

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 136-140

Released on August 9, 2024

136 136- Home Wrecker

They were in the parking lot of MSin which was only reserved for Rafael and Joseph with the private elevator. Co

"You made me late," she said glancing at him. After getting done with his seat belt, he leaned over to unbuckle hers.

"Nopes. I didn't. It was Sophie. She drove slowly to reach the hotel," Marissa stretched her lips. into a forced smile knowing full well that he was jesting with her.

"Are you serious? It was your laptop, Rafael. Not Sophie,"

Holding her face, he bumped their noses, "Why not take away the blame from Sophie and my laptop and pin it on something else."

Marissa was already getting conscious of his closeness, "And who will you pin it on?" she cocked up a brow, "Will it be a person or a thing?"

He cleared his throat and got serious. But Marissa had already seen that mischievous glint in his emerald green eyes, "I would like to pin it on the blow job!" he said.

A puny punch landed on his shoulder, "Jerk!"

She turned around to unlock the door, "Hey. I'll wait for you," she heard him behind her and

froze.

Chewing her lower lip, she looked back over her shoulder, "Dean might kill me. I was supposed to be here earlier than usual."

His arms enveloped her, drawing her to him, "And why Dean would kill you?"

This was his no-nonsense tone and those green orbs flashed iciness while roaming on her face. She tried to shrug it off with a chuckle, "Because I'm late.

"Even if you are late, Marissa. So what? Nobody can dictate to you or get mad at you," he said. looking into her eyes, "got that?"

She wanted to ask the reason. Why couldn't Dean or Joseph say anything? Rafael was making her feel as if she was the owner there.

He was still looking at her. She cupped his cheek and nodded at him with a soft smile, "Got that!"

He gently tilted his head into her hand and kissed it.

She was feeling giddiness while walking to the office. The feeling that Rafael was waiting for her in the parking lot was giving her butterflies in her tummy.

"Hello!" she announced her presence when found Dean and Delinda sliding small cartons in the hallway.

"Hey!" Dean hugged her and whispered, "Any idea why our boss thinks that we have snakes?*

136 136—Home Wrecker

Because I told him.

"I wish I could explain this," she then eyed Delinda who was asking the workers to shift the food

cartons to the truck.

Like always she didn't arrive to greet her or hug her.

"Hey, Del," Marissa walked over to her friend, "How is George?" she asked about her boy praying mentally that he was alright.

"He is good, Delinda shifted her focus to the man who was packing the stuff and taping it.

"I'm sorry for being late, Delinda. Sophie... my friend... she took me for coffee..."

Dean who was standing behind her, placed his hand on her shoulder, "Don't worry. I have packed most of your stuff."

Marissa felt guilty. It wasn't Dean's job.

"My apologies again... I'll be more careful in the future."

"That's not a problem, Marissa," the laborers were sliding the cartons outside the hallway and Marissa could see uniformed men who must be here for fumigation, setting the chemical packages and containers.

Marissa noticed Delinda struggling with the heavy paper bags and immediately went over to take them from her, "Let me do that, Del. Move back.

But Delinda almost snatched it from her grip quite harshly, "No thanks," she said in a clipped

voice.

Even Dean seemed surprised at her rude tone. When his eyes met Marissa's, he just shrugged in

confusion.

What went wrong?

Why is Del treating me like this?

Is she in trouble?

Is it about her baby?

"Del!" she called her name, but Delinda didn't even bother to look at her.

"Did I do something wrong? Did I hurt you?" she asked and tried grasping her friend's wrist.

Delinda gently freed h and and shook her head, "No. You didn't."

"Del. I'm just worried..."

"No need to get worried for me, Marissa. Excuse me.... I have got a job to do..."
Delinda walked away with a firm face.

Marissa felt hurt. Shouldn't Delinda confide in her? As a friend shouldn't she tell her about the

issue?

After that Marissa got busy with work. She kept instructing the workers after labeling the
cartons

136 138- Home Wrecker

They needed to get it done quickly so that fumigation could be started.

She took out the phone from her purse when heard the ringtone.

Rafael.

With a smile, she moved to a private corner and spoke, "Yes?"

His impatient voice reached her ears, "How long will it take? I'm waiting."

She smiled and eyed the other corner where Dean was busy, but Delinda was looking at her not trying to break the eye contact this time. Marissa shuddered when she realized what it was in

her eyes.

Hatred.

