it.

Noticing the coat of yellow leaves in the yard, Isaac unconsciously raised his gaze to look at the tree.

Patricia piped up, "It's a pear tree. It usually bears a lot of pears in autumn. They're sweet and crunchy."

Even if he did not like pears, he was tempted to try some here after hearing her words. He trailed behind her into the kitchen. It was an old-style kitchen, and the marble dining table was so clean that one could see their reflection through it.

He sat down, and she scooped a bowl of porridge for him before removing the cloche to reveal the mouth-watering side dishes.

"Isaac, this is the best we can provide. Enjoy." Patricia seated herself opposite him and began to revel in her breakfast. She enjoyed the porridge while eating the side dishes at times.

It was a satisfying moment for him to see her taking her meal. The simple dishes seemed tasty to him too.

After breakfast, it was time for him to take his leave. He checked on the time before giving her a business card. "My company is hiring people at the moment. So, if you're looking for a job, you can give this person a call and mention my name."

Her eyes widened at that. Arnold Corporation was a sacred place where many of the graduates from prestigious universities could not even enter despite their excellent academic backgrounds. Do I have the right to work here?

"President Isaac, I didn't go to college." It was the very drawback that hindered her in terms of job-hunting.

Isaac nodded as he still remembered what she had told him. "They won't pick on the person I recommend."

Indeed, who would dare to say a word under the president's recommendation?

Patricia broke into a smile. "Thank you, President Isaac."

When he was leaving, he suddenly said, "The point is you still owe me money. I'm afraid that you'll run away, so it's best to keep you by my side."

After he left the house, she stood in the yard and murmured, "What a petty man."

So, the purpose of introducing her to a job was to keep an eye on her. She forsook the thought of seeing him off in split seconds.

In the car, Liam felt that Isaac's demeanor had softened because of his clothes. Sensing the gaze upon him, Isaac glared at Liam, causing him to smile awkwardly. "President Isaac, you look handsome today."

Isaac looked at himself. Although Patricia did not knit the sweater for him, it was still a comfortable one. "Inform the human resources team to hire Patricia Aniston as my secretary if she sends an application."

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Instead of seeing Isaac off, Patricia zoned out on the dining table, assuming that he had introduced her to a job just to keep an eye on her.

As an afterthought, the burden on her shoulders was no longer there. Even if she was going to be an ordinary employee in such a big company like Arnold Corporation, she would earn herself better pay than the higher echelons in other companies.

People did mention that the Arnold Corporation offered good benefits to its workers. The cafeteria provided buffets, including desserts, fruits, and ice creams during lunch breaks.

She went back to her room and took a shower. She was drenched in sweat after taking care of Isaac yesterday. Feeling refreshed after a shower, she dressed up formally before putting on light makeup since she should at least practice the basic etiquette.

She did not dare to drive to Isaac's company, as the car belonged to him, and the interview was her personal matter. He would give her a lecture if she used it for personal reasons.

The thought of the petty man annoyed her. Why is he so narrow-minded when he's the president of a big company? Hmph!

It was about 10.00AM when Patricia arrived at Arnold Corporation. She observed the magnificent lobby the moment she stepped into the building.

When she told the receptionist about her interview, the security guards led her to the human resources department, which was located on the fifth floor.

The manager was a middle-aged man. After skimming through her resume, he said, "Patricia, you're hired. You may proceed with the onboarding right now."

He was the manager of the department, as well as the person she had contacted beforehand. What else could he say when Isaac recommended her? She passed the interview in no time.

It took her a few hours to complete the onboarding process under the worker's guidance. It was not until then did she realize that she was still clueless about the position she was offered.

In hindsight, she asked the girl who helped her with the onboarding, "May I ask which position I'm offered?"

Patricia considered herself pathetic for her guts to accept the offer without even knowing the offered position. She was willing to do anything as long as there was a job for her.

The girl was astonished by her question as she looked at Patricia as though she was looking at an idiot. She checked the documents before answering, "You'll be the president's personal secretary."

Then, her eyes widened before taking a closer look at the files. How can she be the president's personal secretary when she only graduated from high school? Ah... I want to be the president's personal secretary too, though.

