

## Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets Chapter 31

### 31 31- Familiar voice

They all turned around together only to find a man hugging his friend who might have met after a long time.

“Come on, guys. Elevator!” Marissa said with an easygoing smile.

“The guard will stop us,” Kate mumbled but Marissa kept walking until the elevator doors opened and the guard stepped aside to let them in.

When the doors got closed, all of them let out a long and heavy sigh.

“He is the same guard who tried stopping me, last time. What happened today?” Kate complained and Shang Chi responded to her, “Magic!” he moved his hand in the air, “Magic happened!”

They all laughed, and this time Kate had to join them.

When they stepped out, Dean was talking to someone when he found them chatting to each other in a friendly way.

“You all look happy!” he came near them.

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### 31 31–Familiar voice

“Yeah,” Marissa placed her purse on the nearby desk, “Anybody can get happy if you stop him by the reception for long hours.”

Though it was exaggerated, but it did work like a charm for bringing it to Dean’s notice.

“They all still stopping you?” he walked to the reception area of the VIP floor, “Don’t worry. I’ll see what I can do about it. You people go that room.”

They all obeyed him like school kids and went inside the said room only to find several other people seated.

“Who are they?” Delinda whispered. They all looked at the seats. The front two rows were empty, and a few

back rows were still not filled.

There was a board displayed with the front row that said, “reserved.”

“Do we have to go to the back seats?” Shang Chi remarked while running his gaze across the room, “Let’s go folks.”

They were going for the back seats when a uniformed guard removed the reserved board and invited them to sit in the front row.

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31 31–Familiar voice

They all passed a confusing look to each other and then started settling in those seats.

“Strange,” Delinda held the armrests and trailed her hands on the velvet finish material, “Were they reserved for us? They are treating us like a VIP.”

The woman seemed impressed.

If this was some kind of meeting, then Marissa wasn’t informed about it.

Moments later, the door opened, and Joseph walked in with a friendly smile. He walked straight to his spot on the stage.

“Good morning, everyone,” he began, “I hope you all are doing well. Today you are invited officially to make you aware that you all are part of the team that will be responsible for carrying out the event. The special thing about this event is not our President or the guests across the globe...” he trailed off with a chuckle, “Well! That is also one of the reasons... but the main

reason is to hire all home-based business owners and

give them a chance to showcase their work in front of the big business divas. Once you catch the eye, the world will be yours to rule!”

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Posted by **AdminH**, ? Views, Released on July 4, 2024

handsome amount in her account along with all the people related to the MSin event.

That was when she decided to bring the kids and Sophia to this high-end restaurant. She invited Flint too, but he was getting ready for a date and apologized .

Ariel ordered a kiddie burger while Alexander was still skeptical about what to eat. Marissa and Sophia were wildly chatting to each other in between their menu confirmations to the waiter.

They had chosen to dine on the rooftop and Abigail wanted to stand close to the banister to look down.

“Mommy. May I go?” she was repeatedly insisting that her mom listen to her plea.

“Mom!” Alexander raised his eyes from the menu card, “Why don’t you send her to that part where they have installed a safety net? I can see other kids too.”

Marissa gave a confused look to her daughter when Ariel raised her hand, “I can accompany her.”

With a long sigh, Marissa nodded, “Just don’t get out of my sight.”

Both the girls wanted to run excitedly when Ariel reminded Abi that she should not run and be careful.

“Will I ever be able to run?” Abi asked Ariel when they reached the net. All the happiness and excitement of looking down from this height was dying down slowly.

Like other kids, she wanted to run and jump and enjoy

her life.

“Why not, silly! You will!” Ariel held her hand and pointed down, “Now just look at the cars down there and tell me. Don’t they look like Alex’s dinky cars?”

Abi giggled and little Ariel took a sigh of relief. She was aware of how sensitive her little sister was.

“And look at that truck! It’s also too small!” Abigail

## 34 34—My Daughters

laughed while showing it to Ariel.

“You two should move aside. I need this space!” they both turned when heard a familiar voice.

Robert, who used to bully them in the park and always tried his best not to let them take the slides was also there. He wanted his favorite spot again.

“Can you quit bullying for once and let my sister enjoy?” Ariel asked him in annoyance while Abi’s eyes were on something else. She wasn’t paying much attention to the argument.

“Abi. Don’t leave your spot. Ok? Let me bring Alex and he will teach him a lesson,” Ariel said looking boldly into the boy’s eyes.

“Ariel. I need to tell you something,” Abi whispered in her sister’s ear.

Ariel knew her sister was a softie and could be intimidated quite easily.

“But you can’t leave the spot, Abi. No need to be scared of him. When I’m with you,” She was talking to Abigail, but her eyes were on the bully boy.

This time Abigail pinched her arm lightly to get her

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## 34 34- My Daughters

attention and whispered again, “Ariel. You really need to see this. Forget Robert. We can fight him later,” she started pulling

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for Robert, and he happily adjusted himself in that

space.

"I know there is nothing you want to show me, Abi. You just didn't want to fight him," Ariel said with a pout, but Abi's eyes were still there and she could see the man standing up from his seat while talking to another

man.

"Ariel. Look! Don't you think that man resembles Alex?" Ariel who was almost mad at Abi, frowned and turned

her head to have a better look. Man's back was facing

them.

"I swear, Ariel. Let's walk to that side so that you can have a better look," With curiosity, both the girls started walking towards that table.

The man for a minute tilted his face a little and that

was when Ariel saw him and gasped.

"Oh, good God!"