"I'll be down soon," Rafael cracked a joke about a blow job, and she couldn't even laugh.

"Thank you, ladies. Now you two should leave," Dean said good-naturedly.

Marissa lifted herself on her toes and kissed his check, "You are a sweetheart: Dean wasn't prepared for the kiss and gave her a sheepish smile.

"Uh... thanks,"

She came out of the building with Delinda behind her. She spun around to face her, once they were out. Rafael was waiting for her in the private parking but here she needed to talk to her.

"Now let's talk like adults, Del. What did I do?"

Delinda who was looking at her, smirked, "You did nothing. You are too innocent to do anything bad."

"Come on, Delinda. This isn't the time to be sarcastic. What happened?" She demanded.

"I was there in the superstore two days back!" she snapped.

"Superstore? Two days back?" Marissa wasn't understanding anything.

"Yeah. When your girls bought condom packs. I was enjoying it until... until I saw Mr. Rafael Sinclair..."

Marissa's head started reeling,

“And don’t you dare say it wasn’t you? I’m not blind, Marissa. For how long it’s been going?”

“Delinda... I... I can explain.

“Explain? Explain what ow you became a home breaker? When his wife is back home waiting for him, he is with you and taking your kids’ responsibility? I misjudged you, Marissa.”

“Th... this... Isn’t fair...” Marissa tried her best not to cry, “You aren’t even allowing me to offer any explanations”

“There is no explanation for cheating, Marissa. Now I understand...why he was giving you these huge favors in office. Kate was so right. How wrong I thought of her. Delinda closed her eyes and shook her head, “She was right all along. Now I understand how you got that position.”

16:57

136 136- Home Wrecker

“Delinda. I thought we were friends,” she whispered.

“Not anymore. I can never be friends with a home wrecker, Marissa. Don’t you ever try to talk to

me.”

Released on August 9, 2024

137 137- She Was Wrong

Rafael glanced at the passenger seat where she was seated and was extremely quiet. She was in a good mood earlier when they came to the office.

He was waiting for her in the parking lot when he received her call, “I’m standing outside the building. Can you come and pick me up?”

“On it, princess,” when she was getting in the car, her friend was standing there at some distance waiting for her car.

It had hardly taken her thirty minutes to come out of the building.

“Are you

worried about something?" He asked her, keeping his eyes ahead on the road. The traffic was slowly increasing due to the office timings.

When she didn't reply, he threw a concerned glance at her. She was still looking outside the window. Rafael didn't fail to notice that her shoulders seemed tensed.

"Marissa!" he called her name, and she still didn't move. He reached over and held her hand lying on her lap and squeezed it.

"Hey!"

Marissa almost jumped in her place and twisted in her seat to face him.

"Yes?" there was a wildness in her eyes like she was too busy in thinking something deep and someone woke her up.

"I'm sorry. Didn't mean to scare you," he pulled his hand to place it back on the steering wheel. "It's OK. You were saying something?" he saw her pulling the elastic band from her hair and giving her hair a hard shake until the locks fell over her shoulders.

"What are you thinking?"

"Nothing," she tried to smile, "just something related to work," She kept fixing her hair to tie it again into a messy bun.

Rafael didn't seem convinced. The smile didn't reach her eyes like it used to.

"Why did

you send Sophie upstairs?" she tried to change the topic in an attempt to move his focus to something else other than her.

"Oh, that..." he smiled, "Joseph stayed last night in the hotel penthouse. I just wanted them to meet," he turned his face to look at her and found confusion there, "she met him when she visited White Palace and... I somewhat knew that the man was Joseph..."

"Great!" she folded her arms on her chest and gave him a tightlipped smile, "And here I thought that maybe... you are interested in spending time with me."

The last part was said in such a low whisper that Rafael thought he heard her wrong.

"Sorry?"

"Nothing Forget it" she was again looking out of the window

137 137- She Was Wrong!

Rafael pulled in a long breath. For once he was tempted to park the car aside and ask her what the issue was. Was she mad at him?

But she might take it the wrong way.

“Marissa!”

“Hmm?”

“Did something happen at the office?”

“Hmm?”

“1. Asked. Did. Something. Happened. At. The. Office.”

He spoke every word very slowly, with great patience..

“Nothing happened at the office, she stated and got busy with sightseeing.

Rafael wasn't liking this silence. What was the problem?

“Do you want to stay somewhere for a while and have coffee?” he tried to talk to her, but she just shook her head.

