

Mr. President You Are The Daddy Of My Triplets

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

41 41- Darling! Missing Me?

“So, he made you the Program In charge?” Marissa was kneading the pizza dough on the counter and Sophie was doing nothing except chomping the corn from the plate.

Ariel and Abigail were playing with the slime that Marissa hated most. Today they got special permission from their mom.

“I hope Dean was happy with this decision. He seems to be in charge of everything in the office, Marissa rolled the dough and punched it several times.

“The problem at hand was not Dean. It was Kate who did some certification courses and was boasting about it. Now she hates me

even more.”

Marissa checked the burner’s flame where the chicken was

simmering on a very low heat.

“There is one more thing I need to share with you,” Sophie moved closer to her friend when Marissa’s voice dropped to a whisper, “I talked to Rafael ... I mean Mr. Sinclair and allowed him to meet the

kids.”

“You did what?” for a moment Sophie thought she heard wrong.

Marissa nodded with a smile, “I went to him, first thing in the morning and told him about my decision.”

“Was he happy?” Sophia knew it was a silly thing to ask but she

needed to know the reaction.

Marissa shrugged and picked up the knife to cut the bell peppers,

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“He seemed emotional. We even cried...” She didn’t tell her that they hugged each other too.

“It’s, ok if you two hugged,” Marissa stopped the chopping and gave a shocked look to her friend.

“Listen, my friend. You allowed him to meet your kids. This means. you need to keep a balanced and friendly relationship with him. Obviously, you can’t show your... umm... animosity towards him in front of your kids...”

Sophia had a point.

Marissa started chopping the rest of the veggies when Sophia remarked, “Aren’t you putting too many veggies in the pizza?” she scrunched her nose and tried to pick a yellow bell pepper piece when Marissa slapped her wrist.

“This is the only way they can eat their veggies. Now help me instead of eating my pizza toppings,”

“Mom. I have got a toothache,” Alex came to Marissa when she was preparing morning cereals for her kids.

She needed to leave early today as Dean was supposed to tell her about her duties as an in charge.

Today she didn’t want to repeat her careless behavior. More duties. meant more responsibilities.

Her team might think that she was taking advantage of her newly achieved designation.

“Oh, honey. Show me,” She checked his gums and felt a little

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swelling at the back.

“This doesn’t look good,” she murmured while pressing his gums gently with her index finger.

Flint who just stepped inside the kitchen for a cup of coffee saw them standing by the counter, “Tooth ache?”

“Guess so. He has swollen gum here.”

“Why don’t you go to the office, and I can take him...” but Alex was already shaking his head.

“I want to go with mommy,” her kids were already too understanding and cooperated with her a lot.

It was rare that Alex would insist his mom do something like this.

“Don’t worry, honey,” she placed the cereal bowls on the kitchen table and dialed Dean’s number.

“Hey, Marissa. Ready for the presentation?” his excited voice came out of the phone.

“Dean. I am sorry for this favor, but I might be late. My son is having toothache and it looks pretty serious.”

“Oh, don’t worry. Take your time. I’ll inform the boss,” He was about to disconnect the call when Marissa spoke quickly, “No please... no need to tell him...” but Dean couldn’t hear her and had already

disconnected it.

She didn’t want Rafael to worry about something as minor as a silly

toothache for no reason.

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Dean noticed Rafael looking at his wristwatch for the umpteenth time. He was presiding the meeting, but his heart seemed to be somewhere else.

Joseph was busy observing the numbers on the slides.

When all the executives got busy on the next projector slide, Rafael asked Dean to come closer using his index finger, “Is Ms. Aaron here? Have you briefed her about the event?”

He asked in a hushed tone. Dean leaned closer to his ear and

whispered back, “No, sir. She would come late.”

Even in this darkness, he could see worry lines on Mr. Sinclair’s

forehead.

"Her son had a toothache, and she needed to take him to a..." Rafael didn't let him finish and glared at him,

"And you are telling this now?" he at once got to his feet, "ladies and gentlemen. Please carry on with the meeting. I'll be back in a while," He gestured for Dean to follow him outside the room.

"Call her and ask her where she is," Dean did as he was ordered

and waited to get the call received.

"Hello, Dean? I'm sorry but here it seems like everyone in the city is having tooth problems..." there was embarrassment in her voice and Rafael could hear her on the speaker,

"Where are you right now? Let me know your location," Dean

asked her.

"Why? Oh, ok. We are at the Kanderton Hospital in their dentistry department..." She then tried to console Dean, "It's ok, Dean.

15:13

041 41–Darling Missing Me?

Please make someone else in charge. It's not a good thing to come late or be absent when your boss trusted me with..."

Before Dean could speak, Rafael took the phone from him, "According to our office policy a mom can take an off or can utilize short leaves if her child is sick.

When she heard Rafael's voice, she got silent.

"Yes, sir."

"Hmm. Good!" with that, he disconnected the call and gave it back to Dean, "Call the Kanderton hospital's dean and ask him to treat my kid... her kid immediately. They should dispatch a dentist at

once."

"Yes, sir," Dean bent his head, "By the way, is there any rule about the mothers and their kids... you just mentioned..."

Rafael was beaming when he responded, "There is no such rule but make it within five minutes and get it signed by me," he patted Dean's shoulder and got back in his office. Leaving a surprised Dean behind with a silly grin on his face.

When the meeting ended, Rafael received the report from Dean confirming that the changes to the company rules had been implemented according to his wishes.

Not only that but a dentist had already treated his son's gum and now Marissa could easily return to the office after the lunch break.

With a relaxed smile, he leaned back in his seat and his phone started ringing.

41 41–Darling! Missing Me?

"Yes?" He answered it without looking at the caller ID.

"Darling! Missing me? I called home but they told me you are still in Kanderton. What's so special about that place?"

Valerie? How did she get the time to call me? She never bothered to call during any tour.

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42 42- Desperate

Valerie disconnected the call and thought for a moment. It had been ages since Rafael talked to her in a lovey–dovey manner. Just like he used to do before his accident.

Now more odd things were happening around. Like he was staying in Kanderton for so long, he never did it before.

Kanderton was still an underdeveloped city and wasn't according to Rafael's taste. She wondered if there was something fishy going

on.

During the call, he sounded so busy that Valerie wanted to go and snatch those official papers from his hands and hit them on his face. To put some sense in his thick skull.

In the past, he loved her, and he always worshipped her. Then what went wrong?

According to Nina, he never came to know that he was not living with Valerie but with Marissa. Was he having doubts?

No. Not possible.

She and Nina always acted on their foolproof plan. So how was it possible?

Or was it due to her being childless?

She felt as if someone squeezed her heart with an iron fist. It reminded her of her miscarriage, how she didn't take it to her heart thinking that she would soon be blessed again with a baby.

But it didn't happen.