"Didn't I tell you this?" Abi was so proud of herself.

"Should we bring Alex too?" Ariel was still looking at

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34 34- My Daughters

the man when Abi started shaking her head wildly.

"No, silly. He has already started walking to the elevators. We don't want to lose him. Come on. Let's follow him," They started walking taking small steps, keeping a safe distance.

Unfortunately, he was waiting for the elevator, and they were not allowed to enter there without any elder's assistance.

"Abi. I think we should go back to Mom," Ariel gulped hard because from there they could no longer see

their table.

“Shh. We’ll lose them, Ariel. Don’t worry. I won’t let you get lost. Plus, we won’t be alone in the elevator. Other elders will be there with us,” She convinced her sister quite smartly and they got inside the elevator with speeding heartbeats.

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Rafael was there to host a business dinner with Joseph. They had invited another business executive to close a

deal.

He was quite happy that the meeting went well.

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“I can’t believe he took the hook, you offered him,”

Joseph laughed and praised his friend while waiting for the lift to arrive.

Tonight, they had an early dinner and now Joseph wanted to celebrate this deal approval in a bar. Today his friend was also happy because Marissa approached him today for a favor.

“So, what’s the plan? How you are going to convince her about your... intentions.” Joseph asked him, standing there, and combed his fingers through his hair.

“I don’t need to,” Rafael said while entering the lift and started rolling up his shirt sleeves, “I just asked the finance department to release their salaries. Now fingers crossed. I hope she is happy, and her financial situation gets more stabilized,”

The thought that she was his wife and the mother of his kids but would never accept his financial aid was

too much for him.

They got out of the lift and Alex walked towards the lobby.

“Hello, Mr. Sinclair.”

”

Most of the staff knew him and were offering him greetings. Though it was his first visit to the city, still he was popular there.

He must have taken a few more steps when he found Joseph looking behind them and stopped.

“What happened, Jo?” he asked his friend and halted in his steps as well. However, nothing could have prepared him for the sight that awaited when he followed Joseph’s gaze.

Standing there behind them were two little girls with long hair. One was a blonde who looked exactly like Valerie while the other one was the carbon copy of

Marissa.

Rafael had seen them in a photograph provided to him by his investigator but in reality, they were so much more beautiful and more innocent.

Rafael felt his heart coming out of his chest when he whispered, “M...my daughter

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34 34- My Daughters

34 34- My Daughters

“Mommy. I’ll have French fries,” Abigail asked Marissa and squeezed her stuffed toy, a cute panda to her

chest.

“Sure, sweetheart,” Marissa said absent-mindedly and looked through the menu card. She had just received a very handsome amount in her account along with all the people related to the MSin event.

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34 34- My Daughters

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34 34- My Daughters

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35 35- My Girls

“Alex. Go and call your sisters,” Marissa shook her son’s shoulder when saw waiters placing the dishes on the

table. O

“Mom. I ordered cheesy chicken!” Alex made a pout when he saw a small mountain of stir-fried veggies

with the chicken.

The head waiter

who was serving them nodded at Alex, “Don’t worry, sir. You get your cheesy chicken in no time,” he then turned to a waiter and whispered something in his ear.

“Alex. Your order is getting ready, in the meantime you can bring your sisters. Their food will get cold,” Alex was making funny faces when he got out of his chair.

He went to that netted area and found Robert looking down through the net.

“Robert. Nice to see you here,” Robert turned to look at Alex and then glanced back. He wasn’t much

interested in talking to Alex.

“Have you seen my sisters?” Alex’s eyes were looking

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35 35—My Girls

for the girls.

“Yeah. They were not letting me stand here but I still managed the spot,” he told Alex about his achievement with pride and started talking to another child.

Alex took the round of the whole gallery even the part where there was no net.

“My sisters are getting irresponsible,” he muttered to himself and hoped that they had already gone back to the respective table.

However, he was disappointed when he didn’t find them there.

“Sweetheart. Your sisters?” Marissa knew he hated these endearments, but sometimes she couldn’t help

1. it.

“I looked for them, but they are nowhere to be found,” Marissa and Sophia both got to their feet,

“What!”

“Mom. Don’t worry. They might be roaming in between the tables,” He eyed the huge rooftop and couldn’t find his sisters anywhere.

Marissa and Sophia went to the spot where they sent

20:14

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35 35—My Girls

Abi and Ariel.

“Hey, Robert. Have you seen Abi and Ariel?” Sophia asked the same boy who was now getting annoyed.

“No! I’m not their mommy,” He was about to turn away when Marissa kneeled in front of the boy not wanting to show worry on her face.

“Listen, darling. We can’t find them anywhere and we need your help right now,” It was something tried and tested with kids.

Treat a kid like an elder and he would gladly become the most helpful individual.

Alex wanted his mom not to plead with this boy but

now he was also concerned about his sisters.

“Fine!” Robert said with a somber expression, “I saw them waiting for the elevator standing among that

crowd.”

“Oh, man!” Marissa mumbled and looked at Sophia.

“Don’t worry, Mar. I’ll look for them here and on the lower floor. You go to the lobby and look for them. Keep your phone with you. I’m sure they won’t let a child exit the gates without an elder.”

20:14

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35 35—My Girls

Sophia tried to console her friend who was getting panicked with each passing minute.

“I’m such a loser Mom, Sophie,” she didn’t want to cry

because this was not the time.

“No, you are not. Now go, I’ll ask a security person to deliver the message to the main gates and all the floors. Don’t worry. Sometimes kids like to take elevators for fun. We might find them inside.”

