

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 116-120

116 116- Nina's Entry In MSin

"Come here!" Nina asked Geena wiggling her index finger, "Tired?"

She examined Geena's face carefully. The girl who was planning to chill on the weekend by watching movies with the next-door guy who had a crush on her, was now putting two different colored cloth pieces together for Nina, to decide the perfect combination.

"Do you have a fever?" Nina asked Geena like a stern boss whose frail hands were shivering now. Since morning she couldn't eat anything after her light breakfast and was now starving to death. She shook her head trying to mask the frustration, "N...no, Nina. I'm fine."

Nina huffed glancing at the piece she was holding up, "You call this fine! Look at these colors. The combination is horrible. Where's your sense of style today?"

Geena wanted to remind the old bratty woman that she was her secretary, not her designer. She bit her lip, resisting the urge to snap back, "I'm sorry. I'll try to do better!"

Nina's eyes narrowed, "I don't need apologies, Geena. I want results. You are young and are expected to be more energetic than me, and now..." she gestured towards her body, "look at you. Who gets a pale face by an occasional weekend task?"

The poor girl picked up another swatch, holding it next to the original piece, "How about this

one?"

Nina made a pout, tilting her head, "Hmm. Better. But not perfect," she raised her eyes to look at the girl, "Where is your mind today?"

Geena rolled her eyes inwardly. She used to enjoy Nina's company but didn't know she could turn into a nasty prick on weekends.

"I'm focused, Nina. I just need a moment..."

"Moment?" Nina slapped her hand on her desk and got to her feet, "You need a moment when the deadline is approaching? Do you know, I'm paying you above the market rate? Nobody pays better than me and here you are telling me that you need a moment when all I want to do is take. you to the new heights!"

Like a fool, Geena nodded.

With an empty belly, she didn't want to understand those new heights. All she wanted to do was go to that new height right there and push Nina hard from that height.

Looking down, she frowned when sensed Nina walking towards her.

Just a few more minutes of this lecture then I'll grab something to eat. She thought to herself when her stomach started making rumbling sounds.

"Are you a virgin, Geena?" Nina's question caught Geena off guard. Instead of answering her, she kept looking at her boss's face.

Did she actually ask the question, or was she imagining it due to starvation mode?

I AL

1/3

116 116–Nam's Entry in MSin

touched her down there and she hissed near her face, "I asked you a simple question. Are you a

virgin?"

Geena thought she had turned into a block of ice. Nina's hand was still placed there. Right on. her va*gina.

She swallowed hard and made eye contact with her boss.

"Ver... I... I am... actually... this..." incoherent words left her mouth. But then she thought it was better not to speak anything and just nodded her head.

"Hmm. Good!" she took a sigh of relief when Nina's hand moved away, "You are a rare jewel and Rafael will definitely like it."

The skin between Geena's eyes knitted into several lines. What does Rafael Sinclair have to do with my vi*rginity? She thought to herself.

Poor girl didn't know there was another shock in store for her. Nina's hands moved to her small bo*obs and pressed them.

Geena felt someone had stolen her breath, leaving her gasping for air. Her boss was touching her without her consent.

She didn't know why she wanted to gag. Due to hunger or due to this sickly nonconsensual touching.

"Hmm. They are firm!" Nina remarked and then stepped back, "I'm sorry if you feel violated. But Sinclair's daughter-in-law should be perfect in every aspect."

Sinclair's daughter-in-law? Was Nina crazy?

"Nina... I..."

"You can go now!" Nina dismissed her with a careless wave of her hand, "Pack your bags. If you remember it was in your job description to travel along with your boss."

"Wh...where are we going?" she said with quite a difficulty.

A sudden smile broke on Nina's lips, "Kanderton. We are going to Kanderton, sweetie."

"But your upcoming fashion week..." Nina didn't let her continue and chuckled.

"That can wait, Geena. Right now, we need to take the first available flight to Kanderton. Go home and pack your bags. I'll let you know about the flight timings."

Geena silently turned around and left the room in a daze.

Nina rested her head against her seat.

She was Rafael's mother and knew there was something fishy going on in Kanderton. She needed to dig deep.

Her son lied to her that he was living in a hotel. She visited the MSin website of the Kanderton branch where there were supposed to be official contact numbers listed.

But the link wasn't opening. Every time it used to give the message that the link was under

maintenance or it was clown

116 116- Nina's Entry In MSin

She couldn't call an employee from here. Otherwise, an employee could easily give her an update if the woman was working for MSin Kanderton.

