

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Chapter 141-143

Released on August 9, 2024

141 141- Her Knight In Shining Armor

“How dare you lay your hand on her? She is mine!”

Marissa saw him going after the man who was trying to run away but then stumbled. The poor fellow wasn't expecting an interference when he was threatening Marissa.

Rafael made him stand holding his shirt quite brutally and punched him on his nose. This time it was bleeding.

Marissa was standing there almost shivering. The face of that man wasn't visible anymore but the red color on his face could be seen.

He was grunting in pain and wanted to throw some profanities in Rafael's direction when a well-built man approached them and held him by the neck quite easily to throw him against the

wall.

Just then Marissa realized that they were no longer alone. Two well suited men who must have come out directly from a Bond movie were also there.

“Don't forget to batter his face, Rafael told the men, “And chop off his hand.”

Marissa gasped at the order.

The man who was trying to touch her and was too confident a few minutes back was now pleading, “I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Please let me go, Mister. I didn't know she was your woman.”

Marissa wanted to tell him that she wasn't anyone's woman, but his wailing was so loud that her ears were ringing.

“Sir, please forgive me. This won't happen again. I'm a guest here. Please let me go. I swear I will never set foot in Kanderton again.”

Marissa saw Rafael coming her way unbuttoning his shirt.

What is he doing?

He took it off and helped her putting it on.

Crap! It reached lower than her dress. She looked down at the shirt that was surpassing the hem of her dress. The shirt also covered her bare arms.

Rafael's arms were enveloping her in his warm embrace.

"You alright?" he held her chin and regarded her face. Maybe looking for some injury.

Marissa who was feeling like her body was swimming through the air, at once leaned into him.

She raised her face and found him still looking down at her, "Can you take me out of here, Rafael?"

"You can go and sit in the car. I'm not leaving the place without meeting a friend, Marissa found

it odd.

Meeting a friend? She thought he was here to save her. Whatever! At least she was safe.

141 141- Her Knight in Shining Armor

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He snapped his fingers to signal a suited man, "Take her to the car and make her sit. I need to

hi. get inside the club and say

"Ca...can you... take me? To the car?" she asked him and found him looking at her face again.

"Sure, princess, he kissed her forehead and helped her walk towards the car. However, his grip tightened when her steps faltered.

Cursing under his breath, he got down to scoop her up and carried her to the car.

Once she was settled in the back seat, he buckled the seat belt around her and a cocky grin crossed his face, "I'll be back in a minute.

His face was so close to her that even in her drunken state she could see every facial feature so

clearly.

"The only thing that's not swimming before my eyes," she told him with a giggle, "is your face." This time again he didn't speak but just watched her face for a few minutes.

His eyes. They lacked the usual laughter that used to be there for her.

She asked him in concern, "Are you mad at me?"

"That I can answer, once I return," he said in a low murmur. Marissa could only nod and then wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Meet your friend tomorrow," she said, "Stay here," She felt his body becoming a rock against her, but his touch remained gentle.

"That won't take time," he said softly in her ear and kissed her cheek, "I promise."

Seeing him shirtless in her room was one thing but letting him go like that in the swarm of

women was another.

She quickly took off his shirt.

"What are you doing?" this time his voice had a tinge of irritability.

"Wear that, Rafael!" she ordered him, "This is too revealing!"

"Oh yeah? Look who is talking," with a chuckle he closed the door. She could still detect the smile on his face through the window.

"What's so funny?"

True to his words, he joined her in the back seat after a few minutes. The Bond movie men were sitting in front, and one of them was driving the car.

Marissa whose cheek was leaning against the window, quickly moved towards Rafael after unclipping the seat belt and leaned into his body.

"Let's call it a night!" she said and then yawned loudly closing her eyes, "I'm so tired." But then her eyes were wide in surprise.

"Rafael! Kids!"

141 141- Her Knight In Shining Armor

"They are safe," he tightened his grip around her, "They are still in the hotel. Obviously, I wouldn't come to meet you without having them looked after by someone I trust."

“Who is with them?”

“Joseph.”

“Oh. Ok” All satisfied after investigating him like a police officer, she again rested her face against his chest.

He smelled amazing.