Alexander held his mom’s hand, “I’ll accompany you,

Mom. Don’t worry,”

Now he was feeling guilty for not keeping an eye on his sisters.

They entered the elevator, Sophia was the first one to leave the elevator to look for the girls while they stayed to reach the ground floor of the restaurant.

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Rafael was looking at the girls who were silently observing him.

“Hello,” he whispered.

“Hi there,” the one with black hair answered, “How are you sir”

20.14

35 35- My Girls

Rafael crouched down to be at her eye level.

“I’m good. What are you doing here? And is there anyone accompanying you both?” he looked and

up shot a questioning gaze at Joseph.

Instead of answering, Abigail raised her hand slowly and touched Rafael’s nose tip.

“He—he...” she chuckled.

Rafael closed his eyes when felt the touch. It took all his willpower not to cry, “Are you people alone?”

Abi shook her head, “We came here with our mom. She wanted to celebrate with us. She got her pay today and it was good. She says she can spend too much on us because

we are rich for a few days.” Rafael had to bite back his quivering smile when he heard the little girl giving him details with a solemn face.

To him, it seemed more like an annual report on yearly sales.

“That’s great!” he then turned his attention to the blond one who was standing there with an attitude just like Valerie.

“And you, little one? Are you enjoying it here?” he was

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35 35- My Girls

scared to even touch them with affection.

For him it was just a dream, he was aware of who they were. Their faces were enough proof of it.

“I don’t talk to strangers,” the blonde girl flipped her hair with an attitude, “Mommy doesn’t like it. Even if my sister stop you and talk to you... you should not talk to her. Because we are strangers.”

Rafael felt proud for a moment. The way the girls were talking to him with such confidence, Marissa deserved all the appreciation.

And he decided to ignore the grammar too because that was just adorable.

“Rafael,” he felt Joseph’s hand on his shoulder, “What are these girls doing here in the lobby? Shouldn’t they be with Marissa? She must be getting worried for them.”

Joseph was right, Rafael realized, and got up.

He so wanted to talk more to these munchkins but just a few days back he promised himself to win over Marissa’s heart.

Once she would be fine with the idea, then he would



## 35 35–My Girls

take another step to be in the lives of the kids.

His kids.

“Little ones,” he said to them softly, “Either tell me where I can find your mom. Or you two are coming with me so that I can talk to a security desk officer.”

He wanted to walk ahead when Abigail hurriedly held his hand making him freeze in his tracks, “Why don’t you take us to the floor where we can see the sky?”

Oh, now he understood. They were on the rooftop.

He didn’t like that how these girls made it down in the elevator without an elder accompanying them.

He needed to bring it up with Marissa in the most non–offensive manner.

“Rafael. It’s best if instead of taking them to their mom, you contact security,” Rafael gave a slight nod to his head and looked around.

A man from security was standing at some distance. Rafael and Joseph started walking to the man when they heard a loud, familiar voice behind them.

“Where do you think you are taking my girls?”

Posted by **AdminH**, ? Views, Released on July 4, 2024

## 36 36- Treat His Daughter

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Rafael and Joseph started walking to the man when they heard a loud, familiar voice behind them.

“Where do you think you are taking my girls?”

This voice made Rafael stop in his tracks. He took his

sweet time to turn and face the woman whose face haunted him for the last four years.

Marissa walked up to him and the way she was clutching her fists, it was evident that all she wanted to do at that moment was to punch his face.

She pulled the girls behind her a little protectively before looking into his emerald-green eyes.

“Y... you... I thought... we had a ... silent... decent agreement that... you won’t... oh, God. I guess I was wrong...” She muttered the last part under her breath, not able to control her tears.

Rafael didn’t try to offer her any explanations. What explanation could he give except to assure her of his intentions?

In this frame of mind, she would never hear him and

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36 36- Treat His Daughter

would never be convinced. No matter how much he tried to prove his innocence.

“I was taking them to the security desk,” he at last spoke, but his intuition was right. She shook her head and held the girls’ hands.

That was when he watched a small replica of himself standing behind her at some distance.

His son!

He tried to gulp but seemed to choke on his tears.

The fate.

He couldn’t hug any of his kids due to his own mistakes. He didn’t trust the woman and made decision.

She was looking down and was weeping silently.

a

rash

Damn! He released those salaries so that he could

make her happy. Tonight, again he made her cry.

He looked at the kids and Marissa with longing and then didn't take time to spin around and leave the place in a rush.

How could he talk to her when his own emotions were

20:15

2/8

36 36—Treat His Daughter

all over the place?

Joseph almost ran after him.

“Mar. You alright?” Sophia who had gotten extremely panicked because she couldn't find the girls, and came down to report the security head.

She took a sigh of relief when saw the girls standing there but Marissa was crying.

She then got down to kiss the girls' foreheads.

“Where did you go, sweeties? We were getting worried,” Abi who was getting nervous due to her crying mother tried to explain in a teary voice.

“I'm sorry, Aunt Sophie. I saw this man who looked exactly like Alex and went to him but then Mom came

after us.”

The little girl was now curving down her lips in a pout.

Ariel hugged her mother's legs, “Please don't cry, Mommy. I know we shouldn't talk to strangers but

we...”

“But?” Sophie raised her brows.

“Aunt Sophie... I thought ... maybe he was... our

20:15

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36 36–Treat His Daughter

father...”

This time, Marissa’s tears started flowing more freely.