She needed to go and see for herself.

Who was this woman? Was she working in MSin?

Why was her kid calling Rafael, daddy?

If this woman was planning to take over MSin along with Rafael's heart then she was mistaken. Valerie was a fool who didn't focus enough on Rafael and let him go. This time Nina would train Geena in such a way that Rafael wouldn't be able to even look at any other woman.

A timid daughter-in-law meant that Nina could keep an eye on their every move.

I'll go to Kanderton, and I'll visit the MSin office. If that woman works there then I need to show her who the boss is.

She must have forgotten about her poverty, but I'll not only remind her, but I'll snub her for making my son a ladder to climb to a good social status.

No, baby girl!

Whoever you are. You are still a baby in this game.

Dear MSin Industries. The real owner is arriving to teach everyone a lesson. Let me meet all the employees. Kanderton City! Here I come and declare back what is rightfully mine.

Released on July 30, 2024

117 117- His Phone Number

Sophia was still fuming at Marissa and Rafael. The innocent angels just wanted their favorite brands of candies.

Why so much strictness on candies?

Yes, she knew she was not their mom. But she was their aunt. She might not be allowed to make decisions for them, but aunts were supposed to spoil their nephews and nieces.

She slapped on the steering wheel in frustration and looked ahead.

She was on her way to the superstore when spotted a convoy of trucks laden with the whitest wood planks and a few elegant pieces of white furniture, heading towards the way that led to White Palace.

"Shoot! Is it sold? No way!" She needed to tell this to Marissa and picked up her phone abruptly but then she reminded herself that she was mad at her friend. Those sweetest kids had gotten a loaded daddy, and he couldn't even buy them sweets.

Pathetic!

And why were they laughing secretly as if I was also a kid?

Without a second thought, she veered her car sharply onto a side road, following the trucks. She was very much interested to see what changes the new owners were making to it.

She and Marissa had spent almost five years in Kanderton, and this White Palace had been their favorite. During Marissa's pregnancy days, they used to come here a lot. Marissa used to look at it and tell her that one day she wanted to build a similar house for her kids.

There were so many memories with the White House, a house that stayed without an owner for

so many years.

After reaching the sight, she killed the engine and got out of the car. Today the giant gates of the palace were opened, and anyone could have a clear view of the lawns and gardens. A big garage was also there on the side of the property.

"What if I talk to the laborers and ask them to let me bring my friend for once? I can give Marissa

a tour of the house."

She walked ahead in a trance, looking around, when she spotted a handsome man amidst all the laborers who were trying to talk to him at once.

He was giving some instructions to the head laborer, making wild gestures with his hands. Dressed in a cream colored branded shirt and black dress pants, he was a distinguished looking man. His eyes were covered behind dark shades.

However, his movements halted midway when he found her standing there observing them.

"Yes?"

All the workers turned to look at her making her a little uneasy.

117 117-H Phone Number

He muttered something to those workers and then walked up to her, "Yes. It's sold."

He placed his hands in his pockets, "Why?"

"I... my family... we all like it so much... I just wanted to meet someone who is related to the owners, her eyes were darting around taking in the outdoor beauty of the house, and then went to his face, "Are you the owner?"

She couldn't maintain the smile when felt his eyes turning a little intense, "Sort of

She nodded and her mind started racing.

How to ask him if he is single or in a relationship? No doubt, he was a good looking man.

Think of it, Sophie. Think hard!

"Umm... I... I am a gynecologist..." she informed him, and he didn't say anything.

"I just wanted to tell you this... if... if you have a wife... a pregnant wife or a pregnant girlfriend. then I'll be very happy to help you"

A trace of smile touched his lips and a knowing look crossed his facial features.

"Nice try!" he whispered.

She couldn't even see his eyes and didn't know what their color was.

"Sorry? What did you say?"

"Nothing, ma'am. I'm single," at last he took off his shades and Wohoo!

Blue eyes.

"Oh, good to know, she reached out to hold his hand. He raised a brow and looked down at her hand that she quickly pulled back, "I mean if there is anyone... in your life... who you get pregnant... I'll be there... for you..."

Shit!

Goodness! What was the matter with her? Why was she stuttering so badly? Come on, Sophie!

You. Are. A damn. Doctor! Get a grip. She scolded herself.

She quickly tucked her hair strands behind her ear.

"I'm sorry. I think I should leave," She tried to act somberly and turned around to walk away.

Jerk! He could have asked for my contact number. Fine! I also don't want such lousy men in my

life.