“No. Already had it with Sophie, the smile was again a forced one. Not the genuine one, “Plus we need to reach there on time. Sophie is planning to go out of Kanderton City to visit Flint's sister. Flint will also accompany her.

Rafael nodded thoughtfully, “When will they return? Evening? Late night?” she could detect concern in his voice.

“They are planning to stay there for two to three days,”

“Woah. Hold it there. And you'll be all alone, Marissa? How will you and the kids stay...”

“Rafael, please,” she raised her hand, “Sophie and Flint deserve this trip. They have been taking care of the kids for the longest time. In fact, I was the one to encourage them to take it.”

Rafael pursed his lips and nodded in understanding, “That makes sense.”

Delinda.

He got quiet after that, but Marissa's mind stayed on the words uttered by

Delinda was such a sweet soul and when Marissa helped her it was a genuine gesture without any selfishness involved.

Being a friend, shouldn't she have come to her and asked her.

Just a few days back Delinda told her that she knew she had kids, but she would respect her boundaries, and today....

"There is no explanation for cheating, Marissa. Now I understand...why he was giving you these huge favors in office. Kate was so right. How wrong I thought of her. She was right all along. Now I understand how you got that position."

"Delinda. I thought we were friends,"

"Not anymore. I can never be friends with a home wrecker, Marissa. Don't you ever try to talk to

137 137 She Wire Wrong!

Marissa felt a wave of disappointment washing over her.

She wished she could stop Sophie from leaving the city and was aware that just one word from her and Sophie and Flint would cancel this trip. But Marissa didn't want to be self-centered.

All she needed was a shoulder to cry on. Nothing much. Sophie could be the best option. But with her gone, she might request Rafael to take care of the kids and then she could stay back at home and cry her heart out with her face in the pillow.

Yes. That made sense.

She needed to cry. She needed to mourn the loss of a genuine friend. A friend whose words were enough to hurt her deeply. In the future, she might not be able to trust someone so easily.

Right now, her strength should be used to stop herself from crying. To not let those tears slide down her face that were fighting to come out of her lids.

Because once this man would see tears in her eyes, he would never let her leave the hotel.

She could feel his glances now and then and was scared of those damn tears. He had felt something was wrong and it made her more sensitive.

How could he sense her every need, her every emotion, her every urge?

She squeezed her eyes when the car entered the parking area of the hotel. Trying to forget everything about Delinda, she tried to smile and found Rafael calling someone.

“Who are you calling?”

“Just sending a message to Joseph,” he said placing the phone back in his pocket, “so that he can send down Sophia.”

“Thanks for the pick and drop, she took him by surprise when held his hand without any warning.

His eyes were staring hard at her face like an X-ray machine.

She saw the elevator doors opening and found Sophie coming out of it with a big grin on her face.

“Whatever it is, Marissa. I want to hear it,” Rafael told her. He must have seen Sophia who was heading to them.

“Excuse me?” she asked him in confusion.

“We both know you are upset about something, Marissa. I want to give you space and time... but not at the cost of your mental health. Whatever it is. Share it and get done.”

He then managed a fake smile and got out of the car teasing Sophie about something.

When Sophie took the driving seat, he closed the door for her and then stepped back. “Bye!” So

her.

Sophie rolled down the window and waved. He waved back and then looked straight at

“Better do it before midnight, Marissa,” he called out and Sophie frowned. Her eyes were darting

137 137—She Was Wrong

“Better do what?”

“An official report!” he told Sophie, his eyes not leaving hers. Marissa had gotten the message. He wanted her to share it with him before midnight. It was somewhat of a threat.

But what would he do?

“Nothing!”

She answered herself with a sarcastic smirk, “You can do nothing

Rafael Sinclair.”

Oh, boy. How wrong she was.

Released on August 9, 2024

138 138- Wives

Valerie was ready to conquer the world. All dressed up, looking pretty, she twisted around, showing it off to Ethan.

“You look beautiful. I’m sure they all will be blinded by your beauty.”

“Thanks, love.” She kissed his cheek and turned back to look into the mirror.

He eyed her through the mirror and placed his hands on her shoulders, “You look quite confident this morning. No more scared of Nina Sinclair?”

Valerie who was fixing her makeup, stopped mid-way, “I wasn’t scared of her. Just angry,” She kept fixing her face using a beauty blender, “It’s just that... she will never say mean stuff about me, in front of Rafael.”

“And why do you think that?”