Needless to say, Isaac was the dream man of every woman in the company. It was their wish to take over that very position.

Even Patricia was shocked to hear that. "What?"

The president's personal secretary? A-Am I going to make coffee and clean the office for him again? Why can't I escape from this loop?

"Yeah. You're lucky." The girl nodded in response before rolling her eyes in displeasure. "Report yourself to work at 8.00AM tomorrow. Don't be late."

Having said that, she returned to her place, leaving only Patricia standing on the spot. Although Patricia felt strange by the girl's indifference, she was happy to finally land herself a job.

At that moment, the manager came out of the office and smiled when he saw her. "Patricia, welcome aboard."

Thinking that the manager appeared quite amiable, she questioned, "Sir, may I ask how much my salary is?"

He smiled. "Since the position requires you to be on call 24/7, the salary is quite high. It's about 30,000."

She almost fainted when she heard that large sum of money. 30,000? Oh my lord. Has luck finally come to me? Isn't that too much?

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Looking at Patricia gaping in surprise, the manager patted her shoulder. "Patricia, if you do your best, there's still an annual bonus waiting for you. If President Isaac is satisfied with your work, your bonus can go up to ten thousand."

Once again, she was taken aback by the revelation as she felt dizzier. H-Has my life finally reached its prime? My kids can finally live a better life!

She regained her senses and swore up and down to herself that she was willing to do anything for Isaac regardless of how ridiculous his requests would be. Even if he was parsimony, he treated his workers well.

She bought some snacks and groceries on the way home. Josephine was surprised to see those things. "Tricia, everything you bought is imported. It must be expensive."

Patricia, who had only bought cheap fruits, even purchased many snacks today. What has gotten into her?

She helped Josephine to arrange the things into the refrigerator and cabinet with a grin. "Josephine, I've got a job, and the pay is high. We can finally live a better life from now onward."

Not only could she buy Sylvie the dolls that she wanted, she could also give the boys a computer and drone. Good days were coming ahead of them.

Suddenly, someone rang the doorbell, prompting Josephine to open the door. Like a rich lady, Gwen was clad in leather clothes while holding the latest bag of the season. She glimpsed at Josephine indifferently. "Does Patricia live here?"

Josephine stared at Gwen, who was dressed opulently while wondering if she was ever afraid of snatch thieves.

“Do you hear me? Answer me.” Josephine’s gaze had struck jealousy toward Gwen. She had always looked down upon ordinary people and could not bother to talk to them.

Likewise, Josephine did not like her either, thinking that she was up to no good and hence the cold treatment. “There’s no one named Patricia here.”

She then shoved Gwen to close the door, which infuriated Gwen to the core. “You old mare! I know that she lives here. Open the door!”

She slammed the wooden door, causing the neighbors to come out to check out the noise.

Meanwhile, Josephine told Patricia, “There’s someone dressed up like a rich lady at the doorstep. She’s looking for you, but I stopped her since she’s probably up to no good.”

“Who is it?” Patricia rose from her seat and left the house before heading toward the gate.

Hearing Gwen’s harangue, she turned around to fill a pail of water before opening the door and splashing the water.

Screams could be heard from the outside. “Argh! Patricia Aniston, what are you doing?!”

Gwen was drenched from head to toe. Not only were her styled hair and make-up messed up, her clothes were sodden in water, causing her to shiver uncontrollably.

Patricia held the pail and gazed at her. “Aunt Hough, why are you here? I thought someone was causing trouble at my place.”

She then put down the pail before walking out. “My place is too small for someone like you. Aunt Hough, you should get changed, or you’ll catch a cold in this cold weather.”

Gwen kept sneezing in the meantime. “You! Patricia Aniston, I’ve come to pay you a visit, but how dare you do this to me?! We’ll wait and see!”

Next, she began to whine in a loud voice. “Everyone, look at her! This girl, Patricia, was pregnant at the age of eighteen without knowing who the father was. You should be aware of this disgusting woman. She’s a bird of bad omen!”

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Patricia's gaze dimmed as she listened to this woman's diatribes. Meanwhile, her neighbors had gathered to see the drama.