She headed to her car when he called her from behind, "Ma'am?" Sophie smiled but didn't turn.

around.

"Yes?"

"Your phone...!" the moment he said the words she spun around trying to control the big shaky

grin.

"Yes. My phone number? I don't remember...

117 117- His Phone Number

He started shaking his head, this time with a small grin, "No, ma'am. Your phone. You have dropped it."

When she saw him in confusion, he came closer and knelt to pick up her phone..

"Oh," her mouth made a small O, "I didn't realize when..."

"It's ok," he said gently, "Let me walk you to your car."

"

Sophie didn't try to smile this time. Her car wasn't far away, it was just a few steps away.

Like a gentleman, he opened the car door for her, "May I know your name?" Sophia's heart

missed a beat.

"Sophie... Sophia..."

"So, Dr. Sophia. Can I invite you for coffee or dinner someday? And please I need your contact details too,"

Sophia this time chuckled shaking her head, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..." She wanted to tell him that she wasn't a despo.

He understood.

"I know," he held the door open as she settled into the car, "Safe travels."

Sophia rolled down the window after he closed the door, "Thanks, mister. By the way, who are.

you?"

"My friend purchased this property for his beloved wife," he replied with a warm smile, "I'm Joseph,"

"Nice meeting you, Mr. Joseph,"

With that Sophia gently moved the car forward and glanced in the rearview mirror.

Joseph was still standing there, their gazes met for a moment before she looked ahead again.

"Damn!" she cursed under her breath, "I forgot to take his phone number. Just die, Sophie!"

Released on July 30, 2024

118 118- Forgotten Date

+139

At night, the kids slumbered soundly when Aunt Sophie brought them more bags of candies. They were still mad at their parents who didn't listen to them but still claimed to love them.

Marissa was looking out of the living room window when two strong hands wrapped around her waist from behind. With a smile, she rested her head on the chest.

"What are you thinking?" She felt his lips on her neck but didn't turn around.

"That we should start a condom business," his body started shaking with mirth when he heard that. Marissa also shook her head in exasperation, "These kids!"

"Yeah. These kids," he turned her into his arms and kissed her forehead, "these kids and their

mom. Both are awesome.”

“Agree!” she said with a playful roll of her eyes, “But condoms are the best!” she remarked with a giggle, and he again started laughing.

“I can’t believe it. I sent them alone in that section because I wanted to give them freehand. They’ll sure discover much more once they grow up,”

She started teasing the garment of his t-shirt, “For example?”

“For example, once they are mature enough, I might ask them to visit MSin offices and get training. After all, they are the ones who have to take care of my business.”

He touched her hair strands twisting it around his finger. He meant to look down for a moment but then saw this little pout of her mouth which was partially opened, “Your lips...”

Marissa frowned and quickly wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, “Something there? Is it cleaned now?”

He swallowed and looked at those plumpy treats, “No. It’s still there. Let me clean it,” he said in a hoarse whisper and when she tried to speak, his lips were already tasting them.

Marissa’s hands were flat against his chest, and she was responding to the kiss with equal fervor.

Whenever he was around, she could feel the dampness between her legs but today she was feeling much more than just that delicious wetness.

“Marissa!” he leaned his forehead against hers not aware what to speak. These sudden alien feelings were too much to handle.

He didn’t want to give her the impression that he was taking advantage of the situation. When he would come close to her that wouldn’t be without her consent.

Her body might be willing to do it now, but he would never be able to bear it if she would regret

it later.

“Why such a short kiss?” she asked him, panting.

“Sorry?” He pulled back with a frown, “what did you say?”

118 118 Forgotten Date

"I said the kiss was short, dummy!" Rafael chuckled and held her face.

"We are becoming confident. Aren't we?" he captured her lips again first softly and then bit her lower lip a little

"Umm," she moaned in his mouth and moved closer to him until her vagina wanted to grind into his crotch.

His mind must have registered it because his hand automatically moved to her hip, holding it possessively and pulling her more to him.

it

"Rafael..." she tried to speak his name only to realize that his tongue was in her mouth as a result an animalistic sound released out of her throat.

Their eyes were still closed when someone started clapping close to them..

"Bravo! After making their girls upset, parents are celebrating!" Sophia wasn't looking at them, but they didn't miss her red blotchy face after witnessing their intimate kissing.

"God!" Rafael pulled Marissa's head to him with a chuckle, "Aunt Sophie! We love you!"

Taken aback, Sophia eyed Rafael thinking he must have lost his mind. He finally let go of Marissa after kissing her cheek and walked up to Sophie.