There was a small crowd forming around them. A woman came closer and pointed towards Marissa, “Thank God, you came on time. He might have kidnapped the girls. He was wearing an office attire and I found him so handsome at the first glance...”

Marissa didn’t respond to that woman and whispered to Sophie, “Let’s get out of here and go home.”

None of her kids tried to convince their mother to

stay. They all were too upset, and the incident had taken a toll on everyone’s mind.

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“Have they gone to sleep?” Marissa asked Sophie when she came and plopped beside her on the couch.

After coming back home, Sophie ordered pizza for everyone and then bathed them. Later she tucked

them in their beds telling them that their mom was not well.

“Were they asking questions?” she asked wiping her face with the back of her hand.

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36 36- Treat His Daughter

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“No, they didn’t. But Marissa. They are very small. Can you please get a grip on your emotions for their sake?”

"I don't know, Sophie. There is so much going on. It's like a constant battle is going on inside my head where I have to fight Nina and Valerie for my kids' lives. I need to keep Rafael at arm's length and not let him come near me. He ... he is trying hard to get to me... he ... he wants nothing... he says... he says... he just wants my time..."

"Time?" Sophie thought she heard wrong, "he just wants your time?"

"Yes. He said that he wanted to talk to me only when

I'll allow him. Not before that."

"Then allow him. Marissa," Marissa didn't know when Flint got there but his suggestion made her face turn

to look at him.

"Flint..."

He ignored her red-brimmed eyes and sat on the opposite couch, "Take your time, Marissa. You might not need him in your life. That will be solely your decision and I'll respect your decision, love. But they will always be his kids. He is their father. You brought

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36 36- Treat His Daughter

them here because their lives were in danger. You would have stopped there if he had trusted you. He never believed you. Now he does. Now he knows that it was you who married him. He is ready to

acknowledge it."

Marissa just closed her eyes and rested her cheek on the backrest of the couch.

How can Flint be so sure that he was ready to acknowledge everything? He hasn't got any kids from Valerie. That might be the reason that he was here.

"Do you think, Marissa if he wanted to take those kids out of there, anyone could stop him?" Marissa's eyes snapped to his face.

He was bobbing his head, "Nah ... No one could have stopped him. Not even you."

Marissa had stopped crying by now. Flint's words did carry weight.

"The thing is... Marissa Aaron... he knows who stayed with him during his blindness. He knows he is the father of these kids and..." Flint looked into her eyes, "and the fact is you will be needing him in your life. There should be a cordial relationship between you

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36 36- Treat His Daughter

two for the sake of your kids. Nobody will try to lay a finger on them if he will stay nearby."

"Do you think I can't protect my kids, Flint?" Flint slapped his hand on his lap and chuckled.

"I'm not saying any such thing, Mar," Flint pursed his lips, "You can keep them safe. But let's accept it. He is a loaded guy, and he can do whatever it takes to keep YOU ALL safe! Do you get that?"

When Marissa didn't respond, Flint spoke again, "You might need him for Abigail's surgery too, Marissa,"

She opened her mouth to say something maybe to negate it, but he raised his index finger to make her silent, "It's not only about money, Marissa. As the president of MSin Industries, he has got contacts. He can bring any competitive surgeon from across the globe and make him treat his daughter. Have you ever thought of that?"

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37 37-Rafael is Here!

in their nightgowns.

"I should let the kids meet him," she didn't take his name, but Sophie knew who she was talking about.

"Take your time, Mar. There is no haste," Sophie covered her hand that was placed on the counter.

"The earlier, the better, Sophie. You and Flint keep telling me that he can't snatch the kids. The thing is..." she started scratching the surface of the counter with her chipped nail, "I have seen people around me who suffered. Last year my two employees decided to let their exes meet the kids. After so many promises they were included in kids' lives. Do you know what happened later?"

Marissa raised her face to eye her friend who didn't say anything in response.

"One ex tried to kidnap the two-year-old baby. Can you believe that Sophie?" tears started sliding down her face.

"Another one started brainwashing the child against her mother. It got so out of hand that, in the end, the little one spoke against her mother in court and the mom lost custody," She sniffled.

Posted by **AdminH**, 595 Views, Released on July 4, 2024

37 37- Rafael Is Here!

Marissa was aware that what Flint was telling her was not some random words but mere facts.

Lying in her bed throughout the night, she wondered if she overreacted in the restaurant.

Her kids found the striking resemblance between him and Alex that meant any person could have a look at both of them and would easily put two and two together.

She kept tossing and turning in her bed until she flung the quilt aside and got up. She tip-toed to the kitchen and switched on the coffee machine.

Last night's incident kept replaying in her mind again and again.

"Couldn't fall asleep!" she closed her eyes when heard Sophie's sleepy voice behind her.

"No. I couldn't. But I guess, Flint was right." She said softly.

Sophie took the stool adjacent to Marissa and sat on it. They both were sitting there like two schoolgirls clad

37 37-Rafael Is Here!

"Both the moms thought good about their babies and trusted their exes... forgetting that they became their exes for a reason."

When Sophie heard the whizzing sound of the coffee machine, she stood up to pour some coffee for her friend, "Here. Drink this. You might feel better."

Marissa muttered a thanks and held the mug. Her face was swollen due to constant crying and staying awake.

"How about I stay with the kids today and you catch up on your sleep?" Sophia's suggestion warmed her heart. Sophie always stayed with her in such bad times like a rock. Always ready to offer her shoulder to cry or to

lean on.

Marissa chuckled and pulled her friend in a tight hug, "Thank you for being my friend, Sophie."