Honestly, she didn't mind people pointing their fingers at her, but what do they see of her babies? Would they think they were b*stards? Love children?

Furious with rage, Patricia balled her hands into fists, having the urge to knock that odious woman out cold as to shut her up.

Gwen, on the other hand, grew haughty by the second, after noticing that people had gathered. "You guys better watch out. This woman may be young, but she's promiscuous. Imagine if she manages to seduce your husbands and sons; your families will be done for!"

Having had enough of this, Josephine came forward and pointed at Gwen. "Shut up! Who do you think you are to slander Tricia like this? She's a lovely woman, not someone you said to be!"

Patricia stood petrified, not knowing how to defend herself. Fortunately, Josephine stood up for her, and suddenly she had the confidence to fight back. At that, she charged toward Gwen, but because bodyguards stood in between, she couldn't get close to Gwen.

"Gwen Hough, you're a homewrecker yourself. You have no right to slander me like this."

With that, Patricia threw herself at her stepmother, but the bodyguards still managed to stop her.

Josephine helped out too, but she was no match for the strong bodyguards, and she nearly fell from their push.

Patricia hurriedly grabbed Josephine. "Mrs. Zimmers, are you okay?"

"You motherf*cking..." thundered a neighbor seeing how haughty these outsiders were being, and with that, they attacked the four bodyguards Gwen brought.

Gwen, on the other hand, retreated in fright, never expecting Patricia's neighbors to stand up for her.

Meanwhile, Patricia went to her backyard, grabbed a broom, and chased after Gwen, whacking the woman using the brush.

Gwen was defenseless, and at this point, her hair had become disheveled, her clothes were soiled, and her face had even suffered injuries. "Help! Someone help me!" she cried out, sitting on the floor.

The four bodyguards didn't fare any better than Gwen as well by the end of the brawl, and they ultimately escorted Gwen away from the neighborhood.

Patricia thought it felt good to see Gwen and her men all disheveled and humiliated. She had wanted to retaliate all these years but didn't have the power to do so. How could she when she could barely keep their little family afloat? So, the retaliation became back-burnered, and now that the opportunity presented itself to her, she thought it felt good to show Gwen she wasn't a pushover.

She found herself smiling in the midst of her pants. "Tricia, who was that? She sure was nasty."

It was apparent that that woman had come especially to defame Tricia. What a wicked woman.

A slightly exhausted Patricia held Josephine's arm and answered with a smile, "She's my stepmother. The one that forced me out of my home."

Josephine nodded in acknowledgment, having a picture of the situation. I knew it! That crow is wicked!

The neighbors standing beside Patricia and Josephine backed Patricia up upon hearing her words.

"Don't be afraid, Tricia. Just holler at us if you ever need help."

"Yeah, we all know what you're really like. We won't believe a word others say."

"We'll beat that nasty woman again if she still dares to come over."

Touched by their words, Patricia gave them a bow. "Thank you, guys! Really, from the bottom of my heart."

Patricia had been staying in Snowflake Lane for three years. Because she was amiable and would greet her neighbors whenever they bumped into each other, they would get together and chat or whatnot over time. So, she was pretty close with her neighbors.

After the episode, everyone returned home and she helped Josephine to prepare the vegetables in the kitchen.

It suddenly hit her that her neighbors treated her better than her family. At least, they would make an effort to get to know her and believe her. But her family? Neither her father nor her grandfather believed in her, thinking she was solely to blame.

She sighed at that. Though what happened six years ago ruined her life, she didn't regret giving birth to her babies even for a second. She would raise them up well and see that they were no different from other children.

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Patricia headed out bright and early the following day as she had to take the subway to work.

As the eldest young lady of the Aniston Family, Patricia had never ridden any public transportation. That was, until six years ago when she left her family. Since then, she has mastered the art of taking the subway and the bus.

She rarely hailed a cab as she didn't want to waste money; the fare would rise as the time ticked, after all.

The subway was jam-packed with people, so stuffy that she was covered in sweat by the time she exited the cart. It was 7.50AM when she arrived at Arnold Corporation, and after clocking in, she headed straight to the president's office on the top floor.