"A woman who is so caring towards my kids, he held her hands, "I wish she finds the best in this world," he said sincerely.

"L... L... ah thank you..." Sophie said shyly, "Before drift off to sleep, the girls were again complaining about..."

"Oh, Sophie, Rafael pinched her nose, "they were after condoms."

"Yeah. As a father you should have... they were after what? her jaw was hung open and she turned to Marissa who was trying to suppress her smile with a nod.

"He is right! And don't ask us how we felt when the cashier informed us that we were buying four hundred plus of that stuff in every fu*cking flavor!"

Covering her mouth, Sophia started laughing like crazy.

"Oh, God! My babies wanted condoms? Seriously?"

“Thankfully that guy didn’t ask for our contact numbers, they usually want that for promotional stuff...” Rafael said and that reminded Sophie about Joseph.

“Yeah. I also forgot to ask someone’s contact number,” she mumbled the complaint. Rafael, who was standing close by tapped her head with his finger.

“What are you muttering, girl.”

“Nothing!” Sophie gave him an over-brightened smile and looked at Marissa, “remember the White Palace that we loved a lot?”

When Marissa nodded, Sophie smiled sadly.

“It’s sold. I saw workers there, making some transformations to the property.”

118 118

118 118- Forgotten Date

Rafael slowly started moving away as if avoiding this conversation.

“I don’t know, Mar. I just hope to God those changes are not too big”

Sophie was dying to talk to Marissa about that dude. She was waiting to be alone with her. Though now she shared a good relationship with Rafael but that was still not enough to share with him how attracted she felt to a man.

Rafael went to a chair to sit on it and started scrolling his phone.

“He is staying here more,” Sophie bumped her shoulder to Marissa’s, “What is going on between you two?” Sophia wiggled her brows making her chuckle.

“Nothing is going on. It’s the weekend and he wants to spend his maximum time with kids,”

“Yeah yeah...” Sophie rolled her eyes with a fake yawn, “I know how close he is getting to kids... and you too,” she again bumped their shoulders.

“Stop it!” Marissa stole a glance towards Rafael while whispering to Sophie, “he might hear us.”

Marissa was about to smack her arm when heard the doorbell.

Sophia went to get the door and Marissa’s gaze moved to Rafael who raised his face to look at her. For a moment their eyes met, and he winked before that same killer grin appeared on his

face.

He didn't get busy on the phone anymore and placed his hand dramatically on his chest over his

heart.

Marissa couldn't believe it. The rudest man on earth who was also the CEO of a multinational

was acting like a teenager.

The spell was broken by Sophie, "Marissa. It's Gerard. He says he is here to pick you up for the d/or date.

Ouch.

Marissa had completely forgotten about the date.

Released on July 30, 2024

119 119—Sophie Was Right

With shivering hands, Kate opened her email and there it was. The contact details of Nina Sinclair. The person Jake22 seemed like a genuine guy.

"Thank you so much," She typed the message to him.

1

Just this morning, she transferred some funds to his account and now instead of running away like others, he provided her with all the necessary details.

"Thank you Jake22," She edited the email and sent it to him.

This person had provided her with details about Nina, her house where she was currently residing in Sangua, and her office.

When should I call her? Now? Or later?

Maybe instead of talking to her, she should first confirm if it was the genuine number. She had watched a few interviews of Nina Sinclair on the internet.

After punching the required numbers on her phone, she waited. A voice came through the phone. This voice matched with the voice she had heard in the interviews.

“Hello! Who is this...” the voice asked her and then it seemed to talk to someone else in the room, “Geena. Please be a sweetheart and bring me some coffee,” then her voice appeared more focused, “Hey. Why have you called me if you are not interested in talking, motherfu*cker...”

Oops!

Kate quickly disconnected the phone, her hand was placed on her chest trying to control her speeding heartbeat.

There was another mail from Jake22 on her laptop screen.

“Better don’t call her from your personal number if you want to stay safe.”

What! Kate didn’t think of it before.

“Either call her from a PCO or your office where you work.”

Jake22 sounded smart.

How about I call Nina from the office and tell her about Marissa and her illegitimate grandkids?

Ha-ha.

She thought with amusement.

In this way, no one would ever be able to catch her. Or she could become smarter by placing the call from Marissa or Dean’s official phones.

How about that?

Kate felt giddiness in her belly. The feeling that soon she would be a rich brat and could keep everyone around her on their toes.

The first thing I’ll do after getting rich... will be to discard Amir!

could find was just some leftover crumbs.