“Thank you,” her eyes went wide when she heard him.

Horrified, she raised her head and looked into his eyes which had amusement in them.

“Did I say that out loud?” and he simply nodded.

“Don’t tell me!” she hid her face in his chest and moved her ass a little closer to him. She gasped loudly when his hand reached below her thighs and lifted her up to make her sit on his lap.

“Don’t worry. I’m trying to make things easier for you. Now keep smelling me as much as you

want.”

Marissa could feel the blush crawling from her neck to her earlobe.

“How you got here?”

“I have got my resources,” he said with a careless shrug, and she slapped his shoulder.

Her arms went around his waist, her face was under his chin and her nose was poking in his chest. He didn’t seem to mind any of it.

He was her knight in shining armor.

142 142–When Rafael

Released on August 9, 2024

142 142- When Rafael Sinclair Makes Love

“Maybe you can show me how to love... oh ooo...” she started singing as soon as she got down from the car.

“Marissa, wait!” she didn’t even give him a chance to open the door for her.

"I can open my Goddamn door. Hehe..." she twirled and then tried to shake her ass, "Maybe you can show me how to love, maybe... I'm going through with drawls... maybe you can show me..." She stumbled a little and was about to fall when two strong arms were at once around her waist. "Dear, old Rafael. Always on time. Like a superhero!" she was so loud that Rafael was sure the neighborhood could hear her announcement.

"Give me your purse, honey," he spread his palm in front of her eyes. Marissa who was leaning into his hard body scrunched her nose.

"My purse? No! Go get your own money. Haha. It's mine," she was in stitches.

"Marissa!" Rafael rolled his eyes, "I need the door keys. Now come on, sweetie."

"Sweetie! Did you call me sweetie? Nobody ever called me sweetie, Rafael!" her eyes welled up. She wanted to cry but then stopped and frowned to herself, "I think I'm forgetting something."

"Forgetting what?" he demanded.

"I don't remember what I'm forgetting, silly. Ha-ha."

Gritting his teeth, Rafael tried to take her purse, but she pulled it away, tightening her grip, "No. It's useless for you anyway. It's a lady's purse. Or are you planning to present it to your dear wife? Ha-ha. Again, she found it funny.

Rafael managed to get hold of her purse and started fishing for the keys.

"Tell me, Rafael, her voice was barely above a whisper, "Will you give my purse to her?
To

Valerie?"

"And why would I do that?" he was having problem with the contents inside it. Everything could be seen there except the damn pair of keys.

"Because you love your wi... Right?"

"Dammit, Marissa. She isn't my wife, out of frustration he flipped her purse and emptied the contents on the concrete trail outside the entrance door.

There it was.

He looked over his shoulder where the suited men were standing, "Place everything
back in

there."

He leaned over to scoop her up in his arms and started walking to the door.

"You are asking him to place everything back, she made a pout, "Flash news, Rafael. Not

1/4

142 142- When Rafael Sincla

Sinclair Makes Love

everything could be placed back now.""

He quietly opened the door and got inside.

"Put me down," she stifled her nose, "I still don't remember what I'm forgetting She made a pout, "I want to cry, she then glared at him, "I said put me down!"

"Not here," he managed to switch on the lights and walked to her room.

"So, what was I saying?" she thought hard.

"To put you down," he tried to twist the handle of the door.

"Nah! Before that,"

"Not everything could be placed back, he reminded her and then placed her gently on the bed.

"Yeah. Not everything can be placed back... and you can't place me back. And no one can't place

me back too."

She was chattering like a toddler not realizing about the sentence formation or the grammar.

"But I just did," he gestured towards her bed and moved ahead to take off her sandals.

"N-no. I'm not talking about this bed, silly, she hiccupped, "Oh look at this room. It's also spinning," her voice dropped to a whisper, "Rafael. Are you sure it's not an earthquake?"

He tossed her sandals aside and started pressing her feet.

“Who asked you to gulp down so much alcohol? Your system isn’t used to it, princess,” his voice remained soft while talking to her.

“Yeah. But I dressed like this after such a long time. How do I look?” she spread her arms on both sides and asked him in an over-excited voice.