Sophia just smiled rubbing her hand on Marissa's back to relax her.

\*\*\*



“What happened to your face?” Joseph asked Rafael whose eyes were bloodshot due to lack of sleep.

37 37–Rafael is Here!

He didn’t say anything and immersed himself in his work.

He was waiting for Marissa so that he could clear the air between them. She needed to know about his intentions.

“Dean,” He called the manager’s name when he brought some files into the office, “Can you let me

know when Marissa arrives... I mean... Ms. Aaron...”

“Sure, Mr. Sinclair,” he assured him but right after a few minutes he read a text on his phone and informed Rafael, “She just sent a message. She isn’t well and won’t be able to make it today.”

\*\*\*

“So, mommy. You took an off because you wanted to watch a movie with us?” Abigail saw Marissa playing with the remote of the LED in the living room.

Just like they did it on the last weekend, there was a fluffy spread on the floor where several pillows and cushions were arranged.

“Yes. Now tell me which movie it should be today?”

All three of them started bombarding her with

37 37- Rafael is Here!

What *did I do* to deserve *such beautiful* angels in *my* life? She asked herself.

For a while, she almost forgot that she was upset.

After the movie, they started cleaning up the space when the bell rang.

"I'll take it!" Sophie who was busy on her laptop stretched and offered Marissa to get the door. She went down and then was back in a jiffy.

"L... listen... Mar... H... he is... here..." She was panting like crazy.

"Relax! Who is here?" Flint who just came out of his room, spoke in concern.

"Him... the one who came to my office four years back... I mean... your boss..." she tried to speak in a hushed tone due to the presence of kids, "The one from the restaurant... last night... Mr. Sinclair... he is here."

Poor thing was rambling incoherent words and saw Marissa's face going pale.

Rafael was here? What was he doing here?

"I'll make him sit in the guest room." Flint offered.

20.10

6/7

37 37–Rafael Is Here!

suggestions until they all came up with Kung–Fu Panda.

When the movie started, Marissa brought popcorn for them along with some homemade lemonade glasses.

"No popcorn fighting!" she warned them sternly suppressing a smile.

Staying back home and getting that much needed sleep did wonders to her mood. She felt more energetic and rejuvenated.

Though she was feeling guilty for taking an off from the job that had just started. But this time she wanted to give preference to her mental health.

If she was expected to look after her kids, then those kids couldn't be given anything from an empty cup.

Marissa didn't want to be an empty cup for her kids. The cup needed to stay full for their sake.

When the movie was more than half over, Abigail did try to throw popcorn, secretly on Alex but the one popcorn landed on Marissa's lap.

Marissa picked it up and stared at Abi whose eyes were glued to the screen like an innocent chipmunk.

5/7

37 37–Rafael Is Here!

“Sophia! Stay with the kids. Marissa needs to see him.”

For some reason, Flint was finding it funny. The way Sophie panicked, made him amused.

“Marissa,” Flint returned after a few minutes, “Go. He is waiting there.”

Comment

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Posted by **AdminH**, ? Views, Released on July 4, 2024

38 38- Blow Your Nose!

Marissa didn't want to go inside that guest room. Her heart was sinking with each passing minute because she thought he was here to claim his kids.

The moment she stepped inside, she found him standing there, his back facing her. He was busy observing a painting hanging on the wall.

She drank in his appearance. Those broad shoulders she held when he used to make love to her. Those black locks... she had combed her fingers through those locks when she used to scream his name during

their intimate moments.

He was still wearing his office shirt with sleeves rolled up, a telltale sign that he came straight from his office.

She closed her eyes and gulped hard.

He must have felt her presence behind him because he slowly turned, and she decided to open her eyes.

“Hello, Ms. Aaron,” he said softly.

She tried to manage a shaky smile, "Hello, Mr. Sinclair. Hope you are good."

20.16

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38 38- Blow Your Nosol

He chuckled at that and looked into her eyes, "No. I'm not good."

"You aren't?" she raised a brow and found him shaking his head, "may I know why?"

The smile vanished when she asked the question,

"Because I was hungry and ... one of my caterers didn't show up?"

The way he said he was hungry... Marissa felt as if he wasn't talking about the starvation of food but... the desire she used to feel sometimes...

For him...

N...no. Not possible.

"I... I need to do... some tasks... so..." she stammered.

"Can we be honest, Ms. Aaron? Both of us?" Marissa couldn't speak and kept looking down, she could feel his eyes on her face and man! She could feel it

burning.

"This painting..." he pointed to the painting that was hanging on the wall, "That's... beautiful... the shades used there and ... the art..."

He had to halt his conversation when found Marissa

38 38-Blow Your Nose!

stifling a smile.

"What... did I say something wrong?"

"This painting..." Marissa pointed towards it, "Flint's wife made it as the first anniversary gift for her

husband..."

“Oh, so? You don’t like it?”

“No. It’s not like that. Actually...” she chewed her lower lip for a moment and found his eyes dipping, taking in that small innocent action, “when we arrived in

Kanderton he used to live in a single room. He had to move here because of us. So... this painting... it fell in a puddle... all the paints washed away. Poor Flint just tried to preserve whatever was left of it.”

Rafael cocked up a brow and then tilted back his head to look at the painting again. For some reason, he avoided looking at Marissa and Marissa found his shoulders shaking with mirth.

She was trying to control her laughter too.

“I’m sorry,” Rafael managed in between the bouts of laughter, “I thought... I thought...” Poor him was trying to suppress his mirth.