She went to the executive secretary, Sorella Lock, to report for duty. Sorella had already received Isaac's message the day before to add a work desk in his office, which would be for his secretary coming this day.

With that, she took Patricia into Isaac's office and pointed at the desk by the door. "This will be your desk."

Patricia nodded in acknowledgment. "Thank you, Miss Lock."

Sorella took a gander at Patricia. She's pretty and all, but her clothes are... meh. Anybody can tell what she's wearing are so yesterday. Then again, the treatment she gets is one that none of us in the secretary department has.

She had a good feeling that this woman and the president might be in some sort of relationship, and Patricia might even be the future Mrs. Arnold. Because of that likelihood, she treated Patricia deferentially. “No worries. Feel free to come to me if there’s anything you don’t understand.”

Everyone here in Arnold Corporation is pretty nice, Patricia thought. They’re not condescending at all and are even pretty friendly.

There was a computer and a landline on her desk, and after sitting down and putting her mug on it, she studied her surroundings.

Isaac’s office was massive, spacious, and bright, but it was mainly decorated in white or gray, looking very stoic.

She didn’t know what her job scope was, so she just went to his desk and thought to tidy it up.

Just then, the door opened, and Isaac came in wearing a black coat. Liam wanted to take the coat from him after he removed it. But seeing that Patricia was present, he ordered her, “Hang the coat, Miss Aniston.”

Patricia knew this was part of her job, so she took the coat from Isaac and hung it up.

After that, she returned to her desk and watched him give Liam the work for the day. He was the epitome of a mighty ruler, having that *je ne sais quoi*.

She finally truly understood what people meant when they said men looked the most charming when they worked.

Before leaving, Liam smiled at Patricia when he passed by her desk. “Miss Aniston, President Arnold has a habit of drinking a cup of black coffee every morning.”

Knowing that he was giving her a hint, Patricia got up. “I’ll make it right away.”

With that, she followed Liam out. Liam gave her a tour of the President’s office, which consisted of two break rooms—one solely dedicated to Isaac’s.

Everything in there was what Isaac normally used, all of which were branded, even the water and coffee he drank. More than that, all of them were crazy expensive.

Though Patricia was now strapped, she was from an affluent family, after all, so she still knew a thing or two about branded products.

While Liam told her Isaac’s preferences in detail, Patricia jotted it all down on her phone, swearing she would serve the man well.

After all, the thirty-thousand salary meant a great deal to her.

Patricia returned to Isaac's office with a cup of coffee and put it on his desk. "Here's your coffee, President Arnold. I've put a splash of milk in it. It'll be better for your stomach."

She couldn't believe he had drunk his coffee without milk or sugar. Not only would it taste super bitter, but it wouldn't be good for his stomach as well.

It was only then that Isaac took a glance at her. His black suit, white dress shirt, and navy blue necktie made him look absolutely aloof.

"Patricia, do you know what a personal secretary is required to do? Pick me up to work in the morning and send me home after work. You didn't show up this morning, so your bonus will be deducted."

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Patricia frowned in response. No, you can't possibly already dock my salary my first hour into the job—wait! At that, her eyes lit up.

"Bonus? There are monthly bonuses?"

Isaac took in her surprised look. I swear this girl is a leprechaun incarnated. She'll leap in joy whenever she's given money.

Thus, he nodded in affirmation. "Of course. Arnold Corporation has a reward and penalty system."

The revelation got her to seventh heaven. So I won't only be getting a thirty-thousand salary but also bonuses, especially an annual bonus. Ahhh! I have to latch onto Arnold Corporation until the triplets grow up!

Isaac took a sip of the coffee—he didn't say anything even though Patricia took the liberty of adding milk to it—and smiled as he riveted his fathomless gaze on her joyous countenance.

“President Arnold, it’s my first day at work, so I don’t exactly know what I’m supposed to do. Can you please spare me this once?”

Isaac quirked a brow, seeing how sincere she looked. “Alright, but only this time.”

At that, Patricia dashed to her desk at once and took a notebook before returning to him. “Please tell me what I should do as your personal secretary, President Arnold. I’ll definitely get it done perfectly.”

She would bend over backward for the high salary and the sake of her babies’ good life.

