

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 106-108

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 17, 2024

106 106- Promises

“Can we go shopping tomorrow?” Abigail asked him innocently and he made her sit on his lap and switch on the TV.

“Sure,” he pinned her head to his chest and kissed her sweet-smelling hair.

“Can we take Alex and Ariel too for shopping?” she asked him, yawning, and he again mumbled, “Sure...”

He had turned down the volume and now was watching an old movie.

“Can mom also come with us, Daddy?” she murmured in an exhausted tone.

“Sure, chipmunk. She can,” securing her in his arms he lightly leaned his chin on her head. Just then the door to Sophie’s room opened and she stopped when she saw the father-daughter duo sitting on the couch.

Rafael gave her a thumbs-up sign to tell her silently that everything was ok. She nodded and went to Flint’s room carrying her laptop.

was ok.

Now Abi’s voice seemed to be getting lower, “Can we take Aunt Sophie and Flint too,” Rafael rolled his lips between his teeth.

“If you want, we can take the whole Kanderton City for snack shopping!”

She again yawned loudly, “That will be great, Daddy.”

A few moments must have passed, and he thought she had gone to sleep when she spoke again, “Daddy?”

Rafael fought to control his mirth, “Yes, Chipmunk!”

“You are the best! And I love you.”

Marissa turned in her bed and found the space beside her empty. The mattress was cold enough to give the impression that Rafael hadn't been there for quite some time.

Where is he?

She **got** up and put on her slippers to check the bathroom. That was when

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she heard a faint noise coming from the living room like two people were talking?

Was Rafael talking to someone at this hour?

She tip—

toed to the living room only to find a movie playing on the TV and Rafael was sleeping on the couch hugging Abigail to him.

A soft smile crossed her lips. A father who was trying to protect his daughter from all the problems of life.

She was confused if she should wake him up or just put a quilt around them. She decided on the latter.

She went to her room to fetch an extra blanket. When she was fixing it around them, Rafael woke up with bleary eyes and held her wrist tightly.

"It's me!" she told him softly and placed her hand on his, "it's me Rafael."

He passed a confused look to her trying to understand where he was and then rubbed his eyes.

"She slept late," he said resting his cheek on the small head of his daughter.

Marissa sat beside him and leaned her head on his strong shoulder. Rafael who was holding Abi with one arm, his other arm spontaneously snaked around Marissa's waist drawing her body to him.

Marissa fixed the blanket around them feeling the intimacy of the simple **act**.

“How did you two end squeezed her to him.

up here?” she asked him, and he

“She didn’t want to sleep and wanted a snack,” Marissa smiled and raised her face to look at Abi’s face, “She wants to go for snack shopping tomorrow.”

The little one was sleeping peacefully in her father’s arms.

“She is so beautiful,” he kissed Marissa’s cheek, “Thank you for giving me such beautiful babies.”

Marissa didn’t say anything and just kept looking into his eyes. However, her eyes fluttered closed when she saw him, leaning slowly towards her.

She had to suppress the moan in his throat when Rafael’s lips touched hers.

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Her arms were suddenly around his neck, grinding his mouth into hers.

Their mouths were opening hungrily for each other as if they had gotten a life of their own. Marissa clutched his t-shirt in her fists when his tongue

entered her mouth.

He was trying to taste her, his tongue was swirling inside her mouth like he owned it. Marissa’s body was reacting to his touch and his closeness, drawing him to her like a moth.

“Now who does kissing after making your child sleep on the lap,” they both jumped when they heard Flint nearby.

Marissa was horrified when she heard another chuckle. Sophie was standing behind Flint.

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“Wh... what you two are doing here?” she cleared her throat, “We... we were just kissing... Rafael and I needed to discuss her health and Rafael wanted to take us to grocery shopping tomorrow,” She instantly wiped her mouth with the back of her hand which was still wet with his saliva.

“Yum!” she thought secretly.

Rafael who was still too relaxed, held back his smile when saw her panicking.

Marissa saw him standing up carrying Abi with him and then he bent down to kiss her head in the presence of those two. God this was embarrassing!

She was blushing to the core when Rafael headed to the kids' room.

"Kissing is a good thing," Flint said in a serious tone, "But it leads to more good things if done correctly and privately."

Sophie who had now walked up to her friend, fell on the couch when she heard her grandfather's precious remarks.