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42 42—Desperate

Right now, she was on a luxurious cruise ship enjoying the breathtaking ocean view. Chewing her lower lip, she made another call to Nina Sinclair, Rafael's mother.

"Hello," like son, she also seemed occupied. Everyone in the world. was unavailable except her who was taking a world tour with an amazing group.

"Nina? How are you?" she asked her excitedly and tried to move to a corner when her crazy friends whooped with laughter holding drinks in their hands.

"I'm good. Are you still busy, taking the tour," Nina asked her casually. The usual friendliness was missing from her voice.

"Yes. Two more weeks are there," She tried to sound casual about

1. it.

"Ah! Don't you have anything better to do except spend my son's money carelessly, Marissa?" Nina's tone might not be rude, but her words were.")

"He sent me on this tour himself, Nina," she tried explaining to her,

but Nina didn't seem in the mood.

"Yeah. He does everything in his power to keep you happy. What is he getting in return? Nothing. You couldn't even give her a baby."

Valerie wanted to punch Nina's face. The problem was she couldn't afford Nina's rage because she was the only one who knew about

her secret.

She couldn't tell her mother-in-law that she couldn't get pregnant unless her son decided to sleep with her and get intimate with her.

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42 42–Desperate

“If you don't have anything better to say, Marissa then I guess I should go back to work. Not all of us like spending our husband's money. Some of us love to earn our own.”

Valerie gritted her teeth in frustration. Initially, Nina used to be so friendly that Valerie thought herself lucky to have such an

understanding mother-in-law.

“I'm sorry, Nina. Once I go back with a fresh mind, I'll start working on the baby mission,” she tried to bring humor to the situation, but Nina seemed to have enough.

“Yes, please do that. Sometimes I regret sending Marissa away. I'm sure she would have given me a baby if I hadn't mixed those

medicines in her coffees.”

Valerie disconnected the call with a long sigh.

Talking to Nina had made her heart heavier. She had to do something and produce a Sinclair heir otherwise Nina wouldn't take time to kick her out of the Sinclair empire.

Nina was obsessed with a blonde heir, and that was the reason she

helped Valerie and kept convincing her for two years to return to

Rafael.

“Rafael is about to have that eye surgery and doctors are very much hopeful. Fly back and stay by his side. He still doesn't know that he is married to Marissa.”

That was a golden chance for her. She needed money after trying many boyfriends but none of them was as rich and as caring as Rafael.

She had started missing Rafael and Nina's call felt like a blessing.

<42 42–Desperate

She didn't take time to pack her stuff and return.

Now what to do about this baby issue? To be honest, she was least interested in a baby, but Rafael and Nina needed an heir, and she was ready to compromise for their sake.

Secondly, as Sinclair's daughter-in-law, she would be hiring a governess for the child so that shouldn't be a problem for her.

"Has anyone ever told you, how beautiful you are?" Marissa slowly turned and found a man from her group standing there. Though he was not as handsome or as rich as Rafael, she kept feeling his eyes on her throughout the trip.

She had always felt proud of her looks.

When all the group ladies were crazy after him and his muscles, he wanted her.

She was enjoying the attention.

"Yeah," she chuckled and picked up her wine glass from the nearby table, "people usually keep telling me that I'm beautiful. There is nothing new about it."

She tried to sound nonchalant and confident.

He shouldn't know that she was desperate for a man's company.

Taking slow steps, he came closer, "This confidence," he remarked and raised his hand to bring it near her face but then stopped suddenly when it was just an inch away, "May I?"

Valerie didn't know what he was asking for, so she just nodded.

He took his sweet time in stroking her face with his knuckles, "Your skin is too soft," he muttered, his eyes not leaving hers.

42 42- Desperate

It took every ounce of willpower for Valerie not to roll back her eyes and give in to the male touch.

Oh, man! It had been ages since a man caressed her with this much gentleness.

"Really?" she asked him with a smirk and reached out to do the same to his cheek, "and yours is quite rugged."

She said it with a playful tone, but he didn't laugh or smile. His eyes stayed serious.

Valerie gulped hard and tried to speak, "Where are you from?"

She wanted this man to talk to her like a normal person, but he seemed to have other things on his mind. He leaned forward and brought his lips closer to her face, "I have never seen such a beautiful woman in my life." His eyes dipped to her lips, but he didn't make any move.

"You have already said that," she said with a pout, "Time to bring some other pickup line. By the way, are you planning to kiss me?"

"Don't worry," he said, "I won't do anything without your consent."

Oh, he seemed to be a gentleman.

Valerie kept looking at him and then almost dumped her glass aside not caring if it had broken or was still in one piece.

"If that's the case then maybe..." she whispered, "maybe take me to your room."

A small smile graced his lips. He looked over his shoulder at the group who were busy having fun. Women were now throwing jealous glances their way.

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42 42—Desperate

"My room number is F-3, on the far end of the deck. Come to me

right after ten minutes," He then stepped back and turned to walk away leaving her there.

Ten minutes!

She thought excitedly. Maybe it was the time to give up and get into bed. Her body needed it. Her core was desperate for a release.

Comentario 4

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

43 43- This Weekend

"This is my first meeting with you all as the event in charge," Marissa glanced at her audience who were nodding their heads.

“Yes, we know, Kate gave her a sarcastic smirk. “Till yesterday you were sitting here not even listening to what Dean was telling us. And now look at you. You are our in charge without any courses and certifications.”

For a minute, Marissa felt her head spinning. The audacity of this woman to say rude words to her, in front of anyone.

“Ms. Kate. You are allowed to zone out in my meeting. Believe me, I won’t mind. But for certification courses and all that rubbish you better go and talk to the president of MSin and challenge him for his decision...”

Kate rolled her eyes and started shaking her head mockingly.

She was the one who talked to Rafael about making an in-charge. She was the one who gave the idea.

She was a fool for not trusting her fiancé. He told her that Marissa would snatch everything from under her nose and she would be left with nothing in her hands.

Amir was right.

She jerked a little when participants around her stood up. Mr. Rafael was there to keep a tab on the meeting’s progress.

“Hello, sir,” Kate greeted him with a smile along with others and noticed how smexy his dimple looked right under the corner of his

lips.

43 43—This Weekend

“How is everyone doing?” he then turned to Marissa, “How is everything, Ms. In charge? Any problem?”

Marissa shook her head and pointed towards her audience, “That’s a cooperative lot I have been assigned to. They all are easy to work with, Mr. Sinclair.”

Rafael tried to have a look at the whiteboard where Marissa had jotted down something, but she was quick to turn the board around making everyone present there, chuckle.

“Mr. Sinclair. The event is in your honor and I’m sorry, but we can’t overshare things,” she then gave a meaningful glance to her team, “What do you all say?”

They all either nodded or raised their hands to show her their support. Only Kate was the one who didn't find it amusing.