“As my personal secretary, you have to take care of my most private affairs: styling my outfit taking care of my meals and medicine, following me to social engagements, picking me up along with my chauffeur...” listed Isaac after taking another sip of the coffee she made, which he thought tasted pretty decent.

Patricia noted it all down. Though she thought this sounded more like a caregiver’s job, she would still do it for the sake of money.

After that was sorted, Isaac got busy, and a manager would come in to report work every now and then, to which he would listen attentively and give some pointers.

With no substantial work to do, Patricia just watched him work away or reproach his employees with her hand propped against her chin, thinking he was the overlord of Arnold Corporation.

When noon came, Patricia went up to Isaac, who was typing away with one hand and holding a cigarette in the other at his desk.

He first attended a two-hour meeting that morning, then saw the various departmental managers for more than an hour after that. His day sure was super packed; no wonder his morning was worth tens of millions! It looked pretty worth it to her.

“President Arnold, would you like me to order you lunch, or would we be eating at the employee cafeteria?”

Isaac checked the time upon hearing so to find it was already 12.15PM. With that, he took a roguish drag and said, “The employee cafeteria.”

It was her first day in the company, so he should show her around. At least she had to know where the cafeteria was.

Patricia nodded in response. “Oh, okay. I’ll head over first, then.”

“We’ll go together,” announced Isaac, seeing that she instantly turned and walked away.

Patricia wanted to play dumb, but how could she when he spoke loud and clear? Unless she was truly deaf, or no one would believe her at all.

Alas, he was the boss and the man giving her her salary. The one with the money called the shots—she could only do as he said.

Meanwhile, Isaac grabbed his phone and fiddled with it while striding toward her.

The two arrived at the employee cafeteria on the second floor. The cafeteria was massive, and many were lining up. She had to say, Arnold Corporation sure had a lot of employees.

After entering the cafeteria, Patricia stood in line like everyone else, but not Isaac. He went straight ahead, picked out what he wanted to eat, then took a table by the window.

Patricia was one of the last few to arrive at the cafeteria, so by the time she took her food, all the tables were taken.

She scanned the floor while holding her serving tray. Everyone was in their little groups, but she knew no one. Alas, she had no choice but to sit across from Isaac.

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Isaac was already done with his meal at this point, and he checked the time before telling Patricia, “I’m going to take a nap. Remember to wake me up at one-thirty.”

With that, he left, leaving her in the most comfortable spot to enjoy her meal alone.

Patricia kept sensing watchful gazes from all around her. Yet they would all be gone when she checked, looking like no one was paying any attention to her.

Thus, she brought her attention back to her plate. She had to say, the food in Arnold Corporation was amazing, and she thought every dish was delectable, on par with five-star restaurants. Just then, someone sat down across from her, and she looked up to find Liam smiling at her. “Is the food to your taste, Miss Aniston?”

Patricia hurriedly chewed, swallowed, and took a sip of her juice before answering, "You're also only eating now, Mr. Dorchester?"

It seemed that only the two of them came late—well, Isaac too, but hey, he was the president of the company, so he didn't need to stand in line.

Liam nodded in affirmation. "I'm nearly always the last. I'm used to it, though."

At that, she said nothing more and continued eating. Liam had a good feeling that Patricia was quite happy with the food here, seeing that she stuffed her mouth like a chipmunk, enjoying her meal.

At that, a hint of a smile flashed across his eyes. Never had anyone in this company ever thought something like 'President Arnold setting up an additional desk in his office' would ever happen while they were alive. So the entire company was now saying Patricia could potentially be the future Mrs. Arnold. And, boy, the women here sure wanted to eat her heart out.

Liam thought they were right about the 'future Mrs. Arnold' part as well, especially when he knew his boss truly treated Patricia differently. Therefore, he naturally would want to be on Patricia's good side.

"Miss Aniston, there's ice cream over there. You can give it a try; it's Häagen-Dazs."

Patricia glanced toward it in response. She indeed would like something cool and refreshing when she was starting to find the food a little greasy. Hence, she got up and went to the dessert section.