“Because making me look bad in his eyes means... Rafael will come to know her reality too. I might get divorced and go away to avoid his hatred. But Nina as a mom? She would never be able to go anywhere. Plus, her social circle in Sangua is very dear to her. So, no. I’m pretty confident about it.”

“Well! That makes sense. He smiled, “should we go?”

She nodded and picked up her purse, “Here I come MSin.”

Last night, she prepared the speech that she was supposed to give to all the employees of MSin. She wanted to see their facial expressions when they would learn that she was Mr.

Sinclair. Enjoying her husband’s wealth was one thing but the thought of enjoying that power was too much to bear.

Valerie stepped out of the cab along with Ethan and looked up at the tall building of MSin.

“Good God! It’s more splendid than the Sangua one,” she told no one in particular. She wasn’t expecting such a posh structure in Kanderton.

Well done, Rafael. I’m impressed. She praised her husband silently.

Ethan wanted to hold!... hand, but she quickly freed it from his grip and spoke through her clenched teeth, “Ethan. Not publicly.”

He got the message and stepped back to follow her instead of walking beside her.

“Just remember, Ethan,” she said while walking, “I’ll be needing you here at every step. And will introduce you to everyone as my lawyer. In this way, they all will think twice instead of double—crossing me...” she sighed, “including Nina.”

Ethan nodded, his face almost expressionless, “Sure. I’ll be there, baby. Just like a shadow!” he pulled down his dark shades to the bridge of his nose and winked making her chuckle.

As they approached the entrance, a uniformed guard stepped forward, blocking their path,

1/3

118 138- Wives

It was quite insulting for her. Her eyes narrowed to look at the tall man, “Do you even know who I am? Because once you know, I’m sure you will be fired straightaway from this place.”

He didn’t seem the least bit offended by the threat, “Sure ma’am. Go ahead. But you are not allowed to step inside.”

How dare he?

For God’s sake, she was not a random person. She was the President’s wife.

“What is your name, mister,” Valerie narrowed her eyes to look at his badge and read his name, “Mr. Fredrick ...” She looked up to make eye contact, “Do you know the president?”

The smile on her face vanished when he shook his head not much impressed, “There are two entrances to this building. My duty is usually here on this gate.”

“Which one is it? I mean which entrance is used by the president?”

*Im

not bound to tell you, ma'am. And please. Don't come close to the door otherwise, I can call the police and p you behind bars."

"Behind bars!" Valerie was fuming, "Ethan?"

"Yes, babe... I mean Valerie. Ms. Valerie... sure..." he then turned to the guard, "I'm a lawyer. This lady is the wife of your president."

Guard's brows furrowed, "Mr. Sinclair?"

"No! President of the United States of America," Ethan snapped, "Seriously? Are you crazy? I demand you to let us pass right this minute otherwise it will be your ass landed in jail."

The guard was again back to his poker face, "I can't allow anyone. MSin is off. All the employees. were informed in a generic text message. If you are President's wife, then how come no one bothered to inform you about it."

Valerie was taken by surprise, "It's off? But why?"

"They carried out fumigation today."

"Fumigation?" Valerie thought she heard wrong and turned back to look at Ethan. He nodded in

confirmation.

"Yes. Fumigation. Someone saw snakes here, so the staff was given an off and they had to carry it out today!"

The color drained from Valerie's face, "Snakes! Are you serious?"

This time the guard didn't bother to answer her.

Just then another familiar voice reached Valerie's ears, "What is going on here?" Valerie closed her eyes and chewed her lower lip. Her mother-in-law was here.

"Move aside. I need to get in," she asked Valerie in a booming voice. Valerie quickly followed her order and gestured for her to go ahead.

"Yes, please. Go inside and don't come back without spending hours!"

"Ma'am. As I said I can't allow you to enter here," The guard's patience was running out.

"Do you even know who I am?" Nina Sinclair screeched in frustration. She wasn't even looking at

Valerie.

"Yes, ma'am. I know," the guard nodded, "You must be the wife of the president."

Nina's face turned pale. She shot a warning glare to the guard,

"Are you in your senses? Who appointed you here? I'll personally make sure that you get fired," Valerie tried to stifle her laughter. Even the feeble girl from last night who was with Nina, was trying to hide her amusement.

"Ma'am. Don't you ladies have anything better to do?" the poor man seemed annoyed, "They just got done with the fumigation and here you two are..."