Marissa passed a glare to her friend and Sophie was so sure that if looks could kill she would be lying dead here.

"We didn't know you were still awake," she explained to Flint awkwardly.

"Oh? But Rafael knew that we were awake," Sophie clicked her tongue, "He

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was busy with Abigail, and I wanted to get my work done on the laptop so that I could enjoy the weekend... and as Flint was awake too, I went to him for asking something related to pharmacy."

She then gestured towards Marissa, "And then we heard some light noises and here we were about to witness an eighteen plus rated movie. Yet we needed to stop that because an innocent child was involved."

Marissa slapped her friend's shoulder,
"Cut it out, Sophie! We didn't mean to do the full thing."

"Why not!" Sophie freed her hair from the silk scrunchie and gave her head a hard shake, "You should do it because you two..." she spanked Marissa's knee, "need it!"

"No! We don't," Marissa stood up rolling her eyes.

"Stop lying to yourself, Mar. You both need each other. This tension between you two, this sexual tension needs to be taken care of. When you two are together in a room. It always feels like you two are undressing each other with your eyes."

“Oh, God, Soph! Stop it!” she threw a small pillow at her friend and went to her room before she could speak anymore.

Rafael was lying on the bed only in a pair of shorts. His arms were behind his head, and he was staring at the ceiling busy thinking about something.

Trying to ignore him, she went to the bathroom and took more than usual time there in hopes that he would go to sleep.

Keeping her fingers crossed when she came out, she felt disappointment making its way into her heart.

HE HAD GONE TO SLEEP!

He was lying on his side of the bed quietly.

She lay on the bed and turned her head to look at him, “How would I sleep without your arms around me?” she asked the question to his sleeping figure and was horrified when found him turning, to face her.

“Your wish is my command, Strawberry!” before she could protest and deny

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the words, he had taken her into his arms and pressed her face against his chest.

“Go to sleep before I break the promises, I made to myself.”

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Marissa made a pout when her eyes fluttered open and then a trace of a smile touched her lips. For a moment, she wanted to stay in bed but then she reminded herself that she was a mom who needed to attend to her kids.

before they woke up.

Her hand reached out and grabbed the clock from the nightstand. The moment she glanced at it, her eyes widened, and she bolted upright with a racing heart.

“What the... shit! OMG! It’s late!” Mumbling to herself she scrambled out of the bed. In her rush, she stumbled over the tangled sheets and nearly fell.

“Urgh! Clumsy you! Get a grip. My babies must be hungry,” Sophia had to leave early morning and she usually didn’t rely on Flint due to the old man’s odd schedule.

“Strange. Why didn’t the kids barge in my room?” she muttered hurrying out of the bedroom.

She dashed into the living room, expecting full chaos but instead saw something unexpected. The kids were sitting around the coffee table engrossed in a board game and Rafael was explaining something in a very

soft voice.

Like last night, Abi was sitting on his lap while Ariel was sitting glued to his hip. Alex **was** seated across from his father.

“Good morning, sleepy head,” A teasing grin appeared on his face when he noticed her standing in the doorway.

Marissa’s heart skipped a beat, and the grin reminded her of the last night’s **kiss** they shared on the couch.

“Morning!” she replied trying to steady her voice, “Why didn’t you people wake me? What did you have for breakfast?”

“Daddy made scrambled eggs for us, Mommy. He asked us to let you sleep late, Abi explained to her, “he said you worked very hard last night.”

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107 107–Burnt Breakfast

I worked hard last night?

She avoided the eye contact when found his eyes gleaming with mischief, “Asshole!” she muttered.

“And mommy!” Ariel said busily while doing something on the board, “Daddy burned the eggs.”

Marissa cocked up a brow, “You ate burned eggs?” she asked the kids, but her eyes were focused on the man who could make her heart race just by his presence.

"No. Daddy threw it in the trash, Mommy," Abi explained to her, "He cooked again but it was just half burned. The rest of the half was good. Right, Alex?" Alex just groaned in answer.

"Good!" Marissa started tying her hair together to make a small messy bun on her head, "And how many eggs did you waste, Daddy?" she asked Rafael with narrowed eyes.

Rafael raised his hand somberly, "I'm sorry. I never cooked a thing in life not even noodles," before she could remark on it, he quickly held Abigail's jaw by her cheeks and turned it to her mother, "Look at Mommy. Doesn't she look adorable?"