A few female colleagues were lining up to grab the ice cream, but they all moved aside upon seeing her. "After you, Miss Aniston!"

Patricia was rendered stumped for a second, for she had never received such treatment. "Thank you!" she said politely.

With that, she opened the freezer door, took one out, and walked back to her seat under the eyes of the crowd.

After sitting down, Patricia commented while eating the ice cream, "Mr. Dorchester, I noticed everyone here's super nice, and they really look after me."

Every single one of them was courteous to her and would even let her take the ice cream first. What lovely colleagues!

Liam hurriedly took a sip of his soup, having nearly spat out the food in his mouth. "Yeah, everyone here in Arnold Corporation is nice."

Could they not when all of them already think of you as the future Mrs. Arnold?! he mused.

Patricia felt content after finishing her ice cream. Not only was her lunch free, but it was also plentiful. Oh, how happy she would be to work in Arnold Corporation until her retirement.

After lunch, Patricia returned to the president's office in a good mood and took a nap on the couch.

The president's couch sure was different—soft and comfy. It felt really snug.

She set the alarm for one-thirty so that she could wake Isaac up on time.

The alarm did its work, waking Patricia up on time. While turning it off, she thought she had had a wonderful nap.

After a stretch, she made her way to Isaac's private lounge and found the man sleeping with his hands resting on his chest above the covers, eyes closed, breathing evenly. He even looked good when he was asleep.

"President Arnold, time to wake up." She shook him lightly, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Upon hearing her voice, Isaac opened his eyes dully, only to find her face inches away from him. Her luscious, rosy lips were right in front of him, and even slightly pouting at that.

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You Are My One and Only Chapter 80

You Are My One and Only

Chapter 80

A hint of dejection flashed across Isaac's eyes as he pulled Patricia into his arms and pressed his lips against hers.

Freaking out, Patricia wanted to get up, but she was no match against the force his hands exerted.

More than that, the man even parted his lips and almost swallowed hers into his mouth.

At that, Isaac rolled over, pinning her down on the bed as he deepened his kiss.

She fought back, in the beginning, shoving him away. But gradually, her hands slipped downward, having no more strength to resist.

Isaac was seriously turned on by the time the lingering kiss ended. However, it still wasn't the right time, so he could only stop at this.

He propped his hands against the sides of her head and riveted his gaze at her from above. "How is it that your lips are sweet?"

Either way, he thought her lips were sweet every time he kissed her. She really was his personal ecstasy.

It was only when Patricia heard his voice that she came back to reality and felt her lips with her fingertips. "Ah!" It took her a second to register what had just happened, and she widened her eyes with incredulity. "Isaac Arnold, you forced a kiss on me again! You..."

Isaac grinned in response. "What? You want to quit and stay far away from me?"

Patricia panicked upon hearing that he wanted to fire her, and she hurriedly shook her head. "No, President Arnold. I really like this job. I don't want to leave."

Isaac knew it was precisely what Patricia would say, and his evil grin grew wider while brushing his fingers against her now swollen lips. "Do a good job then. Best that you stay until your retirement."

At that, he got up and went into the bathroom. Patricia, on the other hand, continued to lay in his bed, taking a long while before she could come around.

After that, she climbed out of his bed, made it, and sorted out the lounge before dashing out to her desk, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

Isaac kept bullying and kissing her, but if she rebelled or yelled at him, she'd very likely be fired. Alas, it sure was hard to be a woman, especially one in the workforce. At that, she exhaled a murky breath, unsure of what to do.

Isaac found her dejected when he came out, and he tapped on his desk to pull her back to reality.

Patricia looked over reflexively and stood right up. “What are your orders, President Arnold?”

Isaac’s gaze on her deepened at that. “Patricia, be my girlfriend.”

He had finally made up his mind, but for someone who had never confessed his love for anyone, he thought this was already enough.

Patricia was rendered stupefied, and it took a long while before she could finally speak up. “But you’re getting engaged to Adeline. I can’t be your girlfriend.”

She refused to be a mistress. Absolutely no way!