She wished... she wished to have a chance alone with him. Once she got that single chance, she would easily convince him that she deserved all this more than Marissa.

Marissa wasn't even beautiful but just an average woman and Kate was sure she had a much more pleasant personality than this prude woman who was teasing the president like a fool.

The poor woman didn't even know that cracking such jokes was only allowed if you were a direct relative of your boss. Like his daughter or his wife.

Marissa was neither.

However, she was taken by surprise when before walking away,

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43 43—This Weekend

Mr. Sinclair eyed her, "Ms. Kate. Can you come to my office when you are done with the meeting?"

"Sure, sir," she said with suppressed excitement.

Maybe Rafael Sinclair did realize that she might be an asset to the office and Marissa didn't deserve all this.

The poor man just made a hasty decision and might already be regretting it.

This time when Marissa started speaking, Kate didn't even bother to listen. What was the need when till evening she would be the in charge?

She was aware that good multinational companies usually didn't demote anyone in front of the audience.

These types of decisions were taken in the confines of the offices or conference rooms. Because for them self-respect of their employee mattered a lot.

She couldn't wait to meet Rafael. In her excitement, she typed a message to Amir.

“Listen, honey. My presence is expected in the boss’s office today.

Just wish me luck. I think he has realized that Marissa was a mistake.”

She rolled her lips between her teeth when she got the reply.

“That’s great news. Just don’t let him see your physical beauty. You are mine. Remember that. Lol.”

Kate controlled her laughter. Amir sometimes used to act as a possessive fiancé, and she liked that about him.

43 43- This Weekend

“Don’t be silly. I’m the one who has those certificates for that position. I need to start planning for my first meeting as an in charge.”

“And why do you think he wants to make YOU in charge, honey? What if he is offering you something better, something classier?”

Oh, God! Why didn’t she think that?

What if Dean was overburdened and Rafael needed a secretary?

Rafael was talking to Joseph when after a brief rap on the door, Marissa opened it.

“Ms. Aaron?” this was unexpected for him.

“It’s ok. I’ll come later,” she noticed Joseph and was about to close the door when Joseph got to his feet.

“Please, Ms.

Aaron. I need to attend a meeting in a hotel and leave immediately. Otherwise, I might be late. Please come,”

Before Marissa could stop him, he had left the room leaving two of them alone.

Rafael motioned towards the couch placed in the corner of the office and rounded the table to approach her. She took the sofa and sank into it letting out a contented sigh.

“Coffee?” he asked her before sitting across, but she quickly shook her head.

“No, please. I usually prefer a cup in the morning. No coffee after that.”

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43 43- This Weekend

Of course, how could he forget this thing about her?

“Mr. Sinclair. I’m just here to say thank you,”

When he gave her a confused look, she shook her head, “I know you asked that dentist to attend us. We were immediately ushered in his office, and Alex... I mean my son...” s he hesitated again, “I

mean to say... your son...”

“Ours!” he said softly.

“Yes?”

“I said ours. He is our son,” Marissa nodded, her face flushed, and stayed silent.

“So, what were you telling me about our son?” He reminded her.

“Oh, yes. He was treated promptly.”

“Ok. That’s good to hear, Ms. Aaron.”

“Mr. Sinclair. I’m here... because I need to ask you a favor,” For some reason, Rafael looked pleased.

“Yes, please.”

“About the meeting with your kids...” she was again at a loss of words.

“Ours...”

“What?”

"I said ours. Our kids."

Marissa tried to hide her nervousness by intertwining her fingers, "Yes. Our kids. Whenever you meet them, can you keep it to

43 43—This Weekend

yourself? About this meeting?"

"Why would I tell anyone, Ms. Aaron?"

"No. I'm not talking about other people. It's just if you can hide it for some time from your family... like your wife and your mom," she saw him frowning and quickly explained,

"I know it's natural to share this with them. But I just want you to get closer to the kids first and once you all develop a bond, you can tell whoever you want."

He kept staring at her with an unreadable expression but then his face broke into a grin, "Sure. Why not!"

"Great!" she stood up clasping her hands, "You can visit them this coming weekend then..."

She then reached out to shake his hand and he didn't take time to hold it, "I'll be there this weekend."

Comentario

Posted by **admin**d, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

44 44- Financial Responsibilities

"Has Marissa arrived yet?" Delinda asked Kate who was in the mood to destroy the office. Last evening she wanted to meet Mr. Sinclair but he had left early.

Though Dean assured her that her meeting was scheduled with the president, Kate wanted to get done with it.

All this impatience had made her grumpy like some elderly lady.

"Kate. Has Marissa arrived yet?" Delinda asked her again when out of nowhere Shang Chi appeared and sat on one of the seats.

"I'm not Marissa's secretary, Delinda. What's your problem? Stop grinding me with such silly questions," Kate snapped at her and took out a compact mirror from her purse.

"I'm sorry if I spoiled your morning. I really need to talk to Marissa. It's urgent," Kate suppressed a yawn and squeezed her eyes. Last night Amir made wild love to her keeping her awake most of the night.

At last, she decided to bless Delinda with a fake smile, "Marissa won't come to office that easily. Didn't you see how she is allowed to come late or take an off? We have hardly completed ten working days and she has already availed the relief and became our in charge too." She then rested her cheek on the table, "there is something fishy going on."

Taking long strides, Marissa came inside and placed her bag on the table, "Good morning, everyone," she greeted her friends.

cheerfully when she caught the sullen look on Delinda's face.

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44 44—Financial Responsibilities

"Del. You look upset," Delinda's eyes welled up with tears, "my son. He has been complaining of stomach pain since last night and I need to take him to the hospital. Marissa please I need to go."

Kate rolled her eyes, "Here we go again!"

Marissa didn't pay any attention to her and hugged Delinda, "Is your son accompanied by someone? How old is he?"

"He is just seven. No one is with him, I'm a single mother."

Marissa felt her heart being squeezed by someone. She knew this pain, she had experienced it all as a single mom.

She knew the struggles.

"You go to your son and please don't leave him all alone next time," she wanted to ask if he used to go to some school, but this was not the time for such questions.

"Marissa. I might not come on time. The hospital I usually go to is quite crowded," Marissa's heart went out to the mom. At least she had Sophie and Flint with her.

Delinda seemed all by herself.

"Take an off, Delinda. I'll contact you on your phone. Secondly..." she grabbed her purse and took out a card, "go to this Kanderton hospital and meet this doctor. He is basically a dentist and can talk to someone over there," Delinda had gratitude in her eyes. Her lips were pursed tightly to hold herself from crying.

"Please go, I'll ask Dean to make the call to this hospital," She patted Delinda's shoulders and pushed her away, "Now go."

Delinda quickly left the room and Kate eyed Marissa suspiciously,

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Financial Responses

"You were acting as if you own Kanderton Hospital. And then look at you. Planning to ask Dean to talk to the hospital staff? Ha! Let me remind you. You are below him in the position... not the vice.

versa.