Marissa shook her head in exasperation and walked back to her bedroom. She badly needed a shower.

After getting done with her business, she came out of her room where the kids were still busy with their father.

"Why don't you join us?" he offered her sincerely patting the spot next to him and before she could open her mouth, he was quick to speak, "I can make you breakfast."

"No. Thanks!" Marissa's lips spread into a fake grin, "I'm not interested in having a burnt egg."

Rafael managed an injured look on his face, eyeing his daughters. This time Marissa could see amusement in Alex's eyes too.

She headed to the kitchen to fix herself a quick breakfast. After opening the

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Burnt Breakfast

As she scanned all the ingredients when she heard soft footsteps behind.

A familiar male cologne hit her nostrils. That same intoxicating smell.

She turned to find him leaning his shoulder against the doorframe.

"Can I take the kids for grocery shopping?" Marissa tried her best to ignore.

He bulged his biceps through the sleeves of his t-shirt.

"Stop staring at me with that hungry gaze," he walked up to her and

hispered near her ear.

tolling her eyes, she moved her attention to the stuff she had placed on the itchen counter. She liked it when he used to give her t he control of the >arenting. But now she needed to accept that he was the father and ha d equal rights to the kids.

Why my permission every time?" she lit the burner and placed a pan on it.

'Because you are the mom!"

She smiled and looked over her shoulder, "And you are their father. You have equal righ ts, Rafael."

She broke an egg in the pancake mix and started pouring milk into it.

"Are you making pancakes?" he took a step closer now leaning against the counter, "tha t I can do if you allow me."

"No thanks. Only one egg was left!" she stuck out her tongue and he chuckled. at that.

When she was pouring the batter into the pan, he moved behind her, hist chest almost b umping into her back, "Me being a father is never about the rights, Marissa," her heart thumped in the cradle of her chest when s he felt. him resting his chin on her shoulder, "we need to show the kids that we are on the same page."

Marissa gave a nod all impressed and turned around slowly to face him.

Damn. She had forgotten what she wanted to say when she caught him staring at her li ps, "Tonight let me take you on a dinner date,"

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107 107–Burnt Breakfast

He held her chin in between her finger and thumb.

Alex had told her that tomorrow she was planning to go with Gerard. He was jealous as hell but didn't want to spoil it for her. She was an adult and he wanted her to use her fre e will to come back to him.

Instead, he wanted to make the best of whatever she would offer him.

“Marissa,” he leaned closer to her and kissed the tip of her nose, “Will you allow me to make love to you someday?”

He asked her and she felt herself turning into a marshmallow.

Sophie’s voice echoed in her head, “When you two are in the room, you seem to undress each other with your eyes.”

Marissa swallowed hard and tried to laugh.

“Yes... Rafael... I’ll...” she cleared her throat, “I’ll allow you...”

“Mom! Something is burning!” Alex yelled from the living room. Marissa and Rafael jumped in fright when found themselves occupied in smoke. Thankfully it wasn’t too dense.

“Oh, brother,” Rafael whispered.

“Ouch!” Marissa forced a look of irritation to her face, “Rafael, you burnt my breakfast to a crisp!”

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108 108- New Woman

Nina Sinclair came out of her room all dolled up. This was her mantra to always be ready no matter what the occasion was.

Whether it was a birthday party, a wedding reception, a funeral, or it was just stay-at-home time. She always liked to stay up to date.

Her hair was perfectly styled, and her makeup was just right. She felt confident and ready to face the world. She reminded herself to pay a visit to her aesthetician for a Botox. Her face needed it. She hated lines on her face.

“Emily! My breakfast!” She called out to the house chef who must be in the kitchen to prepare her breakfast, “What’s taking you so long?” she screamed like a bratty kid.

She hated mismanagement and liked everything on time.

“Sorry for making you wait,” Nina who was scrolling her phone impatiently, looked up and was surprised to find Geena coming out of the kitchen.

Good, God! How can I forget about her when I was the one who brought her here?

"I'm sorry, Geena. I thought you were still sleeping," this was the only excuse Nina could use for her bad memory. Accepting her poor memory meant to tell the person that she was getting old.

She couldn't accept it when everyone around her kept telling her how good she looked with that perfect skin and glossy hair, "How was your night, Geena? Did you sleep comfortably?"