Isaac furrowed his brows in response. He wanted to explain, but then it was better that fewer people knew of his actual relationship with Adeline, which was just an agreement, something to comfort his grandfather. After all, Phillip was still bedridden. He surely wouldn’t die in peace if things couldn’t end up as he had hoped. If they did do as he hoped, who knew, he might just wake up someday.

Isaac said nothing more, grabbing his coat and heading out.

Meanwhile, Patricia sighed after watching him leave. Sure enough, he couldn’t get over Adeline, and she could never be his girlfriend.

Though she had thought about being his girlfriend temporarily for money and that she would be able to stay in Arnold Corporation a little longer, she instantly dropped it at the thought that he was Adeline’s fiancé. No way would she do something like this.

Isaac never returned even when it was time to clock off, and Patricia spaced out at her desk the entire afternoon.

When six o’clock came, she packed up and got ready to go to his place, but Isaac’s text came right then. ‘No need to come over tonight.’

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You Are My One and Only

Chapter 81

Patricia let out a murky breath at that. I knew it. He’s upset and annoyed that he’s rejected. Then, his second text came. ‘Still paid for.’

She rolled her eyes at that. I won't say a thing even if you decide not to pay me. She went to work as usual for the following days of the week. However, with Isaac's absence, she wasn't tasked with anything, resulting in extreme boredom.

She would look toward his desk every now and then. The office was super quiet with Isaac gone, like she had taken over his space.

Just then, her phone rang. It was a call from Isaac. "President Arnold."

If it weren't for the fact that she was sitting in his office every day, she would think that she had created this man out of her imagination when she hadn't seen or heard from him in the last week. As long as he doesn't want to see you, you won't be able to find him.

"Pick me up at the airport with Tom." He hung up the next second, not giving Patricia a chance to answer. How merciless of him! Ah!

At that, Patricia grabbed her bag and went to the underground parking lot. The chauffeur was waiting by the car when she arrived. Upon seeing her, he stubbed his cigarette and greeted, "Miss Aniston."

"Tom," Patricia replied, "we need to pick President Arnold up at the airport."

Thus, Tom hopped into the driver's seat and the two headed off to the airport.

Moments after their arrival, Patricia went to the arrival hall and waited for about twenty minutes before Isaac showed up. Dressed in black, he walked briskly right in front, looking aloof.

Following beside him were some of Arnold Corporation's managers in suits and ties. It seemed that he had been away on a business trip in the last few days.

No wonder she didn't see him, nor even received a single call from him.

Patricia waved toward him while calling out, "President Arnold, over here!"

It was at this moment when Adeline ran toward him. "Isaac, you're back!"

At that, she held his arm and followed the group out.

Meanwhile, Patricia slowly dropped her hand, thinking her behavior just now was utter ridiculous. She was just a secretary when Adeline was his fiancée.

How could she compare herself with Adeline?! Alas, she had flattered herself, thinking he would be happy if she came and picked him up.

Isaac took a plain glance at Patricia when he passed by her. "Did you bring the thing I asked, Miss Aniston?"

"I did," answered Patricia after glancing at the dessert in her hands as she followed after him.

She had assumed he was hungry, so she deliberately picked something he would like when she bought it.

After the group exited the airport, Isaac and Adeline entered the back seat while Patricia took the front passenger seat.

As the car drove away, Adeline giggled, sounding especially harsh. "Isaac, I've been missing you for the whole week." At that, she rested her head against him. "Can I stay for the night?"

While speaking, she glanced toward the rear-view mirror and happened to meet Patricia's gaze.

Isaac, on the other hand, said nothing, seemingly exhausted as he slumped in his seat, looking out the window with narrowed eyes.

Suddenly, something hit him. "Miss Aniston, give Addy the dessert. She wants to eat, so she asked me to bring it."

Upon hearing so, Patricia tightened her grip on the box, not wanting to give it to Adeline. I bought it! For you!

"Patricia, give it to me," Adeline called out with a smile.

She was in an excellent mood, for Isaac had called her to put on a show. So, she rushed over as soon as possible. She had indeed noticed a few people with cameras in the airport.

Surely, they were the paparazzi, and they'd be on the news the next day. How could she not be in seventh heaven?! Isaac is finally telling the world about me! I'll finally become the person every woman in Appleby is jealous of!

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