At this time, Marissa didn't want to engage in any useless debate. With her, so she picked up her purse and went out searching for

Dean.

Kate found Shang Chi's eyes on the door where Marissa just left.

"Hey!" she snapped her fingers before his face, "Mark my words. She is not what she looks or portrays. But in the future when you'll come to know then don't complain, I didn't warn you."

Shang Chi just chuckled at Kate's boasting, "Why are you jealous of her by the way... Kate? What has she done to you?"

That made Kate furious, "Excuse me. Jealous? Of Marissa Aaron? I'm sorry but let me tell you this. By evening there might be an announcement that I'm the new.

charge of the event."

Shang-

chi threw back his head and laughed hard, "Really? Why do you think Rafael Sinclair will do that? Did he drop his brain somewhere? Ha-ha," Kate didn't like it when she saw Shang-chi making fun of her.

Amir was right. I shouldn't share it with anyone before Mr. Sinclair makes the official announcement.

She thought with a careless shrug and got up to have a cup of coffee. She needed some caffeine in her system.

A 44 Financial Responsibilities

"Who is it?" Rafael asked Dean when his phone started ringing that was placed on the desk.

"It's Ms. Aaron. Maybe she wants guidance in something as a new head," Dean showed his boss the caller ID.

"Go out. See what she needs," Joseph asked him busily and bent on the papers placed near him.

"Or maybe call her inside," Rafael tried to sound casual but, in all honesty, he had been waiting to meet her.

"Marissa! I'm in the president's office. Get in," Rafael eyed his assistant for a minute before shooting a question that had started bugging him,

"Shouldn't you be calling her Ms. Aaron?" he sensed his hesitation and leaned forward to say something sternly when Marissa stepped inside.

"Dean. Ms. Delinda's son is very sick, and I've asked her to take him to the Kanderton hospital. Though she is a very strong woman, today she seemed shaken.

Her face was like an open book showing every sign of distress.

"Yesterday, you talked to someone to facilitate me. Can you do it again today?"

Before Dean could answer her, the president spoke from his seat, "Sure. That will be done."

Marissa didn't acknowledge his presence when she heard his clipped tone. Right now, the only thing on her mind was Ms. Delinda's son who had no one to stay with him.

44-45- Financial Responsibilities

Rafael was observing her face, while he rested his head on his seat, "What do you suggest, Ms. Aaron? Should I send someone to stay there with Ms. Delinda?"

Crap! He didn't even remember who Ms. Delinda was.

"If that's possible then yes, sir. Please. She doesn't have anyone around," The agony in her voice could be felt by every person sitting there.

“No mother should be left alone to fight the fate of her child, sir.” Though she had muttered it under her breath, everyone heard her.

After a few minutes of silence, Rafael spoke again, “Alright, Ms. Aaron. There is a chauffeur and a car ready for you. Please stay with your friend. M Sin will bear all the financial responsibilities of

the treatment.”

Comentario

Deja el primer comentario para otro capital

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45 45- Office Rules

Marissa was sitting beside Delinda close to the bed where her seven-year-old was fast asleep under heavy sedatives.

He just had his appendix surgery and was treated on time.

“I’m so thankful to you, Marissa. I have never seen someone like you who thinks of others,” Marissa was holding her hand and for some reason she was reminded of Abigail who had a weak heart and any day her doctor could announce her surgery.

“I did nothing, silly. Thanks to Dean and our CEO who made prompt decision,”

this

Delinda abruptly got to the kid’s bed when saw him stirring in his unconscious state, “Oh, I think he is waking up. I need to call a doctor.” She happily pressed the button and Marissa didn’t miss the glow on the mom’s face.

When she got out of the hospital it had started drizzling.

What *they* all *must be* thinking? They must *be having the*

impression that I’m a *nepotism* case. *Since the day I was appointed as a head, I could only utilize the least amount of my time on the job.*

Either *it* was a *late* arrival or an absence or this *hospital* visit.

What am I doing to myself? I'm a caterer dammit. The owner of a small business. This job was never for me. Then why did I decide to go for it? Because of handsome payments?

She was getting confused now. Ever since she had joined MSin, she

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45 45- Office Rules

had been doing everything except cooking.

She needed to talk to Dean and ask him to hand over this title to Kate. She might be bitter, but she was not wrong.

If she had the required qualifications, then she was a deserving candidate. Not her.

She was waiting for a cab when the same uniformed chauffeur got off a Porsche and bent a little, "Ma'am. Would you prefer to go to the office or home?"

She had seen this luxurious beauty in the office parking and was aware it belonged to Rafael. The first thought that came into her mind was to argue, hail a cab, and leave.

However, she was no more a teenager but a mature grownup woman who needed to act according to her age. Not like an

immature brat.

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Rafael was doing all this, not because of her but because of his kids. Once the kids get closer to him and come to know that he was their daddy then obviously he'll keep offering such favors to her as

the kids' mom.

It was up to her to either stop it altogether or set a limit to all this.

The latter idea seemed more attractive.

"Thank you," she bobbed her head with a smile and got inside the car, "take me office please."

“Yes, I know Mr. Sinclair wants to talk to you but he is very busy, Ms. Kate,” Dean didn’t want to get annoyed by her stubbornness

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45 45—Office Rules

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but here she was testing his limits.

Close to his desk, the mural team was finalizing their sketches in a sketchbook. Dean had asked them to submit their work along with

the color combinations.

The event had started getting the hype among the celebrities and the public. By now, the media was after him to spill some beans as they were hiring small business owners of Kanderton city.

Dean and Kate looked up when the elevator doors opened with a ping sound and Marissa stepped out.

“Oh, you are here,” Kate said with a cold attitude, “Has someone ever told you that being a head means staying and working along with your team instead of roaming around...” Marissa threw an irritated glance at the mural artists and found them looking at her.

“I was not roaming around,” she explained to those artists instead, “Delinda’s son was admitted to the hospital, and she needed someone along with her. Today he had appendix surgery.”

“Why you?” Kate cocked a brow and gave a questioning look to those artists. Other teammates had started coming out of their

rooms too.

Though Kate was not screaming but she was loud enough to let everyone hear whatever bullshit was crossing her mind.

Marissa was already disturbed by Delinda’s situation and now Kate creating issues was the last thing she wanted here.

“Fine! Go to Mr. Sinclair and tell him *that* I’m not interested in this designation,” she snapped and was about to turn around when

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45 45—Office Rules

Kate spoke again.

“Yeah? Making me bad in the eyes of Mr. Sinclair?” Marissa rubbed her temples with her fingers and then raised her index finger as if she was thinking.

“I guess, you’re right,” without giving a chance to anyone, she walked up to the president’s office door and Kate scrunched her nose turning to Dean, “Shouldn’t she take your permission before setting her foot in that room?”