He started wiggling his head in annoyance. However, the small audience looked up when a small team of uniformed men came out of the glass doors wearing overalls, followed by a young man. Dean pulled off his face mask and fixed his glasses.

He raised a brow and turned to the guard, "Who are these people?"

Before Valerie could explain to him, the guard said, "These are the wives of the president of the United States of America."

Released on August 9, 2024

139 139- No Rules, No Dictation

"What happened to you?" Sophie who was singing along with Jenifer Lopez lowered the volume of the car stereo system and asked her.

She had been so happy after leaving that hotel that she was either talking about Joseph or singing loudly during the drive.

"Nothing! Why?"

Sophie looked at her anxiously, "You are not yourself. Did Rafael say something?"

"No! He said nothing,"

"We always sang this song together and today you seem miles away as if you can't hear the singer or me... Did you even listen to what I said about Joseph?" Marissa felt guilty.

Her friend was very close to finding her happiness and she didn't want to make it about herself. All these years it had been about her pain, her kids, her husband, her sister, her heart... and her fate.

And Sophie not only listened to her quite patiently but kept counseling her.

Today she deserved the same enthusiasm from Marissa.

"I was just thinking" Marissa brought a playful tinge to her voice.

"Thinking? And what is that?"

"Joseph told you about the location of his house. Are you planning to do it there or should I book a room in the same hotel so that you two can bang each other and... ouch!"

She screamed with fake pain when Sophie smacked her thigh, "Brat!" she spat but Marissa could see the glow on her face

"So, what do you think? Do your vibes match?" she asked her friend curiously.

Sophie gave her a shy smile and shrugged, "I don't know. We talked about History and then the

topic switched to our professions. We both have been alone for most of our lives..."

"I wasn't asking for these vibes, silly!" Marissa rolled her eyes and huffed loudly.

"Then what vibes we are talking about here?"

"Se*xual vibes, dork!" she touched her tongue tip to her upper lip to show some kinkiness.

Sophie's hand again lifted to slap her leg, but this time Marissa quickly moved to the door and started giggling.

"Did you two kiss?" another silly question from Marissa.

"Marissa! What has gotten into you?"

"Come on. Tell me, dude. Did you?" she whooped when found Sophie's cheeks blushing, "You did! Oh my God!"

"Well!" Sophie slowed the car when they neared the house. "Nobody ever told me that a kiss

130 130—No Rules, No Dictation

could be so ecstatic!"

Yes. She was happy for her friend.

Yes. She felt lucky she had Sophie in her life.

Yes. She didn't need any negative Delinda in her life.

Yes. She didn't want to give a damn about that fake friend.

But why did it hurt so much?

What will they all do once they learn about Rafael and me? Will all of them start hating me?

Oh, God please, no.

She hugged Flint before he got inside the car.

"Take care of yourself, Mar, he said from the passenger window.

"Instead of staying here alone go to the penthouse and enjoy the room service," Sophie whispered while hugging her.

She didn't want Marissa to spend any minute here without kids or Rafael.

"Yeah. We'll see!"

She waved them goodbye and got back to an empty house.

"Gosh! This doesn't feel the same house anymore."

She told herself standing in the lounge.

Instead of going anywhere, she ordered several tubs of ice cream and planned to stay in her PJs.

The plan was to watch her favorite movies. After that, if she would need the feel to cry then her pillow would be easily available.

She spent her time in the shower and then wearing a robe and tying a towel around her hair like a turban, she was out of the bathroom.

The first flavor she selected was caramel crunch. She opened the tub and started eating it directly with the spoon.

After switching on the TV, she kept switching the channels until settling for a movie. She had to detach her eyes from the screen when she got a message on her phone.

“Gerard?”

“Interested in having dinner?”

Nah! Not at all.

She decided to type a decent reply, “Sorry, Gerard. Tonight, I’m busy.”

Watching a movie, jerk!

She typed more, “Busy discussing some office work online with a colleague.”

139 139- No Rules, No Dictation

Now let me eat my ice cream in peace, Gerard. She pleaded with him silently.

“This is way past your office time, Mar. If you want, you can join me late.”

“I don’t think my work will be finished by then, G. I’ll let you know if it does.”

“My date ditched me at the last minute so if you change your mind come and join me in the Blue Nightclub.”

Whoa. So, the guy was inviting her because his date ditched him? Great! Thanks, Delinda you were super helpful for killing my morale.

She went back to the movie and tried finishing that ice cream tub.