20:30

37

38 38–Blow Your Nose!

“I know...” Marissa covered her mouth with her palm, “Every guest easily gets impressed by the painting, and... Flint never tells anyone about the back story.”

Marissa was finding it extremely difficult to speak. She didn’t realize when he came closer and held her hands.

By now, they both were laughing like crazy, forgetting for a minute all about their past.

“Oh, God!” Rafael placed an arm around her and pulled her to his hard body. Marissa might need that support because she didn’t take the time to lean on him.

“Oh, brother. This is funny,” for a minute she felt that there were no four years in the past and she was as happy with him. They were still madly in love and were friends and were married.

But then she heard Alexander and Ariel talking at a distance, maybe in their room and she went still in his

arms.

“I’m... I’m sorry,” she straightened and tried to get away from him, but he stopped her immediately.

“Marissa... no, please... I mean Ms. Aaron...”

He held her by her waist, waiting for her to become

38 30- Blow Your Nosol

stable on her feet. When he was sure that she wasn’t

shaking, he pulled his hands and stood straight.

The moment between them was gone. Over!

“W...why...” she cleared her throat, “Why are you here?”

“You missed the office today and...”

“Cut the crap, Rafael... I mean... Mr. Sinclair... why are you actually here?”

Rafael started digging the floor with the tip of his shoe, “You might not believe it. But my presence here is not due to any other purpose, Marissa. I was....”

“Ms. Aaron...”

“What?”

“It’s Ms. Aaron for you. Not Marissa.”

“Yes. Got it. Marissa... Ms. Aaron... I’m here because

you didn’t come...”

“I know. Ok?” she snapped at him, “I know that you are paying me well and I should have been there and I made a mistake. It won’t happen again.”

Rafael kept looking at her with disbelief on his face,

20:10

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38 38- Blow Your Nose!

his arms.

She was crying silently.

"I'm not here to snatch them from you, Marissa," not able to take it anymore, he started crying, "I ... I'm not here to snatch... them... they are yours, Marissa... I mean Ms. Aaron. Now what the fu\*ck... why I keep forgetting this Ms. Aaron shit!"

His cursing at last brought a smile to her lips and she laughed through her tears. With a teary smile, he looked around for a napkin and then took out a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Here! Blow your nose!" he offered innocently, and Marissa laughed more, slapping his arm.

"Thank you," she took the piece of cloth from his hand and wiped her face before blowing her nose.

Comment 1

"That's not the reason I'm here."

Instead of saying anything, she gave him a questioning glance, "Ms. Aaron. I was here because I was

concerned about you... whatever happened last night... I need to talk about it."

With her arms folded under her chest, she still didn't

remark, "Last night you seemed disturbed because you thought that I could take my ....I mean yours... your kids.... And you were wrong... to think that. I would never ev

ever do any such thing."

She turned away abruptly, but he didn't miss her shaky lips.

"Ms. Aaron. Those are your kids, and I would never try to meet them without your permission. You are their mother and I'll... I'll always respect your decision regarding YOUR kids. However, ..." he stopped when he heard her sniffing, "However, I'm here to tell you that... I'll just be a call away. When you need anything, anytime anywhere... you ... just let me know. I'll be there for you and your ... little family."

When she still didn't turn around, he walked up to her and placing his arms around her waist he turned her in

20:16

Posted by **AdminH**, ? Views, Released on July 4, 2024

39 39- Thank You, Ms. Aaron

He saw her with a smile and then with great courage held her face in his palms, "I know, I don't deserve your trust," He said looking into her eyes, "but please don't do this to yourself. Last night, I ended up in that restaurant by chance... I made you go through enough heartache. I don't plan to do it again, Marissa. Please don't exhaust yourself. You need to be fit... physically and mentally."

Marissa who was losing herself in those green orbs tried to speak but couldn't utter a single word.

The blind Rafael was easy to live with as she could stare at his handsome face all the time without getting caught red-handed.

When she didn't react, Rafael did something unexpected. He brought his face closer to hers and took a long whiff.

Marissa frowned because he used to do it when they

were together. When he used to tell her that she smelled of strawberries.

"Will you come to the office tomorrow?" he asked her

20:17

1/

39 39- Thank You, Ms. Aaron

in a whisper, and she nodded like an obedient child, her eyes fluttered closed.

His proximity was giving butterflies in her stomach.

"Good girl," he was standing so close that she could feel his hot breath on her face. She almost thought he would kiss her but then he stepped back.

"I'll wait for you tomorrow then," Marissa blinked and

opened her eyes only to find him leaving the room.

She stayed there looking into space completely zoned out until Sophie shook her shoulder.

"Mar! You, ok?" Marissa almost jumped in shock.



"I... I think so... why?" she fixed back her hair as if she was caught cheating.

"Let's go to the kitchen. Kids want to have cheese sandwiches,"

Marissa turned to Sophie, "Cheese sandwich? Oh, ok. Yes. I'll give them cheese sandwiches."

Sophie thought Marissa might have lost her mind. She saw a dazed Marissa going inside the kitchen.

"What's the matter with her?" she looked sideways

20:17

2/8

**39** 39- Thank You, Ms. Aaront

where Flint had come to stand beside her.

+51

"I know that look, Sophie. I know what is going on in her head. I heard them laugh," he said with a huge grin on his face.

And Sophia thought maybe she had gone crazy because everyone around her was acting oddly.

Dean usually used to reach the office before time to have a look at everything before his bosses arrived.

That was the reason Joseph depended on him heavily.