Dean didn’t answer. Kate making noise on everything was getting on his nerves as well. This was a VIP floor, and everyone was supposed to maintain silence and respect here.

And that was close to impossible in her presence.

Marissa opened the door and didn’t bother to close it behind her, giving everyone a clear view of what was going on inside.

“Mr. Sinclair,” she said loudly, “I need to go back to my kitchen and do my job... this in-charge thing is not for me.”

She didn’t want to cry but Kate’s rude words were getting to her heart. She was already sensitive because of Delinda who never told her that she was a single mom and had no body to look after a kid.

It seemed it was normal for that woman to leave her seven-year-old behind, all alone.

Kate whispered to Dean, “Today no one can help her if she gets kicked out of this building by Mr. Sinclair. Look he is having a meeting.”

4/5

1. 45- Office Rules

Dean this time ignored her and gestured for moral artists to carry on with their work.

He knew better that Rafael would never do any such **thing** to Marissa.

Like, come on. The man changed the office rules for the lady.

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

46 46- Crippled

Rafael who was talking to his executives about a report, stopped talking and looked up with a frown.

“What is it?” he rose to his feet and rounded the desk to get to her, ignoring completely the other three men sitting in his office.

“Is Delinda alright?” he asked her in concern.

In her haste, she didn’t realize that she had placed her hand on his arm, “You need to come outside. Please.”

He examined her hand for a moment where it was touching his

arm, “Sure.”

He followed her outside and Kate stood up from her seat with shock evident on her face. She wasn’t expecting Marissa to drag the president out of his office.

Everyone seated had gotten up in respect and a small crowd had gathered in the hall.

“I request you to announce that Ms. Kate is the event head from now onwards,” Rafael looked closely at the tired woman who seemed too upset to accept any sane reasoning.

Instead of replying to her, he ran a slow gaze at the small crowd, “And why should I do that, Ms. Aaron? Are you questioning my

decision?”

This was the first time, he was talking to her in this tone. This was

the same tone he used when she was trying to tell him that she was his wife.

116

48 46- Crippled

He knew that if he would use his gentle voice, she would never listen to him. He didn’t give a damn about others. But he did care about her sentiments.

“Does anyone have any objections to appointing Ms. Aaron as the person in charge here?” he asked in a loud no-nonsense voice.

His question was met with silence. Nobody dared to utter a single word in his presence.

“If you all know even a little bit about management, you should be aware that this position doesn’t require a physical presence. A good manager can easily manage everything on phone calls. Am I right, Mr. Dean? As you are the most eligible employee of my Kanderton office.”

Dean who wasn’t prepared for this question rubbed his hands against his pants,

“Y...ves... sir... indeed... Mr. Sinclair...”

A small smile graced Rafael’s lips. “Very few of you know but last year, Dean was admitted to the hospital for food poisoning. His family lives in Morocco and he needed someone with him. Christmas holidays had started. Joseph and I took turns to stay beside him.

Being a boss doesn’t mean that one needs to stay in the office building and show the world how hard workers we are. **In** today’s world, we need to tackle everything quite smartly.”

All the participants were nodding their heads. One of them who was responsible for the event dance floor design raised his hand hesitantly.

When Rafael nodded, his hand dropped down, “It’s not even a

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46-48—Crippled

week since Ms. Aaron became our in charge. In our short communication, I found her utterly understanding and empathetic.”

Another one spoke, “Some people might not be happy with this decision, but I am, sir. Managing everything requires skills, not a few pieces of paper in the name of documents. You are running this multinational across the globe quite efficiently and I don’t think you would make a rash decision.”

The other people standing closer were nodding their heads in agreement.

“That’s right, Mr. Peter, Rafael then tilted his head to have a better look at Marissa who was playing with her chipped nail.

“Ms. Aaron. Carry on with your duties and come to me directly if there is any problem. Here at MSin, we don’t snatch the positions rather we prepare the people for the upcoming responsibilities.”

He was about to turn away when Marissa stopped him, “Approach you directly... but how... is it possible.”

He smiled and motioned towards his open office door where the executives were still seated, “just like you did a few minutes back,”

Marissa chewed her lower lip when she heard chuckling sounds from the crowd. Suppressing her smile, she nodded, “Sure, Mr.

Sinclair.”

The buzzing in the hallway slowly dried down when people started walking to their working stations. Everyone seemed happy and contented with the announcement except one

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Kate.

30

46 46—Crippled

She huffed in frustration and left the hall to have coffee in the cafeteria. But then all the frustration evaporated when Dean called her from behind, “Be here after ten minutes. Mr. Rafael would like

to talk to you.”

Seated in Mr. Sinclair’s office she was giving subtle glances to the expensive wooden furniture. The monogamy desk was well organized. Mr. Sinclair was signing the files that Dean just brought inside the office when she followed him here.

Once Mr. Sinclair was done with the files, he put the pen in the holder and straightened in his seat. Adjusting the dossiers in his arms, Dean nodded at her and left the room leaving them alone.

Rafael left his seat, and she was about to do the same when he signaled her to remain there and headed up to her.

Wearing a white shirt with black pants, his jacket was hanging on the stand in the corner of the room. His top two collar buttons were opened, and she could see the skin exposing from there.

She cleared her throat and tried to smile, "You wanted to meet me, Mr. Sinclair?" he had leaned his hip against the desk and was quite

close to her chair.

"Ms. Kate. I'm not used to long conversations. You said you have got certain certificates?" she could only nod, not knowing where this conversation was heading. The only thing she was aware of was his male cologne.

He leaned forward and whispered near her ear, "I'll suggest you shove those certificates up your ass!"

46 46—Crippled

Kate gasped and was taken aback by the absurd remark. The classy and well-groomed Rafael Sinclair's words didn't match his status

and class.

"Mister... Sin..."

"Yes, Ms. Kate. I'm a sin when there is bullying going around in my office. I usually don't spare the bully and rarely give chances to them," he then got back with an amused expression on his face, "Next time I catch you bullying and passing mean remarks on anyone you'll be out of this building."

He then got up and walked to a showcase that was sitting in the corner. He slid the glass and took out a red dossier from there. He took his seat and opened the file, "Please remember to stay in your lane otherwise next time you'll face direct consequences. I'll personally make sure to throw you out of this window and tell the media that you couldn't sustain the work pressure and decided to suicide..." he said it so casually like he was telling about the weather, "Now get lost from here..." he snarled.

She felt as if she got bail from the prison and just wanted to get out of it when heard him calling her name again, "Ms. Kate?"

She just twisted her neck to look back. He wasn't even looking at her, "I know it's next to impossible but please try your best not to show me your face around. And don't worry about that push from this window. Usually, people survive. They don't die," his eyes were still on the papers, "They just lose their legs and arms... and become crippled."

