

162- Dear Son

It wouldn't be a sensible move to tell Rafael about his mom. He would never trust her, " Rafael... what if...I mean the security of our kids... like the house..." "I assure you, little Greene," he pinched her chin and raised her face, " Once we make the announcement, they' ll have twenty- four hours bodyguards around them. Just think of it. More space, better opportunities, better security, and then our presence," he tucked back a stray hair behind her ear, "I can't stay at Sophie's place, Marissa. It's a small house and it's not fair to Flint to jam- pack his house. I know he was there for you, all this time. And I want to do the same to him and Sophie. If you can convince them, ask them to move with us. I don't have a problem with it." Marissa's jaw dropped at his words. He was ready to move her friends to his house. For her?

But then another thought crossed her mind, " What if your mom and wife want to move in there?" Rafael's facial features went hard, " This is the last time you are calling that woman, my wife, Marissa." Marissa was a little surprised by this stiff tone. He always talked to her too politely.

"I'm..." she cleared her throat, "I'm sorry." He sighed and then his hand held the nape of her neck to keep her close, " No.I'm sorry. I got upset the moment I got Joseph's messages," And then he remembered something, and his eyes turned into thin slits, " And now don't tell me you are again planning to ditch my dinner date plan." She thought for a moment and smiled," No. I don't." " Good!" he kissed her cheek, " Then let's go home. Meet our kids. Tuck them to bed and have a nice cozy dinner." She grinned at the mention of home," Hotel room. Not home." " No silly," this time he gave a hard kiss on her lips, " Home is where you and kids are. And right now, that hotel room is my home." Marissa got up and saw him walking to the attached bathroom with tear- filled eyes.

He called her, his home. She was his home.

Was it a dream?

Why was he making her feel like she mattered to him? Not as the mother of his kids. But as an individual woman.

Why was he doing that to her?

Valerie tried to hold back her yawn. Nina was busy on a business call, and she was switching channels with a bored face while stuffing her mouth with crisps.

She picked up her phone and thought to send a message to Ethan. With Nina around, they needed to be super careful. She didn't want to lose the chance that was offered by fate or Nina.

After seeing Marissa in that office, she couldn't afford to walk away from Rafael.

Never!W

He still belongs to me.

" Ethan. If you are back at the hotel, please stay in your room and don't try to enter mine. We can be caught. You don't know Nina. She is a cunning bitch." She hit the SEND button and was about to place it back when it started ringing. She frowned when saw a contact number that wasn't saved in her phone.

Who might it be?

She saw Nina laughing at something and got up to head towards the balcony attached to the room. After taking the call, she looked over her shoulder and then said hello in a hushed tone.

" Hello. Is this Ms. Valerie?" It was a woman's voice.

Valerie responded with a frown, " Yes. Speaking." " Miss. You might not know me. I'm Delinda. I work in MSin as a contract chef." "Y- yes, Delinda. Why are you calling me?" " Ms. Valerie. Y- you are his lawfully wedded wife. Right? You are Mr. Rafael Sinclair's wife..." Valerie chuckled and shook her head vigorously to toss her hair, " Yes. I'm his lawfully wedded wife. But why are you asking this Ms..." " " Delinda," she reminded her, " it's Delinda, ma' am." " Ah! Delinda," Valerie's heart told her that she was an important caller and wanted to tell her something crucial.

" Ma' am. I just thought that it's my moral duty to inform you that...I think ... there is something going on between Mr. Sinclair and.... Ms. Aaron." Valerie thought like she had forgotten how to breathe, " Ms. Delinda. Can you be more specific?" The woman on the side cleared her throat, " Mrs. Sinclair. I think she is taking advantage of your husband. As a wife, you need to take matters into your own hands. She used to be my friend but not anymore. I don't befriend with home wreckers." Oh! This is good. Valerie thought happily.

" This is so responsible of you to tell me this. I'm so much obliged to you, Ms. Delinda." " Oh, please, don't mention!" she said, and Valerie could detect a smile in her voice," You just need to keep an eye here, Ms. Sinclair. I... I have seen them ... doing..." Valerie thought she could have a heart failure, " Yes? What did you see them doing?" " This evening... h- he just came to the office and ... he held her hands as if.... As if we weren't there... like we didn't exist in that room. I swear, Mrs. Sinclair. You can ask anyone. There are more witnesses to this." Valerie chewed her upper lip with full force. So, her doubts weren't wrong. He did get involved with her younger sister.

What was Marissa even thinking?

" Thank you, Delinda. Thank you for informing me in time. I' ll see what I can do for myself," Valerie tried to inject a note of sadness into her voice.

" If you need any help. Just let me know, Mrs. Sinclair." Every time she called her Mrs. Sinclair, Valerie felt like she already owned MSin Industries.

" Sure, Delinda. Thank you. Bye!" Valerie said hanging up the phone. Her mind was racing with all the possibilities.*w w w . n o v e l W o (r) m . c o M*

" What are you doing here?" she spun around when she heard her mother- in- law's voice, " Who were you talking to?" Nina came closer, " You look pale, Valerie." Valerie moved forward and held Nina's hands, " Rafael... he came back to the office, Nina." " Rubbish! Dean told me he was busy in an important meeting and usually didn't come back after attending them. Plus, he had a site visit scheduled. Rafael never cancels his business appointments." Valerie smiled sadly, " But this time he did," she rolled her lips in between her teeth, " This time he not only canceled an appointment but also came back to meet her..." Nina couldn't say anything when she saw Valerie crying. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.^(w)

Dear son! What has gotten into you?

Business was always the most important to you. Then what's different this time?