Geena bobbed her head and placed a plate of eggs in front of Nina.

"I had a good night, Nina, thank you," she also set the small container that had her morning pills.

"You made this?" Nina said after taking a spoon, but Geena had left her again. When she again emerged from the kitchen, she was carrying sautéed spinach, tomatoes, and mushrooms. There was a small bowl that had Chia pudding.

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108 108- New Woman

"No. Emily made all of it, but I just gave her some instructions," Nina smiled with a nod and didn't even bother to invite her secretary for breakfast.

Geena who was standing there, felt awkward. She shifted her weight from one foot to another, not sure what to do next.

"So, Nina. I think I should take my leave now," she said with a smile. All she wanted to do was escape from there.

Nina

barely glanced up from her phone while eating, "Umm. Hmm. Sure. Meet you in the office soon," she waved her index finger to say her goodbye absentmindedly.

Geena forced a polite smile, "B...but it's the weekend," Nina loved working on

weekends but never asked Geena to be accessible for her.

Though Geena always remained available on the phone. Nina Sinclair rarely depended on her secretary when it came to her passion. Her business.

She could work twenty-four—seven straight without batting an eye. Playing with all the garment stuff was her passion and was the only thing she used to take seriously.

Except for her obsession with an heir.

She now badly wanted a baby to continue Sinclair's name.

"For how long you have been working with me, Geena?" she asked the timid girl who seemed nervous now.

Ah! Nina hated nervous and timid girls. They always reminded her of Marissa who was also a coward.

"Ma'am. I've been working for the last three years. Why?" Geena was already disappointed at the lack of acknowledgment from her boss and now these silly questions...

"Why? Do you always want to live a comfortable life, residing in your cocoon, Geena? Don't you want to go ahead and achieve something that might be written in your fate?"

This alien talk was making Geena more nervous. She liked Nina but she hated riddles.

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108 108- New Woman

Why can't this Richie rich lady explain to me in simple words what she wants from me?

"I don't understand what you are trying to say, Nina?" She again forced a smile to her lips.

"Sit here!" Nina gestured for her to take another chair, "You are a very good girl, Geena. A hard-working one indeed. I have started thinking a lot about you. Something that can take you above and beyond and let you touch the skies. But it all depends on you. Are you ready to touch the skies, Geena?"

Geena who was feeling dumb nodded like a fool, "Y...yes! I... I would like that very much!"

No! I would like it more if you please be more specific in your instructions.

"Great. So now no question about weekends or weekdays. I'll teach you everything that is required to conquer this world."

“Conquer the world? Are we going on some war, Nina?” she asked her boss innocently.

This was the same lady who needed Geena last night to support her and open her heart to her. This morning, she was back to this kickass.

businesswoman.

“Maybe,” she replied vaguely, “Or maybe instead of sending you to war I want to train you to be a good daughter-in-law!” Nina said while taking the last bite of her eggs.

Geena thought she heard her wrong.

“Being a good what?”

“Nothing, silly. Just focus on your well-being and leave everything to me,” With that, Nina dismissed her with a wave of her hand.

When Geena got up from there, she wasn’t aware if she should have felt insulted because Nina didn’t offer her any breakfast, or a drink, or not even a coffee. Or she should feel honored because Nina was eyeing her for something important.

God! The first thing she needed to do was go out and eat something from

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108 108- New Woman

the first diner she would find on her way.

The old goat didn’t offer her anything.

No matter how heavy one’s bank account is one doesn’t have to spend much on communion courtesy. Right?

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On the other hand, after breakfast, Nina went to her room to take a look at

her emails. With the fashion week approaching everything was becoming chaos in her life.

With each passing minute, she was sure that Geena was the perfect candidate for being Rafael's next wife.

A blond who didn't have her own tongue.

She knew Geena didn't have her breakfast and a woman who didn't know how to express her concerns or how to demand her basic needs from her boss could never stand for her basic rights.

Nina thought with a smirk and then left a message to Valerie, "Rafael is getting married to someone. There is a new woman in his life. Interested to know who she is?"

With an evil smirk, she placed the phone aside and opened her laptop. The girl wasn't responding to her calls or messages, but she would definitely respond to this one.

Valerie wasn't a fool to let Rafael marry again.

Comment

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