“I’m not going anywhere. I’m happy with my ice cream, movie, and PJs. Just what Sophie and I prefer.”

The romantic movie ended, and she wanted to break the TV screen. Such type of love only happens in movies. Not in real life.

This time she opted for an action movie and a dark chocolate–flavored

“Perfect!” she wanted to pat her back for taking Delinda’s shit so well.

She hissed when heard the message tone of her phone.

Oh, please, Gerard. Enjoy the night club and stop messaging me.

With a pout, she fished for her phone that was lying under the cushion.

Ice cream i

The message was not from Gerard but from the man she was least expecting.

“You still have got time to tell me about what happened today.”

Oh, brother. She rolled her eyes. Why can't he let it go? She was a big girl and could handle her

life well.

She frowned when another message popped up, “Just remember. Midnight.”

She checked the time. Two hours were there to Midnight.

“Fine.”

She quickly got up to get ready. She needed to leave the house and stay out past midnight. Maybe Gerard was right when he offered her to join him.

She wasn't in the mood to share anything with Rafael. Being a crybaby will never let her achieve

anything.

By any chance if Rafael would get to know what Delinda did to her, he might fire her at once.

No! She would fight. But on her terms. Rafael wouldn't decide the rules for her, nor he would dictate them to her.

Released on August 9, 2024

140 140- She Is Mine!

Marissa could sense lingering gazes from the men around her when she stepped into the nightclub. The grey shimmery dress she was wearing was catching the light with her every move. It was hardly covering her thighs, but Marissa wanted to take advantage of the chance when the kids were staying with their father.

Though Sophie and Flint kept encouraging her to unwind, she never went with it.

She scanned her surroundings and found Gerard sitting at the bar.

“Hey,” she greeted, sidling up next to him.

“Woah! Look at you!” His eyes lightened up, “You look beautiful. As always!”

Marissa laughed. Tonight, she felt different. Her black hair was down and was just secured from the front, "I know. Now you can keep your flattery to yourself, G." she then looked at his glass, "What are you drinking?"

"A wh

"A whiskey. Want one?"

Marissa nodded and then checked her phone. She was sure that Rafael would try to contact her

when wouldn't find her at home.

She switched it to silent mode and placed it back in her purse.

With a grin, she accepted the drink, Gerard handed her and took a sip. She observed her glass. A strong drink after ages!

"More!" she slammed the glass on the counter and yelled at the bartender.

The music was loud, and Marissa started tapping her foot with the beat. She didn't know how many glasses she had but why bother?

She eyed the dance floor which was a sea of bodies.

So much crowd on a weekday. Are all of them having fumigation at their workplace? She thought.

with amusement.

"G! Let's dance!" she suggested and then started pulling him towards the dance floor. He didn't resist and followed her eagerly.

Once they were there, their bodies started moving in sync. Marissa felt like a free soul whose worries were melting away with each dance step.

At least for the time being she stopped thinking about Rafael and kept dancing. She joked and flirted with the other guys around her.

For one crazy moment, she wanted to call Delinda and tell her that she was dancing and flirting with men and a few of them might be married.

With a shake of her head, she threw Delinda out of her head.

She wanted to feel alive and for that, there wasn't any need to remember the dead relationship.

While mowiner with the rhythm a man in his fortice caught her eve. He was standing at the ador

140 140—She Is Mine!

of the dance floor, his eyes were fixed on her.

His gaze was too intense, and he was giving her an uncomfortable vibe.

Urgh. This is unsettling. Why can't he let me enjoy?

She held Gerard's collar who was dancing with her and drew him closer to whisper in his ear, "Who's that creep?"

Gerard saw her nod in the man's direction and glanced over with a frown, "Ignore him. Such weirdos are always found in the nightclubs. You just enjoy your time."

Yeah. He is right. I already have enough problems in life. No need to add more to my plate. She tried to brush it off but the odd feeling that she was being watched and was on someone's radar. She couldn't shake it off.

She tried hard to throw herself into the music and resumed her dancing and laughing.

But every time she would glance around, the man was still there, his eyes following her like a

hawk.

At one point, her dancing became so intense that she stumbled slightly. Her vision started swimming and she had to lean on Gerard for support, "I think I drank too much," she giggled.

"Let's get you back to the bar," he led her back and made her sit.

"G! I think I need water," Gerard nodded and was talking to the bartender when a couple moved. closer to them. Their excitement and panting were the telltale signs that they were coming from

the dance floor.