Oh, man. This means I again must walk to that bakery!

Standing up, she put on a jacket and went out. Thankfully, Amir wasn’t home, and it felt good.

Just let me go to the office on Monday and then everyone’s life will be changed forever.

Just one phone call to Nina and another to Valerie. Jake22 had promised to provide her with Valerie's details too.

Nina and Valerie! I love you both. See you soon! Ha-ha.

"I... I'm sorry... I forgot!" Marissa said placing her palm on her forehead. She didn't want to look behind as she could feel his eyes on her.

"Are you serious?" Sophie glanced at Rafael who had gotten busy with his phone but the nerve in his jaw had started ticking, "You are going on a date with him when your husband is home and..." Sophia hissed.

"I'm sorry. Ok?" Marissa looked over her shoulder, "Rafael. It was an honest mistake."

Rafael didn't speak and shrugged not bothering to answer her.

"Sophie. Ask Gerard to wait for five minutes. I'll be ready in a jiffy," She held Sophie's shoulders and then dashed inside her room.

Yes, she felt bad for Rafael, but she should have called Gerard and said no. Now sending him away just like that didn't look nice.

With supersonic speed, she opened her wardrobe and got hold of the first thing she could get her hands on.

It was a red dress somewhat a vibrant shade of crimson. She went to the bathroom and came

out wearing it with her hair tied in a bun.

After applying minimal makeup, she took one look at herself in the mirror and left the room. Rafael was still occupied with his phone. Her own phone had started ringing.

It was Gerard. She typed a message for him,

"I'm sorry for this. Just give me two more minutes."

His reply was quick, "Take your time!" with a smiling emoji.

Exhaling a long breath she went to Rafael, "Rafael... I... I'm sorry," Rafael looked up and found her standing there looking breathtaking in that red dress. The dress hugged her curves in all the right places.

The sleeveless showcased her not so toned arms, while the V-neckline added a touch of elegance yet not overly revealing.

“Fu*ck!” he cursed under his breath and stood up.

119 119—Sophie Was Right

for me and...”

“Yeah. I know. He was there for you,” surprisingly the edge in his voice was missing, “and I wasn’t. I get that, Marissa.”

He held her hands in his warm ones, “I must be the first husband who is sending his wife on a date. Dammit!” he tried to make the light of it with a chuckle, “and let me tell you this.””

His hand brushed away the single droplet from her cheek, “Now stop spoiling your makeup,” he warned softly.

This time Marissa let out a teary chuckle. Sophie who was standing close by, witnessed it all in

awe.

Their chemistry. Their bond.

When she was a practicing doctor, she used to meet couples who used to be either madly in love, or shared a friendly relationship, or were poles apart.

But this kind of couple was rare. They both were fools not to realize that they were made for each other.

However, Sophie wasn’t planning to tell them this. Let them figure it out..

She saw when Rafael reached behind Marissa’s head and took out the elastic band that had her hair secured in a bun. The black locks fell on her shoulders covering her back, “You look more beautiful with your hair down,” he whispered.

Take some burn, you two! Sophia thought smiling to herself, take your own sweet time but don’t forget to come back to each other.

“What are you happy about?” she straightened and looked around only to find Marissa gone and Rafael staring at her with a raised eyebrow.

“She.... She has gone...” Sophie asked like a silly school kid.

“Yes. She has gone,” he smiled sadly, “but don’t worry. She will come back to me if it’s bound to happen.”

He remarked ruffling her hair with affection. Sophia saw him picking up his jacket.

“You are leaving?”

“Yeah. My kidneys and liver are sleeping, and my heart is out on a date with a guy,” He laughed. at his own joke, but it didn’t have humor in it.

Sophie wanted to cry when Rafael walked out of that door.

You both are fools and need to open your eyes. Otherwise, someone else might take advantage of

Released on July 30, 2024

120 120- Super Girl

Sophie was still feeling bad for Rafael. She understood Marissa’s point of view too. Gerard might be an uptight man, but he was there when Marissa wanted to promote her small cooking business. He even bucked her up and encouraged her to hire help.

The man managed to find cooking orders from his office to support Marissa.

But this strange pang of sadness due to Rafael was too much for her. It almost made her feel

empty.

Not knowing, what to do with her time, she wandered aimlessly around her apartment. The only way to distract herself was to make herself some popcorn and watch a movie.

After a few minutes, the buttery aroma was filling up the kitchen. Humming to herself, she brought the big bowl of popcorn and switched on the TV

While settling herself on the couch, she flipped through the channels to find something worth watching.