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Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

47 47- Like A Prot

47 47- Like A Pro!

“Ms. Aaron! Here is the detailed overview of the dance floor,” Peter brought his tab to show her the screen and she dropped the pencil on the desk twisting her seat for about ninety degrees.”

“Folks! Can you stop calling me, Ms. Aaron? Marissa will do,” she showed them a thumbs-up sign.

She heard giggles from her team sitting around her and got to her feet, “Peter. I need to bring water for myself.”

Before she could take another step, a miracle happened and a glass of ice-cold water was placed on the desk, “Here,” Marissa’s mouth was hung open when she saw who brought it for her.

With a friendly smile, Kate turned on her heels and went back to the group where Delinda and Shang-chi were sitting.

Marissa gave that look to Dean who was seated across the room. and was looking in her direction. He only shrugged but had a knowing grin on his face.

Kate had been acting odd since this morning. Her tone was so friendly with everyone, and she was almost ready to touch Marissa’s feet for some reason.

“Marissa. How about if I go with this salad bar on my table,” Shang Chi came to her with a notepad and sat beside her.

“Yes, but Delinda was also interested in a salad bar,” when she saw Shang Chi’s excitement dying down, she tapped her finger on his chest, “Come on, buddy. Bring on that salad bar, just remember to have different stuff than Delinda and we are good to go.”

1:5

47 47-Like A Pro!

She hadn’t realized that Rafael had come inside to have a look at all the employees.

“Please keep seated,” he quickly motioned everyone not to stand in his honor and made his way to Marissa who was writing something on Shang Chi’s pad.

As always, her hair was tied in a low chignon, and she was wearing a simple pencil skirt that reached her knees.

Rafael felt a sudden urge to take the stick out of her hair that was holding the chignon in place and see for himself how she looked

with her hair down.

He wanted to imagine her with those jet–black locks spread on his pillow. It was a shame that in the past he made love to her several times but didn’t know how she looked without those clothes...

Get a grip, Rafael. For God’s sake, get a grip.

Without saying another word, he turned around and reached the door. Twisting the handle, he gave a last look over his shoulder and saw her laughing at some joke Shang–chi must have cracked.

Along with that, she was scribbling something on the note pad too.

I’ve already spent these four years all alone and don’t know how long I have to wait for you. I don’t have any idea if my punishment will ever be over or if I’ll keep getting punished for something I never did intentionally.

When he was going to his office, he felt his heart going dead cold. in his chest.

25

47 47- Like A Pro!

“So, mommy. Then the prince found Cinderella with the help of this shoe and proposed her? And then they got married?” Abigail asked her innocently.

Marissa took a long breath and gave her kids a shaky chuckle,

“Sweethearts. In my world, there is a different version. These stories are not for me.”

“What is your version, Mommy,” Alexander who was lying on the mattress with his head on her legs asked her.

She had just told them Cinderella's story and now they were asking her questions.

Ariel was still confused about why Cinderella's shoe could never fit any other female's foot.

"Yes, mommy. Tell us. What is your division?" Marissa couldn't hold the laughter when Abigail spoke.

She kissed her daughter and ruffled her black hair, "Version. Not division, love," she then rested her back on heavy pillows. "In my version, he did find her, but it was too late."

"Why?" Ariel suppressed a yawn. She was shaking her head playfully on Marissa's chest.

"Because when he reached her home, Cinderella's sisters and

stepmom were still living there lavishly but Cinderella had long ago left the house to become something. She had a passion for making her name in the world where men ruled and had a choice to

choose whoever they wanted. She wanted to be the change.

She smiled when Abigail yawned loudly. Ariel had already slipped into a deep sleep. Alexander was shaking his foot which meant he

13:10 —

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47 47- Like A Prince

was still awake.

"Did she get the success?" Alexander asked her.

A sad smile graced Marissa's lips, "Yes. She did. She made a name in the business world. Started making her own money and thus never felt the need.... For a prince. She had managed to become a

princess without that prince's help..."

She finished sadly and then wanted to bang her head into a wall. She was here to tuck the kids into the bed because she wanted to talk to them about the upcoming weekend.

They needed to be mentally prepared to meet Rafael. For their small minds, it would be a big switch and she wanted this transition to go smoothly.

"I am a sucker!" She muttered and gently placed Abi's head on the pillow. She needed to send her half sleeping kids to their bunks.

Today again it was one of those days when Rafael Sinclair was early. He got inside the building through the main door and was taking long strides to reach the VIP elevator when he saw someone sitting on the reception couch busy on her phone.

"Ms. Aaron," she jerked upright and raised her eyes from the phone screen.

"Good morning," she greeted trying to shift her bag strap from one shoulder to another.

"How come you are early today?" he raised his arm to look at the time on his wristwatch.

47 47—Like A Pro!

"I needed to deliver an order of some chicken stuffed buns, so I

found it easier to deliver them on my way. It was an early morning delivery," He motioned her to walk beside him and pressed the call

button.

While waiting for it, she threw a subtle gaze at him. As always, he looked hot! Wearing an olive green shirt, and his jacket hanging on his arm, all of it was increasing that rugged charm.

"And how many buns were those?" Inside the lift, he pressed his floor button and turned to her.

"More than a hundred!" she said with a shrug, and he shuddered at that making her chuckle.

"Woah! Were they feeding an army?" she rolled her eyes at the jibe and was about to say something when the lift took small jerks making her fall on him.

He was quick enough to hold her body like a pro.

Comentario ”

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

48 48- Like A Fool

“Easy. Relax. I’m with you,” he said gently and tightened his grip around her waist. It was the only chance he could touch her.”

She would never allow it otherwise, but this was the chance given to him by fate and he wanted to avail it.

Holding his shirt in her fists, she raised her face to look into his green eyes. Those green orbs were already staring at her.

“Th... the lift...” her voice trembled a little.

“Don’t worry. It’ll be fixed today. Nothing will happen to you. I won’t let anything happen to you,” She didn’t realize what he said and

how soft his voice was.

While his eyes were on her face, she was looking around her, maybe fearing a free fall. She didn’t want to die this soon.

Her babies needed her.

Rafael stopped himself from cursing under his breath when the lift stopped **on** his floor. He regretted that his floor was not high enough to give him some more time to hold her.

The moment the elevator’s doors opened, she quickly got out of his grip and exited the lift, leaving him there.

Staying inside he kept trying to control his speeding heartbeat. He gazed down at his jacket which had now gotten a few wrinkles due to holding her tightly.

I wish... I wish... I have believed you at that time. Then maybe... today, I might have stopped this elevator and made love to you.

1/5

here.

4B 48—Like A Fool

He slowly came out, his eyes searching for her.

She was standing near Dean's desk, placing her bag. The low chignon was still there and for a minute he was desperate to not only open it but also kiss her senselessly, combing his fingers through the silk mane just to see how it felt against his skin.