“Beautiful. As usual,” he got up to look for her night dress and then drew a t-shirt from her wardrobe, “let me help you in changing this dress.”

She hurriedly folded her arms in front of her chest, “I can’t. I don’t want you to look at these... fatty...” With one hand she held her boob and pressed it with a pout, “Don’t you think they should be a bit smaller?”

She asked him innocently and this time he bit back a smile, “They are perfect.”

“Are they?” she looked at his face closely, “Even better than Valeric?”

Rafael got a little uneasy with the discussion.

“Little Greene. Come on. Let me help you. I promise I won’t look at you,” He said and held the hem of her dress, “now lift your hips a little so that I can lift it up.”

At first, she didn’t move and then placed her hands on his shoulders to lift herself up. Rafael wanted to laugh. He wasn’t expecting her to hold him for this task. She could easily do it by placing her palms on the bed.

As a result, she was in a very awkward position. Using both hands, he pulled the dress up to her waist, trying to ignore that she wasn’t wearing shorts but a pair of skimpy panties,

142 142–Whon Rafael Sinclair Makes Love

“Hell!” he shifted his focus to her face, she was yawning now and then..

“See! Just to avoid that discussion you ran to the nightclub. And that fool. He couldn’t even keep you safe”

“Gerard didn’t know that this man could do something like this,” Rafael didn’t like it when she tried to defend that man even when she was this tipsy, “by now he must be getting worried

about me.”

“Worried? My ass!” he reached behind her to pull her zipper down. When she leaned ahead, she found his shirt opened from the front.

“Your muscles... I always loved them...” Her finger started trailing on his chest.

“Stop teasing me, Little Greene., let me do my job.”

“Job!” her eyes snapped up, “and what is it?”

“To keep you safe!” he slowly lifted her dress above her head.

Damn!

He didn't want to look at her. Just a few days back he already teased her for seeing his body when he was blind while he didn't know what she looked like.

Yes. His hands knew her every body part. They knew how she felt. He had touched her everywhere.

“Rafael!”

“Hmm?” he unhooked her bra and took it off. This was proving to be the biggest test of his life.

“What? Don't you like me? Look at me!” before he could say something, she held his face and

turned it to her.

Their eyes met and she could see fire in those eyes.

“Don't you like me?” she repeated her question.

With a hint of mischievous glint, without breaking the eye contact, he picked up her t-shirt and started pulling it over her head.

“No matter how much I like you, princess,” he helped her with the sleeves and then let the t-shirt fall, covering her body. He then bent a little to get closer to her mouth, “Whenever I'll make love to you. That will be with your consent. Not when you won't be able to enjoy it.”

“B...but I will enjoy it now too,” Her eyes and voice showed desperation.

He shook his head and kissed her nose tip, “Yes. You will. But you won't remember any of it in the morning. When Rafael Sinclair makes love to his wife, his voice had dropped to a whisper, “he'll make sure that she remembers every detail the next morning.”

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143 143- They Are Back, Rafael!

"I don't believe you," Marissa's eyes again got misty.

Rafael cupped her cheek. "Why? Why can't you believe me, Marissa?"

He then shook his head. She wasn't in her senses and no matter what, he could never convince her for anything in this state.

She sobbed glancing down on her lap, "Marissa," he held her tightly, "Why are you crying?" He kissed her wet cheek.

"M-may be because... I'm upset."

"And why are you upset?"

"B...because...because... I still don't remember what I'm forgetting," she quit crying and closed

her eyes.

"This is something important and I..." she clutched her t-shirt in her fist that raised a little reminding Rafael that she was still wearing those panties.

He was on his feet abruptly making her look up at him.

"Where are you going?" She held his shirt's corner.

"I'll be back in a minute," he said kissing her cheek.

"No. Stay here. No need to go anywhere."

"Marissa!" he sat back on the bed and tried to free his shirt from her fist, "God. You are a

dinosaur when drunk," He gave up when she didn't leave his shirt and took it off instead.

Marissa watched his body in fascination, "You are going again?"

"I'll go to the bathroom, take a shower, and be back in a minute till then..." he stopped when her jaw hung open.

"Now I remember. I remember everything," she chuckled and tried to get up, "I need to pee. Oh, God. I really need to.... Rafael, help."