Out of nowhere the image of Joseph popped into her mind.

I wish I had taken his phone number. I am a noob!

She told herself and closed her eyes resting her head back. However, she groaned when she heard the doorbell.

“Urgh. Why every time I have to get that damn door!” she muttered to herself and reached the door while stomping her feet on the floor, “You?”

Nothing had prepared her to see Rafael standing at the door.

"You are back!" Frowning in confusion she regarded him, who was holding a six-pack of beer and an assortment of some crisps and snacks.

"What are you doing here?" her brows knitted together in surprise not realizing that she was asking him silly questions instead of letting him in.

He gave her a lopsided grin and shrugged, "Why?" he then didn't wait for her to give the way and walked past her, their shoulders brushing slightly, "Relax. I was just away to buy these"

"Watching movie? Eh?" he asked glancing at the TV screen, "That too a romantic one?" she saw him taking most of the space on the couch until he decided to make some room for her.

"Yes. Was just about to start," he started arranging all the snacks on the coffee table, "I also made popcorn," she showed him the popcorn bowl.

"Perfect!" he took out two beer bottles from the pack and picked up the rest of the package, "I better put it in the fridge."

Sophie was looking at his face for some sign of sadness or if he was still upset.

"Stop scrutinizing my face. I know I'm gorgeous!" he said taking back his place on the couch beside her.

120 120—Super Girl

She rolled her eyes and increased the volume. The movie hero was saying some sweet words to the female lead and all Sophie wanted to do was pull her hair.

And the worst thing? The name of the lead character was also Joseph.

"More beer?" Rafael asked her when her eyes were glued to the screen.

"Huh?"

"I asked you if you want more beer..." Sophie looked at her hand that was holding the empty beer bottle, she had finished in just a few chugs.

"Yes, please," she nodded absentmindedly and looked back at the screen where the man on the screen was kissing the female senselessly.

"Sophie!" she jerked straight when found him standing there offering the bottle. But the next thing he did was pick up the remote and switch off the TV.

“Hey!” she protested and tried to snatch the remote control from his hand.

“What!” he quickly took it out of her reach, “You aren’t watching it anyway.”

“What do you mean?” she snapped.

“Your mind is not on the movie, Sophie. Tell me what it is,” He demanded but she just picked up the popcorn bowl and started filling her fist transferring everything to her mouth like a starved dog.

“Switch on the movie, Rafael. She asked him, pushing more popcorn into her mouth. She observed him with the corner of her eye and turned to him, “Switch it back, Rafael Sinclair.”

“Tell you what. This movie is depressing me!” he said, and she realized he must also be going through tough time.

“How about...” he leaned forward a little, mischief evident in his eyes, “we do something more

fun!”

“And what is that?” her curiosity was piqued now.

“How about a match? Where are your consoles, girl? Go get them!”

Her eyes snapped to his face, with shock etching her features, “Mario Kart?”

Rafael shook his head, “Something more challenging,” he thought for a moment, “Do you have Call of Duty installed?” he asked hopefully, and she whooped in excitement,

“Hell, yes. Marissa usually loses that game... just like others,” She quickly got hold of her remote to find the installed games in her smart TV

“Uh? Does Marissa lose? Try to beat me at it, girl!” Rafael retorted while raising a challenging eyebrow at her.

“Whoa!” Sophie smirked, “Well. Challenge accepted, boy!”

After a few minutes, they had almost forgotten their sadness. The game was loading, and they

They quickly selected their characters and game mode.

“Ready to lose?” Rafael taunted her playfully, glancing at her.

“In your dreams!” she shot back, her eyes fixed on the screen.

A few minutes into the game, Rafael knew Sophia wasn’t an amateur. She was handling everything like a pro. The way she was navigating through the map and then took cover and kept eliminating enemies, he was super impressed.

“Nice shot!” he exclaimed as she scored a headshot, “But that’s not enough to win, girl!”

“Oh, stop worrying about me, boy!” she replied, taking down another enemy, “Just focus on keeping up.”

The game had intensified so much that they had completely forgotten about their half-finished beer bottles and snack packs.

At one point, Rafael thought that he was losing it to her. And for some odd reason, he didn’t find it offensive.

“What? Scared of losing to a girl?” she teased him, and he chuckled.

“Not at all, super girl! You are one hell of a gamer. Who made you a gynecologist?” Sophie didn’t want to answer that as she was too engrossed in the game, but she had to admire the man who was not only playing but was also able to carry the conversation so effortlessly.