Just then she decided to turn with a smile that quickly vanished when she found him staring at her like a creep.

He had to come up with something reasonable, "I... I... didn't have

my breakfast... umm... this morning... so..." he shrugged with a hesitant chuckle, "so did you only deliver those chicken buns, or you had some for me too?"

Marissa who was feeling a little embarrassed for what happened in the elevator smirked at his jibe, "No. It was too early for breakfast. I don't know if they open the office café this early."

"Hmm. How about... we both have our breakfast in my office?" she thought for a few moments before responding to him.

For kids' sake, they needed to maintain a friendly relationship that shouldn't look fake or forced.

Now he had offered her, she did feel hungry and could sense her stomach grumbling in protest.

"That will be great!" placing his hand on her back, he gestured for her to get inside his office and closed the room behind them.

"You have ordered so much for the two of us," she watched closely.

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48 48—Like A Fool

where every kind of breakfast item was placed there.

French toasts, scrambled eggs, bread slices, pancakes, waffles, buns, butter, and jams in three to four flavors.

“Goodness. How would I lose weight with this kind of diet,” her

mouth watered when she saw rusks in the corner of the table.

Her favorite breakfast was to apply lots of butter on those hard crunchy rusks.

He pulled the chair for her and then took another one just close enough. They were seated in his office, taking up the corner space

of the office desk.

Placing the plates, he offered her the small dish of scrambled eggs.

“Pass me the rusks, Rafael,” Rafael froze when he heard his name

from her mouth. Today was the best day. She didn’t call him Mr.

Sinclair.

“I’ll apply butter on it. You should try that too,” she got busy picking up the plate that had a butter block on it and didn’t feel his eyes on

her.

She started applying butter as soon as she got the rusks.

“Should I give one to you?” he nodded not knowing how they might taste but he trusted her. In the past whenever she made food or advised him to try something new, he had liked it.

He took a crunchy bite and started chewing it.

“Like it?” she asked him excitedly and he nodded without thinking. He could sense a few people outside his office like the office peons or maybe it was Dean. But he knew, nobody would dare to come

3.5

48 48—Like A Fool

inside.

He had already sent a message to

Dean and now all he was doing was enjoying her company. She was talking senseless while eating and he could remember the time she used to do the same.

When he used to sit at the kitchen table while she used to cook something for him and kept chattering about any topic.

Will those days return to him? Ever?

“You are not eating much!” she remarked and placed some scrambled eggs on his plate, “God! I had nothing this morning except that cup of coffee. Bless you, Rafael.”

Again, she called his name and he had to control his speeding heartbeat. Once the breakfast was over, he offered her more coffee, but she declined and burped loudly.

She covered her mouth in embarrassment and this time he couldn't control the amusement.

“It's OK. This is good... it's a way for your tummy to say for filling it up.”

tummy to say thank you....

She gave a sheepish grin and nodded her head.

This time he needed to call someone to pick up the mess though he had managed all this by himself.

Guess what!

His short happy time was over in a blink, and he needed to come up with more such activities to get closer to her.

And then something crossed his mind. She had been a foodie just like him and became friendly while eating food.

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48 48—Like A Fool

What if he gets closer to her heart by taking help from these meals?

She was standing up and wiping her mouth with a napkin.

“Thank you for this breakfast. I was hell hungry,” she said with a grin and Rafael was thinking of ways to get her back into his life.

Usually, women *are* the *ones who* win *their men's hearts through their* stomachs. *I might be the first man doing the same thing to get back my woman.*

He thought with a smile and Marissa was thinking what was wrong with him. Why was he grinning like a fool?

Comentario O

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

49 49- Chill

That evening when everyone was leaving the office, Marissa stayed back to discuss some points with Dean. If the president had handed over her some duty, then she needed to take it seriously and complete it wholeheartedly.

"Can you wait for me a little longer? I need to go to the first floor and meet someone from the Finance department," Dean asked her in a rush jogging towards the exit door.

"Sure," she sat down on his seat and started revolving his chair slowly. There was no sound right now and she was sure her kids would make fun of her if they would see what she was doing.

"Gosh! This is fun! I should take it home or maybe in

or maybe in my kitchen. where I can sit and pass the orders to my employees..." She patted the arm rests like a child and resumed the activity until she felt a pair of eyes probing her back.

With a pout, she twisted the chair and found Rafael Sinclair. standing there observing her actions with a serious face. However, she didn't miss the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"I... I'm... sorry... I was just," She was about to stand when he stopped her with the wave of his hand and approached the desk.

"Keep sitting, please," she felt odd when he took the other seat across the desk, "I needed to talk to you about something...umm. About this weekend..."

She realized that the weekend was just two days ahead.

When she nodded, he continued, "Have you talked to them..."

49:49—Chill

have you talked to my kids about this meeting..." he couldn't continue when she started shaking her head,

"Mr. Sinclair. They are our kids," This reminded him of what he had said just a few days back.

"Yes. Our kids," he chuckled, "Did you talk to them?"

"Last night I wanted to..." she inhaled a long breath, "But couldn't... I started telling them a silly story and they didn't even bother to hear it and slept halfway."

She meant it as a joke, but he didn't laugh.

"If you want, you can tell me your story, Ms. Aaron. I promise I won't listen to it only halfway nor I will go to sleep," she was taken aback by the offer and didn't know what to make of it.

She knew very well that he would never sleep beside her.

During his dating period with Valerie, they weren't super close, but he always tried to be helpful and lent her an ear.

But now things were too different. The situation they were in was rather weird.

"I really appreciate your help. Mr. Sinclair. Let me talk to the kids tonight. I just want to let you know that I own a small space on Street 49 in Blue Vale town. On the ground floor, there is my commercial kitchen while the upper floor is occupied by three adults and three kids. We are usually jam-packed but manage mostly. If you want, you can take kids to a nearby restaurant... or a park..."

i was

the one who advised her to do it. Though Marissa

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49 49 Chill

wanted the first meeting under her supervision but according to Sophia they needed to have a strong bond with their father.

"I like small spaces, Ms. Aaron. Don't worry about that. I'd prefer our initial meetings under your watchful eyes."

He pointed two fingers towards her eyes with a playful grin that made her smile. For some reason, she felt light.

The fact that they both were on the same page regarding their kids. was a good thing.

"That will be super manageable..." she agreed with a nod.

"This evening, can I drop you to your place?" the smile on her lips. vanished and she felt like he was holding his breath.

"Marissa! I'm back. Sorry for making you wait but... uh huh... Mr. Sinclair..." Poor Dean was rooted to the spot when he found Marissa on his seat and Rafael sitting across her.

Rafael cursed under his breath and got up, "What kind of finance meeting was it? These meetings usually take hours..." he said like a grumpy old man and headed to his office.