"Why are you here, Gerard?" the man asked him, "Come back. The party just started, then the couple saw how she was holding his sleeve.

"Who is she?" the girl asked him.

“She is a friend of mine. I invited her after getting dumped by my date, Gerard explained and gave the glass of water to Marissa.

Marissa had gotten the idea that they were Gerard’s friends.

The girl didn’t even smile at Marissa as if she wasn’t there at all, “She doesn’t look much used to coming here. Now come back. She isn’t a baby and can take care of herself, she then gave a fake smile to Marissa, “won’t you, honey?”

Marissa gave a subtle push to Gerard, “You go ahead. She is right. I’m not a baby”

“Are you sure?” she nodded with a smile and saw him going to the floor with his friends. She had reached late so there weren’t any introductions made.

She took a few sips from her glass but now the taste of water felt bland. She should have taken it easy and not get so drunk.

She would ask Gerard to drop her back home—must be planning to stay here all night but still, as a friend, she could push him to do it for her.

Just then she felt a hand on her shoulder She turned and found herself face to face with the

140 140- She Is Mine!

man who had been staring at her from a distance.

“Hey beautiful,” he said in a drunk voice, “Are you having a good time?”

For some reason, Marissa’s skin crawled at his touch, “Uh, yeah,” she tried to keep her tone light,

“I am...”

here

She tried to remind herself that she wasn’t alone and this man would never dare to harm her among so many people.

“Maybe we both should dance together on that dance floor and set that stage on fire?” he suggested stepping closer and Marissa felt her heart racing in her chest.

“I’m... I’m sorry... but... I don’t think ... we...” She looked around and then watched the dance floor where she got a glimpse of Gerard.

She grabbed her purse and tried to stand to get to him when the man held her upper arm in a tight grip.

“Do you know who I am?” he whispered and even in this perfectly air-conditioned room, Marissa felt sweat tickling down her forehead..

His hand moved down and rested on her thigh, “I’m a rich guy who is here for a two-day trip. Stay with me and I’ll make sure to shower my love on you.”

Marissa gave him a quivering smile and nodded at him, “Really?”

He nodded looking into her eyes.

“Th...that’s great. Where do you want to do it? Here or bathroom?” the man seemed to get excited at the offer. He licked his lower lip and glanced around.

“A piece like you deserves privacy. Let’s go to the bathroom,” during all this his grip had loosened. It was a golden chance, so she used it and pushed him with all her might.

Maybe she was drunk. Or maybe her mind was blacked out.

In sheer panic, instead of making a run for the dance floor, she dashed for the exit.

The room was spinning before her eyes, but she wanted to get out of here.

The moment she was out, she took deep breaths in the cool air and held her reeling head. Her first impulse was to take her phone out and call Rafael.

Yes. He’ll pick me up without delay.

Everything was swaying before her eyes. How would she make the call if she won’t be able to make sense of the screen?

With shaking hands, she took out her phone and wanted to switch it on when someone pushed her back a little brutally making her drop the phone.

“Where were you running, beautiful? You meaty treat! Now stop resisting me and come to that

140 140—She Is Mine!

Gulping hard, Marissa took a step back, but he moved closer quite abruptly, his breath was hot, “Come on, darling. Don’t be shy. Don’t you want a good time with me?” he kissed her ear lobe and Marissa felt nauseated by the unwanted touch.

“L–Leave me a–alone... p–please,” what on earth was she thinking when she decided to leave home without informing anyone? Nobody knew where she was except... except Gerard.

Oh, God! Why didn't I go to him? Has he even realized that I'm not there anymore?

Even if she had called him, he would never hear the phone ring due to loud music.

She felt the man's hand touching her arm, “There is nothing to think about. I promise, I'll make it memorable,” he was whispering meaningless words. His speech wasn't slurred which meant he wasn't as drunk as her.

He grabbed her from behind and kissed her neck.

Marissa started struggling to free herself, looking around in the deserted street. Her skin was crawling at his touch.

“Help!” she let out a trembling scream that had fear in it because the man was now holding her long locks tightly in his fist. His other hand, held her jaw to kiss it when a punch landed on his face. The creep let Marissa go and held his nose with a scream.

Gerard? She thought.

“How dare you touch her?” Marissa froze when heard the familiar iciness in Rafael Sinclair's voice. Her abuser had also gone still when the same commanding voice cut through the air with a snarl, “How dare you lay your hand on her? She is mine!”