He was trustworthy and his brain worked like a computer who knew every detail going around in the office.

He waved at the office peon who used to switch on the lights and air-conditioning along with guiding the sweeper to clean up the VIIP spaces.

"Why are you cleaning Mr. Joseph's office first? It's the president's office that you should do," the young man tried to say something, but Dean didn't listen to him.

"No explanations, please. And if you'll excuse me, I need to check the vases in the president's office."

20:17

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30 39- Thank You, Ms. Aaron

He quickly scurried to the President's room, ignoring the excuses the boy was offering.

*They don't want to do anything properly. What will happen to his office if I'm not here?*  
Muttering to himself, he opened Mr. Sinclair's office door and stopped dead in his tracks  
.

Settled on his seat, Mr. Sinclair was typing something on his laptop. There was a constant smile on his face.

"M...mister... Sinclair..." he couldn't utter any more words.

Rafael looked up and a soft smile graced his lips, "Good morning, Dean. How are you doing?" he then resumed his work and tried to act nonchalant, "Any idea when Marissa... I mean miss Aaron will arrive?"

His eyes were on the screen, but his ears were strained to hear the reply that was about to leave Dean's mouth..

"There is still time, Mr. Sinclair. Employees usually arrive around nine."

Rafael nodded and got back to his work. With a frown, Dean kept looking over his shoulder while leaving the

office

39 39- Thank You, Ms. Aaron

It seemed like Mr. Sinclair never left his office and

spent the night here. This morning, the president was acting weird.

When he closed the door behind him, the sweeper was standing there with that 'I tried to stop you' look.

“He came early that’s why I tried stopping you,” He explained.

“Next time, start with his office the moment you step in. His office should be the priority,” Dean snapped at

the poor man.

“How could I?” the man muttered, “he reached here before me.”

Dean spun around when heard that. Mr. Sinclair got here before anyone else! Strange!

He got busy with his tasks, but his mind kept wandering to Rafael Sinclair. For some reason, he looked cheerful today.

By now, all the lights were switched on and the employees had started entering the building, slowly taking their seats.

The office had started buzzing with life and that

5/9

C 39 39- Thank You, Ms. Aaron

liveliness was increasing with each passing minute.

Dean was getting up from his seat when the intercom on his desk started ringing. He picked up the receiver and greeted Joseph with a smile who was coming

inside the office.

“Yes?”

Rafael was on the line.

“Yes, Dean. I just wanted to know if Ms. Sinclair sent you any message?” Dean looked at the receiver for a minute and then glued it back to his ear.

“Mr. Sinclair. Why would Ms. Sinclair call me? We have never met, and she hasn’t got my number.”

“Uh huh... ok. Yes... I. Remember now... what about Ms. Aaron? Is she in office yet?” Dean wanted to roll his

eyes now.

His boss seemed to go nuts, maybe due to staying awake for most of the night. Dean felt sorry for him.

"I'll send her in as soon as she gets here."

"Yes, please do that."

The phone was disconnected yet Dean was still staring

BIB

39 39—Thank You, Ms. Aaron

at the receiver. Something had transformed overnight.

Mr. Sinclair looked different. His body language was changed.

After half an hour he found Marissa pushing the door and coming inside. Before he could say anything, Marissa spoke first, "Hi, Dean. Can I talk to your boss?"

Is he free?"

Yes. *He* always seems *free for you*.

He couldn't say it because he loved his job.

Marissa didn't wait for his answer and went inside Rafael's office.

\*\*\*

When she went in after a brief knock, his face lit up.

"Hello," she nodded at him.

He was quick to get on his feet, "Morning. Please take a seat."

She shook her head and gave him a quivering smile. He felt like she could cry any minute, "I... I wanted to tell you something..." she said waiting for his response. "Yes, please," he rounded his desk and reached her

7/8

39 39—Thank You, Ms. Aaron

after taking long strides.

She was fumbling with her fingers, "I have decided... something... and I would expect you to cooperate..."

Rafael's heart started sinking. Was she here to quit? To resign?

"Yeah," there was gentleness in his eyes.

"I... have decided ..." she inhaled a long breath but still a few tear drops glided down her cheeks, "I have decided to let you meet the kids."

Rafael felt like his breath hitched inside his chest,

"Really?"

She nodded while crying.

Rafael didn't know what to do so he pulled her to him and hid his face in the crook of her neck, "Th... thank you. Thank you, Ms. Aaron."

Comment

Posted by **AdminH**, 780 Views, Released on July 4, 2024

40 40—Event In Charge

Like yes. Now, he could see her, and his blindness did make her confident back then. But today she was just blowing it all away...

He opened the door for her, "Please let me know if you want.... anything..." he said with a cocky grin and Marissa couldn't even return the smile,

*If I want anything?*

*Are you joking, Mr. Sinclair? Because... well... I want you!*

\*\*\*

The short meeting with Rafael did good for her mood. She felt a heavy weight being lifted off her chest.

“Marissa! Are you even listening to what I’m trying to say?” she heard Dean’s irritated voice and straightened

in her seat.

All the event people sitting around the long, huge desk had their eyes on her.

She cleared her throat and tried to spread her lips for a fake smile but failed miserably, “Ye... yes... I think I heard you...”

“No, you didn’t” Kate spoke looking down at her file.

2/8

40 40- Event In Charge

40 40- Event In Charge

She needed to control her emotions.

She HAD to control her emotions.

Placing her palms on his hard chest she gave it a slight push.