Rafael again bent down and carried her to the bathroom.

He had turned his back towards her to give her some privacy.

“Are you done?” he asked her.

“Umm hmm,

“Should I turn around?” he inquired again.

“Umm hmm,”

He turned to face her but found her still sitting on the seat.

“Marissa!” he watched her in confusion, “You... want to take longer?”

17

143 143- They Are Back Halaell

“Nah! It’s just that... I need to get up and pull on the panties,” She giggled, and he smirked looking at her.

“Let me help you, he held her waist again and when she got to her feet holding the counter, he pulled her panties up.

“All set! Now come on,” he said after helping her in washing hands. This time she raised her hands like a baby asking him silently to lift her.

When he carried her back to the bed, her eyes kept wandering on his face.

“I never knew this side of yours,” she placed her finger on his cheek. Rafael was aware of what she was talking about.

For two years, she kept taking care of him while in return he couldn’t do the same for her. He still missed those days.

She had been a wholesome company to him. The meaningful conversations he had with her were ones, he could never have had with anyone else except Joseph.

“You know what?” she whispered, “You should go after your happiness, Rafael. Why get stuck with a lady just because of the kids? You deserve better.”

Rafael spread the quilt over her and kissed her forehead, “I’ll be back just like that,” he clicked his fingers, “And no. I’m not in your life JUST because of the kids Marissa. I wish I knew how to make you believe me or trust me. But kids aren’t the only reason.”

He moved back the black hair lock away from her face and tucked it behind her ear, "You should go to sleep," he kissed her lips and went to the bathroom.

With a big smile on her face, she laid back. That smile widened when heard the shower sound

from the bathroom.

His presence brought happiness. The room where Rafael used to be, got filled with laughter and

joy.

He was a natural talker and could be brutal when he wanted to be. Except with her.

Once she would be somber enough, she would visit a dietician to shed some weight. She wanted to feel sexy in his presence.

When he came out, the smile on her face vanished and was taken place by a look of astonishment. He looked so handsome with that towel around his waist that hung too low.

She cleared her throat. For some reason, she had started feeling hot.

"Rafael!" her mouth moved but no voice came out of it because it had gone dry. The water droplets on his chest were running down and were getting absorbed in the towel.

She swiped her tongue on her lips and swallowed hard, "Your body..."

He was running his fingers through his wet hair when she pointed to his chest. He looked down and then frowned, "what happened to my body?"

"It's... it's..." she stuttered badly, "Why you didn't dry it? My carpet can get wet!" her voice wasn't

143 143- They Are Back, Rafael!

His eyes sparkled with mirth, "There is no carpet in your room, love.

Her eyes kept following him like a predator who was keeping tabs on his target.

"Yes. I know," she retorted, "now look. You'll wet the floor and... one can slip... anyone can slip... I can slip... or you can slip... our kids... they can slip too."

She got quiet when saw him joining her on the bed under the quilt.

“Oh God! It’s too hot!” before he could say anything she quickly reached behind her and pulled

off her t–shirt.

“Marissa!” Rafael’s eyes bulged out in shock, “Stop!”

She was no longer listening to him. After getting rid of the t–shirt, she lifted her hips and took off her pantics, throwing them on the floor.

She sighed with a smile, “This feels nice!”

With a resigned sigh, he nodded and placed the quilt on her body. But then he couldn’t move when she glued herself to him.

“Mar! Honey! Little Greene!” he was trying hard to control the bulge in his towel.

Using all his strength, he pushed her a little and then wrapped the quilt around her, before taking her in his arms.

She was smiling widely like a silly ape, looking at the ceiling, “Go to sleep, Marissa,” he told her tiredly. It was the best for both of them.

“Tell you what. I’m not sleepy anymore.”

“Hmm,” he kissed her forehead, “then tell me what you saw that night?”

“Which night?”

“The previous one when you canceled our date. I know it was a nightmare,” she went rigid in her arms and then started crying silently.

“Th...they are back... Rafael...” she hiccupped.

“They?” his brows knitted, “Who?”

Her black eyes raised to meet his, “Valerie and Nina!”

No data found.