Dean's eyes followed his boss until he closed the door behind him, "What got into him?"

Marissa shrugged and tapped her finger on the file placed before her, "Mr. Dean. Help me with these and then do whatever you

want..."

Dean didn't mind her sitting in his seat and started going through all the papers. Marissa's eyes were repeatedly moving to the office door where Rafael just disappeared.

3:5

49 49—Chill

"So, what you mean to say is... our father will be coming to meet. us? This weekend?" Abigail who usually stayed in her small but secure Lala land, got excited by the notion. And Ariel was equally thrilled.

Alexander was a different story. He was standing there not letting her see what was going on inside that small head.

“Mom. Is that the same man who we met at the restaurant?” Ariel was finding it hard to believe that all this time when she had given up hope that her daddy would return to her, he was at last making

it back to her life.

“My children. I’ll never force you to do something that you don’t want to do. However, I request, that you meet him and then form any judgment. He needs a fair chance.”

The girls nodded their heads enthusiastically.

Tonight, she gave them an early dinner and a quick bath so that she could get maximum time to talk to them.

“I just can’t wait for this weekend. Can you feel butterflies?” Ariel asked Abigail and they both giggled.

The girls ran away happily to get their stuffed toys from the living room while Alexander stayed there.

“Aren’t you happy that he will be in your lives, Alex? Just like all the other kids out there, you’ll have your father by your side?” Marissa asked her son who had a stoic expression on his face just like his

father.

13:19

49 49—Chill

Rafael might have done wrong to her, but he was their father and didn’t know that she was carrying his babies.

Alexander heard his mother and shrugged without giving away

much.

“That I can decide after meeting him, Mom. For me you are everything and he must have done something that resulted in your separation. I... I don’t know the full story but there is something fishy.”

Marissa took a long sigh and pulled his small figure into her arms to hug him tightly, “Once you’re mature enough, I might share everything with you.

For now, you all need to show Dad what a great job your mom did by raising you all, the right way. What do you think?”

He didn't seem convinced but feared for breaking his mom's heart.

"Don't worry, mom. I won't say any rude words. You just chill."

Comentario

Posted by **admind**, ? Views, Released on July 5, 2024

50 50- Ticklish

"Boss seems extra chirpy today," Delinda told everyone, seated in the room. Marissa didn't raise her head and kept herself busy with the work.

She knew why he was happy. He couldn't wait to meet his kids and was excited about it.

"You are right," Peter spoke while drawing something on the sketchbook, "Today when I brought in some paints and brushes to be kept in the storage room, we bumped into each other. He not only said HI but also asked me about the paints, I was carrying. The odd thing is he wanted to know about the brushes too."

They all were working along with pulling each other's legs when a man who was working on the venue hall decoration stretched, "We all are lucky. Otherwise, my childhood friend told me that his elder brother works at the Sangua branch under him. He is always grumpy with everyone. Too rigid..."

The man almost shuddered while giving away this important piece of information about Rafael Sinclair, "He said they pay good, but Rafael is popular as a coldhearted man."

"You are right, mate," a woman spoke from the corner of the room, "A friend of mine told me that a female colleague was trying to seduce him, and he almost threw her half body outside the window and spared her when she screamed at the top of her lungs for several hours... Can you imagine that window was on the thirty-third floor?"

There were surprised murmurs in the room.

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50 50—Ticklish

However, the woman couldn't finish it because Kate who was sitting quietly staring at her phone screen, started coughing

almost choking on the water she was drinking.

“Excuse me,” she didn’t take time to leave the room.

“What happened to her?” the same woman who just told the horror story, asked casually and then bent to talk to her work partner sitting beside her.

“Marissa. Can you please get my design approved from Dean so that I can start working on it?” the same event planner asked her, and she nodded in his direction, “In a minute, love.”

“It’s so good to see that we all are Marissa’s love. We all love you too Marissa,” he winked at her causing everyone in the room to burst into laughter.

Attaching all the planning stuff in a single dossier, Marissa got to her feet in search of Dean. She wavered to get his attention when she saw him busy on a call.

“You can come inside and discuss with me instead of him, you know?” She didn’t realize that Rafael was standing there in the doorway of his room looking at her with a subtle smile.

“Oh,” she cocked up a brow and started taking slow steps towards him, “Discuss what? About your event? Where you’ll be a guest?”

He saw the sparkle in her eyes and tried to stifle his laughter.

“Umm. Ok. I’ll close my eyes and then you can tell me all about it... perhaps...”

She chuckled and looked over her shoulder to find Dean still

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C 50 50–Ticklish.

engaged in the call.

“Interested in a lunch?” He took her by surprise when he asked her.

“No... it’s not a date. Just a friendly lunch...” Poor him attempted to clarify her when she saw her eyes widening.

“Reason?” she asked him directly, looking straight into his eyes.

He gave her a hesitant smile and then looked down as if looking for suitable words, “I want to know a bit about my... our kids,” his voice had slipped into a w

hisper, "their interests, their favorite colors, the cartoon characters they like... I need your help, Marissa..."

Before she could correct him to call her Ms. Aaron, he had his explanation ready, "I needed to call you Marissa for their sake. They need to see this friendliness among us. They will be meeting me for the first time and... if by any chance they would come to know what I did to their mom... in the past..."

Marissa felt her breathing hitched when she saw his quivering lips. Good, God! Was he about to cry?

She was quick to give his hard body a little push inside the office and then closed the door behind her.

She even ignored Dean who called her name when he was done with the phone call.

"Go. Wash your face." She told him gently and he walked to the attached bath without any argument.

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50 50—Ticklish

Marissa felt like her heart was going through several storms. Did she still have feelings for this man?

No!

He was talking to her because of those beautiful kids, they made together. He always loved Valerie and it was wrong from her side

to let him believe that she was Valerie.

She always thought about the things she faced but never thought about him or his feelings. No one can force anyone to fall in love.

After four years it was no more about her but about their children.

Her kids needed their father in their lives. Once that trust is built,

she could always tell him what his mom told her four years back.

He needed to make sure that his kids stayed safe.

Marissa's face snapped up when she saw him coming out of the bathroom.

"Feeling better?" he gave a slight nod, then scurried to the couch. placed in the corner for the guests.

Marissa followed him there and sat beside him.

"Rafael. Instead of telling you I can give you all the written details. about them," She suggested, "in this way you can read the notes in your leisure time."

"Why on paper? Why not tell me?"

"So that... you can remember every tiny detail," she raised one shoulder tilting her head a little.

He turned his head to have a better look at her face and smirked,

50 50—Ticklish

"You think I might forget about our kids' details?" she couldn't pull back when he leaned towards her and whispered... Letting her feel his warm breath against her cheek, "Try me!"

Before she could utter anything, he bumped their noses, and she felt a ticklish sensation spreading across her skin.

Comentario