Being a gentleman, he took the hint and maintained some distance by retreating his steps.

She wiped her face and tried to smile, “I’m sorry... for this,” she pointed towards his white shirt’s front that was now soaking wet with her tears, “I messed it up.”

“Oh,” his chin touched down his chest and he smirked,

“that’s not a problem.”

“Then I guess... it’s all good and... I should take my leave...” She started turning away and was about to bump her shoulder into the glass wall when he was quick to place his hand to keep her safe.

“Watch out, Ms. Aaron...”

Marissa wanted to transform into an insect and crawl

out of there. Why was she being so clumsy around

him?

20:17

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40 40- Event In Charge

“He called your name several times.”

*Why does this woman try to poke her nose in my business? She and her fiancé both are quite annoying*

*to deal with.*

“We are talking about your event table, Marissa. Everyone has already selected their spots,” for some reason, she could detect suppressed anger in Dean’s

voice.

“So, the left—  
over table will be mine, I guess,” she finished it with a nonchalant smile and moved her focus back to the file.

Now she understood why he seemed distressed. Maybe he wanted her to take the best serving table where there could be more limelight and more

visibility.

All of them kept discussing the event and Marissa had that uncomfortable feeling at the back of her mind.

This much planning for a single event!

“I think Ms. Aaron has again zoned out,” she heard Kate’s amused voice, and this time in answer she passed her a glare.

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40 400 Battery power 5% Charge your tablet or tap here to turn on Power saving mode

“If you quit looking at me, Ms. Kate, and use your mind on something more creative then maybe you can get more success.”

Kate wasn’t the one to back down so easily, “Ahan. And what do you think I should focus on?” she had a

challenging smirk playing on her lips.

Marissa plastered a fake smile back to her lips, "Maybe help your fiancé so that he doesn't face problems in his profession!"

Only the caterers knew what Amir did to the firm, but the rest of the participants weren't aware of it. Marissa had a hidden threat in her statement.

She might tell everyone, what her fiancé was up to if she kept poking her nose in her business.

"Keep my fiancé out of it, Marissa!" she heard Kate hissing behind her when all of them were leaving the meeting room.

"And you keep ME out of it, Kate. I don't want a fight with you. I'm here to work and get done with my job. I'm sure your purpose is the same. Don't make things harder as they are already quite challenging for me," In the last statement she almost sounded like she was

40 40—Event in Charge

pleading.

Kate just gave her a dirty look and walked ahead leaving Marissa and her friends appalled.

"Why is she always so... sarcastic...?" Delinda asked Marissa while her eyes were still on Kate.

"Because she has nothing better to do," Shang-chi remarked, "she is jealous of you, Marissa. You just need to watch out because she can do anything for money."

"He is right, Marissa," Delinda warned her, "you need to stay very vigilant. For some reason she despises you."

Marissa couldn't tell them that she had worse things on her plate. Kate might do something dirty to win the race, but Valerie and Nina could kill her babies for their benefit.

Once Rafael would get closer to the kids, she was planning to tell him about them. She wanted to keep her babies safe at any cost and for that, she needed their father's support.

"Look! Isn't it Mr. Sinclair!" Marissa's heart skipped a beat when someone from their team screamed when she saw Rafael Sinclair coming out of his office.



#### 40 40 Event in Charge

They all gathered around him with Marissa standing at the back of the crowd along with her friends.

This was not shocking that Kate was standing closest to him.

“How are you, sir?” one of the participants who was a young boy greeted him shyly, “Thank you for releasing our payments. It was a very kind gesture.”

“Why do they all start acting so desperate?” Marissa heard Dean’s irritated voice behind her, “He is the president, and we don’t need to share every teeny tiny detail with him. For God’s sake, the event is in his

honor.”

He was throwing tantrums like a toddler.

“Thank you for coming to my office and helping us in arranging the event,” Rafael said good-naturedly, “I really appreciate it.”

“Sir!” Kate was next to speak, “Mr. Dean is guiding us so well, but the thing is he is too busy, and his head is

stuck in several things at a time.”

Rafael frowned and looked at Kate, “I think he is

handling the event planning quite well.”

#### 40 40—Event in Charge

Kate shrugged with a giggle, “No doubt, Mr. Sinclair... it’s just that sometimes... I mean only... sometimes he is so busy that he isn’t able to handle our queries.”

“I thought he is doing it perfectly. What do you suggest then?” the crowd was looking at Kate with curiosity.

Marissa also did not understand where this discussion

was going.

“I mean to say is...” Kate became a little cautious, “Before I say any further, I want to let you know that I have got few certificates to prove that I can handle all the chaos very well... so...” By now Rafael was also

getting exasperated. Everyone around him could sense that from his body language.

“Mr. Sinclair... if you make one of us the in charge of this whole event thing then at least we’ll have a go to person for all our problems and queries.”

After all, *it* wasn’t such an unreasonable demand.

Few people from the crowd even nodded in her favor.

“Hmm. I like the idea,” Kate’s face lit up. Rafael ran a thoughtful glance on all the participants and that was when his eyes stopped at Marissa standing at the back.

40 40- Event in Charge

As always. Not trying to draw attention.

“Ms. Aaron. Can you handle the event?” Marissa blinked and gulped her saliva.

“Wh... what... Ye... yes... I think so...but...”

“That’s great! Ladies and gentlemen! You all have your event in charge here. Marissa Aaron,” Rafael

announced with a grin that was so rare on his serious, don’t-mess-with-me face, “Congratulations, Ms.

Aaron.”

Comment

A

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